

Choice Literature.

Jovianian; or the Early Days of Papal Rome.

CHAPTER II.—ROME IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

The two pontiffs had proceeded some way when Cocæus stopped. "What have you done, Galus, with this young nephew of yours?" he asked. "Have you managed by this time to teach him the worship of the gods?"

"As to my success, I can say but little," answered Galus. "A strict watch is, however, kept over him; for I believe that he would escape from me even now, could he obtain the opportunity. I have an affection for him, and hope in time, as he grows older, and gains more intelligence, to make him see the folly of the faith his mother adopted, and to induct him into our mysteries. I have already endeavored to make him understand that he need not believe in the gods more than we do, or in the tricks of the augurs, of whom Cocæus wittily observes, 'It is a wonder they can ever look each other in the face without laughing.'"

"If you care for his welfare you will follow the plan you have adopted, and we may have the lad elected some day as a member of our college," said Cocæus. "We must be very careful of our interests, and I doubt not that if we are wise we shall still retain the management of the sacred affairs of the city, and may even extend our influence over the whole country, whatever changes time may bring about. For my part, I have confidence that our system will endure, and that we shall retain the power we have hitherto enjoyed."

"May the gods favour us," answered Galus; "happily, the people are easily deceived and led, though the patriots may give us some trouble."

"We can manage them by showing that it is to their interest to support us," observed Cocæus; "I have not studied human nature without discovering the follies and absurdities to which the minds of men, no matter their rank, are ready to submit. Think what a vast amount of intellect and skill, aided by the labours of the abject tollers for their daily bread, has been employed in erecting these superb temples and magnificent statues of the gods; and yet we despise both one and the other, except for their external beauty, which we can appreciate even better than they do."

The pontiff, as he spoke, stretched his right hand over the scene of architectural magnificence which, as he and his companion looked westward, was displayed to their eyes, such as no other city in the world could at that time present. They had just passed through the arch of Titus, on the top of the Summa Sacra Via, when the Capitol, with all its glories, suddenly burst on their view. On the summit of the hill was seen the vast and magnificent temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, with those of Juno and Minerva on either side, its roof of gilded tiles vying in splendour with the eastern sun now shining on it, and deriving additional lustre from the background of that deep blue Italian sky against which its outlines were sharply defined. A complete forest of high pillars, perfect examples of the art of the greatest sculptors of Greece, supported the lofty roof. The pediment and acroterium were adorned with statues; scarcely, however, to be distinguished at that distance. Near the temple stood a colossal statue of Jupiter, the majestic features of the face, turned towards them, being clearly discerned. Not far off was another gigantic statue of Apollo; while around the principal temple were clustered others of lesser size, as if to do it homage, the intervals and the space in front being adorned with statues, which appeared at that distance like living men and women. A depression of short extent separated the Capitol from another abrupt elevation, on the summit of which stood the citadel, or acropolis, crowned by the magnificent temple of Juno Moneta, also surrounded by similar temples, the elegant one of Jupiter Tonans, and another, that of Fortune, and the temple of Honor et Virtus. On each side the ground was covered, almost to the verge of the Forum, with thickly-clustered dwellings, but of no great height, so that the view from the sumptuous mansions on the Palatine, of the sacred and triumphal processions which passed that way should not be obstructed. Close to them was the dwelling of the Rex Sacriflentus, while on the left appeared the temples of Vesta and of Castor, behind which ran the Nova Via, directly at the base of the Palatine. Descending a steep declivity, beneath the arch of Fornix Fabianus, on the left, stood the Regia, or house of the Pontifex Maximus, and at the corner of the Forum beyond it rose the superb temples of Antoninus and Faustina, and that of Divus Julius, as the first Cæsar was called when he took rank among the gods. The temple stood on the spot where his body had been consumed at his apotheosis. The Forum, which they had now reached, was surrounded by magnificent buildings, many others crowning the neighbouring hills to a hundred feet in height, giving it an air of extraordinary grandeur. On looking eastward, on the crest of the Arva Capitolina, was seen, lined by a double row of porticoes, one above the other, the Tabularium of Cællius. Below it, to the north, stood the Temple of Concord, and on a lower level, nearer the Forum, rose the temple of Saturn, its pediment surmounted with figures of Tritons blowing horns. In front of it was the Miliarium Aureum, or gilded milestone, set up by Augustus as a standard for distances within the walls. Behind it lay another small temple, that of Ops; and visible from the Forum, on the eastern face of the hill, was the ill-famed Tarpeian Rock, whence criminals condemned to death were wont to be precipitated. At the upper end of the Forum, under the Capitoline Hill, was the Comitium, adorned with fresco paintings, and covered with numerous statues surrounding the tribunals of the Prætor Urbanus. Here also was the sacred fig-tree, the Ficus Ruminalis, under which Romulus and Remus were nursed by the wolf, so the populace believed. On the south-western extremity of the Forum was the Basilica Julia, and not far off the still more magnificent temple of Castor, from its position on a lofty terrace visible on all sides.

