

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPEA GATE

PART THIRD—THE VESTAL

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"Glory be to God!" said Gargus, making the sign of the cross. "Glory be to His martyr. But," he resumed, "how could you learn these particulars which are not yet known in Rome? How could you see this courier who has been secretly sent to the emperor?"

"This, my dear Gargus, is what I cannot tell you, and you will not know. Let it suffice that you may be sure I do not deceive you in this circumstance any more than I do in the case of the Vestal's case. But," added this mysterious man, "we have now reached the important point of this conversation. Let us recapitulate: Domitian has already put to death on account of Christianity, Flavius Clemens and Domitian, and besides many who were not his kindred. What members of the imperial family remain that have been spared by his cruelty?"

"And as Gargus made no reply,—"There remains," proceeded the stranger, "the divine Aurelia, the two young Caesars, Vespasian and Domitian, and finally Flavia Domitilla, the widow of Flavius Clemens, banished, after the latter's death, to the island of Pandataria. Now, all these are Christians, and may be threatened at any time."

"Aurelia," remarked Gargus, "has already appeared before the city prefect, who charged her to give up Christianity. From Aurelia, in the face of the Roman people, by taking care of the poor, assisting the confessors of the faith, and helping to bury the martyrs. . . I believe Domitian will never dare to attempt anything against her or the island of Pandataria. . . I believe the reverse, my dear Gargus, and my mission is to give you warning; you have credit and influence with these illustrious persons. . . You can affirm most positively to them, that Domitian has resolved to punish their boldness, and no consideration of family ties will stop him. . . Yourself, my dear Gargus, are threatened with an early prosecution. . . and at this very time I would not give four sesterterti for your life."

"So much the better," remarked Gargus with a calmness that won his companion's admiration. "I have told you that I aspire only to the glory of my brethren who have died for the name of Christ. . . I believe Aurelia and the young Caesars entertain the same sentiment. The news you have brought will fill three hearts with joy!"

"Then, my dear Gargus, those who despise life so much, must also despise the empire?"

"Oh! the empire," replied the ex-designator, with supreme contempt, "the empire! this great hope has been given up long ago!"

"It is then useless for me to say that this hope might be renewed. . . I know what I am saying, Gargus," continued in a solemn tone the stranger, who had paused to observe the effect produced by his words on the companion whose secret he had just revealed. "Yes, it may be in my power to return to the divine Aurelia and the two young Caesars what they have lost."

"Can it be a crime you have come to propose to me?" asked Gargus, getting up with great indignation. "For the emperor is still young enough to reign many years; and unless he should be overthrown. . ."

"Gargus!" Gargus exclaimed the unknown, who felt a guilty confusion at the indignant apostrophe of the Christian, faithful even to the tyrant who threatened his life; "do not give more meaning to my words than they should have. . . Sit down. . . and listen to what I propose to say. . . I would never have my propositions have nothing in them that is not perfectly legitimate."

death. . . This is why we look with pity on life and all its joys, even to the highest!"

"But tell me, my dear Gargus, how did you conceive this hope of which you speak? . . . What made you become a Christian, you the wealthy designator of the supreme chief of Venus Libitina's agents?"

"It was a miracle," replied Gargus, "a miracle which passed my understanding. . . You said just now that it was I who saved the Grand Vestal! No! it was the God of the Christians!"

"A miracle, Gargus. . . What you are a Christian because you have seen what you call a miracle? . . . But there is a man in Rome who has been performing miracles long since."

"You mean Apollonius of Thyana, do you not?"

"The same! . . . In Nero's time did he not recall to life a young girl they were carrying to the grave? And quite recently, in presence of Domitian, who was questioning him, did he not see that suddenly from the crowd of Pandataria, a man, whom he saw him at the very hour he should have still been in Rome?"

"Well," inquired Gargus, "if Apollonius of Thyana has performed those miracles, what do you think of Domitian's belief in him, although he styles himself a god? . . . Why is he mocked and laughed at publicly in Rome?"

"What is the nature of those prodigies that you Christians are so much noised about, that they should be held in greater faith?"

"But," replied Gargus, "you have seen one and you may judge for yourself."

"What do you mean?" asked the unknown.

