

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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IN THE ROMAN ARENA.

Most of the martyrs probably died by the ordinary Roman method of decapitation preceded by scourging; but many were thrown to wild beasts. The cruel sports of the arena, in which men fought with one another or with wild beasts, had the attraction for southern races which the chase has for the more vigorous nations of the north.

They delighted in such spectacles, and even in a still baser sport in which helpless men were cast into the arena to be devoured by beasts ravenous with hunger. The crowd was jubilant which witnessed such spectacles, the air rang with their shouts, but what of the victims? It was a doom of special cruelty, not only because it might be lingering, but because it appealed so strongly to the imagination beforehand and the sufferer died many deaths in the mental torture he endured in the dungeon while picturing to himself the coming scene in the arena. "Waiting" for such a death was worse than the death itself.

In the Roman arenas two classes of men were prominent—the fair-haired German gladiators from the Danube and the Rhine; and the Christians who were thrown as passive victims to the ravenous beasts. Had the veil which hides the future been uplifted on a Roman holiday, and the complacent spectators been permitted to look into the coming times, they would have seen the representatives of the victims of the arena playing an unexpected part in another tragedy. It was the tribes from the Germanic forests who overthrew the Western Empire and avenged the long martyrdom which their countrymen had suffered in arenas of the Empire. The Christians, too, without intending it, contributed to the downfall of Rome. They failed to reform the Empire and to give it Christian hopes; but their words gave to it a guilty conscience and a divided heart which made it an easy prey to the sword of the barbarian marauders.—*Sunday Magazine.*

HOW TO READ.

EMPLOYING THE LEISURE HOUR TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

In my school days it was once my good fortune to spend a week in the summer vacation at the country home of a school-mate.

There was a large family of children and the mother was a cultivated woman. There were rides, sails on the river, picnics, mountain tramps, and all pleasant country diversions, but, whatever was to be the order of the day, the hour after breakfast was always set apart for reading. We all gathered in the breakfast room, or on the piazza, and one read aloud while the others listened.

I requested to draw a map of the course of the chase. To read anything in that way was a revelation to me: I had studied English literature at school, as I had studied geography and grammar, learning to repeat what was set down in the book, and that was the end of it. I still remember the pleasant drives in the farm waggon, and the beautiful moonlight evenings on the Merri-

ing the names of Glenartney, Benvoirlich, Uam-Var, or any of the localities mentioned in it, there rises before my eyes a vision of the broad piazza, with its charming outlook of sloping fields and waving corn, and the happy group that gathered so eagerly about the atlas at the close of the morning lesson.

