## THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL

CHAPTER XVII-CONTINUED.

"What is the matter with you, Re-lus?" he asked, "and what has hap-

gulus?" he asked, "and what has hap-pened?"
"Nothing worth mentioning, my lord. . As I passed through the forum some miserable slaves insulted me . But I would not delay the important news I bring you. Metellus Celer will be in Rome to-morrow. . He is in sure band.

Rome to-morrow. . . He is in sure hands!"
"Have you witnesses to secure his condemnation?" asked the emperor, with an eagerness which proved that this news did not find him indifferent.
"Yes, my lord, we have three whose confession leave no doubt as to the intimate relations existing between Metellus Celer and the Grand Vestal. Those three witnesses are: Misitius, the flutist at the witnesses are : Misitius, the flutist at the witnesses are: Misitius, the flutist at the sacrifices, the same who corresponded with Lucius Antonius, and who also had charge of delivering to Cornelia the letter of Metellus Celer which you have read; Gellia, the wife of the same Misitius, and, finally, Palaestrion, the porter-slave of your niece Aurelia."

"Have those people said what they know?"
"No, my lord," replied the informer,

with a wicked smile. "But Ravinus is there, and he is a great master in the art of making those speak who wish to pre-

serve an ill-timed silence."
"Very well, Regulus. This very night
I shall convene the college of Pontiffs.

"My lord," said the informer, interrupting Domitian, "to-night will be the last night of the Saturnalia; during which last night of the Salurnalia; during which no sentence can be pronounced. It will be, perhaps, better to wait till to-morrow night. I require this delay, moreover, in order to give you more complete proofs."

"So be it, then," said the emperor, "I shall be to-morrow night in my house in Alba. Saa that the avidence he

Alba. . See that the evidence be laid in proper time before the pontiffs, so as to avoid all hesitancy. . . Go, I rely on your zeal."

Regulus made an obeisance to the em peror, and left the Palatine house, with peror, and left the Palatine house, with his heart filled with the first joy he had tasted on that fatal day. Instead of re-turning home he now sought the shortest road to arrive at the cave, dog into the most rugged side of Mount Esquiline, and which served as an habitation for the mysterious Rayinus. It was late in the mysterious Ravinus. It was late in the night when he reached the cave. Ra-

vinus was seleep.
"Get up! Ravinus, I must speak to you!" cried the informer, shaking him

roughly.

Ravinus growled, pretty much as a bear would if disturbed in his lair, and arising from the wild beast's skin, which served him the purpose of a bed, stood up in all the majesty of his colossal "It is me! it is Regulus!" the informer

prudently hastened to say.
Ravinus blew upon the ashes in his hearth and lighted a pine torch which he made fast against the rocky wall of the

cave.

"Here I am," he then he replied to Regulus, as he seated himself on a rough bench. "What is it that you wish? . . Speak !"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEN OF WOES.

The pine torch lighted two things; the

cave of Ravinus, and Ravinus himself. Both were horrible to look at Imagine a recess of moderate width but the depth of which, shrouded in but the depth of which, shrouded in darkness, could not be estimated. Rough masonry work, whose stones were blackened by time, or green-coated by dampness, supported the earth and by dampness, supported the earth and pr dampness, supported the earth and pre-vented slides. In whichever direction the eye wandered in this fearful abode, it met not a single familiar article of household furniture, but objects of strange and terrible shapes—some suspended from the ceiling or hung on the walls, others lying on the floor or sealed into some enormous block of wood or

These fearful objects which make one shudder ap he looks at them, are instru-ments of terture. It would be difficult to enumerate them all, and we have no de-sire to entertain the reader with their

hideous nomenclature.

Ravinus is the public executioner, the torurer, who lives alone, far from all human beings, rejected by Rome which he is not permitted to inhabit. There never was a more frightful type of ancient barbarity. Over his hairy shoulders, to which hung athletic arms, appears an enormous head crowned with red hair as coarse and shaggy as that of Calydon's

boar.

No feeling of pity ever softened his savage features, lighted by round eyes that roll vacantly under bushy eyebrows.

Ravinus is the embodiment of stupidity, but it is cruelty, not idiocy which has destroyed his intellect. The shrieks of suffering can alone rouse him from his apathy. When the victim begs for mercy, he replies by a frightful smile! When the bones, crushed by the instrument of torture, pierce through the flesh

The life of this wretch had passed amidst the tears and groans of victims. Almost every day he was sent for by matrons whose delicate hands would matrons whose delicate hands would have tired chastising their slaves. He would then strike with such fury that, unless he was stopped, death inevitably followed, as it happened in the case of the unhappy Davis

unhappy Doris.
Sometimes, also, but much less often, poor wretches were sent to his cave, to be tortured; he marked those days with a white pebble and dreamed of them in his sleep.

