

THE MARTYR'S LAST TOKEN

When the lamp of Christian faith was first lighted in the dense and starless gloom of old Roman civilization, Rome was at the height of her splendor, the metropolis of the world. Rich with the spoils of conquered nations, famed for art, and eloquence, and poetry, it was yet the scene of such barbarities as the tongue can not describe, and the pen refuses to portray. There, where palaces, and gardens, and baths, and columns, and triumphal arches dazzled with their splendor, vast amphitheatres were erected, where hosts of fierce and furious beasts were turned loose to fight and slaughter each other. There men were trained to fight with beasts until they were slain; and there gladiators, hundreds at a time, would be matched against each other, and, armed with the keenest weapons would fight to take each other's lives, to gratify the bloodthirsty enthusiasm that called together a hundred thousand people to see men "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Crossing and contradicting, as did the gospel of Christ, the whole course and spirit of such an age of beastliness and barbarism, it was not strange that the early Christians were compelled to feel the force and fury of a heathenism which knew neither mercy nor compassion, purity nor truth; and when from the maddened populace arose the fearful cry, "Christians to the lions! Virgins to the brothels!" imagination must be left to complete the picture of their woes.

The artist Gabriel Max, who was born in Prague, August 25, 1840, has sketched one of the scenes which might have occurred at any time in those bloody and bitter days. The place is the Colosseum, a vast oval amphitheatre, which still remains as the grandest ruins of ancient Rome, upon whose terraced benches there was room for 85,000 spectators, 30,000 more finding standing room in aisles and passages, where they could look down upon the howling beasts and bloody men who there exhibited scenes of carnage and slaughter.

A young virgin, a specimen of that new and Christlike womanhood, which the gospel introduced into the midst of Roman beastliness and which caused Libaius, the friend of the Emperor Julian, to say, "What women these Christians have!" has been thrust into the arena to be torn to pieces by two lions and a tiger. In her flowing garments of white, with a black pall thrown over her head and about her waist, she stands timidly resting her hand against the massive marble wall of the Colosseum. A white rose has dropped at her feet, and she turns her dark, brave, anxious eyes upward to see what sympathetic on-looker among those bloodthirsty thousands has dared to send a token of recognition to cheer Christ's witness in her latest hour of life. Behind her two ferocious beasts are snarling, and growling, and biting each other's heads, and another is emerging from its den, fierce with the scent of blood which stains the threshold. Another moment and all will be over, yet calm in the consciousness of the blessed presence of an Almighty Savior she awaits the final scene, knowing that "if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him."

This was Rome's welcome to Christ's gospel. But the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church; and when night fell upon sated lions and slaughtered saints, we might fancy angel forms hovering in watchful love above those mangled relics of the dead, while the loving hands of devout believers were gathering up the remains of those they loved, and bearing them away to burial in the depths of the dark

catacombs where no enemy could pursue them or disturb their last repose.

There is no change in humanity since that day, where the gospel of Christ has now gone; for today where the name of Christ is unhonored, men are as barbarous, as fierce, as ferocious as in ancient Rome; and savage or civilized, *humanity unsaved* is still opposed to Christ; for the friendship of the world is, as ever, enmity with God. But where the light of life can shine it sheds brightness and blessing wherever there are ears to hear and hearts to understand the sacred messages of redeeming love.

Let us give thanks to God that that gospel has come to our ears, that to us is this word of salvation sent, and that we that believe do enter into rest, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."—*H. L. Hastings.*

CLEAN UP! KEEP CLEAN!

It is of great importance to Christian character that the habit of cleanliness in everything be formed. God can take the most unclean person and cleanse him from his sins.

When this is done, he or she will feel like cleaning up the outside. Slovenly habits of house-keeping give the lie to the holiness profession. Also it is very unhealthful to live the slack manner of some people. Many diseases are produced by dirt. Typhoid fever is sometimes called "dirt fever." While it may become epidemic and spread among clean people, thus making them the victims of the careless and unclean, the fever usually starts in some ill-ventilated and filthy place.

