THE CATHOLIG RECORD

AURELIA;

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL. CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSIONS OF A CONSPIRATOR. We have stated that on Gellia's arriva

home, she had found Misitius, who had returned from his mysterious jour ney. "At last, Misitins," said the youn

woman, "we must have an explanation." "An explanation? Concerning what?" asked Misitius gloomily. "Misitius, you conspire!" exclaimed Gellia, amidst a flood of tears.

ost bitter grief.

And as Misitius made a gesture of de-

"Yes, you conspire," she repeated in a "Yes, you conspire," she repeated in a peremptory tone. "I know it now. I have the proof of it." "How do you know it?" asked Misitius

uneasily. "For the past three months Misitius in mediate

scarcely ever at home ; Misitins neglects his wife; Misitins has dealings with sus-picious people who hide; Misitins is silsive, anxious, in prey to continua ent, per fear; Misitius copies seditious writings, one of which fell into my hands yester-day, and Misitius asks how I know that he conspires I'' replied the little woman

with great volubility. "On 1 gods " sighed Misitius, and he looked at his wife, with sunpid wonder. "You are working your ruin, Misitius.

"You are working you tain, and mine also." And Gellia, falling on a seat, hid her face in her hands and sobbed violently. "Gallia," whispared Misitius in her "Gallia, "whispared Misitius in her "Gallia, a Gad das washall enjoy the

ear. " in a few days we shall epjoy th greatest honors and all the blessings of wealth. . . Yes, I compire; but it is for you, my Gellia, for you alone, do you hear ou hear? They have promised me the acerdotal rank. You will be the Martial

Flamina?" "Fool !" cried Gallia in a tone that stopped the flow of words of her too con-fiding husband. "How," she proceeded, "can you, a simple flute-player at the the player believe that they will confer mutual affection. sacrifices, believe that they will confer upon you adignity which in former times

prerogative of patricians?" y not?" asked Misitius, " "if it i given as the reward of great services ren dered Rome by the overthrow of her ty

temple, despised the vain science of the priests, and laughed at the faith put in That's it ! that's it !" repeated Gellis the oracles. Gellia was impatient and capricious; Misitius kind of simple. Gellia's mother had brought her up in luxury, and developed her coquetry; Mis-itius had learned from his mother to be "That's it it hat's it it "repeated Gania, stamping the floor in a nervous manner. "The tiblcine Misitus is going to over-throw the emperr!... unless the em-peror should make a mouthfal of this Misitus!... Indeed, I, don't know what keeps me from wreaking my re-sentment on yon, as I did this morning on the sacred gander of the Archigalins!" The name of the Archigalins but very vague desires of wealth, Misiting fed his mind on the most ambitious hopes, not for himself, but for Gallia, who The name of the Archigallus cause Misitius to start; but as a husband wil not give up so easily the point contested by his wife, he resumed in an animated and solemn tone :

"Bat you are not aware that an army

mat the general commanding that army waite my signal . . . that it is I who have fixed the day for the uprising." Gellia, notwithsianding her fear, looked compassionately at her husband. " Misitius, my poor Misitius," said she interrupting him, and there was a great tenderness in her voice, " are you insance" What is it that has disturbed your mind of 2 Poor man, where have you picked Poor man, where have you picked

Fate

"Ah!

The

proce

np these visions ? Gellia . . . they are

realities !" "So much the worse, then !... You are a poor fool whom wicked people have caught in a snare.... They make use of you, Misitius !.... But you will be the victim !...." "Impossible, Gellia !" "Tell me, Misitius," asked the young woman. "when you are in the theatre

m anding the army in Germany. This agent should be so obscure as not to attract attention, and yet so comwoman, "when you are in the theatre and you blow in your flute to accompany the actor, is it you the audience ap-

'Of course not . . but . . ."

Sacrificer fied from the forum as soon as this ceremony was ended. During the invocations and prayers, a flute-player accompanied the voice of the priests with the sound of his ivory instru-ment. The King of the Sacrifices gave this position to Misilius, who obtained a similar employment at the theatre. He guided and sustained the voice of the act-ora by nighting on a silver flute. exedra, where we have witnessed the in-terview between the wily lawyer and poor old Cecilius. Regulus was seated at a table upon which were placed conspicu-ously a bronze bust of Domitian and a rile of cold of gold. pile of gold. "You see," said he, when he was alone with Misitins—and he unrolled the copy of the proclamation, "that you are discovered. It would be useless to deny Who is the author of this?" ors by playing on a silver flate. Young Misitius earned thereby enough to live comfortably; but he felt very lone-ly in the midst of that immense city of