"What!" said Gargus, "don't you remember what took place last year at the Latin Gate, and that venerable old man whom Domitian caused to be cast alive into the boiling oil? Did you not see that amidst the cries of the crowd, in the midst of this fearful ordeal, and come out unhurt? Is that miracle not great enough which was witnessed by the whole Roman people? What do you think of it?"

Gargus alluded to the glorious triumph of St. John the Evangelist, which the Catholic Church celebrates on the 6th of May. But, aside of the great number of conversions brought about by this prodigy, the emperor and the philosophers ascribed it to the power of incantations. This explains the disdainful reply made by the unknown to Gargus' question: "Magic! my friend. . . pure witchcraft!"

"Well," said Gargus, "your Apollonius of Thyana who is said to be a great magician, may try it. . . and if he succeeds. . . But," he added, "this is enough; it is time I should return to my brethren. . . the more so since I must impart to them the grave news you have told me. Anyhow, don't expect that the young Caesars, Vespasian and Domitian will change their resolution, even if you had really the power to realize your promises. . . If God wills it, the empire. . . but the empire with Christ's religion. . . or death, rather than the renunciation of faith!"

And Gargus, bowing to his companion, hastened away. The unknown remained alone, absorbed in his perplexing thoughts.

"What shall we do," he soliloquized, rising from his seat, "if these two men fail me? . . . Who can we select? . . . No one wishes to brave the danger! Nerva, it is true, is ready, but he is but an old man! Shall I go to that meeting of which I received mysterious notice to-day?"

Having made up his mind he hurried from the tavern. The night was dark, and the unknown observed carefully the door of each house, as he went on, as if he were looking for some signal. He stopped at last, muttering: "It is here!" and having examined once more to make sure it was the right place, he said a little louder:

"Brutus and Senate!"

The door was promptly and noiselessly opened.

"I am expected, am I not?" said the stranger as he glided in.

"Yes, my lord," replied a voice. And the door closed.

The new-comer crossed rapidly an atrium still darker than the street, and having opened another door at the furthest end of this habitation, found himself suddenly in a dimly lighted room, where a few men were assembled, who he explained:

"Ah! here is Parthenius at last!"

"Parthenius, the news is serious. . . we must decide how to act. . . Here I see these tablets. . . have taken last night from under Domitian's pillow. . . The speaker was a deformed and hideous creature who had sprung forward to welcome Parthenius. . . In other words, it was Hirustus, the emperor's dwarf, and most implacable enemy."

"My lord," said Parthenius, "I also have interesting news to communicate. . . You are right; these tablets must put an end to all hesitancy. Let us deliberate!"

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE CLOUDS GATHERING.

Aurelia, since her eyes had opened to divine truth, had been an example of what faith and grace can do when they take possession of a heart. She was not long understanding that she must renounce the empire, as her new belief would prove an insuperable barrier; and she accepted with joy this sacrifice which formerly would have seemed to her an impossibility.

Nevertheless, she had preserved her love for Vespasian, but she had sanctified this legitimate affection by showing herself ready to sacrifice it to God, if His glory required this last proof of devotion. Now, she felt that for her faith, she could not only silence the voice of her heart, but have even the strength of encouraging her cousin in his resolutions. She understood now that religion must be placed above all things human, even to the most precious and the dearest, and she frequently conversed on this subject with Cecilia, whom she called sister, and who, conforming to her desires and orders, gave her the same sweet name.

After Flavia Domitilla's departure, she had succeeded that sainted matron in the accomplishment of all the pious works of which the latter had given the first example in Rome. Like her, Aurelia could now be seen daily assisting the sick, sheltering abandoned infirm slaves, and relieving all the miseries and sorrows of poverty. She wanted to give up her immense wealth and to place it in the hands of the pontiff Clemens; but the latter had refused and had compelled her to remain its dispenser, enjoying her even

to devote a sufficient portion of her income to maintain her high rank in a becoming manner.

These distinctions, so highly prized of old, and now despised by the divine Aurelia, were a great burden to her, and she endeavored to compensate by voluntary privations and humble desires in her private life, for the enjoyment and secret vanity of the pompous exigencies to which she must submit in public. Thus, she taught herself, her numerous slaves, and her numerous dependents, to be content with the simple and plain food which she ate in her sickness, and provided with solicitude for all their wants. They were frequently the anxieties of her charitable intentions, in which she was aided, however, by the secret and frequent aid of ever, principally by Cecilia and Gargus, when the persecution broke out suddenly, when Domitian determined to wage against the Jews so long designated to his vengeance.