Farther on, at no great distance from the arch of Severus, in front of the Curia, was another celebrated temple, the last we shall mention, of bronze, that of Janus Bifrons, the two-faced deity, the index of peace or war. Still many more buildings surrounding the Forum might be mentioned—the Cedes Vestæ, enriched by a grove, near the temple of Castor, and the column of Phœbus, while to the north was the Forum Augusti, with its Curia. A fine road between the Capitoline and Quirinal Hills led into the Campus Martius through the splendid Forum of Trajan. Numerous other temples of equal grandeur were visible, the porticoes, or chief entrances, looking, whenever possible, westward, which side was at the same time faced by the divinity within, so that persons offering prayers or sacrifices at the altar looked towards the east; the eastward position being considered of the greatest importance by the superstitious idolaters of old. The custom, originating among the worshippers of the Sun, who were wont to watch for the appearance of their divinity above the horizon, had been generally imitated by the heathen world, though the source whence it had been derived was forgotten. When it was impracticable to build a temple in the favourite position, it was placed, like that of Jupiter Maximus, in such a manner that the greater portion of the city could be seen from it; and when erected by the side of a street or road, it was always so situated that the passers-by might look in to salute the divinity, to obtain a sprinkling of holy water, and to leave their votive offerings in the eager hands of the watchful flammens.

The two pontiffs, little regarding the magnificent scene which has been described, hurried into the Regia, or house of the Pontifex Maximus—for though the office had long been held solely by the emperors, the building was inhabited by the chief pontiff and several of his principal coadjutors. It stood hard by the house of the vestal virgins, who were especially committed to the care of the pontiffs. They had, indeed, the lives and liberties of the fair damsels under their complete control, and could, should a vestal be found guilty of breaking her vows, punish her with imprisonment, or put her to death by entombing her while still alive. Entering by the ostium, the two pontiffs passed onwards through the several courts known as the atrium and the curia cœdium into the tablinum, where, having thrown themselves on couches surrounding the centre table, ready slaves removed their sandals and head-gear, while others brought water to wash their hands and feet. A third party meantime spread the table for the prandium with various dishes, hot as well as cold, fish, eggs, and refreshing beverages, light wines, and the seductive caldas. The pontiffs took good care, whatever the outside world might say about the matter, to live well on "what the gods provided."

"We have had a fatiguing walk, and require something to restore our exhausted strength, while a hard day's work is before us; but I have never prepared with greater zest to engage in a spectacle such as is about to take place, convinced as I am that it will repay us for all our trouble," remarked Cocæus.

They were soon joined by several other pontiffs, who came to hear the result of their visit to the Curia Hostilia, and to make final arrangements concerning the order of the procession.

CHAPTER III.—THE CATACOMBS.

At the time that the two pontiffs were leaving the Curia Hostilia, a female slave was making her way along the Applan Road, about two miles from her home. She wore over her usual dark dress a coarse leena, which served to conceal a basket filled with provisions which she carried on her arm. Turning off to the left, she followed a slightly beaten track scarcely perceptible to the ordinary eye. After pursuing it for some distance, she again crossed a track of wild and barren ground till she reached a hollow or basin of some extent. Stopping at the edge, she looked carefully around, and then rapidly descending the slope, was completely hidden from the view of any one who might be passing in the distance. Reaching the bottom of the basin, which had the appearance of a huge sand-pit long since disused, she directed her course towards what appeared to be a heap of large stones piled up against the side. Stooping down, however, she discovered a space large enough to admit her, and, by bending her head, she passed through it, when she was once more able to stand erect. Stopping an instant, she produced a lantern from beneath her cloak, and quickly lighting it, she proceeded without hesitation along a passage hewn in the sandstone rock, about ten feet in height and five or six in width. Casting the light before her, as she went on, she carefully noted the passages which branched off on either hand. Into one of these, after proceeding for five or six hundred yards, she entered, after minutely examining a mark on the wall, a sign to her that it was the one she sought. Still on she went, not a sound reaching her ear, till she reached what appeared to be a heap of rubbish piled up before her. Throwing the light of the lantern on one side of it, she discovered an opening similar to the one through which she had entered the subterranean labyrinth. As she advanced, the light of her lamp glancing on the walls revealed numerous inscriptions, on which various inscriptions, with significant symbols, were rudely carved, marking them as the tombs of those who had departed in the faith of Jesus, to sleep in peace till summoned by the last trump to meet their risen Lord. Here the crown and palm-branch marked the resting-places of those who had been faithful unto death, triumphing over sin, the world, and the devil; here the anchor, signifying the surety of the Christian's hope, sure and steadfast; here a ship entering harbour, to signify an entrance into the everlasting kingdom; there a dove, and an olive-branch; the everlasting peace enjoyed by those who slept within. Still more numerous were the simple and short epitaphs, some with merely the words "In Christ;" others, "He sleeps in peace." On some were rude emblems denoting the trade or name of those buried within; on others were figures of men or women, standing with outstretched hands and open palms, the universal posture of prayer.