And without waiting for an answer, h Rome, where, since his mother's death there was no one to care for him. One evening, as he was returning home. Mis-Misitius made signs that he compre

itius heard some one groaning in the re-cess of a private portico. He approached and found, crouching in the dark, a poor young girl, who seemed in prey to the hended the informer's meaning. The money meant shame; the tibicine would not sell himself. The emperor-that was death. Misitins did not want to die. He most bitter grief. This young girl was Geilia. She told him that on that same day her mother's corspe had been consumed on the funeral pile, and she was now withwas thinking of Gellia. "No pay!" he said resolutely to Regu-

us. "No money, but " " "Of what nature?" "Write an acknowledgment that I have "Write an acknowledgment that I have

the funeral pile, and she was now with-out friends or shelter, having been driven from the house by pitlees creditors. Misitius, the poor orphan, was deeply moved by this sorrowful tale. He tried to find words of comfort for a grief so much like his own, and taking her by the hand, raised the girl from her recumbent rosition: bat hunger and source had divulged the plot voluntarily. Otherwise you will know nothing." "Not bad!" remarked the informer, as he proceeded to write the acknowledg-ment. "You are a cunning fellow. Now," he added, as he handed him the paper.

position; but hunger and sorrow had worn out her strength, and she fell sense-"what are the names?" "Lucius Antonius," said the tibicine, after reading the document and securing t under his

less. The human flute-player was not far from home; taking Gellia in his arms, he carried her into the house, and hav-ing succeeded in reviving her, offered her What! Lucius Antonius, the general "What Electry Antonius, the general of the army of Germany!" exclaimed Regulus. "It is then a rebellion ?" "Yes," said Mistitus. "Who are his accomplices in Rome?" food, and gave up to her the little room he occupied. At the end of the year, Misitius and

"I do not know," replied Ministius; and he explained his singular position as the agent of an unknown body. "This is a skillful arrangement," re-Gallia went to the Pretor and made a pub-lic declaration that they were united by simple usage, an easy but legal form of marriage, the validity of which was never

brought in question. The poor people knew no other mode of legitimate union ; the wealthy alone could affrd to claim the expensive and solemn forms of conmarked Regulus; "in this way one may conspire without danger. But we shall manage to find them out. However, how do I know that you tell the truth about this revolt? I must have a proof." "You will have one to-morrow night." "How is that?" farreation and coemption. No married pair were more dissimilar in disposition, although closely united by

If you will be at the twelfth hour on Gellia was quick tempered and thought the Flaminia way, near Garden hill. less; Misitus was slow and vacillating except when his imagination was seduced ourier from Germany will bring me dis patches.

"I shall be there," exclaimed Regulas. "Am I free to go?" asked Misitius. "Eatirely so. Good-by till to-morrow by fanciful appearances, for then he seized these illusions with childish eagerness, and clung to them with all the obstinacy of conviction. Gallia was superstitions; night. Good-by, my lord, till to-morrow Misitins, initiated into the secrets of th

night. An hour later, Misitius was in Gellia's

arms. "We are saved," he said to her; "but vour Archigallus is an infamous rascal! He had betrayed me to Regulus. . . . Finding it impossible to dehy, I have een compelled to avow all Take good care of this declaration signed by Regulus. . . . Who knows but we may want it at some later day ?"

may want it at some later day ?" On the following night, Regnlus, con-sealed on the Flaminia way, received from Misitius the package of dispatches from Germany. With what joyfal surfrequently made thoughtless remarks about the happiness of the rich. These two young people suited each other precisely, because they differed so from Germany. With what joyfal sur-prime the wretch discovered, amidst those important documents, the letter written by Metellus Celer to the Grand Vestal, completely, each having the qualities or defects which were wanting in the other, Everybody liked them; the neighbors compared Gellia to Caia, the Roman which, while it gave a proof of their in timacy, revealed, moreover, the object o

heroine of marriage; they said that Misi-tius loved her as Philemon loved Beaucis, and the Parcae should cut their thread of conspiracy. said Regulus, smiling, "the Ah !" gods protect me! This letter gives me a new hold upon the Vestal and those Christians who might have escaped. ife on the same day Alas! these kind vishes were not written in the book o Christians who might have escar The emperor may send for me, now. One evening, a stranger called and had no longer fear having to remain silent

a long conversation with Misitius. From that time, Gella's husband was a changed man. We must explain in a few words how this was brought about. before his anger !" We have seen that Domitian sent for Regulus, and what use the latter made of The senators and others implicated in documents received from Misitius. the conspiracy, wanted a trustworthy agent in Rome, who would be their means We shall now seek Garges, whom we have left much embarrassed with Metel-lns Celer's letter, which he had under-taken to deliver to Cornelia.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNERAL OF A CHRISTIAN VIRGIN.

