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CHAPTER V.

WHILE HIS VICTIMS WIN PALMS, VADER

Stirring events were daily taking place in Rome, and Nemesius, owing to the peculiar nature of his duties, was incessantly occupied. It was rarely now that he was able to go to his villa on the Aventine to spend even a portion of the day; and he was obliged to con-tent his longing heart with sending sweet messages to his little blind Claudia, accompanied with delicious confections; sometimes he lowers, and rare fruits from Sicily, and later a singing-bird brought from foreign parts, to let her know how con stantly she was in his thoughts.

The persecution increased in vic lence; already the Christian churches had been levelled to the ground, or given over to base and idolatrous pur-The vigilance and energy pagan detectives were worthy better cause. Recently they had disevered that a noble Senator (who stood high in the esteem of the Emperor) and his wife were Christians; also a wealthy widow of patrician blood; one of Rome's bravest generals; a rich pre-fect, and a young lad of seventeen years, the son of a Consul; and it was rumored—but whispered under the breath—that certain officers of the Prætorian Guard were suspected; though it was deemed expedient in the latter case to be cautious, and take no action until definite proof could be shown; for it was well known to those in power what the Prætorian Guard were capable of doing if roused, and it mbered what they had done in

Of these fresh victims some were thrown into the lowest dungeons of the Mamertine, to await torture and death; two were cast to the tigers in the Flavian Amphitheatre; and the Consul's son, who was arrested in the act of tearing down an edict of the Empero commanding a more rigorous persecu-tion of the Christians, was bound and sewed up in a raw hide, then tossed to hungry, ferocious dogs, who tore him until the exulting strains he sang of Christ the Lord were silent in death-silent to mortal ears, but more vibras and joyful as he passed the dark portal to the full glory of his eternal reward.

Nemesius was a man whose natural instincts were humane and generous, whose quick impulse was always on the side of the defenceless, who was ever ready, with a fine, magnanimous sort of corn, to forgive the erring. Constan in his affections, he would yet have sacrificed his own child had his stern se of duty demanded it. He simply a noble pagan, ignorant of the ethics of Christian philosophy. Some of those Christians the order for whose arrest he was compelled to write had been his most valued friends, the nobility of whose character he had venerated and set as a model for his own nitation; others were beautiful, highborn ladies, as virtuous as Octavia, as gentle and devoted as Cornelia, he had frequently conversed with, and always admired; but, having embraced the new delusion, and denied the gods, it was beyond his power to help them, and there was nothing left for them but to suffer the penalty they so obstinately

The pang Nemesius felt in being the instrument of their arrest, knowing that they would be tortured with every indignity, and made to suffer in ways that chilled his blood to think of, can be more easily imagined than described ut he tried to steel himself against the pleadings of humanity, and rise above it, by the consideration that as enemies of Rome and the gods, it was just they should perish. This thought quenched all softer emotions, and when he was compelled to attend the Emperor on occasions when the latter desired to glut his cruel soul by witnessing the sufferings of certain Christians against whom he had special hate, the nob soldier's whole being would be so stirred by a passion of mingled fury and pity that he could scarcely control himself of fury at the obstinate and defiant constancy of the Christian victims, and of pity for their fate, when so little would have saved them.

Nemesius was but following the ideas which he had been educated, as Saul of Tarsus had done at an earlier date. who in slaying the followers of the Crucified thought he was doing God service, until that wonderful vision near Damascus, when the thunder, th lightning, and the Voice rent the veil of darkness from his soul; and who later, after a glorious apostolate in this very Rome, was beheaded on yonder hill for the love of Him whom he had

Scenes of bloodshed and cruelty are sickening even in the shambles, but when human beings—even the enemies of their country, who have sought the destruction of its government, its relig ion and laws—are sacrificed with an insatiate and relentless fury, in which othing is spared that can aggravate the merciless horrors of their fate, Nature revolts, and although, from a adpoint, none may gainsay the justice of their punishment, she shrinks, and would, if she might, veil her eyes from the spectacle.

