

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPEA GATE. PART THIRD—THE VESTAL. CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

"Madam," replied Clemens, with a gentle smile, "I am the pastor of a people, little numerous it is true, but which would rise as one man and accompany me to Rome, if I said 'not one word'."

"I do not wish to corrupt any one, and therefore, all the treasures of the earth would be of no use to me. As for your letters, they will suffice to sustain my old age."

"I need only the protection of my God. Return to Rome, my dear friend, and I will be glad to see you."

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tracted. When Gurgus returned, accompanying Clemens to the door, he had accepted the proposal to unite his efforts with those of the old man. Yet it could be seen that, notwithstanding his resolution, he was anxious and troubled.

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morning, with that swiftness peculiar to certain events which strike the multitude with terror. Instantly, the immense city had been shrouded in gloom. The courts were suspended, and the magistrates ceased their functions; the citizens left their occupations and closed the doors of their houses; everywhere, in the place of motion and the joys of life, appeared the image of desolation and death.

"Not that it was deserted, but the immense crowd which filled it was awestruck with the solemnity of the occasion, and the voices soon so loud and noisy, now scarcely rose above a whisper. It was particularly in this usually lively centre of Roman life, that the solemn, gloomy and imposing picture of public consternation was more apparent."

"In the midst of this sinister calmness, might be discerned a secret impulsion, to see the moment arrive when the sufferings of the victims would commence in the various phases of this atonement. In every time and every place, the multitude evinces the same cruel instincts."

"The spectacle which was to gratify the morbid curiosity of the Romans was divided into three distinct parts: the flagellation of the virgin condemned for incest; the execution of her seducer in the centre of the Forum; and the march of the funeral procession which would cross the Via Sacra to the Campus Scleratus."

"Ancient usage, a false feeling of respect for public modesty, prohibited the multitude from assisting at the first tortures of the unfortunate who must only descend to the arena after the execution of her seducer and be buried by the bloody lash of the pontiffs."

"Cornelia had suffered this painful ordeal. After being torn from the arms of Aurelia and Cecilia, she was led to a retired arched way in the Atrium Vestae, despoiled of her costume of priestess, and cruelly whipped by the unfeeling pontiffs. They stopped only when her strength failed and she could bear no more."

"Another undation of the crowd showed that the victim was approaching. A litter hermetically closed, was seen to leave the Comitium; it was carried slowly across the Forum, and stopped at the foot of the galleys. A young man stepped out of the litter, and with a look of the certainty of death; but so handsome, so noble, and disdainful withal, that the people moved with pity and a sympathetic admiration, uttered one of those exclamations which console suffering innocents while they make its oppressors tremble."

"This young man was Metellus Celer, who, brought to Rome by the agents of Marcus Regulus, had learned but a few hours since, that he was sentenced to death. The unfortunate young patrician cast around him a look in which could be read, not the desire to solicit mercy, but a sombre indignation."

"Romans," he cried, upon perceiving the scroll attached to the galleys, "remember that this innocent is a false and a traitor. The Grand Vestal has never transgressed her duty, and I die innocent!"

"But the crowd, but now moved with compassion, remained stolid and silent, wrapped in the cruel execution of a false spectacle which was to follow. Ravinius laid his heavy hand on Metellus Celer, and commenced to strip him of his garments. In a moment the wretched young man was bound to the forked galleys, in such a way as would facilitate his execution. Then Ravinius commenced to strike slowly, for the flagellation must continue until the leticia bearing the Grand Vestal will pass near the Comitium, in order that the priestess may hear her groans shrieks and last groans of her alleged accomplice."

"But Metellus Celer's constancy defied the horrible pain caused by the leaden balls which bruise his flesh at every blow of the whip. The words which escape his lips from time to time, are not words of supplication, but of indignant protest."

"What have I done?" he exclaims in a voice which grows fainter, "what have I done? I have done nothing! They cry 'wretch!' no other cry from him. Pliny-the-Younger, from whom we have borrowed the principle details of the double execution of Metellus Celer and Cornelia, which he has narrated with all the indignation of an honest soul. 'Pliny-the-Younger, Lib. iv., Epist. ii.'"

"While the multitude witnessed, with varied emotions, this slow and cruel agony, a silent cortege left the Atrium Vestae and wended its way through the Forum, by the Via Sacra. The sacred college, formed in two ranks, escorted the emperor wearing the costume of a High Pontiff, and walking behind a funeral litter, carried by eight slaves."

