

Choice Literature.

Jovianus; or the Early Days of Papal Rome.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The young slave, who had partaken with the rest of the bread and wine, now rose, and presented her basket of provisions as sent by the presbyter, Amulius and the assembly in his house, to their beloved brethren and sisters, Gentianus, Severus, Eugenius, and the rest.

"What news do you bring from the city, Rufina? Has Amulius sent any message by you?" he asked.

"Alas! my lord Gentianus, although Augustus supports the Christians in the East, the heat-sons in Rome still struggle desperately to maintain their supremacy," replied the slave.

"Let us not be deceived by them, my beloved brethren; outward prosperity and the patronage of the great ones of the earth are far more fraught with danger to the true faith than were the persecutions we have gone through; already have many been seduced from the truth by the allurements of wealth and the desire to obtain worldly dignities and power.

"I would, as a sacred duty, take charge of the orphan boy, and instruct him in the truth, so that he may be qualified to perform his duty in spreading the Gospel," said Severus.

"And I will let him share a mother's love with our young Julia," said Eugenia.

The assembly now broke up. Rufina returned by the way she had come, accompanied by several persons who had visited the abode of Gentianus for the purpose of joining in the religious meeting, but who lived above ground in the neighborhood of Rome.

of Peace, in the wide forum belonging to which its component parts had been collected and arranged. Proceeded by banners came the pontiffs of the sacred college, walking under silken canopies to shield their persons from the sun's burning rays.

Following the hostia came another band of trumpeters with numerous banners, the ornaments at their summits glittering in the sun; with a band of inferior priests, minor flamens, popes, and other attendants at the temples, chanting loudly in honor of their gods; while next came large parties of citizens in festive dresses, eager to show their affection for the long-established religion of their ancestors; the whole followed by a body of troops, with their standards unfurled, and other insignia held aloft.

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posing a scene was producing on his mind. The boy appeared to pay but little attention to the pageant; but though he did not struggle, he walked as one who felt himself a captive, and his eye ranged eagerly over the countenances of the spectators, especially on those who stood far back in the crowd, as if he were searching for some one with whom he desired to speak.

"This must have been an interesting sight for you, my dear Jovianus," said Gaius to his nephew; "let me see that you appreciate it. Come, you shall have the privilege of taking part in the sacrifice. A flamen will give you some incense; cast it on the altar; the act is a simple one, and will prove a grateful offering to the Immortals."

"I would obey you, uncle, in all the things of life," answered Jovianus, firmly; "but understand that the God we Christians adore is a spirit, and desires to be worshipped from the heart in spirit and in truth, and that the offering of incense, even to Him, is offensive as it is vain; much more so is it when burnt in honour of those who are no gods, but the foolish imaginings of ignorant men; and I will not do what is displeasing to Him, and bitterly grieve the heart of my beloved mother, could she see me!"

"No act, however trifling, if offensive to the true God, can be performed without sin," answered Jovianus. "I am told that thousands submitted to be torn to pieces or crucified, or to be slain by gladiators, in yonder Flavian amphitheatre, rather than act as you would have me do."

"Remember, Jovianus, that I have the power to compel you to do as I desire," said Gaius; "it is not for my own pleasure, but to satisfy the scruples of my principal, and to prove that you are a true child of ancient Rome."

"Uncle, I will not do this sinful thing," answered the boy, in a tone of determination in which Gaius had never before heard him speak. "You may order that Numidian to flog me, you may refuse me food, or have me put to death with any tortures you can devise, but I tell you I possess a strength beyond my own. It is that which God gives to those who trust Him. He is omnipotent, and nothing human can withstand His power. Therefore I say again, you cannot compel me."

Gaius was astonished at the bold answer of his young relative, and was afraid to press the point, lest the bystanders might overhear the conversation. He accordingly judged it prudent to commit him again to the care of the Numidian, directing the slave as he valued his life not to let the boy escape. Meantime the augurs had been examining with sagacious looks the entrails of the slain animals, and soon unanimously announced with an authoritative voice that the gods were pleased with the liberal sacrifices offered to them, and that, undoubtedly as long as Rome itself should stand, their ancient faith would continue, in spite of the assaults made on it by the Christians and other atheists. The vast multitude shouted loudly at the announcement, their cries being taken up by those who stood at the eastern brink of the capitoline Hill, and echoed by the masses who thronged the streets along the Forum even to the Flavian amphitheatre, where many remained to watch the return of the procession to the spot whence it had set out. The carcasses of the beasts were distributed liberally among the families of the inferior flamens and servitors at the temples, the begging priests pushing eagerly forward to get a share of the flesh, of which there was enough to distribute among large numbers of the people. Cæsus, again marshalling his forces, led the way from the temple, the various performers following in due order.

"This day's work, as I foretold would be the case has been a success, Gaius," he observed to the younger pontiff, as with stately step they marched along through the Forum. "We must devise others of a similar nature to amuse the populace, and use every effort to win back those of the patricians who are showing inattention to the worship of the gods. Provided we employ proper measures, they can be as easily gulled as the ignorant multitude, but we must suit the bait to the nature of the birds to be caught."

