THE CATHOLIC RECORD

JUNE 9. 1970

He withdrew, followed by Gurges, who shook his fist at Parmenon, and swore that he would save Cecilia. "Centurion," cried the impudent slave-dealer, when the two young men were at some distance; " and you, amiable ves-pillo, you can come both! You, Primi-pilar, with your cohort; and you, vespillo, with your corpse-eaters! I await you, and am prepared to receive you!" When Olinthus returned among his brethren and told them,-TO BE CONTINUED. would not come to those Jews so odious and despised." and despised." Cecilins, crushed by remorse, over-whelmed by the shame of his act, and his heart torn by the thought of his daughter, bowed his head under the weight of those simple words, and could not find words

TO BE CONTINUED

NOSTICISM.

nal, all-wise and all powerful Creator

ulate the opinions, the speculations

Now, we hold, and hold firmly and

necessity of the Catholic Church. It

is clear that the design, the intention,

the will of the Creator is determined by His handiwork. The Psalmist de-clares, "The firmament showeth His

His handiwork," and we may add that

man declares His handiworn in still

more wonderful and emphatic manner. It is manifest that we have been endowed with a moral nature. By this

we mean that God has implanted in us

all, and made it a constituent part of

our being, a consciousness of right and

wrong in our actions. The faculty

which we call conscience is just as

much a part of our constitution as in-

ness, commends us when we do right

and reproves us when do wrong. That

shows conclusively that it is the will of

things and avoid others.

do and what avoid.

a revelation of

tion,

ity teach ?'

our Creator that we should do some

But how shall we know what is right

and what is wrong? In other words, how shall we know what the will of our Creator is? Men, left to them-

selves, disagree. Conscience alone does not tell us what is right and what

wrong ; it needs to be enlightened and instructed in the great principles of

morality. The degradation of heathen

nation shows the sad condition of man

without an enlightened conscience.

as conscience points to its Maker for approval, or disapproval, so it must

look to its Maker for an expression of His will as to what He would have us

shows conclusively that we must have

seems absurd, on the very face of it, to suppose that Almighty God would im-

plant in our nature so powerful an ex-

pression of His will that we should do

ome things and avoid others, without,

at the same time, giving us the means

of knowing what that will is-what He

would have us do and what avoid.

No. He has not left us thus in ignor-

We need not stop to prove that as-

ertion now, but a much more impor-

tant question presents itself for solu-tion, namely, "What does Christian-

namely, "What does cannot be and the suppose

In other words, it

the divine will. It

It is important to bear in mind that,

numerous.

simple words, and could not ind words either to complain or to accuse. Gurges, a silent witness to this scene of woe, seemed much embarrassed. The unfortunate vespillo, first, but involunt-ary cause of the young girl's misfortune, felt that all was over with him. His un-lucky passion had brought him disdan-ful refusals, bitter disappointments, and, at last, a severe beating from which his braised limba were still smarting. More-THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OR AGbruised limbs were still smarting. More-over, he felt that Cecilius and Olinthus over, he There are not a few people in the

despised him. Bat Gurges was a good-natured fellow. He still felt a great tenderness for this young girl whom he had hoped to make his wife, and he swore, in his heart, to world, of greater or less intelligence, who try to satisfy the cravings of their nature for some kind of religion, by professing their belief in a God. They have, very naturally, become con-vinced that the world did not make tself; that man did not come by

words, accompanied by many curses, "You wretched vespillo! Infamous servant of Libintina! Purveyor of Car-on! May the Styx ingulf you! It is through you I have lost my daughter! Take this ! and this!" The dull sound of blows were heard, followed by croans. Evidently the veshis wife, and he swore, in his heart, to devote himself to rescuing her from her sad fate, if it could still be done. So, when the centurion exclaimed,— "This is not the time to shed tears, Cecilia must be rescued from the hands of that villain! I shall do it!" Gurges approached timidly, and taking Olinthus by the hand,— "Allow me," he said, "to assist you in this task. All L prosees is yours to re-

chance, and they are, as it were, com-pelled to admit this one, grand truth which lies at the foundation of all re-The dull sound of nows were nearly followed by groans. Evidently the ves-pillo was getting the worst of the fight. Olinthus upon hearing these words had pushed forward, elbowing his way through the dense crowd. He succeeded ligion-that there is an infinite, eter this task. All possess is yours to re-deem this young girl and to restore her to her father." of the universe. But beyond this posthrough the dense crown. Its successful in reaching the front rank of spectators, and saw that he had not mistaken the voice. Cecilius was belaboring a man who, although a stranger to Olinthus, was no other than our old acquaintance