"This litter, taken forcibly from Gurgus, had been secretly closed on every side with cushions fastened by leather thongs, so as not only to conceal the victim from sight, but to smother the sound of her cries of despair. For it was feared that the sight of this beautiful virgin, condemned to the most horrible death, might awaken a dangerous compassion, and that her groans might find an echo in pitying hearts."

"As the gloomy procession advanced, the people gave way, then closed their ranks, and formed their rear, to follow it to the Campus Scleratus, where they would feast their eyes upon the last act of this dreadful drama. At a voice broke the stillness of the atmosphere, which hung upon the great human crowd with the heaviness that indicates the approaching storm."

"Ravinius multiplies his blows. Metellus Celer, who still breathes, although his body is but one bruised, bleeding mass, must expire now, so that the executioner may join the passing cortege, and be ready to perform the important duties assigned to him by the sacred rights and ancient usages. It is he who after the last invocation by the High Pontiff, will lower the Grand Vestal into the abyss, and seal the stone which shall shut her off forever from the world. He roars with impatience; the bloody whip cuts deeper into the flesh to seek a last remnant of vitality."

"The first thing to do is to state the situation. We are here in Santa Rosita, and we propose to stay here. We are in the middle of the rainy season, but in spite of that fact one with eyes can see that the sun is shining, to the delight of the winter tourist and the disgust of the rancher. Frank, I will leave it to you to describe our surroundings."

"Small inland town in Southern California. A store, blacksmith shop, railroad station and 'boom' hotel. Carter family, composed of mother, a daughter and son. Average health and sense. Living in cottage near hotel. Grounds around cottage not extensive; probably two acres under cultivation. Some orange, lemon, fig and nut trees and an alfalfa patch. For live stock, one horse, one cow and a small flock of scrub fowls."

"All true," commented Evelyn. "Now, the problem to be solved by the family aforesaid is to turn what they have into what they want. Please give suggestions, mother, looking toward a bright-faced woman, who sat quietly knitting."

"Well, children, you know I went over to see Mrs. Waite at the hotel last evening. She told me that she could not stand the food there much longer. She said that the vegetables were canned, the eggs stale and the chickens tough. She would not have stayed as long as she has, only the manager is extremely kind and the rooms very comfortable. I laid awake all last night, and while thinking about our prospects it came to me that perhaps we might supply the hotel with nice vegetables, eggs and chickens."

"Now, that's a practical thought, mother. Don't you say so, Frank?" "That's all right," responded Frank heartily.

"But," continued Evelyn, "we would sacrifice a little fine writing if we told our eastern correspondents that 'under the soft skies of California, with the perfume of orange blossoms wafted into our open windows, and the song of the mocking birds making the air vocal with melody, we were engaged in growing the savory broiler and the business hen.' She ended with a peal of girlish laughter."

"The next thing on the programme, sis, is to interview the general manager of the Hotel Santa Rosita. If you think best, I'll call on Mr. Black; but to tell the truth, I think you'd make a better impression," ended Frank, shrewdly.

"If I am guilty and inconstitute, what is it that you wait for, to hurry me into the abyss?"

"What stops you, Caesar, and why not consummate your work?" cried Cornelia, in a voice so ringing and clear, that all heads turned. "If I am guilty and inconstitute, what is it that you wait for, to hurry me into the abyss?"

"Caesar," she said, when the emperor had finished his invocation, "you ask of the gods not to punish Rome for my crime. And I have prayed a God more powerful than those you invoke, not to punish the Roman people for the inconstitute of my sentence. May you, Caesar, feel one day remorse and repentance for having ordered my execution."

"And turning to the people: 'Romans,' she cried in a loud voice 'I die innocent of all crime! The purity of the boy which is about to perish, was never sullied. Priestesses of Vesta, I shall descend into my tomb with the virginity of my youth. Remember my last words.'"

"She held out her hand to the emperor, 'Caesar,' she said, 'guide me. According to the rites, it was the duty of the High Pontiff to place the Vestal on the first steps of the ladder, after which he withdrew with the pontifical college, leaving to the executioner the care of leading the victim to the bottom of the shaft, and installing her in the wretched galleys. But the involuntary weakness followed by the pontiffs, who hastily descended away like guilty wretches from a spectacle which inspired them with remorse and shame."

"Cornelia tarried awhile, standing alone on the first step of the ladder. Remembering the promise of the Christian priest, she scanned the sea of faces around her, to detect a sign, a motion which would bid her hope. But she saw nothing but the pitiless curiosity of a crowd anxious to enjoy a promised spectacle. She had nothing to hope from man."

