AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS,"
"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A SURPRISE-THE VILLA TO BE CLOSED THE VOICE OF THE GODS.

One day a low, broad-wheeled wagon, loaded with cypress-wood boxes of various lengths, and drawn by six bullocks, entered the avenue of the Villa Nemes ius; it was guarded by two Dacian soldiers - gigantic fellows, from the forests of the Danube—who, as they dashed the sweat from their faces with their huge hands, swore vigorously in their native tongue at the hot sun, and the rocky ascent up which they had been obliged to toil. Their rage increased the rasping discordance of their barbarous speech to such a pitch that the echoes were roused, and the frightened birds overhead flew wildly from bough to bough, not knowing what por-tents were in the air. The driver—a Roman peasant — grinned with impunity, being in advance of them, otherwise he would have been in danger of broken bones, or worse. The dense shade cast by the trees refreshed men and beasts, and, as the avenue was nearly level, the angry complaints of the Dacians subsided into low growls, and the driver let his beasts follow their instincts, and advance more

Symphronius the steward was just preparing for his siesta when the sound of wheels grinding the gravel, mingled with loud, angry voices, disturbed the drowsy stillness. He went out, ruffled by the interruption, and the spectacle that greeted his eyes did not tend to sweeten his temper; he was sure that only a stupid mistake could have brought such a cavalcade inside the gates, and, while he stood bottling his gates, and, while he stood approached wrath until the driver approached distance, breathed within speaking distance, breathed vengeance against the porter for giving it admission. Presently the wagon halted abreast of where he stood, and he demanded to know, "in the name of all the Cyclops and Furies, by what right and by whose orders the driver had brought his rubbish, and savages, and beasts, to tear up the gravel, and trample down everything in their

way?"
"I had my orders," replied the driver sullenly, "from one who has the best right to give them, to bring the best right to give them, to bring the best right to give them, to bring the same than any they are these boxes here, and to say they are to be carefully placed under three ilex trees that stand somewhere near a fountain; and I was told that thou

wouldst know the exact spot—that is, if thou art Symphronius, the steward."
"Orders, by Fidius! And whose, may I ask?" he answered, severe sareasm in every tone. "The Furies fly away with thy rubbish, and the evil eye light upon thee and thy cattle, and eye light upon thee and thy cattle, and barbarians! It's not to be believed that I'll allow a place as beautiful as the Elysian fields to be cut up and trampled down for thy say so.

had my orders from the great General Nemesius, just home from the foreign wars," was the reply. "Hast thon been sleeping like a male in the ground, to have heard nothing of the nonors the Senate paid him at the Capitol, and he there by the side of the Emperor, and all Rome looking on?" Symphronius was too astonished to interrupt the speaker, who went on rubbish "-nodding his head toward the cypress-wood boxes on the wagon — " this rubbish, as it pleased wagon — "this rubbish, as it pleased thee to call it, is some of the spoils he to unload them. And, moreover, as I mean to obey his orders.

The breath of Symphronius was nearly gone by the time the man ceased speaking. Nemesius back, and in Rome, and he knowing nothing of it! Was this the way to requite his life-long faithful services? To come home after five years' absence, and leave him to hear of his arrival in this sort! But he would show no surprise; this lout and those savages should not even sus-

end those savages should not even suspect how he had been slighted.
"Good fellow!" said he, "I meant only to test thee. There's no telling what tricks those pestiferous Christians might try to play on an unprotected household, if all's true that one hears of them. My life's a burden to me. My life's a burden to me, having charge of such responsibilities as the noble Nemesius left on my poor shoulders, and I suspect all strangers until they can give a good account of themselves. Certainly I knew that my brave master was back. Did he not bid me come and witness the honors he received? — and well-deserved say I!

And wasn't I the proudest man in Rome And who had a better right, for I carried him in my arms before he could walk, and have been his faithful slave ever since! Come now, let the bullocks and those giants rest in the shade: there's no haste about unloading; and do you repese on the grass while I fetch out some wine and wheaten bread for thy refreshment."