Such was the man whose services Re-

gulus came to secure. Their interview was short and decisive.

On the evening of the following day,

towards the tenth hour, the interior of Ravinus's den was illumined by the red glare of a large fire. Two aids were already preparing the instruments of tor-Prominent amidst the iron claws, the pinchers and the sharp blades heating in this fire, was an iron chair which had been brought to a white heat and

Without, the night was dark, and the icy December wind blew furiously. The snow-flakes fell thick and fast, and, swept by the storm, penetrated into the cave, and fell hissing on the red coals.

the den, and a party of men, alighting from it, entered the gloomy abode of Ravinus. These me i were the pontiffs, accompanied by their scribe who was to take down the depositions of the victims. They were followed by Marcus Regulus.

Soon the distant noise of numerous steps, with which mingled occasionally the most heart-rending shrieks, was heard. The victims were approaching. Three litters, borne by vigorous slaves, now halted at the mouth of the cave, and area invendigately surrounded by Rawere immediately surrounded by Ra-vinus and his aids. They drag out their prey and the slaves withdraw.

Ravinus returns near the fire, carrying in his arms a young woman whose cries of terror he smothers with his large hand. He drops her on the damp soil of

the cave. It is Gellia, the graceful, lively little woman. She has fainted.

woman. She has fainted.

Misitius came in next, struggling manfully against one of the torturer's aids. At the sight of his wife, lying senseless on the soil, the poor flutist uttered a shriek of rage, and made a desperate effort to free himself. But a fearful blow struck behind his head, stretched him lifeless near Gellia. The aids, picking him up, carried him to the rack placed in readinss in an angle of the cave, and tied him securely by the hands and feet upon the fearful instrument.

Finally, Palaestrion made his appearance, led by one of the aids.

The poor fellow seemed struck with stupor. He walked submissively, but staggering like a drunken man, not un-

stupor. He walked submissively, but staggering like a drunken man, not un-derstanding why he was brought there, and scarcely able to see what was going on around him.

But his wandering eyes at last rested upon Regulus, whom he recognized by the lurid glare of the fire. At this sight, his

the life of the life. At this signs, his chest heaved convulsively, his teeth chattered, but fear paralyzed his tongue. He knew now where he was and who had brought him there. Another glance had

brought him there. Another glance had shown him Ravinus, the public executioner, the fearful spectre that haunted the dreams of slaves!

A few hours before, Palaestrion was sitting in his lodge, thinking of the glorious Saturnalia which could return only in another year; and thinking also, persent with grim in year. haps, with grim joy of the vengeance wreaked upon Marcus Regulus. Sadden-ly, armed men entered his lodge, struck off the fetters, mark of his bondage, and proceeded to bind his wrists. He invoked proceeded to bind his wrists. He invoked the name of his noble mistrees, whose house was thus forcibly entered; but the men replied that they acted by order of the emperor, and the poor slave dared not resist the supreme authority.

It was also in the name of the emperor that Misitius and Gellia were ordered to controlled a separate litters in which they

enter the separate litters in which they had been brought. Gellia feit a fearful presentiment that Misitius was lost and she would die with him. This is why she gave vent to her groans and shrieks, during the journey. Misitius, remember-ing the declaration signed by Regulus to the effect that he had voluntarily revealed the conspiracy of Lucius Antonius, felt more hopeful. It was only when they alighted at the entrance of the torturer's cave that new misgivings rushed to his mind, and the rough manner in which he saw his wife seized by Ravinus, roused

his ire.
But the three victims were now in the But the three victims were now in the power of their persecutors.

Ravinus, taking a huge pair of tongs, pulled the iron chair from the fire, and made a step towards Palaestrion. The poor slave threw himself at the feet of Marcus Regulus, crying in heart-rending

accents: 'Mercy! O mercy! my lord." The informer smiled, and replied coldly:

"Palaestrion, yesterday at the Forum,
did you listen to me, when I, also, craved
mercy at your hands? . . Moreover,
I am not the master here; you are in the

hands of the pontiffs who, themselves, only obey the will of the emperor." And he made a sign to Ravinus. The torturer clasped the slave in his powerful arms, and lifting him as he would have done a child, seated him on the redhot chair, where an iron band held him

ast.
The shriek that escaped Palaestrion's lips would have moved the most obdur-ate heart; Ravinus replied to it by a savage laugh! . Palaestrion howled, savage laugh! . . Palaestrion howled, screamed and foamed at the mouth; Ra-vinus revived the fire, tightened the screws and continued to laugh.