"I feel not so certain of success. Those who have once adopted the principles of the Nazarenes are not likely to be won back again," answered Gaius. "I have lately had an example of the obstinacy of these people; they are not to be influenced by persuasions or dread of consequences. We know how they behaved in former ages, and even when Diocletian found that they were dangerous to the state, and allowed them to receive the punishment they deserved, they still persevered in propagating their faith, untroubled by the dread of the fate awaiting them. Then what can we expect now that the emperor patronises them, and, as it is reported, actually professes to have become a Christian?"

"By Bacchus! then we must find another mode of acting," said Cæsus. "If we cannot destroy we can corrupt their faith, and depend on it, success will attend our efforts."

Meantime young Jovianus, attended by the Numidian, had returned to his uncle's abode. Gaius taking the hint from Cæsus, still hoped to win over his nephew, for whom he entertained all the affection a man of his nature was capable of feeling. Observing that the boy suffered from confinement, he allowed him to take walks

through the city, closely attended by the Numidian Eros, who was charged, however to keep a stricter watch than ever, to prevent him from making his escape or communicating with any of his mother's Christian friends.

(To be continued.)

On Which Side are You?

Here is the rum course—a curse in its cost and a curse in its consequences,—impoverishing the nations, multiplying criminals, bringing suffering and sorrow to myriads of homes, and darkening the deepest shadows of sternity with the blackness of its never-ending woes! The struggle against it is in every land, and in every home. None can avoid the issue which is made by it. Every intelligent being is on the one side or the other of the line which divides its friends and its foes. On which side are you?

On the rum side of the line are the liquor dealers of every grade; from the bloated, foul-mouthed, brutal keeper of the reeking corner groggery, where cheap gin is peddled in a tin cup from the shifty cask, up to the proprietor of the most showy and fashionable wine-room on the principal street of the metropolis. All these dealers are included under one head in the census returns. Their profits are indistinguishably combined in the cost of \$600,000,000 per annum, which this nation pays to keep the broad road to destruction packed with the doomed army of hopeless drunkards. If you are in the "pure liquor" business, there need be no doubt as to which side of the line you must be counted.

On the same side are all the rum-drinkers, wine drinkers, beer drinkers—the drinkers of whatever is included in that annual outlay of \$600,000,000. If you are one of these drinkers you are with all the rest of them. They and you make common cause. They count on your example and influence in their behalf. It matters little to them whether you drink little or much of intoxicating beverages—if only you drink. You may tittle at the bar, or swig in the beer garden, or sip at the family table; it is all the same to them. You are on their side. That is enough for them.

Perhaps, however, you use strong drinks only in the kitchen. They are never found on your family table unless they are cooked. They are in your pies, and cakes, and sauces; but never pure and simple in your glasses. What harm can there be in this? If there were no other harm in it, it puts you on the wrong side of the dividing line in the struggle with the rum-course. You are a buyer and a user of strong drinks; and are so known and counted on by those who want free rum and an end of total abstinence.

But there is harm from using liquors in the kitchen, beyond the evil of being on the wrong side of this line. If children see wine in the store-room, and smell its tempting odor in the more delicious articles of food, and learn that their parents deem it an important aid to an attractive table, they naturally come to regard it with favor rather than with fear. They fail to shrink from its taste and touch and sight as they would if it were held before them or made mention of by those whom they reverence, as only a terrible poison and a thing accursed. There have been drunkards in many a parlor through a love for liquors acquired in the kitchen store-room. "For my part," said a prominent Christian man of our acquaintance, some years ago—"For my part, I hope that mince pies will never join the temperance society." That was a bright and playful speech, and many laughed at it then. The speaker was a pledged abstainer; but he could not forego the use of wine and brandy in the kitchen. His children learned there to love these liquors. The days rolled by, and that father lived long enough to be summoned by a cry of murder into the house of one of his sons, where he grappled with him in a struggle to disarm him of a butcher's knife with which he, in a fit of drunken fury, was attempting to kill his own wife. Possibly in that hour the father would have been willing to permit mince pies to join the temperance society, if only he could have backed again the early sobriety and purity of his ruined son.

If you are a total abstainer; if you never sell intoxicating liquors nor drink them; if you let such beverages wholly alone; if you keep them out of your dining-room, your kitchen, and your bed-room; if you neither touch, taste, nor handle that which destroys with the using; if you never look upon wine but with a shudder; if you teach your children to fear and to abhor the deadly thing, then you are on the other side of the line from the rum-drinkers and the rum-sellers. There will be no danger, then, of your being counted in their support. This is a good side of the line to be on. If you are already there, stay there, and try to bring others to be with you. If you are on the other side of the line, "come over and help us."

We are not saved by faith without works, for there is no such faith in Christ. Nor are we saved by works without faith, for no works but those that flow from faith are acceptable to God.—Bethuna.

