

Choice Literature.

Jovinian: or the Early Days of Papal Rome.

CHAPTER VIII.—RELICS.

Several days passed by. The small company in this remote portion of those vast galleries waited anxiously for news from the upper world. They had themselves no fear of discovery, for treachery alone, which they had no cause to dread, could betray their retreat. Other parts, however, of that underground labyrinth were frequently visited by large numbers of Christians from the city, and that he might converse with them, Severus, accompanied by Jovinian, guided by an aged fessor, traversed the galleries in various directions. What he saw and heard caused him deep grief as he passed by the groups he here and there found assembled. Some had come to visit the tombs of relatives or friends slain during the Diocletian persecutions, or who had died in later days. They were standing with arms outstretched, and open palms. Several were praying aloud. Severus stopped to listen.

"Cease, friend, cease, I entreat you!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that you, a Christian, can be addressing the spirit of a departed brother? Have you so learned Christ? Know you not that His ear is ever open to our prayers; that His heart beats in sympathy with all in distress, and that you are dishonoring Him by attempting to employ any other mediator between God the Father and ourselves than our one sole great High-priest, the risen Saviour of the world?"

Some to whom Severus spoke stared without answering; others defended the practice which had lately, copied from the heathens, been creeping in among professing Christians; a few only listened respectfully to the arguments the presbyter brought against it.

Severus and his companions passed on till they reached some vaults, or rather enlargements of the galleries. Here numerous persons were assembled, employed in eating and drinking before the tombs contained within the walls. They were holding love-feasts in commemoration of their departed friends; but already the simplicity of the custom had been changed, as was shown by the flushed brows of some of the revellers; while some, more abstemious, were kneeling or prostrate on the ground, offering up prayers to the dead martyrs.

Severus, before passing on, warned them of their sin and folly. "Oh, foolish people whence have you derived these revellings, this custom of praying to the dead? Surely from the idolaters by whom you are surrounded!" he exclaimed. "Instead of being lights shining in the midst of a dark world, you have become as the blind leaders of the blind. Beware, lest the light you have be altogether taken away!"

Guided by the aged fessor, he and his companions made their way to those parts where in the days of the earlier persecutions the bodies of the few martyrs which had been rescued by their friends had been deposited. What was the astonishment of Severus to find several persons with pickaxes and spades engaged in breaking open the tombs, and placing the mouldering remains in metal and wooden boxes.

"Why are you thus disturbing the bodies of the departed saints?" he exclaimed, as he stopped among them. "Could you not allow them to rest till summoned to rise up by the trump of the archangel? Whether are you about to convey them? How do you intend to dispose of them?"

No one at first replied to those questions. At length one who appeared to be a deacon or exorcist, advancing, answered, "We have been assured that the bones of martyrs can cure diseases of all sorts, and work many other miracles, and as few can come here to benefit by them we are about to convey the sacred relics to shrines where all may visit them, and some we would send to foreign lands, where they may assist in spreading the blessed Gospel."

"Say rather, O foolish men, where they may tend to confirm the heathen in their ignorance. The very idea is taken from the idolaters, who worship blocks and stones or any objects presented to them by their false priests. Could, even in their lifetime, these departed saints have cured any of the maladies which flesh is heir to? then much less can their poor rotting bones, which are long will be dust. With which of these bones, with which of these particles of dust will their spirits be pleased to dwell, in order to impart such healing power. Oh, folly unparelleled! to think that the saints of God have further concern with the frail tenement they have shaken off! They are with Christ, to whom alone let me urge you to address your prayers. His arm is not shortened; His love is not lessened. As He healed the sick when He walked on earth, so can He cure if He thinks fit those who apply to Him."

When more Severus said, and he was continuing to address the people, some of whom were moved by his arguments, when a cry was raised that soldiers were in the galleries. Presently the ruddy glare of torches were seen in the far distance.

"Hasten this way," cried the fessor, who expected that whatever the object of the soldiers' visit, whose he had in charge might be placed in danger. Severus and Jovinian followed him as he rapidly retreated in a direction opposite to that in which the lights were seen. Loud shouts were heard echoing through the galleries. It was evident that the soldiers were in pursuit of some one. The sounds drew nearer. The fessor ran as fast as his aged limbs would allow him; his companions supported him. Numerous long passages were traversed.