"Thank you," replied the centurion and theories are as numerous as the individuals who make them, and as absurd and contradictory as they are moved by so much devotion. "You are a worthy young man, and I accept young esistance. Let us go together to se Parmenon. He will have to give us back undoubtingly, that the admission of an all wise-Creator logically involves the

When Cecilius fell senseless on his Cecilia " The two young men departed, leaving Cecilius, who his hands raised to heaven, was making yows for their success. Olinthus and Gurges thought that a single visit to the slave-dealers tavern in the Ville publics would suffer for a satis-

doorstep, after seeing his daughter carried off by her master, he was picked up and carried in by some neighbors who had witnessed the lamentable scene, the news while be a numerical state of the second state of which soon spread about. Gurges, when he learned that Cacilia had been sold, became very indignant; and, no dreaming that he had been the principal the Villa publica would suffice for a satis factory settlement of this matter. Par-menon could not refore to give up Cecilia, when tendered his ten thousand sesteril cause of this hateful transaction, hastened to the tax gatherer's house, to crush that unnatural father under the most veheand a suitable additional amount. This transaction was the most natural thing in the world; there could arise no difficulty. The two young men walked on, chatt-

ment reproaches. But at the first word spoken by the ves ing hopefully about Cecilia; what joy and gratitude she would feel when she would see herseff delivered by them! "It is to me she will owe her salvapillo, Cecilius, recognizing him, had sprung up from the bed on which he was reclining, overwhelmed with grief, and seizing a stick, had struck the poor fellow three or four times with such vigor that Gurges had sought safety in a precipitate

tion!" Garges was saying. "It will doubtless be for your benefit, but, at least, I shall have some title to her friendship, and this is a good deal for me!" Cecilius, animated by revenge, had pur-'Olinthus would re

tellect, memory or imagination. That faculty, or intellectual conscious-"My dear Gurges," Olinthus would re-ply, "when Cecilia will be my wife, we shall ever remember together your genertrowd had immediately gathered around the fallen vespillo and his infuriated per-secutor. The old man, incapable of apous assistance.'

ous assistance." Gurges was not without feeling a cer-tain sadness when Olinthus spoke of his approaching marriage with Cecilia; but when he compared his own mournfu when he compared his own mournfu peasing his anger, was continuing to strike the helpless Garges, when his arm was suddenly sized by an iron grip. It was Olinthus, who had bounded near him, and stayed his hand. garb to the brilliant uniform of the young centurion, he could not blame the "Has your daughter ceased to live ?" he asked, tremulously. "She lives, but it were better she were

girl's choice. "By Venus Libitina!" he would say to "By Venus Libitina?" he would say to himself, with rare modesty and touching candor, "I think I would have done as she did, had I been in her place." When the two young men reached Par-menon's tavern, they found that worthy walking up and down in front of his vacant platform. It had been agreed between Cecilia's fortion liberators that Gurges would be

It had been agreed between could be future liberators, that Gurgee would be the spokesman. This arrangement flat-tered the vespillo's vainty. It was natural and proper that he should be the negotiator, since he was the original hold-er of the claim of which Parmenon had made such treacherous use, and since he was to advance the ten thousand sestertil momined for Could's liberation. with a cry of horror. "Yes, I sold her!" said Cecilius, gloom-ily. "I sold her to pay this wretch What is that to you, centurion?" And as Olinthus, sinking under this terrible revelation, made no answer, Ce-cilius raised his stick to strike his victim once more. But Gurges, who had risen, avoided the blow, and the stick striking

We say "advanced," for Olinthus had accepted the offer only as a temporary loan "Fool !" cried the vespillo. "You strike

loan. Gurges, giving his features the most amiable expression, approached the slave-dealer with a graceful bow, and said,— "My dear Parmenon, I came to repay

And he pointed at Olinthus. "This man the cause of my daughter's loss?" said the unhappy father, with stupor. "How can that be?" you your ten thousand sestertii." "What does this vespillo want with me?" said Parmenon, disdainfully; and ance and darkness. He has given us a revelation of His will in Christianity. "How can that be?" "Don't you see that it is Olinthus! Yes, Olinthus the Jew, the Christian, he who was to have married Cecilia !"

tine's gaid raimenon, instantanty, inter-be resumed his walk. "This vespillo is Gurges," replied Libi-tina's agent, with a certain pride; "Gur-ges, who comes with this centurion, to claim a young girl named Cecilia." That man Olinthus very well!" said Parmenon, and Cecilius was unarmed; but his finger

a singular smile hovered on his lips. Only the pretension seems to me rather cutched the centurion's arm with such desperate violence that the sleeve of the latter's fine white sagum wasstained with bold.

