

THE LAST OF THE GLADIATORS.  
BY MARGARET HOSMER.

[In the year 404, Telemachus, an Eastern monk, suddenly appeared in the arena of the Colosseum at Rome, between two gladiators, and, with prayer and gesture, bore his testimony against these unchristian games. The Prætor Alybius instantly ordered his slaughter. Struck with his grand heroism, the Emperor Honorius abolished the shows, and never after were they permitted. Telemachus was canonized and is now in the Saints' Calendar.—See *Story's Roma di Roma*.]

ROME, the grand imperial city,  
In the year four-hundred-four,  
Saw a sight to waken pity:  
From that day 'twas seen no more.

In the glorious Colosseum—  
Monument of art sublime—  
Built by conquering Vespasian,  
In the dawn of Christian time—  
Sat an hundred thousand gazers  
At the spectacle below,  
In the January calends,  
When the wintry sun hung low.  
There the Prætor Alybius  
Trailed his toga, fringed with gold;  
And the splendid Roman women,  
Flashed in jeweled wealth untold.

Down within the wide arena,  
Gazed upon by every eye,  
Stand two handsome, youthful athletes—  
Slaves—who have been trained to die.

Low they bow before the prætor.  
"Noble Alybius, we,  
Soon to die, each gladiator,  
Salutation offer thee!"

"Health to ye!" responds the tyrant,  
For whose whim their blood must flow,  
Till his sated taste for slaughter  
Sees it dye the sands below;  
Snowy sands, on which they struggle,  
They who neither love nor hate—  
Simply forced to slay each other  
For the pastime of the state.

Suddenly appears between them,  
A tall figure, clad in gray;  
Grand and pale his lofty visage,  
When his monkish cowl gives way,  
Pure and high the fearless beaming  
Of his dark and solemn eyes,  
As they meet the angry prætor's,  
Who up springs in proud surprise.

"Who is this dares break the combat?"  
Thus Alybius demands.  
"He meets death who madly lingers."

Quite unmoved the stranger stands.

Quoth Telemachus, the stranger:

"From far distant lands come I,  
In the name of Christ, to charge thee  
That none other men may die  
To make sport for thee, Oh, prætor!  
This my mission."

"Cut him down!"  
Shouted loud the wrathful Roman;  
And they clove his shaven crown.

Then he fell; and, softly sighing,  
"Blessed Christ, my work is done!"  
Died he there, between the slave-men,  
Near the setting of the sun.

"No more sport!" cried Honorius:  
(Sudden sick of blood he grew.)  
"No more fight!" and, sore astonished,  
Stood the strangely rescued two.

Thus the holy monk, from East-land,  
Did his mission well that day:  
Never more the Colosseum  
Saw a man his fellow slay.

Made a saint by churchly canon,  
Is Telemachus, the good;  
Who, to save the gladiators,  
Gladly gave his righteous blood,  
Though the glorious gain he saw not.

Many sow, and uproot tares,  
Humbly leaving the glad reaping

Unto happier hands than theirs.  
If the work is but accomplished,  
Matters it but little here:  
Who hath wrought: the Master knoweth:  
When He wills, "it shall appear!"

AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE Rev. John McLean, Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, writes from Blood Reserve, Fort Macleod, Rocky Mountains, March 2:

I write this letter to you, sitting by the camp-fire. Two weeks ago I left Macleod and came here with a man and some horses to get out my logs for our Mission premises. The weather has been cold, yet we have got along well. We will have the last of the logs for the main building out in two days, and next week several of my friends are coming out to help us raise the building. As I look around I see many houses where a short time ago stood the buffalo lodges. Abundance of work is here, and I am seeking to take advantage of it. I am hard at work in temporal and spiritual things, and expect soon to see the result of my labours. You may ask me how I am able to hire men and horses, and buy the various things necessary for building. Well, I have received a few dollars from relations and old college "chums," and the rest I am taking out of my own pocket, expecting that God will open up the way for me to receive again what I have expended, and also to fill my empty treasury with the means to go on with my buildings. Many thanks to those few friends who have helped, but there is room for many more.