But God has not placed the infinite in pain; there comes a time when in the midst of tortures the power to feel seems exhausted.

exhausted.
Soon, under the rapid action of the fire,
Palaestrion only groaned feebly, and Ravinus no longer laughed. Nothing was
heard now but the crepitation of the flesh
as it burned, and the crackling of the
bones as they were bursted by the action
of the fire. This was the proper time to
commence the interrogatory. commence the interrogatory. Commence the interrogatory.

Palaestrion, the porter-slave of Aurelia's house, had been necessarily a witness of the numerous visits paid by Metellus

Celer to the Grand Vestal whilst the lat-ter was the guest of the emperor's neice, and he must have surprised some facts tending to prove the alleged intimacy, or, at least, must have learned those facts from the conversations of the other slaves.

The patient must be made, at all cost, to reveal these facts. One of the pontiffs and the scribe approached . . But why repeat the questions asked of a wretch whose will, conquered by the most atrocious pain, must necessarily succumb, and whose life, besides, was fast ebbing. whose life, besides, was tastebbling. The pontiffs obtained all the avowals they wanted. Palaestrion merely replied yes or no, according to the nature of the question. When they released him from the iron chair, the poor slave was dying. His body was but a mass of carbonized flesh. They threw him in a corner where he soon expired.

where he soon expired. where he soon expired.

Ravinus then passed to the rack upon which Misitius lay, still senseless. A turn of the screw, which distended painfully his limbs, soon awoke him from his

Gellia had been confined to the care o one of the aids. She had not yet recovered from her swoon, but the pressure of the clogs on her ankles soon revived

her.

The flutist and his wife should be tortured at the same time. So Regulus had decided after due reflection; for, should either possess personal firmness, he still hoped to conquer Misitius through Gellia's sufferings, and Gallia throughher hus-band's tortures.

The confessions of these young people

Gellia must have learned it from Misitius.

Then, had not Misitius played the flute whilst Regulus was being tossed in the

whilst Regulus was being tossed in the air!

We shall not dwell upon the description of the rack which distended horribly the limbs, breaking the articulations; nor the clogs, which, placed above the ankles, crushed them slowly by a gradual pressure. Neither shall we describe the hot steel points, the sharp claws and a hundred like implements used to multiply the sufferings of the victims. These fearful inventions of Roman barbarity will be found fally described in the works of ancient writers, and particularly in the

will be found fully described in the works of ancient writers, and particularly in the Acts of the Martyrs.

The sufferings of these young people, their youth and Gellia's beauty, presented such a moving sight that Helvius Agrippa, who had already shown pity at Palaestrion's tortures, proposed to release Misiting and his wife before their limbs were hopelessly injured.

nopelessly injured.

Marcus Regulus darted a sinister look

The other pontiffs replied that the orders of the emperor were to spare no pains to arrive at a complete proof.

Misitius claimed that the declaration given to him by Regulus was a safeguard which could not be violated without periors.

out perjury.
"What are you complaining about?" replied the informer, with ironical and frightful calm. "You are not persecuted for the Lucius Antonius conspiracy. The matter for which you are here is simply concerning Metellus Celer and the Grand Vestal, whose culpable intrigues you have favored, and whose incest you have prepared."
"That is false!" cried the unfortunate

flutist. "I know nothing of this! . ."
"We shall see about that, directly," re-

"We shall see about that, directly," replied Regulus.

"I am a citizen!" . . Gellia is uxor! . . These titles protect us! . . We cannot be put to the torture!"

Under the Republic, in Cicero's time, this Roman cry, this invocation of the city's rights, would have saved Misitius and Gellia; but the era of the Tiberius, the Neros, and the Domitians, did not admit this means of escaping from the crueity of tyrants. Had not the emperor shed the blood of the most illustrious citizens, and invented the most horrible tortures for them?

Ravinus turned the crank of the rack; his aid tightened the clogs.

his aid tightened the clogs.

" Dear Misitius!"
"Poor Gellia!" Such were the first cries simultaneously

uttered.

"I lost you! . I lost you!" repeated the unhappy husband, who seemed to feel only his wife's pain.

"Misitius. . dear Misitius! . is it not to you I owe my life and happinees?" exclaimed Gellia, who, having lost all hope, commenced to show an admirable courage.

rage. Confess! confess what you know, and "Contess : contess wat you know, and the torture will stop!" said the pontiffs.
"You are monsters!" replied Gellia, groaning painfully. "It is a good time to stop, when my poor crushed feet will be a soon to stop when my poor crushed feet will be a soon of the stop when my poor crushed feet will be a soon of the stop when my poor crushed feet will be a soon of the stop when my poor trushed feet will be a soon of the stop when the stop was the stop when the stop was the stop will be a soon of the stop when the stop was the stop when the stop was the stop was

to stop, when my poor crushed feet will never bear me up any more! . Do what you will with me, now! . I know nothing! . You cannot wrench a single word of falsehood from me!"

