### AURELIA;

## THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER IX -Continued.

rounded her. We realize all the frivolity and idleness of that existence so forcibly styled mundus muliebris. So, we might give the list of her numerous garments; we might say which she wore in the morning, which at mid-day when visiting the porticos, and which she reserved for evening wear; we might name the perfumes and coemetics prepared to enhance the brilliancy of her complexion, the essences in which she bathed, the jewels with which she loaded her fingers, her wrists and ankles. All these things have been minutely described. Cecilia, still sustained by her two com-

Cecilia, still sustained by her two companions, approached to deposit also her pious momento. This was the slave's garments she had worn on the day of her emancipation, and with which she now wrapped the rigid limbs of the loving friend who had received her in her arms on that memorable occasion.

The songs had ceased. The pontiff sprinkled the body once more, and threw upon it a little earth. The women put out their torches; the men filed past, each throwing a handful of earth upon the body, and inclining his head reverently; and soon there was left near the levelled grave but two persons kneeling and elled grave but two persons kneeling and weeping together—Olinthus and Cecilia, When, at last, they arose to go, Olin-When, at last, they arose to go, Olin-thus found himself face to face with Gur-The designator's eyes were wet

"Take me to the pontiff Clemens, my dear Olinthus," said Garges; "I must speak to him."

speak to him."
"Come with us," replied the centurion,

more.
Gurges followed silently. When they arrived near the pontiff he was inviting Flavius Clemens and the young Caesars to join the other Christians in the agapae which followed the funeral ceremonies.
"We cannot," replied Flavius Clemens.
"The emperor has sent for us; and it will soon be time to go to the palace, in obedience to his orders."
"Ab "thought Gurges, "if this con-

obedience to his orders,"

"Ah!" thought Gurges, "if this consul and those young Caesars had seen the letter I have under my tunic how quick they would turn their backs upon Domitter."

tian!"

When Flavius and his sons had taken leave of the pontiff, Olinthus introduced Garges to the latter, whom he acquainted with the designator's generous offer.

"Thank you, my son," said the priest, with a smile. "But you see we have our "Which are better than ours," replied

quickly Gurges, moved by Clement's kindness and this name of "son" which the venerable man had applied to him. Bit, my lord, I have called to see you upon permit me to speak to you private-

ly?"
Olinthus left them. The designator then hastened to hand Metellus Celer's letter to the pontiff, saying:
"Read, my lord, this writing which has been in the emperor's hand."
When the pontiff finished reading, Flavius and his sons were still in sight. Clemens saw them ready to step into their litters. He made a motion as if to call them back, but withheld the cry them back, but withheld the cry

call them back, but withheld the cry ready to escape from his lips.
"No," he said, thoughtfully. "I must not recall them! It is better that they should obey Domitian. If they showed the least heaitancy. if they attempted to justify themselves. they would be lost!. Let them apposed the emperor, ignorant of this accusation. Their surprise and indignation will only have truer and more convincing accente!"

He turned to Garges.

"You say, my son," he added, "that
the emperor has read this letter?... How do you know it?'

How do you know it?"

The designator narrated briefly what had happened to him.
"You have acted right, my son," said Clemens; "I shall justify your confidence. You may rest assured that this letter will be handed to the Grand Vestal. But be silent concerning these matters.

Gorges promised to obey.

"My son," resumed the pontiff, in a selemn tone, and as if answering a secret thought, "God has given me for mission to help all who are in danger, to save alike the gentile and the Christian, the priestess of false divinities as well as the virgin consecrated to Christ. It may happen that I shall come to you, one

happen that I shall come to you, one day, as you have come to me. Will you do then what I shall ask you?"

"I Ewear it!" exclaimed Garges, with enthusiasm, "at any time, in any place, and for anything, I devote myself to the pontiff of the Christians!"

Garges could not resist when one appealed to his heart.

"Farewell, my son," said Clamon.

"Farewell, my son," said Clemens, with an affectionate smile. . "We shall doubless meet again. . For the present my flock require my care."

Gurges bid farewell to the postion and having the state of the continuous control of the c

Gurges bid farewell to the pontiff, and having joined his vespillos, returned with them to Rome.

# CHAPTER X.

WEALTHY, BEAUTIFUL, GREAT . . AND UNHAPPY.