And thus it was, whenever he could do so, that Nemesius avoided these es of horror; for he had in the highest degree the true instincts of a arave soldier, not those of an execution feel her sweet breath upon his cheek, listed to her simple endearments, while she caressed him and related in merry tones all that had happened since h last visit; to feel his heart melting and sunning over with a tenderness that almost made him weep, was his happi-

ness and recompense. Together they out the beautiful gardens. he ever on the alert to remove the smallest stick or stone that lay in her path, lest her tender feet should be bruised, and press back the overhang ing sprays and flowering thorns, to prevent their getting entangled in shining hair, or wounding by the slight-est scratch her delicate flesh.

At table it was the same watchful care that with gentlest touch guided the snow-cooled orange-juice to her ips, selected for her repast the daintiest confections, and the most delicious bits of the birds especially prepared to tempt her appetite. Then would follow empt her appetite. of feeding him, accomher pretence of feeding him, accom-panied with gleeful trills of laughter and gladsome words; for she did not yet comprehend the mysterious darkness that veiled the outer world from her. Sometimes she fell asleep in his arms, and lay all unconscious of the slow, heavy tears that dropped from his slow, heavy tears that dropped eyes upon her golden hair. "Why," his heart would cry out in anguish—"why have the gods, whom I bave worshipped and served from my youth, dealt me so hard a fate as this? Why are they not propitious, when I spare neither costly sacrifice nor prayers that her eyes may be opened?" Then he would wonder what had become of Fabian Cacilius, his kinsman, and the Jew healer, Eleazer ben Asa, from neither of whom he had yet heard. Thus occupied between his public

and his almost stolen visits to his child, Nemesius had but little time to devote to social pleasures, or the usual amusements of his class. His old intimates, even Valerian himself, and certain noble beauties of the palace, began to note his absence, and observed, as the weeks and months began to note passed by, that his presence among them became of more rare occurrence. At first they imagined that the exi gencies of the imperial service engrossed him; then one and another grow unduly curious; then there were whispers in the air, and suggestions professing to furnish a clue to the mystery, which determined some of his good friends to lose no time in finding out what pretty intrigue so absorbed him; "for it will be a good joke," they said among themselves, "to discover that our great captain, the model of patricians, is mortal like ourselves.

Sometimes he was seen in attendance on the Emperor when he went in state to the Circus Maximus to witness the games, the races, or some extraordin-ary spectacle. On one occasion he was rved with the imperial party at the Flavian Amphitheatre, there by the command of the tyrant he served, who esired to glut the savagery of his own brutal nature, and give the sanction of his presence to an exceptionally cruel conflict between Numidian lions—fierce, ravening monsters—that were turned alf-famished into the arena, and the defenceless Christians doomed to be exposed to their fury, whose pagan jailers derided and taunted them, bidding them call upon their God, of Whom they made boasts, to deliver them from the teeth of the savage beasts. But when the Christians, their countenances shining with exalted joy, entered the their countenance arena, chanting a song of deliverance while the savage throng who gaze down upon them expected to see suddenly destroyed, the great, hungry lions cowered, and creeping at a distance from them, lay supinely down. In vain all the furious howlings and shouts of the disappointed people in vain every effort of the keepers to se the lions to such rage that they would spring upon and destroy their victims: they lay like whipped hounds,

s if afraid to move.

None of that immense crowd was furious that day as he who wore the urple—Valerian, Emperor of Rome—one so baffled, so mad with brutual purple assions at the utter failure of a spec acle he anticipated with the keenest brought the torturers and executioners on the scene, and when the first had

latter beheaded them.
"It was nothing wonderful!" the
people said; "it was evident the lions
had been tampered with, drugged maybe, else they would have torn those wretches to pieces in a trice. It was a disappointment to us, but they got their deserts at last."

Aye! their exceeding great reward,

their crowns, their palms, had their blind persecutors but understood the

truth. Nemesius had witnessed the whole terrible spectacle with stern eyes, and while it sickened his heart, and offended the natural humanity of his nature, he condoned the brutal cruelty the thought, "The enemies of the gods and the Empire must suffer!" This was the shibboleth of his benighted mind. For a space he once more disappeared from the public gaze, until some weeks afterwards one of his friends met him at the Temple of Mars, where they both witnessed a marvellous thing. In fact, so many marvellous things were occurring in relation to the Christians, that the Roman people began to whisper traditions of wonderful events that had taken place in former persecutions, and were almost led to fancy "the gods were indifferent to their own honor and supremacy, they bore it all so tamely, would be such easy work for them to destroy this rebellious sect, who were insulting, and defying them, and threatening the Empire with ruin.'

