

an orator he has a thin, though harmonious voice, and his persuasive eloquence exercises a great charm over those who listen to him. He possesses besides, the science of parliamentary maneuvers, knows how to organize, classify and handle men. Another quality is cautiousness; he moves forward with mathematical prudence that comes from his education as an engineer. His enemies say that suppleness is the result of a complete absence of convictions, for he has figured in nearly all the ministers during the past fifteen years. On the contrary, this shows that his capacities were recognized in high places. In fact, at the moment of serious difficulties it is always M. de Freycinet who is called by the president to form a cabinet.

He is a small, slender man with a well-shaped head, thin white hair, closely cut, white beard and light-blue eyes. He is called the "white mouse," la souris blanche, probably because his appearance suggested the epithet, and perhaps, for the reason that he trots silently along the avenues leading to power and reaches the desired end ahead of his competitors. In public as well as in private he has the great and rare talent of pleasing. Although nearing the seventies, he is still green and energetic and we will hear of him yet.

FAMOUS PEACE JUBILEE.

Possibly the most gorgeous peace jubilee in the history of the world was that which celebrated the four triumphs of Caesar at Rome. So magnificent were the spectacles presented upon this occasion, says a correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald, that the triumphs were celebrated at intervals of several days, lest the citizens might be cloyed by the very splendor of them. The jubilee was in honor of the conquering of the Gauls, the defeat of Ptolemaeus, the victory over Pharnaces and the overthrow of Juba. It occasioned surely for the grandeur of the reception. The glory of the great procession which inaugurated the festivities was, however, dimmed for Caesar by the fact that his chariot broke down. This he regarded as an evil omen, and was ever after in the habit of repeating a charm as he stepped into a vehicle.

During this procession the chief Gaulish captive was put to death in his dungeon, meeting his fate with dignity and calmness, while his conqueror crawled up the steps of the capitol upon his knees to placate the avenging Nemesis whom he feared.

It was upon this occasion that the Egyptian Princess Arsinoe and the son of the king of Numidia were led captives at his chariot wheels, while veteran prisoners of war helped to add to the glory of the Roman holiday.

Caesar did not openly claim a triumph over his own countrymen, yet in the procession were figures or portraits of vanquished chiefs, carried in litters and representing the manner of their deaths. Scipio was there, portrayed as he plunged into the sea; Cato in the act of burying his sword into his own body; Demetrius pierced in the back, in token of flight. The populace, sated with victory as it was, greeted some of these with signs of disapproval, but set up loud cries of triumphant scorn at sight of Pharnaces flying from the field. Nor did the ceremonies cease with the processions. Banquets were provided upon the most magnificent scale. At one of these, citizens reclined before 22,000 tables laden with the most exclusive dainties. Public shows were given, at which gladiators fought with wild beasts, the ranks of the former being recruited by prisoners of war noted for

their prowess. The circus was hung upon this occasion with silken awnings, brought from India. Silk at that time was almost priceless, some idea of its value being gathered from the fact that some three centuries later a Roman emperor refused his wife the luxury of an entire dress made of the fabric.

Few victories have been celebrated with greater rejoicing than was the defeat of the Spanish armada in all England. The nation was aglow with national pride and joy, and the king of Scotland sent his hearty congratulations. The victory was ascribed to God and solemn services of thanksgiving were ordered in all churches. Queen Elizabeth herself rode forth in a chariot, and followed by a gallant crew of noblemen, to hear a service and sermon at St. Paul's. The streets were hung, as an old chronicler tells us, "with blue cloth," and lined with the city companies in gala dress and full of rejoicings. The queen publicly rewarded her victorious admirals with revenues; she also thanked the officers and commended them as men "born to preserve their country." The seamen who were wounded or needy were granted noble pensions on the spot. Poems were read and bells were rung; the people could not do enough to show their regard for Howard, Drake and the rest of their heroes.

