"It's you, Little Tim, is it ; I ain't

doing nothing. What is it you want

Unless I took charge of him, watching him like a hawk, he was sure to get into some difficulty. He was arrested a number of times, usually

after a fight in which the guards came

off worse than he did, and handcuffed,

with Metulius, and pressed his tremoing hands with emotion.

"Sositheus," resumed the young man, when he had recovered his composure, "told me, in a few words, the particulars of this mysterious and dreadful catastrophe. He was absent when it occurred, my father having sent him away on some important business, a few days previous. On his return, he had found the place as I now saw it. But he learned that our

I now saw it. But he learned that our slaves, two huadred in number, incited to revolt, had suddenly attached the house, armed with five and an armed with five and armed with five and armed with five armed with the five ar

house, armed with fire and sword! Passiria led them; Phasiria excited them to bloodshed; it was Phasiria who plunged a knife in the heart of my father,

who murdered the poor defenseless old

man!
"Everything was destroyed, scattered,

or burnt by those two hundred demons, whose rage seemed to accrue as the work of destruction progressed. A tempest sweeping over those fields, the breath of the sale seements are supported by the sale of the sale seement.

the gods seeking their annihilation, could

not have made the work of desolation more complete. Nothing was left standing,—not a stone, not a tree! nothing! nothing but the silence of death!"

The greater number of those wretches

came back to implore my forgiveness, and

to be seech me, with tears, to grant them life. I consented; for who could I punish,

severity, not one was found who could throw a light on this dark deed! I found

in them only poor wretches excited to pillage by the hope of freedom, and led to

ly, in the mire of those abject natures.

"As for Phaedria, whose peridious schemes and murderous object all had confirmed, I have searched Rome and

Italy, during six months, to wreak upon him my rage and just vengeance, but I have failed to obtain the least clew to his

"All this is strange and terrible!" said

Vibius, who seemed plunged in deep

"My lord, will you know my secret opin

"My lord, will you know my secretopinion?" asked Metellius.
"Well," he continued, reading assent in
the old man's eyes, "these things happened at the time Domitian proclaimed
himself a god, and had his golden statue
erected in the capitol. I am convinced that
the disaster at the villa where Vespasian

the disaster at the villa where vespasian and Titus were born, was ordered to destroy the testimony of his plebeian origin written on its walls; that Phaedria was the instrument of Regulus, and Regulus

the infamous agent of Domitian's secre

wishes!"
"Oh! young man! young man!" ex-

tested against these allegations; but I was told,—which is very significant,—that I had got this story from my father, who had, himself, propagated it in Phalacrina and Reata.

"One evening, as I was returning home,

I was assailed by a cohort, dragged be-fore a judge, and tried and sentenced on

beaming with gratitude, "it is you, not I, who should inform Vibius of what then

took place."

"It was a very simple occurrence," said

"It was a very simple occurrence," said

Cornelia, "and I claim no particular merit for acting as I did. You know, my

lord, that one of our most ancient and in

"At an early hour on the morning of the caleds of May, of last year, I was re

the condemned man's head.

hereabouts!

was this Phælria's fate?

## THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE

Such are the events and the abomin able calculations which explain the presence of Cecilia on Parmenon's slave-stand, at the time the divine Aurelia's stand, at the time the divine Aurelia's cortege, returning from Pompey's portico, passed near the Flaminius circus, on its way to the Villa publica. Marcus Regulus, concealed behind one of the pillars of the portice, was enjoying the spectacle of the young girl's shame and her friends

the young girl's shame and her friends sorrow, when he recognized the livery of the divine Aurelia.

"Oh fortune!" exclaimed the wretch, "will you cease at last to defeat my schemes? Let the emperor's niece purchase Cecilia, and I shall sacrifice to you arbite heifer!"

a white heifer!"

This vow of Marcus Regulus can be This vow of Marcus Regulus can be easily explained. The divine Aurelia is rela ed to Flavius Clemens and the two Flavias Domitillas; the Vestal Cornelia lives with her. If Cecilia enters her house, whether she speaks or persists in her silence, the informer may seize, by one lucky effort, the proofs he has so far vainly accept.

vainly sought.
Will not the relations of the divine Will not the relations of the divine Aurelia feel the most hopeful joy, when they learn that Cecilia fills the place of Doris? If her protectors could not obtain her release from Parmenon, will it not be easy now to restore her to her father, by applying to their young relation? Doubtless; but Regulus will watch, and if Cecilia should cross that door with her freedom. Parmenon will be door with her freedom, Parmenon will be

ready to claim her in accordance with the conditions of the sale.