Bad air brings many other diseases, such as consumption. Impure blood results from a dirty skin, and bad blood makes all trouble, sores, boils, bad liver, skin diseases, and the like come primarily from filth. Clean up! Clean up your houses, scrub your floors. Whitewash the walls and ceilings; polish the windows; blacken the stoves; ventilate and thoroughly renovate every closet, cellar or other place where old trash has accumulated.

A bonfire in the back alley if you are allowed to build it, may help to clean out some things better burned than kept. Scour the pots and pans, burn the old dish-cloths and get clean ones. Then give your clothing and person a good wash and do not stop at one, but take plenty of good soap and water into a warm room and thoroughly wash the entire person at least two or three times a week. Take off the garments worn all day when you go to bed and air them well over night. Flannels gather a great deal of impurity if constantly worn. Have flannel night clothes to put on, so you will not chill. Comb your hair and brush your teeth.

Cook your food in a cleanly manner. Be thorough in this reform, and God will bless you in it. Have your heart clean, and the body clean, and keep all your belongings as clean as you can without spending too much of your time at it. All persons, especially Christians, should have clean homes, from cellar to attic. The yard all about the home should be kept perfectly neat and clean for family use. Wells are often exceedingly filthy. Dirty slops, and many times filth from sewers and cesspools filter into them. The result is disease and death.

Cats and dogs pollute the home in many ways. So does the use of tobacco; never permit it in the home. Christians should look and smell clean. Nasty Christians whose houses are dog-

pens and tobacco-smoke houses, have little influence for good.

Clean, respectable sinners despise them. For Jesus' sake, clean up, and keep clean.—*Eva M. Hunter in The Holiness Era.*

"IF YOU HAD A MILLION DOLLARS"

Some years ago a section of the press in a large city in the American West asked the city ministers to write an article for publication and each give therein his answer to the question: "What would you do with a million dollars if you had it?" We do not know all the answers that were given, but one self-sacrificing minister said: "If I had a million dollars I would devote it to aiding debt-burdened ministers. The idea is a worthy one. We do not know of any other way in which one could make so many eternal friendships with money. To earn the gratitude of the ministry would be to gain the gratitude of their congregations as far as the generosity of the debt lifter was known. By virtue of his profession and vows to God and the church the minister is called to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." He should undertake the task without any handicap. The ministry is more than a fraternity. It belongs to and under God gives leadership to the highest brother and sisterhood God ever made. As a rule the ministry is too high souled to launch a "drive" to pay its personal indebtedness; so it goes on its way trusting that in God's way and time emancipation from debt will come. It is said that the Rev. Dr. John Hall said that as he looked in the shop windows of Broadway, New York, he "thanked the Lord there were so many things he could do without," so debt-burdened ministers take congregations for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, and trust God to see them through.

Perhaps some generous soul endowed with God's money will catch the idea and free the debt-burdened sons and daughters of the prophets, prophetesses and apostles. We have heralded the burning of the church mortgage. We hope that the mortgage on the ministry (as far as ministers are debt-burdened) will soon be paid in full. Personally we are like Peter and John who said to the lame man at the gate of the temple called Beautiful: "Silver and gold have I none" with which I might free debt-burdened preachers; but I give such as I have, viz., prayer in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, that some God-inspired soul may use his or her wealth to free preachers of debt.

B. T. G.

To be beaten but not broken; to be victorious but not vain-glorious; to strive and contend for the prize and to win it honestly or to lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery; verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.—*Bishop Potter.*

He who will not be sweetly ruled by the divine will is penally governed by himself; and he who casts off the easy yoke and light burden of love must suffer the intolerable load of self-will. My Lord God, may I breathe under the light burden of love, nor be restrained by slavish fear, not allured by mercenary desire; but may I be led by Thy free Spirit, which may witness with my spirit that I am Thy child.—*Bernard of Clair-*