

## Children's Department.

### A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

THE earth has treasures fair and bright,  
Deep buried in her caves;  
And ocean hideth many a gem  
With his blue curling waves;  
Yet not within her bosom dark,  
Or 'neath the dashing foam,  
Lives there a treasure equalling  
A world of love at home!

True sterling happiness and joy  
Are not with gold allied,  
Nor can it yield a pleasure like  
A merry fire-side.  
I envy not the man who dwells  
In stately hall or dome.  
If, 'mid his splendour, he hath not  
A world of love at home!

The friends whom time hath proved  
Sincere,  
'Tis they alone can bring  
A sure relief to hearts that droop  
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.  
Though care and trouble may be mine,  
As down life's path I roam,  
I'll heed them not while still I have  
A world of love at home!

### CHRIST'S HUMILITY AND PATIENCE.

IF we allow our eyes to rest to-day on any object beside our suffering Lord, where can we fix them for a while more suitably than on those martyrs of old, who pressed after Him on the way of sorrows, bent their strong shoulders to receive His cross, nor laid it down till it had wrung out their hearts' blood? And since in to-day's collect mention is made of Christ's humility and Christ's patience, let us turn to a history in which these graces are strikingly shown forth. Towards the east of France, where the clear swift-flowing Rhone receives into its bed the sluggish waters of the Saone, stands Lyons, the great factory and silk mart of Europe, crowded with her population of 250,000 souls. She is an ancient city too. If we look back 1,700 years to the time when France was called Gaul, and was subject to Rome, we shall still find Lyons on the bank of the Rhone. Among its heathen inhabitants it contained some Christians, and of these we will now speak.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, after a rest of three years from persecution, their pagan fellow-citizens rose in a fury against them, and taking the law into their own hands, they attacked them in the streets, beat them, dragged them about, and plundered them, all which their victims bore most patiently. Then more regular proceedings began. The magistrates summoned all Christians to appear in the forum and give account of themselves before the people, and when they confessed their faith they were committed to prison till the governor arrived.

On his coming to the town they were brought to trial and treated so unjustly, that an advocate, called Vettius Epagathus, stepped forward from among the crowd and begged to speak in their favour. The governor asked whether he were a Christian too, and when he said "I am," he was committed for trial with them. It seems that the accused were about fifty in number. Ten of them fell away from fright, but others were added to their ranks, both from Lyons and Vienne.

Among them some heathens were

arrested who had been in the service of Christians, and under fear of torture these poor slaves falsely accused their masters of eating human flesh and other enormities. This increased the people's rage and served as a plea for fresh cruelties. Every kind of torture was now practised on the Christians. Among those who suffered most was Blandina, a slave, and of so weakly a constitution, that her mistress (a martyr too) trembled lest she should fail in the trial. But so powerfully was she strengthened, that she bore every torment with which her executioners one after another could assault her from morning till night. They owned themselves conquered, saying they had no more torments in store for her, and wondering she had lived through so many. But Blandina, like a valiant soldier, gained fresh strength from every confession of faith, and the repetition of the words "I am a Christian and no evil is done" seemed to dull the pain, and make her insensible to what she went through.

The Deacon Sanctus also endured exquisite torments with unflinching patience. The heathens hoped to provoke him to angry words or accusations against his brethren, but all in vain. He allowed himself but one answer to all their questions, and that was, "I am a Christian." So, having exhausted upon him every art of cruelty, the governor in a rage bound hot pieces of brass to the tenderest parts of his body, and left him for the present. In truth they could do little more against him, for his whole frame was so covered with wounds and bruises as to have well nigh lost its human shape.

The next sufferer was Biblis. She had renounced her faith, but they tortured her in hopes of getting from her some charges against her former associates. The sharp pain however worked very differently. It roused her from a deep sleep, and brought strongly before her the torments of hell. To the surprise of the bystanders she confessed herself a Christian, and was numbered among the martyrs.

It is impossible to describe the varied sufferings of these martyrs. The dungeons in which they were confined with their feet made fast in the stocks, were so loathsome that some perished in them at once, while others, though half killed by the torturer's hand, lingered on in darkness and bodily wretchedness.