"Her eyes filled with an expression of supreme anguish, then turned slowly towards heaven. Was it a reproach addressed to that God whom she had implored, and who had remained mute like the others? Was it a last prayer to beseech him again to manifest His power?"

"When she looked down, she saw only Ravinius, who, smiling horribly, offered her his hand. She rejected it with disgust, and began the descent unaided. But at the first steps, her stole caught around the end of the ladder. She turned quickly, with a gesture of alarmed modesty, and released it."

"Then she soon disappeared into the vault. Ravinius pulled up the ladder. The slab was placed over the opening. Then Ravinius and his aids began to throw earth into the mouth of the shaft so as to conceal the slab. Soon every vestige of the opening had disappeared, and the ground was levelled at a great distance, so that not even the spot could be recognized where the incestuous priestess was entombed, separated from the living and the dead."

"And all was over. TO BE CONTINUED."

"Since the first three hundred years of persecution of the Catholic Church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumph, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been said, though not absolutely, all that, in these respects, the world has had to boast of.—W. E. Gladstone.

A YEAR-ROUND GARDEN

BY MARY PEABODY SAWYER.

The Carters were holding one of their usual "family meetings." As might be expected, Evelyn had the floor.

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"But what I want to study up," said Evelyn, "is the poultry business. I've loved chickens ever since I used to squeeze them to death, when I was three years old. My 'succession of crops' will be broilers and fryers, with plenty of young laying hens. Just think! No freezing weather to stop the filling of the egg basket, and spring chickens at Christmas!"

The Carters had spent nearly a year in California before the beginning of this story. Coming to the State for the benefit of Mr. Carter's health, after his death they decided to remain, if possible. The son and daughter were nineteen and twenty-one, and had true New England spirit and energy. The family's available resources were limited to the cottage, its belongings and a little property that paid about \$300 a year. This was all that was left after the expenses of travelling, illness and death were met.

Besides this, they had enough ready money to buy the needed seeds and garden tools, poultry and fencing. This money was carefully laid out and many "family meetings" were necessary.

At first they made some mistakes. They took the well meant advice of neighbors and built their henhouses of lath and gunnybags. But it did not take long to remedy this blunder and substitute warm, well ventilated buildings.

The long rows of vegetables were enclosed by a rabbit-proof fencing and the chicken runs by a six-foot wire netting. A good dog discouraged the night prowlers and was a faithful friend. The whole place was so well kept that it almost gave one a good appetite to look at it. When it was producing enough to supply the table of the Hotel Rosita the delighted guests would often say to the manager:

"There's one great attraction about your hotel, Mr. Black, and this is, your crisp fresh vegetables, your delightfully tender chickens, and new-laid eggs. I have stayed with you weeks longer than I at first intended, just for that reason. When I thought of going somewhere else, I could not bear to run the risk of a change of food. You would hardly believe it, but usually my appetite is very poor, unless there is something to tempt it."

Evelyn Carter found, at the end of the first year, that her "poultry output," as Frank called it, was outgrowing the demand of the local market. So she made an arrangement with the best hotel in Los Palomares, the nearest city to supply them with fancy-dressed chickens and fresh eggs.

She packed her eggs in neat cases, sealed and stamped. In this way she was able to command the best price, and to guarantee their freshness. In time her business became so large that she leased all the available land in the vicinity of the cottage and hired some young Mexicans to help her.

One bright morning in February Mr. Black came over by invitation to look around the "Carter gardens," as they were known in the village. "Though far distant peak of 'Old Baldy' was now capped, the oranges hung in golden clusters on the trees and the mesas were gorgeous with wild flowers."

"It astonishes me, Miss Carter, to see how everything flourishes," were Mr. Black's first words. "Maybe those bright smiles of yours hasten the growth of vegetation; but, really, I am happily disappointed, I must confess."

"I don't know whether my smiles are responsible for the rapid growth of everything on the place, but if that is true, it will be so much easier for me to smile than to work that I may get very lazy," said Evelyn, laughing and blushing so bewitchingly that Mr. Black was almost tempted to speak the words that had been trembling on his lips for the last month.

"But, instead of a romantic avowal, he remarked: 'Oae never could think of you as lazy. You have energy enough for several ordinary men.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Black. But, seriously, our success is not at all due to luck or magic, as many of our neighbors seem to think. We studied, discussed our plans, experimented, sometimes failed, tried again and improved. We always wanted to understand the 'why' either of success or failure, and so we could omit the failures and duplicate the successes."