Almost bursting with the news, which, it is needless to say, he now heard for the first time, Symphronius did not deign to notice the inquiring looks that met him on his way to the wine-vaults, some of the servants pressed forward full of curiosity as to the cause of the unwonted commotion without. To tell what he knew was something he must enjoy at his leisure, and in his own pompous way he would impress them with the belief that he alone of all the

with the belief that he alone of all the household had been honored with a special message from his master. The thirty men drained the amphora of wine that Symphronius set before them, and devoured the white bread to the last crumb; their good-humor was restored, and, after giving the bullocks generous draughts of water, they went away, guided by the steward, to the spot designated under the three ilex made her heart-sick.

trees, to complete the task for which

they had come. Under the zealous directions of the steward, instant preparations were made for Nemesius' reception; for it was not doubted that he would come to the villa at the very earliest opportunity, and it might be at an unexpected moment; so it behooved them not to be caught napping. The long-closed and darkened rooms were thrown open to the sunshine and air; the precious mosaics, the treasures of lapis lazuli, priceless Etrurian vases, the marbl Antigone, the ivory Graces, draperies from Persia inwrought with gold, and couches of ebony inlaid with silver in patterns of intricate design, besides many other things rich and rare, were unveiled, and the film of fine gray dust that five years had filtered over obscuring their beauty, was patiently and carefully removed, and the steel mirrors polished until every object in the spacious apartments was reflected on their flawless surface. Fresh flowers was respectively and the steel mirrors are supplied to the space of the steel supplied to the once more garnished every available spot; garlands wreathed the albaster pillars, and the statues were again crowned with the flowers sacred to the deities they represented. A hum of deities they represented. A hum of cheerful voices, rippling sounds of laughter, and subdued snatches of song, were heard on every side from the busy workers, which expressed the full joy hearts, already reveling in an ticipation of festas and banquets with-out end; for how could it be otherwise, since Nemesius, the great captain, their lord and master, would once more in-habit his villa on the Aventine?

And so the pleasure-loving, light-hearted domestic slaves at the villa looked for their master's arrival as to a period which would put an end to the constraint of their lives-all except Zilla, on whose heart their gayety smote with something akin to pain. "Will he come," she asked herself—remembering her last interview with him a lustrum ago—"where every ob-ject, this child most of all, will recall bitter memories of his loss? And, should he come, will he bear to listen to what I have to tell him? Oh, my forsaken lamb! how cruel have the Fates been to thee, leaving only a poor slave to love and cherish thee!" Then a burst of tears relieved her faithful

heart. Notwithstanding her doubts, which she wisely kept to herself, she arrayed she wisely kept to hersell, she arrayed little Claudia every day in daintiest at-tire, and carefully arranged her long, loose ringlets under a narrow, jewelled fillet, so that they fell over her dimpled white shoulders like a mass of spu gold, thinking if he should come at an unexpected moment he would see her at her best, and be struck by her resemblance to her dead mother; for the same hair, the same dimpled chin, the same pretty, graceful way of moving her head, the same winning expression, lived again in the child's appearance, manner, and countenance. She bore her mother's name, no instructions having been given as to what she should be called; in fact, she was, apparently, as if dead to her father, and would have been nameless had not her nurse taken it on herself to call her Claudia Not only this, but when the little

creature began to understand, the good Zilla told her of her brave father, who was in foreign lands fighting for the glory of Rome; she told her how handsome and noble he was, and how tender a nature he had toward those he loved and how distinguished and honored he was by the Emperor and the Senate and how idolized by the army. A and how idolized by the army. All this was imparted, little by little, to the child as her intelligence developed until her heart began to long for him, and in her dreams she heard his voice speaking tender, loving words to her, and felt his arms about her, while she brought from Greece, where he has been fighting for a year. He told me they were statues and the like, and to deliver them carefully; or my life should pay for it; and he sent these should pay for it; and he sent these recent follows two of his own soldiers. I am answerable for their safety with my life—which I'm not anxious to lose And the woman listened, agreeing to they were like the sands of the sea, and And the woman listened, agreeing to all she said, and not sparing her caresses. "He shall find that she loves him, the child he has never seen, and cast off, giving himself no trouble to know whether she be living or dead—a child that, the order themselves might be proud of, and so beautiful that I wonder sometimes if she is mortal. foreign wars, we'll see what he will do. I have told her he's in Rome, and if he