On the day referred to, two of the new sect—" a sturdy, obstinate, and defiant pair," whose testimony for Christ was like the blast of a trumpet were commanded to throw spices into a brazier that stood on a tripod before a marble statue of the god who was honored in the Temple. In loud, clear by a brief cessation of his uncongenial duties, he found time to seek the sweet repose of his villa, and the presence of the p repose of his villa, and the presence of the precious jewel it contained. To hold his sighless darling in his arms, to Christ, Who died for the salvation of the world; in whom dwell all power majesty, and perfection, and Who will bring to naught the gods of stone and brass that ye worship, and will reign over the whole earth."

At a sign from the judge, one of the lictors approached, and struck the

speaker a cruel blow on the mouth with an iron implement of torture that lay within reach; and at the moment (the instantaneously following the words) the statue of the god toppled from its pedestal, and fell with a loud crash to the pavement, shivered to the pavement, shivered to fragments. Some who witnessed miracle embraced the Christian faith on the spot, and openly declared it; while the rest shouted: "Down with the sorcerers! Let them die!" few minutes of fiery pain, of crims agony; a keen, fierce quivering nerves and flesh, and the soldiers Christ triumphed over eased like birds from the nets of the fowler, their glad souls sped swiftly to the beatific vision of Him of Whom they ad given testimony sealed with their

"Insensates!" murmured Nemesius. "Is a false idea worth such suffering, such a waste of courage? I cannot anderstand it. Can it be that they court death for the sake of notoriety? Do they secretly believe that by so dying, with an almost divine courage, they win an apothesis of unimaginable glory? They must have a motive; powerful science of magic unknown to the rest of the world, to enable them to do many things I heard of, and som that I have witnessed. I confess should like to penetrate the mystery.

These thoughts haunted Nemesius:

he drove towards the Aventine that evening, until, leaving the Tiber, guided his horses towards the left, and egan the ascent of the rough roadway leading to his villa. The purer air the shade of rustling trees, the sweet thought of the welcome that awaited him, and the brief, joyous hours that could follow, banished from his mind questions which he could neither comrehend nor solve.

This was his last visit for many days. and poor little Claudia's spirits began to droop. She bore it bravely for a short time, assured that his absence short time, assured that his absence would be of brief duration; but when each sunset brought her fresh disappointment, until the days began to un into weeks, she poured her plaint into faithful Zilla's bosom, who, as of old, did all she could to comfort her.

"It would pain him," said the nurse one day, while they were resting in the entrance of a grotto, the warm Roman sun steeping all the beauty an rance around in soft splendor all the beauty and fragyould pain him, dear child, to think thou wert fretting. Dost thou not know that a great soldier like the noble Nemesius, the Emperor's favorite, can get off whenever he would, especiin troublous times like these But why—why, when I want him?" sobbed. "The Emperor is

she sobbed. wicked man-Hush-sh-sh! My little lady, the

air hath ears and tongue," said Zilla, casting a quick glance around her. "The Emperor shows thy noble father great honor in making him his friend, and wishing to have him near his per son. By and by he will make him Gen eral, and then—"
"And then what?"

"It is nothing, my sweet," answered Zilla. But it was not "nothing," and the woman had only checked herself wisely; for she was going to say: "It is an easy step from that to the imper ial dignity, as the history of Rome car

But I want him! The Empero does not love him half so well as I do. was the fretful answer.

"And now I remember!" continued

Zilla, who prolific in imaginary pretexts on occasions like the prethe great games are going on at th Circus Maximus, the chariot-races, the elephants from India; and the gladiators are to fight. Oh! there are to be grand spectacles, and the Emperor, and all the beauty and fashion and splendor of Rome with him, is to be present.

Dost thou not see that it would not do

distant spaces; then her head drooped on Zilla's shoulder, and she was silent except when a sigh, which was half escaped her half-parted lips.

sob, escaped her half-parted lips.

"But the grand shows must be nearly over by this time, and I am sure that we shall see him soon, perhaps this very evening. I know how he frets at being kept from thee; and know, too, that if made Emperor to-morrow he that if made Emperor to-morrow he would not stay away, could he with honor get off," coaxed Zilla, caressing the beautiful head reposing on her shoulder. "Come now, let us go and shoulder. "Co

"Yes," she answered, rising, "let us go; he can not help it, I know. But he may come this evening."