The aid increased the pressure of the clogs to such an extent that the unfortunate little woman writhed with pain and uttered fearful shrieks, but she still repeated with energy.

"I know nothing! . . I shall say nothing! . . I will not lie! . . It shall not be said that I have been an accomplice in your crimes!"

Misitius, although bound fast, was making tremendous efforts to come to his wife's essistance.

wife's assistance.
"My lords, my lords," cried the unfortunate Misitius, and his voice would have moved a wild beast. "I call the gods to witness! Gellia knows nothing.
Cease torturing her. . I alone re-

ceived the letters. ."

I have never read them. ."
Who handed them to the Grand Vesal ?"

tal?"

"An unknown person. ."

"You know something else?"

"No! . For mercy's sake, my lords, release Gellia"

release Gellia"
A new turn of the crank prevented
Misitius from saying more. The poor
fellow uttered piercing shrieks.
Astonished by a resistance to which he was not accustomed, Ravinus multiplied his efforts. His cruel laugh no longer added to the horror of the scene. Helvined, Ravinus multiplied

added to the norror of the scene. Helvi-us Agrippa mingled his useless prayers to the agonizing groans of the victims. Soon their limbs were reduced to a sort of bloody pulp which could not be distended any further by the rack or crushed by the clogs. The hot copper blades and iron claws were then brought into use to regive pain in those exhaustinto use to revive pain in those exhaust-ed bodies which hardly preserved strength enough to writhe under the burning embrace of the heated iron instroments.

Helvius Agrippa, as Dion Cassius testifies, could bear no longer the sight of this fearful agony, and dropped dead from heer horror.

This incident did not stop the crue This incident did not stop the crael work. Ravinus and his men called in aid all their ingenuity, while Marcus Regulus and the pontiffs, bending over the dying victims, listened eagerly for their last words. But their lips clenched in

Gellia! I am going to confess. "
"Misitus! "cried
the brave young woman, gathering the
little strength that was left in her for this
noble appeal," my body is but a crushed, oleeding mass, you cannot save me!

bleeding mass, you cannot save me! ...
Do not give those monsters the satisfaction of having uselessly vanquished us.
I am dying. . Farewell. . dear
husband . Farewell!"
"She is dead!" exclaimed the pontiff.
Misitius uttered a cry of rage, and expired, hurling a last curse at his tortur-

Ravinus could gloat over his work. Four dead bodies were lying at his feet. Marcus Regulus and the pontiffs got into their chariot and hastened to meet Domitian, who awaited them with the college of pontiffs to decide upon this serious religious accusation.

This is all that was ever known concerning the manner in which Cornelia's death was resolved on that fatal night.

of the Crucified Saviour, when two young women, panting with haste and emotion, and their faces bathed with tears, entered precipitately his humble abode.

"My lord! my lord! . Save the Grand Vestal! . She has been condemned! . The sentence is being executed! . She will perish!"

Thus spoke, together, Aurelia and Ce-

cuted! . . She will perish!"

Thus spoke, together, Aurelia and Cecilia, for it was they who had sought the

venerable Clemens.

"My lord! my lord!" repeated the former as she embraced the pontiff's feet; "save Cornelia! . . Save her who has been a mother to me! . . Oh, save her, my lord!"

"Rise, madam," said the holy priest, "it is God alone to whom we must pray kneeling! . . What," he resumed, "can it be that they have pronounced that barbarous sentence?"

kneeling! . . What," he resumed, "can it be that they have pronounced that barbarous sentence?"

Clemens, since his interview with the Grand Vestal, watched over her with fatherly solicitude. He foresaw that the day was not far when he should hear of her condemnation. He was not surprised, therefore, at this news, although the march of events had been so rapid that he would be so soon called upon to keep the promise made to her for whom he implored the assistance of heaven.

"My lord! . . she is in the hands of the pontiffs," exclaimed the divine Aurelia, in answer to the question of the man of God. "They have torn her from my arms. The cruel men. They would not listen to my prayers. And when I spoke as the niece of the emperor, they told me I must submit to his orders. Ah! my lord. You alone can help Cornelia. I have beseeched Domitian himself. . and I have been harshly repulsed! "

The tears of the young girl would not permit her to proceed.