The first persecution was due to the necessity which Nero found himself of justifying the burning of Rome by accusing the Christians of that fearful catastrophe. But it is difficult to set forth with anything like precision, the causes of the second persecution of Domitian, after his many crimes, covered with the blood of the most illustrious citizens, could not but feel that he had become odious to the people, and that the desire for his overthrow was not confined to the ill-fated Lucius Antonius and his unknown confederates. The slaughter of all whom he believed implicated had not thrown any light upon the conspiracy. He lived in continual dread and anxiety, and took the most extreme measures to prevent the execution of the fate predicted by the Chaldean philosophers, and of the approach of which he had a presentiment.

Fearful omens were continually adding to his anxiety. He felt that he was surrounded by invisible and active enemies, even in the imperial household. He related in his acts of cruelty, hoping to pacify his public mind, but it had no effect, and the warnings of his approaching fall continued more frequent and explicit. He then gave full way to his cruel instincts, and woe to whoever excited his suspicions! The narrative of his cruel deeds would appall the reader, and would be foreign to the plot of our story.

At last, shut up in his palace, like a wild beast in his lair, and roaring with powerless fury, he remembered the prophecy that the Jews would become masters of all things, and he persuaded himself that the danger lay within his own kindred. He resolved, therefore, notwithstanding his former fear of the powerful God of the Christians, to proceed against his relations, in whom he centered all his apprehensions; for, if the danger lay within his kindred, he would strike at the root of the world to the people coming from Judea, that is, to the disciples of Christ, were not Flavius Clemens and his sons—Christians all—the secret choice of the people of Rome!

In his own opinion, the only cause of the second persecution. Its character was more political than religious. With the exception of the martyrdom of St. John and a few other Christians, such as the holy priest, Nicomachus, whom the emperor's rage beat to death with clubs, it is not shown that this persecution reached any large number of the faithful. It fell almost exclusively upon the members of the imperial family, and upon the murderer of Flavius Clemens, and the emperor's orders he had issued against the Christians.

Flavius Clemens was put to death, and his wife Flavia Domitilla, was banished, but Domitian attempted nothing against the young Caesars and Aurelia, notwithstanding the danger lay within his own kindred. This leniency of the tyrant cannot be explained; it may have been owing to the strange omens which followed the death of Flavius Clemens, and which are related by Suetonius. It seemed according to this historian, that not only mankind, but the gods had united to avenge the death of the martyr, and make Domitian tremble for his own fate. But a tyrant like Domitian could not resign himself to lose his power and his life, without trying to exercise his vengeance to the very last hour. After the persecution of the Christians, the emperor's suspicions turned, with regard to the names of other parties, many of whom, in fact, were conspiring against him. Dion Cassius relates that the boy of whom he had made his plaything, and who was no other than Hirustus, found out the names of the principal officers of his household, whom he intended to have put to death.

The name of the Empress Domitia Longina headed the list of victims.

It became urgent to act, and for this purpose the nocturnal meeting was held, in which we have left Parthenius. But if all agreed upon the necessity of action, the leaders of the conspiracy had not yet been able to agree upon the choice of the successor who should be proclaimed in Domitian's place. Parthenius belonged to the party which favored the election of the two young Caesars provided they renounced Christianity, and he had accepted the mission of sounding them. Hence, long and stormy discussions, whose intimacy with the young Caesars he was aware.

Great was the disappointment of his party when Parthenius communicated the result of his interview with Gargus. A long and stormy discussion, in which the conspirators, knowing all the danger of further delay, finally agreed upon the choice of the Consul Nerva, a man who commanded general respect and confidence by his moderation and justice, and whom no militant objection. He was over seventy years of age, and could not live long—would they run the risk of falling, after his death, under the yoke of a new tyrant?

This matter having been decided upon, the conspirators were instructed to proceed immediately to Taranta, in order to advise Nerva to return secretly to Rome. There remained now but to select the day upon which Domitian should be attacked, and of a common accord they appointed the fourteenth day before the Kalends of October. This was precisely the day fixed by Domitian's presentiments.

At Parthenius, who was the emperor's chamberlain, would introduce Stephanus under the pretext of presenting a petition to Domitian; the others were to rush in if Stephanus failed to kill the tyrant outright, and help to finish him. Hirustus would see that the emperor could have no weapons within his reach.