> which was obeyed with low grumblings of discontent and sobs of disappointment most plausible excuses to explain the cause of her disappointment, every word of which the little creature be-

"He'll be here to day, I know," Claudia said every morning when she woke; then in the evening: "He'll woke; then in the evening: "He'll be sure to come to-morrow, won't he?" "Yes, my child, to-morrow," Zilla would answer, with a tender caress, while in her heart she whispered: "it

takes long to find to-morrow!"

By and by the flush of hope and expectation began to fade out of the little maid's face; a new and nameless sensa-tion in her breast, that she could not her fables of her own sunny Souther-land; sometimes they went to the dovecotes to feed the doves, whose cooing and fluttering amused the child, as one and another lit upon her shoulders, her head, or her outstretched hand, fanning her with their soft white wings, as she sprinkled grain for them; then another day to the cascade, anywhere, everywhere, to divert her thoughts from the hope which was so long deferred that it while their fury relaxed in one quarter

A day came, however, when the pre-A day came, however, when the pretexts of the devoted slave availed no longer; for the little Claudia, with an upflash of the proud Roman spirit that was in her, ordered her to take her to Rome. "I will go!" she said, with imperative gesture: "if he can not come to me, I will be taken to him. If the transfer of the pretext of the prediction of the prediction of the pretext of the prediction of the predict

thou wilt not, I'll kill myself!"
"Oh, my little lady!" sai said Zilla, taken by surprise, yet on guard, ' is not there; the Emperor has sent him off with his legions to quell some revolt. The news reached me only to-day, and I feared to give thee pain by telling thee." It was a plain, unvarnished le, but Zilla, pagan that she was, would have given her life to save a single tear to this, the only thing left her on earth to love. It was a dogma of paganism that the end sauctified the

"When he gets back wilt thou take me to him, if the Emperor can't spare him long enough to come here? Oh know the Emperor would let him con if he only knew he had a poor little g here whom he has never seen! Wilt thou promise to take me, Zilla?" she

"Yes my beautiful one! I promise." the nurse replied, as she drew her gently to her breast, smoothing the golden hair, and dropping soft kisses and tears on her head. "If the Emperature of the state of the sta and tears on her head. "If the Emper-or can spare him, I know he will be here; if he can't, I promise to take thee

That was a hit nearer the truth than Zilla knew when she uttered the chance words, "If the Emperor can spare him; have him in constant attendance upon himself, not only in his coarse amuse ments and his debaucheries, which the finer nature of Nemesius despised, but in all his deliberations and secret matters, in which he confided to his favor-ite the intelligence brought by spies of threatened conspiracies and other evils that menaced the imperial power There was no mercy, and but short shrift, for conspirators or suspected traitors in those days; even the com pletest innocence was no safeguard, if it formed an obstacle to the attainment of an object coveted by those in power. What had imperial Rome to fear? Was she not mistress of the world? As for ient to lay them in the dust? And, as far as her sword could reach, she had nothing to dread. foreign foes, was not her power suffic-

But there was a mysterious agency. which had been at work ever since th reign of Tiberius Cæsar, that threatened downfall and destruction of vaunted indivisible power. Even before the Cæsars, the Sybils had foretold it; and the mysterious words of oracles and and the mysterious words of traces and augurs, and certain wonderful signs, had left an undertone of dread in all her pæans of triumph, which neither violence nor time could silence—a dread not of destruction by the sword, a supreme system of sorcery and magic wrought by the Nazarene, Christus of Judea, Who, having claimed to be a God, was ignominiously executed on the Cross by order of the Roman Pro-curator Pontius Pilate; but, having by His own power raised Himself from the with His followers seeking to establish His reign upon earth. It was whispered that the gods would fall Him; and for a sign, did not His followers despise, deride and insult them? They had been, since the first existence of their sect, vile plotters and conspirators against the Roman Empire and its divinities, and neither fire, sword, the wild beasts in the arena torture, nor death under cruel aspects, had availed to extirpate them; for where one was slaughtered, a hundred seemed to spring out of th a nunared seemed to spring out of the earth to take his place. Neither could they be induced at any time, by promises of honors, riches, life, and safety, to cast even a grain of incense into the censers in honor of Under the Casars, under the Republic, under the emperors from Tiberius to him the cascade where the naiads sported, and the grottees where the their blood; hecatombs of the accursed

