

Christian! Thou hast instructed this child to answer thus!

Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly:

"Tell, child, who taught you thus to speak; how did you learn this faith?"

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied: "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and when I sat upon her knees a little baby, she taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see what the love of Christ can do for you!" cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him the lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy.

Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to maintain the truth; and the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love, nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from the tender flesh.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child to torture the Christian mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. But tears fell even from heathen eyes as the Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered:

"It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

And the boy watched the mother's eye, as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered:

"No! there is no God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love"

Then, as the poor child fainted beneath the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying:

"See what the love of Christ can do for him now!"

And as the mother pressed it gently to her bleeding heart, she answered:

"That love will take him away from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Ere it was here thou wouldst be drinking of the River of Life in the Paradise of God," she said.

She spoke over the dying, for the little martyr spoke no more; and thus the mother continued:

"Already, dearest, thou hast tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace of Christ given to his little one. Thou hast spoken the truth in love. Arise, now, for the Saviour calleth for thee. Young martyr for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow in thy upright path!"—*Missionary Telescope*.

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GOOD AND BAD SIGNS.—It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face. It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows. It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewellery.