

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

BEAUSANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1884.

No. 6.

THE ROMAN COLOSSEUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hand,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

The Goth, the Christian, Time,
War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-
hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by
star expire,
And up the steep barbarian
monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the
Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down,
nor left a site.

Alas! the lofty city, and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs!
and the day
When Brutus made the dag-
ger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in
bearing fame away!
Alas! for Tully's voice, and
Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—
but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—
decay.

—Childe Harold.

ROME at last! The
goal of a thou-
sand hopes—"the
city of the soul"
—"the Mecca of the mind"
—"lone mother of dead
Empires"—the city of
the Caesars and the Popes.
Nothing so struck me
in my first drive through
Rome—through the
Forum to the Colosseum
and the Palatine Hills—
as the appalling desola-
tion of those once proud
abodes of imperial splen-
dour. The scene of some
of the most heroic achieve-
ments of the Republic and
Empire is now a half
buried chaos of broken
arch and column. Here
stood the rostrum where
Tully fulminated against
Cataline, and where, after
death, his eloquent
tongue was pierced
through and through by
the bodkin of a revengful
woman. Here the Roman
father slew his child to
save her from dishonour.
Here, "at the base of
Pompey's statue," the well-beloved
Brutus stabbed the foremost man of
all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra*,
through which passed the triumphal
processions to the now ruined temples
of the gods. But for a thousand years
these ruins have been the quarries and

the lime-kilns for the monasteries and
churches of the modern city, till little
is left save the shadow of their former
greatness.

More utterly desolate than aught
else were the pleasure palaces of the

broken arches I saw fair English girls
sketching the crumbling halls where
ruled and revelled the lords of the
world.

Cypress and ivy, wind and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd

the Colosseum, stern monument of
Rome's Christless creed. Tier above
tier rise the circling seats, whence
twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated
upon the dying martyr's pangs,
"butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Ten thousand Jewish cap-
tives were employed in
its construction, and at its
inauguration five thous-
and wild beasts were slain
in bloody conflict with
human antagonists. The
dens in which the lions
were confined, the gates
through which the leo-
pards leaped upon their
victims may still be seen;
and before us stretches
the broad arena where
even Rome's proud dames,
unsexed and slain in
gladiatorial conflict, lay
trampled in the sand.

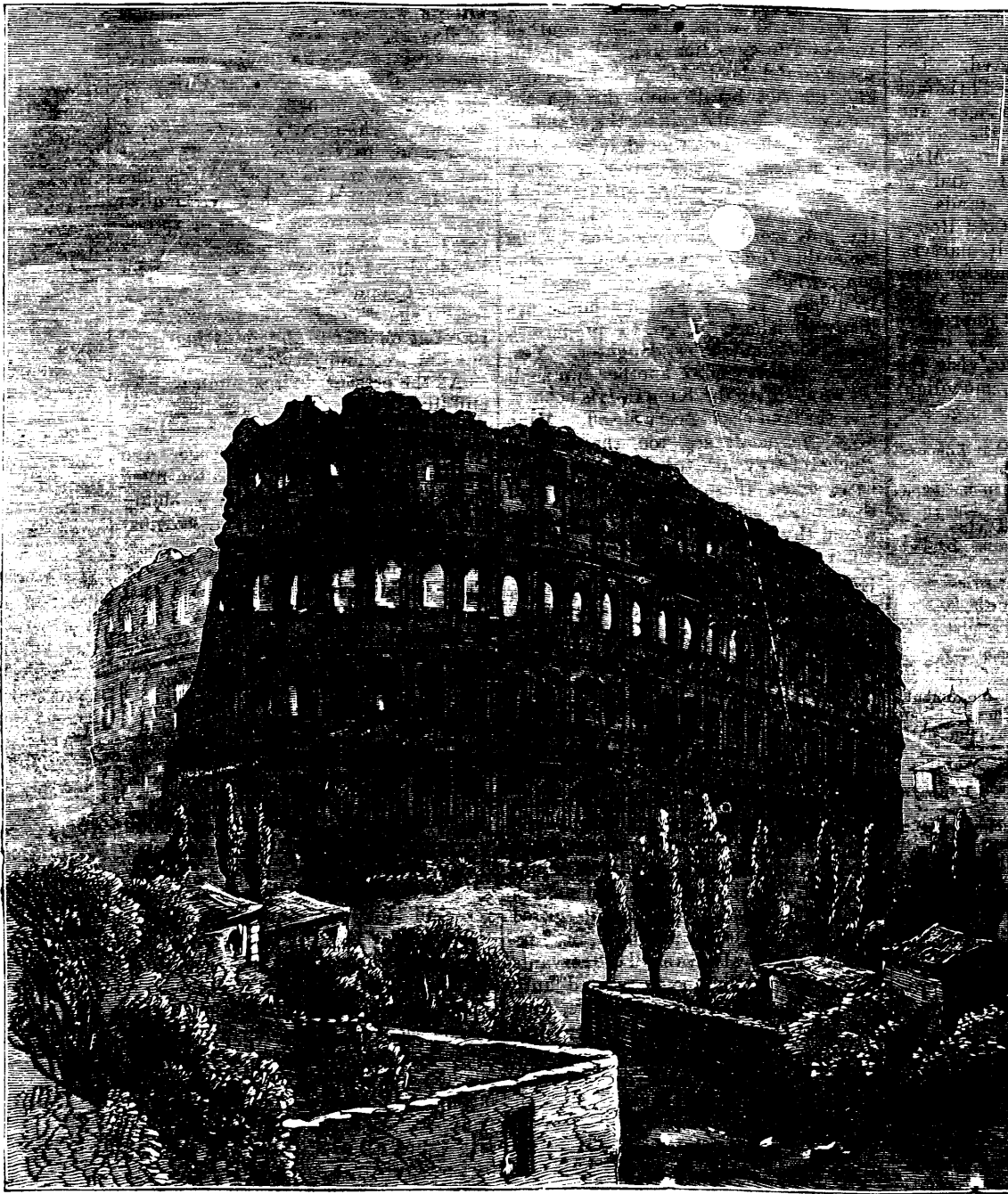
As I clambered over
those time-defying walls,
and plucked from their
crannied niches the blue-
bell and anemone, the
soldiers of King Humbert
were drilling in the
meadow near its base,
and the sharp words of
command came softened
by the distance. Save
these, no sound of life
was audible in this once
humming hive of human
passion and activity. The
accompanying cuts give
interior and exterior views
of this world-famous ruin.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from
its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities
have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton
we pass,
And marvel where the spoil
could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered
or been clear'd?

"While stands the Col-
osseum, Rome shall stand,"
said an ancient legend,
"when falls the Colos-
seum, Rome shall fall,
and when Rome falls,
with it shall fall the
world."

The following is the
account given by the Rev.
Hugh Johnston, B.D., of

this famous ruin:
"Now we have reached the world-
famous Colosseum, 'a noble wreck in
ruinous perfection,' alive and teeming
with historical recollections. Begun
by Vespasian, who built as far as the
third row of arches, it was completed by



COLOSSEUM—EXTERIOR.

proud emperors of the world—the
Golden House of Nero, the palaces of
Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monu-
ments of the colossal vice which called
down the wrath of Heaven on the
guilty piles. All are now mere mounds
of splendid desolation, amid whose

On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column
strewn
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes
steep'd
In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of

Titus after his return from the conquest of Jerusalem, and he is said to have employed twelve thousand captive Jews in its erection. What a structure it is! So vast, that one can hardly picture it in the imagination, or take in its height and sweep. Its circumference is more than sixteen hundred feet. It is an oval, 620 feet long, 573 in breadth, and 157 feet high. What splendid masonry! Now a mouldering ruin, scarce one-third of it remaining, stripped of its marble, and colored walls, and iron clamps; yet what remains has been computed to be worth over half a million pounds sterling. As I climbed to the highest tiers, and looked over the empty space, the *podium*, containing the places of honour for the Emperor and his family, the senators, and the vestal virgins, once covered with costly marble, the arches glittering with gold and gems, I thought of the dedication festival, when 5,000 wild animals fought with gladiators, and the arena was red with the butchery, the galleries crowded with excited spectators, the Emperor, the senators, the vestal virgins, the knights, and common people; I thought of the after scenes, in the days of persecution, when 100,000 voices roared, "The Christians to the lions!" and brave men and timid women surrendered themselves to the devouring wild beasts. Magnificent abode of pleasure and of wickedness! There it stands, a monument of the cruelty of old Rome, and of the faith of the early martyrs. There it stands, built as if not for time but eternity, in its solitude, its awful beauty, its majesty, the most impressive sight conceivable. Not a day was I in Rome in which I did not visit the Colosseum, and to see it by moonlight is a vision which can never be forgotten.

"Arches on arches" as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Colosseum stands, the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for Divine
Should be the light which streams here to
illumine

The long-explored, but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation, and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
heaven.

Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Under the things of earth, which Time hath
bent,

A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
power

And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
dower."

—*Child Harold.*

The following extracts from the Editor's story, "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs,"* endeavours to reproduce a scene in this old crumbling, but still majestic Colosseum:

THE EVE OF MARTYRDOM.

In a vaulted chamber beneath the stone seats of the Colosseum, lay the destined Christian martyrs on the eve before the day of their triumph. As an act of grace, some coarse straw, the refuse of a lion's lair, had been given them, and the relief of their fetter-cramped limbs, stiffened with lying on a rough stone floor, was in itself an indescribable delight. But they had a

deeper cause of joy. They were found worthy to witness a good confession for Christ before Cæsar, like the beloved Apostle Paul; and even as their Lord Himself before Pontius Pilate. And now the day of their espousals to their Heavenly Bridegroom was at hand.

The silvery-haired Demetrius, a holy calm beaming in his eyes, uttered words of peace and comfort. The coarse black barley-bread and muddy wine which had been given them lest death should cheat the mob of their promised delight on the morrow, the venerable priest had consecrated to the Supper of the Lord—the last viaticum to strengthen their souls on their journey to the spirit world. Sitting at his feet, faint and wan, but with a look of utter content upon her face, was his daughter Callirhoe, a heavenly smile flickering on her lips. With an undaunted courage, a heroic resolve beaming from his eyes, stood Adæuctus, waiting like a valiant soldier at his post the welcome word of the great Captain of his salvation: "Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Ever and anon the deep-mouthed roar of a hungry lion rent the air, his fierce bound shook the walls of his cage, and his hot breath came through the bars as he keenly sniffed the smell of human flesh. But though it caused at times a tremor of the quivering nerves of the wan and wasted girl, it shook not her unfaltering soul. Listen to the holy words calmly spoken by the venerable Demetrius: "*Non turbetur cor vestrum*—Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' Yes, daughter. Yes, brave friend; before another sun shall set we shall see the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. Mine aged eyes shall see, too, the beloved Rachel of my youth, to behold whom they have ached these many years. And thou, child, shalt see the mother after whom thy heart hath yearned."

"If only, dear father, my brother Ezra were with us," whispered Callirhoe, "we soon would be an unbroken family in the city of the great King."

"God's will be done, my child," answered the patriarch. "He doeth all things well. He could bid His angels fly swiftly, and shut the lions' mouths, or, better still, convoy our spirits to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the repose of Abraham's bosom. Your brother is a child of the covenant, an heir to the promises, the son of many prayers. God will count him also in the day when He maketh up His jewels." Then as if gifted with the spirit of prophecy, he exclaimed: "Not always shall the servants of the Most High be persecuted unto death. But this very structure, now dedicated to slaughter and cruelty, shall hereafter be consecrated to the worship of the true God"—a prediction which, after long centuries, has been literally fulfilled.

Thus in holy converse wore the hours away. And then through the rocky vaults of the Colosseum stole the sweet accents of their last evening hymn before they should sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high:—

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

As this psalm of triumph swelled into louder strain, the gladiators, awed by its strange power, paused amid their ribald jests, and even the lion hushed his hungry roar, and the tiger his angry growl.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

Early next morning the army of slaves who had charge of the Colosseum, under the direction of Fulvus, the freedman, were hard at work. Some at the very summit of the building, with much shouting and pulling of ropes, were stretching the great *velarium* or awning, as a protection from the rays of the sun. Others were sweeping the sand of the arena to a smooth and even surface. Many cart-loads of fresh sand were heaped around the base of the *podium*, for the ghastly purpose of being spread upon the blood-stained surface after each act of the sanguinary drama of the day. Others were decorating with garlands of flowers, and with gold and purple bannerets, the seats of the Emperors Diocletian and Galerius, and those of the senators and other persons of distinction. The great structure seemed even more striking in its vastness, as a few score figures crawled like flies over its empty seats, than when filled with its tumultuous throng of spectators. It was an immense oval six hundred and fifteen feet in its longer diameter, and five hundred and ten feet in the shorter. The circling seats rose tier on tier to the giddy height of one hundred and fifty feet.

As the present writer climbed those cliff-like walls, now crumbling into ruin, he tried to re-people those long-deserted seats with the eager and excited throngs which had often filled them to overflowing, when twice eighty thousand cruel eyes were wont to gloat upon the dying martyr's pang, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Then he wandered through the vast vaulted corridors and stairways, eighty in number, and bearing still the old Roman numerals by which access was gained to the different galleries. These were so capacious that the whole multitude could in a few minutes disperse, and were thence called *vanitoria*. He then explored the dens and caves for the wild beasts, and the rocky chambers in which the gladiators and martyr victims awaited the signal that called them to their doom. The row of seats just above the *podium* was reserved for the equestrian order; those higher still, for the *populus*, or common people; and the highest of all, for persons of the lowest rank. Early in the day, multitudes of spectators began to arrive, mostly arrayed in gala dress, and many wearing the colours of their favourite gladiatorial champion. With a loud flourish of trumpets the great gates of the imperial entrance opened, and the chariots of the Emperors and their respective *suites* entered and took their places in the grand tribune reserved for these

* On this very arena perished the venerable Ignatius, linked by tradition with the Saviour Himself as one of the children whom He took in His arms and blessed. "Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts," he exclaimed, "by whom I shall attain unto God. For I am the wheat of God, and I shall be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ."

angust occupants. It was noted with dissatisfaction by the multitude that neither of the Emperesses Prisca or Valeria were present. But the withered old crow Fausta, mother of the Emperor Galerius, seemed to gloat like a foul harpy on the anticipated spectacle of blood, and near by was her sinister shadow, the black-browed priest of Cybele.

Burdo, the butcher, was rubicund with joy at the approaching conflict, for which, he said, he long had hungered. "But why," he asked, "are not their majesties, the Emperesses, in the state tribune. 'Tis a contempt of a festival sacred to the gods."

"Our dainty Emperess," jeered Samos, the "Flatnose," "has small stomach to see her friends, the Christians, given to the lions, and I suspect the old one is tarred with the same stick."

"If I thought that I'd denounce her myself," growled Bruto, the gladiator; "Empress or slave, the crime of being a Christian levels all ranks."

"And lose your head for your pains," chimed in Piso the barber. "Don't you know that she winds the Emperor round her finger like a silken thread."

"Does she favour the accursed Nazarenes?" croaked Ephraim the Jew.

"May the same fate overtake her." "I thought they were friends of yours," said our old friend Max, who was one of the soldiers on guard. "They say this Christ whom they worship was a Jew."

We dare not repeat the wicked imprecation which burst from the lips of the exasperated Israelite. But it is notorious that the Jews were far more malignant persecutors of the Christians than even the Pagans themselves—as is apparent from the Acts of the Apostles and other records of the early Church.

The time for beginning the games having come, the priest of Neptune poured a libation to the god, and heaped incense on his altar, placed near the imperial tribune. In this act of worship—for these old gods were worshipped with the blood of men slain as a holiday pageant—he was followed by the Emperors and their chief officers.

Then with another peal of trumpets a procession of gladiators in burnished armour entered the arena and marched around its vast circuit. Pausing before the tribune of the Emperors they chanted with a loud voice: "*Cæsares Augusti, morituri salutamus vos*—Great Cæsar, we who are about to die salute you."

First there was a sort of sham battle—*prælusio*, as it was called, in which the gladiators fought with wooden swords. But the multitude were speedily impatient of that, and demanded the combat *a l'outrance*—to the death.

"We came not here to witness such child's play as that," said Burdo, the butcher. "I want to see the blood flow as it does in my own shambles;" a brutal sentiment which met with much favour from his neighbours.

Soon their desires were gratified. First there was a combat of *Andabata*, that is, men who wore helmets without any aperture for the eyes, so that they were obliged to fight blindfolded, and thus excited the mirth of the spectators. Although they inflicted some ugly wounds upon each other, none of these were mortal, and the mob called loudly for the *Hoplomachi*, who were next on the play-bill. These were men who

* Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 75 cents, with special discount to Sunday-schools.

fought in a complete suit of armour. They were as completely encased as crabs in their shells, but as they could see each other through the bars of their visors, they were able skilfully to direct their weapons at the joints of their antagonist's armour. Soon the arena was red with blood, and more than one victim lay dead and trampled on the sands.

"Good! this is something like the thing," cried Budo. "But these fellows are so cased in their shells it is hard to get at them. Let us have the *Retiarii*."

"Yes, the *Retiarii* and *Mirmillones*," shouted the mob; and they soon marched upon the scene.

This conflict promised abundance of excitement. The *Retiarii* wore no armour, and their only weapons were a net (*rete*, hence their name) and a trident or three-pronged spear. The *Retiarius* endeavoured to throw the net over his antagonist, and then to despatch him with the spear. If he missed his aim in throwing his net, he betook himself to flight, and endeavoured to prepare his net for a second cast, while his adversary followed him round the arena in order to kill him before he could make a second attempt. It was a cruel sport, and kindled to fury the fierce passions of the eager spectators.