be proud of, and so beautiful that I wonder sometimes if she is mortal. Now, that he has got back from the foreign wars, we'll see what he will do. I have told her he's in Rome, and if he I have told her he's in Rome, and if he cross for the salvation of the world; makes no sign, may the infernal gods wreak vengeance on his unnatural heart!" were the thoughts that passed through Zilla's mind.

But day after day passed, and heart!" were the thoughts that passed through Zilla's mind.

But day after day passed, and Nemesiase did not appear, and at last a message came from him to Symphronius to close the villa as before, an order the fact there was something deathless in their faith and purpose—that there was something deathless in their faith and purpose—that they won adherents on every side, and they won adherents on every side, and they was the question. Their dangerous doctrines were not confined to slaves or the rabble; and they won adherents on every side, and the first blow fall? was the question. Their dangerous doctrines were not confined to slaves or the rabble; and the first blow fall? was the question. Their dangerous doctrines were not confined to slaves or the rabble; so high, that Christians were not found the first blow fall? was the question. Their dangerous doctrines were not confined to slaves or the rabble; so high, that Christians were not found the first blow fall? was the question. Their dangerous doctrines were not confined to slaves or the rabble; so high, that Christians were not found the first blow fall? was the question. those fierce persecutious, when every cruel invention of torture and death, that the devilish ingenuity of the pagan of discontent and sobs of disappointment from the servants, whose bright dreams were so rudely dispelled. Zilla could not find heart to tell the expectant child the sad news, but made up the most plausible excuses to explain the aid from the spirits of undermine the tremendous system founded by Numa, and disintegrate and bring to nothingness that proud and august Empire established by the Casars, and increasing in power under the emperors, in order to elevate to the I throne that "King of the Whose kingdom, they boasted, imperial Jews," Whose kingdom, they boasted, should extend over the whole earth? And that which was most intolerant and exasperating to the jealous, arrogant Roman mind, was the sense of being almost as much eluded and baffled by those whom they sought to destroy, as if they contended with phantoms.

There was sometimes a surcease of persecution against the Christians, as when by chance a good emperor-too good for his times, and therefore short-lived—was elevated to the purple; or when rival emperors were busy killing one another, each trying to win senate and army to his own side; or when foreign wars pressed closely upon their borders, requiring quick and active measures to rout and destroy the audacious foe; in intervals like these the suffering Church had brief quiet. It can not be said that the persecutions it raged in another; but the tree of mutinous army clamor for excitements

life still flourished in deathless vigor, bearing countless palms for those who bore witness with their blood for

There had been one of those brief intervals of relief in Rome, and it was hoped that the new Emperor, flushed with victory, and but recently elevated to the imperial throne, would not sully his triumphs by renewing the persecu tion of the Christians, among whom were numbers of his most loyal and faithful servants, who — their faith unknown to him — in the council unknown to him — in the council-chamber, the field, and the executive lepartments of his Government, rendered him signal and true service. For a while the triumphs and other splendid pageantries amused the public the gladiatorial contests mind; but were now over, people wearied of chariot-races and sham battles in the Colosseum. The shows, where wild beasts of the desert were pitted against numan wild beasts still more ferocious in the arena, and fought until they ent each other to pieces; the tragedie the plays and other public amusements, no longer excited interest; the people vere longing for something more exhil arating; while the thousands of soldiers just back from the foreign wars, who now lay encamped without the city— hundreds of whom represented the bar-baric peoples that had been subjugated by the Roman eagles—began to nurmur and growl, no longer disposed to tolerate anything that did not stir their bloodthirsty and cruel instincts, to gratify which, for want of something better, they began to kill one another in fierce quarrels and brawls. This was a serious matter, which, once started, there was no telling where or how it might end; for their captains, who knew them and their ways, especially in seasons of inactivity, felt assured that while they might be momentarily awed into subordination by having their ringleaders bow-strung, or other-wise killed, their rage would only smoulder, and at last break out with moulder, and at last break out with nore desperate violence. It was vident that a remedy for this state of flairs was needed; for her army was he one power that Rome deferred o, knowing how quickly, in certain noods, it sometimes made and unmade