Besides, in these efforts there would be a new proof of Christianity, and Regul may surprise it. Cecilia is a Jewess! If Flavius Clemens and his family had not embraced her creed, why should they deembraced her creed, why should they devote themselves to this poor daughter of the people, placed so far beneath them? Cecilia is a Jewess! But, then, will she not associate herself to the efforts made to persuade the divine Aurelia to

made to persuade the divine Areha to adopt this accursed superstition,— the new faith of her relations? Oh! Regu-lus is well aware that Christianity, like the bright flame, seeks to spread itself. But Aurelia is destined to the empire! she will not renounce this glorious destiny; she will bid her slave hush, but sh will cry out against her family; and Regulus will be there to hear that cry, t bring that complaint to Domitian's ear

And in that house, so closely watched, the informer sees his two other preys, the Grand-Vestal and Metellus Celer, who must, in time be dragged into the abyss. Decidedly, it is a good thing that Cecilia should be bought by the divine Aurelia. Regulus will have no cause to regret the death of Doris. The new slave will be death of Doris. The new slave will be more useful than the old one; she who keeps silent in order not to betray her brethren, will be worth more than she his crafty foresight, must have read in the future, for no sooner has Au-relia bought this young girl, than a cry of joy is heard,—
"Daughter of the Cæsars, take this

young girl to your home!"

And this cry comes from Christians.

So, the genius of good and the genius of

evil are in presence! They have had the same thought and the same presentiments
Their aim alone is different!

### CHAPTER XII.

THE OMBN TREE. When Aurelia returned home, When Aurelia returned nome, sine went at once, followed by Vibius Crispus, to the room occupied by the Grand Vestal. Cornelia, still overwhelmed by the shame of the punishment which had impaired her health, was reclining on the richly embroidered, purple cushions of her couch. Near her sat Metellus Celer. who, since the Vestal's arrival at Aurelia's

honse, scarcely ever left her.

Cornelia was then about thirty-five years old. Her features wore an august years one. Her leatures were an adjust and imposing expression, and her tall figure was full of majesty. Her face had become wan and thin from deep-seated sorrow, and in her black, sunken eyes solitered a sinister fire. And yet, when she smiled, there was on her features an undefinable blending of touching kindness and secret tenderness, of virgin pride and long-treasured resignation. She wore the plain and elegant dress of the virgins of Vesta; a long stole of the finest linen which fell over her feet, and a short white tunic, worn over the stole, and reaching a little lower than her waist; narrow hands held the heavy tresses of her raven-black hair; and the sufibulum, or square veil, fell in graceful folds over

Metellus Celer was seven years young er than the Grand Vestal. He was clad in the angustuciave, or tunic ornamented with a narrow purple band, by which the with a narrow purple band, by which the simple knights were distinguished from the senators. His face wore the bloom of youth, and yet sorrow had left its unmistakable marks upon it. His smile was sad, and his clouded brow often betrayed the secret anxiety which embittered his life. Metellus loved the Vestal with a son's tenderness and a brother's passionate devotion. This feeling is passionate devotion. This feeling is easily explained; he owed his life to her; had rescued him from a fearful death.

she had rescued him from a fearfal death.

It seemed as if some great danger again threatened him, for there was an involuntary despondency in his manner; and Cornelia was gazing at him with a sort of terror. When Aurelia came in they were conversing in a low voice, as if they feared being overheard. At her sight they cared sparking. they ceased speaking.
"Cornelia" said the young girl, joy-

fally, "I have just bought a charming little slave, to fill the place of Doris. Now don't you get her killed as you did the other," she added, addressing, also, Me-

asked Vibius.
"I have every reason to believe that it

"I have every reason to believe that it is that infamous Regulus, upon the information obtained from Doris!"

1 "It could not be otherwise," remarked Vibius, simply; and turning to the divine ormation obtained from Doris:

" It could not be otherwise," remarked Vibius, simply; and turning to the divine Aurelia,—
" My dear ward," he added, " you can" My dear ward," he added, " you canlike this, in your garden, you will be

not keep this new slave of yours a single day! She must be sold without de-

lay!"
"And why, if you please, my dear
guardian?" asked Aurelia in a tone of
playful irony, for she thought Vibius had spoken in jest.

spoken in jest.

"Because," replied Vibius seriously,
"that young girl belongs to Regulus! because it is he who sold her to you, he
who introduced her into your house!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Cornelia and Metellus in a tone of alarm, for they realized
the fearful import of this discovery.