But the eye of the slave paused not to rest on any of these objects, though she did not fail to notice them as she moved along. Stopping again to trim her lamp, she listened for a moment, but her ear failed to catch the slightest sound. She then proceeded more cautiously than before, till she reached the top of a flight of steps, down which she descended into another passage which extended to a distance far greater than the rays from her lantern could penetrate. Counting her steps, she stopped at a spot where a large slab of stone, on which certain figures were carved, understood only by the initiated, scarcely to be distinguished from the wall of the gallery, and which appeared to be let into it; touching it on one side, it opened, and she proceeded as before. Here and there a faint ray of light came down from above, the aperture through which it had passed serving to ventilate the gallery, the atmosphere of which would otherwise have been insupportable. Advancing some way further, she again stopped and listened, when human voices united in melodious song reached her ear. She now hurried on with more confidence than before. She could distinguish the words, they were those of a hymn such as Christians alone, imbued with the true light of the Gospel, could have uttered.

The countenance of the girl, hitherto grave and anxious, beamed with a calm joy as she drank in the words. Moving forward for some fifty yards or more, she stood in front of a deep recess, considerably higher, and several times wider, than the passage that had conducted her to it. It resembled, indeed, a deep arched way supported by simple columns, but was otherwise totally undecorated. On either side, on rough benches, were seated about twenty persons, who, as shown by their costumes, were of varied ranks, from the patrician in his toga and the high-born lady with fringed dress to the humble fœssor or excavator. They varied also in age, some being far advanced in life, others were grave men and matrons, and among them was a young girl scarcely past her days of childhood. At the further end of the chamber, near a small table, sat a man of venerable aspect, clothed as a patrician, with white beard hanging over his breast. A scroll was in his hand, from which, by the light of a lamp standing on the table, he was reading aloud.

Rolling up the scroll, he rose and addressed the assembly. The slave, advancing slowly, and placing her basket on the ground, took her seat at the outer end of one of the benches. He had already made some remarks, when he continued—"Ye have not so learned Christ. He, our risen Lord, is our one Mediator between God and man. He has assured us that we require no other intercessor, but if we trust in his perfect sacrifice He will take us by the hand and present us, clothed in his pure and spotless robes, to the All-pure and All-holy One. He, the God of love and mercy, requires no penances, no lacerations of the body, no abstinence from lawful pursuits, no works of any sort to fit us for approaching Him. All, all He demands is faith in our risen Lord, His dear Son, whom He gave, and who willingly came, urged by love unspeakable to fallen man, to die, instead of the sinner returning to Him. He requires no human soul departing from the body to pass through purifying fires, such as the foolish heathen believe in, to fit that soul to come to Him; the blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanseth from all sin—that fountain which gushed forth on Calvary is flowing still, as efficacious as ever—that one sacrifice superseded all other sacrifices. No other is acceptable to Jehovah. Oh, the love, the love of Jesus! that love surpassing all human understanding, unequalled by the love of created beings; of the angels in heaven for sinful man; that sympathy exhibited at the grave of Lazarus, that love shown at the time the Lord wept as he thought on the woes coming upon Jerusalem; that love, that sympathy, exists bright and undiminished as ever, and will exist through all eternity, for surely it is part and parcel of the Divine Nature, an attribute of the All-mighty. That ear ever open to the petitions of those who came to Him when He walked on earth, does that become dull or hard of hearing? No, surely no! He is as ready as ever to hear all who come to Him desiring to be cleansed of sin. Does He, who while on earth knew what was in the heart of man, not see now into the inmost recesses of the soul? Can He who has numbered every hair of our heads, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, no longer watch over those who trust to Him? Can He, who went about doing good—our sick, restoring the lunatics to reason, giving sight to the blind, feeding the multitudes; who blessed the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, who mixed freely in all social intercourse with his fellow-men—can He, I ask, take pleasure in seeing men and women exclude themselves from their fellow-beings, emaciate and weaken the body and mind by fastings, vigils, flagellations, such as are practised by idolaters? Oh no! our King demands a willing, joyous, active service from his subjects. He would have them look to Him as their example, strengthening the mind and body, that they may the better go about and do good, as He did to their fellow-men!"