promised as to give assurance of his fidelity. The King of the Sacrifices, who was connected with the plot, recommended When perchance an idea saw the light When perchance an idea saw no ngnt in the brain of our friend Garges, one could affirm that it was an original and remarkable idea. Here is the reasoning by which Garges got rid of his dilemma. " If," he thought, " I get Cecilia to carry this papyrus to the Grand Vestal, I plange her anew in the greatest dangers. his flute-player, Misitus. The vanity and secret aspirations of the unfortunate tibicine made him an

They are waiting for you over you . They are waiting for you over yon-der! . . Passon !" Gnges hastened to avail himself of this permission, but he could not get over his astonishment at the facility of his escape, and at the words spoken by the triumvir. "This triumvir understands," he mut-

but

mass scarcely visible in the gloom of the night, was illuminated by thousands of mass lights, some stationary and some moving in the direction of that part of the woods

consecrated to Libitina. "What are those Christians about?" exclaimed Gurges, "that they are no asleep, but wandering out at this late

asleep, but wandering out at this late hour, with torches. . . Could it be that they really expect me? . . . This would be curions! . . . But let us go on, we will soon find out !" When the party left the Appian way to enter the grove of the Muses, they were again stopped, with the challenge, "Who goes there?" by two Christians, placed as sentries on the outskirts of the woods. "Gauges!" replied the designator, in a much firmer tone than he had answered the triumer's challenge.

much firmer tone than he had an and the triumver's challenge. "You are welcome !" said the voices. "This is well ! what are you doing, Garges?" said one of the Christians, coming forward and grasping the desig-nator's hand. . . . "But we should not friend-

coming lorward. . . "But we should nator's hand. . . "But we should have expected as much from your friend-have expected as much from your friend-thanks, in Von ship and devotion. . . Thank the name of our brethren . . . You will tind them all in tears!'

mother. . . . Petronilla, the sainted virgin, fell asleep in the Lord. day before yesterday, and we are watching here to welcome the Christians who will attend

welcome the Christians who will attend her, funeral at daybreak. . . . I thought you had been informed of this great misfortune." "No," said Gurges, "I had not heard of it. Ah! Petronilla, the poor old woman, whom I loved so much for the affection she bore Cecilia, is dead," he added, with emotion, returning the pres-sure of the Christian's hand. "This, sure of the Christian's hand. "This, then, is the reason why the triumvir told me I was expected here. Let your mind be easy, everything will be done in a suitable manner. Only, I should not have been advised so late."

the Christian's turn to wonder 'Are Olinthus and Cecilia here?" asked Jurges.

They closed Petronilla's eves. But they returned to Rome yesterday, to bring back Flavia Domitilla and our other brethren. We are expecting

"And the pontiff Clemens ?" inquired Garges, remembering the mission he had undertaken, " is he not here?"

"Clemens has not left Petronilla. He is praying for her at this moment be fore the altars of the Lord." Very well," said Garges. "Ishall go

and see how matters stand, and give my orders without delay. Garges and his vespillos penetrated nto the grove. The worthy designator had never done so much thinking as on

nvocations.

"Let us see," he reasoned, as he watken "Let us see," he reasoned, as he watken on, "these Christians are poor. This is evidently why they did not send for me. I understand this. But Gurges loves his friends, and the occasion pres-loves his friends, and the occasion presloves his friends, and the occasion preslo enting he will prove it. . I liked Pat-ronilla; I shall take charge of her funeral, and I want people to speak of it! Let us organize the ceremony. First, I walk at should confess His name. "I have appointed seven notaries to preserve the names of those who shall fall by the sword, in order that the memhe head of the cortege with my lictors Aressed in black, this is understood. Next come the images of the ancestors. Did Petronilla have any? Ah lyes, one Did Petronilla have any? Ah ! yes, one Peter, a very celebrated man, I have heard ! . . Besides, I have in my store-rooms any quantity of images of an-cestors for families. Very well! We shall want twenty mourners. I shall see to this ! I shall say a word to the woman who acted as chief mourner at funerals. . and they will utter lament-able cries! There will be no lack of rela-tions. I imagine all these Christian ory of their constancy shall not be lost for the encouragement of the weak, and the imitation of future Christians; I have prepared the asylum where the bodies of our martyrs will rest until the day of eternal life eternal life. "We are going to place Petronilla in this first Christian field of rest; it was meet and just that Peter's daughter should be the tirst to enter that asylum which will extend one day under the city of Rome like an invisible boulevard, and where the homes or our brethrem who died for tions. I imagine all those Christians will follow Petronilla. The faneral bed, the pyre? That's my lookout. Ah! the faneral discourse? It is rather late to the bones or our brethren who died for the faith of Christ; will be so numerous, that they will serve to make the cement of its walls, and the stones of its vault!" "Gory be to God! To our Lord Jesus Christ! To His elect." get somebody to prepare it. But I shall ask the Pontiff Clemens for a delay of