"My Lord." said Cecilia. scarcely less

The tears of the young girl would not permit her to proceed.
"My Lord," said Cecilia, scarcely less moved than her friend, "what we have seen is fearful!" ... "What has happened?" asked Clemens. "My daughter, it is important that I should be completely informed. Conceal nothing from me."
"Father," replied the young woman, "for several days past my noble mistress and I have not left the Grand Vestal, who was continually in prey to the most sinis-

was continually in prey to the most sinis-ter forebodings. Yesterday these sad presentiments increased so fearfully that we remained with her the whole night. . Alas! her involuntary ter ror was but too well founded!

ror was but too well founded!

"I spoke to her of you, Father, and of the strength with which our God has clothed you; but she said your hopes were vain . . . and that if she were to fall into the abyss, your hands would be powerless to rescue her. I endeavored to drive away those thoughts of bitter despair, the best way I could. . . I read to her passages from our sacred books, where Christian souls find comfort in learning resignation. . . My noble in learning resignation. . . . My nob mistress united her efforts with mine . . She spoke of her influence near the emperor, whose beloved niece she was

"I believed it! . . . Oh! yes, I believed it. . . but it is not so! . . . 'interrupted Aurelia, and her voice was tremulous with emotion and

wounded pride,
"But," resumed Cecilia, "it was impossible to soothe the involuntary anguish which now and then caused the unfortunate Vestal to start and shudder. unfortunate Vestal to start and shudder. At ther times her courage would revive, and she would try to smile at her fears. But there was an hour when a strange delirium came upon her suddenly.

Was it a vision. . . or simply the effect of morbid fancy? . . It seemed as if she were surrounded by shadows, and bloody spectres had risen before her in the darkness. . She moved her hands to push them back, and cried in broken words, full of anguish: 'I see them!'. . . They are dying! . . .

broken words, full of anguish: I see them!. They are dying!...
They are murdered!. I am innocent!. This is horrible!. Oh! the monsters!. They triumph!...
Torture has put me in their power!.
And she fell back, exhausted by this scene of feverish excitement, which was the lest dying this pight of wees!

the last during this night of woes!
"When morning came she was calm;
it seemed that her fears had vanished She was conversing quietly with us . She was conversing quietly with us, and expressing regret at the uneasiness and trouble she had caused us, when a great tumult of voices was heard at the doors—still closed at that early hour—of the atrium regium.

"'Here they are!" she cried shuddering. "I had not deceived myself!

They come to lead me to execution!

They cause read and uning the night!"

They sentenced me during the night!

"But, singular to relate, her voice no longer had that wild tone which so much frightened us.

The pontiffs then entered the room in which we were asentered the room in which we were assembled, and apprised her very abruptly, that the emperor had pronounced her guilty, and she must follow them. We remained thunderstruck; while Cornelia, raising her bands to heaven, invoked Vesta and her other gods, and repeated this exclamation: 'What! Caesar pronounces me incestnous: I whose sacri

him triumph! "Oh! Father, as a Christian, I suffered "On! Father, as a Christian, I sunseed to see her thus confiding still in the false gods who caused her loss. . . But I admired her corrage, and I was astonished at her proud demeanor. . I am but a poor daughter of the people, and I had but my tears with which to move those who had already seized this innocent virgin. My noble mistress, the the last throes of death, now uttered but faint groans. Misitius, however, made a supreme effort:

"Save Gellia!" he said faintly, "save Gellia! Lam going to confess.

"Save Gellia!" he said faintly, "save the faint ground for the confess.

"Save Gellia!" he said faintly, "save the faint ground for the ground faint ground for the ground faint ground for the ground faint ground faint ground for the ground faint ground for the ground faint groun

they would not even listen to her!"

"My lord," resumed Aurelia, "when she whom, since my infancy, I venerated as my own mother, had disappeared, I ran, almost distracted, to the palace, to ask her release of the emperor.

He, also, had returned to Rome with al

haste, doubtless in order to preside as high pontiff at the barbarous execution

high pontiff at the barbarous execution.

"How can I describe to you my anguish? My lord, I dragged myself in the dust. . . I called upon Domitian in the dearest names. . . But he remained immovable . . . But he remained words, among which your name, that of my relations and my own were frequently mingled . . . He spoke of the Christians with fearful threats . . . His vengeance would soon reach them! Finally, the emperor. from whom I had hitherto received but kindness, no longer controlled his passion . . he even went se far as to designate me as the accomplice of I know not what secret scheme,

his pity, I left the palace, feeling less fear of Domitian's anger than despair at not having obtained mercy for the dear friend about to perish amidst the most fearful torments! . . . I then remembered, my lord, that Cornelia, in her delirium, last night, said that the pontiff of the Christians had promised to save her; but she placed little reliance on this promise, as its fulfilment was impossible. "I have come to you with Cecilia, who that you will be one of us until the day

but she placed little reliance on this promise, as its fulfilment was impossible.