"The soldiers have a guide with them, or they would not venture thus far," said the fessor; "but we may still escape them."

As he spoke he led the way through a narrow opening. Severus followed; Jovinian was about to do so, but he turned for a moment to ascertain the distance their pursuers still were from them. He then passed through the opening, but the light from the fessor's lantern was not visible. He feared to cry out lest his voice might betray him. He groped his way forward with outstretched arms. He felt convinced that of two passages he had

taken the wrong one. He turned to retrace his steps. In a few seconds a bright light flashed in his eyes, and he found himself in the hands of several Roman soldiers, who roughly demanded what had become of his companions.

When Jovinian and Eros made their escape from the college Gaius was absent, and was not expected to return till the next morning. Of this the Numidian was aware, and had taken advantage of the occasion.

On the return of the pontiff, somewhat later in the day than usual, when he inquired for his nephew, he was told by a slave afraid of speaking the truth, that Jovinian had gone forth to walk with Eros, and had not yet come back. Supposing that they had simply taken advantage of the permission he had granted, he took no further trouble about the matter, but, throwing himself on a couch, called for a cup of Falernian, to quench his thirst. He was about to order a second when Cocceus entered. A frown was on his brow, and his countenance wore a moody aspect. He sat down opposite to Gaius, who looked up, observing, "If aught troubles you, follow my example, and quaff a cup or two of this generous wine. Nothing so effectually dissipates the mists which are apt to gather at times round our brain and obscure the vision."

Cocceus turned his eyes away with an expression of contempt from his convivial companion, and muttered something inaudible. "I have ample cause for anger and annoyance," he said at length. "What think you? This pestiferous doctrine of the Nazarenes has found its way even into the temple of Vesta. On entering unexpectedly, as it proved, to visit our fair charges, I found the vestal Cœlia, who ought to have been attending to the sacred fire, so absorbed in reading a book that the flame was almost extinguished. She started on seeing me, and endeavoured to conceal the roll, but I snatched it from her, and glanced my eye over the pages. Great was my astonishment and indignation to discover that it was not the production of one of our poets, which I might have pardoned her for reading, but a portion of what the Nazarenes call their Scriptures! I cast it on the altar, where, as it was consuming, I watched the expression of grief which overspread her countenance, as if she were beholding the destruction of some precious object. I demanded whence she had obtained the roll, but she stubbornly refused to inform me. I threatened her with condign punishment, but, folding her arms on her bosom, she claimed her right as a Roman maiden to peruse a work approved of by Augustus. As a vestal sworn, sworn to obey the rules of your order, you have no right to read what may shake your confidence in the great goddess to whom your life is dedicated," I answered. Much more I said, using persuasions and threats to learn how she had obtained the roll, and whether others in the temple had imbibed any of these Christian doctrines. Vain, however, were all my efforts. I did not expect to find one so young and gentle so determined. I reminded her that she might be condemned for breaking her vows, and of the fearful punishment which would follow. She smiled as if she dared my power. While we were speaking the sacred fire went out. She seemed in no way appalled, but handing me two pieces of wood from a felix arbor, suggested that I should at once re-light it. As in duty bound I should have scourged her for her neglect, but her youth and beauty forbade such a proceeding, especially as I had been partly the cause of the catastrophe. I followed her advice, and the flame soon burned up again brightly. Reminding her of the double punishment she had incurred, I sent another vestal to take her place, and delivered her over to the charge of the Vestalis Maxima, with strict injunctions to the venerable dame to keep a strict watch over her movements, and to report to me all she says, and with whom she holds communication. We must afford her liberty, or it will be difficult to convict her. It is a question for consideration whether we should assert the supremacy of our ancient laws, and make an example of the vestal Cœlia—there will be no difficulty in proving that she has broken her vows—or whether the time has arrived for assuming the masks we have designed, and at once declaring ourselves convinced of the truth of the Christian doctrine.

"I dread the task we should impose on ourselves if we turn Christians, and would therefore defer the day as long as possible," answered Gaius, stretching himself on his couch.

