

# Vol. XIII.]

## TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

[No. 46.

### OHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

#### BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the early Christian centuries the enthusiasm for martyrdom prevailed, at times, almost like an epidemic. It was one of the of the most remarkable features of the ages

of persecution. Notwithstanding the tor-tures to which they were exposed, the fiercer the tempest of heathen rage the higher and brighter burned the zeal of the Christian herces. Age after age summoned the soldiers of Christ to the conflict whose highest reward was death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their reward was death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, and exulted in the "glorious infanty" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven they won imperishable fame on earth; and the memory of a humble slave was often hailed with a glory surpassing that of Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the doom of martyrdom to the loftiest doom of martyrdom to the loftiest beerage of the skies. His consecration of suffering was elevated to a sacra-ment, and called the baptism of fire or of blood.

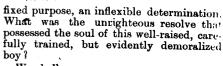
Burning to obtain the prize, the impetuous candidates for death often Pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They trod with joy the fiery path to glory, and went as gladly to the stake as to a marriage feast. "Their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride." They desired martyrdom more ardent-ly than men afterward sought a bishoply than men afterward sought a bishop-Y than men afterward sought a bishop-ric. They exulted amid the keenest pangs that they were counted worthy to suffer for their divine Master. "The tyrants were armed," says St. Chrysostom, "and the martyrs naked; Yet they that were naked got the victory, and they that carried arms were vanquished." Strong in the assur-ance of immortality, they bade defi-ance to the sword. ance to the sword.

ance to the sword. Though weak in body they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that though "counted as sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in their fiery vesture and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shad-ows of death, the spirit was enbraved by the vision of the opening heaven, by the vision of the opening heaven, and above the roar of the mob fell sweetly on the inner sense the assur-ance of eternal life. The names of the "great army of martyrs," though for-gotten by men, are written in the Book of Life. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

here is a record traced on high, There is a record traced on high, That shall endure eternally; The angel standing by God's throne Treasures there each word and groan; And not the martyr's speech alonc, Bat every wound is there depicted, With every circumstance of pain--The crimson stream, the gash inflicted--And not a drop is shed in vain.

This spirit of martyrdom was a new prin-

ciple in society. It had no classical coun-terpart. Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy faded into insignificance before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looked beyond the shadows of time and the sordid cares of earth to the gran-deur of the Infinite and the Eternal. The It had no classical counus, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder," exclaims the intrepid Christian Apologist; "our numbers increase in pro-portion as you mow us down." The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."



. We shall see.

No sooner had he left the table than he went upstairs to his own room, then re-moved his shoes, slipped softly across the corridor to his father's apartment. opened a drawer in the bureau, tool. something from it, and slipped it into his pocket.

Then carefully retracing his way to his own room he put on his shoes, went down the back stairs on tiptoc. and a few minutes later climbed the ladder leading to the hayloft in the barn.

Pausing at the top of the ladder to look about him, and being apparently satisfied that he had not been watched or followed, he climbed stealthily across the hay until he reached a remote corner whose dim recesses were faintly illumed by the light from a window at the opposite end of the loft. Pale with agitation, but with no fal-tering in the production mitter in he

tering in the resolution written in his fiery eye and compressed lips, he took from his pocket a small glass object, fastened it against the wooden wall by means of pins stuck in above and below, and listened once more. All was still.

Then without a quiver of remorse for the desperate deed he had resolved to ommit, this 16-year-old boy took from his pocket his father's razor, stood in front of the small glass object he had ened up against the wall, and perpe-tated his first shave.—*Chicago Tribune*.

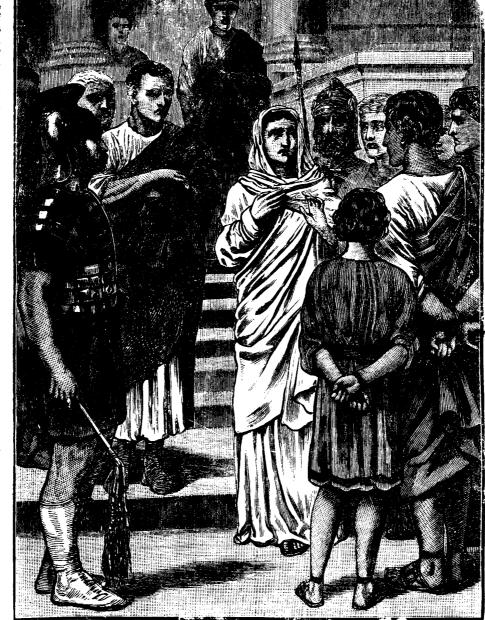
### CUBEB CIGARETTES. BY ORIE M. GROVER, M.D.

CUBEE is a drug, and no drug should be taken into the system by healthy persons, and cannot be without injury. Medicine is to cure disease and if a person is well they need no drug, and if sick should be very careful to take

the right one. Cubebs are sometimes prescribed as a relief to bronchial troubles, but are a rener to prononal brounds, but has not, as a rule, curative. When smoked, they are subject to many of the objec-tions made against tobacco. The they are subject to many of the objec-tions made against tobacco. The minute particles of carbon are there the same as in tobacco smoke, and lodge in the mucdus surfaces and pro-duce the same irritation. Then there are the gases and other deleterious substances that result from chemical changes in huming which are result changes in burning, which are more or less poisonous.

Smoking, in itself, is not a physio-logical process. No animal, either human or brute, draws the breath

human or brute, draws the breath through the mouth naturally. The nose is the breathing organ and the mouth breathing is injurious and largely to blame for much of the prevalent catarrh. I doubt cubeb smoking antidoting the desire for tobacco. In fact, many of the so-called cubeb cigarettes are mixed with tobacco and are manufactured for the appropriate and are manufactured for the purpose of creating the tobacco habit, while claiming to be harmless, which I have shown cannot be. The lungs need all the oxygen they can



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heroic deaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power mightier than the primal instincts of nature, the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn china, or even of the itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull car of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart. The marture made more converts heart. The martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Kill

### HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

On the usually frank and noble face of the boy there was a furtive, sinister expression. He replied in monosyllables to the remarks that were addressed to him, ate his breakfast with little or no appetite, and kept his eyes fixed doggedly on his plate as if fearful of encouraging the gaze of other members of the family. Yet through this real or assumed timidity a close observer might have discovered a