What difficulty can there be ?" asked

JUNE 9, 1900.

SPARED!

A Mother's " Deo Gratias."

I remember the first time I we the convent. It was one of the c ing days in June ; the air was fr sunshine and the perfume of mown hay. In the distance could hear the shrill sweet voices children as they played on the i terraces and in the cut meadow All down Rosary walk the roses in wild profusion, crimeon and soft creamy and clusters of brushing their petals against green-trellised pailing taking golden sunshine into their perf velvet hearts.

A year and three months a year and three months I sent my little daughter there. our first parting. She was a petuous, lovable child, very stro har likes and dislikes, and I petuous, lovable child, very str her likes and dislikes, and I won how she would get on with her iors in her new life. Would sh them all kind ? or would some o not understand the thoughtless, hearted child? I called again convent six weeks later, on m back from abroad, and when I her the question ever upperm my mind, she replied without all good to me." I wond her answer then ; I no longer

now. Christmas came quickly, a came, too, looking the pic health and happiness, with a new tenderness for her baby and sisters; very full of her very full of ambition, having spent those four past months we parted again I had no long doubts as to the choice I had sending her to the convent. It was a bright spring i

when a letter arrived, telling dear little daughter had measles. I cannot say I m much. Of course, I felt so child should be so ill, but still be as well if she got it over when she was young, especial attack going was of a mild ty of course, 1 eagerly watched post next morning, tearing envelope rapidly to read the, was no longer the mild case cribed ; my little darling w very sick, and even as the maid entered with a " Erna seriously ill." How seemed to stand out on the p as it trembled in my hand moment I could see nothing remember crying out alou agony, "Oh my God, leave leave her to me !" I could leave her to me only that wild appeal for me my lips. My heart was fu bellion. I could not live w

child ! Then came the hurried pr the long, weary hours in t carriage, flying through country. Would I never journey's end? And all words of a Protestant frien kept ringing in my ears, self the child is well lool Mrs. L. ----as I don't believ Looking back on it now, these groundless fears; fo I knew that in her own could not have got more l more watchful nursing.

I arrived at the conver o'clock in the evening. T Mother told me that the chi anointed some hours befor breathing se airea Bi and she was sleeping. of hope gave me no comfor the child was going to die. of all others? Surely plenty of other children earth, plenty already in Heaven, without His tak child that was all the w And so I grieved and gri the comfort of prayer a passed with their laden h sweet frail life still hun Soon after my arrival

"Oh! father, father!" cried the young girl, "this again? you then have not understood me." THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE

AURELIA :

OR,

him by the hand to the door, where

the man who had shown himself a loving father, and had sworn an oath on his child's head, could think of betraying an

child a head, conta third of bendying an unfortunate client. When Regulus returned he found Cecli-ine sobbing bitterly. "All is lost!" muttered the poor man, amidst his tears; "save mel my Lord Regulus, save my daughter! In the name of the gods protect us!"

more, I think." Cecilius, absorbed in his despair, made

"Come." said the lawyer, wishing to

strike the last blow, "this consultation has lasted already too long; it must come

to an end. I shall recapitulate; listen at-tentively and you can decide afterwards. By Hercules! I did not get you into this

tears. "This Parmenon," resumed the lawyer,

name of the gods, protect us !"

I think.

your interests!

strengthened.

"On the head of this child," said he, addressing Cecilins, "I swear that what I have said has not been to deceive you, but was dictated by my desire to serve por interests !" "A great jurisconsult, a man of law shom I consulted this morning. It is

"It is impossible, for you at least. As for me, if God wishes it, I am ready to And putting down his little son, he led

him by the hand to the door, where a slave took charge of him. This short episode had deeply moved Cecilius. He now saw Regulus under another light; his confidence was strengthened. He could not think that

name of the gods, protect us !" "But," said Regulas, "your salvation is in your own hands. It will not be my fault if your daughter persists in accom-plishing her ruin and your own. I hold out my hand to he who can take it. I let him drown who is too far from the shore, or who will not avail himself of my aid. The great Jupiter himself could not do more. I think."

