

tive curves which at once aid an Athenian mouth and brow in expressing a tender though proud spirit, at once resolute and impassioned. Whether she were the daughter of a prince they knew not, cared not—to them Zerola was a queen. The girl lingered long before they exchanged their parting words. Soon it was over, and she was hurrying along the winding streets of the Holy City. The people's last words, "Farewell, Zerola," were spoken with such evident love they immediately called to the memory of the girl the touching scene when her mother used the same words, as Zerola promised soon to return to where she was now going, their home in Nazareth.

No sooner was the Damascus gate of the city within view than she saw a vast crowd hurrying beneath its arches. The girl heard not the steady tramp, tramp of the Roman legions then stationed in Palestine, but the rush and roar of a Jewish mob. Maidens were there whose lovers were groaning in the cruel fetters of Herod; fathers whose daughters disstained, dishonored were dying in the dismal dungeons of the monsters on the Seven Hills. Flash of spear or swing of club, groan of rage or yell of hate failed even to suggest the fierce revenge toward which that furious mob were hurrying a single man. The cursing priests laughed in satisfaction, for they heard the manacles upon the wrists and ankles of the captive clanking on the stones as their minions dragged Thæon, the son of Stephen, staining with his blood the dust of a city unworthy of him who was to be the second martyr to the Christian faith. Only a week had passed since Stephen had been killed, now the son was to prove as faithful as his father. The Scribes and Pharisees shrink not from beholding the tortures of their helpless prisoner. But now, the crowd halt! They press upon their victim—spit upon him, scourge, stone him,—urged on by a man rather small in size, yet possessing a strong frame, whose heavy eyebrows scowl like threatening clouds, whose flowing robes, striking mien and cultured voice—so deep and rich—mark him as the seion of fortune and of learning, a very prince of Palestine.

Yonder lies the captive. Zerola sees his torn bleeding face. Alone! No water to moisten his parched tongue. No hand to raise his drooping head. No lips to kiss his throbbing temples. No voice, no human being to cheer his wearied heart. Despised,