"I have come to you with Cecilia, who has sustained my courage, by telling me that I must have faith in your words, and if you had made this promise it would te realized! . . My lord! my lord! perhaps the Grand Vestal, notwithstanding her doubts, still entertainssome hope! . . It would be dreadful if at the supreme hour she could think that you have deceived her! . . Oh! I conjure you, if indeed it be in your power, to save her from that awful fate!"

"Madam," said the pontiff, "a poor old man like me is weaker than all other men, and by myse! I can do nothing!!

But the God I serve is master of life and death, and it was in His name I made a promise which I have not forgotten! . Be comforted, madam, and hope in His almighty power! . I am going to ask Him to guide my steps and to assist me in what I shall undertake!

I have an abiding confidence that your desires and mine will be granted."

to assist me in what I shall undertake!
I have an abiding confidence that your desires and mine will be granted."
The priest knelt and raised his venerable hands to heaven. Cecelia, kneeling at his side, commenced to pray fervently. The daughter of the Caesars imitating this example, bowed her head for the first time to the God of the Christians.

After a short invacation, the postiff.

After a short invocation, the pontifications, and taking his pilgrim's staff, prepared to depart.

"Madam," he said to Aurelia, "return to your home."

"Madam," he said to Aurelia, "return to your home . . and let hops follow you . . I shall not prevent the barbarous execution which all Rome will witness. . But I shall give back to you the friend whose life you came to ask me. . . Go, madam . . and let me commence my work." mence my work."
"What, my lord," exclaimed the young

girl, deeply moved by so much devotion, but surprised and uneasy about the old man's safety, "what! you are starting alone! . . Whither are you going? . . . alone! . . Whither are you going? . . Is it thus you will save the Grand Vestal? Permit me to unite my efforts to yours! Riches slaves litters all that I possess is yours.

You will need these resources to in TO BE CONTINUED

A CHINESE WAR STORY.

Pierre Loti writes the following striking story of a French missionary in China. It is translated by Kather ine Head for The Oatlook:

In the sinister yellow country of the extreme Orient, during the worst period of the war, our boat, a heavy iron clad, was stationed for weeks at ner post in the blockade in a bay on the

With the neighboring country, with its impossible green mountains, and its rice fields like velvet prairies, we had almost no communication. The inhabitants of the villages or the wood stayed at home, defiant or hostile. An overwhelming heat descended upon u from a dull sky, which was nearly always gray and veiled with curtains of

One morning during my watch the steersman came to me and said :
'There is a sampan, captain, that has just come into the bay, and which seems to be trying to speak to us.

"Ah, who is in it? Before replying he looked again through his glass. There is, captain, a kind of priest,

Chinese or I don't know what, who is seated alone at the stern. gish, oily, warm water without haste and without noise. A yellow faced young girl, clad in a black dress, tood erect and paddled the boat bringing us this ambiguous visitor, who wore the costume, the headdress and the round spectacles of the priests of Annam, but whose beard and whose

astonishing face were not at all Asia. He came on board and addressed m

in French, speaking in a dull and "I am a missionary," he said, "from Lorraine, but I have lived for more than thirty years in a village six hours narch from here, in the country, where all the people have been converted to Christianity. I wish to speak to the commandant and ask for aid from him. The rebels are threatening us, and are already very near. All my parishion ers will be massacred, it is certain, i some one does not come promptly to ou

Alas! the commandant was obliged to refuse aid. All the men and guns that we had had been sent to another place, and there remained on board just enough sailors to guard the ves truly, we could do nothing for those parishioners "over there."

be given up as lost. The overwhelming noonday hour had arrived, the daily torpor that suspended all life. The little sampan and the young girl had returned to land, disappearing in the unhealthy vegeta tion on the bank, and the missionary had, naturally enough, staid with us a little taciturn, but not recriminative

The poor man did not appear brilliant during the luncheon he shared with us. He had become such an An namite that any conversation with him seemed difficult. After the coffee. when the cigarettes appeared, he seemed to wake up, and asked for French tobacco to fill his pipe; for twenty years, he said, a like pleasure had been refused him. Then excusing himself, because of his long journey, ne sank back on his cushions.

And to think that, without doubt, w should have to keep with us for several months this unforseen guest that heaven had sent us! It was without enthusiasm, I assure you, that one o is went to him to announce on the part | what use is the sacrament o

**SEPTEMBER 22. 1900.** 

when we can land you in a safe He did not seem to understand. "But I was only waiting until nightfall to ask you to send me to the end of the bay in a small boat. Before night you can surely have me put on shore, can you not ?"

easily. "Landed! And what will you do

on laid!"
"I will return to my village," he said, with sublime simplicity. "I could not sleep here, you know. The

attack might be made to-night.