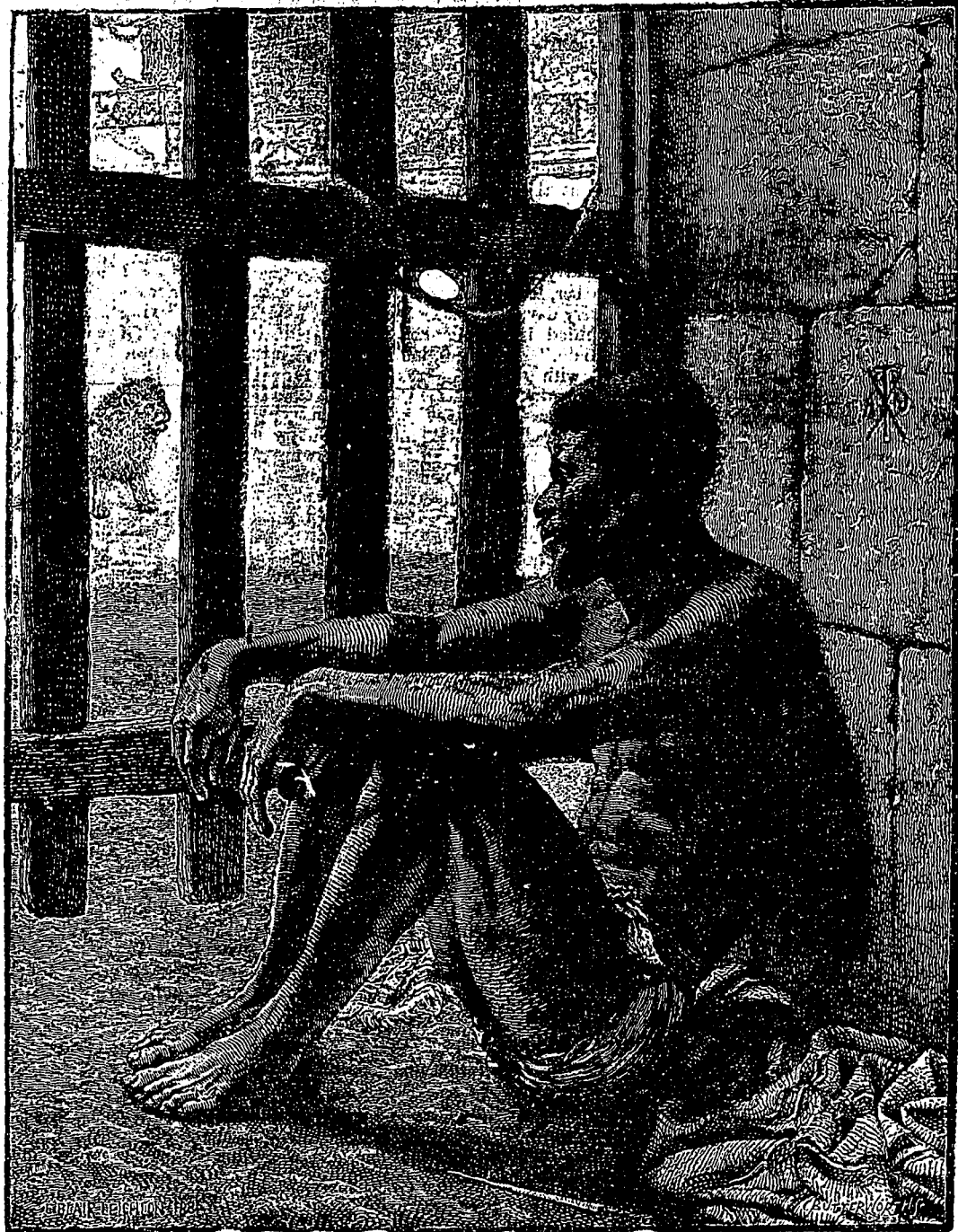
How shall we employ to the best advantage the leisure hour that we can devote to

reading and study? In the first place, if we can spare but an hour, or even a half hour each day for mental improvement, let us not give it all to the daily paper, nor to the new magazine, nor to the latest novel. A dessert is an agreeable supplement to the regular substantial meal, but how would the body be nourished on the dessert alone? The newspaper and magazine are, or should be, the dessert for the mind. Reading without reflection is much like constant eating without digestion. The mind becomes overtaxed and weary, and rejects all, assimilating none. A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic readings or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skillful botanist or geologist. Or, if English literature be more attractive—as it undoubtedly is to the great majority—how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakespeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily?

Above all things it is important that one should read systematically and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard work, that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how

many of the thoughts of the author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE DEPARTURE of men and angels from God began in pride, our approaches and return to Him must begin in humility.—*Charnock.*



"WAITING."

The reading during my stay was the "Lady of the Lake." At the end of every stanza questions were asked by the mother concerning what had been read, and one or another was called on to express the thoughts of the stanza in prose. The large atlas lay open at the map of Scotland, and every locality that was mentioned was looked for, and at the end of the first canto we were all re-

mac, but more vividly and more gratefully I recall those morning readings. They proved to me a most valuable series of lessons as to how to read, for never after did I read a book through rapidly and put it aside, thinking that I knew all about it. The "Lady of the Lake," has been a favorite poem with me ever since, and whenever I hear a quotation from it or meet in read-