

within, breaks upon the eye like a stretch of ocean or of mountains. The splendor of its statues and mosaics and gilding are a lasting remembrance. The more's the pity, that with such an edifice as its central shrine, representing in vastness and grandeur the world-wide sway of the Church of Rome, that church should witness so feeble, and alas! in many things, so false a gospel.

In Paul's time there was no church upon this spot, but the gardens of Nero; its paths lighted, says Farrar, "with ghastly torches, each a martyr in his shirt of fire. And in the Amphitheatre hard by, in sight of 20,000 spectators, famished dogs were tearing to pieces some of the best and purest of men and women, hideously disfigured in the skins of beasts and wolves. Thus did Nero baptize in the blood of martyrs, the city which was to be, for ages, the capital of the world."

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Norman McLeod, in his "Highland Parish," tells the story of a widow in the Highlands who, unable to pay the rent demanded of her, was likely to be turned out of her home. She determined to go to a kinsman living on the other side of the mountains. Early one morning she left home for the ten-mile journey over a lofty pass, taking her only child with her. The weather was calm and beautiful when she started, but before long the sky became overcast, and the wind began to blow in fierce gusts. Then followed rain and sleet, and at last snow, although it was the month of May. It is still remembered as the May storm.

The woman did not reach the house of her kinsman, and the next day a search was commenced. She was found, dead, at the summit of the pass, under a deep drift of snow. All her clothing was gone, except a single tattered garment. A little way off, in a sheltered nook, a shepherd discovered the child wrapped in the clothing which the mother had taken from her own body.

Fifty years afterwards, the son of the minister who conducted the funeral of that mother was asked to preach the preparatory service to a congregation in Glasgow. An

unexpected snowfall that evening recalled to the preacher's mind the story of the widow's sacrifice often heard from his father. He put aside the sermon he had prepared, and instead told the simple story of a mother's love. He ended by asking what would be thought of the child, if he were then alive, if the remembrance of his mother's sacrifice called forth no feelings of love and gratitude, and what would be thought of him if the memory of his mother's sacrifice did not remind him of the Saviour's sacrifice, so that he looked on both with adoring gratitude.

Within a few weeks the minister received a message that a dying man wished to see him. He started at once. The man was a stranger to him, but he soon learned that he was no other than the son of the Highland mother. For many years he had lived in Glasgow without entering a church, until he went in from the snow to the place where he heard again the story of his mother's devotion. He had never forgotten her love, but never till then had he seen the love of Christ in giving Himself for him. His mother had not died in vain. Her death was life to the son she loved.

A LEADER OF MEN

Paul had a genius for leadership. Before his conversion he organized and directed a fierce persecution against the Christians. On his return from the solitude of Arabia he at once took a prominent place in Damascus as a preacher of the new faith. When he was brought to Jerusalem by Barnabas, Jewish hatred against the followers of Christ found in him a shining mark. At the time when Christianity was finding for itself a new centre at Antioch, the church at that place turned to the Tarsian as a strong and capable guide.

In no episode of his eventful career does the apostle stand out more clearly as a leader of men, than during the storm which overtook the ship in which he was being carried to Rome. He was a prisoner on his way to the place of trial, and yet the hardy sailors, accustomed to the perils of the deep, and the veteran soldiers who had often faced the