"In that case the vestal Cœlia must die," said Cocceus, in a calm tone. "We can have no half measures. If we do not swim with the tide, we must stamp out this creed at once."

No easy matter, considering, as I understand, that it has extended well-nigh three hundred years, in spite of all the efforts made to destroy it since a certain Paul, a man of no mean ability, visited our city on several occasions," observed Gaius. "Had our Fathers known in those days to what this doctrine was tending, they would have nipped it in the bud, and we should have been saved a vast amount of trouble."

"It is useless regretting the past," said Cocceus, "we must keep our eyes steadily fixed on the future, and, I repeat, that I have no hope of destroying the name of Christian."

Cocceus, finding that his companion had fallen asleep, set himself to consider his plans with regard to the hapless Cœlia. He held to the opinions put forth by some of the leading heathen philosophers of that age, that an end justified the means, and no feeling of compunction as to the cruel fate he designed for the young vestal entered his heart. He was of the material of which arch-iniquators were in after years to be made. There would be no difficulty in that corrupt city to obtain evidence to condemn his victim, as well as to prove that the partner of her supposed guilt had escaped. After resting for some time, he went forth again to make the arrangements he had determined on.

When, late in the day, Gaius awoke, he sent for his nephew, and after some inquir-

ies, discovered that Jovinian and Eros had been absent since the previous forenoon. At first he could not bring himself to believe that they had really escaped, but his inquiries at length convinced him of the fact and, moreover, that Eros had been known to accompany Jovinian to some of the Christian places of worship. "Then the wretched slave has himself been led to embrace this new doctrine," he exclaimed. "It may be suited to such as he, but, notwithstanding, if I can capture him, he shall be made to pay the full penalty of his crime."

The pontiff was, in truth, as much annoyed as it was in his nature to be, but he was disposed to vent his anger on the head of Eros rather than on that of his nephew.

Several days passed by, and no information could be obtained as to where the fugitives were concealed. From a few words let drop by Cocceus, he at length began to hope that he might recover Jovinian. The chief pontiff had heard that the man he hated above all others on earth—the presbyter Severus—was again in the neighborhood of Rome, and from the friendship which had existed between his sister and Eugenia, he suspected that Jovinian, if he knew of her abode, would have gone there. What Cocceus intended to do he did not say, but the muttered threats of vengeance in which he indulged, showed the evil feelings rankling in his bosom. Assassins were to be found, even in those days, to perform any deed of blood required of them; vice was rampant; and crimes of all sorts were committed with comparative impunity. But Rome was infinitely purer than it became in after ages; the people had been taught to respect the laws, and criminals did not always escape the arm of justice, and no inconsiderable Christian community, leading pure and faultless lives, leavened the mass, and contributed even to keep the heathen in check.

Cocceus had to proceed with more caution than suited his bold and impulsive character. He succeeded in persuading the chief civil authorities that there were some persons with designs dangerous to the state concealed in these underground galleries in the neighbourhood of the city, and in obtaining a guard of soldiers to search for them. He, with some difficulty, obtained a guide who professed to be acquainted with all the intricate turnings of the galleries, and, moreover, to know Severus and Eugenia by sight. Cocceus, who knew very well that considerable danger might attend the expedition, had no intention of accompanying it, but remained in Rome, indulging himself in the hope that he should at length destroy his old rival, or get him into his power, while he at the same time exulted in the idea that from the measures he was taking he should prolong the existence of idolatry as the religion of the state. One of his plans was to organize another procession in honour of one of the gods, similar to that which has been described, for such spectacles he knew were at all times attractive to the populace, and it mattered little to them whether Bacchus, Apollo, Venus, or any other divinity had the most prominent position in the exhibition.