These preliminaries settled, the conspirators separated after swearing to each other fidelity to the cause they had embraced.

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE DEATH OF A TYRANT.—EPILOGUE.

The day appointed was not distant, and the conspirators prepared their plans with the greatest prudence, taking care to avoid everything that might have raised the least suspicion.

Stephanus showed himself in public every day with his left arm in a sling as though it had met with an accident. But wrapped in a cloak, he carried the dagger with which he was to strike the tyrant.

At last, the fatal day arrived. On the previous day, the emperor's secret fears had increased. At supper, having ordered that a certain dish should be kept for the next day, he added: "Provided I may eat it!" Then he remarked that on the morrow the moon would become bloody in crossing Aquarius, and an event would occur of which the whole world would speak. During the night he sprang from his bed with cries of terror. Near morning, he sent for a German aruspice, and the latter having predicted that some great change was preparing, he had him put to death.

Sometimes after this, he tried to pull out a small wart he had on his forehead. At the sight of the blood which flowed from this slight wound, he cried:

"May it please the gods that this be enough!"

He then asked what time it was, and he told the sixth hour. He became joyful and prepared to give the usual attention to his toilet, for in his presentiments the fifth hour (10 o'clock, a. m.), was the time which he had predicted upon his person. But at this moment Parthenius came in to tell him that a man who had important news to communicate, wished to see him without delay.

Domitian sent everybody away, and returning to his bed-room ordered the man to be brought in. It was Stephanus, with his arm in a sling. He was alone, but he had left his confederates at the door. As he entered the room he bowed profoundly to the emperor, and then denouncing the attempt, he said to the conspirator that there was no time to lose. He approached, and addressing the emperor in a tone of humility, he stated that he had discovered the plot against his life, and had listened to the conspirators. Saying this, he handed Domitian a long list which the latter seized hastily, and commenced to read.

The time had come. Stephanus drew himself up, and with a single glance surveyed rapidly the whole apartment. He saw no one except Hirustus, who was rolling on the floor, playing with a little dog, and exchanged a look of intelligence with him. Then his eyes fell on a man who sat with a vacant anxiety. Did remorse stay his hand, or was he studying where to strike?

The emperor had thrown himself upon a seat, and leaning forward with his eyes fixed on the pages of the voluminous document which his trembling hand turned convulsively. This position of his body was unfavorable for an attack, as it was difficult to reach a vital part, and an ill-directed blow would do little harm. The assassin, for the pretorians in one of the adjoining rooms would rush in at the first cry of the emperor.

Stephanus gave one glance to Hirustus, and the dwarf understood the case, and he moved promptly to lessen the danger. Rolling about the room with his dog, he closed noiselessly the doors that led to the guard room. He then returned to his place behind the emperor, and made a sign to Stephanus, who laid his hand on the dagger held in his left, but he still waited for some movement of Domitian that would give the opportunity to strike.

At last the emperor got to the end of the long list of names, and he was in the act of turning from his seat, when Stephanus, springing forward, dealt him a fearful blow with his dagger. The weapon was buried to the hilt in the tyrant's abdomen, but the wound was not mortal, and with a cry of agony he sprang to the bed. But as he pulled it out, the scabbard, the hilt only remained in his hand; the blade had been broken off. Hirustus laughed aloud, and, pointing to the hidden face at his master, pointed to the closed doors.

The emperor understood that he had been betrayed, and that he was lost! Then commenced a fearful struggle between the wounded man, and the intel- ligent dwarf, each of whom, and rolled upon the floor, Stephanus striking repeated blows; and Domitian trying to wrest the dagger from his adversary's hand and to gouge his eyes, whilst he called in vain to his pretors.

Hirustus laughed to open the door behind which the other conspirators waited, and the struggle was soon ended. Seven daggers buried in Domitian's breast, made him a corpse!

Meanwhile, the pretors were bursting through the door. The assassins fled, with the exception of Stephanus, who, exhausted by the fearful struggle he had sustained, lay panting by the side of his victim. The pretors immediately hastened to Rome in search of a leader who could help them to avenge the master they regretted.

But they could find nothing but indifference for the fate of a tyrant, and they had to submit to Nerva's being proclaimed emperor.