by her grief that she would have fallen but for the assistance of her two friends. As for Garges, he followed the cortege at some distance, still criticising the arrangements, but respectful, and with uncovered head. with better taste. I don't see the black hangings; nor the cypress trees, clipped into a mournful shape, nor the flute-play-ers who should accompany these funeral songs. If I had been advised of this, nothing would be wanting in the marks of respect due this old Petronila." uncovered head. The funeral procession soon reached the crypt which was to receive Patronilla's body. Some of the men took the place of the young maidens, to lower the body in the group which were lined with by

TO BE CONTINUED

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF PRO-

manent good, but work a positive in-

jury ; first, by discrediting the coun-try from which they come ; secondly,

expressed themselves very strongly

upon what they deemed the impertinent

of Americans coming

disturbing the amicable relations

may be, is

LIC COUNTRIES.

TESTANT MISSIONS IN CATHO.

A hand laid on the designator's shoul-der interrupted the expression of his regrets. the grave, which was lined with a thick

"Ah!" said be, turning round, "Olin-thus and Cecilia! Why," he added re-proachfully, "did you not inform me of this sad event?" "Dear friend," said Olinthus, "since layer of laurel leaves. The sainted octo-genarian was placed on this aromatic bed, with her face towards the east; and the young girls kneeling around the grave, threw into it their wreaths and palms.

two days we have not left our mother one She passed away in arms.

"Olinthus," exclaimed Garges, "I must "Onnhos," exclaimed Gurges, 1 must take charge of the funeral. . . I only ask for a few hours' delay in order to pre-pare it with becoming solemnity!" "Thanks, Gurges, but this cannot be."

"And why not, my dear Olinthus' Should a friend's services be refased ?" "No, Gurges, but Libitina, the goddess One of the most serious objections to Protestant missions in Catholic counof funerals, cannot preside over the obse tries is that they not only do no per-

quies of a Christian virgin;" replied the the designator looked shocked.

You Christians, are very exclusive! he remarked, discontentedly

"Gurgee! Gurges!" said Olinthus, in a tone of friendly reproach, and pressing the worthy designator's hand. "Do not existing between the two countries. and thirdly, by introducing discord, confusion and dissension among feel vexed. . . Here comes the pon-tiff Clemens," he added, pointing at a cortege in the distance; "he will tell you, better than I could, the reasons of our repeople heretofore at peace and unity among themselves. This is a matter in which every patriot-every true usal.

grove. The first rays of the rising sun tinged with gold the cloudlets on the horideeply interested, and about which we should judge dispassionatelyzrn. The damp mist of night melted, driven by the morning breeze. The load chirp of the insects mingled with the voices of the birds, celebrating with joywithout prejudice or prepossession-and act accordingly. We have heretofore taken occasion to quote liberally from the dispassion-

ful songs the return of light. Amidst this concert of awakening nature, grave and pious voices intonated the sacred canticles; a long file of men the Boston Sunday Herald in Mexico But we wish now, specially to accentuate his testimony upon the particular points above indicated. In one of this gentleman's letters, in which he took the cross, and sprinkle occasion to vindicate the character of the Mexican Catholic clergy, he dwelt particularly upon these points. He said that in conversation with leading influential Mexican gentlemen, they

bristian ceremonies. Then in the rear of these men and

presumption of Americans coming there to interfere with their religion, thereby assuming a superiority both in knowledge and in character over them. This has a tendency to generate a strong prejudice against the American people. It certainly is not been detained in Rome by calculated to promote feelings of amity and international friendship. These intelligent Mexican gentlemen are very well acquainted with Protestantism. They know well the