A grand review by the Emperor in son was proclaimed; this was fol-ed by a sham battle, which, in some instances, was not altogether sham, the opportunity to draw blood being too ood a one to be lost; after this, a empetition in athletic exercises for izes, and trials of skill with the bow, oot-races by the soldiers, and other rude diversions, amusing to the barbarian host, and, so long as they continued, served as means toward the desired result; besides which the Roman populace, always devoted to pectacular displays, was also kept out of mischief by its eagerness to witness and participate in all that was going on,

as far as it might.

While these rude amusements were in progress, tidings of fresh plots and conspiracies, and of strange portents, were rought secretly to the ears of Valerian the Pontifices—those priests judged all causes relating to their false religion, regulated the feasts and all the other sacred institutions of their ystem. The haruspices, augurs, and nagicians, each came in turn: the one system. to tell of omens discovered while pre paring the sacrifices, the other of dreams and wonderful apparitions, the last with revelations of the future,— all prophesying the downfall of the Empire and its gods, unless renewed and more vigorous measures should be at once taken to exterminate the Christians, who were alone the cause of the threatened disasters and ruin. These were followed by the Pontifex Maximus himself, to whom all other priests were subject, a man of great authority and dignity, who gravely and impressively warned the Emperor that the gods themselves had spoken, and, in terms not to be withstood, called upon The Christians of Rome were being

steadily persecuted all the time, although not so violently or cruelly just then as in the near past. Many of them then as in the hear past. In the dungeons of the Mamertine, where they had been cast on false charges; daily some were driven to labor in the quarries, others to be chained to the oar in the galleys, while still others were secretly tortured to death, and their possessions confis-cated; but this was not enough: more rigorous measures were called for— they must be destroyed. But where should the first blow fall? was the quesin or connected with it; the army swarmed with them: it was not a rare thing to find a legion or a cohort composed entirely of them; and it was admitted that none fought more bravely for Rome than they. They were found in the Temple of Justice, in the Forum lawyers of great note—and the senate itself was contaminated by their presence. No wonder the "heather raged," for they had cause to tremble

And now, to add fuel to the flame news reached Valerian from Asia that: add fuel to the flame. revolt instigated by the Christians had taken place in one of the richest of his recently-acquired provinces, and that an important citadel in another place, just on the frontier, had been betrayed to the enemy by certain of that hated sect who belonged to the garrison, and were at once put to death by order of the Governor, he having issued a decree that no Christian in the province be allowed to escape torture and such death as the enemies of the gods and Rome

deserved. One who lived in troubled times like these wrote: "When the Tiber over-flows its banks, where there's pestilence, war or famine, the cry is heard 'Away to the lions with the Christians!'" (Tertullian) As then so now. The superstitious fears of Valerian, the late news from Asia, and the devil that possessed him, worked him up to the necessary degree of rage to issue a fresh edict of persecution against the Christians. No longer would the hotblooded populace of Rome and the half-

such as their brutal natures craved and hungered for: a feast of blood was in preparation that would satisfy them; and a hearse murmur filled the air, that sounded like the surf beating against a rock-bound coast, and already the townible words. (The Christian words) terrible words, "The Christians to the lions!" could be distinguished mingling with the tumultuous sounds.

It was understood that no mercy was

be shown in this fleree renewal of the persecution, which, according to their proud boast, would only end when Christianity should be exterminated. The time had again come when the Church would find only earthly refuge Church would find only earlier in the catacombs,—when the wheat of God would be ground between the teeth of savage beasts, and His vineyards be soaked with blood.

