

answered Leona, "I can truly say 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and He is with us now and will be even unto the end."

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It is daybreak in the city. Already crowds of men and women are making their way to the Colosseum. At length the hour arrives; impatiently the people wait for the chariot races and animal fights to be over. At last the space is cleared, a door opens, and hand in hand, two girls enter the arena. A murmur of admiration runs through the crowd, which is cut short by the entrance from another door of two large lions. A breathless silence—then, with fierce growls, the animals spring upon their helpless prey. Let us not dwell upon that from which the imagination revolts. The two friends, united in death, are gone to receive the reward of those "who suffer for righteousness sake." Just as the sufferings of the girl-martyrs are over, a woman, closely veiled, rushes toward the Colosseum; hearing the cries of "all is over," and stopping as a man beckons to her, she looks at him a moment, but a low spoken word assures her, and drawing nearer she hears him say, "the Christian girls are dead." He disappears, and, with a low moan, she turns and walks hastily away. An hour later she is threading the intricate windings of the catacombs; reaching a room with seats around three sides, she stops before a rude painting of Jesus; kneeling with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she prays—"Oh, Saviour of men, Thou who hast revealed to us God the Father, Thou who hast conquered death, I give myself to Thee; accept my life, and enable me ever to honor Thy name by doing Thy will." She arose, her heart filled with the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." And centuries later the descendants of Valeria, the noble Roman maiden, were pillars in the church and an honor to the Christian name.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

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VI.

Leaving France we find a rough passage across the Channel from Calais to Dover, a seventy-minute sail, then a short distance by rail, and we are again in busy London. We have attended Westminster Meeting, a Monthly Meeting at Halloway comprising six Preparative Meetings, and to a Fourth day Meeting at Stoke Newington, one First day being detained at home by a heavy rain.

Soon we are en route to Edinburgh, Scotland, a break in the journey occurring at York, about 300 miles away, whose ancient mullioned walls—where from the bow the arrow might speed and the archer be protected—are still in good preservation, and enclose the greater part of the city, the gates, being built with watch towers upon them, are called Bars. Many of the streets are narrow and winding, and there are not a few old houses with overhanging upper stories, on one of these being carved the date 1517. The cathedral called Yorkminster is one of the largest and grandest in England, 525 feet long and 100 feet high. It was begun in 1220 and was 250 years in building, its walls enclosing two and a-half acres. We were interested in the handsome structure, with its ancient stained glass windows, one of which is 75 feet high and 30 broad. We were led through the crypt of a part erected in the seventh century, and were shown many curious relics, among which is a chair belonging to that period in which three Kings were crowned. There is much beautiful carving and the aisles of the minster are filled with statuary and tablets in commemoration of the departed. Its bells chime out the hours as they swiftly pass, and the religious services twice a day find congregated many persons from different lands. The deep toned organ notes swell through the lofty naves and transepts die away in softening cadence, and a white-robed