the crowd. "My brethren," said the pontiff, ad-dressing the silent and collected multitendency of its hundred and fifty different sects to disintegration, confu-sion and final skepticism and infideltude. tude. "Petronilla is no more, Almighty God has recalled her to Him. She is in ity, and they deprecate the introduc-tion of these bad elements into their His Tabernacles, repeating the eternal Hosanna, and singing the praise of the community. They resent the inter-ference of, and they are gradually im-Lamb. She awaits us amidst the just with the apostles of Christ, the first marbibing a hatred for the Yankee. They insist that they do not need the tyrs of the faith, the holy virgins whom the mysterious spouse, glorious and con-

kind offices of such uninvited, imper-"Let us rejoice, my brethren, for this tinent missionaries for the improvement of the Mexican people, and they day is not a day of mourning; let us, also, sing Hosanna, for the Lord has manifested are ready to retort : " Physician, heal thyself, before you undertake to administer to your neighbors.'

The assemblage repeated these three

sumes to pluck the mote out of the eve "My brethren,"continued Clemens, "the days of persecution are near; I feel it in my heart; God has revealed it to me by of Catholic Mexico. because warnings. Let us await with peaceful souls the hour of trial; let us bless the Lord if He wisheth that we

In the letter of Mr. Guernsey, to which we refer, written in answer to some unfavorable criticisms, he repeats his previous testimony to the high

AUGUST 18, 1900.

BY MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

HOW MRS. JANE STOOD OUT.

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AUGUST 18, 1900.

"There, I guess you can carry them out now, Edwin !" Mrs. Jane Ellis stooped for the last anxious touch to poxes of huckleberries that sat on the floor, distributing the few extra large ones on the top of the baskets. Then she tucked the newspaper cover

in at the edges. "There's an even bushel, and Barker's paying 5 cents." Then she looked at Edwin who stood with his back toward her, drumming his fingers with irritating noise against the front window pane and kicking the toe of his newly-polished boot along the mopboard-polish obtained by not a few minutes of labor from Mrs. Jane the night before, while the rest of the family were enjoying the comfortable

unconcern of sleep. "Edwin !" Her voice had a little touch of sternness in it that was unnenal Edwin turned around. It was sel

dom Mrs. Jane ever " spoke out." He looked at her curiously, but her pale gray eyes looked out unwavering from under the light lashes. He frowned at her, but for once she stood and met his frown without a quaver. "They're ready, Edwin," she re-peated, quietly. "There's a bushel of

peated, quietly. "There's a bushel of them." Then she began taking the pins from her thin hair. "Aren't you going to hitch up now, Edwin ?' she said, and looked up at the clock. It was 7:30.

Edwin Ellis grunted and scuffed out into the middle of the room. "Gues I'll be ready as soon as the rest of ye !" " Guess he said grudgingly. He looked around for his hat.

'Aren't you going to change your clothes, Edwin ?" Mrs. Jane took the hairpins from her mouth and stood with folded hands before her husband. Your shirt's fresh ironed, and I've got the buttons in it. Your clothes have been sponged and pressed ; they're in there on the bed. The children are most ready. Twon't take me long to dress."

"I never see a woman vet that could get ready to go any place-" he began, but paused. Mrs. Jane had gathered up her hairpins and gone into the other room and closed the door decisively.

Her husband stood and looked after her with aggrieved wonderment. Never before had Mrs. Jane ventured to speak out so boldly. She had closed the door against his last word. He picked up his hat sullenly from the corner and went out.

Mrs. Jane, standing before the cracked mirror in the kitchen, heard the door slam and her thin face drew itself into more rigid lines. smoothed her hair down with hard, steady fingers and fastened it into a secure little knot behind. Then she went into the bedroom and began to

dress. She had " held out " against Edwin. She took off her every-day calico and hung it behind the door, and then buttoned on her best black cashmere and fastened it at the throat with the cameo brooch that had been her mother's She tied fresh ribbons on little Marion's hair and buttoned clean blouses on the twin boys. She did all this with steady, determined fingers. There was an air of victory about her. It had been gradually taking possession of her for a week.