Pothinus, the Bishop of Lyons, was now ninety years old, and so weak and infirm that he could scarcely move, yet the soldiers dragged him to the judgment-seat, all the multitude thronging after him and reviling him. "Who is the God of the Christians?" asked the governor. "Thou shalt know when thou art worthy of the knowledge," said Pothinus, who dreaded lest the Holy Name should be blasphemed. On this the people rushed forwards, seized him and dragged him about, while they kicked him without mercy. He was carried back to the dungeon more dead than alive, and expired in two days.

His companions lingered on there till a day was appointed for public games and wild beast shows, when Sanctus and Blandina were brought out with Maturus, a recent convert, and Attalus, a noble Roman citizen. Maturus and Sanctus, though both had been tortured before, underwent every form of suffering again to make sport for the cruel heathen. They were scourged, dragged about by wild beasts, seated in red-hot iron chairs, just as the people desired; but their patience did not fail. The executioners could get nothing from Sanctus but his old words, "I am a Christian;" and at last he and Maturus had their throats cut.

Blandina was fastened to a post for the wild beasts to devour, she praying all the time, and in the ardour of her prayer stretching out her arms in the form of a cross so that her companions were reminded of their Lord on Mount Calvary, and encouraged to suffer on for Him. She was thus exposed for

some time, but as the beasts would not touch her, she was unbound and carried back to prison.

The people next cried out for Attalus, and he was led around the amphitheatre with the inscription borne before him, "This is Attalus the Christian." The spectators thirsted for his blood, but the governor, finding that he was a Roman, durst not deliver him to their fury, but wrote to the Emperor for instructions respecting him and the other prisoners, remanding them to their dungeon in the meantime.

And now the humility of these confessors of Christ shone forth. When their fellow-disciples flocked round them and called them martyrs, they refused the title as too great for them. "It properly belongs," they said, "only to Jesus Christ, the faithful and true martyr; if you give it to others, let it be to those whom Christ has already sealed by a glorious death." And then with tears they besought their brethren to pray that they might persevere unto the end. Far from exulting over the lapses, many of whom were still their fellow-prisoners, they showed them the greatest tenderness and compassion, encouraging them even yet to return to the Saviour they had denied.

At last came the Emperor's answer, directing that those who recanted should be set free, and the rest put to death. They were again examined at the next public festival, and the glory of God was manifested in an unexpected manner by the bold confession of several who had before denied His Name. Such of the Christians as were Roman citizens were sentenced to be beheaded, and the rest to be thrown to wild beasts.

The decree was carried out. Attalus was martyred, and so was Alexander, a physician, who had been observed during the trial by signs to encourage his brethren to persevere. One by one their companions trod the path of suffering, and last of all Ponticus, a boy of fifteen, and Blandina were brought out. He died first, after going through every kind of torture; and then Blandina—who had been as a mother to the rest, encouraging them and watching with joy their path to Heaven—hastened after them. She was again scourged, torn by beasts, thrust into the burning chair, and tossed about by a wild bull, and finally her throat was cut.

So died the martyrs of Lyons (A.D. 177), and if our hearts beat high at the thought of their Christian heroism, let us note well how it was based on those lowly graces, humility and patience.

THE druggists of this city are doing a big business now in the sale of St. Jacobs Oil. One druggist on whom we called on Saturday afternoon, stated that although his sales were large at first, they have doubled lately.

Another said that so popular has the Oil become that he could hardly keep the supply up. Not one to whom we have spoken but gave it a high recommendation and said that it must be effecting scores of cures, or there would not be such a demand for it.

The people have got the St. Jacob's Oil fever bad and no mistake, and confidence in its curing qualities is still growing stronger. Of course this would not be so, unless the remedy was fully meeting its every promise.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—A good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord (N.H.) Patriot.*

### FOR FATHER'S HONOUR.

"No, dear: it's for father's honour. I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit-shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple will only cost a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," pleaded the child. It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the score. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a penny; but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the deceased father's honour. Who held that honour in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit-shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew on her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward and he found it sweet.

Three months more and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only eight pounds. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money, and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof seemed pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child-faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child-voices in his ears. Through overtaxing toil and the denial of herself and little ones, the widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands—to make good the honourable contract of her late beloved husband. He hesitated, roughing in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of sovereigns that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him: he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial and that of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep his honour unsullied; and they would ask, naturally, who was the exacting creditor. This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures the sum, £100. Twenty-eight pounds of this hundred had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose seventy-two pounds. It was a severe trial for one who loved money so well to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of

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