

the very wild beast, to hunger and thirst for human flesh and blood.

We dwell not on the painful spectacle. The gallant young soldier was the first to die. The brave girl, bound to a stake, with a queenly dignity awaited the wild beast's fatal spring. She was mercifully spared the spectacle of her father's dying agony. Her overstrung nerves gave way, and she fell in a swoon. Demetrius met his fate praying upon his knees. Like Stephen, he gazed steadfastly up into heaven, and the fashion of his countenance was suddenly transfigured as he exclaimed: "Lord Jesus! Rachel, O my beloved! we come, we come!" And above the roar of the ribald mob, and the growl of the savage beasts, fell sweetly on his inner ear the song of the redeemed, and burst upon his sight the beatific vision of the Lord he loved, and for whom he gladly died.

So, too, like brave men, victorious o'er their latest foe, Aductus, Aurelius, and the others calmly met their fate. When all the rest were slain, a lordly lion approached the prostrate form of Callirhoë, but she was already dead. She had passed from her swoon, without a pang to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the presence of the Celestial Bridegroom—the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely—to whom the homage of her young heart had been fully given. She was spared, too, the indignity of being mangled by the lion's jaws. When the king of beasts found that she was already dead, he raised his massy head, gave a mournful howl, and strode haughtily away.

In the great gallery of Doré paintings, at London, is one of this Flavian Amphitheatre, after a human sacrifice such as we have described. There lie the mangled forms upon the gory and trampled sands. The satred wild beasts prowl listlessly over the arena. The circling seats rise tier above tier, empty and desolate. But, poised in air, with outspread wings, above the slain, with a countenance of light and a palm of victory, is a majestic angel; and sweeping upward, in serried ranks, amid the shining stars, is a cloud of bright-winged angels, the convoy of the martyrs' spirits to the skies. So, doubtless, God sent a cohort of sworded seraphim to bear the martyrs of our story blessed company, and to sweep with them through the gates into the city.

The Unopened Letter.

MR. SCROGGIE relates: "I heard recently of a poor lad who, getting among fast companions, began to go to the theatre. Having once begun, he felt he must keep it up. He could not afford it, but in order to pander to his evil desires, he took some money from his master's till; then fearing he would be found out, he ran off and joined the army, and soon, to the distress of his widowed mother, was ordered to India. His mother wrote to him regularly, filling her letters with good advice and motherly love. This so annoyed the son that at length he wrote, telling her that as there was nothing but religion in her letters, he would not open them again; and when the next letter came it was tossed unopened into his box. Sometime afterwards he was attacked by fever, and brought very low. A Christian comrade sat down by the sick man's bed, and opening his Bible began to read. His sick comrade interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, if you are going to read, just get my mother's letter out of my box.' He got it, and the first words it contained were to the effect that now she had saved enough money to buy his discharge, and enclosed was an order for the money. When he heard this the poor soldier exclaimed, 'Is it true? is the money there?' Being told that it

was, he exclaimed, 'If I had only known, I might have been in Scotland now instead of lying here dying of the fever. Oh! if I had but known.' Like that mother's letter the Bible is lying neglected in many a house, and those who might learn from it that Christ has purchased their discharge from sin and Satan, remain in bondage, unconscious of the blessing within their reach."

His First Love.

His first love? Yes, I knew her very well—
Yes, she was young and beautiful, like you;
With cheeks rose-flushed, and lovely eyes that fell
If people praised her ever much, but true
And fearless, flashing out as blue eyes can
At any cruelty to beast or man.

Her voice? 'Twas very gentle, sweet and low,
With tones to hush a tired child to sleep;
In every cadence clear, its silvery flow
Beside a sick bed had a charm so deep
Its spell could banish creeping waves of pain,
Bring easeful quiet to the fevered brain.

Her hands? Well, dear they were not quite so small
As those that trifle with your dainty faces;
A little browned, perhaps, they had such call
To carry sunshine into shady places;
Less delicate than yours, and yet I doubt
If one who loved her ever found it out.

Her feet? Sure never steps so swift and steady
Went straight as arrow flying to a goal;
If duty summoned her, the ever ready
To minister to any ailing soul.
Dear feet that followed where the Master led,
And set their prints where first He'd left His tread!