To-day a boy named Siocchi, son of Chief Bull Shield, died in the camp. My man dug a grave, and I went to the house that I might pray with the sorrowing friends. The chief and his wives were mourning bitterly. I prayed with them in English, and then with what little of the language I had learned, uttered my first prayer in Blackfoot, and did not indulge in a written form, although I might have prayed more grammatically by so doing. When starting off for the grave, the chief told me that he wanted a coffin made. I threw off my coat, got a hammer, saw, and nails, and we set to work in the house, and soon had it ready. With much difficulty we got the mother to give up the corpse, and we started for the grave. I felt like shedding tears as I stood beside the strong man weeping for his son. Seven women and two men wailed in a most heart rending manner. Then I prayed from the depths of my soul, "O God, help me with the language, that I may give hope and consolation to such as these." As I trembled and the tears filled my eyes, I cried in my soul "Light, light, send more light?" We placed the remains in the grave. The mother threw several pieces of bread into the coffin. Several skins, all the boy's toys, a piece of buffalo meat, and some newspapers were laid upon the coffin in the grave. I held a short service, took a piece of board and wrote "Siocchi" upon it, and put it at the head of the grave, and this concluded the first Christian burial amongst the Blood Indians. Thus I helped to make the first coffin and placed the first headstone at the grave of a member of the Blood camp. As we left, the women went off to another grave where sometimes would be spent

in mourning for their other relations buried there, and for the pot of the family who now had gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns."

I have spoken with the father since, and told him that his little boy had gone to God's home above, and that when the white man and the Indian died we should see his little boy there. As the tears trickled down his cheeks he said, "That's good, that's good. I love the missionary, I love you." An hour ago I had gone into the house of the head chief, Sun Medicine, and was engaged in conversation with him, when Siocchi's mother came in, weeping bitterly. She went round to all the girls and women in the house, and kissed them, when they all joined in her sorrow, and the tears trickled thick and fast down their cheeks. Such is the sympathy and love they have for each other in their sorrows and bereavements. This is not even the day of small things, it is the hour of darkness, but though—

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
The daybreak is at hand."

Darkness is all around, but there is a small hand-sized cloud in the distance, laden with the treasures of heaven, and it will drop showers of blessings upon us, and we shall rejoice.—*Missionary Outlook*.

CUTTING THE KEY LOG.

A MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT AND GREAT DANGER—PERILS OF LUMBERING.

THE first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the key-log, that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experienced "stream driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up stream that there is "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" increasing in strength. The key log being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crash, you will see that unless the axeman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men ready to volunteer, for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done an act of bravery. The man I saw cut away a log, which brought down the whole jam of logs, was quite a young fellow, some 20 years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers, a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what might very likely be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber.

There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and

skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log, one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axeman; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall to all appearance on the axeman.

Like many others, I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the plank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe.—*The Field*.

BOOK BUYING.

IS any one too poor to buy books? It was but the other day that newspaper readers were told of a woman in New England whose daily income was only a few cents, but who managed to live on that pittance and to subscribe besides for several of the monthly magazines. And now the *Christian World* of London has a thought for those better able to buy books, but who think themselves too poor to do so. It says:

"It is an amazing and lamentable fact that persons who would never think of grudging half-a-guinea on some adornment of the person, or some luxury of the table, will shrink from no meanness in begging and borrowing books, rather than buy them."

Book-buying should be as necessary an item of expense in the household as food-buying. It does not pay to starve the soul any more than it does to starve the body. And if book buying necessitates a little economy in other directions, it will add zest to the reader's enjoyment. Many a lover of books who has to beg or to borrow his reading, could make a plentiful fund of his own for the purchase of books, by the wise dropping of the little extravagances and indulgences, which seem so trifling at the time, but which in the long run form quite a serious item in one's expenditure.—*S. S. Times*.

HEALTH HINTS.

ONE of the most important features about housekeeping, is airing and purifying the bedrooms. Before putting the rooms in order of mornings, the beds should be stripped, and the clothing left hanging, for full fifteen minutes, if not longer, in front of an open door or window, immediately in a draught; while the mattress or bed is left to air also. There is so much impurity of the body passing off through the pores of the skin during the night, that we cannot be too particular as to this. In damp, cloudy weather, it would be well, both in winter and summer, to kindle a quick blaze in the fire-place; if only to last for a few moments. The air of a bedroom should be kept perfectly pure, no odor, either sweet or otherwise, should be permitted—not even a bouquet of fragrant flowers should be left in a bedroom over night, for as it withers the smell becomes oppressive to the lungs, and on getting up, one will feel languid and dull. It is not good to get out of bed too suddenly after awaking, as it excites the nerves, and takes hours to get over it. One should be careful not to spend a night in a bedroom that has been kept closed up for sometime; besides the impurity of the air, there is great danger of earwigs in such rooms.