In the sacred precincts of the very chould the

temples—so it was decreed—should the contumacious wretches expiate their crimes against the gods; there should they honor them, or perish by tortures equal to their guilt. Especially would the Temple of Mars Gradivus, on the Appian Way, be made the theatre of these spectacles of blood. Dedicated to Mars, its roof was supported by a hundred marble columns, and it was surrounded by palm-trees planted years before by order of the senate, in re-cognition that all the victories of the Roman arms were derived from that august deity. It was here the ambassadors of hostile nations were received sadors of hostile nations were received by the Senate in pompous state; here also were held those splendid pageants, when the priests in the glittering vest-ments of their various orders, and the people in holiday attire, bearing branches and garlands, and chanting preaches would celebrate with pagan and peans, would celebrate with pagan and idolatrous rites new conquests and triumphs. And now that Rome meant to exterminate her most dangerous foes, they would offer hecatombs to their god of victories, to propitiate his favor for final success. planned immortal victories—not themselves or their gods, as themselves or their gods, as they thought—but for Christ.

It is not necessary to refer more particularly to this fresh persecution under Valerian, except in so far as it affects those whose touching story here related, and whose acts and words are taken from the reports of judical proceedings,—it being obligatory by the Roman law for the officials of the courts to keep minutes of all that passed before the tribunal; and it is from these reports, the written testimony of the pagans themselves, that the Christians, in more quiet times, either by favor or bribery, copied many of the thrilling accounts of martyrs which have been handed down to us. Nemesius was a man of noble nature,

and of principles so elevated that not even the wide license allowed by the pagan religion and laws tended to rupt them. As the favorite of Vale-rian, he was often obliged to witness, and seemed to condone by his presence much that he loathed as degrading to a true manhood; while the unforgotten sorrow of his life, and the dreadful con-flicts of war in which he had been engaged ever since it befell him, had not only made him introspective and grave, but had closed his heart to all softer impressions. Love and beauty had no power to beguile him, and if sometimes dream or a strange impulse turned his thoughts to his motherless child at the villa on the Aventine, he sought by every means to banish all further memory of it. Life held no charm for him, no incentive except the honor and glory of Rome. He welcomed the new edict of persecution as presenting an opportunity for his zeal, and he was signed an important part in the terrible scenes about to open; his courage, his devotion to the gods, and his loyalty to the imperial person, making him safe to trust in the execution of the most secret and important What were the Christians to him but "a crew of conspirators lurking in the dark," to hatch treason and evil to Rome? He thought there might some excuse in their ignorance plebeians and slaves to be affected by the sorceries of the pestiferous innovators who sought to overthrow the old established order of things, but none for those—and they were many—whose rank, patrician blood, and education should have prevented their insulting the gods by denying their divinity. Both classes deserved death; but the latter, he thought, should be made a warning and example by the infliction of severer tortures, and deaths of more supreme suffering. And yet Nemesius was not a cruel man: he was only a true pagan, and a soldier whose motto The sharper the fight the sooner the victory.

WEAKLY CHILDREN.

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest it properly. the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up. It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, they give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all their minor ailments. It costs only 25c. to prove the truth of these statements — and you will be thankful afterwards. Mrs. Archibald Sweeny, Carleton, N. S., says: "I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am more than pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother." That's the way all mothers, who have used the Tablets, talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Do Not Delay.—Do not let a cold or a cough fastens upon you as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at once when the first symptoms appear. It can be discuised so that any unplessant taste imay have will be imperceptible to the delicate. Try it and be convinced.

AN OPEN CHURCH AND A CON. VERSION.

In the Madison Avenue Methodist. Church, Baltimore, the other day, Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North of New York, read a paper on "The Open Church read a paper on "The in Our American Cities."

At the conclusion of Dr. North's paper Mr. James E. Ingram, president of the Baltimore City Missionary and Church Extension Society, spoke, Mr. Ingram said he was much impressed by Dr. North's paper, and in urging the "open church" he said:
"We ought to have our churches

open at all times. A few summers ago was stopping at a seaside hotel, and there met a lady who was a Roma Catholic, and she was never tired impressing upon me her own peculiar religious views. I asked her how it came about that she had been converted to the Catholic Church, for she had been a Presbyterian. She said that years before her husband lay sick unto death. The physician had given hope, and she desired to go to Great Physician and pray for her husband's restoration. But she could not pray at home. So, leaving her husband's bedside, she started out for a church. But she found the churches closed. Presently she came to a Catholic church, which was open. She en tered and there prayed for hand's recovery. He grew better, and now both are devoted members of the Catholic Church. Doubtless they would have remained in their own church if she had found a Presbyterian church open."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

OUR RELIGION.