Then came a conflict between skilled gladiators—the most accomplished swordsmen of the gladiatorial schools. The vast multitude watched with fevered interest the wary fencing, the skilful guard and rapid thrust and stroke of those trained butchers of their fellow-men. When a swordsman was wounded, the spectators rent the air with cries of "*Habet! Habet!*" and the one who was vanquished lowered his arms in token of submission. His fate, however, depended upon the will of the people, who sometimes, when a vanquished swordsman had exhibited especial dexterity and skill, gave the signal to spare him by stretching out their hands with the thumbs turned down. But if, as was more frequently the case, their bloodthirsty passions were roused to insatiable fury, they demanded his death by turning their thumbs upwards, and shouting, "*Recipe ferrum!*" Without a tremor the victim then bared his breast to the sword, and the victor thrust it home to the hilt, while the cruel mob shouted their huzzas over the bloody tragedy.

Such is the scene brought vividly before our minds by the matchless antique statue of the Dying Gladiator, found in the Gardens of Sallust, now in the museum of the Capitol. As one gazes with a strange fascination on that wondrous marble, instinct, it seems, with mortal agony, callous must be the heart that is unmoved by its touching pathos. The exquisite lines of Byron nobly express the emotions which it awakens in every breast:—

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swarms around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed
The wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—her, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

An unwonted interest was given to this cruel scene in the Roman amphitheatre, by a novel and unheard-of incident which occurred. A brilliant young Roman officer, Ligurius Rufus, was announced to take part in these games. It was no uncommon thing for military fops, eager to win the applause of the multitude, or to goad their jaded weariness of life into a momentary excitement by a spice of real danger, to enter the lists of the arena; and Ligurius was at once the most brilliant swordsman in the Twelfth Legion, and the most *ennuyés* and world-weary man in Rome.

He was pitted against a brawny Hercules, the strongest and hugest of the whole school of gladiators—a British prisoner of war, who had been long the pride and boast of the arena. As they stood face to face, the young officer in burnished armour, inlaid with silver and gold, and the mighty thow of his opponent encased in leather and bronze, the betting was heavy in favour of the British giant. Each felt that he had a foeman worthy of his steel. They walked wearily around each other, each watching with eager eye every movement of his antagonist. Every thrust on either side was skilfully parried, and advantage of strength on the part of the British warrior being matched by the superior nimbleness of the Roman officer. At last a rapid thrust by Ligurius severed a tendon in the sword-arm of his foe, and it fell nerveless by his side. With a giant effort the disabled warrior sprang upon the Roman as if to crush him by sheer weight; but Ligurius nimbly sprang aside, and his antagonist, slipping in the gory sand, fell headlong to the ground. In an instant the Roman's foot was on his neck and his sword at his breast. With a courteous gesture, Ligurius raised his sword and waved it towards the Emperors' tribune and to the crowded seats of the *podium*, as if asking the signal to spare the vanquished gladiator, while the despairing look of the latter seemed with mute eloquence to ask for life. "*Habet! Habet!*" rang round the Colosseum, but not a single sign of mercy was made, not a thumb was reversed. "*Recipe ferrum!*" roared the mob at the prostrate giant; and then shouted to Ligurius, "*Occide! Occide!—Kill! Kill!*"

The gallant Roman heeded them as he would heed the howl of wolves. "I am not a butcher," he said, with a defiant sneer, and he sheathed his sword and, much to the surprise of his discomfited foe, lent his hand to raise him from the ground.

"You are a brave man," he said; "I want you as a standard-bearer of the Twelfth Legion. That is better than making worm's meat of you. Rome may need such soldiers as you before long."

The Emperors were not unwilling to grant this novel request of a favourite officer, and the grateful creature, in token of his fidelity, humbly kissed the hand of Ligurius, and followed him from the arena. The cruel mob, however, angered at being deprived of their anticipated spectacle of blood, howled with rage, and demanded the crowning scene of the day's sports—the conflict between the wild beasts and the Christian martyrs.

These hateful scenes had become the impassioned delight of all classes, from the Emperors to the "vile plebs" of

Rome. Even woman's pitiful nature forgot its tenderness, and maids and matrons gloated on the cruel spectacle, and the honour was reserved for the Vestal Virgin to give the signal for the mortal stroke. Such scenes created a ferocious thirst for blood throughout society. They overthrew the altar of pity, and impelled to every excess and refinement of barbarity. Even children imitated the cruel sport in their games, schools of gladiators were trained for the work of slaughter, women fought in the arena or lay dead and trampled in the sand.

It is to the eternal praise of Christianity that it suppressed these odious contests, and forever averted the sword of the gladiator from the throat of his victim. The Christian city of Constantinople was never polluted by the atrocious exhibition. A Christian poet eloquently denounced the bloody spectacle. A Christian monk, roused to indignation by the hateful scene, leaped over the barrier to separate the gladiators in the very frenzy of the conflict. The maddened mob, enraged at this interruption of their sport, stoned him to death. But his heroic martyrdom produced a moral revolution against the practice, and the laws of Honorius, to use the language of Gibbon, "abolished forever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre."

It remains to notice the last scene in the stern drama of this "Roman holiday."

THE MARTYRS CROWNED.

At a flourish of trumpets the iron-studded doors of the cells in which the Christians were confined were thrown open, and the destined martyrs walked forth on the arena in the sight of assembled thousands. It was a spectacle to arrest the attention of even the most thoughtless, and to move the sympathy of even the most austere. At the head of the little company walked the good presbyter, Demetrius, his silvery hair and beard and benignant expression of countenance giving him a strikingly venerable aspect. Leaning heavily on his arm, evidently faint in frame but strong in spirit, was his daughter Callirhoe. Robed in white, she looked the embodiment of saintly purity, and in her eyes there beamed a heroic courage which inspired a wonder that so brave a soul should be shrouded in so frail a body. Adauctus, Aurelius, and other Christian confessors condemned to death, made up the little contingent of the noble army of martyrs.

The prefect Naso, from his place in the tribune, near the Emperors, read the sentence of the court, that the accused having been proven by ample testimony to be the enemies of the Cæsars and of the gods, had been condemned to death by exposure to wild beasts.

"Nay, not the enemies of the Cæsars," exclaimed the aged Demetrius. "We are the friends of all, the enemies of none.* We pray for the Cæsars at all our assemblies."

"Will you do homage to the gods?" demanded Diocletian. "Will you burn incense to Neptune? Here is his altar and here are his priests."

"We worship the true God who made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all that in them is," replied the venerable man, with uplifted and reverent countenance, "and Him only

will we serve. They be no gods which are made by man's device, and 'tis idolatry to serve them."

"Away with the Atheists," cried the priests of Neptune; "they blaspheme the holy gods."

"The Christians to the lions!" roared the mob, and at the signal from the Emperor to the master of the games, the dens of the wild beasts were thrown open, and the savage brutes, starved into madness, bounded into the arena. The defenceless martyrs fell upon their knees in prayer, and seemed conscious only of the presence of Him who stood with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, so rapt was the expression of faith and courage on their upturned faces.

The fierce Numidian lions, and tigers from the Libyan desert, instead of bounding upon their prey, began to circle slowly around them, lashing their tawny flanks meanwhile, glaring at their victims from bloodshot fiery eyes, and uttering horrid growls.

At this moment a loud shout was heard, and a soldier, clad in burnished mail, and with his drawn sword in his hand, one of the body guards of the Emperors, leaped from the tribune and bounded with clashing armour into the arena. Striding across the sand, he hurled aside his iron helmet and his sword, and flung himself at the feet of the aged priest, with the words:—

"Father, your blessing; Callirhoe, your parting kiss. I, too, am a Christian. Long time have I sought you, alas! only to find you thus. But gladly will I die with you, and, separated in life, we are united in death and forever."

"*Nunc dimittis, Domine!*" exclaimed the old man, raising his eyes to heaven. "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." And he laid his hands in blessing on the head of his long-lost son.

"Ezra, my brother!" exclaimed Callirhoe, folding him in her arms. "To think we were so near, yet knew not of each other. Thank God, we go to heaven together; and, long divided on earth, we shall soon, with our beloved mother, be a united family forever in the skies. And God shall wipe away all the tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

"Amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus!" spake the young soldier, as he enfolded, as if in a sheltering embrace, the gray-haired sire and the fair-faced girl.

The utmost consternation was exhibited on the countenance of the old Emperor Diocletian. "What! have we Christians and traitors even in our body guard? Our very life is at the mercy of those wretches!"

"I would feel safer with them," said the more stoical or more courageous Galerius, "than with the *delatores* and informers who betray them," and he glanced with mingled contempt and aversion at Naso, the prefect, and Furca, the priest. "When a Christian gives his word, 'tis sacred as all the oaths of Hecate. I want no better soldiers than those of the Thundering Legion.*"

Meanwhile the wild beasts, startled

*The *Legio Tonans*, tradition affirms, was a legion composed wholly of Christians, whose prayers in a time of drought brought on a violent thunderstorm, which confounded the enemy and saved the army.

This famous phrase dates from the time of Tertullian, in the 3rd century, and is also recorded in the *Catechisms*.

for a moment by the sudden apparition of the mail-clad soldier, seemed roused thereby to ten-fold fury. Crouching stealthily for the fatal spring, they bounded upon their prey, and in a moment crashing bones and streaming gore appeased the growing impatience of the cruel mob, who seemed, like the very wild beasts, to hunger and thirst for human flesh and blood.