"But my dear guardian," resumed Aurelia, who could not understand all this
terror, "why, then, did you not prevent
me from purchasing her? You should
have told me!—"

"You are perfectly right, my august
ward, but on your way here I have re-

ward, but on your way here I have re-flected upon certain circumstances, and I am sure my conclusions are correct. I shall explain my meaning; listen! This young righter search here they they shall explain my meaning; listen! This young girl has recently been the object of a lawsuit that made a good deal of noise in Rome, although I am not acquainted with the particulars. However, I was told by Pliny-the Younger, who pleaded against Regulus, that this wretch had succeeded in having your slave adjudged to to him under the name of one Parmenon, the year man who had just sold her to the very man who had just sold her to

you!"

Vibius Crispius paused, for it seemed to him that Metellus Celer had made an involuntary motion of surprise upon hear ing the name of Parmenon. But the But the

ing the name of Parmenon. But the young man said nothing.

"What convinces me now that I do not mistake, is that whilst the form of mancipation was being gone through with, I recognized Regulus, who seemed to take a great interest in it, for he approached the girl and whispered something in her ear which I could not hear. Well! is clear enough? What do you think of it?"

"Oh! there can be no doubt," replied the Grand Vestal and Metellus Celer. "This young girl must be a new spy sent by Regulus!"

"So," added Metellus, "you are quite sure that the slave-dealer's name is Par-

"Quite sure," replied Vibius, looking

"Quite sure," replied Vibius, looking at the young man with surprise. "Do you know him?"
"No," said Metellus thoughtfully.
"And yet this coincidence is very remarkable! This man, Parmenon, interests me more than you can think!"
"Ah!" said Vibius, curiously.
"Come," continued Metellus, but speaking to himself, "Sositheus will return directly and I shall know what to think

ing to himself, "Sositheus will return directly, and I shall know what to think "But, after all," asked Aurelia, "is that

watch what takes place here?"

"My dear ward," replied Vibius, "per-

"My dear ward," replied vibius," permit us not to reply to your question. Only, if you do not wish the death of your friend," he added, pointing at the Grand Vestal, who shuddered, "sell that slave,

Vestal, who shuddered, sent inta state, do not keep her in your house!"
Metellus Celer was pacing the room in deep thought. The troubled condition of his mind was visible.
"My lord," he said, at last, stopping to address Vibius, "there is something passing strange in all this. I cannot move a ten without finding Regulus in my path;

step without finding Regulus in my path; his name is like a sword continually suspended over my head! Once already I well nigh perished! . Listen to me, my lord; I have strange and terrible me, my lord; I have strange at terrore things to tell you. You will know then why I am so devoted to the Grand Vestal, and whether there is anything criminal in our intimacy. You may then, perhaps, discover the cause of Regulus's persecution, and tell us whether or not we should tramble."

should tremble. not we should tremble."
"I listen, young man," said Vibius, in whom this preamable excited a lively

curiosity.
"As for me," remarked Aurelia, shall retire. I must question, myself, my new slave, and find out if there is really any cause to distrust her. She is charming, and I warn you that I am not at all inclined to deprive myself of her and repulsion, from which I could not defend myself when I met him for the at an inclined to deprive myself of her services . It is enough that Doris has been sacrificed to Regulus . . . Great gods! that Regulus is like the Swaggering Soldier in the comedies of Planting has disturbed exervithing born Plautus; he disturbs everything here! But this state of things cannot last. I

shall complain to uncle Domitian!"

Metellus Celer and Cornelia made no effort to detain the young girl. Her going was a relief to them, for there were cer-tain circumstances connected with the events the young man was aboutto relate, that concerned Domitian, and could not, therefore, be mentioned in the hearing of the emperor's niece.
"Proceed, Metellus," said Vibius, with

"Proceed, Metelius," Said violats, with impatient curiosity.
"You know, my lord," began the young man, "that my father, Cucius Metellus, had the honor of being the dearest friend of the Emperor Vespasian. He was much younger than that prince; but his family living in Reata, in the Sabine country, had always been intimate with the Flavius family, which had been established in that city many years, and Vespasian carried back to my father, Vespasian carried back to my father, whom he had seen in his cradle, all the

whom he had seen in his cradle, all the love he had received from our family.