A week ago they had first heard about the circus, and this was the day it was to be held at Georgeville and they were going. She had asked and Edwin had refused. She had pleaded and Edwin had frowned ; but she, Mrs. Jane Ellis, had persisted. After fifteen years of silence she had dared to stand out against Edwin-and they wer going. Her hunger for some small bit of pleasure and excitement after all her dull, starved, obedient, slavish years frightened her.

lover of our country, whatever his religious preferences The dawn lighted faintly the sacred ate testimony of the able and inde-pendent Protestant correspondent of

and women, bearing green palms, ap-proached slowly, and surrounded the bed upon which rested Patronilla. Each one, as he or she passed the foot of the bed, the body with the holy water used in

women, came the Bishop Clemens, sur-rounded by his priests and deacons. The pontif blessed the crowd, who bent their heads reverently. Having arrived near

The corpse, he sprinkled it three times. The time had come for the faneral. Olinthus and Cecilia joined the cortege; they were followed by Flavia Domitilla, and by Flavius Clemens and his twosons, who had hastened to pay the last honor to the daughter of the chief of the apostles to the daughter of the They had been det important cares. During the night Domitian's summons to attend on the next day the examination of the sons of David, had been delivered to them.

Garges and his vespillos mingled with

in this humble servant, His grace, and the most precious gifts of His love." "Glory be to Gad! Glory be to Jesus Christ! Glory be to His elect!" are ready also to suggest politely that

And when you are in the temple continued Gellia, charming the assembly with the melodious sounds of your in strument, is it to you, or to the sacrificer the offerings are brought ?' But, Gellia, what connection

"But, term, there "This one, dear Misitius: you are again playing for the benefit of others. . The General triumphing will reap the ovations and honors, and Misitius the formutan. The General failing.

I will not say what will happe to Misiting What shall I say ? Gellia, the die i

muttered Misitius, finding th cast." argument unanswerable. "But, fortunately," continued the litile

woman, "Misitins has a wife who watches over him and will save him.

• The Archigallus promised me. . ." " Does the Archigallus know ?" asked

the tibicine with terror. "The Archigallus has in his possession the document I picked up yesterday, and which is, he told me, a proclamation.

But the young woman stopped in he turn, terrified by the sudden change in her head her in the sudden change in change in turn, termed by the sudden change in ber husband's features. The poor fate-player had become ashy pale and was trembling in all his limbs. "Gellia," he muttered, "you have ruined me! All will be discovered

The Archigallus is an honest man faltered the little woman uneasily. "Oh ! the women, the women !" said Misitius dolefully. "They cannot be Misitius dolefully. "They cannot b kept from going to those wretched Gallii Gellia, you are not aware that I have had this proclamation distributed in Rome last night . . and that the Archi-gallus is the bosom friend of the infamgallus still had the proclamation in his ous Regulus. . . Do you understand now what you have done ?"

" Oh !" cried Gellia, throwing herself in her husband's arms, " can this be true ? dear Misitius !

The two young people held each other in a long embrace, mingling their sobe and not daring to communicate to each other their thoughts. Misitius and Gellia had only been

married two years. Their story is simple and touching. Both belonged to that numerous class of individuals whom the Misitius. Roman laws pronounced sui generis at their birth, because they were considered

as having no father. Misitius' mother, who died when he was twenty years old, was a freedwoman protected by the King of the Sacrifices. Formerly, the Roman Kings presided in person the immolation of victims. When the republic succeeded the monarchy.

the republic succeeded the monarchy, Misitius, as the truth broke upon him. this title was given to apriest, in order "May the gods grant, at least, that I may to preserve the ancient rite. But the name "King," was so odious, that the The tibicine was introduced into the

A considerable snm of m easy prey. A considerable sum of money was paid him and he was promised the rank of Martial Flamine. Besides the rank of Mariai Flamine. Besides the general was in direct communication with him, and apparently, at least, de-pended on him for all necessary informa-tion and for the signal of action. It is true that Misitius did not know the names plunge her anew in the greatest dangers. Now, I love Cecilia too much not-withstanding that she is the wife of Olinthus, to expose her again to perse Here Gurges paused and scratched his of the conspirators; that he was but an intermediary, placed between two points nead. "Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've rot it! . . Yes, that's it! . . I like this pontiff of the Christians! I one luminous and tangible-Lucius Ar tonins, whom he knew; the other-the conspirators, surrounded by inpenetrable darkness. But the flute-player believed conspirators, surrounded by inpenetratore darkness. But the flute-player believed himself the true head and prime mover of the conspiracy. He devoted himself, body and soul, to his secret task. We know what followed, and how Gellia innocently betrayed her husband. The worl little woman now went over the The poor little woman now wept over the consequences of her imprudence; Misitius was thinking how he should save Gellia and save bimself. They remained until night plunged into this intolerable an-guish, and trembling at every noise. Suddenly, a knock was heard at the door. Gellia hesitated. The knock was "From the Archigallus!" "Ah!" said Gellia, "I remember he

contented with little. Whilst Gellia had

of communicating with the General, com

I like this pontif of the Christians! I have seen him at work! ... It seemed to me that he felt an interest in the Grand Vestal. ... There is, be-sides, in this letter, something that con-cerns the young Casears, to whom he is said to be related. Suppose I were to in-trust him with this delicate mission?" Usen this Gurzes who seldow warded Upon this, Gurges, who seldom wasted much time in reflection, cut a joyfal cap-er, and called aloud to his vespillos, who presented themselves forth with, bearing torches. "Forward to the Capena Gate," cried

