

Christ at the Treasury.

BY MRS. W. T. BROWN.

OVER against the treasury
The Master was sitting one day,
And His looks were wise and gentle
As the people passed that way.

Wise, and gentle, and human;
But never on hearts of men
Had fallen such stern heart-searching
As wrought in the temple then.

For never man spake as this Man,
And they who listened and saw,
Heard and saw something more than a
sermon,
Learned something more than the law.

They had seen how He entered the city
From Olivet's beautiful calm,
Amidst the hosannas of triumph,
The waving of garment and palm;

And from the far hills of Judaea,
Strange tidings had reached them ere
then,
Of One who had come from the lowly
To be the Great Healer of men;

And they knew that this simple Stranger,
Who rebuked them again and again,
Was something in wisdom and honour
Surpassing the children of men.

And they felt as He looked upon them
With more of pity than scorn,
That He knew how they cast their money
Into the sounding horn.

And the scribes and the Pharisees saw it,
And trod with a humbler mien,
While the publican dropped his eyelids
And reverently passed between.

And the rich cast in their abundance
And never a hand did withhold,
Till the trumpets clanged loudly and often
With the tithings of silver and gold.

Then one came alone and unheeded,
So quiet and lonely her mien,
And dropped in her gift with the others,
Nor guessed that the Stranger had seen.

Through the gentle, sad face of the woman
The Master looked down to her soul,
And knew that of all her poor living
She had given no tithe, but the whole.

More sweet than the words of an angel
His blessed approval did fall:
"I say unto you this poor woman
Hath cast in more than ye all."

No record was left of the silver,
Nor yet of the shekels of gold;
But wherever the Lord has a temple
The tale of the widow is told.

And the two little mites that out-valued
The gifts of the rich and the great
Have shewn and have grown through the
ages
To riches and royal estate.

Over against the treasury
The Master is sitting to-day,
And He counts the gain and the giving
Of all who pass that way.

O hearts that behold Him and know Him,
O hands that do scatter your hoard,
Be sure they have riches and honour
Who have given their all to the Lord.

—Heathen Woman's Friend.

The Christian Martyr.

A STORY OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

THERE was a great stir in the city
of Nicomedia, where Galerius the em-
peror lived. A band of Christians had
been captured, and were to be sent to
the lions on the morrow.

The night before, a young soldier
entered the house of Gallico, the chief
gladiator. He was met by Gallico,
who said:

"Welcome, my boy. I am glad
thou art come. Thou art ready for the
worst?"

"Ay, or the best, if you will, good
uncle."

"Yes, nephew; I hope so, but greatly
fear."

"Then fear not," replied the younger
man. "You would not if you knew
all."

"All what?"

"That Augustus is dying."

"No!"

"He is. I saw one from the palace
to-day, and he told me other things
besides. He told me that Galerius
believes that the Christians' God hath
sent this awful sickness upon him; and
he will to-night sign a new order, that
all the Christians be set free."

Gallico's face brightened at the news,
and he asked in an eager voice,—

"Can it be true, think you?"

"Yes, it is true, uncle," the other
answered. "And that will help me.
The order will be published to-morrow.

Now, let me tell you my plan. You
know it was I who caused these Chris-
tians to be taken. As I brought away
my captive, he spoke to me—spoke
words about forgiving me, and said
that he would ask his Lord, the Christ,
to give me pardon. He gave me this
book, and bade me read. There I
found the story of the God they wor-
ship; and, uncle, I believe it all.

Then I said, he shall not die; he is a
mere youth, and I a soldier; so I
resolved to seek your help, that to-
morrow, dressed like him, I may leave
his cell, step into the ring like the other
Christians, and perish in his place."

"It is a noble resolve, my son, and
I have not the heart to turn thee from
it, but I will at least try to help thee
to save thine own life. We will hide
a sword for thee in the sand; take thou
that, and attack the beast. If thou
canst keep him at bay for a little
while, may be the order of the emperor
may reach us; and, trust me, thou
shalt not want assistance. And now,
let me tell thee a secret. Thine own
father, my lad, was a Christian, and
died in that very ring. The sorrow
broke thy mother's heart, and she died,
leaving thee to my care. I kept the
secret from thee lest thou shouldst feel
shame to think thy father was a Nazare-
ne; but now, I fancy, thou wilt be
proud to know it. But away now. If
thou art to die on the morrow, thou
shouldst be alone to-night."

In the early dawn of the following
day great crowds of people were seen
hurrying to the amphitheatre.

At the same time Gallus the soldier,
dressed like the young Christian whom
he had made captive, went alone to
one of the cells of the martyrs, and
unlocked the door.

The morning light fell across the
form of one lying on the straw. Gallus
stopped a moment. The prisoner was
sleeping, and the soldier entered, and
locking the door passed the key through
the bars. It fell upon the pavement
outside, and the noise awakened the
sleepers.

"Is the time come?" he asked.

"Not for thee, brother," was the
answer.

"Who calls me brother?" he asked.

"One," replied Gallus, "who has
learned to love thy Lord the Saviour."

"But thou art the man who arrested
me!"

"I am, and will be the man who
shall set thee free."

While they were talking some one
came to the door and opened it. Gallus
stepped out.

"Thy sword is yonder, in the very
centre of the ring. Quick to gain it
before the lion comes!"

These words were whispered in his
ear by the man who stood at the door,
and he bounded forward.

