

set up, opposite the Church of St. Sophia, with many heathenish ceremonies. The fearless bishop's fiery indignation was aroused, and ascending the pulpit, he began his discourse thus.—“Now again Herodias raves and is vexed, again she dances, again she desires John's head in a charger.” These words procured his downfall and banishment to Armenia, where his constitution, already weakened by labour, gave way under the cold, severe winter of his place of exile. His guards, in conveying him thither, by his enemies' orders treated him with the utmost inhumanity. He entreated them to allow him to rest by the way. They cruelly refused; but they had not gone far when nature sank, and the martyr spirit made its escape from a degenerate Church, a wicked world, the cold storms of that Armenian winter, and the inhumanity of those cruel guards, to join the triumphant ranks of the pure redeemed.

Thus St. Chrysostom, in the year of our Lord 399, and in the fifty-second year of his age, finished his noble career. He had not lived long, but he had lived with all his might. Three hundred and fifty sermons, six hundred and twenty homilies, two hundred and fifty letters, a work on the priesthood, and some tracts on monasticism, show his literary activity; while his pulpit efforts present him as one of the greatest masters of eloquence in the whole history of the Christian Church, and certainly the prince of patristic preachers; and above all, his crowning virtues of self-denial and courage place him before us as one of heaven's own noblemen. Amid storms of opposition, like Longfellow's “Statue over the Cathedral door,”

“So stands he calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild.”

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### BROKEN LIGHTS.

Our little systems have their day,—  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

—*Tennyson.*