Whilst Domitian is marching against Lucius Antonius, we shall go back to Cic-ero's house, to find the divine Aurelia, of whom we had lost sight. It was a few days after Cecilsa's eman-

tiff of the Christians? cipation. Aurelia, alone in her cubicu-lum, was reclining on rich cushions, playing listlessly with some flowers, which she took from a beautiful mur-rhine vase and picked to pieces. The which she took from a beautiff intr-rhine vase and picked to pieces. The young girl was sad and pensive. Some bitter sorrow seemed to weigh on her heart. She had sent for her old tutor, and was waiting with impatience for his

ian."
"But he can have the empire only a From the time she had thrown herself. weeping into the Grand Vestal's arms exclaiming: "Vespasian is a Christian "He will renounce the empire will give me up, if needs be! . H told me so! . Yes, he said so! . exclaimed the young girl, no longer weep all my hopes of happiness have fled!"
this thought had not left her mind, and none could have guessed what despair had filled her heart when, before the Pre tor's tribunal she had seen Flavius Clemens and his two sons surrounded by the Christians, receiving their homsges, and, in return, showering marks of sym-

pathy upon these despised people.

Aurelia abandoned herself to the bitterness of her thoughts in the midst of the solitary life led by the Roman women, and which is little known in our days. and which is little such a thing as the family circle or the pleasures of home was unknown. The adage: Mulier families suae et caput et laws into the customs, or rather custom had introduced it into the law, and this habit of looking upon woman as a being left to its own resources, commencing and ending in the same person, had de-stroyed even the meaning of natural fam-

The words which, in the Roman law or in the ancient writers, expressed the re- awaits us . .

lations established by constanguinity be-tween individuals, designated ties very different from those known in the present time. With a little attention we dis-cover in the writings of the old authors the absolute void of a Roman woman's life, and the forced solitude which sur-rounded her. We realize all the frivolity and dileness of that existence so forcibly possible that my cousin should refuse . . He would, doubtless, renounce with joy, all other affections for mine. In a word,

all other affections for mine. In a word, I still hoped!

"Yesterday, my cousin came here.
I had seen him several times since that eventful day in the Forum, but I had not been able to converse freely with him.

He was overjoyed. he showed me the most tender affection. He pressed my hands in his, saying again that I had been good, generous, and that he thanked me for it.

"Dara Vespasian," said I to him, seizing this opportunity, what I did for this little Cecilia, is very simple. What reason have you for being so grateful to me?"

me?'
"At this question, Vespasian looked at me with an air of great surprise.
"'Dear Aurelia,' said he without hesitation, 'do you not know with what courage she glorified our God for the salvawrists and ankies. All these things have been minutely described.

We see her plunged in indolence, in the midst of numerous slaves always ready to spare her the least exertion; we follow her in her shopping and visiting excursions in the city, and gaze with astonishment upon the extravagant splendor of her cortege, when she repairs to places of public symptoms. tion of our brethren?'

"'Your God! . . your brethren!
. . dear Veepasian, what means this language? Have you a God other than "'Dear cousin,' replied Vespasian, 'are

you not aware that I am a Christian?"
"'So, you confess it, dear Vespasian,' I
remarked, with an involuntary shudder. You are a Christian!
"Yes, my dear Aurelia, I am a Christian. Flavia Domitilla who instructed
my father and mother in this holy law,

places of public amusement.

But it is seldom that we see her surrounded by her family; seldom that she is shown to us enjoying the pure happiness of the home circle; she hardly seems

less of the nome circle; she hardly seems oknow the sainted affection which unites

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, se

proud of her two sons whom she called her most precious jewels, presents a pure picture seldom reproduced in Roman his-

The matron, having a husband and

children, felt necessarily some movement around her, but the motherless young girl, the orphan, sui juris, was truly alone in the world; she was as lost in the im-

It is Christianity which has created the

pation of woman restored to her prim

ness of customs was founded; to religion we owe the charm—unknown to ancient civilization—of the pure and respectful

friendship which transformed society.

This thought is not new, but it is so true, that it cannot be proclaimed too

Woman, raised in her own eyes, re-

turned to the joys of the family, delivered from the cares of loneliness, and now honored and loved, is no longer the im-

reperosity toward an obscure young gir had returned to a father's embrace

ing praises with those of her relations she conversed with him at length . . .

nd they will not soon cease to flow,

Vibius Crispus bounded with surpris

from his seat, and repeated like a man

tand what he has heard:

husband

ings in whose veins the same blood

could not overlook their children.

"'Oh! Flavia Domitilla did not forget
me either,' said I, ironically . . . 'By
Jupiter! it is not her fault if I am not a
Jewess also.'