The Senate assembled immediately and placed Nerva in possession of the throne. A decree was promulgated ordering the destruction of all statues and portraits of Domitian in the temples, and those which the people had hitherto bent the knee as before the images of a god. His name was erased from the public monuments and triumphal inscriptions.

The news of the murder spread into the adjacent country, and soon an aged woman was seen to enter Rome, and hasten to the Palatine House, where Flavia Domitilla, the old nurse, who loved with a mother's tenderness him she had held to her breast. There was no one near the gory remains except Hirustus, who, seated upon the dead man's chest, was enjoying his long expected revenge. He fled at the sight of the weeping old nurse.

Phyllis wrapped the body in a shroud, and aided by some hired vespillo, had

carried to her little house on the Latin Way—the gift of Domitian. There, during the night, she burned it on a funeral pile. Later, when time had silenced the hatred with which the memory of the tyrant was surrounded, the faithful woman carried secretly his ashes to the temple erected to the Flavian race.

Such was the end of Domitian, one of the most odious monsters that ever dishonored mankind.

We must now say what became of the other characters which have appeared in this narrative. Aurelia and the two young Caesars lived in peaceful obscurity, their virtues and the veneration in which they were held in Rome, protected them during the fearful persecution of the Christians which happened under the Emperor Trajan. Their friendship for Olinthus, Cecilia and Gargus also preserved these young people from harm. . . Such, at least, is the natural inference we must draw from the silence of history concerning them.

Clemens, the holy pontiff, one of the most illustrious successors of the apostle, was put to death during Trajan's persecution, in the year of our Lord, 100.

Marcus Regulus did not succeed in the realization of his ambitious dreams. He lost favor under Nerva and his successor Trajan, but contented himself with enjoying in peace and retirement his immense fortune. He died of a natural death at a very advanced age.

The reader, no doubt, will wish to know something of Entrapelle's fate.

He was not made a senator.

In this matter we are disappointed at losing the hope which had been the dream of his life?

History remains silent on this point.

It often throws a shadow upon the end of those it had surprised with its light, and the obscurity of their life by the obscurity of their grave.

THE END.

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH.

From a London contemporary we learn that the Catholic young men's societies of Great Britain assembled in annual conference, during the last month, at Chester, and were welcomed by the mayor in the town hall. Delegates to the number of two hundred were present, and among them were some of the most distinguished Catholics, clerical and lay, in the kingdom.

This is one of the most important Catholic societies in England, and the meeting has attracted very general attention. Important papers were read and discussed at the different meetings, on various subjects, but our attention has been particularly attracted by the admirable paper, which was compiled to be absent on account of illness.

His letter was all the more interesting to us because his theme has long been a favorite one with us—loyalty to the Church. "Pray express to the (the society) says the distinguished and zealous orator, 'my interest in their welfare and my firm conviction that nothing will more powerfully contribute to their happiness, temporal and eternal, than a close union among themselves in the faith and practice of the Catholic Church. These are days in which loyalty to the Church should be the keynote of every association of Catholic laymen.'" He goes on to give the reason for the loyalty which he urges upon them. "This loyalty," he says, "is often put to the test by the intellectual pride and license of thought and criticism which characterizes modern society in England."

May not the same be said of modern society in America? Is not one of the most alarming and discouraging tendencies among Catholics in this country just that "intellectual pride and license of thought and criticism" against which his Eminence so earnestly warns the young men whom he is addressing? "This disintegrating atmosphere," he says, "penetrates wherever it is not deliberately excluded. As we do not constantly experience the ill effects of this disintegrating atmosphere? It surrounds us constantly with its seductive, overpowering influence, and unfortunately, too many of our easy-going, half-hearted, compromising Catholics have not the faith, the courage, the backbone to repel the temptation with 'determination and violence.'"

His Eminence then alludes to one of the principal causes of the want of true devotion and loyalty to the Church. "There are," he says, "who permit themselves to read and discuss whatever is printed, if only it falls under their notice and is written in an attractive style. In their presumption and ignorance, without careful intellectual training, and without any necessity, they seem to themselves to deem themselves a match against the most subtle arguments and the false presentation, or half presentation of facts which they have never mastered or even heard of." The consequence is, they are seduced, and if not led away entirely from the good old paths of the Church, their minds are poisoned with doubt and skeptical notions, and they become anything but loyal Catholics.