Among the many strange movements of these strange times is the return of skilled mechanics from this country to England. So overcrowded is the labor market, and so uncertain is work and remunerative pay, that they are now actually accepting the inducements held out for steady employment on the other side, though formerly this was considered the workingman's paradise. Over 150 masons were sent to Glasgow last year, who report their satisfaction with their situation and their ability to lay aside money in the bank instead of drawing from their savings. The steamer *Montana*, last week, took out fifty carpenters, who had been engaged by a building firm in Manchester, to work for a year at six shillings (\$1.50 gold) a day, ten hours a day for five days in the week, and a half holiday Saturdays. Though skilled workmen they could not find employment here at living wages. The fact is not a flattering one to our national pride, and does not harmonize with the grandiloquent declamation of our Fourth-of-July orators; but it is nevertheless a serious and significant indication that cannot be overlooked or ignored.—N. Y. *Illustrated Weekly*.

Scientific and Useful.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SMALL FARMS.

France has fifty thousand farms (averaging six hundred acres, five hundred thousand averaging sixty acres, and more than five million under six acres. In this extended subdivision of land under culture consists her agricultural prosperity.

SOUP FOR SOUP.

Stew together, until tender, peas, beans, barley, or rice, onions, tomatoes or other vegetables, leaving the broth quite thick and rich. If there is a good deal of thick, it may be thickened by bits of bread toasted and dropped in hot, and it may be seasoned more or less. It is said that this and similar soups are used by peasants and laborers, and that they contain more real nutriment than six times their cost in butchers' meat.

CHICKEN PIE.

Boil the chicken in water sufficient to make a good dressing, till the meat will easily slip from the bones—the lard to be all removed. Mix the meat with little flour, season with salt, butter and a little pepper. Make a crust in the usual manner, line dishes two or three inches in depth with crust, put in the meat with plenty of gravy, paste over the top and bake an hour. This is a great improvement upon putting in the bones, as it does away with a choice in the parts.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

Two quarts sweet milk, one cup Indian meal, half cup each molasses and sugar, salt, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger. Beat all the ingredients, excepting the milk, well together, pour the milk on them, boiling hot, and stir thoroughly together. Pour the mixture into a buttered earthen pudding pot, and bake moderately three hours, stirring frequently the first hour. If allowed to stand an hour in a warm oven after it is done it will improve it. Eat with butter, or milk and sugar.

NEW CURF FOR CONSUMPTION.

A correspondent of an English medical journal furnishes the following recipe as a whole cure for consumption: "Put a dozen white lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll an apron over until the juice is all extracted, sweeten enough to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the number, and use five or six a day until better, then begin to use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need not use so many. Follow these directions and we know you will never regret it if there is any help for you."

CHILDREN'S HAIR.

The hair of children should never be plaited, braided, twisted, nor knotted. Nothing should ever be put on it except simply pure water, and even this not until the scalp is cleaned. The hair should be kept short, and should be always combed leisurely and for some considerable time, at least every morning, and neither brush nor comb ought to be allowed to pass against the direction of the hair growth. And if at times any falling off is observed, and it is desirable to arrest it sooner than more cleanliness and improved health would do it, one of the most accessible washes is boiling water poured on tea leaves, which have already been used and allowed to stand twelve hours, then put in a bottle. It should be of moderate strength.

HOW TO RAISE TOMATOES.

The French mode of raising tomatoes is as follows: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible they top the stem down to the clusters, which soon push strongly, and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level, and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent their falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep them erect. In addition to this, all laterals whatever are dipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size, and excellence unobtainable by other means.

WHAT DO WE STRAIN OUT OF MILK?

I had the opportunity recently of examining, under the microscope, certain minute brownish particles which were removed from milk by cloth strainers, after it had been strained in the usual way through wire gauze. These brown particles were determined by our village doctor, a man of no mean attainments in his profession, to be of "epithelium epithelium," which must have come from the interior of the udder. The straining-cloth was double, and a good many of these particles were arrested by the second fold. In addition to these epithelial scales, there were multitudes of very minute hairs, so small that they were hardly visible as a downy dust to the naked eye. Now, it is certain that the presence of epithelium in milk is a great incitement to change, and it may be to changes unfavorable to high flavor in the butter. One to whom I spoke about this sees in these impurities important aids to digestion, and thinks he would be actually "lying in the face of a beneficent Providence" to strain them out. This is only another argument in favor of the view that factory butter cannot really compete with that which is produced in the very best private dairies. Straining the milk as it is drawn without question separates many of these particles, as well as of the fine hairs, at the outlet, from the milk, so that their influence for good or ill is of but short duration.—*American Agriculturist*.

The Philadelphia Presbyterian suggests to railroad officials that perhaps the violation of the Sabbath by too many railroads may have helped to dull the consciences of the men from whose hands they have recently suffered so much loss.

The famine prospects in India, instead of brightening, have, during the last few weeks, generally become more gloomy. But in the Bombay district refreshing rains have fallen, and the supplies of rice are increasing, and the price has declined.

* Ever since borne by the bishops of the Roman Church. 1 One day to appear in the edifice dedicated to St. Peter, to act the part of the apostle; the ignorant and unlearned being taught by the modern flamens devoutly to kiss his toe. 2 Still used in the papal processions. 3 The popes were priests appointed to put the victims to death.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PROCESSION. The sun had scarcely risen half-way to the meridian when the head of the sacrificial procession streamed forth from the temple