"There ought to be more young women like you—but there is not a single one," remarked Mr. Black, apparently to the nearest fig tree, and Evelyn continued earnestly.

"Though we were often tired, we were never really discouraged—just what I call a 'good tired'; enough to be hungry, but not enough to be exhausted. It has seemed to me for some time that this lovely fertile valley ought to furnish any one with a support who was not a chronic invalid. I think, too, that many who are classed with the invalids could gain strength by gentle, gradually-increasing outdoor exercises."

"I agree with you there, and may have the earliest eastern spring vegetables in midwinter, while in the spring and summer we can do the best with the varieties that need the most heat. Tomatoes can be grown all the year in a sheltered place, and we may have strawberries from January to December," was Frank's contribution to the family fund of information.

"One of the things we need to avoid," said his mother, "is planting too largely of one variety at one time. My father, who was a successful mar-

ket-gardener in New York State for many years, was noted for his early and long continued crops. The top-most prices were brought by his first vegetables, and he kept a new lot coming on till checked by the cold of autumn."

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carry on separate concerns, and work together. Some time I will plain how we manage our little business affairs. We have no chance to feel homesick or complain about climate, I assure you."

"This is all extremely interesting and many thanks to you. I have been wanting to mention a plan—I mean, a suggestion that—our way, are you willing to let me on this evening?" said the manager, flushing and stammering in a way which made the young woman wonder if he was losing his mind.

"Frank will be very glad to see you, I am sure," with that frank wickedness which characterized the most sensible of his sex.

"Oh, excuse me for not making meaning clear; but when I call be for the purpose of seeing you, it is very important—the most important matter to me at least. But I must go by and hurry back to the I am expecting a large party of christenings on the noon train to Boston. What is that? The River Station? Excuse me leaving you so abruptly, but hasten or the train will be in its am at my post."—Boston Budget.

HOW CONVERTS ARE MADE

Spreading the Faith in the Territories of the North.

Thirty years ago, being favored with the difficulties of life, ceased to meet, and to stand one of those opportunities that then so rare, to make them kind our worthy Mr. Tache in order to obtain some direction or at least encouragement. It was only later that I received his answer:

Mgr. Tache wrote—"My Dear You complain of the physical moral difficulties you have to overcome. Look a little backward and compare the natives as they were arrived with what they are. Surely you could not guess the kingdom of God would be progress through your ministrations cannot do less than recognize it with us, and that in spite of miseries He works by our means. Doing good costs us so much are so wearied by our efforts that under our discouragements, we perceive our success and the our labors. Those fruits are small when compared to those still to be brought forth; and to occupy us so much that we scarcely what is already done. For so three years that our religious has been at work in this land fifty years that some of us have devoted ourselves with the same earnestness; for the forty that I myself have already been we have always been most inclined to feel discouraged difficulties. Would it not be pedantic to look a little backward, notice the results obtained in extreme difficulties and of our worthiness."

In the year 1845 two Oblates St. Boniface, I ought really to for young Brother Tache, though sub-deacon and having little theological studies, had not his religious progress, had not to receive the two new converts saw in them a whole congregation this could hope to attend to the tion of the numerous Indian tribes of his large diocese—England—Europe—to evangelize what one-four or five priests.

The next year, Brother Tache, professed and having received priesthood, left them for the Ile a la Croix with a secular Lefebvre, who soon after was the first Bishop of Arath, and for St. Boniface.

At this time the Superior the Oblates, Mgr. Mazouin, Marcellin, and his assistants government of our congregation true ideas of our mission. Red River. They thought Fathers sent to help Mgr. could easily communicate diocese of Montreal, and Founder learned at what a were and how isolated, he his council and decided to four or five missionaries to France. Meanwhile the Bishop Arath was taken seriously to Mgr. Froese, who was quite unable to do the work of the diocese candidate had to be presented Pope; and thus it happened the time our founder and were deciding to call us heard from Rome of the Father Tache to the Bishop and coadjutorship of St. Bon.

Our Founder then called Father Tache could not be Father Tache received the order to come to the Father consecration. He came with three new Fathers brother. Two of the Fathers Remas and Vegreville, a us. The third Father Gr do that has died in our we know what hardships As to the Lay Brother he may well call the death Mgr. Tache also met at Mgr. Father Lacom