

scarred and wearied veteran, clad in the whole armor of God, the hero of the grandest triumph the world had ever witnessed, to receive the glorious crown of his reward. Past tombs and temples, past snug hamlets and marble palaces embosomed in trees, past the storied Alban hills, across the famous viaduct of Aricia, through long rows of suburban villas, through the Porta Capena, with its vast arch perpetually dripping with the waters of the aqueduct which flowed above, under triumphal arches, Julius and his prisoners marched on, till at length they reached the "Golden Milestone" of the Forum, the heart of the civilized world, the centre and source of all earthly power and magnificence. From this "Golden Milestone" radiated the shining roads which bound the distant provinces to the heart of the Eternal City, and about it clustered the historic buildings of the republic, and the glittering courts of the "Golden House," that wondrous palace of the Cæsars. Here Julius delivered the persons of the prisoners into the charge of Burrus, the prefect of praetorians. By his orders they were at once marched into the barracks of the imperial guard.

The centurion seemed in no haste to depart though his duty was now ended. "A word with thee, most noble Burrus," he said, "before I leave the prisoners in thy charge. There is among them a certain aged man called Paulus, who is innocent of any crime. I myself heard his defense before Festus and Agrippa, both of whom pronounced him not guilty; but be-