This man, who had seemed so vulgar at first, grew larger at every word, and we surrounded him, charmed and

curious.
"But it is you, Father, who will be

most in danger."
"That is very likely," he replied, as tranquilly as an ancient martyr.

Ten of his parishioners would wait for him on the shore at sunset. At nightfall, all together, they would return to the threatened village, and then, at the will of God! And as they urged him to stay-be-

cause to go was to go to certain death, to some atrocious Chinese death—this eturn, after aid had been refused, he became indignant, gently but obstinately and unchangeably, without long words and without anger.

"It is I who converted them, and you wish me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? But they are my children!" With a certain emotion, the officers of the watch had one of the ship's boats prepared to take him to shore, and we all shook hands with him when he went

away. Always quiet and now insigni-

ficant again, he confided to us a letter

for an aged relative in Lorraine, took a little French tobacco, and went his And as the twilight fell, we watched in silence over the heavy, warm water

the silhouette of this apostle going so simply to his obsure martyrdom. We got ready to leave the following week, I forget to where, and from thi time on events gave no rest. We never heard more of him, and I think or my part that I would never have thought of him again if Mgr. Morel, director of the Catholic missions, had not insisted one day that I write a little missionary story.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

They that know the Sacred Heart know God; they that love the Sacred Heart love God. When the enemy excites disturbance

in your soul, go and seek your peace in the Heart of Jesus by acts of love and abandonment. True love of the Sacred Heart is shown by the recognition of His love. If you are in trouble and disquietude, the Divine Heart is an abyss of peace,

and this peace It will impart to you. -Blessed Margaret Mary. There was not a beat of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which was not an act of love for us.

When one is at the feet of Jesus, one is very near His Heart. The true disciple of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will learn from Him the submission and resignation which characterized His every action. One might

begin in a very simple manner to imitate these virtues of the Sacred Heart by repressing every appearance of repugnance or weariness How good it is to dwell within the Heart of Jesus! Let us not allow ourselves to be torn thence, for it was written of Him: "Those who depart from Thee shall be written upon earth."

But what will become of those who approach Thee? Teach us Thyself. Thou sayest to those who approach Thee: Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—St. Bernard. God has created us with a free will: we can accept Him or reject Him. has in these latter days unfolded to the sinful world the treasures of His Sacred Heart. We can either receive them, and through them receive all the graces and blessings necessary to our welfare here and throughout eternity, or we can reject them and be miserable in this world and the next. There is no middle way at the present time, between serving the leve of Jesus Christ and betraying Him. The only choice left us before the Sacred Heart of Jesus is to be His minister or His adversary, an apostle or an apostate. "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema. I Cor, xvi. 22.)

## WHERE WE ERR.

There is a charge against us that in spite of the severe discipline of the Church we are no better, and perhaps less respectable, than others who have no supernatural helps to virtue. Although men sometimes judge only externally, there is nevertheless, son thing in this objection. Briefly stated, the answer to it is this: All the helps to virtue which the Church extends to us for use can through ignorance be abused and even wrongly used as sub-stitutes for active individual exertion. Strangers are disgusted when they find us partaking of the sacraments and attending holy mass, and then slipping back again into our old habits of dishonesty or intemperance. Men err when they believe natural vigilance is enough to conquer sin, and they err perhaps quite as much when they forget that the instruments of grace were given not to destroy per-sonal effort, but to develop it. Of Without, the night was dark, and the cy December wind blew furiously. The mow-flakes fell thick and fast, and, swept mow-flakes fell thick and fast, and, swept the storm, penetrated into the cave, and fell hissing on the red coals.

A chariot stopped at the entrance of what is correspondence contained; and complete the commandant in the contessions of these young people were of more importance even than Palcastron's, for, Misitius, who carried Metellus Celer's letters, and most probably Convelia's answers, must have known a chariot stopped at the entrance of what is correspondence contained; and convergence to the commandant in the most striking manner.

The contessions of these young heads of the commandant in the mass the accomplice of I know not what secret scheme, which he intended to punish in the most striking manner.

The contessions of these young heads of the commandant is sfar as to designate me as the accomplice of I know not what secret scheme, which he intended to punish in the most striking manner.

The contessions of these young heads of the commandant is strained in passion. In sevent were of more importance even than Palcastron's, for, Misitius, who carried Metellus Celer's letters, and most probably converted to the commandant in the most striking manner.

The contessions of the contest with the designate me as the accomplice of I know not what secret scheme, which he intended to punish in the most striking manner.

"The vene above the accomplication is passion. In sevent were of more importance even than Palcastron's, for, Misitius, who carried Metellus Celer's letters, and most probably of the commandant in the commandant in the most striking manner.