"'Aprelie.

Jewess also.'
"Aurelia, Aurelia,' said Vespasian sadly, why defend yourself by invoking Jupiter? No, unfortunately, you are not yet a Christian, but you are worthy of becoming one, and if I believe the voice of my heart, you will be a Christian. mensity of that city of Rome with its three millions inhabitants. Wherever she turned, she saw a moral wilderness; from the uproar of the thousand noises which filled the city, not a voice spoke to

"Enough of this, dear Vespasian.
I do not suppose you have lost your mind
Come, I added, smiling kindly, 'will
you grant me what I am going to ask "'Yes, dear cousin, provided it is not

contrary to my religion.'
"'Can you style that strange worship intimacy of modern relations; it is religion which peopled the wilderness of the ancient world; it is through the emancient religion?"
"'It is the only true religion, dear Auive equality with man that the polite-ness of customs was founded; to religion

relia.'
"'How! you say this! cousin. But never mind, you must give it up for my sake."

Aurelia here interrupted her narrative

to address herself to Vibius Crispus who, according to his prudent custom, was listening attentively without expressing my opinion. You see, guardian," said she, " that I

put the question in the most direct form to my betrothed. But I was alarmed at the grave and sad expression as-sumed by his countenance." honored and loved, is no longer the im-placable and blood-thirsty being, the monster of cruelty revealed to us by the ancient writers. In her house, every one trembled around her. Neither her hus-band nor her children were shielded from her fury. As for her slaves, the atrocities perpetrated by the matrons upon those wretched creatures surpassed "'What!' he exclaimed, 'is it my dear Aurelia who makes such a re-

quest?' you not a Caesar? And am I not your Aurelia,' he replied impetuously, ' do the most cruel inventions of the masters. Aurelia was far from resembling these matrons; not only youth, but the secret tendencies of her heart, the peculiar cir-

you love me as I love you?'
"'Oh!' I exclaimed, in a tone of reproach, 'can you doubt it, dear Vespascommences which had surrounded her infancy, made her an exception to the common rule. The Grand Vestal's friendian?"
" Well! dear cousin, instead of asking

well read cousin, instead of against me to sacrifice my faith, seek to learn the truth, and trample under your feet that Jupiter of which you spoke just now.'
"'Vespasian,' I remarked, much astonished at his words, 'it seems to me we common rule. The Grand Vestas Firehovenship had developed the child's affection ate nature; and, later, the pressing lessons of Flavia Domitilla, the example of her gentle virtues had implanted in the young maiden's soul the germ of noble thoughts. are exchanging our parts. It is you, not I, who should change. Come, give When she returned from the Forum, after Cecilia's emancipation, all her relations hastened to thank her for her me an answer.'

"'Ah! what answer can I give you? "'Ah! what answer can I give you?"
"'But, dear Vespasian, think of what will happen. Flavia Dimitilla has caused our loss!"
"'Oh!' said Vespasian, 'I see what it is that disturbs you! You think that I cannot be a Christian and remain a Caesar. But what does it matter!

She heard the touching expression of Cecilia's gratitude, and promised her her friendship. Vespasian, her betrothed, called several times and mingled his lov-"'How what does it matter? fact, you must be one or the other.' shall remain a Christian.

and lost all hope!
"Always in tears! my dear and august "Indeed! Vespasian," I exclaimed in in a tone of doubt, 'do you speak seriward," said Vibius Crispus, entering the

room suddenly.
"Yes, Vibius, always in tears!... Quite seriously, and with joy, dea and they will not soon cease to flow," replied Aurelia, sorrowfully, and she made sign to her guardian to take a seat near her. "They praise me for having been kind to this little Cecilia. but how poorly they reward me!" "Come. my dear ward," Vibius asked affectionately, "what has happened?" "Strange and incredible things, dear guardian. You respected Flavia Domitilla and my other relations of being Christians. But you would not have thought that Vespasian belongs to that sect!" "' And would you feel that joy also, if

you knew that your betrothed cannot be-come your wife?'
"'You are cruel, my dear Aurelia.'

The young girl paused again to interro-gate her guardian's face. Vibius re-mained impassible. She suppressed a

mained impassible. She suppressed a sigh and resumed:

"I had spoken so excitedly that I felt alarmed at the cold resolution which marked Vespasian's answers. But there was so much feeling in the manner in which he accused me of cruelty, and so much tenderness in the glance he gave me, that I felt sure of victory. I approached nearer to him; he took my hands and pressed them calling me by Vespasian! Your affianced sband the heir of the empire is a Christian?" the most endearing names.