"In Phalacrina, not far from Reata, the Flavius family had a modest country-house. It was there Vespasian was born, on the fifteenth day of the calends of December, during the Consulship of Quinters, Sulpicius Camarinus and Cains Pop-December, during the Consulsing of Vinters Sulpicius Camerinus and Caius Poppeas Sabinus. There he was brought up by his paternal granemother, Tertulla; there he died on the eighth of the calends of Julius, at the age of sixty-nine years, one month and seven days. It was there one month and seven days. one month and seven days. It was there also that the Emperor Titus, of glorious memory, died at the age of forty-one years, of the swift and mysterious disease which carried him to his grave two

succeeded to his father.

"I insist on these details because I believe them necessary for a proper appreciation of the events I have to relate. The Emperor Vespasian was passionately fond of this poor country-house. He went there frequently and would never allow any change to be made to a place where everything reminded him of his infancy; his son, the great Titus, enter allow any change to be made to a place where everything reminded him of his infancy; his son, the great Titus, enter tained the same worshipful veneration in important of the same worshipful veneration in the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same and the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same and the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same was possionately fond this poor country house. He went there frequently and would never allow any change to be made to a place with the events I have to relate the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same was possionately fond this poor country house. The went there exists a succeeded to his father.

"I remember the same was passionately fond this poor country house. He went there frequently and would never allow any change to be made to a place with the events I have to relate the same worshipful veneration of the events I have to relate the same worshipful veneration of the same was passionately fond this poor country house. The live them necessary for a proper country ho

out to walk over the grounds. On several occasions we stopped before a magnificent tree, which received the assiduous care of

"This tree was a very old oak, con-secrated to Mars. When Vespasian's mother, Vespasia Polla, gave birth to her first child,—a girl,—a weak shoot gree on the same day from this tree, but was soon withered. It was an omen of the child's destiny, for she died within the

"Vespasia then had a son, and from the tree sprang a vigorous shoot, which caused the wonder of every one, and was announcing a great forinterpreted as announcing a great for-tune for the newborn intant. And, in fact, this child was Sabinus Major, who became prefect of the city, and with whom commenced the fame of the Flavia

"Finally, at my birth,' said the Emperor Vespasian, who narrated these wonders to me, the shoot that grew from wonders to me, the successful and the oak was so strong that it looked like a young tree. This time, continued the emperor, laughing, my poor father Petronius, who had run to his oak, could not control himself. He hastened back, breathcontrol himself. He hastened outs. Joeanness, the house, crying, "It is a Casar who is born unto me! Mother, it is a Casar!" Poor old Tertulla thought that her son had lost his senses. She often quizzad him about it; and yet, you see, Metellus, that the tree was right."

"I shall abridge," continued the young man, "in order to come to more important facts. After the death of Vespasian and Titus, my father, through respect and faction for their memory, purcha house where he had so often enjoyed the intimacy of these two great men. The Emperor Domitian did not like to pre-Emperor Domitian did not like to preserve a villa which reminded him too much of his low origin. You are aware, my lord, that about that time Domitian was accused of having poisoned his brother, whom he had, nevertheless, placed among the gods; and it is certain that what had taken place at the death of Vespasian, to whom he attempted to succeed, proves with what impatience he must have borne the reign of Titus—" must have borne the reign of Titus-

"Take care, young man!" said Vibius ravely: "such accusations are danger

gravely; "such accusations are danger-ous in these times, and you would do wisely in not repeating them!"
"I know it, my lord," replied Metellus;
"but I must speak of them, since I have been accused of originating them, toether with other reports, and that this

was what caused my condemnation.

"Finally," he resumed, "having reached the age when it became necessing the state of the sary to complete my education, my father sent me to Rome to attend the public schools, and to listen to the teaching of the orators and philosphers. Meanwhile remained at his house in Reata which he seldom left, for he despised the abject life of Domitian's court, and feared

v commenced a bright and happy now commenced a origin and nappy period in my existence; I lived in the intimacy of the most charming minds and joycus companions; but this was of short duration. My father's frequent letters were filled with sad details and gloomy the saddle of growing that forebodings. He spoke of a growing state of discontent among the slaves, of at-tempts at revolt which it had been found necessary to put down by force, of threatning rumors, and of plots reported daily

by reliable persons.
"I must not omit to mention, my lord, that, a short time before my departure, Lucius Metellus had purchased from a slave-dealer, who had called at our house slave-dealer, who had called at our house, a few slaves destined to agricultural labors of some importance, which my father had undertaken with a view to the improvement of his new property. Among these slaves was one named Phæfria, whom I would recognize amidst a thousand if I could very find him.

