Albeit, on the day of trial, Regulus was Albeit, on the day of trial, Regulus was ready for the struggle he had to sustain against Pliny-the-Younger. He had prepared himself for it with the superstition which it was his wont to mix with his most trifling acts, and he had not failed to consult the auspices. He had even been considerate enough to warn, Pliny-the-Younger that these auspices were forces that these auspices were favorable to him, and consequently threat-

ening for his (Pany's) case.
"So be it," Pliny had simply replied

"we shall see."
The celebrated lawyer had acted with The celebrated lawyer had acted with the greatest reserve since the beginning of the suit. He knew that he was watched by his adversary's spies, and that advantage would be taken of the most trifling circumstance. Accordingly, he had shut himself up in absolute silence, and lived in the most complete retirement. This course made Regulus feel very uneasy, for he had had occasion to learn, at his own expense, the magnificence and power of Pliny-the-Younger's voice, when he concentrated, by study and preparation, all the resources of his and preparation, all the resources of his extraordinary talent and admirable elo

quence.
Caius-Sulpicius-Numerius, Aulus-Agerius-Ursidio, and Publius-Hortensius Niger, the judges designated by the Pretor, hav-ing taken their seats in the court, their criers (acensia), or ushers, proclaimed silence in the assembly.

Pliny-the-Younger then arose to open

Pliny-the-Younger then arose to open the case. It had been decided, the case being one of peculiar importance, that the lawyers should be entitled to as many clepsydras as would absorb the day's sitting of the court. Pliny, who was to have the closing reply, reserved his most crushing arguments for that occasion, and confined himself, during this first attack, to the points involving the nullity of the monstrous contract by which a young girl monstrous contract by which a young girl had been deprived of her liberty.

With all the science of a great jurisconsult, and the elequence of a brilliant orator, heightened by the burning indignation of a noble heart, he explained how the legislation which gave such impious rights to parents over their children, after subsisting too long, we are lest discovered. subsisting too long, was at last disappear-ing under the double influence of public opinion and of the highest intellects among the jurisconsults, who repudiated it openly as parbarous and inhuman.

The admirable picture which he trace of the condition of public morals, of the disposition of the public mind, and its tendency to more generous ideas, was so powerful in energetic simplicity and vir tuous splendor, that when rising almost to sublimity, he beseeched the judges to associate themselves with this great that when rising almo movement towards a new life, and to le the iniquities of former days be buried with the past, the whole assemblage was carried away, and interrupted him by their cries of enthusiasm and a thunde

of applause.

Marcus Regulus, meanwhile, raised his hands to heaven as if protesting against these attacks on the tutelary in-stitutions of the empire. The large black bandage which concealed half of his face, still more expression to the play the uncovered features, upon which sur-prise and indignation were admirably de-

When Piny-the-Younger came to speak of the influences which had con-trolled the free will of Cecilius, he was designedly very concise. He demonstrated clearly, and by means of the most ele mentary principles of law, that Cecilius, harassed in every direction by Parmenon's claim which threatened his liberty, by the letter of the city prefect which made him fear for his last resources, and the crime! by the citation of the pontiffs, which placed him under the terror of an accusation of sacrilege, had necessarily given acts, and betrayed himself daughter with a facility that he would certainly not have shown, had he en-joyed his ordinary calmness of mind and

joyed his ordinary calmness of mind and coolness of judgment.

"And I suppose," proceeded the speaker, covering Marcus Regulus with a penetrating glance, "that those causes were true, and that they were not a snare set for the weakness and credulity of an old man; for, if all these elements of terror were as vain as their causes were ridiculous; if they were combined with profound perversity; if a secret hand applied itself to striking repeatedly at the feelings of this wretched father so as to crush them successively, how more truly crush them successively, how more truly we could claim that the contract is no binding, and that this snameful sale was

binding, and that this snameful sale was never freely consented by the father?"

After a magnificent peroration, in which he made a touching appeal to the conscience of the judges, Piny-the-Younger stated that he was through with his case, and modestly resumed his seat, He had used the water of six clepsydras, or, otherwise, had spoken only two hours. The case, however, was continued until the next day, on the demand of Regulus, who affirmed that he would require an

entire stiting to reply to his adversary.