The fact is, and it is a very sad fact, we, in this country, are being educated by the public secular press, which, if not always openly hostile, is yet anything but friendly to the Church. We do not mean to say that it is always purposely hostile to the Church, or to Catholic principles as such. The secular press is a stranger to the rule, to the supernatural principles which govern the action of the Church. "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul," expresses the underlying principle of the Church's every action, but the secular press, which is governed solely by rationalism, can not understand such a motive. Again, the secular press treats the Church as it would any society of

men; the thought that it was established by Jesus Christ, that it is in the keeping of the Holy Ghost, that it is God's mouthpiece on earth, or that God dispenses to men His graces through it, never enters the mind of the average editor. He writes of the Church as he would of any human institution. The secular press, therefore, must be uncatholic, if not anti-catholic, but many of our people do not appear to know this. It is inevitable, therefore, that such people should be more or less influenced and injured by it. It creates an atmosphere of irreverent levity and of indifference to religion. Unfortunately, many of our laity are not sufficiently instructed in the principles of their religion to be able to meet and resist the arguments which are put forward in favor of the invidious insinuations and plausible reasonings of the often skilful but ignorant and pretentious writers who undertake the very serious and responsible work of instructing the great essential principles which lie at the foundation of Christian faith and public morals. One of the consequences is a more or less widespread lack of interest and devotion to their Church.

What is the remedy? Cardinal Vaughan, among other things says: "The position and character of the Church as a divine institution needs to be continually kept before the mind." That is true, and in order to do this, more pains should be taken to see that our children are properly instructed in their religion; that they are surrounded by a religious atmosphere during their education, and thoroughly grounded in the principles of their religion. For this purpose it would seem to be only natural and proper that they should be sent, as far as possible, to Catholic schools and colleges.

In this matter we are glad to take a reasonable attitude. We do not sympathize with the indiscriminate denunciation of Catholic parents who, having consulted their confessors, or ecclesiastical superiors, for reasons satisfactory to such superiors, send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. Unfortunately, there is too much reason to fear that not all parents who send their sons to such institutions act in this prudent, Christian way. For our part, we confess we can not see how any Catholic can be so ignorant as to claim to be a parent, who, without any pressing necessity, can willingly consent to risk the faith and morals, to say nothing of the salvation, of his son by sending him to a Protestant college. That there is very great risk in this cannot be doubted. The very atmosphere of those institutions, to say the least, uncongenial to the development of Catholic principle and a sturdy, consistent, Catholic character such as we ought to desire for our children. Some of these institutions are thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of skepticism, doubt, indifference and agnosticism. Experience, in too many instances, has proved the disastrous effects of such association upon Catholic young men, and we feel that we can not too earnestly warn our people against this dangerous, seductive and threatening evil.

THE EXAMPLE OF A DEVOTED CATHOLIC WOMAN.

The sketch of Lady Burton which appears in the October number of the Catholic World Magazine is a good example of the singular law of contrasts in their attraction for one another. We are told of spiritual, mental, and moral gifts in her that went to make up the finest type of womanhood:

"She possessed all the qualities that made her ancestors famous. We see in her the roving spirit of adventure of the knights of Arundell; the intellectual and administrative traits, the clear headed decision and worldly wisdom of the founder of the house of Wourdur. We see also the courage, the fighting instincts, and the daring of the old knight of Arundell who in the reign of Henry VII. raised the sieges of Tiroven and Tourney, and of the Valiant who wrested the banner from the infidel Turks."

"In her, also, breathed that devotion and loyalty to the throne which marked the Lord Arundell who died fighting for his king. She herself has left on record, how deeply she was moved, when travelling in Jerusalem, to hear some English sailors singing the national songs."

"She was like her ancestors, Blanche, in her bravery, her proud but generous spirit, in her determination and resources, and in her passionate love for her husband. Above all Isabel Arundell was a true daughter of her race in her devotion to the ancient faith; a loyalty that never left her, that ruled her whole life, and that no amount of learning or worldly knowledge, and her intellectual gifts and cultivation were remarkable) ever weakened. This faith we trace years after her marriage, at a time when she had lived the best part of her life, and had tasted about all it is given to mortals to know of joy and pain."