We dwell not on the painful spectacle. The gallant young soldier was the first to die. The brave girl, with a gesture of maiden modesty, drew her dishvelled robe about her person, and with a queenly dignity awaited the wild beast's fatal spring. She was mercifully spared the spectacle of her father's dying agony. Her overstrung nerves gave way, and she fell in a swoon upon the sands. Demetrius met his fate praying upon his knees. Like Stephen, he gazed steadfastly up into heaven, and the fashion of his countenance was suddenly transfigured as he exclaimed: "Lord Jesus! Rachel, O my beloved! we come, we come." And above the roar of the ribald mob and the growl of the savage beasts fell sweetly on his inner ear the song of the redeemed, and burst upon his sight the beatific vision of the Lord he loved, and for whom he gladly died.

So, too, like brave men, victorious o'er their latest foe, Adactus, Aurelius, and the others calmly met their fate. When all the rest were slain, a lordly lion approached the prostrate form of Callirhoe, but she was already dead. She had passed from her swoon, without a pang, to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the presence of the Celestial Bridegroom—the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely—to whom the homage of her young heart had been fully given. She was spared, too, the indignity of being mangled by the lion's jaws. When the king of beasts found that she was already dead, he raised his massy head, gave a mournful howl, and strode haughtily away.

In the great gallery of Dore paintings at London, is one of this Flavian Amphitheatre after a human sacrifice such as we have described. There lie the mangled forms upon the gory and trampled sands. The sated wild beasts prowl listlessly over the arena. The circling seats rise tier above tier, empty and desolate. But poised in the air, with outspread wings, above the slain, with a countenance of light and a palm of victory, is a majestic angel; and sweeping upward in serried ranks, amid the shining stars, is a cloud of bright-winged angels, the convoy of the martyrs' spirits to the skies. So, doubtless, God sent a cohort of sworded seraphim to bear the martyrs of our story blessed company, and to sweep with them through the gates into the city.

FRESH-WATER fish are reared in every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook, with as much care as poultry are in French cottage-yards. Girls in the evening go with long wands to drive the fish into roofed tanks, where they are locked in for the night to keep them from birds of prey.

A GENTLEMAN remarked that he had eight arguments in favor of the prohibitory amendment, and when asked what they were, replied, "My eight children."

AN APRIL JOKE.

MASTER Ned on the door-step sat,
Busily thinking away.
"Now what shall I plan for a clever trick
For an April-fool to play?
There's Tom, he's mean as a boy can be,
And he never can pass me by
Without a word that is rude and cross,
And maybe a punch on the sly.

"Some trick I'll find that'll pay him off,
And teach him a lesson, too."
So Master Ned he pondered awhile,
Till the dimples grew and grew,
And he laughed at last as away he ran.
"I'll make him sorry," thought he,
"For the many times he has done his best
To tease and to trouble me."

On April first with the early dawn,
Was found at Tommy's door
A package tied, and "Master Tom"
Was the only address it bore.
"Tis only a trick of Ned's," said Tom;
"He owes me many a one;
But I'll match him yet—he'd better beware—
Before the day is done."

Then Tom looked in at his package. Oh,
What a shameful fellow was he!
A handsome book and a line which read,
"Accept this, Tom, from me."
And this was the way in which Tom was
"fooled";
And afterward, meeting Ned,
"Your trick has beaten all mine for good—
Forgive me, old fellow," he said.
—Harper's Young Folks.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 50
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	0 25
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 36c. a dozen, \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 23
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 23
Screen Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	0 25
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.
O. W. Coates, S. F. Huettels,
3 Bleury Street, Montreal. Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1854.

GREAT TEMPERANCE VICTORY AT TORONTO.

THE greatest victory the Temperance cause has ever known in Toronto was won on February 25th. The question was submitted to popular vote whether any grocer shops should be licensed to sell liquor or not. Toronto is the centre of the liquor interest in the Dominion. It has a huge distillery, said to be the largest in the world, and a number of great breweries. The liquor-sellers worked like beavers to defeat the by-law. Their craft was in danger, and they are reported by the daily papers to have used money and liquor and fraud to an almost unlimited extent to carry their point. But the Temperance sentiment of the city was roused. The pulpits thundered, and the press re-echoed with facts, arguments, and statistics, showing the baneful drunkard-making influence of the liquor traffic, especially as connected with the grocer trade.

"The polling upon the question whether the sale of liquors and groceries should be separated, resulted," says the *Globe*, "in the largest vote ever polled in the city. From the opening of the polls it was evident from the keenness and complete organization of both sides that the fight would be a hard one. The voters, dead and alive, were brought up in every available vehicle. Indeed, it is asserted by those who watched the course of events during the day, that more dead men recorded their votes than at any election previously held in the city."

Of course the writer means that fraudulent voters personated the dead.

For the by-law..... 5,573
Against the by-law..... 5,211

Total..... 10,779
Majority for the by-law... 362

But this vote must be weighed as well as counted. On the side of morality and temperance, and the restriction of the rum traffic, were the Christian workers, the superior intelligence, the unselfish philanthropy of the city, its solid men, the bone and sinew of its prosperity. On the other side was the organized selfishness of the liquor-dealers, with all their hangers-on and myrmidons, the degraded patrons of the rum-shops, the fraudulent voters, repeaters, and personators of the absent and the dead. Many a mother will thank God that there will be nearly one hundred places less in our city where the death-dealing draught shall be sold.

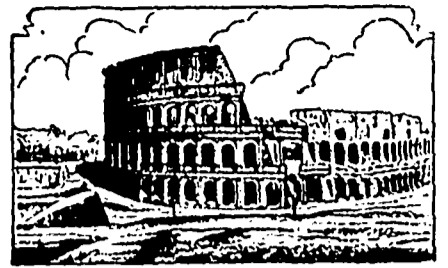
The temperance tide is rising all the world over. A rum-seller in Iowa asked what it all meant, how high the temperance ocean would rise. "It is as wide as the continent and a mile deep," was the answer. "Can you swim?"

Let temperance workers throughout the land take courage. Let us go on from victory to victory till, by God's help, the last rum-shop shall be closed, and our land be free from its greatest curse and bane. It was most gratifying to observe how earnestly the ministers and members of the Christian Churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of England—threw themselves into the work, and how devoutly they acknowledged that the victory was won not by hard work alone, but by faith and prayer to God. This is the pledge of our final success. God is with us, and will give us the victory.

JOHN MACDONALD ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

WE rejoice that the leaders of our Church are so pronounced in their hostility to the liquor traffic. At a meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, called to protest against the sale of liquor by grocers,

Mr. John Macdonald, Missionary Treasurer of our Church, said he had among the liquor-selling grocers many personal friends, men princely in their characters, yet he felt compelled to speak against the traffic in which they were engaged. At first sight there might be some reason in the complaint that it was none of the speaker's business, but if his neighbour had a mad dog, which endangered life he had a right to demand that his neighbour's



EXTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM.

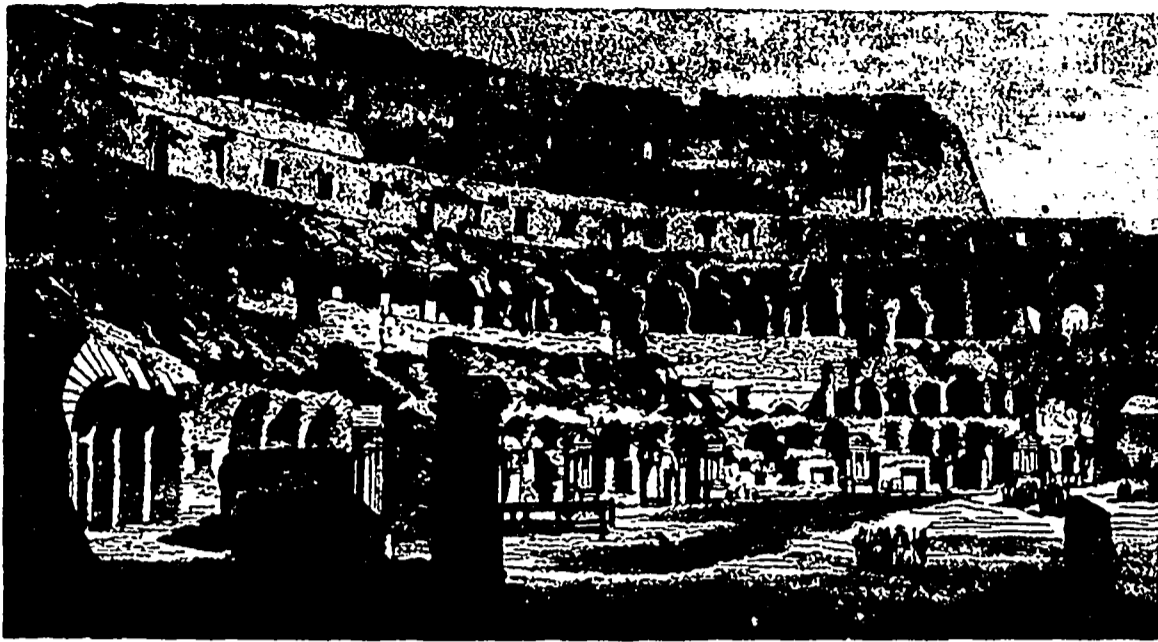
dog should be destroyed. The liquor traffic was more dangerous than all the mad dogs in the world. He asked in the interests of the home every citizen to vote and work hard for the by-law.