"The vene above the accomplication is passion. In sevent were of the accomplication in the most of the commandant in the most striking manner.

"The vene above the accomplication is passion. In the accomplicati if we do not in union with it exercise They have prepared a room for strenuous personal exertion in eradic-

THE RESTORATION OF THE MASS. In the Church of England. From the Monitor and New Era, August 10.

One of the greatest and most funda-mental religious changes that was

made at the Reformation in England was the substitution of the Communion

Service for the Mass, to use the phrase

which was so often on the lips of the

leading Reformers, and anyone that chooses to compare the service of the

England (and which is identical, save

in a tew unimportant details, with those used in England before the Ra-

used in the Catholic Church in

Mass in the

Roman Missal, which is

formation) with the Communion Service or "Order for the Administration of or "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper," as its title runs, in the Book of Common Prayer, will see at once how wide and far reaching is the difference between the two; it is a difference, not in details, but in root principle. The Mass is, of course. root principle. The Mass is, of course, a Communion Service, but it is that and a great deal more; it is also a service of sacrifice, and the idea of sacrifice is quite as prominent in it as the idea of Communion; whereas from the "Administration of the Lord's Supper" the idea of sacrifice is wholly nt, or, if it may be said that there are in the service two allusions to sac rifice, the sacrifice alluded to is some thing quite different from the sacrific Mass, it is in one case merel; the alms of the congregation, and per haps the unconsecrated bread an wine, of which God's acceptance i asked, and in the other case the sac rifice is "prayer and thanksgiving or "ourselves, our souls and bodies. This is only what would be expecte acquainted with the view by anyone of those who were responsible for th compilation of the Book of Commo Prayer; they were prepared, or som of them were, to admit the idea of sacrifice or oblation of the fruits of th earth (though in fact they made n mention of any "oblations" in the earlier editions, and the word was no put into the Communion Service ti 1662), and even Luther, violent opposed as he was to the whole idea the Sacrifice of the Mass, made fr quent use of the phrase "Sacrifice praise and thanksgiving," and its u in the Book of Common Prayer can traced to his influence. But the E charistic Sacrifice, or Sacrifice of the Mass, the idea of which runs through the Catholic service, is som thing quite different, it is nothing el than the Sacrifice of the Body as Blood of Our Lord, which were a are believed to be objectively prese on the altar after the consecration, which the bread and wine were a which the bread and while were a are believed to be miraculous changed, though the change is twisible to the senses. It was again this idea, against that is to say, the doctrines of the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, and of the Sac fice of the Mass, that the most verment attacks of all the Reformers we directed; all the discussions turn mainly off this point, and the M was denounced as idolatrous and bl phemous in the strongest language that has ever been used in religit controversy. To get rid of it, put in its place a Communion Serv and nothing more, which should c tain no idea of Transubstantiation of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, was chief aim of the Reformers, headed such men as Cramner, Ridley, L mer, and Hooper, and in this aim t entirely succeeded. In the Reform tion controversies, by the way, no tinction was ever made by either between the "Real Presence"
"Transubstantiation." Catholics Protestants alike recognised the te as synonymous, and both also cognised the undoubted fact that T substantiation, in exactly the sense as it is taught now in the C olic Church, had been, in Englan

> the Fourth Lateran Council in 121 The first English Communion vice was published in 1549 in the edition of the Book of Common Pre generally known as the First Pr Book of Edward VI; it was fou almost entirely on Luther's munion Service, or "Mass," a called it, with the exception of the Consecration Prayer which was a iginal composition, and the "Mass" was retained as a sub-tit was described as "The Order for administration of the Holy Communication of the Holy Communicati commonly called the Mass." practically Luther's service it of course Lutheran in tendency is to say, while every trace of Eucharistic Sacrifice was care eliminated from it, even to such itive and almost universal practithe fraction of the Host and the mixture (because Luther denie Eucharistic Sacrifice), and in the portant respect it differed en from the old Mass, it was, neve less, perhaps barely patient of

terpretation in accordance wit teaching of the Catholic Church

Real Presence (as Gardiner atte to prove,) because Luther did no

fess to deny the Real Presence

he did was to define it in a way

own; his theory on this point he called "Consubstantiation,

soon discarded in England, a

main theories about the Eurapart from the Catholic doctr

Transubstantiation, became the vinist, or Receptionist, and the

lian; the Calvinist theory mathat the Body and Blood of Chi

present only in the hearts worthy and faithful recipients

consecrated bread and wine, wh main after consecration just wh

were before; this became the d of the old High Church party

elsewhere, part of the official teach

of the Church, since its definition