

'What can the love of Christ do for him now?' they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered 'It teaches him to forgive his prosecutors.'

The boy watched his mother's eye, and he thought of the sufferings of his Lord and Saviour; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still answered, 'No! there is no other God but one; Jesus Christ is the redeemer of the world.—He loved me and I love him for his love.'

The poor child now fainted between the repeated strokes, and they cast the mangled body into the mother's arms, crying, 'See what the love of Christ can do for him now.'

As the mother pressed him gently to her own crushed heart, she answered 'That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven.'

'Mother,' cried the dying boy, 'give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue.'

The little martyr spake no more; and then the mother said, 'Already, dearest, thou hast tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life, arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr, for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path.'

The boy faintly raised his eyes, looked to where the elder martyr was, and said again, 'There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent;' and so saying, he died.

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#### "DON'T SHUT THE BIBLE"

"Mother, the icy hand of death  
Doth chill my limbs, and stop my breath;  
Read me those sacred words again,  
They soothe my spirit, ease my pain."

She took the precious Book, and read  
How Jesus long ago had said,  
"Let little children come to me,  
For such shall heaven's household be."

She closed and laid aside the Book,  
And in her arms the sufferer took;  
His eyes grew dim, his utterance weak,  
But still he struggled hard to speak.

He struggled long; what would he say  
Ere death has sealed his lips for aye?  
"Don't shut it up!" at length he cried—  
"Don't shut the Book!"—then calmly died.

"Don't shut it up!" his spirit sings,  
While upward borne on angel wings;  
"Don't shut the Bible!" seemed to say  
His cold and palid lips of clay.

"Don't shut the Bible!" still I hear;  
It sounded sweetly in mine ear.  
From morn till noon, from noon to even,  
It speaks to me a voice from heaven.

"Don't shut the Bible!" God on high,  
With threat, proclaims, "or man will die;"  
"Don't shut the Book!" a voice of love  
Doth ever whisper from above.

"Don't shut the Bible!" till its light  
Dispels the gloom of pagan night;  
Till sin's dominion is no more,  
And Jesus reigns from shore to shore.