Coins were struck off in memory of the defeat of the armada, which had been three entire years in building, and which was destroyed in one month, with the loss of less than 100 English seamen and one small ship! Upon the coin of victory was the representation of a fleet flying full sail and the jubilant inscription, "It Came, It Saw, It Fled." It was in commemoration of this victory that the first English newspaper was sent out, telling to all the people the glorious news. In the light of recent events it is interesting to remember that the Oquendo, for whom one of Cervera's ships was named, was one of the Spanish duke's trusted officers, and that, in reaching in his flight the shores of his own country, he turned his face to the wall and died of despair.

The French have ever been fond of spectacles, as were the Romans, and they greeted Napoleon and his officers with great pomp when they returned victorious from the battle of Marengo. The First Consul was greeted with the most extravagant speeches, full of an enthusiasm which was almost adoration. In his later years of exile he was wont to look back upon these scenes as among the happiest of his life. The ceremonies were many and imposing—a new hymn was chanted in his honor, the first stone of a new quay was laid, and all Paris was illuminated. The heroes received sabers of honor; muskets and even drumsticks were also presented as marks of appreciation. In return, the victors solemnly presented the flags taken at Marengo to the government.

After the peace at Tilsit Napoleon's path was once more strewn with laurels. On his return to Paris he was met by deputations with addresses from all the authorities—civil, military and ecclesiastic. A solemn Te Deum was chanted, and the nation sought fresh laurels to heap upon his victorious head.

After these glorious jubilees, how simple seems the celebration of peace at the close of our Revolutionary war. When the British had at last withdrawn from New York Washington stood among his faithful followers at Fraunce's tavern. He was overcome by his emotion and could say little, but when Gen. Knox approached him he drew him to his arms and kissed him. Not one soldier left the room without an embrace from the commander,

usually considered cold and distant. After the parting they followed him in silence to Whitehall ferry, where he took his boat. On his way to Annapolis he was met everywhere by the plaudits of his countrymen. Few and simple were the ceremonies when he appeared before Congress to resign his commission, giving thanks to God for the victory. But no man present ever forgot this, the first peace jubilee of our nation.

PERSECUTION A HERITAGE.

The work of the Lord has been making favorable progress of late in the City of Bristol and an active though not very large branch has been raised up in that locality. The adversary of men's souls, however, is never content when the latter are being led into the narrow way "which leadeth unto life," and altogether too frequently manifests his satanic displeasure in deeds of violence and persecution.

The following extract from a letter received from President Herbert L. James of the Bristol Conference under date of October 10, 1898, and published in the Millennial Star of the 13 inst., is another exemplification of the truthfulness of the adage which says, "Persecution is the heritage of the Saints."

"Your very natural question, 'Why on earth don't you quit going to the Horse fair?' was answered in my last I think. It was not obstinacy on my part (although I did not like the idea of being driven from there) but because I knew there were good, honest, fair minded men coming here to hear our doctrines—we had the bread of life, they were hungry for it—or at least willing to be fed; that was their camping ground every evening and we knew not where else to find them, they would not come to our hall so we went to them. The mob was not waiting there every night for us; we always hoped we should not find them there, but when not there on our arrival they had 'spotters' there who summoned them about the time the first speaker would finish. I told the boys last week we must find five or six places about the city and dodge about so they will not know where to find us.

"I felt satisfied if they succeeded in running us off the Horse fair, they would next make a determined effort to break up our Thursday night meetings, that is another reason why I did not like to give up. And sure enough last Thursday reached a climax—at least I hope it was the climax, for they cannot do more than they did then without seriously injuring some one or more. I felt sadly depressed all day, and most of us expected troublous times at night. As a precaution we notified the police that we expected to need their assistance. The mob came early and I stationed Bro. Damsie as special door-keeper, being of heavier build than any of us except Bro. Wood, and he is too quick-tempered for such a trying ordeal. They tried to push past him once when he let a friend in, so I locked the door on the inside after sending a special messenger to the nearest police station. I did not like to shut him out with them, but Bro. Knight had held the same position two weeks previously and was not touched, and it was necessary to have some one to watch them. I stood with my ear against the door while Bro. Pike preached to our audience of twenty-five or thirty ladies and four men, besides the four Elders, ready at the first sound of blows or a call from Bro. Damsie to open the door and go to his assistance, or rather draw the mob off him by giving them the chance to rush into the hall. It was fully half an hour before an officer arrived, and during this time the mob tried their worst