

good ; it strikes me it's a lot harder to be bad. You're finding it pretty hard just now. It's a question which is harder, trying your best to be good and succeeding a part of the time or giving up trying and taking the consequences. You don't look as if you liked the consequences. What do you say ?”

The boy had never thought of it just that way before. But as he reasoned it out, it impressed him more and more, and well it might, for it was a rather good philosophy. To be good is hard, and to take the consequences of doing right is often exceedingly hard, but it is infinitely easier than to take the consequences of being bad.

Sometimes we forget at the moment when temptation to do the wrong thing comes, that our God who asks us to do the right, whose Spirit in our hearts warns us, and pleads with us to do the right thing, has not set us a hard task and then left us without help. We may ask any moment for help to fight evil and sin and it will be given to us. Hundreds of boys are proving it every day and hundreds of girls know it is true. God is the great Helper. Talk it over with your pastor some day and ask him to tell you of some of the fine men and women in our land who are honored and loved to-day because they have learned to depend upon God to help.—Margaret Slattery

A Brave Fight

By Rev. A. S. Morton, B.D.

It was some 1,733 years ago that a great persecution of Christians broke out at Lyons, in the country now known as France.

We all know that the bread and wine at our communion services represent the body and blood of Jesus, but that we do not eat human flesh or drink human blood when we eat and drink them. Yet some heathens at Lyons, out of hatred of the Christians, said that the Christians killed children and ate their flesh and drank their blood. The heathen people of the city believed the horrible and wicked lie, and forced the police to arrest a large number of Christians. According to the barbarous practice of those times, the magistrates ordered the accused to be tortured in

all sorts of terrible ways, in the hope that some would confess and tell on the others.

A letter of the time tells us, that the Christians at Lyons expected the leaders and the mature followers of Jesus to be true to one another and to play the man ; but, the letter runs : “We all trembled and feared that Blandina (a slave-girl), on account of the weakness of her body, would be unable to make a bold confession” of her faith in Jesus. When, however, she was put to torture, she was filled with such power from above, that the men were weary and faint who were torturing her, so that they acknowledged that they were conquered. Though her entire body was mangled and broken, the blessed woman, noble athlete that she was, found comfort and relief from the pain of her sufferings by exclaiming : “I am a Christian and there is nothing vile done by us.” Thus bravely did the delicate Blandina play her part.

The letter goes on to tell us, that Blandina did more and better than that. She was able to help the others to be brave and strong. The police took them all to the amphitheatre—a place like our football grounds with seats all round it, so that thousands and thousands could see the public sports. Here Blandina was bound to a stake. The others were made to fight with wild beasts. As they went to the terrible struggle they saw her, “as if hanging to a cross” and they seemed in her form to see Him who was crucified for them. That sight and her earnest prayers inspired her fellow combatants to great zeal. They went forward to meet the beasts bravely, and died true to the faith.

Next day the heathen officers brought her back and with her a mere boy named Ponticus. As the two went forward before the huge crowd to meet their death, the delicate Blandina, whose courage some had thought would quail, was seen confirming and comforting the poor boy, so that he nobly endured every torture and died. She herself was enclosed in a net and tossed to a bull and killed. So all the Christians died, even the weak Blandina and the mere boy Ponticus, without a stain on the Christian name.

In the course of time the whole city of Lyons became Christian, and many mission-