And her hope was verified; for er the sunset roses faded from the gold-fringed west her heart was made glad

by his presence. Notwithstanding Zilla's prettily woven tissue of possibilities by which she sought to console Claudia's sore sne sought to console Chaudia's sorte heart, Nemesius was, in fact, seen no more frequently in the gay society of Rome than before, nor had Fabian Crecilius yet appeared. A lady of the court, who was a relative of the Emperor, and famed for her beauty, told Nemesius that his kinsman had gone to visit a friend at Ostia, and that his de parture was unexpected to himsel until an hour before leaving. There was no reason to doubt the news, as Fabian was one of her intimates and admirers; but she could give no par ticulars as to the why and wherefore of his leaving Rome—a matter of little in-terest to her, so long as she had at attracted the attention Nemesius by a sabject of mutual inte est ; for the beautiful Laodice had long ago vowed to win the great soldier's love, but until now he had persistently evaded her efforts, without meaning to do so, or seeming conscious of her pre-

ference. She had been one of those most interested in the endeavor to discover why Nemesius so seldom appeared at the festivities held at the imperial palace, and other places frequented by the most distinguished and princely She had qu families in Rome. Fabian, whose quick worldly perceptions read her secret; but he mystified old days. A people must either learn

instead of giving her correct intelligence, threw out hints that kindled her jealousy, and made her quite miserable. She discovered, from an emissary whom she secretly employed, that Nemesius time at his villa on spent all his spare the Aventine. What was the attrac-tion? For whom such devotion? Who was her rival? There was a What was the attrac-Who was her rival? There was a vague whisper of a beautiful Greek lady who lived at the villa, for whom it had been converted into a place of which we write, even as in our own day, this foul bird chose the fairest. ripest fruit to peck at and feast upon.
And so it came to pass that, from various motives—curiosity, envy, and the designs of a silly woman—the untainted reputation of Nesmesius was secretly assailed. Some of those who were in-terested in the affair were inspired by a most ignoble motive, that of discovering something disreputable in a life whose noble purity was a conspicuous

Contrast and reproach to their own.

Laodice had whispered her surmises to a confidential friend, who, in turn, repeated them to others, until the wonder grew, and finally reached the ears of the Emperor, who was not altogether incredulous, but rather amused by it. If true, the facts would bring his favorite nearer his own base level. But no one had been so bold as to question nesius, or so daring as to pry openly into his private affairs. Thus the gossips were left in a state of excited uncertainty, that added piquancy to the mystery which they fancied they had discovered, and were determined to undermine.
One day the Emperor, exulting in the

dea that to him would belong the monor of finally exterminating the despised Christians, was in a gay mood nd disposed to enjoy himself. weary of his usual daily amusements was satiated for the moment with bloody, cruel spectacles, and craved something novel. "What better," he addenly thought, "than to go with select party and surprise with his new divinity? I him from his duties for three days; on the second day we will go; it will equal the best comedy."
Those whom Valerian informed of his

plan, and invited to accompany him, were bound to a secrecy which they were well aware it would not be safe for them to break except one, Fabian ecilius, who had returned from Ostia ust in time to be included as an invited mest in the frolic. Risking everything, he found means to convey in formation to his friend of the honor i tended him, that he might have time to order the preparation of a feast which ould be not only suitable to the occasion, but creditable to his hospitality; for well did Fabian know that there was nothing at the beautiful villa on the Aventine that would make concealment desirable; at the same time, he could not refrain from giving his kinsman a hint of the object of the visit,

e joke was so good. Nemesius, with a sort of grim humor, gave his orders to the steward Symphronius, and everything was set in motion for the reception of the distinguished guests. The costly and tasteful interior decorations of the villa have been already described; add to them flowers, light, and music, and t will be easy to imagine the scene.

When the elegant, ivory-panelled chariots, drawn by horses covered with trappings of silken fringe, their harness plated with gold, came sweeping through the great bronze gates up the chestnut avenue, Nemesius in the rich attire of patrician was on the portico ready to

receive his guests.

"We intend giving thee a pleasant surprise," said Valerian, with a frown, as he returned the salutation of his host, assured by the ceremony of his reception that through some babbler the little comedy he had planned was

been with me," answered Nemesius, who stated the truth.

