

the 136th Psalm. It is the Psalm which records the wonderful deliverances of God's people in olden times. The refrain, 'For His mercy endureth for ever,' was taken up in each verse by the whole people, and was heard outside. In the midst of it the soldiers burst open the doors and rushed in, their drawn swords and their armour flashing by the lamp-light in the House of God. Some of the faithful were trodden down and crushed to death, others were stabbed. In the midst of it all Athanasius stood calm. He would not escape while his people were in jeopardy. He would await his death at the hands of the soldiery, as they hurried towards him up the church. But the scene was too much for his delicate frame, and as he sat down, fainting, those around half led, half carried him away by

a secret passage. Thus his life was preserved.

On another occasion, we are told, he was compelled to take refuge for four months in his father's tomb. So fierce was the hatred of his foes. And naturally so, for they knew that it was owing to the unflinching courage of Athanasius that the true or orthodox views had triumphed, and those of Arius had been condemned.

Athanasius, as it was currently said, stood 'alone against the world.' Not really alone, for the God of Truth stood by him to strengthen his arm and nerve his heart. He was, in reality, only an instrument in the hand of God for preserving the Faith. He died in extreme old age, after many years spent in exile, amongst his people, and a ill Bishop of Alexandria. J. H. M.

'Honour amongst Thieves.'

THE worst men have generally some good point. This fact has given rise to the saying that 'There is honour even among thieves.' How true this is the following story certifies.

In the year 1745, after the battle of Culloden, the Young Pretender was forced to fly for his life. He concealed himself for a time in the dwelling of two common thieves, men of the name of Kennedy. In vain was a reward of thirty thousand pounds offered for his head. These men believing the Prince to be their rightful sovereign disdained the bribe. They carefully hid him, and, disguising themselves, from time to time went into the town of Inverness to

buy better food for him than their own wretched quarters furnished. They had not yet learned to fear God, but they kept one of His commandments—they honoured their king.

After a while he left this safe hiding-place, and the Kennedys returned to their lives of daring crime. It is grievous to relate that one of these men was shortly after hanged for stealing a cow. Honest he could not bring himself to be, and the law was stern in the last century.

Though a criminal and dying on a scaffold, we cannot but feel that one capable of doing so much for an earthly king might have done great service in the ranks of the King of Heaven.