Gurges, Two men preceded him to light the way, and the party setont briskly. They passed the Capena Gate, and entered the Appian way, which they were to follow some distance to reach the ancient grove the day ended." And she hastened to open the door.

of the Muses where the wretched huts of the Christians were built. Here Garges had a bad fright. The

Apollo's messenger entered, and said simply to Misitins : "Follow me." torches of an escort coming from the op-posite direction, suddenly illumined the darkness, and in the silence of the night, this challenge resounded,— "Triumvir Capital! . . . Who "Is it the Archigallus who sends you? asked the flate-player. "The Archigallus wishes to see you concerning the writing your wife gay "I am ready," said Misitius, somewhat comforted by the thought that the Archi-

goes there ? It was the triumvir, going his rounds the was the triumvir, going his rounds who, perceiving the light of torches at this unseasonable hour, had ordered the party to be challenged. Now, Garges had had more than once, trouble with the Trium-vir Capital. In his nocturnal expedi-tions, during the time he was a vespillo.

she kissed him good by,-"You will see that Apollo did not deeive me. Misitius had not walked very far when

Geilia felt confident. She told him as

tions, during the time ne was a vespilo, he had often been stopped by this chief of the urban police, and searched for such prohibited articles as human hair and teeth-spoils robued from the grave by the vespilor. But nears hed the three men rushed upon him, threw him down, and securely tied his hands. messenger then gave the order t

the vespillos. But never had the en counter caused him so much uneasiness Where are you taking me?" asked "You will soon know," replied the

"If this triumvir proceeds to search my person as usual," thought Garges, with a certain tremor, "what will become of the Grand Vestal's letter? What will become of me?" The danger became imminent, for the triumvir obtaining no rapit, was called stranger. They walked on silently, down the

deserted strets, and reaching the Tiber, crossed the Palatine bridge. They were then going to Regulas' house? Doubt-less, the Archigallus had betrayed Gellia's

"Ine canger became imminent, for the triumvir, obtaining no reply, was gallop-ing towards the suspicious party. "Who goes there?" he repeated, when he was about twenty steps from them. "Garges !" replied the son of Tongil-iahus, almost firmly. "Garges, the designator ?" asked the triumvir. Ah! now I understand.

twenty four hours to organize my cere-mony ! He cannot object to this." The meditations of the designator were interrupted by the sound of pure voices acending to heaven in pious concert. Looking up, he stopped in a respectful attitude. The corpse was before him. Petronilla, the octogenary virgin, was

placed in a reclining position, on a bed of leaves. Her eyes turned to heaven. She was clad in white garments, studded with flowers—emblems of the purity of her life; a wreath of white roses entircled her brow. One would have scarcely realized that she was dead, such was the sceneity of her features, which retained an august life, glorious death!" expression very different from the rigidity of death. Around her burned torches of rosin, emitting an aromatic odor, and perfumes that filled the atmosphere with

their fragrant emanations. On each side of the funeral bed was a choir of women and young girls who choir of women and young girls who watched and sung alternately, sacred hymns or passages from the holy canticles. These were the voices Gurgus had heard. The women sang:

"Blessed be the Lord! She died in His grace: the betrothed came: she held he lighted lamp in her hand." The young girls replied :

"She has flown to Heaven like the dove of the desert ; her soul is as white as the illy in the vale ; no impure breath has tarnished her vir ginal body." The bed of leaves was lifted by twelve young maidens, dressed in white, and crowned with white flowers. Near them

And all repeated together, three times "Glory be to God ! Glory be to God ! Glory ha to 6

The designator looked at these arrange The designator looked at these arrange-ments with a critic's eye, and communi-cated, in an undertone, to his vespillos his condemnation of such things as did not appear to him in harmony with the established usages. "Where are the embalmers," he whis-pered, "to wash and perfume the body of this respectable matron? Where are the fasces which should surround that bed? By-the-by, it should have been decorated

character of the Mexican people in contrast with our own, and says :

" It has also come under my observation, and been faithfully chronicled, that the edu-cated class here resent the attempt to change their religion. This is but natural." and

American Protestantism pluck the beam out of its own eye before it pre-

After acknowledging that the knows some good and earnest men among the Protestant missionaries he adds :

"But the fact remains that the upper class in Mexico think that we should refrain from trying to convert them to a new form of Christianity till we have modified some of our practices, such as lynching 'niggers' as a Sabbath day observance, etc."