"We have left the Emperor in Rome: only Valerian is here, for his own private enjoyment," whispered the tyrant, his brow having cleared at the explanation of Nemesius.

It was a brilliant scene, that patri-

cian crowd, standing in groups, or moving through the superb, lofty roams—the men in their rich attire, the high-born ladies brilliant in all the arts of the toilette. The fair Laodice wore a tunic of pale yellow silk, confined at the ture of precious stones, which fell in deep folds to the floor; loops of in deep folds to the floor; loops of spangled gauze gave an airy grace to her costume without detracting from its classic outline, and her beautiful head was crowned with roses fastened to her hair with gold pins; while necklace of pearls and bracelets of gold

adorned her neck and arms.

This was the style of dress which prevailed, but monotony was avoided by a difference in color according to the taste of the wearer; and the effect produced by the blending of rich and delicate tints in endless contrast, combined with the flash of jewels, was extremely briliant. The soft music futes, harps, and flageolets floated sweetly above the hum of conversation and laughter, while a fine spray of perfumed water was by some cunning contrivance diffused in the air.

"Our brave captain has become a Sybarite," said Valerian, with a coarse laugh; then, laying his hand on the statue of an ancestor of Nemesius (who had lived a simple life like Cincinnatus except when called from his pastoral occupations to win safety or glory for Rome), he added: "Does it ever strike Nemesius, what the thoughts of thee, Nemesius, what the thoughts of his shade would be in scenes like this '

"I have not thought of him, except to be careful not to stain his great memory by act of mine," answered Nemesius, with a grave smile. "His Nemesius, with a grave smile. "His austere mind, now I come to think of it, would doubtless regard our present

mode of living as degeneracy."

"I am thankful that the customs of the times are less severe than in those

refinement or remain barbarous," replied Valerian, forgetful for the instant of the barbarous persecution of the unoffending Christians then in progress under cruel edicts. "I quite eavy thee this delicious retreat, Nemeit can not be that thou inhabitest it alone: there must be one to brighten thy solitude-at least rumor so informs us,—a divinity which commands the homage of thy heart," added the Emperor, a wicked leer in his eyes, and

The beautiful Laodice and two of her onfidential friends had hovered near Nemesius ever since their arrival— Fabian Cæcilius, with his deferential air and mocking smile, in close attendance on them. Until this moment they had heard no allusion to the object of their curiosity, and now listened with

strained ears for the response.
"Yes," replied Nemesius, with that
grave, sweet smile that imparted such indescribable charm to his stern features; "report for once speaks truly: one shares my solitude, who iolds my heart and commands its devotion-one to whom I am bound by the strongest and most tender ties

The face of Laodice grew white under the cosmetics by which she had sought to make it more beautiful, until aspect was ghastly; her fine eyes flashed, and her pink, almond-shaped finger-nails pierced the soft palm of the hand half hidden by the folds of her What stronger confirmation was robe. needed of the truth of her suspicions than his own very word, so shamelessly uttered? So intently was her attention directed to the Emperor and Nemesius, to catch the least word that night follow, that she did not observe the cynical smile on Fabian's countenance, or the sparkle of mirth usually fathomless eyes, as he stood watching her. By a strong effort, however, she mastered her passionate emotion, and her countenance resumed

what we have taken so long to tell occupied scarcely two seconds: for Valerian is saying in reply: "The charm of our visit will be incomplete without a glimpse of this divinity. Eros! thou hast moved my curiosity beyond bounds to see one who holds our brave Stoic in such thrall.'

Then other voices plead; the gay company, attracted by the animated circle around the Emperor and their host, joined the group, expressing in courtly phrases their desire to offer their homage to the peerless being at whose feet the brave and distinguished soldier had laid his heart and laurels. Fabian exchanged one quick glance with his friend. Wouldst thou see her now, or after

the banquet ?" asked Nemesius.
"At once. We want no distracting element at the feast," answered Vale-rian, with a coarse laugh.
"I will bring her," said Nemesius,

owing with stately grace as he turned The gay throng made way for away. im, and watched his noble figure until he disappeared behind a silken curtain that draped an entrance to the private family apartments of the villa.