and, if I could ever find him. "This Phædria enjoyed perfect health and his uncommon strength and stalwart frame made him eminently fit for the arduous labors of the husbandman. He seemed, moreover, to possess an experence in such matters which would relieve Metallus, to a certain extent, of the cares of personal surveillance. But, at the same time, Phæ iria inspired one at first with the same time, Phæ iria inspired one at first the same time. first time. His look was treacherous, and the assumed submissiveness and servility of his manner ill-disguised the native brutality and audaciousness of his

"I watched him closely during tevera "I watched him closely during teveral days, and my apprehensions acquired a new strength. I spoke to my father about it, and urged him to get rid of this man; but he replied that my suspicions were without foundation, and, moreover, he could easily check any attempt at insubordination. On the day of my departure from home, I insisted again on this subject, and communicated to my father new facts that had come under my observation; but it was in vain. My father had got used to this man; he found him useful, and did not believe him daugerous. He therefore persisted him dangerous. He therefore persisted in his resolution to keep him.

" Soon after my arrival in Rome, I con menced to receive those letters which gave me so much uneasiness, but my father, far from complaining of Phædria, was enthusiastic in his praise of him, and laughed at my fears. But he confided to me that he could not account for the in subordinate dispositions of his slaves; that he was threatened, and felt himself surrounded by a continual espionage, of which he could neither comprehend the motive or discover the object.

" Finally, I received a letter containing such alarming facts, and so full of bitter complaints, that I judged my father's sit-nation intolerable, and I resolved to hasten to his assistance. I left Rome that very evening, on horseback, and accompanied by a single slave. We travelled all night, and towards the middle veiled all night, and towards the middle of the next day, I arrived at the place where should have been my father's house, the former villa of Vespasian and Titus. I use this doubtful expression purposely, my lord, for my first thought was, that I had lost my way, or that an inimical divinity wanted to deceive me by false apnearances.

inimical divinity wanter to deceive his by false appearances.

"I was standing in the middle of a vast plain; the soil around me was naked, and as level as if the plough had passed over it. In the distance, I could recognize all the familiar sites of the neighboring country, which convinced me that I was on our land; but there remained not was on our land; but there remained not the place; the onen tree a vestige of the house; the omen tree which stood so high and whose branches extended so far, had disappeared. If I was not the victim of a hideons dream, if I really stood on my father's land, it was evident that everything had been devas-tated, swept away, leaving nothing but a

fearful wilderness.

"But then, what had become of my It is much, since I saved his life; but it is father? . . . At this thought, my little, since it only required a few words. father? . . . At this thought, my little, since it only required a few words. And," added the Vestal, with a caressing lord, I felt my heart breaking! I shut

look at the young man, "it is nothing, for IN THE WAKE OF THE GREEN who knows how Metellus repaid his BRIGADE.

my eyes, and, with a cry of anguish, I fell on the barren soil!

"When I opened my eyes," resumed the young man, who had paused, overcome by his emotion, "I saw a slight cloud of smoke rising from the spot where our house had stood; and, standing in the middle of the plain, a man who had answered my cry. It was Sositheus, an old freedman, who had played with my father in boyhood, and taken care of my infancy! He was mourning over the smoking ruins of our home!

"'Sositheus! Sositheus!' I cried "You forget, dear Cornelia," remarked Metellus, "that Regulus having sought to have me rearrested during the day, pretending that you had no right to pardon me, you elaimed me from Domitian himself, and the emperor dared not forget the

duty of the Great Pontiff!

"Having avoided this danger," continued Metellus, "I soon fell into another. tinued Metellus, "I soon fell into another. Regulus was not the man to give up the victim who had once escaped from his clutch. It is clear, my lord, that the wretch had been instrumental in my condemnation, for, otherwise, why should he have attempted to deny an indisputable prerogative? I am right in my suspicions, and my poor father was likewise the victim of an accusation, the principle of which is to be found in the facts I have alluded to. There can be no doubt of this. over the smoking ruins of our home!
"'Sositheus! Sositheus! I cried
from afar, 'where is my father? in the
name of the gods, where is he?"
"And I heard him reply that my
father is no more, and that Phedria had
murdered him during the night that preceded my departure from Rome."
Metellus paused, overwhelmed by these
sorrowful reminiscences. Vibius was
silent and grave. The Grand Vestal wept
with Metullus, and pressed his trembling
hands with emotion.