He had given directions to the vestals to prepare for the ceremony, where as usual, they would be expected to take a leading part; and he guessed that should any besides Cœlia be tainted with the new doctrines, they would endeavour to escape appearing on the occasion. Cœlia herself remained under the strict charge of the Vestalis Maxima, whose office was in later days to be represented by that of the mother superior of a nunnery. The vestalis Fausta being long past her prime, and having spent her life within the walls of the temple, had no interests beyond them. Her temper had become sour, her better feelings seared, and she was thus a willing instrument in the hands of the pontiffs, and ready to execute any act of tyranny and cruelty they might direct. Her mind, narrowed by the dull routine of duties she had so long performed, she was a devout worshipper of the goddess she served; and she heard with the utmost horror and dismay that one of those under her charge had embraced the hated doctrines of those whom she called the atheist Nazarenes. Poor Cœlia had no hope from such a person. Marcella, finding that she herself was not suspected, kept her own counsel, determined at all costs to rescue her friend. It was a sore trial to her, for she felt herself guilty of dishonouring Christ while continuing to serve in the temple a false deity.

The pontiffs, meantime were busily engaged in arranging the details of the procession. Gaius troubled himself less than the other pontiffs about the matter. He especially disliked the exertion of the long march through the city, and he doubted whether the result would be satisfactory as Cocceus anticipated. He was seated in the college, when it was announced that a female slave desired to see him. He directed that she should be admitted, when Rufina entered. Taking a bag of coin from under her cloak, she, without hesitation, advanced to where he sat.

"I have come to bring the price of one who was your slave, but desires manumission," she said, calmly, offering the bag of money to the pontiff. "It contains thirty solidi, the full value you can claim for Eros, he of whom I speak," she continued, seeing that Gaius did not put forth his hand to receive the bag. "He might have escaped beyond pursuit, and allowed you to lose this value, but, as a Christian, he knows that such would be wrong, and therefore I have been sent to pay it into your hands."

"The Numidian Eros a Christian! such an idea is folly!" exclaimed Gaius, starting up with more animation in his tone and manner than he had hitherto shown. "If he is a Christian, he thus only adds to his crime. The money he must have stolen—probably from me; I refuse however, to receive it. Let him return to the bondage from which he has escaped, or if I discover him he will rue the consequences. And for yourself, girl, as you have ventured in here, unless you inform me where he is hidden, and will promise to assist in his recovery, I will detain you and punish you as you deserve with the scourge."

"I came to do the bidding of my master, and should any harm befall me there is

one to whom he will appeal for justice—the emperor," answered Rufina, without betraying the slightest fear. "You dare not detain me. Again I offer you the value of your once slave, and, though you refuse, I have fulfilled my duty, and must be gone."

Gaius was almost speechless at what he considered the unexampled audacity of the slave girl; and as he still refused to take the bag, Rufina, before he could recover, turned, and left the hall. Before her figure had disappeared among the marble columns he started up, and summoning one of his attendants, often employed in secret matters, he directed him to follow Rufina, but to keep himself concealed, to obtain what assistance he might require, and not to return without bringing back Eros and Jovinian as his captives. The slave instantly comprehending what was required of him, started off to execute his orders.

The pontiff sank down again upon his couch. "Though I have lost the solidi, I shall have the satisfaction of wreaking my vengeance on the head of the Numidian, and, what is of more consequence, shall recover my graceless nephew," he said to himself, stretching out his arms, and giving a yawn. "Ungrateful as he has been, I will still afford him another chance."

On the appearance of Cocceus, Gaius told him of the hopes he entertained of recovering Jovinian and his runaway slave. "The vile wretch, your slave, must receive the full penalty of his crime, or we shall have all the slaves in Rome turning Christians, and claiming their freedom," observed Cocceus. "As to your nephew, the bed of the Tiber would be the safest place to consign him. The young atheist, with the early training he has received, will never become a trustworthy supporter of the ancient gods."

"I will try him notwithstanding," answered Gaius; "but I have not caught him yet."

Several more days passed by, but neither Jovinian nor Eros had been captured, and Gaius began to fear that he had lost his money and his revenge.

(To be continued.)

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The Birthplace of Presbyterianism.