AN EDUCATION THE BEST FORTUNE.

HAPPENED the other day to meet the father of a boy who was very fond of books. "What," said I, "are you going to make of your boy?" "Well," he answered, "I shall soon put him out to learn a trade." "But why don't you educate him?" I asked. "He is wrapt up in study and will make a good scholar." "Yes, yes," responded the father, "but what good will that do him? I do not wish him to have the hard time in life that I had. I was obliged to struggle and economize and work like a dog to get on, and I am not going to throw away my savings by sending him to the academy and to college. The \$2,000 that it would cost to educate him, I intend to give him in a bulk after awhile, when it will help him to set up for himself and do him some good." Here were paternal affection and the best of intentions. But were they guided by wisdom? No, indeed. The best fortune a father can give his son is a superior education. If he can coin his money into brain and heart, with noble conceptions of duty, with keen intelligence, with well-developed faculties, widely informed and thoroughly trained, and then endow his son with these enviable attainments, what better thing can he do? The title-deed to a piece of property may be bartered away, the investment in railroad or other bonds may be lost by fire or theft or somebody's bad management; but what a man knows and what he has become by education can never be taken from him. It is a part of himself, and will go with him through every vicissitude of this world and all the cycles of eternity beyond the grave. Teach your offspring, then, not to covet money, but to covet, as Paul directs, the best things, and most earnestly. Not the material favours with which you load him, but the great qualities of soul with which you inspire him, will prove his lasting blessings.

THOUGHTFUL readers of various classes will find interesting reading in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for February, which is a bright and profusely illustrated number. We again express our belief that all Canadian Methodists should have this publication, not merely because of their duty to patronize our publications, but because of a wish for personal benefit.—*The Wesleyan*.

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.



INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM.
Specimen of "Italian Pictures" in Methodist Magazine for 1884.

DID I GUIDE YOU STRAIGHT? HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

WHEN Gen. Wolsley was about to undertake his march over the plains of the Nile for his last engagement with Arabi he secured the services of an uneducated young Scotchman who was familiar with the course to guide the movements of his army. Before they took up their march the general said to him: "Now, I want you to guide me straight; guide me by the star." During the battle that followed the young man was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, Gen. Wolsley found him in his tent. As he entered, the dying soldier raised his eyes and said: "Didn't I guide you straight, general? Didn't I guide you straight?" And the general could only acknowledge that he did. Is this not a most appropriate question for parents, pastors, and teachers to ask as the old year is dying out and as we look upon the souls committed to our trust? By our example have we led our followers only in the paths of safety? In our instructions have we declared the truth warmly, earnestly, plainly, affectionately? Have our warnings been faithful, and tender, and loving? In our exhortations have we plead with them "as dying men with dying men?" In our supplications for them at the throne of grace have we wrestled for them as did he whose heart's desire and prayer for Israel was that they might be saved? Can it be said of us—

"He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
As a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way!"

Can we say, as we will want to say when we look up from our dying beds, "Didn't I guide you straight?"—
—*Evangelical Repository.*

ELDERLY philanthropist to a small boy, who is vainly striving to pull a door bell above his reach: "Let me help you, my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small Boy—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"

HARD to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you will believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one. That is to say, you have a harder time than if you were. You have at least as many cares and trifles as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you thrust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habits which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be—always possesses—the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience and omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances, so that however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to be full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it in the sense that a Christian has it, you would.—*Congregationalist.*

BOOK NOTICES.

Memories of Canada and Scotland, Speeches and Verses. By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., etc. Pp. 360. Montreal: Dawson Bros., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.50.

Both during his sojourn among us and since his departure, the Marquis of Lorne has shown himself a true friend and well-wisher of Canada. Of this we have a pleasing testimony in the graceful verses on Canadian subjects contained in this volume. Others, embalm in verse the quaint and often pathetic Indian legends which are fast fading out of the memory of man. Over a hundred pages are given chiefly to Highland stories. The rest of the volume contains a selection from the many graceful and judicious public addresses, in English and French, given by the versatile Governor-General during his popular administration,

of which this volume—with the blended maple leaf and thistle on the cover—is a pleasing *souvenir*. The following is the opening stanza of a noble national hymn:

From our Dominion never
Take thy protecting hand,
United, Lord, for ever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye one with her whose thunder
Keeps world-watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
This "Canada of Ours."

Shot and Shell for the Temperance Conflict. By the Rev. D. ROGERS, with an introduction by the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Pp. 183. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 55cts.

This book is just what its name implies—a supply of ammunition for the war against rum and the rum traffic. And red-hot shot and shrapnel shell much of it is. There is a fight before us. The forces are marshalling. It must be fought in every town and township in Canada. A great battle is waging in Toronto over the grocers' license question. We hope to report victory. But the battle must be renewed over and over again. The Methodist church and Methodist people must bear their part bravely in this fight. No church in the land is so pledged to intense and uncompromising hostility to the liquor traffic. This book will be of service in the fight. It is packed full of facts and arguments in favour of the total abolition of the deadly trade. It will be a good book for Sunday-schools.

Many of the writers are our own Canadian preachers—Dewart, Stafford, Brethour, Seymour, Pearson, Creighton, Rice, Galbraith, McDonagh, Antliff, McClung—tried temperance soldiers all. Others are of world-wide fame as Gough, Hall, Cuyler, Talmage, and Garrett. Buy and read and lend and give this book; and fight and pray till the victory is won.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no,—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton—'
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she aloft, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"
—*Sydney Dobell.*

ONE of the grandest sights which modern history has afforded is Gordon Pasha entering the fiery and fanatical Soudan with only a companion or two, and with no armor but a walking cane, to proclaim peace to an ocean of strife. Whether he fail or succeed, the fact that Great Britain trusted more to him than to her armies, that the fanatical Mussulmans believed in his success, that he himself feels equal to the task, puts him outside of every category on this side of the era of mythological tales. If Gordon succeeds after the defeats of Hicks and Baker, it will be such a victory as will put the career of Napoleon in the shade.—*Montreal Witness.*

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's paper, *Sword and Trowel*, thus notices the English edition of Witrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs:" We wanted to read more when we left off; and a sentence from its pages is its best recommendation; for to us, "it taught the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth."

The *New Connexion Magazine* says: We welcome this charming production. It presents a most vivid picture of the Church of the Catacombs in the form of a story. An immense quantity of accurate information is pressed into small space, but the interest of the tale never flags. The book is admirably got up; it abounds in excellent illustrations, and old and young alike will be pleased with it.

PRONUNCIATION.—Many of us say, "A bone was tawst to the dawg." If we go to the dictionaries, however, we find that a bone was tabst to the dahg.

FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To trot and bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!"

"The pigs get out, and the cows get in
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of my temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head;
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man
Was he therefore mild and meek?

No, what with the pain and what with the
Tired
Or sitting with nothing to do—
And the farm work botched by a shiftless
hand—
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And scolded at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and
tumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And busier man than he,
A happier man or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Working the garden was first-rate fun,
And otto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
"I will last him his whole life through.
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I'll tell you what," said Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the Devil's chosen tools."

ONLY ONE GLASS.



Be sure and come
home early, Rich-
ard, when you get
your wages, for I
am very poorly,
and shall want
you to go to mar-
ket."

So said Mary
Carter, a decent-looking woman, to her
husband, as he, after kissing her and
the children, went forth to his day's
labour.

"I will be sure," was his reply.

Now Richard had more than once
made such promises only to break
them; and yet the wife hoped that,
under the peculiar circumstances of
her condition, he would this time keep
his word. And so the day passed
away, amid hope and fear; but about
five o'clock Richard's steps were heard,
much to the joy of Mary, whose situa-
tion was even more critical than he
expected.

"I have kept my word, you see,"
said Richard, "this time, and right
glad I am, seeing how you are."

"I am so glad you are come," said
Mary.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"You must go and pay the weekly
bills at Harris," said Mary, "and
then he will put you up the things I

want for the coming week, and per-
haps you had better bring a little
extra tea and sugar, and also some
oatmeal, for we are quite out of every-
thing."

"Very well," and off started Rich-
ard on his errand of housekeeping.

While he is on his way, we must
just remark that, owing to his rather
free disposition, as it was called, he
often spent in *sprees*, like many others
of his class, more than sufficient to
have kept his cupboards well supplied,
instead of which, however, the stock
was always low, while the credit at
the shop was only maintained by regu-
larly paying for one week's goods as
another was taken away.

With quick steps he was making
his way to the shop, when, just as he
was passing the "Lion," who should
he meet but an old shopmate, and
after the usual salutations were passed,
he was about to say, "I must go,"
when his companion said, "You'll not
go without having one glass, for old
acquaintance sake, will you?"

"I cannot really stay," said Richard,
"my wife is ill and will want me back
again, besides it is now getting dark."

"Well, but," said Jim, "it won't
take a minute, and I'll stand treat.
Come along."