Some of the noble matrons present

began to look severe; Laodice, in-wardly raging, wore a slight frown that enchanted her imperious beauty, while she and her two friends interchanged satirical and sneering remarks in rela tion to the paragon they were so soon to behold. Some faces were eager with curiosity, others were smiling and cornful . there were those who giggled whose hands were ready to draw aside garments when she passed; while the young patricians exchanged significant or looked supremely indiffer-

The guests had not long to wait. The rich drapery was again thrown back, and Nemesius reappeared, fol-lowed by a woman who led by the hand a lovely child of some seven summers. The woman wore a dark robe; her orought the torturers and executioners on the scene, and when the first had done their work of tearing and rending the quivering flesh of the victims, the latter beheaded them.

Sent?"

''A most agreeable one, imperial severely classic face was like Parian surprise: some old friends from Hellas, want him!" she said, fixing her large, whom I have not met for years, have distant spaces; then here here distant spaces; then here distant spaces; then here here distant spaces are distant spaces. number of eyes that scanned her with questioning glances, she advanced with the mien of a captive queen, leading the child, who, in her white diaphanous tunic sprinkled with woven dots of silver, her girdle of pearls, and her long-flowing golden curls garlanded with violets, was a vision of perfect oveliness and purity. Lifting her in nis arms, Nemesius presented her to the Emperor.

"This is she whom thou has asked to see, my little motherless daughter Claudia. She has been blind from her he added, in a whisper; then aloud, turning towards his expectant The lady of my love, to whom my life is vowed. There was no reproach in his tone

and his countenance wore a smile of in-describable tenderness, which none who looked upon it had ever seen there For a brief moment the coarse nature

of Valerian shrunk before such angelic innocence; a singular vibration in corrupt heart asserted an original but almost extinguished instinct of human feeling, and he spoke gently—as gently as his rough voice permitted—to the beautiful child, whose large brown eyes were gazing blankly abroad; then lift. ing her dimpled hand to his lips, he kissed it, exclaiming as he released it: " A mate for Cupid, by Fidius!

Between them they'll make mankind mad some day. We expected somemad some day. We expected some-thing different from this, my brave Nemesius; we are defrauded of our comedy; but, by the mother of the gods! a divinity like this makes it ex-Strange to say, Valerian was secretly

pleased to discover that his estimate of his favorite's character was not at fault, and that let the world wag as it might, his Nemesius was Nemesius still. The eyes of Laodice sparkled with

The eyes of Laodice sparkled with joy and renewed hope; for she imagined that through his affection for his child she would find the most salient point of attack to vanquish and bring him to her feet. All present were more or less touched by the scene they had just witnessed, which so strongly appealed

to their warm, emotional natures; every one felt a sentiment of pity for the blind child, and wished to offer little caresses and kind, endearing words. Foremost among them, Laodice approached, and endeavored by s wiles to beguile her from her father's arms to her own; but clinging to his neck, she refused the proffered blandish. ments. The strange voices, the strange hands that touched her ever so softly, the outflow of strange magnetisms to which har delicate ly sensitive, agitated her; quivered, her heart beat quickly and loud. Nemesius felt her trembling like an aspen leaf : and, fearing the would be quite overcome should her stay be prolonged, after a whispered word of explanation to the Er gave her into the care of Zilla.

The faithful nurse bore the little

Claudia away out of the he fumed atmosphere; out of the villa down through the gardens, wh fountains sparkled splendors of departing day-on and until the cascade was reached. resting together on their mossy couch, both remained until the fluting of the nightingales and the silvery sounds of the dancing water brought peace to child's heart, and tranquility to perturbed nerves; then she asked thousand questions as to the occasion in which she had been so unexpectedly and involuntarily a participant, all which Zilla answered with her usual tact, and, no doubt, some stretches of the imagination, required by the exigencies of the case.

Meanwhile the banquet was served to the immense relief of Valerian, who began to feel bored as well as hungry; he occupied the place of honor. couches, according to their rank. A perfumed mappa was handed to eac guest, who spread it over his breas and after the removal of the last courses, the snow-cooled wines brought on-red wine, white black wine, and wine like liquid, trans parent gold, and old Falernian for those whose taste fancied them, mulsum, a mixture of new wine and honey, and calda, a drink made of wine, hot water, and spices.