should resist when you beseech her for

"My little Cecilia," said the wretched "My fittle Cechia, said the wholes father, classing his daughter's hands in his, "do you wish me to die? How could I live if you were not there? what joy would be left in my life? in this humble home? Dear hope of my old age,

light. Listen!" Cecilia's father looked up through his

were here, joining her prayers to mine, would you refuse her ?" "My mother was a worthy and cour-

ageous woman. She would understand me, and she would not ask me to break the solemn vow I have made in my eart

heart" "My daughter!...Believe in your heart if you wish; but for the Pontiffs, for those who seek me, and who will come, ah! say that you are not a Christian!" "Neyer! father, never! The God I ederal diarnas the secret devotion of the new again the master the complaint made against the father. As to your place, I don't see, if the matter is settled in this way, why they should discharge you. By this act of courage you will have way, why they should discharge your By this act of courage you will have shown that you are not friendly to the Jews of Capena gate. This is all I can say to you, my dear client. Think over it I must go to the Forum." Regulus rose and snapped his fingers— the Roman way to summon a slave in these days.

me not! I ask her to save her father, Cecilius, answered the summons. "Show this citizen the way," said Regu-

lus. When the door of the exedra closed,

"The soil was very hard," said he "but I have done like the rain, I have It is that slavery which awaits you. But I know it. When you were born, your father had passed forty years in the power of a master. May the gods save you from belonging to that man whose will is law,—a master ! O my child! my life I my own flesh and blood ! You do not know that my poor body had become hardened by continual tortures, and that Nominatus Capella, to whom I had been sold, could find but one means of inflict-ing pain : by loading me with irons brought to an almost red head !" " Horror !" cried Cecilia. " See, child, see here!" and the wretch laying bare his arms and legs, showed his daughter the deep scars left by this cruel permeated it. And now Parmenon can be brought forward. Will the wretch act at the precise moment, or spoil the play by his awkwardness?" When Cecilius returned home, it was night. The unfortunate man could not have said where he had been since morn-

laying bare his arms and legs, showed his daughter the deep scars left by this cruel punishment. "Well! I could live be-cause I had hope! because, by selling, day after day, half of my ration, I could accumulate a capital. I added thus hunger to my other sufferings, but in the distant forum. I saw freedom! and it ful access of her traught, the pro-longed absence of her father, who had never failed coming home for the evening meal, those complaints before the pretor, istant future I saw freedom ! and

growing more excited under the influence of these reminiscences. "I paid for it to

Cecilia rushed to her father, to class folly during forty years' privations! But I have not sufficient life laft month

understood me." "That's it, you cannot. And I shall be sold into slavery! and they will sell you also! We shall both be the prey of the pontiffs and of Parmenon !" "Who has said that, father ?" "A great inrisconsult a men of her

whom

for me, if God wishes it, I am ready to soffer everything," "So you refuse. You have no pity for me; you concent to your own ruin!" "Father, do not ask me that which cannot be. Oh! I love you, and my heart is breaking. May the God I adore listen to my prayer, and shield you from all harm! At that price I shall bear the concreterils as a light burden."

all harm 1 At that price 1 bink over the greatest evils as a light burden." "My child," said Cecilins in a caressing voice, approaching his daughter, "can you think that you are not dear to me, and that your misfortune would not be mine? Oh! my daughter, I have suffered, and I suffer much! I only ask one word of you, one single word. Say it: in the name of the mode I heseech you!"

one single word. Say it. In the main of the gods, I beseech you !" "I cannot, father! Do not invoke the gods, they are nothing. If what you ask of me were possible, I would do it, be-lieve me. Strong must be your daugh-ter's conviction in her faith, that she

where will you be?" The poor child felt her courage giving way before these loving entreaties and

"O my God !" she prayed inwardly, "help me! I did not think this trial would be so painful !" "Do you remember your mother?" Ce-

"This Parmenon," resumed the lawyer, purposely giving his words a certain obscarity, "far from injuring you, becomes a supreme resource; for you have the means of satisfying him. This being done, the prosecution of the pontifis directed to you, falls upon him; the law is positive. It is, then, Parmenon who must pay this money—admitting that it should be claimed—for the pontifis, learn-ing that you have punished, will not re-new again the master the complaint made would be so painful !" "Do you remember your mother?" Ce-cilius resumed, "your mother, who left you to my care, a mere babe? If she

The nomenclator who had admitted

"Never! lather, never! The dot 1 adore claims the secret devotion of the soul, but He wants also that the lips should proclaim Him even before those who know Him not." "Great gods!" cried Cecilius, "I be-seech this child for her life, and she hears man net! L set her to gave her father.

