

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

Trinity Sunday, 20th June, 1886, being also, by a most singular and auspicious coincidence, the 49th anniversary of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Accession:

It's not for human foresight to discern,
The blessings or the woes that are concealed,
Until in time's maturity revealed;
But yet, by trust and patience, we may learn,
In some degree, to make God's ways seem clear.
Combined with Sunday's Holy Trinity,
In hopeful augury and unity,
Our good Queen enters on the fiftieth year
Of her beneficent and wondrous reign.
Then let us all, with loyal hearts and true,
Beseech for her the Grace of God anew—
That she may, in Great and Greater Britain,
For years to come, her gracious sway maintain,
And finally a diadem of Glory gain!

JOHN H. CHARNOCK.

Lennoxville, June, 1886.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

BY FLAVEL S. MINES.

On a certain lovely summer's day, about a century B. C., the streets of Rome were filled with the crowd that were returning, decked in their holiday dress, from the games that were then the height of fashion.

Rome was in the zenith of her glory, her citizens were less cruel, and art, literature and athletic sports were more in favor and appealed more to their senses than the brutal spectacle of the arena, which a few years later the same people applauded and cheered in delight, after Rome had commenced on her downward course of crime and cruelty that reduced the proud ruler of nations to a minor power.

But then, the people sauntered from their games, not pushing and jostling one another, but walking slowly and quietly along, their moderate pace presenting a great contrast when compared to the rush of the busy world we now live in.

A lovely sight it was, musicians, slaves, jugglers, priests and foreigners of all kinds who flocked to the metropolis of the world, filled the streets and blended together in harmonious confusion. Now and then a burst of martial music would rise above the din as the Roman eagles or some distinguished senator passed along; and again the crowd would turn to gaze at some fair-haired Gaul, with two long plaits down his back, just come from his conquered country as a prisoner, or to view the home of his conquerors; or would be massed around some popular orator or poet of the day.

Beneath the porch of one of the great temples stood a group of five youths gazing on the scene thus presented. Not that it was new to them, but as children never tired of looking at the kaleidoscope with its different changes, always the same colours, but by their arrangement, each time seeming new to them, so did these youths of ancient Rome watch with un-tinging interest the busy, merry, varied crowd in front of them.

Now and again they would answer with a stately bow the salutation of some high dame, as she passed in her chariot or in her litter borne by slaves; or they would return with more interest, the smile and glance that some fair maiden bestowed on them as she went by under the guard of her mother.

"I verily believe that Dominicus thinks the crowd have eyes for none but him," remarked Telmus, the youngest of the group. "And now he will be lord over us all."

Dominicus, the youth indicated in this bitter speech, was a tall, magnificent young fellow, and showed by the laurel wreath he wore that he was victor in the recent sports.

"Nay, Telmus," he answered. "But deeds have spoken louder than words or boastings."

"I would be willing to wager that Emilyynth could outrun Dominicus," answered Telmus hotly, pointing to a young Greek, who stood

apart from them, leaning against a Grecian statue of Apollo, that stood in the porch.

"He has the clear features and strong limbs of that god against whom he rests, and shows them both to be of the same country," remarked Arcras, a young Egyptian, who joined the group at that moment.

"I never contend with slaves," answered Dominicus haughtily, preparing to take his leave.

"Emilyynth!" called Telmus, as Dominicus went his way. "Canst thou prepare thyself to conquer Dominicus at the next games? Aye, and from this time thou art free. But," he added in a lower tone, "have a care, if thou dost not win lest thou art seized and sold South again as a slave; but if thou winnest, by the honour of my most mighty father, the Proconsul Melnes, thou art forever free. Go now to the palace and await my coming. Nay, rise, for thou art a freeman," said Telmus, raising the young Greek from the ground, where he had fallen at his late master's feet. "I really believe that Emilyynth will win," remarked Telmus as the young man ran off, displaying to advantage the limbs and sinews with which nature had endowed him. "But no more at present. We will meet at the games, if not before. I must go to the palace and then arrange matters with Dominicus. Arcras, dost thou not go my way? Vale."

In regard to Emilyynth's freedom, the matter was easily arranged, for Telmus was the only son of the proconsul, and Dominicus readily agreed to the race. Soon all of Rome knew of the trial that was to take place, and bets were offered by the young patricians in favor of Dominicus, for betting is no modern vice.

Meantime Emilyynth was busy training for the race. Dominicus had only glory to win, Emilyynth had liberty, and the thought urged him on so, that when the day arrived the Greek presented as fine a physique as his young rival who had months of previous training.

"A noble sight," said Telmus, as the same group of youths, who had been together when the race was arranged, now stood talking at the grounds on the eventful day.