"I speak of these things, beloved brethren and sisters, because I see evil times coming on the assemblies of Christ's followers. Already many, departing from the true faith as taught by the apostles, believing in foolish fables devised by Satan, to mislead, if possible; the very elect; offering prayers to other mediators, men and women like themselves, to those who, though martyrs, required as much as we all do the cleansing blood of Jesus to purify them from sin; even to Mary of Nazareth, the honoured mother of the Lord, she whom He committed to the care and keeping of the beloved disciple, knowing that she required the support of a fellow-creature. And—oh, miserable folly!—some are even placing value on dead men's bones, as if, when the soul has departed, those remnants of humanity are sought else but the dust from whence they were taken. As senseless are they as the idolaters who fall down before the images of the false gods. I warn you, beloved ones, brethren and sisters in the faith, pray for grace to be guided and directed right, that you may keep free from the erroneous practices, the

idolatry, into which so many, naming the name of Christ, are daily falling. Already the emblems of the truth, the emblems of Satan, are up and doing; and as Christians depart from the simplicity of the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus, so does the great opponent of the Gospel gain an influence over them, and lead them away captive at his will.

"I beseech you, then, be warned; seek for grace to hold fast the faith, ever looking to Jesus, its Author and Finisher, for guidance and support, imitating closely His walk on earth; be armed with the shield of truth, the breastplate of faith, and the helmet of salvation!"

The venerable speaker sat down, and another rose—a person of middle age, and grave and dignified demeanour, apparently, from the tone of authority with which he spoke, an elder of the assembly. His address was also one of warning; he pointed out the danger to which Christians were exposed, now that they were no longer persecuted by the rulers of the earth, from the false teaching of the philosophers, who had embraced some of the tenets of their faith, as well as from others, who not going to the fountain-head—to Moses and the prophets, to the Gospels and Epistles—brought forward notions and ideas of their own. Especially, too, he warned them against the danger to which the assemblies were exposed from the wealth now flowing freely into the hands of those in authority, intended for the widows and orphans, and the support of hospitals for the sick, but which, as he pointed out, had in too many other places been diverted from its proper object, and expended in enabling the bishops to appear with the pomp and show of worldly rulers. "Let us," he concluded, "pray that the Holy Spirit may give us grace that we may continue to worship the Father, through the mediation of our Blessed Lord and Master, according to the example set us by the apostles, and to withstand the numerous heresies which are making inroads among the assemblies of Christians."

Again all rose, and, led by their venerable president, lifted up their voices in prayer. Another hymn was sung, and the president then taking a loaf of bread, wrapped in a cloth, broke it, and poured out some wine from an amphora into a cup. After reading from the Gospel the institution of the Lord's Supper, he distributed the bread and wine to each individual of the assembly, simply saying, "As Christ's body was broken for us on the accursed tree, and His blood was shed for us, so do we eat this broken bread and drink this wine in remembrance that He died for our sins, offering thereby a full and sufficient propitiation, and that He rose again, and ascended into heaven, to take His seat at the right hand of God, ever there to plead His death as the remission of the sins of all who believe in Him."

(To be continued.)

How to be Handsome.

Most people would like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power which any person may have who has a handsome face and attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their looks.

Now all cannot have good features—they are as God made them—but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do: Keep clean—wash freely. All the skin wants is leave to rest freely, and it takes care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly, and sleep enough—not too much. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse. It must have regular work and rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with cleansed teeth. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. All women know that. Washes for the teeth should be very simple. Acid may whiten the teeth, but it takes off the enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a cleanly skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up mind and soul.

When the mind is awake the dull sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems so. Think, and read, not trashy novels, but books and papers that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

Scientific and Useful.

COFFEE FOR TIRED HORSES.
A veterinary surgeon of Prague is said to have discovered that strong coffee has a wonderfully reviving effect upon decrepit and overworked horses. In a very short time it renews their vigor, smooths their skin, and restores their full capacity for work.

