



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 23.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1889.

30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

A CHRISTIAN MARTYR BORNE FROM THE AMPHITHEATRE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Do we love Christ, my brothers—
The crowned, the crucified—
Who wear his name in purple ease,
With not a wish denied?
Dear friends, do we love Jesus,
Whose conquering sign we bear
So lightly and faint-heartedly
Amid a world's despair!

True servants of true Master,
Whose will is our delight,
Are we successors, brave and proved,
Of those who walk in white,
Who drained the cup of anguish
Ere yet they won the palm?
An army vast before the throne
They chant the martyrs' psalm.

Well may we ask the question
In penitence and fear,
Well may we drop for cowardice,
Or little faith, a tear:
How loyally they followed
Who followed to the death,
With Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
On every failing breath.

Turn back the ghostly finger
That marks the clock of time;
To misty heights of ages past
In reverent silence climb.
Behold, the Roman rabble!
Attend, the scornful shout!
When, lily-pale and seraph-calm,
They bring the victim out.

"The Christians to the lions!"
Ah! furious beasts were mild
Compared to men whose hellish hate
Spared neither maid nor child!

There in the dread arena
With mocking faces hemmed,
What tide of demon's wickedness
Christ's witness-bearers stemmed.

Close ringed with jeering faces
The lowly and the high
Are clustered there, in cruel hope
To see the Christian die.
The mortal strife is ended,
The body lies forlorn,
But through the gleaming gates of heaven
Another saint is borne.

And tenderly uplifted—
Such grace at least bestowed—
The pulseless form is carried hoico
Along the mournful road,
To rest, in peace triumphant,
Where they who sleep shall rise,
Shall rise and reign for evermore
With Jesus in the skies.

O friends, do we love deeply,
Love loyally and well,
Who walk in quietness to-day,
In dreamful ease who dwell?
Arise! arise, my brothers,
And arm ye for the fight!
And move across the darkened world,
The Lord's vanguard of light.

Though never crimson chalice
Our blanching lips may stain,
Still needs our God his witnesses
Until he comes to reign.
And still through wrong and evil,
Through unbelief and pride,
We bear aloft the red-cross flag,
And strong in Christ abide.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

BELIEVE in the world to come, and thou shalt conquer the world that is.—T. T. Lynch.



A CHRISTIAN MARTYR.