The track was crowded. Here and there were scattered knots of young patricians, talking and betting, or gathering around the chair of some reigning beauty, while at the farther end of the course stood the slaves, regarding Emilyynth's good fortune with envy. At length the Emperor, attended by the proconsul, arrived, and the spectators took their seats and positions from where they could view the scene favorably.

"Dominicus will have to run his best," said Telmus. "For the young Greek in excellent condition, and see how well he looks. Ah! they are off with Emilyynth leading. See how hard he is pressed by Dominicus! Ten gold pieces to five on Emilyynth! Emilyynth forever!" shouted the enthusiastic youth as the two sped by, each exerting his powers to the utmost.

But let us join the contestants and see how it is with them. The greater strength of Dominicus was in his favor, and though the young Greek led at first, Dominicus steadily gained on him until they ran side by side. Look at the two runners as they speed over the course before the whole of Rome and compare the stakes for which they run. One for liberty and life and the other for glory, and as the heavy breathing of his opponent betokened to Dominicus that he was getting short of breath, and that Emilyynth would soon be left behind, for here the practice of years helped Dominicus, and he breathed now as well as at the start; the thought came to him, Why should he win and gain but glory, and thereby condemn a fellow-creature to slavery, though to let the Greek win was to lower himself in the eyes of his companions and make him lose his prestige so hardy earned? The goal came in sight as these thoughts dashed through the brain of the young Roman, who had always before led a headstrong, selfish life, and the heavy breath-

ing of Emilyynth growing fainter and fainter told him that he was being left behind, the better nature of Dominicus, which never before had asserted itself, now triumphed, and he imperceptibly to the on lookers fell back, and Emilyynth reached the goal first.

Who can describe the emotions of the young Greek as he won? He had gained freedom forever, life was now before him, and he knew the great sacrifice of Dominicus. Could he the poor boy, ever repay the good deed of his friend, a high Roman patrician, and as he turned to thank Dominicus, he was gone. Then as the proconsul placed the victor's wreath upon his brow, and the beauty and wealth of Rome cheered and applauded him, and his late master and his companions thronged around, the heart of the lone boy filled with joy, and he again thought of Dominicus who had before felt this joy of being victor, and had so nobly relinquished it.

The race over, Telmus, in his joy at the supposed defeat of Dominicus, shared his pleasures and companions with Emilyynth, who became a resident of the proconsul's palace, and was treated as an equal. But it could not go on so forever, and the distinction of birth was shown when the proconsul told Emilyynth that he was to form one of the retinue of his household, for a sanator of Greece was to grace his board. This was the first time since the games that a difference was made, but it showed to Emilyynth the gulf dividing him from Telmus, who, probably, was never tired of him. With a heavy heart he passed through the great hall of the palace, where all was ready to receive the distinguished guest.

By each of the great marble pillars was stationed a black slave, holding great fans of peacock feathers, while Roman soldiers stood at the doorway, the glistening helmets and pikes presenting a dazzling scene against the whiteness of the marble. Perfumed fountains played about, and the sound of sweet music filled the air. In the distance, at the further end of the corridor, could be seen waving branches of palms and flowers and numerous attendants were scattered about ready to do the bidding of the guests.

Not heeding these, Emilyynth passed through the hall to join his place, a little better than a slave, but still a menial. The freedom he had enjoyed for the last month was so pleasant that to do again the bidding of a master, made him more miserable than before.

"The senator comes!" proclaimed a guard. And as the Athenian passed by, Emilyynth drew back into the alcove, but looking up, his eyes met those of the senator, fixed upon him. Why did they both start as if they recognized each other? Had they met before? Slowly following the senator, in obedience to a signal from him, Emilyynth went, deep in thought, wondering where he had seen that face. Seating himself, the Senator motioned his servants back, and tremblingly asked Emilyynth his name and parentage.

"I am called Emilyynth, most gracious senator; but of my parentage I know not, for I was stolen from my parents in Greece when very young, and the only thing I have to prove my country is this," and Emilyynth brought out, trembling, he knew not why, the Greek letter Delta, wrought in gold, in the form of a buckle for his girdle, with a superscription on its back. Starting from his seat, the senator seized the young man, crying:

"My son, Emilyynth, my son! The gods are good, here is the mate," and throwing back his robe, Emilyynth beheld an exact counterpart of his buckle, worn by the senator.

His father. Sweet was the sound, and a few more words proved his birth, and joined, after many years, father and son sat together, alone for a few minutes, and when the proconsul and son came to welcome their distinguished guest, they beheld, in astonishment, their late slave and the mighty senator of Athens, engaged in earnest conversation.