

should not be less generous in the treatment of her ministers. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the convener of the committee, has placed the church under great obligations by his able advocacy and disinterested efforts in this behalf. In his recent circular addressed to "the wealthier members of the Western Section of the Church," he presents the case in such a practical and convincing manner, we have little doubt that before long we shall see at least a considerable sum added to the \$15,000—the present nucleus of endowment. He says:—

"Many of those now on the Fund have given twenty-five years service, while some of them have been over forty years in active work. Surely it is not asking too much on behalf of these, that the church shall now in their old age care for them in some proper manner in return for services rendered by them, it may have been in the lifetime of our fathers, the benefits of which we are now, possibly unconsciously, enjoying, but the real value of which can never be properly estimated here, and eternity alone shall shew. It should also be borne in mind, that even now large salaries are the exception and not the rule. There are, doubtless, many more under \$1000, than there are of that sum and over."

"We have demanded that our ministers should keep up a respectable appearance and give their children a fair education. Is it any wonder that these men, who have 'ministered to us in spiritual things,' were unable to provide fully for old age? And is there anything unfair in the claim that we should minister to them of our temporal things now? I feel bound to say that I am convinced that the deplorable state of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund of our Church is not wholly or even largely the fault of our laymen. Every other scheme of our Church has been explained to, and urged upon our people, but I fear the one I plead for has been too generally neglected."

Mr. Macdonald's circular concludes with the announcement that "many will be called on personally for subscriptions, which may be spread over three years, but it will save time, and be a great encouragement if friends will signify by letter what they are prepared to do."

We commend the subject to the earnest attention of all concerned—the ministers as well as the people, rich and poor—especially to "the wealthier members of the Church," advising them to become their own executors and enjoy the privilege of testing for themselves the truth of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Brieflet No. 7.

IN ROME—THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

THE PALATINE, the most noted of the "Seven Hills," brings you back in thought to the founding of the city, B. C. 753, for it was here, if tradition may be trusted, that Romulus, after invoking the favour of Jupiter and Mars, harnessed a pair of white kine to a plough, and drew a furrow to mark the boundaries of *Roma Quadrata*, which was to be afterwards reserved for the mansions of the highest nobility. Here were erected the earliest temples to Jupiter, Mars, Cybele (mother of the gods), Apollo, Juno and Vesta. Here successive Kings and Emperors reared houses and palaces, each exceeding in splendour those of his predecessor, until the entire hill was covered by a pile of the most magnificent buildings that ever existed. They were 'fell' builders—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, etc. The extent of which they indulged their craze may be judged from the ruins of the palace of Vespasian, evidently built on the top of that of Augustus, the former having been completely filled up with earth and used as the foundation of the more ambitious structure! With the aid of an expert guide, and not otherwise, the main outlines of these palaces, as well as of the temples, streets, and terraces, can still be distinctly traced. In one of the corridors you are shown a bust of *Brutus*, the confidant and yet the murderer of Julius Cæsar—a hard looking creature with a small head, thin lips, and sunken eyes. As you look at the wretch who ended his own life by suicide, you cannot help exclaiming,—"*Et tu Brute!*" You enter the palace of Domitian, the great hall of which was lined with polished marble, that the tyrant might have warning of the approach of his enemies, while he walked to and fro like a spider in his cage—*catching flies!* In this very place he was murdered by the officers of his court. Presently you stand in the dining room of Germanicus, in fine preservation. It was only discovered on the day of the battle of Sedan (1870). On the summit of the hill you find the *Basilica*, or Hall of Justice, in which sat the Court of Appeal, before which it is sup-