

again she demands the head of John." The anger of Eudoxia was kindled to the intensest fury. She wrung from her weak-minded husband an edict for the immediate expulsion of the archbishop. "God has appointed me to this charge," replied the undaunted Chrysostom, "and He must set me free before I yield it up." "What can I fear?" exclaimed the brave old man. "Death? *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* Exile? *The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.* Confiscation? *We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it.* I scorn the terrors, and smile at the advantages, of life." He was banished to the mountains of Bithynia. But the expulsion of this frail old man was a task that daunted the lord of a hundred legions.

The clamour of the people demanded the recall of the good bishop. The Bosphorus swarmed with barks, eager to bring back the guardian and the pride of the city. A great shout rose up to the sky and ran echoing along the shores of the two continents of Europe and Asia—a shout of welcome to the thin worn grey-headed man who stood with streaming eyes and uplifted hands on the deck of the galley as it glided up the Golden Horn.

By the constraint of the multitude, eager to hear once more his golden words, he ascended at length the pulpit whence he ruled the souls of men with a more imperial sway than Arcadius on the throne of the world. "What shall I say?" he exclaimed, as he looked around upon the mighty concourse. "Blessed be God! These were my last words on my departure, these the first on my return. Blessed be God, who turneth the tempest into a calm." Again his enemies rallied. While the "*Kyrie eleison*" rang through the vaulted aisles of St. Sophia, a body of troops burst into the church and forced their way up to the very altar. Thracian cavalry, chiefly Goths and Pagans, rode down the catechumens in the street. Constantinople for several days had the appearance of a city which had been stormed.

Chrysostom was hurried into exile over the rugged mountain roads of Bithynia, Phrygia, Galatia, "more dead than alive," he says, from the heat and toil of travel, to the bleak highlands of Armenia. The brutal emperor commanded that the old man should walk this terrible distance without shoes, and that his head should be exposed to the burning rays of the sun.*

*The retribution of Providence fell heavily upon the principal persecutors of the saints—so was interpreted the tragic fate which befell them. Within a year the Empress Eudoxia died suddenly in excruciating agony. Soon after, the Emperor Arcadius was called from his royal palace, his golden chariot, his white mules, to join his dead partner. Eudoxia. The