

or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house, and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

To the Christian student, however, its association with the memories of St. Paul give it a still more thrilling interest.

We cannot do better here than adopt, in abridged form, the admirable account given by the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., of his visit to this world-renowned city.

"In A. D. 1830, Piræus consisted of half a dozen fishermen's huts; to-day it is a busy port of Athens, with a population of nearly 30,000. There is a railway connecting the two cities, the only railway, I believe, in Greece, but we preferred going up by carriage. Keeping the memorable Parthenon ever in view, we became more and more interested as we drew nigh to the city, around which centred so many of our early classic studies. What a commingling of the ancient and modern one finds! The streets are, many of them, wide, well paved and lit with gas, and it now has a population of about 70,000.

"Immediately to the west of the Acropolis, separated by a small valley, stands the Areopagus, centre of judicial life of Athens. It is a narrow, irregular ridge of rock, not very high, running westward. Ascending at the eastern end by steps cut in the rock, we found ourselves on a small platform surrounded on three sides by rude seats cut in the rock. The place where the prisoner stood is pointed out. In the midst of the gay and frivolous city stood this place of solemn awe, to lead men to higher thoughts than those of vice and pleasure. On this spot, too, stood the great Apostle of the Gentiles and pleaded the cause of the unknown God. Standing face to face with the world's sublimest intellects and with his eyes resting upon some of the most magnificent of earthly temples, he declared that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Surrounded by costly objects of devotion in which the city gloried, he protested that they 'ought not to think that the God-head is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.' How true and brave his words in the presence of that which was false and pernicious! Here, too, tradition says, Socrates stood and defended the doctrine of the one God, and here received his sentence of death.

"The Acropolis we visited again and again. It is the centre and boast of the city, and though the tides of generations and conflicts of armies have chafed around it, as the restless sea about some lofty crag, yet it has changed but little since in the splendid era of Pericles it was crowned with the noble Parthenon. The hill rises with perpendicular face to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and has a summit nearly flat, one thousand feet long by five hundred wide. This hill becomes a museum of art, history, and religion. It was a fortress, a treasury,

and a site for temples. Wealth and genius, patriotism and religion united to make it the home of the gods and the centre of the national glory.

"But what shall I say of the Parthenon? It is a poem in marble. Even in its partial ruin, with its roof gone, its ornamental and descriptive frieze removed to another clime, and some of its pillars fallen, it remains an object to excite the artist's admiration, the poet's enthusiasm and the sage's deepest moralizing. An oblong building two hundred and thirty-six feet in length by one hundred in width. It was surrounded by a peristyle of forty-eight marble columns, six feet in diameter, by thirty-four feet high. Erected in the proudest days of Athens to the honor of the virgin goddess Minerva, it cost about three million dollars. The whole structure is a marvel, and its witchery of beauty is felt no less to-day when its splendor is mellowed by time, and its pillars are dented and walls crushed by modern artillery, than when, in all its stateliness and grandeur, it was thronged with eager, worshipping crowds, who saw in it the embodiment of their country's glory and the outward and visible sign of the beauty and perfection of their religion."

Our frontispiece, showing Athens in its palmy days, is taken from Dr. Ridpath's History of the World, which is reviewed on another page.

### Libraries Wanted.

WE have many requests like the following:

"DEAR DR.—We are endeavouring to establish a Sunday-school, and as one of the most useful adjuncts of the same, greatly need a library. As we have been drawing very largely upon the liberality of the people here of late, for church building, we are not able to raise funds for any other purpose just now. But as many of our wealthier schools have frequently old libraries to dispense with, may I ask for their charitable consideration of the needs of our school here."

Please send books to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and they will be distributed to needy schools.

### Cassels' National Library.

EVERY week brings out a new issue of this cheap popular library. In addition to the number we have previously mentioned, we have received that standard book, the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin; also the quaint old English classic, Isaac Walton's Complete Angler; and Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," "which proceeds," says the editor, "through so many tears that it is hardly to be called a dry book." These books are for sale everywhere; price only 10 cents each.

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