

The Boy King.

D. M. B. WINSLOW.

ONLY a fair young Child,
He sat, that mimic King,
Crowned with a garland wild,
Where forest flowers smiled,
And birds did sing.

Only a court of boys
Before Him bent the knee;
Gay in their infant joys,
They hailed with harmless noise
The King to be.

What comes along the glade
Slow stopping, hushed and sad?
A litter rudely made,
Whereon in haste was laid
A suffering lad.

Only a father's heart
Could throb with such fierce pain,
But neighbours do their part
And seek the leech's art
For health again.

"Stop and salute our King,"
The merry children say,
Their warm, soft arms they fling,
And round the bearers cling,
To bar their way.

Young Jesus from His throne
Of tufted grass and leaves
Piled on a mossy stone,
Hears the boy sufferer's moan,
And, hearing, grieves.

"What ails him, bearers, say?"
The King speaks in the word;
Who hear it must obey,
Albeit though in play
That voice is heard.

The bearers rest their care;
In half impatient tone
They trace the path to where
A serpent makes his lair
Beneath a stone.

And tell how at his play,
Fearless as children be,
The boy reached where he lay,
Caught the foul beast at bay,
But fatally.

"Quick, boys!" the Boy then cried;
"This monster let us kill."
To pass the bearers tried,
To thrust the Boy aside;
But—wrought His will;

And through the woodland glade
Reluctant to the way,
To where the child had strayed,
And in the sunshine played
With death to-day.

Through the green woodland rang
The tread of many feet,
And where the woodbines hang
The golden plovers' sang
Hymns low and sweet.

Only a little Child,
And yet at his soft call
The snake with writhings wild,
While the young monarch smiled,
Did humbly crawl.

"Go, draw the poison out,"
The little Ruler said,
The serpent turned about,
And 'mid the courtiers' shout,
The King obeyed.

"Cursed be thou, creature dread!
Cursed each tiny scale;
My heel is on thy head,
I shall be King instead,
And thou shalt wail."

And lo! the monarch, rent
Asunder, fell down dead;
While the small Conqueror went,
His short-lived anger spent,
To the child's bed.

"Rise, little friend, arise!"
His touch was healing balm.
The boy unclosed his eyes,
Sprung up in glad surprise,
And felt no harm.

Then rose the woodland praise,
What time the pine trees moaned,
Gay plovers trilled their lays,
And larks in roundelays
Earth's monarch owned.

Only a little Child,
But, crowning as they sing,
Men, beasts and nature wild,
Him, pure and undefiled,
Proclaim their King.

* Golden plovers are the birds which the Child Jesus is said to have made of clay, giving them life by breathing on them, which His companions could not do.

Lo! as we bear along
Through life's still shades to-day
Our grief, our sin, our wrong,
The Ill that stays our song,
Who bars the way?

Only a little Child,
Fair, pure, but wondrous wise;
His robes are undefiled,
His words are firm though mild,
Tender His eyes.

We cannot say Him nay,
Though fixed our purpose be,
We can but turn His way,
Obedient as we may,
His power to see.

Not to the evil thing,
Our sorrow or our pain,
Speaks our rebuking King,
Until our freed hearts sing
With joy again;

But to the prisoner, sin,
His damning word is said;
His healing is within;
The soul He fain would win
Uplifts its head.

Oh, be it ours to bow
Before that flower-crowned Child,
Owning His kingship now
By chant and sacred vow,
Praise undefiled!

Till, every ill thing fled,
We with the woodlands sing,
"Rejoice, the snake is dead!
Creation lifts its head,
The Child is King!"

The Jewish Colony in Rome.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

PRES. HOVEY has recently treated this subject in the *Sunday School Times* with great ability and learning. I would like to add a few sentences corroborating the conclusions reached in his paper by evidence from another source. In the summer of 1879 I visited the then recently discovered Jewish catacomb in the Vigna Ranandina, on the Appian Way, about two miles from Rome. It gave striking testimony as to the separate identity and organization of the Jewish community at Rome in the early centuries. The catacomb contains several vaulted chambers, one of which has some very remarkable paintings of the seven-branched candlestick on the roof and walls. The same figure is frequently scratched on the mortar with which the graves are closed. The dove and olive-branch and palm are also frequently repeated. Among several hundred inscriptions, not one of either pagan or Christian character has been met with. The names are often strikingly Jewish in form, and frequently the epitaphs refer to the station of the deceased as officers of the synagogue—as APXONTES, rulers; TPAMMATEIS, scribes. The following are translations of examples in the Kircherian Museum at Rome:

"Here lies Salome, daughter of Gadia, father of the synagogue of the Hebrews. Her sleep is in peace."

"Here lies Quintianus, Gerousiarch (that is, chief elder) of the synagogue of the Augusteuses."

"Here lies Nicodemos, ruler of the Sevorenenses, and beloved of all."

This inscription will recall another ruler of the synagogue of the same name. Many of the sleepers in this Jewish cemetery were evidently, from their names, Greek or Latin proselytes. Indeed, this is sometimes expressly asserted, as in the following:

"Mannacius to his most sweet sister Chressis, a proselyte."