"'Vespasian,' I whispered, 'it is not I who would abandon you. . . believe

this, at least.'
"'I know it, dear Aurelia. . . I have never doubted your heart.'
"He said this again with great tender

"Yes, guardian, it is not a dream it is not a doubt . Vespasian himself told me so, here sitting near me as you do now . Besides, I knew it already . Did you not notice, the other day, that he accompanied the ponness, with caressing words,' continued the young girl, and tears suffased her And Aurelia, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly. Vibius Crispus walked about the room, eyes. "But, Vespasian,' I added timidly,

'they may separate us.'
"'It would be a dreadful sacrifice!'."
"'You said a sacrifice!' I cried,
trembling, 'who then would you sacriplunged in deep thought, and uttering only incoherent words. He foresaw imonly incoherent words. He foresaw im-portant events and fearful dangers. "He must abandon that impious creed," he said at last. "He wil not abandon it, dear guard-

" Why this question ? dear cousin? "' Vespasian, you do not love me! It needs but one word. . a single word And you will not speak it !

"On! guardian, I wept bitterly, for from that time I saw that all was over. But I did not think that my betrothed would have the courage to still further.

"He was there before me. gazing sadly at me. his eyes filled with tears.

He scarcely dared to speak, and yet I could see on his face a speak and yet.

ing, no longer crushed under the weight of her sorrow, but standing erect, with flashing eyes, and speaking with all the I could see on his face a secret calm, the same air of firm resolve that had caused me so much anxiety."

"Dear Aurelia, said he at last, if I flashing eyes, and speaking with all the bitterness of wounded pride.

"Here is what took place between Vespasian and me," resumed Aurelia, when she had recovered alittle calm. As I have told you. I had surmised, from certain words of his, that Vespasian shared the ideas of Flavia Domitilla, and if I had not, what happened in the Forum, where all the Christians saluted Flavius and his two gons as people salute only

were asked to give up my life it would be "'Your life! Vespasian. . I am then nothing to you?'
"You are everything to me!' he exclaimed in the same loving accents, .
for he loves me, I cannot doubt! 'But,'
he added solemnly, 'I cannot prefer you then nothing to you? and his two sons as people salute only those who share their affections and senti-ments, could have left no doubt. I re-turned home anxious, uneasy, not know-

he added solemmy,
to my God.'
"Oh! guardian," continued the divine
Aurelia, "when I heard these words.
I do not know what took place in me.
but this was too much. I felt faint
and giddy, and I fell. I saw Vespasian aprang forward and catch me in his
ian aprang forward and catch me in his turned home anxious, uneasy, not knowing what to hope or fear . Yet, as I reflected, I felt more tranquil; I said to myself that I would speak to Vespasian, and ask of him the sacrifice of an unreasonable opinion, dangerous to him, threatening to the high destinies which awaits us . . It seemed to me imbut this was too much. I felt faint and giddy, and I felt. I saw Vespasian sprang forward and catch me in his arms. He called loudly to my women. Then I saw nothing more. I

heard nothing. I was senseless. When I recovered my senses, I was lying on this couch, surrounded by my slaves. I looked around me. Vespasian had disappeared!"

had disappeared!"
The young girl's voice grew faint as she concluded the narrative of this bitter trial; she struggled against the sorrow that crushed her. Her eye was no longer proud, but veiled by her tears. She looked anxiously at Vibius Crispus, who, feeling at that he must say something, murmured in a low voice:

"Those Christians are all alike.

Nothing can conger them. They

Nothing can conquer them. They trample upon everything."
"Is there no more hope, then, dear guardian?" asked Aurelia in beseeching They

guardian "asked Airela in besecting accents.

Vibius Crispus scarcely knew what to say. The selfish old courtier could find no balm for this wounded young heart. Besides, other thoughts filled his mind. What events would result from these facts which he had suspected, and of which he was now certain? The emperature and the computation had been aware of them.

hich he was now certain? The emper-must soon become aware of them. ad then? . Vibius was afraid! "Dear ward, allow me time to reflect," said he in the most caressing and affectionate tone he could assume. "No, all hope is not lost. Time will doubtless conquer the young Caesar. Your love must certainly triumph. But I am so much surprised that I don't know what to advise. Besides, nothing can be done much surprised that I don't know what to advise. Besides, nothing can be done at present. We shall see. Above all, take care that the emperor hears nothing of this! My dear ward, you may rely on your old guardian. he is entirely devoted to you.

devoted to you! devoted to you!"