After a deal of persuasion, and
much against his real wishes, Richard
went into (shall we say the jaws of)
the "Lion." Over the glass they
talked about matters of interest—the
state of trade, old times—from one
thing to another they passed on, for-
getting both the time and the wife.
Of course, Richard must return the
compliment to his companion, as he
would not for the world be thought
shabby, so another glass was ordered;
other persons in the meantime drop-
ped in to do the same; and, sad to
say, though it is repeating the old
story over again, other glasses quickly
followed; and thus the evening and
the money quickly passed away. All
at once Richard thought of home, and
looking up at the clock found it was
nearly midnight.

"I must go," he said, "or I shall be
too late for the shop, and have a row
in the bargain at my house."

"Don't go yet, said several voices;
"let's have another glass, and then
Harry Harper will sing us a song."

"I tell you, I must go," he said.
"Who would be a lady's maid?"
said one.

"Catch me turning housekeeper,"
said another.

"Oh, he is tied to apron strings,"
called out a third.

Stung by these remarks, he felt in-
clined to punish his taunters, but,
instead of doing so, he made a move-
ment to depart, when a ring of jeers
saluted him; this aroused his blood,
but pushing forward, he cleared a way
through them, and soon found himself
in the street. On the pathway he
stumbled against some one, and, sup-
posing it to be one of his late com-
panions, aimed a blow which felled
the person to the ground; while, owing
to the force of the movement, he also
himself staggered over, and lay beside
him in the road. The stranger arose
first, and after making a few inquiries,
passed on his way, leaving Richard
saying he wished he had hit him a
harder blow; after which he also
started on his journey again; but up-
on feeling in his pockets, and finding
all his money gone, he muttered to
himself something about he supposed

he had better go home, and bent his
steps in that direction.

* * * * *

While Richard was thus spending
his time at the "Lion," another scene
was taking place at his home. His
delicate wife in her loneliness was
taken ill. As she lay there in her
weakness, she kept asking whether her
husband had come back; and as hour
after hour passed away, her heart was
ready to break, thinking that surely
some evil had befallen him; and when,
after midnight, he came in, swearing
and grumbling at everybody he met,
she hid her face and wept like a child.
They put him to bed, where he soon
fell asleep; and in the morning when
he awoke, and found himself at home,
he tried to recall the events of the
previous night. After a while he col-
lected his thoughts, and bitterly
lamented his weakness, but vowed
never again thus to be led astray.

How the Sunday was spent under
such circumstances can be better im-
agined than described. What with a
guilty conscience, empty cupboards,
and no money—who can wonder that
discord and misery reigned in that
home? As the day wore away, a
resolution was formed in Richard's
mind, that with the new morning a
new life should begin; and after an-
other night's rest, he started with a
determination to make a good week,
thus hoping to learn wisdom and
profit by the past. Just as he was
entering the place where the workshop
stood, he encountered a shopmate, who
said to him:

"Hallo, Dick, you are in for it."

"In for what?" said Richard.

"What, don't you know what you
did on Saturday at the 'Lion'?"

"Yes, but what of that; I only had
a drop too much; and am going to
make a good week, as my wife has
given me another child."

"Well, I hope you may, but I
doubt it; don't you know who you
knocked down outside the 'Lion'?"

"No; I don't recollect anything
about it."

"If you don't, somebody else does;
for it was our young master whom you
struck, and he has gone to the magis-
trates to take out a summons against
you; for he says he'll see whether he
cannot put an end to this sort of
thing."

This was quite an unexpected blow
to Richard's cherished plan; for a
moment he stood fixed to the spot,
afraid to move either one way or the
other. To advance would be to face
the magistrates, and then perhaps the
prison, as he had no money to pay
any fine; to go back he dare not, for
his guilty conscience told him of his
poor, neglected, starving wife and chil-
dren. With a feeling of desperation
coming over him, he resolved to fly
from both. In a moment he was gone,
no one ever could tell where.

If you would be free from a similar
danger, your only safe course is to
abstain from all appearance of evil.
The germ is hidden in the one glass;
if that be taken, who shall tell where
it may end?

* * * * *

A few weeks after, if you had been
staying at the house of another work-
ing-man in that neighbourhood, on a
cold afternoon in March, you might
have seen Mary Carter, with the babe
in her arms, begging bread for herself
and five children—with no other pros-

pect than the workhouse before her fi-
the remainder of her days.

Would to God we could give to suc-
a woman, and all other ill-used wives
the power to enter an action against
the man who should thus tempt an-
ruin the families of our land.

Metinks I see the court and the
magistrate, with the publican and the
poor wife all face to face; the evidence
is conclusive, the verdict is given
and, amid the thanks of many a heart,
the magistrate shall say: "Mr. Land-
lord, as you have been the cause of
this woman losing her husband, and
the only means of supporting herself
and family, I shall make an order that
you keep them in food and home, until
the husband comes back again." And
all the people shall say, "Amen and
Amen."

AN ENIGMA.

Five men in conversation sat;
The first one said amidst their chat
"Were I to cease my lengthened reign
There never could be war again."
The second said, "If my breath cease
The world will never more have peace."
The third continued "Six would die
Were I amongst the dead to lie."
The fourth exclaimed "If I should go
The earth would no more sorrow know,"
While from the fifth the statement fell,
"If I among you cease to dwell,
Mankind will then forever be
From ANGUISH and from SUFFERING free."
Say, if you can, who are these men,
You've seen them oft, and will again.

ANSWER.

The five important men I mean,
That you and I so oft have seen,
Are all companions, good and true,
Their names are A. E. I. O. U.

WHAT WHISKEY WILL DO.

SOME years ago, in one of the
counties of New York, a
worthy man was tempted to
drink until drunk. In the
delirium of drunkenness he went home
and murdered his wife in the most
brutal manner. He was carried to
jail while drunk. Awakening in the
morning, and looking around upon the
bare walls, and seeing the bars upon
the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered
some one.

"What am I here for?" was the
earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said some
one. "Why, it was your wife you
murdered."

On this announcement he dropped
suddenly, as if he had been struck
dead. Let it be remembered that the
constable who carried him to jail sold
the liquor which caused his drunken-
ness; the justice who issued the war-
rant was one of those who signed his
license; the sheriff who hanged him
also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin
alley.

A DELIVERER—People of Khartoum
have hailed General Gordon as their
deliverer. On his arrival thousands
crowded to kiss his hands and feet,
calling him "Sultan of the Soudan."
Addressing the people, Gen. Gordon
said:—"I came without soldiers, but
with God on my side, to redress your
evils. I will not fight with any
weapons, but will mete out justice."

A COQUETTE is a woman 'thout any
heart that makes a fool of a man that
ain't got any head.

THE BRAVEST BOY IN TOWN.

He lived in the Cumberland Valley,
And his name was Jamie Brown;
But it changed one day, so the neighbours say,
To the "Bravest Boy in Town."

'Twas the time when the Southern soldiers,
Under Early's mad command,
O'er the border made their dashing raid
From the North of Maryland.

And Chambersburg unransomed,
In smouldering ruin slept,
While up the vale, like a fiery gale
The Rebel raiders swept.

And a squad of gray-lad horsemen
Came thundering o'er the bridge,
Where peaceful cows in the meadows browse,
At the feet of the great Blue Ridge;

And on till they reached the village,
That lay in the valley lay,
Defenceless then, for its loyal men,
At the front, were far away.

"Pillage and spoil and plunder!"
This was the fearful word
That the Widow Brown, in gazing down
From her latticed window, heard.

'Neath the boughs of the sheltering oak tree,
The leader bared his head,
As left and right, until out of sight,
His dusty gray-coats sped.

Then he called: "Halloo! within there!"
A gentle, fair-haired dame
Across the floor to the open door
In gracious answer came.

"Here! stable my horse, you woman!"
The soldier's tones were rude—
"Then bestir yourself and from yonder shelf
Set out your store of food!"

For her gun she spread the table;
She motioned him to his place
With a gesture proud; then the widow bowed,
And gently—asked a grace.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him!
I obey, dear Christ!" she said;
A creeping blush, with its scarlet flush,
O'er the face of the soldier spread.

He rose: "You have said it, madam!
Standing within your doors
Is the rebel foe; but as forth they go
They shall trouble not you nor yours!"

Alas, for the word of the leader!
Alas, for the soldier's vow!
When the captain's men rode down the glen,
They carried the widow's cow.

It was then the fearless Jamie
Sprang up with flashing eyes,
And in spite of tears and his mother's fears,
On the gray-mare, off he flies.

Like a wild young Tam O'Shanter
He plunged with piercing whoop,
O'er field and brook till he overtook
The straggling rebel troop.

Laden, with spoil and plunder,
And laughing and shouting still,
As with cattle and sheep they lazily creep
Through the dust o'er the winding hill.

"Oh! the coward crowd!" cried Jamie;
"There's Brindle! I'll teach them now!"
And with headlong stride, at the captain's side,
He called for his mother's cow.

"Who are you, and who is your mother?
I promised she should not miss!
Well! upon my word, have I never heard
Of assurance like to this!"

