

pressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim to the shrine of the great apostle." Here, as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the Mausoleum of Hadrian and



PETER AND PAUL.

The original of these portraits was copied from the bottom of a glass cup, found in St. Sebastian Catacombs at Rome, about the fourth century.

sheath his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand conflict

during the sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

But above all the memories of pomp and power, of guilt and pride, of pagan triumph and Christian martyrdom, abides forever that of the lowly tent-maker and sublime apostle. His chief distinction was pre-eminence in toil, in blessed service for the Master whom he loved:—"In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

Intrepid and blessed martyr! When the Colosseum shall have crumbled into dust, when the memories of the Caesars shall be forgotten, his letters to the churches, the sacred influence of his saintly life and heroic death, shall go down the ages, cheering, sustaining, and inspiring countless generations in every land, who through his word have become, like him, disciples and followers of the Lord whom he served so long and so well.

O WIND!

BY JEAN PERCIVAL.

Blow sweet o'er the land, soft wind,
Laden with flower-breath to me,
Till with up-turned eyes
To the bending skies

I fancy God breathes in my face, and tries
To make me know it is He.

Blow, blow through my mind, God's wind,
Sun-lighted and warmed and free
Till the darkness flies

Merrickville, Ont.

And the cold mists rise,
Till the air is pure and the evil dies,
And He can think in me.

Blow soft on my heart, O wind,
With His sunshine lighting thee,
Till the warm love-light
Speeds the thought winged-white,
To illumine a bit of the sad world-night
For His loveless ones to see.