Vibius Crispus continued for some time to offer such vague consolations to that poor wounded soul. But the emptiness of his words wearied Aurelia, who felt of his words wearied Aurens, who lein herself abandoned by the awkward and cowardly old egotist, her last resource in her loneliness. She made noeffort to de-tain him when he rose to go. She listened to the noise of his steps on

She listened to the hoise of inserts of the marble pavement of the atrium. It grew fainter, then ceased and silence reigned in the vast mansion.

"Oh! how lonely! how lonely!" exclaimed Aurelia, groaning with anguish.

"Who will come to me?"

She closed her eves and remained thus

She closed her eyes and remained thus

last she looked up, a young girl stood near her, contemplating her with tenderness, and afraid to disturb her rest. Aurelia uttered an almost joyful cry and sprang into the arms of Cecilia, for it was she who thus appeared to Vespasian's betrothed as merciful divinity. was sh

### CHAPTER XI.

AURELIA COMMENTS ON SAINT PAUL.

Aurelia showered caresses on Cecilia She was happy to see this plebeian girthis Christian slave who owed her he reedom. What motives were there no or the proud patrician, the betrothed of the Caesar Vespasian, to forget, and even to hate this daughter of an humble tax gatherer, whose name even was unknown to her a few days ago. And yet, it was in her gentlest tone of voice that she greeted

"Cecilia, my little Cecilia, is this you! . . What joy to see you! . . But how did you get here without being announced?"

Cecilia had not seen her noble bene factress since the memorable scene of the emancipation. She had called to return her thanks, accompanied by her father, her Christian friends, Flavia Domitilla and Aurelia's other relations; but this was the first time the two young girls met alone. Cecilia wished to express her gratitude more freely, and, at the same gratitude more freely, and, at the same time, to inform Vespasian's betrothed of her own marriage with Olinthus, which would take place in a few days.

"Madam," said the modest young Christian, confused by this affectionate welcome, "I met your guardian, Vibius Crispus, in the atrium, and he brought

me here, saying that you were very sad
. . . O my dear and noble mistress.
what causes your sorrow?"
"It is true, Cecilia, that I am anxious,

wearied, unhappy. In these are things I cannot speak of, and which do not pre-vent me from loving you. Oh! how well you did to come at this moment!" Aurelia would have felt embarrassed to vent me

Aurelia would have reit emparrassed to repeat to the young girl the complaints she had confided to Vibius Chrispus; she would not have her know the wounds inflicted to her pride and her love. She preferred to say nothing of what weighed so heavily on her mind.

"Cecilia," she asked with a smile, "are content now that you have no longer

you content now that you have no longer to fear that dreadful Parmenon? Tell me, what has become of you?" "Madam," said Cecilia, and her eyes

beamed with gratitude, "my life will no

beamed with gratitude, "my life will not be long enough to love you and bless you as I should." My happiness will soon now be complete. Our brethren are preparing my marriage with Olinthus."

"You are going to marry!" exclaimed Aurelia painfully, carried back by this news to her own heart troubles. "Ah! I remember, Olinthus was your betrothed and there is no obstacle between you!

And how will your wedding be? I hope my little Cecilia will become a matron by confarreation."

"Oh! madam," said Cecilia, smiling, "we Christians know nothing of those forms. We have our own . It is at the foot of the altar, after the oblation of

forms. We have our own . . It is a the foot of the altar, after the oblation o

the foot of the altar, after the oblation of the sacrifice, that we will be united be-fore the pontiff who will bless us." "Tell me, Cecilia," asked Aurelia with a certain anxiety, "do the Christians about to marry love each other dearly?" "Doubtless, madam," replied the young girl, astonished at this strange question. "Why should they not love each other? It is their first duty according to our law."

'Ah! your law says this?" "Why, yes, madam . The husband is the wife flesh of his wife, the wife flesh of her husband; the two make but one. . The husband must love his wife like unto The hosband must love his wife like unto himself, and the wife must have the same affection for her husband. This is what is written. Moreover, my dear mistress, you can see for yourself," added Cecilia, handing Aurelia some sheets of papyrus, which the young patrician took and read with eager curiosity.

It was St. Paul's epistle to the Epherican who derive for participates.

It was St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians on the duties of marriage.

