

of man is too apt to respond at all times. But the Christian turned his back upon them all, no blandishments could allure him,—no frown could intimidate him,—he “had respect unto the recompense of reward,” and “esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures” of Rome, he chose “rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

We now return once more to the earth's surface, and gladly do we find ourselves on the door-step of the old church, prepared to retrace our journey back to the city. Again we drive along over the old stones of the Appian Way, along which many a poor Christian has been hurried, taken perhaps from the very Catacombs we have been visiting, and thrown to the lions in yonder Coliseum. Again we pass the battered memorials of ancient Rome, and at last reach the spot whence we set out.

Habifax, N. S.

THE SLEEP.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”—*Psalms* cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
“He giveth His beloved, sleep!”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.