"Having failed in this first attempt my enemies seek new means to injure me. But this time their object is twofold. me. But this time their object is twofold. They wish to destroy not me alone, but also her to whose interention I owed my safety. The Grand Vestal saved Metelius; she must perish with Metellus! Oh! this is dreadful! . . What more shall I say, my lord! I soon discovered that an implacable hatred was seeking to work out this atrocious revenge. Naturally, Cornelia had become, and is still for me the object of a pious worship, and of a gratitude which will forever fill my heart. Wel!! they have calumniated these noble sentiments and given them the most entiments and given them the odious interpretations. So great were the suspicions thus aroused, and so per fidiously woven the web, that I had to leave Rome, and to condemn myself to live in complete solitude. Yes, my lord, such has been my life for near a year past. I had selected an unknown and lmost inaccessible retreat, and almost inaccessible retreat, and these accusations were hushed by my absence But I heard of the Grand Vestal's sorrows; I hastened back to Rome to devote myself to her for whom I would give my ife, and at the first step I am again b "But," asked Vibius, seeing that the young man stopped, "could you discover no clew to the cause of this terrible event? What became of all thess slaves? What set by this secret persecution .

am denounced!"
"Young man," said Vibius, solemnly, "Young man," said vibius, soliminy, when Metellus had ceased speaking, "you asked my advice . . here it is! Lave Rome instantly, return to your hiding-place. Should it not be safe enough, burrow, if necessary, in the bowels of the earth; but hide, try to be forestent. This is all I can say to you." when so many were guilty? But none of them could reveal to me the real cause of my father's murder, and of the terrible disaster of that eventful night. I have re-captured, one after another, all the slaves who had not surrendered themselves. I used tortures to make them confess, but among all these men, some of forgotten! This is all I can say to you."
"I shall do it!" exclaimed Metellus.
"Yes, I shall go! but not until I have ascertained whether a man whom Sositheus followed yesterday, and whom he saw enter one of the taverns of the Villa publica, is not Pnaedria, my father's murder-er; the victim I demand of heaven and whom had been spared by my indul-gence, and the others had felt my just

hell, since two years past!"
"Good-by," said Vibius, addressing the Vestal and Metdllus. "You have heard and understood me! Reflect and act!" And the cautious old courtier left the crime by those cruel instincts, unknown to our souls, but which boil over sudden

room, nuttering te himself,—
"By Minerval one must have prudence! Let us keep clear of these daugerous mysteries! I havegot enough already with my unlucky jest about the flies!

TO BE CONTINUED.

### IS THE CHURCH LOSING?

Prominent Catholic writers assign the following reasons for loss of church members in this country:

1. Catholic families settling in places many miles from church or priest.

Mixed marriages. Neglect of religious instruction eficient education at home. Reading of bad papers, and the

joining of anti-Catholic societies. Staying away from the Church to evade contributing towards building churches and keeping up schools. Catholic children compelled by

limited means to leave home to secure living. Occupations where there chance to hear Mass on Sunday.

"Oh! young man! young man! exclaimed Vibius. "But why, then, this murder of your father?"

"And why the son's condemnation?" replied Metellus. "For you have yet to learn, my lord, what happened to me. I was hunting up Phaedria," he continued, "when I found myself all at once assailed by the most singular accusations. It was alleged that I was the author of the reports I have already alluded to, and which were circulated in Rome, concerning the sudden death of the Emperor Titus; and, moreover, that it was I who sought to throw the power of the Emperor into discredit, by repeating to every one that his ancestor was only a poor undertaker of public works. I protested against these allegations; but I was told,—which is very significant,—that I when they left Europe.

9 The absence of solid Christian literature from the average Catholic 10. Not enough priests. (This cause is gradually disappearing.)

11 A false idea of social position. This cause is confined principally to women of fat parses and little brains Not being taught Christianity and the beginnings of theology in the

vernacular.

13 The off-repeated attempts to intreduce and keep alive foreign customs, manners, modes of thought which tend to make the Catholic religon appear as an exotic, instead of having it racy of the soil. fore a judge, and tried and sentenced on that same night. I was marching in the midst of an escort of soldiers to meet my fate, when . . . But," said the young man, turning to the Vestal, with eyes Intemperance.

Want of activity in Catholic Church circles for young men and women. Briefest and best. A summing

up of them all. The world, the flesh and the devil.—American Herald.

