

does not stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands, and slaves, and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her. He builds his house in some quiet spot, where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. It is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress; but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief-stricken and penitence, he seeks his humble home.—Now, does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellencies of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft undertaken the wisest and best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life.—Industry and energy restores him to competency, fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on the bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every wish and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night, her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too, and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirits forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee,—I'll meet thee in heaven!"

## THE WHIP AMONG THE ROMANS.

(From *Once a Week*)

The whip played a very conspicuous part, in both the public and private life of the Romans. The victors always attending the consuls wore their bunches of rods not merely for state show, although it was not permitted to beat Roman citizens except in the case of being thieves; but slaves were beaten with small leather straps, called *ferulae*; more painful were the *rutrae*, made of several strips of parchment twisted together; and the suppletive was *oxhide*, called *flagellum*, often right terrible. Most terrible of all was an instrument imported from abroad, the Spanish whip, used only by very severe masters. They had not only the right of whipping slaves at pleasure, but even of killing them. Some masters, not satisfied with the plain Spanish whip, made it more terrible by fastening small nails or bones, and little leaden balls to it. Slaves were stripped, their hands tied to a tree or post, and their feet hindered from kicking by a clog of a hundred pounds weight. The most trifling faults were punished in this manner, and a poor fellow might be flogged for the mere amusement of his master's guests. It was no rare occurrence that a slave died under the whip, and there was no more regret than for the loss of a pan or any other piece of household property.

The ladies were particularly cruel to their slaves. The poor girls in attendance, scratched and bleeding from wounds made with the long pins the ladies wore as an ornament, sometimes filled the house with their cries.

The cruelty towards the slaves increased so much that the Emperors made some effort to check it. Laws were made pursuant to which such masters as would forsake their slaves in sickness forfeited their rights to them after their recovery, and a Roman who would intentionally kill a slave was to be banished from Rome. Any lady who would whip or order the whipping of a slave to such a degree that death ensued before the third day, was to be excommunicated for from five to seven years.

The young Roman libertines often chose

the disguise of a slave's dress for their love adventures. Rich people kept so great a crowd of slaves that they did not know them all personally, and thus the introduction into houses was made easy. Sometimes, however, the master of the house got a hint, perhaps from the shroud lady herself, and the intruder was flogged as a runaway slave or a spy. Such an occurrence gave particular delight to the real slaves. It was a misfortune that happened to the celebrated historian Sallust, who courted Faustina, the daughter of Tulla and wife to Milla. After having received a severe flogging, Sallust was released on paying a considerable sum.

Caligula used the whip with his own hand, and on the spot, even upon people who, by talking too loudly at the theatre, spoilt his enjoyment of the players. He did not much care who the offender was. Even the vestals were not exempt from this punishment. The guilty one, covered with a thin veil, was whipped by a priest in a dark room. Even Emperesses were not always spared, at least in the Christian time, and in Constantinople, where the mother of Justina II. was so admonished. To be whipped, however, was in the eyes of a Roman the lowest disgrace, and for this reason judges ordered Christians to be whipped at their first examination.

## THE VALUE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A fact which ought always to be remembered in estimating the influence of Sabbath Schools is, that very much of their work is "underground," or, as one has said, it is in its very nature a preparation of the ground and a seed-sowing—a work very necessary to be done, but which must be followed by other operations, or in the joy of the harvest may be forgotten or contemned. In many instances the Sabbath School, while it has not indeed secured the conversion of those who have attended it, yet it has been a restraining power in all the after life; and its instructions, carelessly received, it may be, when given, revived in after years, have prevented many an outburst of wickedness which would otherwise have been given way to. The trophies of Sabbath Schools are on every hand, wherever the schools have been conducted with the true spirit and with perseverance. From the various schools of this country, thousands and tens of thousands of souls have been added to the Church of Christ. Many most precious revivals of religion have commenced in our Sabbath Schools; many vigorous churches have grown out of them, and they have frequently followed the tide of emigration to our frontiers, and supplied for a period, in many instances, the only means of grace for the destitute portions of our country.—*Presby. Mag.*