

Doctry.

LITTLE INDIAN MAID.

In the dark woods and forests wild, My father roared, rude nature's child, With tomahawk and banded bow, To lay the bear and reindeer low.

Family Reading.

THE LAST SHOW OF GLADIATORS, A. D. 404.

The blood of the Martyrs had triumphed. God had heard the prayers of the souls under the Heavenly Altar. Idol temples were every where falling to ruin; idol sacrifices were scarcely known.

he arena, almost to the clouds. The podium the lowest seat round the arena, and of course the best place for seeing, was already filled by the senators; the Emperor's throne was empty; for Honorius would never witness the games; but with that one exception, all and every part—the fourteen benches of the knights behind the senators, the popularia or common seats above them, the very extreme height—all was densely crammed.

At this moment the trumpets pealed long and loud; and the doors of the various rooms were thrown open, and the gladiators, amidst the loud shouts of the people, entered the arena. They walked round it by pairs; they bowed to the spectators; they then took their places, there was another blast of the trumpets, and the work of death began.

"Can you pay?" asked the designator. "What will it cost?" inquired Telamachus. "You will not get a seat there for less than half a solidus," replied the other.

"I won't take it," cried the other. "Listen," said Telamachus, simply. "I will give you one solidus, but I will give no more, because I have no more to give."

Now, understand this. The Syrian hermit was then sitting, with fifteen rows—fourteen of knights of one senators—between himself and the arena, with his back to all the seats, less close to the knights, that went towering up to the sky.

I must now take you for a moment to another part of the same building; but we will not stay there, lest we should be defiled by our standing within sound of some impurity.

In one of the many vestibules that opened off from the arena, twelve or fourteen gladiators were collected ready to make their entrance. They were pupils of the famous lanista, or trainer of gladiators, Cluvenius.

"Now, Thraso," said he to a big brutal Albanian, "you leave your side a little less open than you did yesterday, or by Hercules you will repent it. You, Searus, you must get out of that habit of winking, or it will be your ruin."

And why did he come? He had heard even as far off as Syria, of the wicked abominations of the shows of gladiators; he knew that men were trained to fight hand to hand, and life against life, for the amusement of the brutal people that even yet counted the amphitheatre as one of their great amusements; that the death of the combatant was criticised and applauded as the most common and every day occurrence might be; that even then the amphitheatre was crowded by men, eye, and by women, eye, and by high-born men and women, who in a few days would flock, in nearly equal numbers, to the many churches of Rome to celebrate the great Christmas festival of peace.

Who had sent him? His superior, the Bishop of some impossible place in partibus infidelium, for this was before the Popish Aggression.

But was there a large Romanist population there? I had never heard of such a thing, but really the church did look as if it was the centre of a rich populous neighborhood; it almost deserved the title of magnificent.

Who will observe that the door was considered to be opened to them, because the discipline of the Church of England was not carried out; not because there was no religious teaching in the place, for there was, but because that religious teaching was not Church teaching. Perhaps the converse of this proposition will suggest to you the reason why, when the discipline of the Church of England is carried out, the Roman Catholics do not enter the door opened.

I have shown you a probable cause and a subsequent effect. I have not taken upon me to say consequent. But I will proceed to show you how these things do act on the minds of religious but untaught people.

The chief interest lay between Maximus and Tryphon. If Tryphon had received advice from his master, so had Maximus from his. Tryphon kept at his utmost distance; Maximus started close to him, made a cast with his net, and caught the fish that was the crest of his helmet.

A yell from every part of the theatre—Telamachus had thrown himself over into the knights' seats, pushed through them and the senators, jumped into the arena, and caught Maximus's right arm.

By dying, Telamachus triumphed. The games were broken off; and Honorius, taking advantage of the general horror, and gathering courage from the example of the Martyr, put an end to and forever to the bloody shows of the gladiators.

FRUITS OF DILIGENCE.

Some eight or ten years ago I used to keep a little yacht, in which I visited a good deal of the southern and western coasts of England. I first landed at Penzance, where the building of its second church. This town, which depends much for its prosperity on the success of its fisheries, was then apparently in a flourishing condition, and the villages of Newlyn and Mousehole, which lie the western shores of its bay, had grown almost into towns, and bore at that time a clean and thriving appearance.

The indestructible book—At a literary party in Britain a gentleman put a question that puzzled the whole company. It was, supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the three first centuries? Lord Hales, who was present, being quite an antiquarian, began immediately to collect and examine the writings of those centuries, and actually discovered the whole of the New Testament except seven or eleven verses, which he was satisfied could be discovered.

When Mr. Bonar visited Jacob's well, his guide "removed a large stone that covers the mouth of the low vault built over the well; and then thrusting himself through the narrow aperture, invited Mr. B. to follow. This he did; but in the act of descending, his Bible, escaping from his breast pocket, fell into the well, and was soon heard plunging in the water far below. The guide made very significant signs that it could not be recovered, 'for the well is deep.'"

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