He found the sword lying as if
dropped by chance on the sand, and
grasped it. Twisting his light coat
round his arm he waited for the beast.

The people, at first astonished at his
finding a weapon, seemed pleased at his
bold bearing; and the officers in charge
made no sign, so the lion was turned
loose.

He sprang out with a roar and
bounded toward Gallus. But the
young soldier was ready, and after
several times trying to seize him and
only meeting the sharp sword instead,
the lion held back, growling terribly
and lashing the earth with his tail, but
still frightened.

It was at that moment that an officer
rode to the gate of the amphitheatre
and delivered a message. Then a dozen
men rushed into the ring, and slew the
lion on the spot; while a great shout
proclaimed that the battle was over, for
the edict of Galerius was made public,
that the persecution of Christians was
to come to an end.

Gallus joined the Christians, and for
years after people used to point to him
as one who was willing to lay down
his life for the brethren.

London Gin-Palaces.

MORE than one-fourth of the daily
earnings of the denizens of the slums
goes over the bars of the public-houses
and gin-palaces. To study the phase of
this burning question let us take the
districts from which I have drawn the
facts and figures I have submitted to
your readers in previous articles.

On a Saturday night in a great
thoroughfare adjacent, there are three
corner public-houses which take as
much money as the whole of the other
shops on the other side of the way put
together. Butchers, bakers, green-
grocers, clothiers, furniture-dealers, all
the caterers to the wants of the popu-
lace, are open till a late hour; there
are hundreds of them trading round
and about, but the whole lot do not
take in as much money as three pub-
licans—that is a fact ghastly enough
in all conscience. Enter the public-
houses and you will see them crammed.

Here are artisans and labourers,
drinking away the wages that ought
to clothe their little ones. Here are
the women squandering the money that
would purchase food, for the lack
of which their children are dying. One
group rivets the eye of the observer
at once. It consists of an old grey-
haired dame, a woman of forty, and a
girl of nineteen, with a baby in her
arms. All these are in a state which is
best described as "maudlin"—they
have finished one lot of gin, and the
youngest is ordering another round.

It is a great-grandmother, grand-
mother, and a mother and a baby—
four generations together—and they
are dirty and dishevelled and drunk,
except the baby, and even the poor
little mite may have its first taste of
alcohol presently. It is no uncommon
sight in these places to see a mother
wet a baby's lips with gin and water.
The process is called "giving the
young 'un a taste," and the baby's father
will look on sometimes and enjoy the
joke immensely.

But the time to see the result of a
Saturday night's heavy drinking in a
low neighbourhood is after the houses
are closed.

One dilapidated, ragged wretch I
met last Saturday night was gnawing
a baked potato. By his side stood a
thinly-clad woman bearing a baby in
her arms, and in hideous language she
reproached him for his selfishness.
She had fetched him out of a public-
house with his last halfpenny in his
pocket. With that halfpenny he had
bought the potato, which he refused
to share with her. At every corner the
police are ordering or coaxing men
and women to "move on." Between
twelve and one o'clock it is a long
procession of drunken men and wo-
men, and the most drunken seem to
be those whose outward appearance
betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfare
and into the dimly-lighted back
streets and you come upon scene after
scene to the grim, grotesque horror
of which only the pencil of a Dore
could do justice. Women with hideous
distorted faces are rolling from side to
side, shrieking loud snatches of popu-
lar songs plentifully interlarded with
the vilest expressions. Men as drunk
as themselves meet them, there is a
short interchange of ribald jests and
foul oaths then a quarrel and a shower
of blows.

Down from one dark court rings a
cry of murder, and a woman, her face
hideously gashed, makes across the nar-
row road pursued by a howling mad-
man. It is only a drunken husband
having a row with his wife.

A friend of mine who is never tired
of trying to urge the people of this
district to temperance, not long since
found a man sitting up naked on a
heap of rags, shivering with the death
throes on him, and crying for water for
his parched throat. His wife, in a
maudlin state of intoxication, was
staring helplessly at her dying hus-
band. A coat was given to wrap round
the poor fellow. At night when my
friend returned, he found the man cold
and dead and naked, and the woman in
a state of mad intoxication. She had
torn the coat from the body of the
dying man and pawned it for drink.
In these districts men and women who
are starving will get grants of bread,
and some of them will even ask for the
bread to be wrapped in clean paper.
Do you know why? That they may
sell one loaf to some one for a copper
or two, and get drunk with the money.
Men will come and buy a pair of boots
in the morning out of their earnings,
and pay seven shillings for them. At
night they will return to the same shop
and offer to sell them back for four
shillings. They have started drinking,
and want the money to finish the
carouse with.—*London Daily News.*

Mr. MOODY's greatest hindrances, so
he said, is the number of church mem-
bers who come to his meetings and
kept out the unconverted and non-
church goers whom he desires to reach.
At his first great meeting recently in a
new part of London he asked all who
were Christians to rise. Not suspecting
what was to follow, about three-fourths
of the audience arose, when, quick as he
could speak, Mr. Moody said, "Now
do not sit down; pass out at once.
Glad to know that you are Christians,
and so you may go, as I want the sinners
to come in." And as the stewards
showed the Christians the way out, a
great multitude which had been stand-
ing at the door crowded in and filled
the Tabernacle with the very class
which Mr. Moody wished to reach.