

should repent of his relenting. There the historian, Bishop Gregory, heard the history of the escape, which he recorded in his great Chronicle. The sum paid for Leo was diligently raised, and was sent to meet Hunderik at the next gathering of the chiefs of the Burgundian kingdom, and perhaps it saved the life of the taverner, Aulus, whom Hunderik believed to be a party to the treachery, as he considered it. He had complained to King Theudebert, who only laughed at him for being outwitted.

Attalus, though an affectionate and right-minded lad, had become so accustomed to an outdoor life of activity that he had a strong distaste for scholarship and the training of the clerical life, and his grandfather, who lived only a few years after his escape, advised his uncle not to try to force his will. Finally, he became Count of Autun—that is to say, the guardian of the inhabitants, privileged to plead their cause with the King, as well as to be responsible for them.

He was sent for one day to a nunnery, where the Abbess wanted to consult him on a summons from the reigning king, Hlothar, to pay a heavy contribution to assist him in his war against his brother.

For a few moments she looked at him from under her veil. Then came full recognition. "Atli, the hostage!" "Roswitha, the maiden!"

Her fate had not been a hard one. She had been kindly treated. Aldebert and his parents had a strong tincture of Christianity, and her devotion confirmed them in it. At the end of a year, however, her young husband was killed in a skirmish with the Thuringians, and then no objection was made to her repairing to the nearest convent. He father-in-law escorted her thither, and she had been readily admitted, instructed in the faith, and received into the sisterhood. There she had lived a peaceful life of devotion, far happier than was otherwise possible for any woman in those days, the dreadful period of Fredegonda and Brynhilda. It was a course of devotion and of almsdeeds, into which the violent seldom broke. "And," said she, "I owe all to thy captivity among us. Save for thee and thy friends, Leo and Gilchrist, never should I have aspired to better things."

"Thou art, thou hast been happy?"

"Verily I have. My poor young husband was always good to me; I loved him as a child might do, and have been glad I knew him and his mother. But peace is not in this world beyond walls like these, and the true Heavenly Love, whereof thou spakest to me first by the Ermansaul, is what I have ever craved for."

"Ah!" said Attalus, "I see once more why my captivity came about."

THE END.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to
Miss L. H. Montizambert, Provincial Corresponding Secretary
W. A., 159 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession."—Ps. ii. 8.

WOMAN'S MISSION IN THE CHURCH DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(Continued.)

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.



THE Mildmay Institutions, and the almost innumerable bands of Sisterhoods with Deaconesses at the head, devote themselves to rescue the perishing, working directly under the control, and with the sanction of the clergy.

Grace Darling's deed of heroism, fifty-five years ago, directed energies and benevolences in establishing a National Society for Wrecked Mariners, having for its *raison d'être*, the seeking out and succouring the widows and orphans of the drowned sailors, while it also cares for, and restores to his family, the one who happily has been saved. The material agencies ten years ago, threw open a new field for woman's work among sailors, a work begun by Miss Weston among the seamen of the Royal Navy, (and that of Miss Daniels and Miss Robinson, among the soldiers, must not be forgotten). This work embraces gospel temperance, homes for sailors, classes, rescue and preventive work among sailors, which led to what may be called, "The Mission of the Pen, or Letter Guilds," viz: the writing, replying to, and printing of thousands of letters annually, with a circulation of nearly three hundred thousand a year, —on board every ship in the Navy, every training ship for boys, naval and mercantile; Coast Guard Stations, Fishermen, Life Boat Crews, Light Houses, and Mercantile Vessels. The enumeration of these avenues of women's work can give us but a faint conception of the reality accomplished. Mrs. Benson, wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, in her report to the Chicago Congress of Women, shows very strikingly how women's work is mapped out all over the country, and how much yet is carried out directly under the fostering care of the Church. To particularize is impossible in such a paper, but it does seem that every privation known to humanity has been thought of and provided for in some manner, great or small.