Regulas seemed delighted with the turn given to the argument. On his way out of court, surrounded by his friends and clients, he criticised freely Piny's

scourse.
"He was vehement and well inspired in the first part," he said, "but in his conclusion, he was far below his usual standard! What advantages he has

given me!V

And as even wickedness finds flatterers, there were not wanting some to proclaim that Pliny's speech was pitiful, and to their elequent patron an easy victory. Regulus, nowever, had had the sorrow to hear the acclamations and songs of the crowd escorting Pliny in

The reply of Marcus Regulus, on the next day, was a commonplace speech, void of that eloquence which, coming from the heart, speaks to the heart, carryrom the heart, speaks to the heart, carrying conviction with it. Yet the speaker was frequently interrupted by certain exclamations, such as: "Very well! Bravo! Nothing better!" (pulchre! p:colare! festive!) accompanied by ex-

aggerated applause.
However, it was not as on the preceding day, a whole assemblage giving way spontaneously to enthusiastic admiration; the words of praise and frequent plaudits the words of praise and frequent plandis we have mentioned, came only from a few isolated individuals in the audience, who were evidently acting under orders. It was customary in those days for a speaker to provide himself with these hired admirers, and the greater his mediocrity, the more of these manifestations of mercenary zeal the judges and the

public had to bear. Marcus Regulus held these distributers of glory in high esteem. His plan of defence was the simplest. He did not attempt to reply to that part of Piny's argument where Cecilia's sale was attacked in the name of the eternal principles of morality, civilization, and family ties. As might be expected, he confined himself to the purely legal grounds, and argued that the text of the Law of the Tweive Tables was in perfect harmony with the public and private constitution, with the interests of the commonwealth and of the family; and that it had never been repealed by contradictory legislation, or even abrogated public had to bear. Marcus Regulus held tradictory legislation, or even abrogated by custom, as alleged.

He recalled all the circumstances in which the greatest citizens of Rome had exercised the right of the father; and he further established that on certain rare but recent occasions, citizens had con-tinued, without opposition, to show by similar or analogous acts their power similar or analogous acts their power over the bodies of their children. But the speaker dwelt with greater force on the question of Cecilius's free

"How," he exclaimed, "could the free

dom of this consent be vitiated? By underworkings, by fraudulent supposi-tions, by means of terror held supended over the head of the father! But what can be more real than the mysterious affiliation of Cecilius with the Jews of Capena gate? Is not his daughter known to be a Christian; and then is it no Capena gate:
to be a Caristian; and then is it not
natural that Honoratus Messio should
have wished to discharge an unworthy
and treacherous agent? Will it be said and treacherous agent? Will it be said that the Pretor's judgment in favor of Parmenon was suppositious? Was not the transfer made by Gurges, of his claim against Cecilius, a reality and an act performed in good faith?"

"It was an infamous surprise; and

Parmenon and you are two great vil-lians!" cried out the vespillo, at this mention of his name.

But his voice was immediately drowned in the furious cries of the lawyer's stipen-

Regulus proceeded without noticing the

"Finally," he said, "there remains the pontif's citation! Great gods!" he continued, attempting an oratorical flight, "have ye not been insulted in the face of Rome? Was not the statue of the divinity venerated. ity venerated by young maidens con-temptuously dashed to pieces on the pavement of the public street? And by pavement of the public street: And by whom? By a Jewess! By a Christian! By the enemy of our creed! Oh horror On abomination! Oh sacrilege! I should throw a veilover my face and present myself in the attitude of a suppli

"And your bandage, and your morning toga?" remarked Pliny-the-Younger, with a smile, trying to remind his adversary of the theatrical desolation exhibited in is apparel.

Regulus seemed struck with a well-

imed deafness.
"What has Parmenon done?" he continued; "what has this honorable citizen done, to whom they would dispute to-day his dearly-paid property? Not only did he hand to Cecilius his title for ten thonsand sestertii, but he paid the pontiffs! Yes, he has settled the penalty for the sacrilege, and here is the receipt!

sacrilege, and here is the receipt."

And Regulus waved triumphantly a sheet of papyrus, the apparent proof of the twenty thousand sestertii paid by the slave-trader to the pontifis for abandonium the respective.

ing the prosecution.

"So," resumed Parmenon's counsel,

"I have paid thirty thousand sesterti for
rights of which they now want to deprive me, on the singular pretext that I have in-fluenced the man whom I found sur-rounded by these embarrassments! On good faith! On justice! As if it was I who invented the anguish and committed the crime! As if Cecilius did not have an evident interest in escaping from the responsibilities that threatened him responsibilities that threatened Well, he has done it! Can one maintain any longer that it was not in the full liberty of his right, and all the strength of