"Madam," continued Cecilia, whilst Aurelia was reading those precepts of Crristian union, "I have learned very little, as yet, for it is not very long since I embraced this holy religion. They have put into my hands the books which will teach me what I must be in my new position. He who wrote this epistle was a great apostle. Among us, his word is looked upon as the teaching of God."

"Cecilia, what is the meaning of this passage: This is why the man will leave his father and mother, and shall be joined not be wife?"

unto his wife? "This is said to show that the husband and wife must mutually prefer each other to all that they hold dearest in the world.

"And, consequently, that they must never abandon each other," said Aurelia, continuing the interpretation. "It seems to me I do not mistake?

"No, madam, you say truly. Marriage among the Christians admits of no division in our affection, and it remains thus until ended by death." "So you would never consent to leave Olinthus?"

Cecilia paused before she answered this ceema paused before she answered this singular question, and gazed with sur-prise at Aurelia. The tremulous voice and anxious face of the young patrician left no doubt as to the great interest she

felt in this inquiry.

Cecilia reflected that her kind young benefactrees had perhaps conceived some project concerning her establishment, and was about to ask her to renounce Olinthus. She replied with great firmness:
"Olinthus and I are only betrothed,
madam, and these rules do not as yet ap-

madam, and these rules do not as yet apply entirely to us. But we have chosen each other. I have given him my heart. I looked upon him already as my husband and for no motive would I sacrifice an affection in which I have placed my happiness."

"You said for no motive, did you not, my little Cecilia?" repeated Aurelia, evidently delighted by this answer.

"Yes, madam," replied Cacilia in the same earnest and solemn tone. "Even to save my life I would not renounce Olinthus!"

Olinthus! Aurelia felt like kissing the artless

young girl again, for the pleasure this clearly expressed resolve gave her; but she was impatient to come to the ques-"Suppose," she resumed, "that you had to choose between Olinthus and your

religion—what would you do?"
"Ah! this is a different thing," replied "An this is a different thing," replied Cecilia quickly.

"How! another thing?" cried Aurelia.
"Does not your law forbid the husband abandon his wife, and the wife her husband?

Suppose you were already abandon his whie, and the whe her husband? . . Suppose you were already married, would you give up Chinthus?" "Certainly, madam, if to keep Clinthus I had to renounce God. God is above Clinthus, and our law teaches us to sacrifice constitution."

fice everything for Him." fice everything for Him."

"Cecilia, what you say is impossible!

You would not do it!

"I have done it, my dear mistress," said the young girl, with touching simplicity, for if she could not understand the object of all these questions, she saw the opportunity of giving the questioner a great lesson in Christianity.

"You have done it! . When?

"exclaime Aurelia, much astoniahed."

When I was in Parmenon's hands. "When I was in Parmenon's nands.
With one word I could have obtained my
freedom, and, with it, Olinthus. I did
not speak that word, for it would have
been betraying my God and my breth-

"It is true," murmured Aurelia, "yes it is true! . . Vespasian would have the same strength! . . Oh! I must

lose all hope!"

Her sobs choked further utterance Cecilia had shown her the greatness of a Christian soul often struggling with the dearest centiments and conquering them by the holy austerity of duty. Cecilia, like her, was young, and loved with a pure and fervent affection, and yet sh had sacrificed everything, her happiness -dearer than life itself; and Aurelia re membered the bleeding scars left on the poor girl's delicate shoulders by the tor turer's lash—touching proofs of her con-

Here was a great example for the young patrician; but it overwhelmed her, for she felt now that Vespasian must also prefer his God to her love; she had read in his eyes the sad firmness and calm resolve of a Caristian who will not compromise with his faith. The poor child commenced to understand the law of duty.

Cecilia had seen the tears of the noble
young girl, and she understood at once
why they flowed. She clasped in her
arms the daughter of the Caesars, and

"Cecilia! . . Cecilia," sobbed the young patrician, "this sorrow will kill "My beloved mistress, can the Caesar

Vespasian perjure himself?"
"So, Vespasian would renounce the empire? . . Even I would be nothing to him! . ."

But why suppose that the Caesar will bat why suppose that the Casal winh have to undergo this trial. Does any one threaten him?"
"No, but this may happen sooner or later. It is this which frightens me since I know that he is a Christian. And then?"

