

discourse with a rhythm and cadence which would caress the delicate ear of the Antiochenes, like the murmur of the waves dying sweetly on the Syrian shore. He also scatters here and there in his sermons the charms of poesy, stories that are enlivening, historical incidents that call up classical memories, all of which captivated the mobile spirit of his fickle audience. "How shall we laud the order of the year's seasons?" he exclaims. "Is it not like a band of fresh young girls dancing a roundelay, which they keep on continually executing, following one another in perfect order, or in which those in the middle of the circle lead on gently and easily their companions from one extremity to the other?"

Accompanied by his pedagogue, with his tablets and stylus under his arm, the young scholar, going and returning, heard the din and the cries of the street. In the morning, the city awoke in a confused bustle. There were the sailors of the Orontes discharging their cargoes; the workmen in the armshouses incessantly pounding on their anvils; the peasants coming into the city to salute their patrons and to sell their commodities. The last class drove on their heavy lumbering carts which grated on the marble pavements, and grains of wheat and barley fell from them, which the doves from the neighboring roofs picked up ravenously. Often the way was encumbered by troops of lazy mules, urged on by drivers as indifferent as the beasts themselves.

Under the shadow of the porticos, on either side, was ranged a long line of shops and booths, for Antioch possessed an immense market, which was not confined to one locality, but rather extended through the length of the city, so that the citizen could provide for his wants almost at his own door. The young student often looked at this blustering, noisy crowd of Greeks, Syrians, Persians, Arabians and Eyp-

tians, all in their strange costumes, exchanging in the public place of Antioch the products of the East and the West, which ships or caravans had brought from most distant countries.

At midday, when John was returning home from school, he came on another scene none the less interesting. He met the leisurely class, the loungers who were returning from the bath, arrayed in tunics of silk and gold, on which were embroidered in the midst of arabesques figures of fantastic animals: griffons, sea-monsters, chimeras, and these fabulous beasts seemed to live on the fine silken tissue of the garments. The Christians were easily to be recognized by the scenes from the Old and the New Testament and sentences from the Scriptures wrought on their robes. John gazed for a long time at this daily spectacle and was dazzled by its magnificence. He also watched the rope-dancers and the acrobats who were wonderfully skilled in their art. Some, forming themselves into a circle, rolled along like the wheel of a chariot; others, by means of wings attached to their bodies, flew in the air. There were jugglers who threw daggers into space and received them on their sleeves, and others who held on their chin a tree in the branches of which were perched children like birds.

As the young scholar gazed on these different scenes, he was making an ample provision of forms and colors for future days. Like the painter preparing his palette, John was collecting in his imagination a variety of shades and tones, and was acquiring that infinite wealth of ornament amidst which his personages would be drawn in days to come. We may justly say that St. John's discourses are, from one end to the other, a tissue of many-colored images, slowly unfolding themselves in the midst of an oriental luxury of gold and silk.

At home John received Christian