ais consent?"
Regulus ended with a peroration which Regulus ended with a perorator wind-drew several rounds of applause from his hired supporters. He showed in it skill, if not taient. He made a gloomy picture of the misfortunes that awaited the capital of the world, if no stop was put to the dark and threatening enterprises the dark and threatening enterprises of those accursed Christians, who sprang up in every direction and who would invade all society. "Such is their audacity that they would destroy even the emperor's power. What, then, would the divine Domitian think, if he learned that Roman reconstrates have hegitated for a single magistrates have hesitated for a single instant between him and the obscure Christian, who is secretely supported by persons interested in violating the rights

and the majesty of the empire?"
It was time that Regulus should bring his speech to an end. He was completely exhausted. The depsydras had been reatedly refilled; the usual hour for cl ing the court was passed, and severa times already the judges had sent the asher to examine the sun-dials in the Forum. The trial was therefore continued until the next day, when Priny the Younger would reply to Regnius.

Long before the court assembled on the

following morning, the basilica Julia was besieged by an immense crowd. Never had such deep interest been manifested e issue of a trial. A confused clamo filled the Forum, and the soil seemed to tremble under the thousands of impatient

Phiny-the-Younger and Marcus Regulus, who came accompanied by their clients, with the exception of Parmenon, who had not attended the pleadings, made their way with great difficulty through the compact living mass.

Piny placed little reliance in the high

philosophy of the judges, or in the dis position of their minds to embrace the generous sentiments which should have moved them in favor of Cecilia. He had reserved his most vigorous arguments for this last test. He was about to change his plan of attack and to deal Regulus,

personal'y, the most unexpected blows.

He began by narrating now Cecilius, in his distress, had applied to Regulus; what advice he had received from him; to what resulting insignations had been applied to the control of the contro what advice he had received from him; to what perfidious insinuations he had yielded. Then, commenting upon these facts with wonderful sagacity, and analyz-ing all these details with the patience of a mind which sees the truth and wishes to make it fall, the alconent lawer, up.

a mind which sees the truth and wishes to make it felt, the eloquent lawyer, unable to restrain his indignation, gave vent to it in these terrible words:—

"Oh Regulus, I recognize here your dark doings! The evil is there, and I can affirm that you did it. Yes, for who is acquainted with the shameful acts of your infe? for who knows your hearthat unclean sink, overflowing with the foulest injouity—there can be no doubt. "Oh Regulus, I recognize here your dark doings! The evil is there, and I can affirm that you did it. Yes, for who is acquainted with the shameful acts of your nife? for who knows your heart—that unclean sink, overflowing with the foulest iniquity—there can be no doubt.

That twice, and even three times that sum should be offered, if necessary, to redeem the ceclia, whom she loved like assister, and who had so generously confessed her denough to give umbrage, and they must be followed and watched.

The undertaking was not without its perils. Regulus could scarcely conceal his emo-

Your hand, red with so many murders, has alighted on this poor girl; I recognize its bloody impress! It is you who have prepared those odious snares! By all the gods! it is you who have accumulated on ds! it is you who have accumulated on be head of this wretched father all the misfortunes through which he has been led to sell his daughter. Oh shame! Oh crime! Cecilius came to this man for advice, and this man played with a father's despair as the tiger plays with his prey. Oh, Regulus! truly have you been styled the most pitiless of wild beast!—"

These last words of the orator contained a terrible allusion to the remark recently made by Metius Modestus, and generally repeated in Rome, to which we have

Regulus was boiling with rage. He seized this opportunity to interrupt his

"Pliny," he hissed, and his voice was as sharp as the point of a sword, "what do you think of Metius Modestus?" And he threw a glance of implacable

defiance to the judges.

To understand the full import of this remark, it must be known that Domitian had recently banished Metius Modestus or not rendering a sentence in conform ity with the imperial views. It was therefore, a threat directed to the magis trates. It was not only a dangerous question for his adversary to answer, but question for his adversary to answer, but a warning to those who might be tempted to hesitate in the present circumstance. Regulus stood up with flaming eyes, awaiting with hateful anxiety Pliny-the-

The latter saw at once the snare.
"I shall reply to your question," reply to your question," he retorted, with perfect composure, "when the magistrates will have to judge it."
"I ask you," insisted Regulus, trembling with rage, "what you think of the devotion shown to Domitian by Modesters."

"I think," replied Pliny, immediately "that it is not permitted to discuss a question after judgment has been rendered!"
Regulus, disconcerted by so much presence of mind, remained silent, and took his seat, still angry and threatening.
The blow had told, however. If Phny had saved himself by his ready answer,

his case was compromised, and would probably, be lost. He read its fate on the

mbarrassed countenances of the judget It was in vain that he made renewe efforts to repair this severe check, and that he rose to the most sublime height of eloquence. His voice was but a mere sound, finding no echo in those who heard them. How could the men who had trembled and grown pale at the mention of the terrible Domitian, listen to the carried of injured invocence.

appeal of injured innocence?
Pliny-the Younger left the court-room, boiling with indignation at his adversary's wickedness, and deeply grieved at shameful weakness of those who were about to betray their own conscience through fear of a villian's dennuncia-

Regulus retired in triumphant secur-

CHAPTER XI.