His first love? Oh, you do begin to see
That he might love her dearly, and that yet
His manhood's love to you might guerdon be,
Upon your woman's brow, its coronet.
Dear girl, accept the gift. There is no other
First love so holy as she gained—his mother.



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

June 1. *Who is my Neighbour?* Luke 10. 29; 10. 36, 37; Rom. 13. 9; 1 John 3. 18; 4. 7; 2 Cor. 8. 9; Matt. 20. 28; Gal. 6. 2; Eph. 4. 32; Deut. 15. 7; Rom. 14. 13; 1 Pet. 1. 22; Gal. 5. 13, 14; Matt. 5. 44; Luke 6. 35.

June 8. *How to pray.* Luke 11. 1; 11. 9; John 14. 6; 14. 13; Jer. 29. 12, 13; Heb. 4. 16; 1 Thess. 4. 17; Luke 18. 1; Matt. 6. 6; Phil. 4. 6; Jas. 5. 15: 1. 6; Mark 11. 24.

Convention of the Toronto Methodist Young People's Societies.

This note has been crowded out of earlier numbers. The above was held on Monday, February 24th, in McCaul Street Church, and on Tuesday, 25th, in Broadway Tabernacle, and was presided over by R. W. Dillon, M.A., the President of the Combined Associations of the West-End.

The Chairman's opening address dealt with the progressive tendencies of the age, and on the necessity for Christian people opening their houses to the young men and women who come up from the country to the city, and whose lives are most solitary when they most need counsel and help. His concluding remarks were on the advisability of the churches opening their parlours during the

week as reading-rooms and places for social intercourse, under their supervision. He hoped, at the conclusion of this convention, that every one would go out and live in the common sunshine that consecrates work done for Christ.

Among the topics ably discussed were the following:—

"Does the Church perform her duty to our Young People's Associations?" Paper, by Mr. Anderson, Central Methodist Church.

"Representation on Quarterly Official Board." Paper, by Mr. Flint, The People's Church.

"Social Work; or, Bringing New Members—especially non-religious, into the Society," Paper, by Mr. J. Hanna, Queen Street Church.

"Finances; or, The Most Desirable Method of Raising Funds for Association Work." Paper, McCaul Street Church.

"What Proportion of Religious and Secular Work, respectively, should form the Duties of a Society?" Paper, by Mr. Hunt, Broadway Tabernacle.

Address, Dundas Young People's Association.

"Development of Latent Talent, and the Best Methods of Inducing Young Members to take part." Paper, by Dr. Galloway, Euclid Avenue Church.

Address, by Mr. H. Pim, Elm Street Church.

"Annual Change of Officers" Paper, by Mr. Chas. Pearson, Sherbourne Street Church.

"Epworth League." Rev. Dr. Withrow.

After each subject had been introduced with a paper or an address, an open discussion followed, the criticisms being both lively and spirited.

The young people were well pleased with the result of the Convention, this being the first of the kind held in Toronto; and they believe that much enthusiasm has been created, and considerable new life infused into association work generally.

The great need for more missionary work among our young people, was a feature brought out in connection with the discussion, and it is hoped that associations will turn their attention to this line of work.—*Christian Guardian.*

A League Sermon.

SIXTEEN hundred people listened intently to Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Hanson Place church, Brooklyn, as he preached a sermon to the Epworth League, which we give in brief:

The text was Exod. 2. 5, 6. After briefly describing the finding of Moses the preacher went to speak of the "latest born baby of Methodism." He catalogued some of the elder children of this prolific mother, such as the Missionary Society, the Church Extension Society, etc., and then said in substance:

This new child was born in May, 1889, and though only ten months old it numbers 1,500 chapters and 75,000 members; it is a growing child.

The League has a badge—a white ribbon with a scarlet thread; emblematic, the white of purity, the red of the blood through which purity is attainable.

The life of this child is imperiled. Somebody says there are enough societies in the Church already. Shall he live? Yes. His sisters—the missionary and benevolent societies of the Church—should stand by this young brother and nurture him; and the mother, this Church, should nurse him and care for him. Our own boys and girls are in this new-born society, and we should provide for his necessities.

Do you say how? Let me suggest. First, speak kindly of it. Don't be in indecent haste to kill it and bury it. Give it a chance to prove its worth. Judge it by its worth. Attend its meetings. Four