In view of such feminine excellence as this it is difficult, if not even painful, to explain the attraction of such a nature to a man like Richard Burton. With all due allowance and reverence for the irresistible leadings of human love in finding its own, there is no consolation in regarding in one's mind in associating the exquisite delicacy and purity of her nature with one which could so steep itself in enervating sensuousness of the East as to become almost native to it. Judging even from the portrait of Burton, were some not familiar with the history of one of his literary works, his nature must have been streaked through with a deep vein of sensuality, ill disguised by his fine artistic talents, and rather

emphasized by the masculine arrogance which justifies the delinquencies in its moral standards by its superabundance of mere brute strength.

Besides the explanation of the power of Lady Burton's staunch adherence to the Catholic standard of a woman's devotion to her husband, there is behind her the whole weight of English tradition and English sentiment in respect to the measure of a wife's service to her lord and master. There is a curious suggestion in her prostration to this uncouth, selfish man, "I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be queen of all the world," of the story of Geraint and Enid in the "Idylls of the King," and the pathetic efforts of poor Eold to serve her churlish husband even against his will, and to warn him of danger like a faithful dog, even though he had forbidden her to speak to him: "How should I dare to obey him to his harm? Needs must I speak, and though he kill me for it, I save a life dearer to me than mine?"

A PHILIPPINE FRIAR.

Interesting History of the First Japanese Martyr After Years of Riotous Living He Enters a Convent and is Regarded as the Model of the Community—Credited in Japan.

In view of the exceptional interest with which, just now, the Friars in the Philippines are being regarded, owing mainly to the efforts which are being made to expel them from the Islands and to confiscate their property, the following account, condensed from a lengthy article in the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart, of the life and death of the first Japanese martyr should be of interest. The subject of the article, Philip of Jesus, was one of those, who to-day are receiving so large a share of public attention—Philippine Friar.

Looking over the petitions to the Holy See, placed as an appendix to the decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, we find the assembly of prelates begging Pope Pius IX to insert in the catalogue of the saints the name of the Capuchin monk, Philip of Jesus. There was fittingness in such an action. A native of Mexico, Sulpician, even in the wrongly restricted sense which we have come to use the term, American saint than Rowan, or Lima. But there is a special interest in this religious just at this time particular interest. It was in a convert of those possessions, the Philippines, that he first entered in earnest upon the path of perfection, and his first exercise of zeal, within the limits allowed to one not yet in Holy Orders, was evangelizing and uplifting the natives of these islands.

Felipe las Casas was born near the City of Mexico in the year 1581. Passing into early manhood, he was of a weak, irresolute character. Again and again his mother besought him with tears to change his conduct, and fervent prayer supplicated the mother's tears and treated, and at length won the d Philp, to the joy of his parents, announced his determination to enter the Franciscan Novitiate at Puebla there to expiate by penance his irregularities. But their joy was short lived. It appears that ere he tired of the daily carrying of a cross, made none of the later, austere rule which he had embraced, applying to his soul the flatterer's union that he could gain hereafter. Once more he sought the company of his former companions, his vigilant father, seeing the danger ahead, resolved in sending him to Manila, where he had large commercial interests. He took the precaution of furnishing him with a letter of introduction to the friend, whom he had charged to keep watchful eyes on his son.

But again in his hopes were doomed disappointment. It was the story, ever old and ever new, of a prodigal. He had squandered his fortune, he had weakened his by his excesses, and now, deserted by his friends, his thoughts turned upon himself, and with the resolve: "I will arise and go to my Father's house," he humbly begged admission into a Franciscan convent of the Strict Observance, called the Strict Observance, in Manila. Maria de los Angeles, in Manila, at this time the closest commercial relations existed between the Philippines and Mexico. From a Mexican port that the merchant set sail for these distant islands and it was to Mexico they returned when ill health or the voice of conscience called them to other labor. Some, then, of Philip's pious brethren must have come with the parents of their son's prodigal perfection; how he came to the model of the community, he had to be checked in his profligate activities, his humble obedience, in a word, his possession of all those difficult virtues which into the daily life of a son of Francis of Assisi and St. Alcantara. Some, too, mentioned, without recking that it would inflict on even to the world, that Philip of Jesus, great longing, the end of his prayers, was that he might be permitted to lay down his life for the Hungering for a sign of life, they go, this prodigal, grateful of the commissary general of the New Spain, then sojourning in Manila, to beg that Philip be granted permission to return for a visit to Mexico. Their request, but this grand