# THE HERESY OF THE DAY.

lord, that one of our most ancient and indisputable privileges is to pardon any
citizen on his way to be executed,
provided we can declare that we
met him accidently. The full exercise of this right is particularly guaranteed to the Grand Vestal. No sentence
of death, even if decreed by the emperor,
can be executed when the lictor who precedes her has extended his fasces over
the condemned man's head. Thinking men see in the attempts of some so-called Catholics to belittle and even deride the work of the Sacred Congregations great and imminent danger to the faith. Leo XIII. has time and again censured the tend modern civilization to ency of dispense with God, to abjure faith, to believe there is no supernatural, and to refer all things to measurement by the narrow gauge of man's intellectual turning in my litter, from the Consul's house, where I had presided during the night at the mysteries of the Good God-If the critics be thoughtful, powers. hey must fain admit that the head of the Catholic Church could not look dess, to the Atrium Regium, when, at the angle of the Sacred Way and the Forum, with indulgence on such tenden-cies. To do so would be falsehood to I met the escort which accompanied Me-tellus. My lictor cried aloud, The Grand Vestal!' and extended his fasces towards the awful trust reposed in him. But there is, on the part of true Catholics, the soldiers, who immediately halted. I asked the centurion whither he was taking this man, for I did not know Me-They have the consoling assurance that the head of the Church is guided by an inspiration which will not let him wander from the path of telius. He replied that he was taking him to the Tullanium by order of the wisdom or fidelity. - American Herald. emperor.
"'Young man, you are free,' said I to
Metellus, and I made the prescribed
declaration to the centurion.
"This is all I have done for Metellus.

A CERTAIN METHOD for caring cramps, diarrhea and dysentery is by using Pain-Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 69 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 59c.

W. ARCHIBALD MCLEAN IN DONOHOE'S. Timothy Flynn and I were examined for the service on the same day at the recruiting office in Philadel-phia. We had never seen each other before that day, nor heard of the other's existence. My name, Timothy Rourke, followed his on the muster roll. He was a big strapping fellow, broad of shoulders, and standing six feet one in his bare feet. I was slender and just tall enough to pass and not be turned down by Uncle

We were mustered into the 116th Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of a loved and intrepid eader, Colonel Mulholland. Our regiment became a part of the famous Irish Brigade under that matchless commander, General Meagher. We were hurried off to camp to be drilled and made soldiers of. From that first day it always seemed to me that some destiny or divinity, was shaping the course of the lives of the two Timothys to link them together. It happened, as though pre arranged, that we were assigned the same tent and became

mess mates. I would not have had it otherwise if I could have helped it, for he was a lovable fellow, big-hearted as there ever lived a man, and good natured under all circumstances. It seemed to me at times as though he felt I was a younger brother he had been put in charge of, so much did he concern himself about me, and to me he was always more than a brother. As we inseparable the boys found a way to distinguish us, for they named him Big Tim, and me Little Tim. In time these were the only names we

were known by. By all odds he was the favorite not only of his company but also of the regiment. I didn't have much more than a speaking acquaintance at any time outside of our company. one hailed him familiarly as Big Tim He had in return a happy speech for every one. He was a genius at odd jobs, with the strength of a giant, and his services were to be had for the asking. With them nine times out of ten went a good story, one that many a poor fellow beartily laughed over, in spite of weariness and sickness. Yet here were times when every one gave him a wide berth, when he was in one of his tantrums-in liquor At such times I have often heard him referred to as that Big Irish Devil.

He was a born soldier. He never knew what it was to be tired. On a forced march he was simply great. When it came to a question of strength there wasn't a man in the regiment that could keep pace with him. He could sleep just any place, wherever we happened to be, in a tent, under the sky, on a rock, or upon wet ground. When it came to a forage for something to eat he always outdid himself. He was liberal, too, to the last mouthful. He never saw the inside of a hospital unless it was to do a turn for some poor fellow, and had never known a day when he could not sleep, eat, drink and be merry, or as merry as he might be allowed to be.

His mirth was frequently the result of his one bad habit -drink. The days were scarce that he did not have a nip of something hot in his canteen He was a wouderful forager when it came to something to drink. I have often heard the boys say that Big Tim could catch the smell of a still house is no ten miles away, and given the run his hance to hear Mass on Sunday.

8. Emigrants who had little faith I know that others, less fortunate along this line, again and again be-grudged him his luck. He was generous with the stuff, but it angered him to have his canteen returned empty. He would express himself to me then that he thought a last swallow might have been left for the owner.