and her voice is mute !" "Father ! father ! do not say that, for]

" Failler 1 which root is an and the un-can give my life for you !" " Listen to me, child," said the un-happy man, raising his hands imploring-ly. "Listen. . You know not what is that slavery which awaits you.

girl, who is mine !" "And I," said Parmenon quickly, as he grasped Cecilia's hand, "I say that this young girl is mine by the law of the Quirites, and that I have bought her with this copper coin and these scales." And he went through the formalities which we have seen performed by the

chaitel, relatively to her father, and her mancipation required no more formalities than that of a slave or a tract of land. "Here," said Parmenon, throwing his torn register to Cecilius, "you owe me came at last ! "Yes, it came," continued the old man,

"And now let us go," added Parmenon. the heir of Nominatus Capella, eigh thousand sesterili, accumulated pair

him in a last embrace; but the old man tore himself away violently, with horrible precations.

cilius by Tongilianus was situated, --with the determination not to return home un-til he should have ascertained what had "Oh !" he said with fearful bitterness, "I am nothing for that child ! She wishes my ruin ! Parmenon can come now. I have wherewith to pay him !" " Uher !! de wied a wolde the besonation have accertained what had become of Cecilia. Upon reaching the crossing of the Tri-umphal Way, he saw a great crowd of people, and though little curious or in-clined to tarry, he was compelled to stop, for the street was so completely obstruct-ed that a consul's lictors could not have succeeded in clearing the way. Olinthus inquired what was the cause of this gathering, and was told that two men were quarrelling and fighting. It was annoying to be detained by an in-cident of so little importance, and Olin-thus would have turned away, when cer-tain words spoken by a familiar voice made him start and awakened in him a sudden interest. "Here I am," said a voice. Cecilius looked round and saw Par-menon. The infamous agent of Regulus had waited all day in the neighborhood. When Cecilius returned home, Parmenon

When Cecilius returned home, rarmenon followed him, unperceived, into the house, where, concealed behind the heavy curtain, he had seen and heard all that passed between the father and his daughter. Cecilius showed no surprise, although he had not been aware of this man's pres-ence in his house. Overwhelmed by his condicions the wretched tay-cathere fail

emotions, the wretched tax-gatherer felt nothing but terror and anger. When Parmenon approached him, he merely re When

udden interest. It was the voice of Cecilius, and the Parmenon approached him, he merely re-marked, with fearful calmness,— "Very well! You come in good time. But wait a minute." And going to his daughter, he said to words, accompanied by many curses

And going to the carnetness,-"Cecilia, do you understand that I am going to sell you to this man, if you refuse to do, this very instant, what I have asked of you?" asked of you ?" "Father," replied the young girl, "I understand that I am alone concerned now, and that I save you. Do what you

wish." But in her heart she added: "O my God! if my father were to kill me, it seems to me he would be less guilty !" "You hear her," said Cecilius to Par-

"You hear her," said Cechnus to Par-menon, "she is a Christian, and refuses to return to our gods. I give her to you. Will you take her?" "One moment !" said Parmenon, who had received his instructions. "Is it a sale you propose to make, or a payment? Do you transfer to me all your rights as a Color which would be irrouveable or do father, which would be irrevocable, or d you merely offer me a pledge as my debt-or, which would be of weak and uncertain

value?" "I tell you," cried Cecilius, completely beside himself, "that this girl has be-trayed her father and her gods! I dragged myself at her feet, and she would not listen to my tearful prayer. I tell you she is no longer my child, and you can take her away. Do you hear me,

'Come in, men !" cried the latter.

Seven men, the necessary witnesses to give validity to the act of mancipation, me in at this summons. There was an antestat, to certify to the agreement; a libripens, whose duties we have already sued him, and brought him down wit tremendous blow across the legs.

"You must repeat before these persons that you mancipate your daughter to me,

The fatal instant had arrived. The wretched father shuddered; he cast one long look on his daughter, and said :--"Child! it is yet time : say a word, one

word only, and it will not be you, but me, whom I will deliver to Parmenon." "Father, I cannot. Be free! it is my

duty to suffer for you." A solemn pause followed, during which nothing was heard but the groans of the father and the smothered sobs of the

dead . . . and all owing to this wretch!'' replied Cecilius, still furious, although the sight of the insignia of Olinlather and the sinches when he had bar At last, Cecilius extended his hand towards the child whom he had but re-cently called "his life's hope," "his own flesh and blood," and in a husky and "What do you mean?" resumed him to pause. "What do you mean?" resumed the lat-ter, pale and trembling with emotion. "Cecilia is a slave?" "Cecilia a slave?" repeated Olinthus,

fiesh and blood," and in a first show a scarcely and blood, " and in a first show a scarcely and blood, and the scarcely and the scarce sca

which we have seen performed by the divine Aurelia. In Rome a daughter was but a thing, a

chattel, relatively to her father, and he

nothing, now." Cecilius was crouching in a corner of the room. He heard not; he saw noth-

ing, now."