TORTURES AND CONSTANCY.

The trial had lasted three days; on the urth the Recuperators again met to de fourth the Recuperators again met to de-liberate upon the judgment which was to be rendered in the afternoon, according to the provisions of the law of the Twelve Tables. The basilica was sgain filled Tables. The basilica was again filled with an anxious and silent crowd. The sixth hour of the day having arrived Caius-Sulpicius-Numerus, the senior judge, delivered the following sentence

in a solemn voice :—
"It appears that Cecilius had a right to sell his daughter to Parmenon.

"It does not appear that the consent of Cecilius was influenced by an any undue

fear. "Consequently, it is ordered that Ce cilia remain the property of Parmenon, according to the law of the Quirites."

The judges then retired amidst the amentations of the young girl's friends, the murmurs of dissatisfaction of the crowd, and the acclamations of Regulus's

We have got back to the precise point at which we commenced our narrative but before proceeding, we must say some something about the sufferings which the unfortunate Cecilia had borne during the few weeks which elapsed between the mancipation to Parmenon, and her pur-

chase by the divine Aurelia.

When Marcus Regulus, through his agent, obtained possession of the youngirl, it was not his design to detain he any longer than was necessary to extort from her the information he was seeking for Domitian. This end accomplished, he intended to return her to her father, provided the latter would reimburse him the amount expended by him, together with a grand profit. A varies it will be with a round profit. Avarice, it will be remembered, was a leading trait in the character of this vile informer, and he never consented to lose anything as long as he could avoid it.

When, to his great astonishment, he When, to his great astonishment, he saw the immense offers made by Flavia Damitilla for the freedom of the young girl, he asked himself, while refusing the millions of sestertii tended to Parmenon by that wealthy and charitable matron, whether he could not secure this magnificant provides the provided of the provided whether he could not detain Cecilia long cent prey and yet detain Cecilia long enough to accomplish his purpose. He distrusted Parmenon, the legal and apparent owner of the young girl, who could, if tempted by these unheard of offers, de-stroy his hopes at one blow, by returning the daughter to her father.

After due reflection, Marcus Regulus

After due reflection, starcus regulars ordered Parmenon to propose to Cecilius to convey the girl back to him in exchange for the million offered, provided the father would let the mancipation remain in force one month. He hoped that during this delay he could wrench from Cecilia the secrets of her friends, and the names which it was so important for him to know. Cecilius, advised by Priny-the-Younger, had refused. Marcus Priny-the-Younger, had refused. Marcus Regulus then instructed Parmenon to bargain for a delay of one week. Cecilius replied that having had the shame of selling his daughter once, he would not confirm the infamous transaction by any

such compromise. want my daughter now," he cried,

"I want my daughter now," he cried,
"and if you give her back to me, it is not
one million of sestertii, but two millions
which you will receive!"

Flavia Domitilla, upon learning the refusal of her first offer, had given orders
that twice, and even three times that sum
should be offered, if necessary, to redeem
Cecilia, whom she loved like a sister, and

tion when Parmenon reported that Ce-cilia's friends offered to double the sum first proposed, if the young girl was im-mediately set at liberty. "Come with me," he said to the slave-

"Come with me," he said to the slave-dealer, after reflecting an instant; "in a few hours that immense sum wil! be ours! What a magnificent result, Parmenon! By all the gods, this is more than I ever hoped!"

The informed and his worthy accomplice proceeded to the latter's tayern. Regulus hoped to extort, by bribes and and threats an immediate confession

nd threats, an immediate confession "Send the girl here," he said to Par-menon, "and leave us. I shall recall you

directly."
Parmenon obeyed, and Cecilia was in the presence of her real persecutor,
"My dear child," said the arch-hypo

crite, "I have come to restore you to free dom and your father." Cecilia started, a hopeful surprise sen a bright glow her delicate features; bu this feeling soon vanished when she met the cold, anxious gaze of this man whom she had never seen, and whose sight caused her an instinctive fear. She stepped back, involuntarily; but, gathering courage, she replied,—
"I thank you, my lord. I shall always

remember your generosity—"
Regulus had not failed to perceive the impression caused by his presence. He was angry thereat, and resolved to stop at to attain his object. There was,