"Is your word the word of a soldier?"—
And the young lad faced his foes,
As a jeering laugh, in anger half
And half in sport, arose.

But the captain drew his sabre,
And spoke, with lowering brow:
"Fall back into line! The joke is mine!
Surrender the widow's cow!"

And a capital joke they thought it,
That a barefoot lad of ten
Should demand his due—and get it too—
In the face of forty men.

And the rollicking Rebel raiders
Forgot themselves somehow,
And three cheers brave for the hero gave,
And three for the brindle cow.

He lived in the Cumberland Valley,
And his name was Jamie Brown;
But it changed one day, so the neighbours say,
To the "Bravest Boy in Town."
—Wide Awake.

MORE ABOUT THE QUEEN.

QUEEN VICTORIA: Her Girlhood and Womanhood, by Grace Greenwood, a well known writer, is published in Canada by Dawson Bros. Of it the writer says: "I aimed to make a pleasant, simple, fireside story of the life and reign of Queen Victoria—and I hope I have not altogether failed. I have done my work, if lightly, with entire respect, though always as an American and a Republican." These words exactly describe the character of the book, which is a delightful collection of incidents from the works of many writers, connected by a thread of history, mingled with respectful comments, and manifesting throughout a genuine admiration for the Queen, Prince Albert and their royal children. We quote one passage out of many that it would be pleasant to lay before our readers. It follows the description of the coronation:—

The Queen was certainly a very valiant little woman, but there would have been something unnatural, almost uncanny, about her had the regal calm and religious seriousness which marked her mien during those imposing rites continued indefinitely, and it is right pleasant to read in the reminiscences of Leslie, how the child in her broke out when all the magnificent but tiresome parade, all the grand stage business with those heavy actors, was over. The painter says: "She is very fond of dogs, and has one favourite little spaniel, who is always on the look-out for her return when she is from home. She had, of course, been separated from him on that day longer than usual, and when the state-coach drove up to the palace steps she heard him barking joyously in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There's Dash,' and was in a hurry to doff her crown and royal robe, and lay down the sceptre and the orb, which she carried in her hands, and go and give Dash his bath."

BRING OUT THE ROPE.

THE Swiss guides are heroic men. Tremendous exploits of strength and courage are the scenes which in old age they review. Mountain climbers are dependent on their skill and experience; but no matter what their knowledge of Alpine safeguards or perils may be, they cannot secure even the hope of safety to those who ask their help, except on one condition, and that is, their willingness to be bound together in difficult passes.

The party sets out in union, with kindly intentions to be helpful to each other. They have a book-knowledge of the way, but every step is new to their feet, and they must trust to their guide. For awhile a common bond of personal welfare is enough. But see, the guide has halted and waits for the company to listen. They hear his voice in that clear Alpine air, ringing in stirring tones, "Courage, gentlemen, there is danger hear; we must tie the rope around each man, and protect each other!" It is a deceitful snow-bridge over an abyssal cleft in the blue ice! If one man ventures to cross

alone, he may drop between those frozen walls. Bring out the rope and bind these adventurers so firmly that if a man falls, the strength and steadiness of his fellow may hold him securely. Woe betide the man who goes over the horrible glacier regions of Switzerland alone.

The experienced guides, who know the dangers of this life journey, tell us that union is strength, that ties of mutual faith and common interest are not all we need, and they bid us bring out the rope of true-hearted association, to double the force of each man's weight. We have done it in faith, trusting in the Lord—because we know there are dangerous passes in the narrow way to the heavenly heights.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

A NEW KIND OF HAPPINESS.

MANY boys have tender consciences and a great reverence for religion, but shrink from becoming Christians lest the change make them sober and sedate like men, and take away their boyish cheerfulness and love of sports. They forget that if a great joy fills the heart from peace with God and the forgiveness of sins, this joy will make all life pleasanter to them in study and work and play. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, long settled as pastor in Boston, gives an account of a boy who became a Christian without quite knowing what the change meant, or why he felt so happy. Dr. Adams says: "A lad was on his way from school, with other lads in playful conversation. When he entered his home, he laid down his books in the entry, went to his chamber, locked the door, kneeled down, and heedless whether anyone was in the room adjoining, prayed in childlike language nearly as follows: 'O God, my heavenly Father, I have come to pray to thee. I don't want anything in particular; but I love Thee. I have come just to say that I do not know what has made me feel as I have felt this forenoon, but I haven't been able to think of much beside God. I never loved anything so. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee. Yes, there is one thing I do desire, and that is, that all scholars may feel so toward Thee.' After a few words more, he joined his brothers and sisters in their prayer."

This boy was happier than ever before in his life. He didn't know the reason, but it was because he had come to love God, and that made him love parents and brothers and sisters and schoolmates better, and all beautiful things in nature better. He was much happier than his schoolmates who did not love God, and this new joy entered into his talk and play, and attracted their notice. Religion helps children to better study and more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian: "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me; making fun for the scholars to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from

play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy for me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her." Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.

SAFETY OF RAILWAY TRAVEL

WHEN we think of the vast railroad system of this country, and that this moment, and every moment, on all the tracks north, south, east and west the long trains are rolling and rushing and thundering on, it is a marvel that every morning and every evening newspaper does not present us a long roll of the dead. Let the reprehension of the faithless always be accompanied with applausits for that multitude of men who on small wages keep the railroading of this country and Great Britain moving in such perfection that an accident is exceptional.* One can go from New York to Toronto or Chicago with no more exposure to danger than he meets in crossing our slippery streets on cold nights. The least dangerous mode of travel is the rail-train. More dangerous is it to go in carriage, and in some conditions of street most perilous to go afoot. While we are again and again called to denounce the sacrifice of human life, we ought to take every opportunity to praise the fidelity of those who get no recognition of brave work conscientiously performed. There are in our time no grander instances of vicarious suffering than that shown by railroad engineers. I often ride with them on their locomotives, and I am always impressed with their intelligence, their gentlemanliness and their heroism. You get but little idea of them as you see the train coming in, and with faces and hands and garments smutched of the coal-dust and soiled with the oil of machinery, they lean out of the window of the hissing engine looking for a telegram from the superintendent giving orders about the next run. How much of the life, the wealth and the happiness of the world depends upon their promptness, and how few betray the trust.—*Dr. Talmage.*

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

ID you never write a letter, and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely effaced. Did you never cut yourself, unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his daguerreotype taken. But at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred.

Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: "It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it." "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

* Dr. Smiles, in his life of Geo. Stephenson, says the average man is much more likely to be killed by lightning or to be hanged, than to be killed by a railway accident.—*Ev.*

"VALUATION."

THE old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbour, the Deacon, went by:
"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You're better off, Deacon, than I."

"We're both growing old, and the end's
drawing near;
You have less of this world to resign;
But in heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine."

"You have less of this world to resign;
But in heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine."
"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you even,
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store,
For the shillings and pence you have given."

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with shrewd
common sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun;
"Let your pounds take the way of my shil-
lings and pence,
And the thing can be easily done."
—Whittier.

"THE PICKET GUARD."

IT is composed of eight boys. It
meets quarterly in the pastor's
study. A map of the village,
the population of which is four
thousand and two hundred, is divided
into eight parts, one part being assigned
to each boy. It is his business to
know who lives in every house in his
district and what church each family
attends; at the meeting he reports
changes of residences and any other
facts which he may think the pastor
would be glad to learn. The houses
on the map are all numbered, and lists
correspondingly numbered are made of
the families.

This plan interests the boys in the
work of the church. It saves the
pastor much labour, and makes him
well acquainted with his field. It
brings the boys to the study, where,
aside from the work of the evening,
they have a social visit and slight
refreshments. The opportunity is
afforded to give instruction upon some
religious topic and to engage with
them in prayer. The plan having
been tested, it is confidently recom-
mended to those in similar circum-
stances.—Presbyterian Journal.

BREVITIES.

A very slight error of fact or prac-
tice will sometimes result in a serious
mistake. This was recently illustrated
in a school in this city, where a pupil
who had been impressed with the force
and value of double letters, such as
"double o" in "fool," "double o" in
"heel," etc., was called upon to read
that touching poem exhortatory to
rising early, beginning: "Up, up,
Lucy! the sun is in the sky!" Sur-
prise, which soon gave way to hilarity,
was occasioned when the pupil read
the line: "Double up, Lucy! the sun
is in the sky!" thus giving it a signi-
ficance by no means contemplated by
the poet.

"INDIA, my boy," said an Irishman
to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta,
"is jist the finest climate under the
sun; but a lot of young fellows come
out here, and they dhrink and they
ate, and ate and they dhrink, and they
die; and thin they write home to their
friends a pack o' lies, and says it's the
climate as has killed 'em."

Mrs. SMITH, triumphantly—"The
hand that rocks the cradle is the hand
that rules the world!" Mr. Smith,
cynically—"Yes, indeed, my dear, and
that's the way the world is so badly
governed."

"CHILDREN," said a Boston school-
examiner, after hearing some essays
read, "Children, you should never use
a preposition to end a sentence with!"
"Isn't 'with' a preposition?" asked
the girl whose composition gave rise
to the correction. The school-examiner
withered.