It is not surprising that the French Protestants should feel somewhat disconcerted by the report given of "the general Presbyterian Council" lately held in Edinburgh by a well-known English weekly periodical—the *Christian*. The *Paris Christianisme* au XIX^e Siècle thus writes:—"A special correspondent of the *Christian* assisted at the Edinburgh Presbyterian Congress, and commences his report in these terms: 'The fair city of Edinburgh—Scotland's darling seat'—has just been the scene of a remarkable reunion among the widely scattered members of the great Presbyterian family. Born in Scotland, that system of Church polity has inherited one of the proverbial characteristics of her hardy sons, and the Presbyterian brotherhood now numbers some 20,000 churches, spread over all the habitable globe. It is, perhaps, hardly possible to say to whom belongs the honor of having conceived the idea of this family gathering, neither is it of much consequence. The first practical embodiment of the idea came, I believe, from the Northern States of America, and your readers may recollect that last year a preliminary series of meetings was held in London, at which it was agreed that the first 'General Presbyterian Council' should meet this year in Edinburgh—the birthplace and headquarters, so to speak, of the family assembly."

The passages which we have italicised have disturbed the susceptibilities of the French Protestants, and not without reason, if it could be supposed that either the Scotch Presbyterians or the special correspondent of an undenominational English journal had intended to ignore the grand history of the French Huguenots, or disparage the memory of the illustrious Frenchman who was the chief and founder of modern Presbyterianism. After quoting the passages we have italicised, our *Paris Protestant* proceeds to comment on the report of the special correspondent. "Thus," it says, "after having assisted at numerous sittings of the Presbyterian Council, after having listened to I know not how many reports of its sittings, the honorable correspondent still ignores the well-known origin of the Presbyterian system; he sees in it only a Scotch invention which has spread throughout the whole world! But everybody knows that the Presbyterian regime was almost at the same time in France, in Scotland, and in Holland; in France by the Synod of 1559; in Scotland by John Knox, in 1560; and in Holland in 1571. This simultaneous movement absolutely excludes the idea of its Scotch origination and yet does not permit the idea of its being exclusively a French invention. The reason why the people of three different nations, almost at the same moment, formulated the same system was simply because all three had drunk at the same source, and that source was Geneva. Our (French) ancestors of 1559, like John Knox and Marix d'Aldegonde, were the ecclesiastical disciples of one and the same master, the Frenchman Calvin. It is astonishing that the correspondent of the *Christian* did not learn at least thus much at the Presbyterian Congress." Our Parisian friends may rest satisfied that there was no intention on the part either of the *Christian* or its special correspondent to disparage the memories of the French Huguenots or unduly to exalt the Presbyterians of Scotland. As to the founder of the Presbyterian ecclesiastical system, as members of the Church of England we cannot do better than appeal to the authority of the judicious Hooker, when contending on behalf of Episcopacy, against the Presbyterian English Puritans. He thus gives the palm to Calvin as a thing beyond dispute. "A founder it had whom, for my own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church did enjoy since the hour it enjoyed him." Hooker then adds words which tend rather to exalt Calvin, whom he so much admired, over those who followed as his disciples, whether at Geneva, in France, or in England, by adding that the truth was that Calvin's "foreign estimation had hindered the vestals in their edge."—*Record*.

Scientific and Useful.

FANNY'S CAKES.

One heaping teaspoon sugar, three-fourths teaspoon butter, one-fourth teaspoon sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda. Flour to roll, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Roll thin, cut into round cakes and bake quickly.

HINTS ABOUT OMELETS.

In making an omelet remember five things, a clean frying-pan; don't beat the eggs too much; don't try to make it too large, three eggs are better than six; don't cook it too much; don't let stand long before it is eaten. Break three eggs, beat up, add a pinch of pepper and salt, and chopped parsley if liked, melt one ounce of butter in the pan, pour in the omelet, stir till it sets or thickens, shake the pan occasionally, fold over the omelet into a half moon shape; serve at once on a hot dish. It must only be of a golden color.—*Baking for Strength*, by M. L. Holbrook.

STEWED COD.

Put into boiling, salted water, three pounds of fresh codfish, cut into slices an inch and a-half thick, and boil them gently for five minutes; lift them out and let them drain. Have ready, heated in a wide stew-pan, nearly a pint of good broth, lay in the fish and stew it for five minutes; then add four table-spoonsful of very fine bread-crumbs, and simmer for three minutes longer. Stir well into the sauce a large teaspoonful of arrowroot made smooth in a little water; season with mace, cayenne, a dessert-spoonful of lemon juice and a glass of white wine. Boil the whole for two minutes, lift out the fish carefully, pour the sauce over it and serve quickly.