On one of these funeral slabs, besides the representation of the seven-branched candlestick, which appears also in *bas-relief* on the Arch of Titus, are four Hebrew letters, evidently intended for the word *shalom*, or peace. The inscriptions, however, are mostly in Greek, although some of them are in Latin.

It may be assumed that this cemetery was exclusively Jewish, as similar catacombs have been found in the Jewish settlements of Asia Minor, the Aegean Isles, Sicily, and Southern Italy. In death, as in life, the Jews sought to be separated from the Gentiles, among whom they dwelt. We know from the testimony of Juvenal* and others, that numbers of them inhabited the part of Rome nearest to the cemetery I have described. They seem everywhere to have been a turbulent race. They especially manifested intense antipathy to Christians. The records of early persecution inform us that they were conspicuously diligent in gathering straw and fagots for the burning of the martyrs.†—*Sunday School Times*.

The Franco-Chinese War.

THE bombardment of Foo Chow, in China, by the French fleet on the twenty-fourth of August was the signal for the opening of a war between the French Republic and the Chinese Empire. Whether the struggle will be long or short cannot, at this time of writing, be easily foreseen.

During more than a year, the attention of the world has been called to the difficulties between the French and the Chinese. For many months, those nations have been on the verge of the hostilities which have now at last begun.

The cause of the trouble is to be found in the ambition of the French to obtain control of Tonquin, the northern province of Annam, a State which has long been tributary to China. France had secured a treaty with a King of Annam some years before; and it was under this treaty that she claimed the right to establish herself throughout the peninsula.

Several months ago, France resolved to maintain this claim by force of arms. She sent a small army and fleet to the Asiatic seas, and proceeded to the conquest of Tonquin. The French were resisted in this by semi-barbarous bands of natives, who were really lawless brigands, and who were called, the "Black Flags."

The result of this irregular warfare was that the French troops and gunboats advanced up the valley of the Sang-Koi, the principal water way of Tonquin, and in course of time captured the two most important of its fortresses, Hanoi and Bac-Ninh.

At Bac-Ninh, which is the military key of the country, the French encountered, not the "Black Flags," but regular Chinese troops. China from first to last had protested against the French invasion of Tonquin, and had threatened more than once to make it a cause of war.

But when the French had at last completed their conquest, the Chinese not only did not resist it, but they made a treaty with France, confirming her in the possession of the country conquered, and agreeing to pay France an indemnity of fifteen million dollars.

* Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur Judæis.—*Juv. Sat. 3: 13.*

† See Kusobius, lib. 3, cap. 15. Describing the death of Polycarp he says: "The crowd forthwith collected wood and straw from the shops and baths; especially the Jews, as usual, freely offered their services for this purpose."

The French then advanced to the Tonquin and Chinese frontier to occupy the fortresses there. At one of these fortresses, that of Lang Son, they were resisted and repulsed by the Chinese garrison which held it.

It appeared that, after the treaty had been made, the party hostile to the French in China came into power. The new Chinese Ministers seem to have resolved that the treaty should not be carried out, and apparently the resistance of the Chinese at Lang Son was the result of this change of policy.

The next step of the French was to seize one of the ports of the island of Formosa, in the Chinese waters; and when this did not prove effectual, they went further, and proceeded to bombard the town of Foo Chow. This constituted an act of war, and was followed up by the hostilities which have since occurred.

Any war is deplorable. A war between a European power and the mightiest of Asiatic empires is likely to bring in its train many wretched results. Not only will it, if long continued, be attended with slaughter and desolation, but it will greatly impede the commerce of the rest of the world with China; it will imperil the property and the lives of the Europeans resident in Chinese ports; and it will render the position of Christian missionaries one of near and great danger.

Nor is this all. A war between these two powers may lead to a still greater conflagration. A quarrel may easily arise out of it between several of the European powers themselves. International rights may be violated, and national jealousies aroused, so as to embroil Europe in a conflict the end of which no one could pretend to foresee.

The event, therefore, is a misfortune of the world, which will once more have to deplore the restless and grasping ambition which seeks territory and gain by the savage method of war.

ONE should be thoroughly acquainted with the books and the names of the authors of his own land. Patriotism should lead a man to know the glory in the midst of which he lives.

A SCHOOLBOY lately asked his father the difference between civilization and barbarism. "It is very simple, my boy," replied Paterfamilias. "Civilization kills an enemy with a cannonball, at six thousand yards; barbarism cuts off the head with a sword-stroke."

A BRAHMIN convert writes: "Though I was educated in a Christian college I was not impressed with the truth of Christ. It was the example of a missionary's patience, faith, godliness, and humility—that brought me to Jesus."

AT a recent heathen festival in the town of Nagano Luwa, Japan, there were nine Bible sellers, and during the seven days of ceremony they sold about 600 copies, and the amount received was about twenty-five dollars.

THE arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles; when they fail in that they become sarcasm and like two-edged swords.

GRANT, O my God, that neither the joy nor the sorrow of this period shall have visited my heart in vain! Make me wise and strong to the performance of immediate duties, and ripen me by what means Thou seest best for the performance of those that lie beyond.
—Margaret Fuller.