If there are any two nations in the world, between which friendly relations should exist, they are the United States and Mexico. The social and commercial relations between the two are really of vast importance, and

The assemblage again represent ful words. "And now, Christians," continued the "And now, Christians," in the gray. it is our firm conviction that every cause of alienation and misunderstand bontiff, "having celebrated the holy mys-teries, let us lay Petronilla in the grave, whence her body will arise, impassible ing which has no greater claim to consideration than the forcible introduction of Protestantism among an unwilland glorious at the consummation of ages. We shall not, as the Gantiles do, throw to the winds her ashes gathered from a funeral pile; she will remain amonget us ing people, should be discouraged and frowned down by every intelligent, unprejudiced and right-thinking pera pious memento, as a sacred relig

humble and gentle example during her life, glorious exhortation after her Is strikes us that it would be well for our Protestant friends to look upon Mexico as a salutary warning and 'Amen!" responded the multitude. example of the policy to be persued to-"Amen!" responded the multitude, The pontiff then took a paim from the hands of one of the faithful, and having dipped it into a vase containing water, sprinkled a few drops upon the venerable virgin asleep in the Lord; after this he turned around and sprinkled the assemblwards the people in our new dependen. cies, Cuba and Porto Rico. If our deire is to pursue a concilatory policy and to encourage friendly relations between hem and this country it would seem that no wilder or more unpropitious The sacred dew fell on Gurges as well The sacred dewich of as on the other assistants. "That's the lustral water," whispered "That's the bis vespillos. "It is the scheme could be devised than that of attempting to force upon them a multitude of differing, competing Protest-

ant missionaries, especially if backed and encouraged by Government (ffic-ials.-Sacred Heart Review. way to throw it on the relatives and friends of the deceased, but this should be done at the end, not the beginning of the ceremony. Another mistake! Why did they not let me do it?"

A QUESTION.

Transciency is stamped on all our essions, occupations and delights. We have the hunger for eternity in our souls, the thought of eternity in our hearts, the destination for eternity written on our inmost being, and the need to ally ourselves with eternity proclaimed by the most short-lived trifles of time. Either these things will be the blessing or the curse of our lives. Which do you mean that they shall be for you ?-Alexander MacLaren.

She looked up into her own face as she stood before the looking glass, put ting the last finishing touches to her neck gear with a sort of bewildering feeling. Had Edwin really given up to her? A flush crept into her sallow cheeks.

She watched him drive the horses around to the front gate, and her heart fluttered wildly as she saw him coming up the path. Her husband, Edwin Ellis, giving up to her! There was a little quiver about her mouth, and she turned away to hide it as he came in. With not a little consternation in her eyes, she watched him silently putting his best clothes.

Was it really right for her to stand out against Elwin? Her conscience gave her uneasy qualms. She, puny, undersized woman and Edwin -she looked over at her strong brawny husband. Grandma Lewi said a body had only "to look once at Edwin Ellis to see who was head of the house." Really, wasn't it her place to submit, after all?

Little Marion touched her gown. She looked down into the child's face, and that decided her. Little Marion, in her best blue frock that she had worn so few times, with a look of .unchildish patience upon her face, wait-ing meekly as she, Mrs. Jane, had waited so many weary years ! When she looked at Edwin again her face had regained its firmness. She had picked the bushel of huckle-

berries that was to buy their tickets, walking away on past the cedar swamp after the dinner dishes had been washed, carrying them home in time to get Edwin's supper, bending over the low bushes till her shoulders ached and her head swam. Three afternoons she had picked berries, in order that going to the circus wouldn't be any expense to Edwin. "If it was going to cost him any-

crowned with white flowers. Near them walked other young girls, also clad in white, and singing sacred songs. Next came the women carrying pine torches, and lastly the men, grouped around the pontiff and his priests, and joining their deep voices to those of the maidens. A young woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, walked immediately behind the funeral bed, supported by Flavia Domitilla, the emperor's niece, and Eutyc-hia, the mother of the plebeian centurion. This disconsolate mourner was Cecilia.

exhortation after

This disconsolate mourner was Cecilia. The young matron was so overwhelmed