besides, little time to lose!
"Yes," he repeated, "I come to restore you to freedom and your father, but on one condition-

one condition—"
— Cecilia looked up. She was firm now.
"That condition," resumed Regulus,
who had made a slight pause, "is that
you will reveal to me all the mysteries of the sect to which you belong, and tell me the names of those who are, like you Christians ! "O my God!" the young girl muttered

with unspeakable contempt, "I felt that this man had not come to save, but to destroy me!"
"Well?" asked Regulus, who feigned

not to have heard.
"Well, my lord," replied Cecilia, "you
must know that the Christians confess their faith, but do not betray their breth "So you refuse to reply to my quet

Take care!

tions? wretch. "I certainly refuse to betray," the cour

"I certainly refuse to betray," the corrageous girl replied, unhesitatingly.

"Very well," said Regulus, with a sneer. "We shall see if we can't make you change your mind," he added threateningly; and he called Parmenon. "Show her," said the informer to his accomplice, "what a master is, and whether, when he questions, a slave can refuse to real!" efuse to reply."

The slave-dealer drew from under his

garments a long, narrow, and thick stray of leather, of the kind styled taurea, and uncovering the young girl's shoulders, commenced striking her violently. The first blows of the lash, cutting into the flesh like a sharp-pointed instrument, made the blood trickle in abundant The poor child, who suffered for the

first time this cruel torture, could not restrain her tears and her groans of an-"Now," said Regulus, making a sign to

Parmenon to stop, "will you speak?"
"Never!" replied firmly the heroic girl. "Come, Parmenon, it seems the dose

"Come, Parmenon, it seems the dose was too mild. Begin again."

And Parmenon, with stolid indifference, again plied the lash. But Cecilia's will seemed to grow stronger as her tortures increased: a single cry did not escape from her lips. But she prayed fervently.

"Strike! strike again!" cried the flend, the prayer still the connect this tender girl. rom her lips. But she prayed the fiend, "Strike! strike again!" cried the fiend, hoping still to conquer this tender girl, whose strength was giving way.

But the child's constancy and courage

But the child's constancy and courage were greater even than the rage of her

positions, Cochia had sand sense as the ground,—an inert and bloody mass.

"Curses on the girl!" cried Regulus.

"Oh! those Christians! It is impossible to conquer them! What shall I do?"

The brute's fiendish rage had led him. too far. How could be return the girl now to her father in this dreadful condition? It was useless to think of it. Besides, she had not spoken, and Regulus would never consent to release her with-out knowing her secrets and the names of so many illustrious people. Better to lose those two millions of sestertii, the thought of which awakened his avaricious thirst, than to neglect this chance, which once lost, might never present itself again. This vile and crael man still hoped to make his victim speak. Her heroism did not excite his admiration, but his

hateful rage.
"What is this sum," he argued, "com "What is this sum," he argued, "conipared to the reward which awaits me if
I succeed? A mere trifle. No, I shall
not release her until she shall have
spoken. And she shall do it! She shall
speak! On my life I shall conquer her,
or she will perish!"

"I shall be back to-morrow," he said

to Parmenon. "It will not be too late. Until to morrow, then, take care of your slave, so she may be in good condition in case we have to send her back."

On the next day and the day following, Regulus tried, by the same means, to overcome, what he termed, the obstinacy of the young girl. Cecilia, in a short time, had tasted all the tortures of slavery, all the sufferings that her father had menioned to her to make her abjure her

faith.

But why should we sadden the reade with the spectacle of these horrors? Has he not already understood that Cecilia's constancy would tire the rage of her per-

Marcus Regulus found himself powersecutors' less against the resignation of his victim He had lost the fruits of his infamous act and he had not succeeded in obtaining the information he so ardently desired. He knew that Flavia Domitiila was a Christian, or, at least, he supposed so, from her efforts to save Cecilia; but this was not sufficient proof to reach a relation of the emperor, or even to denounce her. Nothwithstanding her illustrious birth and high rank, this young matron was, moreover, of too little importance in the State, that Domitian should have anything to fear from her, or should fee

any anxiety concerning her. But the case was different with Flavius

The Christians, so far, had not been persecuted solely on account of their doc-trines. When Nero sacrificed them to his fury, it had been to divert the accusa-tions brought against himself since the his fury, it had been to divert the accusa-tions brought against himself since the burning of Rome; and if Domitian now feared and wished to punish them, it was only because they were suspected of lotting against his power and the em-

pire.

