



The Tower of Antonia.

A SQUARE, stone fortress or castle adjoining the northwest corner of the temple area at Jerusalem. It contained a tower at each end, and was said to be at one time the residence of Pilate.

It was destroyed, but was rebuilt by Herod the Great, and named by him for Marc Antony.

From the stairs of this castle St. Paul addressed the maddened multitude who had assaulted him and demanded his life.

How grand he must have looked, and how commanding, for we are told that he beckoned with his hand unto the people, and there was a great silence—and then followed his magnificent account of his conversion.

What a noble type of manhood he was! There was nothing cringing about him. He commanded the respect even of his enemies.

In the writings of Josephus you will find an interesting account of the destruction of Antonia. The site is now occupied by the official residence of the Turkish Pashas, and naught is left of the building where Pilate held his court, and whence Jesus was led to execution.

Notes from the "Methodist Monthly Greeting," Newfoundland.

A GOOD lady says, "Some men are built like pianos—grand, square, and upright." Just so. But are not some built like an ironing-board—narrow and flat, with no music in them?

"Our minister is going to win every time," says some one; "he looks after the young." Exactly.

You are on the right track, brother. Yes, talk to the people from the pulpit as you do to them in their homes. No twang nor cant there.

Some people went to church a Sunday or two after the new minister came, then hung fire. They were influenced by the same motives that impel people to visit a tent or circus that has a dwarf or giant therein. We pity their intelligence, or lack of it.

A minister's wife said, recently: "It is our business to bring people to Christ. I care for nothing that does not contribute to that definite end." Any difficulties in the work, did you ask? Yes, plenty; but her way of getting over them is thusly: "Give them out-and-out Methodism—conversion, fellowship, prayer, Bible-teaching, hearty singing, homely, loving ways—and they like it." May God multiply such women for Methodism and its ministry.

Do you know that the tunes our forefathers sung to the old hymns are infinitely better than the new-fangled things they call "classic music" and "revival tunes"? Some congregations are persecuted every Sunday with tunes most unsuitable to the encouragement of good hearty singing. Friends, try some of the old tunes and see how things go.

We were utterly surprised to learn that some of our leading Sunday-schools do not patronize our own *Sunday-school Banner*, and other helps. We took the trouble some time back to compare the publications of other houses, and we give the palm, for solid worth and cheapness, to Dr.

Withrow and his staff. See if we are not correct in our estimate of things.

Important to Sunday-schools.

THE General Conference referred to the Book Committee the project of a new paper for Senior Classes, Epworth Leagues, and Young People's Associations. It is anticipated that a bright, live young people's paper—one of the cheapest and best in the world—will shortly be issued. For this we bespeak the patronage of all our schools and leagues. Specimen numbers will be printed as soon as authorized by the Book Committee. This announcement is made to advise our patrons to wait this paper before ordering elsewhere.

"Add to Your Faith, Virtue."

BY CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN.

FAITH comes first. Faith connects us with God. "Faith in the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," is the granite foundation of all spiritual structure. All other foundations are upon the shifting sands where the tides meet.

Then comes virtue, from *vir*, a man. Add to your faith, *manliness*. Mark, not *knowledge*, not *moderation*. If you take this advice, which is often given, Now, go easy—who ever heard of a person becoming a full-fledged Christian in one day?—young converts are liable to become too enthusiastic," etc., the result will be that you'll never be of any use here or here-after. You'll be a poor, shivelled-up, limp Christian, with no back-bone in you. Then notice, *godliness* comes near the end. Surely this must be a great mistake? No. The apostle despised those men who had no manliness in them. Be manly, be robust, be out-and-out for the right.

In the Colosseum at Rome, forty thousand spectators are gathered. In the arena stands a modest-looking young woman, a smile upon her upturned face, peace written upon her brow. She is asked to recant. Back goes her head, and a look of defiance comes over her face, as without fear she proclaims,

"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." In waiting and wild hearts which have been starving for two weeks. The cages are opened, she is torn limb from limb, and another Christian martyr stands before the throne of God. Do you pity her? If you do, you do more than she did herself. She courted death; to die was gain. In one of the galleries, shrinking behind a post, sits a man, another professed follower of Jesus Christ. His teeth are chattering and his knees are knocking together. Do you pity him? Aye, for he needs pity. That shrinking creature never added *manliness* to his faith.

If the gauntlet were thrown down before you, would you take it up? How many times during the past week have you slighted Jesus and refused to take it up?

Winnipeg, Man.

Una.

BY LUCY F. TILLEY.

ONCE a post, dear, of England
Told of maiden pure and white,
As she journeyed amid dangers
Guarded by a Red-Cross Knight.

Fair she was—so fair, this maiden,
That on whom she turned her face
'Twas like sudden burst of sunshine
Falling on a shady place!

Through temptations fierce and subtle,
Keeping heart both pure and strong,
White as was the lamb beside her
Went the maiden of the song.

Rode the knight in dented armour
Worn on many fields hard pressed,
While he bore, as dear remembrance,
Red-Cross broided on his breast,

Ne'er was wrong he had not vanquished,
Ne'er came foe who did not yield,
Never sword could cleave his helmet,
Never spear might pierce his shield.

Centuries have passed since Spenser,
With his rhymings quaint and old,
Of the Red-Cross Knight and Una
On their troublous journey told.

Ah, you wish you might have seen them?
Wish 'twere not so far away?
That the Red-Cross Knight and Una
Might be in the world to-day?

Bend your brown heads down and listen:
Would you see that maiden now?
Then wear heart as pure and fearless,
Bind white truth upon your brow.

Would you see the knight in armour?
Hold as strong and true a spear;
Bear a shield not sword may enter:
Wear a heart as free from fear.

The Age of the Iguanodon.

THE iguana is a small reptile found in the West Indies. Its teeth are very small; not so those of its ancient prototype. Many years ago a number of naturalists were walking on the shore near the Isle of Wight. In the bed of the Wealdon one of them picked up what he thought was a tusk, another thought it to be a hoof, others a horn. It was the shape of the iguana's tooth, but of a monstrous size. Odon, I think, is the Greek word for tooth, and so they named the huge mammoth iguana-odon.

Sir Charles Lyall was asked when the iguanodon lived. His answer was something like this: "Place a closely packed row of numerals extending from John O'Groat's to Land's End. Then ask any geologist if they will tell the number of years since the iguanodon lived. He will probably answer, 'It is just possible they may, I cannot tell.'" But some one has added, "Believer, do not fear, for long anterior to that there was God." J. M.

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