When we were in camp and he had

plenty of liquor there was sure to be

trouble. He never knew how to gage his capacity. He always took too much. When he was started he kept right at it as long as there was any liquor in sight. His officers have fre-quently admitted to me that when drunk he could give more trouble and annoyance than a dozen men. When drinking he was merry, witty, noisy, rough, fighting or disagreeable. As long as he was merry or witty his company was sought after. He be-came the soul of a camp fire in either condition. No one could match him in sallies, or tell a story after him. He always told the last one, and it was the best one. His gift of perpetrating Irish bulls in his speech kept the boys in a roar. Even when he was noisy he was tolerated, for he could do and say the most ridiculous things. But when he was deeper in his cups he was an ugly customer. The boys were more or less afraid of him then. out warning he would grab a fellow and gave him such a terrible hug that when he let go the victim would fall out of his arms limp. Or he would stand off and put a chip on his shoulder and make all manner of mean contemptible speeches, that at heart he never meant, but doing his utmost to pick a quarrel with anyone. If any of the boys crossed him or gave him a word, he would square off, and he was like lightening when it came to hit-ting. He would listen to no one, unless it was myself, and always do the things he was told not to do.

He, however, was never rough with ne. I have often come upon him when a fight was on, or when he was offensive mood. in a disagreeable or Again and again he has turned upon me fiercely, until he saw who it was. Then his whole manner would change and he would say, soft-like.

taken before the Major. If I could I would plead for him and get him off. ore than once he was put in the guard house and fed on bread and water. Other times he was made to do police duty, all kinds of dirty jobs This he would do with such obedience and at the same time such an innocent shame-facedness that the Major laughingly admitted to me one da that it made him feel as though he had added insult to injury in punishing When time was up and he was free, another drunk would follow in the due course of time. I have often heard our Captain plead with him to keep straight, to stop drinking, encouraging him by telling him that when sober there wasn't a better soldier in the regiment, which was a fact. He would listen quietly and in the end make many promises, all of which he meant for the moment to keep. They would last until he caught the sight or smell of

the thought of a good swag was enough to make him forget his promises and everything else.

We had a long spell of campaign. ing, marching and counter marching, crossing and re-crossing the Rappa hannock and the Rapidan, during which we not only had many brushe with the enemy, but also fought the battles of Fair Oaks, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, Malvern Hill and Antictam. In all of these Big Tim displayed his great strength and endurance and distinguished himself for his courage and bravery. He could be depended upon for any emergency. He would carry out orders to the letter. He was bold, without fear and indefatigable. When our regiment came out of that awful field of carnage at Fredericksburg with the loss of many men and a number of officers and non coms, promotions were soon the order of the day. Our captain sent the name of Timothy Flynn to the Colonel as sergeant. He had well earned the chevrons with which he

whiskey. It seemed to me often even

was rewarded. I was made a cor He was as proud of his chevrons a a boy with a new plaything. When alone in our tent he would often pa them lovingly, calling them his dar lings. In due time he celebrated his promotion by getting drunk. I wa ortunate enough to come upon him before he was deep in his cups and never let him out of my sight until had him sober. The captain, knowing my influence over him, had privatel said to me that among other reason why he had recommended his promo tion was the hope that the chevron would be the means of keeping hir sober. After this drunk I gave him a very serious curtain lecture, warring him what the result would be if h continued his spree and begging his to keep sober.

He made the most abject promise which had their effect for some litt time. He wasn't the kind, howeve that could be restrained or could r strain himself. The time came whe he kicked over the traces, when I w least expecting it, and went off on fearful spree. He was in a devili humor that day. He made a gre noise, quarreled with a number of the boys, tried to strike several, did but several heads together until th ached, dared the guard to arrest his them he was an officer and they laid their hands on him he wor break open their heads. Drunk, had become more important in h own eves and hence was more di He was reported to a sent for by the Colonel. That office spoke to him kindly, cautioning h never to repeat his offence, warni him if he did so he would be compell

to disgrace him.

The next drunk came after a long interval. I was expecting it a dreading the result. He outwitted dreading the result. so that it was another public sp worse than the last. The Colonel as good as his word. Sending him, he informed him that the ch rons must be stripped from his slee and that he must be reduced to ranks. The poor fellow wanted

argue the matter, saying, "Indeed, Colonel, I haven't d anything to deserve this. Haver en a good soldier? Have I always done my part in every figh "Yes, you have," the Colonel You have always been wered.

best of soldiers in every act and have done more than your when there was anything to be do but that isn't the question."
"Can't ye overlock the ma Colonel, just a little for I've l

doing me very best."

The Colonel shook his head, sayi "It can't be done. It can't be d If you were moderate it would different. But you are never sati until you are drunk. It is demor ing to the men. We are sorry you and very sorry that it must done, but you will have to be red to the ranks."

"I'm awfully sorry, Colonel, concluded, "I don't suppose I stop drinking, been doing it since I can remember; guess I get along without what I ough

I will never forget the day h reduced to the ranks in the sig the whole regiment. I though thing would never be through hurt me as much or more than him. I feared it would go worse him afterwards. When they i