

wet with the blood of the Saints: often were the famished beasts of Ephesus and other cities gorged with the flesh of God's people; but the faithful were not daunted; they pressed on in the work; they joined "the noble army of martyrs," and won for themselves the crown of glory.

We do not say that this self-devotion was easy then; we do not maintain that to follow in their steps is easy now; we cannot deny that there is something terrible in death; that naturally we shrink back from the grave, and cling to life. Death has modes of approaching man,—of seizing upon his victim,—the very thought of which sickens the soul and causes the whole frame to shudder. And this is true, not only of the time when the mind pictured the wreathing and the scorching flame,—the rending teeth of the furious beast; it is often true of common life and of the present day. No small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to face infectious and malignant disease; to look upon the agonies of the dying; to behold their fearful struggles and contortions, and listen to their delirious ravings: no small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to witness these proofs of intense and sudden suffering; to feel around the breath of