Symphronius, presiding over all the arrangements of the feast, was in his glory; his master's wines were his boast and the pride of his life, and years had passed since such an oppor tunity as this had presented itself to have them tasted, praised, and While the gold and crystal goblets were being arranged in due order tables, slaves entered, who touched the hair of each guest with nard, which left a delicious perfume; these were followed by others, who bore chaplets of coses, myrtle, ivy, parsley, and violet with which they crowned those present Then libations were poured, and the

wine was passed. At this stage the ladies left the table to partake of fruits and confections al fresco, their enjoyment heightened by the music of lutes and flageolets by un seen performers, and where, unrestal by ceremony and the presence of the men, they gave rein to their mirth and their tongues, scandal, ridicule, and gossip ruling the hour.

Symphronius was radiant with exultation : for had he not heard the wines praised without stint even by the Emperor ? had he not seen the as only epicures drink? tasted with de light to the last delicious drop, and in moderation, to prolong the pleasure and preserve the sensitive integrity of the palate? These pure wines exhilarated the spirits, and called fort sparkles of wit, jest, and merriment but to have indulged one's self drunkenness at a Roman banquet like only an insult to the sacred rite ospitality, but to one's entertainersproving that in some of their social customs these refined pagans might be profitably imitated.

The moon had ri-en, full orbed and

unclouded, by the time the guests of Nemesius departed a single moment Fabian Cacilius and himself found an opportunity to ex-change a word, the chariot of the Emperor having just driven off.

"What has become of the Jew, Ben Asa?" whispered Nemesius.
"The infernal gods only know! I believe the earth has opened and swallowed him. He has not been in Rome or many months, or I should have seen quickly replied Fabian, v his breath, as he hastened to assist the stately Loadice into her chariot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Simplicity Sweetens Life.

The truly simple soul, upborne by faith, receives its friends and its foes with an equal sweetness; for it is the way of our Lord to treat everyone as divine instrument. We have need of nobody, and we have need of everyody; we must meet all with gentlenes humility, acting with simplicity towards the open-hearted, and with kindness towards the rough and rude. So St. Paul taught; and so, but far better, Jesus Christ has set us the example.

It is necessary to accustom yourself to the different judgments that people will bring to bear upon your actions; each one sees them from his own point of view, with his own ideas and feelings. -Lacordaire.

Speakers Sore Throat. Public speakers and sires know how uscleas and siekening are cough mixtures, spraya, lozenges, &c., for i ritiable or sore throat, and state that the most satisfactory remedy is Cattarrhozone, the advantage of which is that it acts quickly and is convenient to use in public places. Catarrhozone relieves congestion, allays inflammation, and is a protection to the membrane. As a safe guard against colds and Catarrh is has no equal Rev. Mr. McKay, Goderich, says "Catarrhozone is an excellent remedy for throat irritation." Physicians, ministers and singers recommend Catarrhozone, druggist sell it for \$1.50 cm and \$1.

JULY 11, 19 THE LESS STORY OF TWO ART GLASS

It was at the bac the high altar—beautiful in design The church itself v d an unfinished, and was poor; th the face, in spite ness and the deco It stood in a crowd s quarter of old early Mass, few threshold; though good old woman beads, or so into a pew for a home from school.

day two young m One genuflected, "That is the genuflection.
"Oh! Can't at it ?" "Certainly. (They stood a sanctuary, just Beyond this d God's west was h dor of the sunset the window.
"What do y Catholic boy w

" Good — no man stain, isn't I think so. " Raphael's with the adjunc d frame," It then abruptly old Hell Ochre attempted a ba Tom was grin " Don't spea

You just wait t Wait till joined Tom, ra "Yes, I. W why, no r Only I didn't would suit you are a Catholic "Oh, yes, I'm a Catholic and soft and call it; and I my days. T there was a

just answer religious art dead and gon " Did I sa painter? I o be a mode religious art " I'm glad dure the soft all rot, a As the t rose-flooded

Angelo—your than life—he

"I know,

Hello, s ney, you've Neuss. almost trans " It is in How soon s painting pi

Rodney

clever face at Tom Ne chools." She evider very young lingering You w our being

Tom shi against needn't t You must say could ma of you t and some at the to in; he them, jus got an a time to 1 on it tw

but the about it Paris, tin a b country a cotta coughir in the he trie cessful picture studies in the and the The fig return

mitted he had