In treating of the Mass it was stated that the third part of the Holy Sacrifice began with the Creed. Having, therefore, been dignified with a place in this most solemn of ceremonies, it follows that the prayer is one of great importance. To realize this more fully it is necessary to return to the time of the

It will be recalled that they were commissioned and ordered by our Divine Lord to preach the gospel throughout the nations. Before starting on their mission they saw necessity of providing some expression of the doctrine of their Master. The doctrine He had taught them they were to teach the world. In order, therefore, that all Christians might have one and the same faith, these doc-trines they condensed in a simple form, which is called the Apostles' Creed.

In it we find the fundamental truths which are the objects of our faith, and in it is concisely contained all that we are to believe of God, of man and of the world. It unfolds to us the doctrine one God. It further unfolds to us the belief of one God in three distinct persons, co-equal and co-eternal, yet only one God because possessed of the same nature. Further, it enunciates the be-lief that the Son begot by the Father is equal to the Father from all eternity; that the Son, Who became Man to re-deem the world, possessed a human and a divine nature. Finally that the Holy Ghost, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son, is in all things equal to

Them.
Of man it teaches the belief that he is the creature of God; possessed of a soul; redeemed from sin; will be raised from the dead and receive an eternal reward or punishment as his works de serve. Of the world it teaches the be lief that it is also the work of God; that it is preserved by God, but shall one day have an end. Such are the chief doctrines contained in this abridgment of faith. It is divided into three parts, and these again into what are termed twelve articles. These we shall briefly review in succeeding notices, hoping thereby to brush away the mists which may have gathered. who think such review unnecessary attempt to recount these twelve articles for practical verification. — Church

A SHORT ROAD TO PERFECTION.

It is the saying of holy men that if we wish to be perfect, we have nothing more to do than perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection,—short not because easy, but because pertinent and intelligible. As soon as a person really desires and sets about seeking it himself he is desired. self, he is dissatisfied with anything but what is tangible and clear, and constitutes some sort of direction towards the practice of it.

We must bear in mind what is

meant by perfection. It does not mean any extraordinary service, any thing out of the way or especially heroic—not all have the opportunity of heroic acts, of sufferings,—but it means what the word perfection ordinarily means. By perfect we mean that which has no flaw in it, that which is complete, that which is consistent, that which is sound,—we mean the opposite to imperfect. He, then, is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly, and we need not go beyond

this to seek perfection.

If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first: Do not lie in bed beyond the due time of rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the rosary well; be recollected; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening medita-tion well; examine your conceence

daily.

Saintly Warnings.

The body of Christ has been intrusted to you, says St. Athanasius. You are His temple, and He dwells within you. What do I say? You have become a member of His body; treat Him with respectful love, and do not betray Him as Judas did. as Judas did.

In many passages, St. Chrysostom has displayed his eloquence, when he strongly recommended purity of life after the reception of Holy Communion, and when he represents to his flock the enormous sin committed by those who easily return to their former state of tepidity.-Le Pere Castillo.

the gate, and the I could not fail beauty of the ga and pink roses, fair white crimson. How ful; and she, wi in harmony with she sat in her fa chestnut tree, folded, and t through the fol hair, and calm, s was she in tho hear my steps close that I con of joy that lit u in her f manner tha her.

JUNE 20, ALI

The air was he woodbine and ca

said, "but you "I am, indee came to you a friend, that I you. My mot and in her dis most cherishe hardly a page when we were we were parte ship stood the sence." "Yes," I re diary is full now when my turned to you

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> house who been paci had a me their grain John's glad yet proud. eyes din hear his begging Mother also, tho aid, so t blessed l

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