Cecilia lavished her tender caresse upon the afflicted young girl, but hesi-tated to answer those pressing questions. "Tell me," resumed Aurelia, "would Olinthus have such contempt for your

love ?"
"Madam," replied Cecilia with much feeling, "I would, if it need be, soften the pain of Olinthus' sacrifice, by encouraging nim myself."
"Oh!" exclaimed Aurelia, "and you

say that you love your betrothed?"
"It is because I love him that I would prefer his happiness to mine!"
"What do you mean? . His happi

"Oar God, my dear mistress, may some times impose upon us painful duties, but He rewards us a hundred-fold for what we suffer in His name! This is what makes our strength."
"My cousin, Flavia Domitilla, told me

this already. She even added that the imperial power is nothing."
"Nor life, even, my dear mistress," said Cecilia, interrupting her with affectionate respect.

Aurelia hung down her head, and re

mained silent. The bright example of Christian for itude presented by Cecilia, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the young patrician smind. Aurelia abandoned herself involuntarily to the charm of this grateful affection which gradually opened her heart to resignation

And who more than the young patrician had felt the genial warmth of this

cian had felt the genial warmth of this Christian atmosphere with which she was, so to speak, surrounded? Nevertheless, a single day was not sufficient to conquer these vacillations of a rebellious heart, or to temper this great sorrow, breaking forth in loud groans.

The two young girls remained a long while together. When Cecilia took leave of Aurelia, the latter no longer felt the bitter despondency which had followed her guardian's departure. She had now a loving heart to sympathize with and console her.

a loving heart to sympathize with and console her.

Cecilia's marriage did not make her renounce the work of love and gratifude she had undertaken. She pursued it with indefatigable devotion, and her gentle words, her modest virtues and great faith, had a blissful influence on the mind and heart of the young pages whose soul she neart of the young pagan whose soul she

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

The love of the Cross was the crown-

ing perfection of the Sacred Heart.

The Heart of Jesus wills that the hearts that are His should be detached from everything and from themselves. -Blessed Margaret Mary. Resignation in suffering is the way

to be pleasing and united to the Heart of Jesus. Ye who love truth will come to the

Heart of Jesus, because It is truth; ye who seek glory, because It is the principle thereof; ye also who fly to the battle, because heart has never conquered as the Heart of Jesus has done. -Mgr. Parq. Bishop of Algiers.

In that temple, in that Holy of Holies, in that Ark of the Covenant, I will adore and praise the name of the Lord, saying with David : "I have found my heart to pray to my God." And for me, I have found the Heart of my King, my Brother, my kind Friend Jesus. Shall I not then adore It?—St. Bernard.

You will enter into the Heart of Jesus as into a school in which you are one of His disciples. In this school is learned the science of pure love, which makes us forget all worldly sciences. You will listen attentively to the teach ing of your Master, Who says to you: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls."—Blessed Margaret

The Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Eucharist is our Captive. The Taber-nacle is His prison and love is His chain.

My blood, my sufferings-love makes these goods common to us both, but generosity should be reciprocal; and I also desire to possess thee entirely, without reserve or division. On this day you will perform all your actions in the spirit of love.

#### THE LESSON OF SPAIN'S DECAD-ENCE.

In reply to the statement that the

decaying condition of Spain is due to

the influence of the Catholic Hierarchy,

and that all the present trouble came from that, Cardinal Moran, of Sydney,

said : "As a matter of fact, the decay

of that wonderful power of Spain dates

from the decline of its religious spirit.

The height of Spain's glory was in the days of Charles V., when it was the most Catholic power in the world, but from the year 1700 up to the present, internal dissension and warring against the Church may be said to have been the distinctive feature of Spanish government. Whatever decay there is in Spain must be assigned to these political dissensions, and to constant combat against the Catholic Constant compat against the Catholic Church. For instance, all the Church property throughout Spain has been confiscated by different political parties about half ferent political parties about half dozen times since the year 1700. century a About the middle of last special war was directed against the religious bodies, when the Jesuits were all thrown into prison and their prop-erty seized by the government. As late as the year 1834 all the Catholic schools and seminaries were sup-pressed, and out of a Hierarchy of sixty Bishops about fifty were expelled from their sees and sent into banishment, while every penny of property belonging to the Church throughout Spain was appropriated for Government purposes. That does not seem to indicate that the Government of Spain is controlled by the Catholic Hierarchy. To account for that spirit of hostility to the Church in the Government of Spain one has only to look to the Bourbon dynasty which occupied the Spanish throne in 1700. With this French influence in Spain the irreligious principles of the French Court gained a mastery. The teachings of Volsuided for fifty years the policy Spanish Government. Hence, taire guided for fifty years the of the though the people were intensely Catholic, and most tervent and devout in their Catholic exercises the Government was in open hostility to the a systematic robbery for years. Whenever appropriations which would be for the betterment of the people have een made, the money, instead of be ing used for the purposes intended, has been pocketed by the unscrupulous God-denying politicians. With such men at the head of a Government, is it any wonder that the throne would totter?

and hope.

