

A further test of S. Cyprian's faith was ere long afforded. The plague visited Carthage with great severity. We know something of this disease from the accounts that survive of its ravages in London—how it swept away whole families and households. None could approach those who were stricken without imminent risk to their own lives. All the air became infected, and business was entirely suspended. Those who could, fled, and the dead were buried by the cart-load in vast pits dug for the purpose.

At Carthage the heathen regarded the plague as a punishment for their leniency to the Christians, and they wandered about in gangs, killing those that came in their way. It was then that the Christians rose to the full beauty of their faith. Instead of thinking of flight, Cyprian called together his whole flock, reminding them of the Lord's injunction to do good to heathen and publicans, and to love their enemies. Those who had money were to bestow it freely. Those who had not were to give the labour of their hands. 'The majority of our brethren,' wrote Pontius, Cyprian's deacon, in describing it afterwards, 'took care of everyone but *themselves*; by nursing the sick and watching over them in Christ, they caught the disorder which they healed in others, and breathed their last with joy; some bare in their arms and bosoms the

bodies of dead saints; and having closed the eyes of the dying, and bathed their corpses, and performed the last obsequies, received the same treatment at the hands of their brethren. But,' he adds, 'the very reverse of this was done by the heathen; those who were sickening they drove from them; they fled from their dearest friends; they threw them expiring into the streets, and turned from their unburied corpses with looks of loathing.'

What wonder that a Gospel which showed such power in adversity should go on gathering to itself from other religions, and force its way in the world!

It was not long after this that Cyprian himself was called to his martyr's crown. A brief pause, and the storm returned. He was beheaded in his own city in the presence of many of his flock, some of whom climbed up into the trees surrounding the place of execution, that they might see the last of their beloved Bishop. He has left a noble record behind him. He had striven for unity. He had striven also to maintain Church discipline, while not forgetful of Christian charity. His one idea was to follow in the steps of his Master, and do His work; and though his own particular branch of the Church has perished, his name is still the honoured possession of the faithful throughout the world. J. H. M.

Across the Seas.

BLUEBERRIES.

I WONDER if there are blueberries in England? I wonder if blueberry pie darkens the lips of every village child from July till October? I should like to feel quite sure that we had *something* here which you have not in England. Then I should triumph. You are so impressed with the idea that you have all the good and nice things in the world, that one finds quite a glee in discovering *something* of which we enjoy the monopoly.

But, don't mistake me now. I love the old land—my own in one sense—since my own ancestors fought for the 'good king,' in days when Cavalier and Roundhead struggled for the mastery. I call it 'home' still. But yet this other land is 'home' too, and since among the band of United Empire loyalists—. But there, I am wandering too far afield; let me come back to the blueberries. If I were to go to England and not see *black mouths* in summer, I should miss a familiar landmark.