

would not allow him to write a single line in his note-book, and such a thing as photographing was unheard of. Even the soldiers of the Galata Bridge and elsewhere were very obstructive.

Among the treasures was a unique inscribed stone style or slab from the temple of Herod at Jerusalem, which stood in the temple court, whose rescript threatened death to all Gentile intruders within the sacred precincts. This must have often been seen by our Lord when He visited the temple. So careless was the Sublime Porte of these treasures that for fourteen

years this monument of such unique interest was forgotten in a dark cellar, and only by accident was rediscovered.

The most exquisite high-relief sculpture I ever saw, surpassing even that of the tomb of Maximilian at Innsbruck, was the so-called tomb of Alexander, probably made by Lysippus at the command of Alexander for his friend Clytus, whom he had slain in a fit of passion. My notes of this are necessarily imperfect, because the custodian of the museum peremptorily interrupted all use of pencil or paper.

MARCHING SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

March along, brothers! There's no time for grieving;
Let each man buckle his harness more taut.
Losses are gains, if by losses achieving
Wisdom, at last we shall fight as we ought.

Up the long slope of the year did we clamber:
We saw from afar this uttermost crest—
Thought, as we saw it in purple and amber,
"Yon steep summit gained, perhaps we shall rest."

Now—night and labour! bellowing thunder—
Blackness of darkness—the shouts of the foe!
March along, brothers! Divide not asunder—
Man should touch man in the dark as ye go.

'Tis but the last ridge of one of the ranges
To be scaled ere we reach the City of God.
Then, *wons to rest in!* Ah! Who exchanges
The Now for the Then treads where the saints trod!

Keep the course easterly, tow'rd the new morning:
There the star burns, and soon comes the sun!
March along, brothers! The night is the warning
That day is at hand, and triumph begun.

—*Alfred H. Vine, in Methodist Times.*

ON THE THRESHOLD.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on a border-land we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future, which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixtyfold.
Then hasten to fresh labour, to reap and thresh and sow;
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go.
Then gather all your vigour; press forward in the fight;
And let this be your motto—"For God and for the Right!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*