

The Christians were loyal enough to the emperor, but refused to worship him as a god, or to take part in such cruel sports ; so they were often accused of disloyalty and persecuted savagely. On the Sabbath Day, Feb 23, A.D. 155, a group of Christians had already been cast to the beasts before the very eyes of the holiday makers, but the mob cried out for more and demanded the life of Polycarp, the bishop, or, as we would say, the minister, of the Christians of the city.

Now Polycarp was a very old man,—eighty-six years old. When he heard that the police had come for him, he went quietly down to them and ordered a meal to be prepared for them, asking only that he should be allowed to pray during that time. The Christians always thought of the martyrs who died on the arena for the cause of Christ as athletes on His side. No doubt Polycarp prayed God for strength to play his part in the games bravely and to be a good athlete.

The police took Polycarp with them and brought him to the arena before the dense mass of heathen and Jews who had called for his blood. There must have been some Christians there, perhaps far back at the top, hoping to encourage and comfort their brave fellow Christian in his suffering ; for a voice came as if from heaven : "Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man."

The police brought the old man before the Roman governor's stand and the pro-consul said to him : "Swear by the genius of Caesar. take the oath and I will let you go ; revile Christ." But Polycarp replied : "For eighty and six years have I been His servant. and how can I blaspheme my King who saved me ?"

The governor then sent his herald into the arena to announce three times : "Polycarp has confessed that he is a Christian" All the multitude of heathens and Jews cried out with uncontrollable wrath and a loud shout : "Let them loose a lion on him !" But the governor rather ordered that he should be burned. At that the people ran to bring wood from the factories near by. When Polycarp was bound to the stake and all ready for the fire, he looked up to heaven and said : "O Lord God, I bless Thee that Thou hast granted to me this day and this

hour that I may share, among the martyrs, in the cup of Christ." Then the executioner lit the fire, but there must have been a strong wind blowing, for the flames did not quite reach the brave man. Finally the executioner stabbed him and put him out of suffering. Last of all, the body was placed on the fire and burnt.

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Where Does the Money Go ?

"Say, there's a Scotchman come since you were here last. He is a Presbyterian, and has pitched his tent down the trail there. It's about five miles, but I suppose you will ride over and see him." Thus the student missionary in the Alberta foothills was addressed late one Saturday afternoon by the man of the house where he had come to stay for the night.

After supper the missionary saddled his horse and rode to visit the Scotchman. It was about eight o'clock at night when he arrived at the tent before which a big man was standing with his arms folded upon his chest.

"Are you Mr. —— ? Well, I am the Presbyterian missionary for this district, and I just thought I would run over and see you."

The Scotchman grew cold. He acted as though he didn't want to see any missionary, Presbyterian or otherwise. After one or two vain attempts to get him talking, the student thought that it was useless for that time anyway. He felt that the sooner he got away the better the newcomer would be pleased.

"Papa, who's that ?" The words came from the tent door to which the men had their backs turned. On looking behind the student saw a little boy and girl in their night dresses, who had pulled back the tent flaps to see who the stranger was.

The student always carried Sunday School papers,—EAST AND WEST, KING'S OWN and JEWELS, as well as LEAFLETS, in a bag on his saddle. Straightway he presented each tot with a couple of papers and promised to bring them some more.