CEMENT FOR GLASSWARE.

A new cement for glassware has been discovered by Prof. Schwarz which is said to have the quality of being unaffected by boiling water. It is also free from another objectionable feature of china and glass cements, as it does not disfigure by a dark line along the junction. The method of making this cement (which must be used when fresh), is to add five parts of a solution of gelatin, one part of a solution of acid chromate of lime. The articles, after the broken surfaces have been united with this cement, must be exposed to strong sunlight for a few hours; and meanwhile should be held in the proper position under considerable pressure from a wire or a string. A fracture thus repaired in glassware is said to be hardly perceptible.

VEAL OLIVES.

Take some cold cooked fillets of veal and ham, and cut them into thin, square slices of the same size and shape, trimming the edges evenly. Lay a slice of veal on every slice of ham, and spread some beaten yolk of egg over the veal. Have ready a thin forcemeat, made of grated bread-crumbs, sweet marjoram, fresh butter, grated lemon peel, pepper and a seasoning of salt. Spread this over each slice of veal, and then roll up tightly with the ham. Tie them round securely with fine twine; put them in a dripping-pan, with a tea cup of hot water, and bake in a quick oven until they are a delicate brown. Baste the olives frequently while baking, with melted butter. Serve hot, with a sauce made of some cold veal gravy, with two spoonfuls of cream and a little mushroom.

GOOD YEAST.

Take twelve large potatoes, wash them well, and put them on in a gallon of water, with a handful of hops when the potatoes are near done. Let all boil together until the potatoes are cooked. Take them up, peel, mash them well; then strain the water upon them, and add one teaspoonful of sugar (white preferred) and one of salt. Two spoonfuls of sweet yeast to start fermentation. Set it near the fire until it begins to work, and then put into bottles. Cork, and set them into a cool place. You should put water enough when done boiling to make a gallon of yeast. Do not use a particle of flour in making this yeast. It will not bubble and ferment as much as common yeast, but is lively nevertheless. You must remember to use less salt than usual in making up the bread.

WEATHER SIGNS.

People who have been annoyed by the changes of the weather, and have settled upon a belief that its vagaries are beyond all calculation, may have to revise their opinions. A Russian weather-student, M. Koppen, in the *Reportorium für Meteorologie* gives an account of an extended comparison of weather changes, and their analysis by the law of chances. His deductions are that settled weather is the rule; change, the exception. Thus, if a five-day cold period sets in after warm weather, the chances are two to one that the following period will also be cold. If a cold spell has lasted two months, the chances are nearly eight to one that the first five days of the month following will also be cold. In general, betting on the subject of the weather at some distance ahead may be conducted on the estimate that there are two chances to one against the probability of a change in the weather on any particular day.—*Tribune*.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

Feed liberally, work steadily, and clean thoroughly, is my motto in the management of horses. My great trouble is to have the horses rubbed dry and clean before leaving them for the night. Where horses are worked six days in the week, thorough grooming is absolutely essential to their health. The more highly they are fed the more important it is to clean them. Most men use the currycomb too much, and the whisk and brush too little. I do not myself insist upon it, but I believe it would pay always to take the whole harness from the horse when put in the stable at noon, and rub them dry, washing the shoulders with cold water, afterwards thoroughly drying them with a cloth. I question if one farmer in a hundred duly appreciates how much he loses from having poor horses, and in not keeping them in vigorous health, and in a condition to do a maximum day's work.—*American Agriculturist*.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CAPTURED RESCUED.

Cocceus, finding that his companion had fallen asleep, set himself to consider his plans with regard to the hapless Cœlia. He held to the opinions put forth by some of the leading heathen philosophers of that age, that an end justified the means, and no feeling of compunction as to the cruel fate he designed for the young vestal entered his heart. He was of the material of which arch-iniquators were in after years to be made. There would be no difficulty in that corrupt city to obtain evidence to condemn his victim, as well as to prove that the partner of her supposed guilt had escaped. After resting for some time, he went forth again to make the arrangements he had determined on.

When, late in the day, Gaius awoke, he sent for his nephew, and after some inquir-