It was therefore necessary to prove to the emperor not only that Flavius Clemens and his family were Christians, but that they conspired for his overthrow; otherwise, Domitian, however inclined to shed bleed when a prejett was effered, would blood when a pretext was offered, would not proceed against his own kindred with-out some serious proof. The informer knew Domitian perfectly

well; he could not disguise to himself the power and high favor of those he wished to designate to his vengeance, and he felt that he must be armed with convincing proofs, or he would succumb in the strug

gle.
So far he knew nothing; he could assert nothing positively! How could he excite the emperor's fear of the Christians, if he did not know their number? How could he alarm him with their secret designs, if he was ignorant of what took place in their assemblies? Could he point to them as elegady assembling the steps of them as already ascending the steps the throne, when he had only vague suspicions of the affiliation of Flavius Clemers and his family with the creed of Christ?

Cecilia knew all these things, and could have enlightened Regulus; but Cecilia was mute,—the most cruel tortures had not wrenched from her a single confession! The informer's rage increased in proportion to the resistance of his victim and he invented the most cruel torture to make her speak. But Cecilia, ex-hausted by her sufferings, fell sick, and

came near dying. Regulus began to fear the consequence of his infamy. He might be prosecuted for this murder, by the magistrate ap-pointed since Nero's time to protect the slaves from the atrocities of their masters and, as in this case, the slave was of free-born condition, the off-ender would be severely dealt with.

But he feared also that death would

ravish his prey, and with it his hopes of fortune and ambition.

For these reasons he had the young

girl nursed and cared for, better, and at greater expense, than Cecilius could have done. Cecilia's youth saved her. She lived

Cecinia's youth saved her. She haved to continue her wretched existence, but she was strengthened by her faith, comforted by the hopes which still lived in her heart, and her love for Olinthus, which grew stronger every day.

It was amidst these circumstances that the tax-gatherer, assisted by the Pliny-tax Venezge, brought suit against Parmethe Younger, brought suit against Parme non for the recovery of Cecilia. Marcus Regulus had new cause to fear, and devoted all his attention to the struggl about to commence. But he had little confidence in Parmenon, who, during the progress of this suit, could sell the young to his adversaries for a large He compelled the slave-dealer to give her into the hands of a woman named Lau-fella, in whose fidelity he believed he

could trust implicitly.

Immediately after the confirmation of Immediately after the confirmation of Parmenon's rights by the Pretor, Regulus had resolved to sell Cectifa. It was the only means by which he could preserve a hold upon his victim with some security for his ulterior projects. By stipulating that she could never be emancipated,—which was permitted by the Romanlaws,—he remained forever master of the girl's fate, and no longer feared treachery on

—he remained forever master of the gift's fate, and no longer feared treachery on the part of Parmenon or Laufella.

This life of perpetual slavery would frighten Cecilia, and, sooner or later, she would seek to get out of it by betraying her secrets! Regulus would then purchase her from her master, would exact large sum for relinquishing the condition which formed an insuperable ob-stacle to the generous offers of the young were greater even than the rage of the total tot

found, even into her father's hands.

But whatever hypothesis should prove the true one, it was an atrocious act of revenge, and the thought rejoiced this cruel venge, and the thought rejoiced this cruer and. The manner in which Cecilius had treated Regulus on the steps of the basilica Julia, was not likely to soften his dispositions. When he threatened vengeance on the father who had made him feel the weight of his legitimate and natural indignation, Regulus swore to accomplish the threat without delay. We complish the threat without delay. We have seen what steps he took to effect

It mattered little what price could be ob tained actually for Cecilia. Regulu looked to the future to reap the fruits of his infamous speculation. Still he fixe that price at one hundred thousand sester tii, one-third of which he would abando Still he fixed to Parmenon, in order to secure his assistance when circumstances would require it. This was a large sum in Rome where slaves brought, on an average, from two thousand to two thousand two hundred sesterti, and, as sand two hundred sestertii, and, at most, ten and twenty thousand when they possessed some extraordinary talent. Yet wealthy citizens had been known to pay exorbitant prices for certain slaves of

a special category. Cecilia was of free birth; she was in all the bloom of youth; her beauty was of an uncommon class; Regulus hoped that some purchaser would be found who would not regret paying the large sum asked for such a treasure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TENDER MOTHER EARTH. Wherefore the earth, receiving our

mortal remains and sheltering them from external injuries, performs a sweet, maternal and desirable func-Sae has a bosom to receive us tion. as she had a breast to nourish us. 'She offers us a refuge," says Pliny, when all nature repels as. She covers us as a tender mother and keeps our last sleep sacred!" She nourishes the peaceful cypress trees and the weeping willows which shelter our last abode. The beloved dead whom we have confided to her resemble the traveler who sleeps after the fatigues of a hot day under the cool shades of the wayside, waiting for the momen to start on his final, heavenward journey. . . The luminous and calm poetry which hovers over the silence

selves, with a melancholy not without sweetness, the couch of which we sleep so well under the care of nature and the affection of those whom we have left behind.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND THE