Then, respecting her father's orders even when they were unjustly rigorous, she had abstained herself, since several days, from seeing the beings dearest to hays, from seeing the beings dearest observations her heart: Petronilla, Flavia Domitilla, Entychia, and Olinthus, Olinthus whose betrothed she was, whose ring she wore on her finger,—the p'edge of a happiness she still hoped for, her only comfort when prayer failed to soothe her troubled soul! She expected with anxiety the coming

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IN ROME A FATHER COULD SELL HI

DAUGHTER.

ing. He had wandered about, with sink-ing heart and absent mind, trying vainly to think how he could save himself from the terrible dilemma in which he was

placed. Cecilia sat working by the light of a

lamp. Her features reflected the sadnes and anxiety of her thoughts. The fear

the town-prefect and the pontiffs, all these strange events filled her heart with gloomy

She expected with anxiety the coming of her father, and yet at every noise that of her father, and yet at every noise that seemed to indicate his return, she trembled, like the leaf before the ap-proaching storm. When Cecilins ap-peared, his haggard looks and the dis-order of his gaments were enough to re-veal to her that something serious had occurred. She felt that she would want strength to bear the new trials which she

strength to bear the new trials which she foresaw, and she raised her eyes to heaven in muts supplication. "Father," she said after a pause, see-ing that Cecilius remained silent, "will you not take some food? I have pre-pared the dishes you like, and have kept them only werm by the fire."

them quite warm by the fire." Cecning drew a seat without vouchsaf-ing an answer, and helping himself to the food placed before him by his daughter,

commenced eating with avidity. Hunger and sorrow combined to over-whelm the wretched man. Thought was annihilated.

Gradually, as the warm food caused his system to revive, a healthier glow spread on his pale features, and his eyes brightened. Pushing from him the empty plate, he looked at his daughter; the old tenderness overflowed his heart, and lean-ing his head on the table, he wept silently. There was something painful to behold

in this great sorrow, those silent tears of a father in presence of his only child. Cecilia threw herself at his feet, calling him by the most endearing names; but he arose and pushed her back with a sort of terror. This struggle was thrice renewed; the

daughter endeavoring to soothe, by her caresses, the growing excitement of the father who repulsed her. A strange fire burned in the tax-

atherar's cyes, and his features wore a dark and shuster expression. "Cecilia," he said at last, "what I have to tell you is grave! You have betrayed

your father and you have ruined him! Child, have you reflected upon the fate you have p epared for me?" And without waiting for her answer, he

And without waiting to hot mixely, he added, looking at her sternly, — "My daughter, you must declare to me that you abhor those miserable Jews! that you despise their creed, and that you are ready to return to our gods!"

But I have not summerent like left has to purchase freedom a second time if I lose it!" he cried with wild despair. "Oh ! to die a slave ! to die a slave !---" The unhappy man ceased speaking, un-til his oppressed chest was relieved by purchase about the solution of the second sec

convulsive sobs. "Child," he resumed dejectedly, " yo

"Child," he residue to be been a solution of the solution of t

ings ?" "Father," said Cecilia, firmly, "I re-peat it, with the help of God, I am ready to suffer everything for Him!---and for you, also,"she added, with a look of un-speakable tenderness. "What more can you ask of me ?"

"But it is not you alone! Do you not understand me?" criel Cecilias, with sudden exasperation; "it is you and I! They have told me so, and I know it to be true! Well!I will not, no, I do not want to be a slave again! And I will not be! By all the gods, they shall not sell me!" The old man's anyer softened for a more The old man's anger, softened for a mo-ment by paternal affection, was breaking

ment by paternal affection, was breaking out more terrible. His excitement was fearful to behold ! One would have thought that he saw a phantom advanc-ing to load him with chains, and that he

repulsed it with terror. "No, father, you will not be a slave! "No, father, you will not be a slave 1 no, you will not be sold," repeated the terrified young girl. "I cannot under-stand your fears. Who can have put such ideas into your mind?" "Hush !" cried Cecilius, and fixing his

burning gaze on his daughter, he asked in a husky voice : "Tell me, do you want us both to perish ?"