A NAUGHTY boy said to his mother:
"You see, ma, you're always telling
me to behave as well to the family as
I do to company, but why don't you
behave the same to me as you do to
company, and ask me to have another
piece of pie?"

A RECENTLY propounded conundrum
by a member of the Lower House of
the British Parliament: "What is the
difference between the House of
Commons and the House of Lords?"
Answer: "One has ability, the other
no ability."

A WATERLOO infant, who had been
badly bitten by mosquitoes, happening
to see a lightning-bug one evening, ran
in to his mother declaring that one of
the mosquitoes was looking for him
with a lantern.

A BOOK, however valuable, pur-
chased for the admiration of others, and
consigned to its shelf, is the most life-
less piece of furniture to which we can
give a place.—Rev. S. P. Herron.

Big Boy, a Wichita chief who was
in Washington the other day, thus
described Secretary Teller: "Big man,
good heart, give Injun heap of maps,
but no land."

YOUNG Superintendent: "Children,
what is an angel?" Little Johnny:
"My sister says you told her she was
one." Superintendent blushes like a
boiled lobster and everybody snickers.

If a man has any brains at all, let
him hold on to his calling, and in the
grand sweep of things his turn will
come at last.

THERE is not a more repulsive spec-
tacle than an old man who will not
forsake the world, which has already
forsaken him.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 30.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *The Conference at Jerusalem.*—
What was it about? Who took part in it?
How does the GOLDEN TEXT say that we shall
be saved?

Lesson II. *Hearing and Doing.*—From
whom does every good gift come? How
should we hear and speak? What does the
GOLDEN TEXT tell us to be? How may we
do this?

Lesson III. *The Power of the Tongue.*—To
what is the tongue compared? What are
some dangers of the tongue? How is true
wisdom shown?

Lesson IV. *Living as in God's sight.*—What
is the promise to those who draw nigh to God?
Why should we not speak evil of others? To
what is our life compared? How should we
act and speak?

Lesson V. *Paul's Second Missionary Tour.*
—Why did not Barnabas go with Paul? Who
did go with him? What young man did he
take from Lystra? How was he led to go to
Macedonia?

Lesson VI. *The Conversion of Lydia.*—
Who was she? What led to her conversion?
What led to the persecution of Paul and Silas?
How were they treated?

Lesson VII. *The Conversion of the Jailer.*
—How did the apostles act under persecution?
What led the jailer to ask for the way of
salvation? What does the GOLDEN TEXT
state as the way to be saved?

Lesson VIII. *The Thessalonians and Bereans.*
—What did Paul do at Thessalonica? How
was he treated there? How did the people of
Berea receive the word? [GOLDEN TEXT.]
How will the study of Scripture benefit us?

Lesson IX. *Paul at Athens.*—Where did
Paul speak? What did he say he had seen?
What did he tell the people about God? How
was his teaching received?

Lesson X. *Paul at Corinth.*—Whom did
Paul meet at Corinth? How long did he
preach there? What was the result of his
labor? How did he escape persecution?
What is the promise of the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson XI. *The Coming of the Lord.*—
What shall take place at the Lord's coming?
What is said of its time? How may we be
ready for it?

Lesson XII. *Christian Diligence.*—In what
should we be diligent? [GOLDEN TEXT.]
How should those who are disorderly be
treated? How may we obtain peace?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 54.] LESSON I. [April 6.

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 18, 23-28, and 19, 1-7. Commit to
memory vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when Paul had laid his hands upon
them, the Holy Ghost came on them. Acts
19, 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Apollos at Ephesus, v. 23-28.
2. Paul at Ephesus, v. 1-7.

TIME.—A. D. 54.

PLACE.—Ephesus, in Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Some time there*—At An-
tioch, where he had gone after his second
journey. *Went over all the country*—This
was in the interior provinces of Asia Minor.

Eloquent—The word also means "learned."
Mighty in the Scriptures—Familiar with them
and able to instruct in them. *Instructed*—
That is, he knew the teachings of the Old
Testament and of John the Baptist. *Baptism
of John*—Who taught that Christ was at hand,
and people must prepare for his coming by
righteousness and turning to God. *Began to
speak*—It is well to speak for God as far as we
know the truth. *Took him unto them*—To
their home, where Paul had lived before.

More perfectly—The Gospel of Christ. *Helped
them much*—By his earnest and powerful
words. *Convinced the Jews*—showed by
arguments which they could not answer.

Jesus was Christ—That he came as the promised
Messiah and Saviour. *Upper coasts*—The
inland provinces. *Have ye received*—The
privilege of disciples to enjoy the presence of
the Spirit. *Not so much as he had*—They had
learned only the teachings of John the Bap-
tist like Apollos. *John's baptism*—With a
promise of turning from sin to God. *Hands
upon them*—This gift came with the laying on
of apostles' hands. *Spoke with tongues*—
Praised God in a new and strange language.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The advantage of a knowledge of God's
word?
2. The power of an earnest spirit?
3. The gift of the Holy Spirit through faith
in Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said of Apollos? He was
mighty in the Scriptures. 2. What did he do?
Taught the things of the Lord. 3. What
did Paul ask the disciples whom he met at
Ephesus? "Have ye received the Holy
Ghost?" 4. When Paul had spoken to these
disciples in what were they then baptized?
In the name of the Lord Jesus. 5. What
followed the laying on of hands on those who
were baptized? The Holy Ghost came on
them.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian bap-
tism.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

29. Why is it called the Apostles' Creed?
Because it contains the substance of the
apostles' testimony.

30. How did this Creed arise?
It is an enlargement of the form used in
baptism.

31. How is the Creed an enlargement of
that form?

Baptism is "into the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The
first part of the Creed speaks of the Father,
who created us; the second of the Son, who
redeemed us; and the third of the Holy
Ghost, who sanctifies the Church, assuring us
of forgiveness and fitting us for everlasting
life.

WARD LOCK'S
CHEAP SERIES

PAPER COVERS.

Price 3 Cents Each, or Post
Free 4 Cents.

FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

HISTORICAL.

1. Free Trade and Protection.
2. From Alma to Sebastopol.
3. Plague and Fire of London.
4. The Temperance Movement.
5. The Vengeance of '89.
6. Cæsarism in Rome.
7. Wilkes and Liberty.
8. The Great Reform Bill of '32.
9. The Knights Templars.
10. The Story of Methusalem.
11. The South Sea Bubble.
12. What came of a No-Popery Cry.
13. From Elba to Waterloo.
14. Strongbow and King Dermot.
15. The Elizabethan Age.
16. The Mutinies at Spithead and the Nore.
17. Guy Fawkes.
18. The Reign of Terror, 1792.
19. Dost Mahomet and Akbar Khan.
20. What came of the Beggars' Revolt.
21. Hand in Hand for England.
22. Magellan's Great Voyage.
23. Out in the Forty-Five.
24. Federals and Confederates.
25. Scotland's Sorrow.
26. India's Agony.
27. British Charters of Liberty.
28. Gallant King Harry.
29. The Sicilian Vespers.
30. Hampden and Ship-Money.
31. From the Black-hole to Plassey.
32. Through slaughter to a Throne.
33. The Reformation in England.
34. From Torbay to St. James's.
35. A Dark Deed of Cruelty.
36. The Men of the "Mayflower."
37. The Massacre of St. Joe.
38. The Fight at Fontenoy.
39. The 9th of Thermidor.
40. The Arrest of the Five Members.
41. The Penny Newspaper.
42. Scotland's Great Victory.
43. The Penny Post.
44. "Long Live the Beggars."
45. Bible and Sword.
46. John of Leyden.
47. Rizzio and Darnley.
48. Wyatt's Rebellion.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Gladstone. | 28. Napoleon. |
| 2. Beaconsfield. | 29. Stephenson. |
| 3. Nelson. | 30. Spurgeon. |
| 4. Wellington. | 31. Dickens. |
| 5. Luther. | 32. Garibaldi. |
| 6. Chatham. | 33. Cromwell. |
| 7. Chaucer. | 34. Fox. |
| 8. Humboldt. | 35. Washington. |
| 9. Carlyle. | 36. Wallace. |
| 10. Cæsar. | 37. Gustavus Adol-
phus. |
| 11. Wesley. | 38. Calvin. |
| 12. Peter the Great. | 39. Alexander the
Great. |
| 13. Burns. | 40. Confucius. |
| 14. Thos. A'Becket. | 41. Alfred the Great. |
| 15. Scott. | 42. Knox. |
| 16. Columbus. | 43. Bruce. |
| 17. Shakespeare. | 44. Socrates. |
| 18. Bunyan. | 45. Bright. |
| 19. Dante. | 46. Homer. |
| 20. Goldsmith. | 47. Hugo. |
| 21. Frederick the
Great. | 48. Pitt. |
| 22. DeMontfort. | 49. Queen Victoria. |
| 23. Moliere. | 50. Joan of Arc. |
| 24. Johnson. | 51. Queen Elizabeth. |
| 25. Burke. | 52. Charlotte Bronte. |
| 26. Schiller. | |
| 27. Raleigh. | |

Twelve copies mailed post free to one
address on receipt of 40 cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.