We would commend to the advocates of the rights of woman a few facts from history. It is an historical fact that history. It is an historical fact that the laws of the Church and the decree of her councils did more to raise and ennoble women than the brilliant spirit chivalry which produced the most heroic actions and contributed in a great measure to soften and humanize the savage manners of the feudal lords. In the year 1129 we find the Council of Palentia, in the kingdom of Leon, decreeing exile against those who attack women. The Council of Rheimes, in 1157, commanded all beligerents, under severe spiritual penalties, to

respect women, and the General Council of Lateran, convoked in 1179, is no less outspoken and determined in vindicating and protecting the rights of women. Similar decrees were passed at the Council of Oxford in 1222, and in the Sweedish Council of Arbogen. held in 1396, it was decreed that Church burial be refused to pirates, ravishers, incendiaries and other male

factors. The student of history will find the Catholic Church at all times and in every country struggling against injustice and sensuality, and endeavor ing to substitute in their stead the empire of law and purity. And this protection is not a mere passing effort of generosity, but a system practiced in every part of Christendom, continued for centuries and inexhaustible in re sources, both in producing good and preventing evil. An indefatigable zeal for the sanctity of marriage and an anxious solicitude to carry the principle of delicacy are the rules which have guided the Church in her efforts for

in attaining her object of raising women above the rank of slavery.

The Church, by her doctrines of fraternity in Jesus Christ and equality pefore God, gives a divine sanction to the true status of woman, and proclaims that she ought not to be man's slave Hence, the amel but his companion. ioration of woman's lot was felt whereever Catholicity was preached, and woman began to gather the fruit of a doctrine which made a complete change in her condition by giving her a new existence. The dignity of woman is incompatible with corruption and licentiousness, and the Church, by severity of her morality as well as by the lofty protection she affords to the delicate feeling of modesty, corrects, purifies manners, and makes woman worthy to hold her place in the divine economy, -American Herald.

NEVER HEARD OF THE 'OUR FATHER.

If Page Persons had been able to recite the Lord's Prayer in the criminal court in Kansas City, it might have saved him several months in jail. Judge Wefford was in a religious mood when he went upon the bench in the eriminal court. Page Persons, a sallow faced boy, was before him on a charge of stabbing a man, and he pleaded guilty and asked the mercy of

the court. "You're guilty, are you?" asked the

judge. "Yes, sir."

ven ?

Persons' attorney whispered to the judge and pointed to Persons' old father and mother, who were sitting with the crowd in the court room. "There is your old father and your old mother," said the judge.

look as if they are very respectable people, but I'll venture the assertion that it is largely their fault that you are here this morning. The judge leaned over his desk and pointed his pencil at the young man.

you repeat the Lord's Prayer?" he asked. The what?" inquired the prisoner. "The Lord's Prayer. Dd you ever

hear it? "No, sir." "You never heard the prayer that begins 'Our Father who art in hea-

" No. sir." "Then your parents haven't done right. They look respectable but they haven't done their duty to you. It's a disgrace to civilization that a man comes into this court who never heard the Lord's Prayer. That's the one prayer of all prayers. All other prayers made by men are as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals compare with the Lord's Prayer. Every child born into the world ought to be taught the Lord's Prayer at its mother's knee. If that was done, I would not be kept

'Lead us not into temptation,' and had borne it in mind, you would not be here this morning. "Talk about hereditary criminals," continued the judge. "When I hear a man arguing that there is such a man on earth as a nereditary criminal, Lawant to put him into penitentiary. There is no such thing as a hereditary criminal. Fathers and mothers, through neglect, open the road to hell to nine-tenths of the boys who go

so busy in this court and wouldn't

have to get out of a sick bed to hear cases like yours. If you had just

known one petition in that prayer,

there. If your mother had trained you right, you wouldn't be here." The old mother of the prisoner walked up and whispered to the judge of the cemeteries appeals to lofty souls, and told him that Page was her only and those who have the courage to think of their death, picture to them-

CHURCH.

of female modesty to the highest degree the elevation of woman. These are the two great means she has employed