Cecilia understood him. It was a last supreme appeal, and she must weigh the filial love which filled her heart and the piety which had so recently entered her

soul : she must choose between her God

and her father ! "No, father," she replied solemnly ; "no, I do not wish us both to perish. I love life and liberty, if God wills that I should preserve these blessings. I want you also to live, and to live free." "Then remounce those Jews and their Then renounce those Jews and their

God

"I cannot do it, however fearlul the consequences of my refusal!" said the young girl, with the same force and calm-ness, although she felt so faint that she leaned against the wall for support. The old man looked at her with stupid gering like a drunken man. commission of the colonists. The old man looked at her with stupid gering like a drunken man. commission of the maximum circus in the neigh-borhood of which the house rented to Ce-"I cannot do it, however fearful the

imprecations. Parmenon and his escort withdrew, taking along Cecilia. When they had proceeded a few steps in the street, the young girl heard a fearful cry. She looked back, and, in the gloom of the night, she saw two hands extended to-wards her; then the noise of a body fall-ing heavily on the navement, struck her But Olinthus was another sort of adversary than Gurges. With one jerk he shook off Cecilius; with one look he

he pavement was broken by the shock.

the man who has

re stand

caused your daughter's loss.

me, and the

"Olinthus!

ing heavily on the pavement, struck he ears. She would have rushed back, but Par-

sne would nave rushed back, but far-menon seized her roughly by the arm. "Holloa!' he exclaimed. "Do we wish to escape already? That would be charming. Come, walk along quietly." They soon arrived at the slave-dealer's in the sur "Make way there!" he said, contempt uously. The words and the act awed all this nultitude; their ranks opened before the

They soon arrived at the sixve-dealer s tavern, and the young girl, her tender limbs bruised by heavy chains, was thrown into the narrow ergastulum, where thirty slaves slept, confusedly used to the tender "Come," said the latter, addressing Cepacked together.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLAVE DEALER AS A LAWYER.

The events we have just described were the sequence of the conversation be-tween Garges and Eatrapeles They had occurred within a very small number of

davs. Meanwhile, Flavia-Domitilla, Petro illa, Eutychia, and Olinthus, and all the poor Jews of Capena gate who loved Ce cilia, and who were accustomed to see he every day, were very uneasy at her ab

sence. Olinthus, particularly, wondered at it, and suffered the most cruel anguish ; for

he could not help thinking that, perhaps, Cecilia had abandoned the faith so re-Cecilia had abandoned the latin so re-cently embraced, and it was this which kept her away from the society of the faithful. She would then be forever lost to him, for how could he ever take for his companion in life one who would have deserted her God, and trampled under foot

serted her God, and trampied under toot vows so recently made? Another circumstance served to aggra-vate these fears, or, at least, to announce that something serious had happened. (Cecilius had not been seen near the Ca-pena gate during the week, and although his absence could not be deplored as a misfortune, since it gave the poor Jews some respite, it certainly tended to in-crease the anxiety and the sad forefod-ings of the colonists.

Gurges. "Only this, that I do not wish to sell

her to you," replied the trader. "But," said Olinthus, seized with a vague anxiety, "there is no question of sale here. This young girl was transferred he shock off Cechius, with one rook he stopped all further aggression. "Touch not the shield of the emperor!" he exclaimed in a commanding voice. And perceiving some hostile demon-strations in the crowd to whom he had been designated as a Jew, he drew from the scabbard his short, broad, Spanish sword, the bright blade of which flashed is there with the state of the short of the state of the short of the to you in guarantee of a claim which Gurges is ready to satisfy at this very mo-ment. It seems to me that the debt being cancelled, the girl given in pledge

"Centurion, do ycu know the proverb?" "Centurion, do ycu know the proverb?" replied the slave-trader with insolence: "Ne sutor ultra crepidam., 'Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.' Which means, that you may be a very gallant soldier, but you understand little about

"None of your impertinence!" ex-claimed Olinthus in a threatening tone. "Come, is it a profit you want? Name the sum!