At that period, moreover, Christianity, like unto the morning flower still wet with the dew of the night, and impregnated with its fragrance, filled the soul with its penetrating perfume; it often happened that from a single word, an example, a thought, sown in that soil already prepared by mysterious aspirations, faith sprang forth, to grow and blossom suddenly under a divine breath.

Lt is a Liver Pill.— Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their or a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbence that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating or drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators mow pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them,

## HOW DOLAN SAVED THE TR

BY EDWARD J. JEIDELL. On the books and time tables company, "the Mixed Pickle," men along the line irreverently her, was known as " Passenger She was made up of a bination baggage and smoker, coaches and four immigrant car latter necessarily even more di ated and tottering than the fo Her engine, No. 426, a smallish considering the weight of the cars, was remarkable chiefly fo tremendous smoke stack-big a top and small at the bottom, an persistent inclination to lose co over the cars on a downgrade a haul them at nothing more th snail's pace up grade. Nevertheless Dolan loved her,

had opened and shut her throttle

ten years; had driven her th prairie fires and into snowd stood by her when she crashed th the rear of the mail, and more once had felt safe and secure i cab while the conductor and the the crew were fighting off the m men who had held her up. Her were loose, and she creaked whe started and mouned when she st But Dolan understood her ; and she would seem more sore than he would give her extra dose and an extra twist of the wrenc and there, and she would acknow the kindness by puffing more re ly and changing her piston less tively. And because Dolan stood her so well, old 426 continual "The Mixed Pickle" day day, leaving at 6:15 with unv regularity from two to three late. Her running time, al solemnly chronicled in fat blac upon the time-table, was lar matter of conjecture, from all of it may be gathered that one p little engine is no match for sev heavy lumbering cars, and th light and in bad condition besid No. 27's starting-point was a very slight prominence, and brought up with a jerk and a overworked machinery some

tionable importance. like most mixed trains, on de one-horse Western roads, was a able enterprise, and though is as fervently blessed by tho ordered her running.
I rode on "The Mixed Pick cause my business was urgent, have waited for a better and mo fortable train would have ent delay of several hours. Tolan's courtesy and his know

miles hence, at a place of equal

the circumstance that I was acq with the road superintendent permitted to ride in the cab. Dolan had barely reached the and started to fill the cups on t side piston slide when Sam the telegraph operator, white a

eyed, rushed out upon the stat form and shouted : "For God's sake, Dolan! go going. There's a crazy lur hind you on a C., B. & Q corrunning her wild cat for a worth. Went crazy in t Kicked the fireman off! Wi For Heaven's sake, get a

in! For Heaven's sake, get a
"Can't!" gasped Dolan;
coaled yet!" You've got to! The c won't last mor'n a few miles run for it than lose your trai ing still ! Pull out, man ! I Here she comes. For God's s

About three miles up th around a wide, sweeping cur came into sight the form of a swiftly moving locomotive, h light reflecting thin rays rails which but a few secon were dark and lost in the glo Quick as thought the firem the rubber hose and Dolan ju-the cab, and, throwing over verse lever, backed for the tr

struck her with a jolt that cars windows rattle and ti axle spring screech, and sc lowing the brakeman, who coupling, to get clear of the opened the trottle wide. Luckily we are on a ra down grade, and "The Mixe got under way quickly. C guage showed 115 pounds, blew off at 135, and the firen to ply his shovel with a vim his fingers swell and his han Swaying and jolting and jun went thundering down the creasing our speed at every straining old 426 as she ha strained in years. engine shook and trembled

oring of her cab qui groaned. "Dolan !" I coughed in " why didn't they throw the

puffing sounded like a death

"Ain't a switch for twer throw 'er !" he answered tw could understand, for the re the racket were so prodi speaking and hearing we operations.

"Wouldn't care," he jerks, "if I hadn't live Only immigrants—most of human beings they be, jer See if she's a gaining." I stepped down between

and the tender, and taking on the grab rails, leaned looked backward. There, mile behind "The Mixe rushed the spark-spitting Fury symbolized, and I fan see her mad engineer lear cab, and I prayed as I was the innocent and helpless I had hoped to see the smol