CURE FOR CORNS.
A drop of glacial acetic acid, as used by photographers, placed on a corn night and morning for about a week or ten days, will effectually cure it. The foot should be soaked in as much hot water as can be borne, when with the finger nail the corn may be removed in thick scales.

TO ERADICATE DANDRUFF.
Wet the head with lukewarm water, then rub on enough good castile soap to make a stiff foam; rub it well with the ends of the fingers, then wash out in two waters. Do this at least twice a week until a cure is effected. You should never touch the head with a fine comb, and should bear on very lightly with a comb one.

ORANGE CAKE.
Five eggs—saving out the whites of one—two cups of sugar, one half cup of water, grated rind and juice of one orange, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup of flour. Bake in four cakes, and put frosting between the cakes and over the top. For the frosting take white of an egg, one cup of sugar, and one-half the juice and rind of an orange.

FIG PUDDING.
Take a quarter of a pound of figs, pound them in a mortar, and mix in gradually half a pound of bread crumbs, and four ounces of best sweet minced very small; add four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, and mix the whole together with two eggs beaten up, and a good teaspoonful of new milk. When all these ingredients are well mixed, fill a mould and boil for four hours.

GRAPE AS HUMAN FOOD.
Ripe and sound grapes may deservedly claim a high rank among the fruits as one of the luxuries of human food. They contain a considerable amount of hydro-carbonaceous matter, together with potassium salts—a combination which does not tend to irritate, but, on the contrary, to soothe the stomach, and which is consequently used with advantage even in dyspepsia.

RHUBARB FOR PRESERVING.
It is a fact not generally known that the August supply of rhubarb is the best for all preserving purposes, as grown during the heat of summer, it requires less sugar than the spring supply. But should the summer have been a very dry one, the stalks are apt to become rather hollow and stringy; care should therefore be taken to select medium-sized stalks, brittle and full of juice.—*German Town Telegraph.*

TO IMPROVE THE CONTOUR OF THE CHEST.

Loosen the clothing, and standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, the hands behind, and the breast forward. In this position draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible, and retain it by an increased effort for a few seconds; then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for ten or fifteen minutes every day, and in six weeks' time a very perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and its prominence will be evident.

PINK APPLE PUDDING.

Take half a pound of grated pine apple, half a pound of powdered sugar, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, then add by degrees the grated pine apple. Grate a teaspoon of sponge cake, and mix with it a teaspoon of sweet cream; add a little grated nutmeg for flavoring. Add this to the pine apple mixture. Beat six eggs very light; put all the ingredients together and stir the whole very hard. Butter a deep baking dish, put in the mixture, and bake in a rather quick oven.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

Dr. W. O. Monroe, in the *Fancier's Journal* gives the following:—I have experimented with many nests of eggs this year, and find that butter or grease of any kind with me will certainly keep the eggs clear, but incubation will not begin. I have tried a solution composed of glycerine and olive oil with the same result. If you wish to keep eggs fresh for six months take four ounces of the best glycerine and two ounces of the best olive oil, shake well up together and rub on the eggs. I had some eggs at breakfast that were put down last January in a cool cellar, that were treated with a coat of this egg preserver and packed, the large end down, in fine sand or salt, and you could not tell them from freshly laid eggs. Out of twenty-four dozen that we had used this month, that were put down in this way in January and February, only five had ones (and they only had a strong musty smell), not rotten, my wife said) have been found among them.

CULTIVATING NUTMEG MELONS.

Any light, friable soil will answer, although sandy ground is preferable. After plowing two or three times and harrowing thoroughly, prepare the hills eight feet apart each way, by digging to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and eighteen inches in diameter. Now fill one-third with well rotted manure, one-third good sand and one-third rich earth well mixed; plant ten or twelve seeds, scattering them over the hill and insert them one inch deep. When the plants are two inches high, give them a sprinkling of wood ashes to keep off insects. This will tend to drive away insects. When they are six inches high, remove all but three vines, and carefully put around each plant, but at a little distance from it, a small quantity of hen manure or guano worked into the soil. As the vines run, care should be taken in removing weeds not to disturb the vines, as the rootlets issuing from the same supply the principal nourishment to the fruit.

There is a river of ink in Algeria, formed by the union of two streams, one of which flows through a region of ferruginous soil, while the other drains a peat swamp. At their junction the gallic acid of the latter unites with the iron of the former, making a true ink.