"I am an honest man," replied Parme-"I am an nonest man," replied Parme-non, "and I need no pay to do what I should and what I will." "Then why refuse to return this young girl to her father, who sent us to claim

"Come," said the latter, addressing Ce-cilius, "take me to your house," Cecilius did like the crowd; he obeyed. Gurges saw fit to follow them. "Tell me, now," said. Olinthus, when they had reached the tax gatherer's house, "what has happened? what have you done? where is your daughter?" "I sold Cecilia because I owed this fman ten thousand sestertii, which I could not pay," replied Cacilius, desig-nating Gurges. "But he added, looking firmly at the centurion, "I would have given myself up if my daughter had con-sented to renounce those accursed Jews to whom you belong. . . ." "O my God, I thank you!" thought Olinthus. "Cecilia has remained strong in Thy faith and Thy name, which she giri to her interest, whe scause her?" "I will not return her, because her father sold her to me; and being, there-fore, her master, I have the right to keep her, if I see proper. Is this clear, centur-ion?" "Moreover," he added, "to guard against any difficulty that may arise, I have had the act drawn up by the antes-tat. Here it is, you can satisfy yourself that it is regular." Olinthus. "Cecilia has remained strong in Thy faith and Thy name, which she

that it is regular." Olinihus and Gurges remained dumb-founded before this irrefragable proof. This act formed an unconquerable ob-stacle. The distress of the two young men could easily be detected in the pale-"Wretched father !" he resumed, turn ing to Cecilius, "did not the thought strike you that those accursed Jews would have saved your daughter by paywould have seven your data in a pro-ing this man?" "And the pontiff's who claimed twenty thousand secterii for the sacrilege against Jugatinus? And my place?" Cecilius asked. ness which spread over their features, and the involuntary trembling of their Cecilius

"I double the amount !" cried, at last,

Olinthus not understanding this, made

Upon my sword I swear you shall have them

Olinthus not understanding this, made him relate all the circumstances with which we have acquainted the reader. "I am much deceived," said the cen-turion, "if you are not the victim of some villanous plot. But, at all events, the twenty thousand sestertii would have been paid to the pontiffs. As for your employment, do you think that Flavia Domitilla would have left the father of Caeilia, whom she loves dearly, in want? "No, no, a thousand times no!" replied Nothing remained but to kneel at this man's feet and beg him to releant from his inexorable resolve; but Oilathus under-stood that it would be abasing himself

that our Creator would leave us with-out a revelation of His will, so it is equally absurd to suppose that He would give us a revelation without at the same time giving us the means of ascertaining the meaning of that re-velation. That he would not leave it to the indiscriminate private judgment of individuals would seem to need no proof; for it is manifest that that would defeat the very object of the revelation. Experience proves that men will differ in their interpretation of the most important documents. In fact, it is impossible to embody human thought or even divine thought in human language so that it will not ad mit of different interpretations by different minds. In confirmation of this

position it is only necessary to appeal to the condition of the so called Christian world since the great Reformation. Protestantism, which claims to think for itself instead of submitting to the traditional, authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church is divided into a thousand different sects, and the work of disintegration and confusion still goes on, so that that portion of the world in sympathy with Protestantism is fast coming to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a real, super-natural revelation, and is falling back on natural religion and agnosticism. Nothing could be more unreasonable and absurd. Fortunately, the more candid, thoughtful and conservative portion of the community are very properly turning their attention to-wards the real old Catholic Churchever ancient, ever new-as the only reasonable and satisfactory solution of

the problem. The real, logical alter-native is agnosticism, or the Catholic Church.-Sacred Heart Review. If all who profess Christianity were

to practise the virtues it inculcates for a single day, it would be hard to find an infidel the day after. - Pailip Freelance.

It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early Fathers that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy.-

of the "Quarant Ore" church, and for hours I w resting, not praying-w loosely clasped before m the flight of time till a nu

"Come out to the gard minutes, you can re-would bring back my thoughts, and I would turn in half an hour. back now, in the mids life, to the hours I spe how I got to love that c gleaming marble altar, flowers, its carved oak s quiet nuns knelt so of and the young novice long, white veils and glided in hour by hou

Blessed Sacrament ; and the peace, the perfe dwelt over it all. I was not allowed to

Knowing her intense l doctors feared the exci might cause her. No worse, but they were ious, for pneumonia when the child was r when the child we we the first malady. Cou self not to see her fo longer? "Yes, su words came with diffic the kindly reverend suggestion to ease my If I could not see the not at least hear the cl

And so every ever generally about 6 o' sweet-toned Angelus would mount the bros together, go down n corridor, till the las would lead us to the then down to the There I would stand almost always the

Gurges. "No, amiable vespillo, it cannot be

done. one." "I treble it!" said Olinthus. "No, centurion." "One hundred thousand sestertii!