> to time settled in the village, but it was not congenial, and they either left or became working members of the Martyrs. Thabor would have none neir religion, and Brother Ezechial it was who kept the people from becom ing "too liberal." Religiously, social ly, politically, commercially, he dominated Thabor, and that was the end to all discussion. Thabor was possessed of one line of railroad communicating with the pro

fane world. At the depot the station master united in his person the dignities of operator, baggageman, ticket agent, etc. Thabor could afford but one official there. In point of religion Brother Dodds, the agent, was beyond reproach. It had come to be underod in Thabor that the station master was, by virtue of his effice, Vicar General of the Church of the Martyrs, subject only to the authority of Broth-

er Ezechial himself ; for the domine of

aid d

after

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE." Rev. Francis Clement Kelley in June Dona The whole country knew that Tha-

bor was a peculiar village and that chiefest among its oddities could be

classed its religion, this latter fact being emphasized by the "godlessness" of the neighboring hamlets. But

though the strange form of worship prevailing in the village would have

been enough to make it odd indeed. The Church of the Martyrs had been

founded in Thabor, and in no other lo-

cality had flourished so well. Indeed,

to day the tenets taught by old Erza

Bonnell were making their last stand

and in Thabor were well entrenched for the final conflict. Besides its pe

culiar creed the village had its peculiar

name, its peculiar streets, and last of

all, its peculiar old character, Ezechial Wood, bowed with his seventy years of service "for the Lord and the

If a stranger were to ask a plous

Thaborite why Brother Ezechial Wood had become so renowned in his

native village, the chances were that a

stony stare would inform him, with an

eloquence above expression in words,

that Thabor pitied his ignorance, but

refused to remedy it. In truth Brother

Ezechial was a born leader. The hopes of the Church of the Martyrs were

centred in him. He could pray longer

and more fervently than the domine himself. His sermons, when per-

chance the pulpit became vacant through the absence or illness of the

only minister of the church, were mod-

though there was not a sinner in Tha-

bor since everyone had been already

at the "mercy seat" and, confessing to a change of heart, had been made a

member of the only church. The old

man's religion, too, was more practi

cal than usually found, even in Tha

bor. The poor he knew well : but bet

ter still, they knew him. They could

recognize his halting step on the

threshold, his gray hairs at the door,

and his rough grasp of hand in theirs

when something usually passed from

it to relieve the hungry and clothe the

naked. But Ezechiai Wood was big-oted-logically bigoted, and that means a bigotry of the most unrelent-

ing type. The Church of the Martyrs

ine, in some of his flights of oratory,

had often praised its splendid "iso

lation," and so nothing else in the re-

Methodists, Baptists, Dunkards, Lu-therans, Presbyterians, had from time

The dom

'close communion."

ligious line could live in

els of enthusiastic appeal to sinners

Church of the Martyrs."

peculiarities did not end there,

course counted for naught. It was with some feelings of indignation that the village learned one morning that Death had dared to smite Brother Dodds, and the station and Vicar Generalship had become va-cant together. The indignation was cant together. not at all diminished, only changed as to object, when, that very ev big form of a new station master was at the desk, and in the frame of the ticket window appeared a broad, cheerful face from which answers to questions floated out in a brogue that experts would class as a pure Dongalesque. The new official was Irish. Circumstantial evidence seemed plain. but Thabor did not at once give way. There was a hope that the new resi dent might conform to the religiou ways of the village. Irish he was, but Brother Wood had worked miracle of conversion before, and he might d it again. Besides, the man might no be a "Papist" after all, and if he wer -Thabor shuddered to think of tha possibility. His conduct on the com ing Sunday would decide all. In the

> timent, vouchsafing his information b more or less well directed hints, which the Irishman coolly ignored, for whe Sunday came he sealed his doom when in his best, he tramped fix miles to the "Popish church "at Zalor Then the storm broke; and arour the stove at Brother Watt's gener store the godly gathered to discuss the latest and most terrible happening village affairs. Brother Watt himse 'allowed" that Thabor "won't star

> meantime Brother Ezechial left him i

no doubt as to the state of village sen

no Papist roun.' We druv off the is 'Piscopal becaus he was too Papi "Yaas!" Brother Thomas thoug "Thet's what we did. An' we draw the line on good Meth'dists and ai a goin' to let no Irish in Thabor." Brother Larrup's opinion was mo "The Railway Company cheerful: settle him. We can jest as well les the bull thing to Brother Wood. H

fix it with the Road." Brother Ezechial did his best. wrote the president, the vice preside the general manager of the compa He interviewed the objectionable a tion master personally. He held dignation meetings with the sect boss and his crew. He enlisted

Jean secured one of the cabl