

Choice Literature.

Jovianus: or the Early Days of Papal Rome.

CHAPTER XIV.—A BETROTHAL.

Eugenius's first inquiry was for her husband. "I trust that he is safe," answered Jovianus; and he then described how he had been parted from him. His answer appeared rather to increase than to calm Eugenius's alarm.

"It was I who have been the instrument in God's hand of warning them of the dangers with which they were threatened, and of assisting them to escape from their heathen enemies," answered Rufina. "It happened in this wise: Eros had ventured forth, unwisely as it proved, from his hiding-place, when he was captured by some emissaries of your uncle Gaius. We mourned him as lost, feeling sure that his life would be sacrificed to the vengeance of the pontiff. We were not mistaken. He was doomed to be crucified. The night before he was to suffer, when it was believed by his guards that he would never again hold communication with his fellow-creatures, he sat with heavy chains on his legs and arms; they, either supposing him to be asleep, or not caring whether he heard or not, began to talk of various projects on foot, some of those which only showed in what vile offices they were engaged, were matters of indifference to him. At length, however, they spoke of a design for the destruction of Gaius and Severus. They hoped to obtain a guide, one well acquainted with the galleries, a recreant to the faith of the Gospel, and by his means they felt sure of accomplishing their object.

"What he heard brought deep grief to the heart of Eros. A slave bound in chains and expecting to die on the morrow, he could render no assistance to the noble patrician who was thus placed in such fearful jeopardy, and about whom I had so often spoken to him." Rufina then described how the life of Eros had been saved by the vestal Maria. "As soon as he was at liberty," she continued, "he hastened to me, and told me what he had heard, I being better able to warn our friends than any one he knew. There was not a moment to be lost, he said, for that very day the assassins would set out on their search. Eros offered to accompany me, but this I declined, and hastened as fast as my feet would convey me, to the entrance of the galleries. After much difficulty I found the ladies, Eugenia and Julia, with the patrician Gaius; I warned them of the approach of the assassins, entreating Gaius to fly with his daughter and Julia.

"I should only impede them," he answered. "Rufina, I charge you conduct them to a place of safety; I will remain here; I am prepared for whatever heaven will allow my enemies to do."

"In vain we pleaded with him. He made his commands imperative on us. 'Seek for Severus, and warn him,' he added; 'his life is of more value than mine; he may still live to preach the Gospel and to exhort sinners to turn to the Saviour. Again he charged us to fly, in a way we could not disobey; and Eugenia, who had ever implicitly followed his commands, taking Julia by the hand, accompanied me in the direction I considered the safest.

"Scarcely had we left the gallery when we heard the shouts of the assassins, as led by their treacherous guide, they burst into the so-long-concealed chamber. I judged by their voices that they were expressing their disappointment at not discovering Severus. The guide, either knowing what he had undertaken, or that he had refused to lead them on, for they did not follow us, as I feared they would have done. I could not leave Eugenia and Julia, or I would have retraced my steps, and endeavoured to ascertain the direction they had taken. Judging by the sounds I heard, I believed that, dreading to remain in the gallery, they had endeavored to regain the upper world."

Jovianus trusted that such might be the case, but greatly feared they were more likely to have gone in search of Severus. He offered to try and find his way to the abode of Gaius, if Rufina could give him sufficient directions. "I have been so many hours moving in the dark that I do not fear to make the attempt," he said, "and the lamp hanging to the roof, which it is not likely has been extinguished, will guide me when I approach the chamber."

Eugenius, deeply anxious to know what had occurred to her father, gladly accepted Jovianus's offer. "Oh that I might go with you!" said Julia, taking his hand. "No," said Rufina, "it will be far safer for you to go alone." And she then proceeded to give him such directions as he believed would enable him to direct his course aright. He set out, counting his steps, that he might not fail to know the distance he had traversed. More than once he stopped, fearing that he had missed his way; but, feeling the importance of his errand, he persevered in his endeavour, and so well did he remember his directions, that he made no mistake. At length he reached the entrance to the gallery which led to the chamber. It had been left open by Rufina, who had been unable to shut it, and at the father end he saw the faint light of the lamp still burning. He stopped and listened. No sound reached his ear. He feared that the assassins, disappointed at not finding their chief victim, had wreaked their anger on the head of his aged father-in-law. He hurried forward as he approached the chamber, hoping to see Gaius still seated in his chair, but the chair was empty. In another minute he was kneeling, beside the old man, who was stretched his length on the ground. Jovianus at first thought that Gaius was dead, but as he lifted up the head of his venerable friend the faint words uttered by Gaius showed him that he was still conscious.

"Have they escaped?" he asked; "have my beloved Eugenia and Julia been pre-

vented from the danger of the assassins? And I, your son, can you give me news of him, my son? or have they cruel weapons struck him down?"

Jovianus replied that he had but just left Eugenia and Julia, and trusted that Severus, being accompanied by the fessor, would have been enabled to conceal himself from the assassins, even should they have gone in pursuit of him. "But can I render you no aid?" he continued; "I will endeavour to staunch the blood which flows from your side."

"It is too late now," answered Gaius; "you must not attempt to move me. I know not how many daggers entered my body, though the hands of those who desired my death failed to strike home. I would forgive them, as I would also the relentless foe by whom they were dispatched on their bloody errand. Hasten back, my son, and bring my beloved daughter and child; I would thankfully see them once more ere I die."

Jovianus rose to obey the commands of Gaius. As he did so he heard footsteps approaching. Stopping a moment, he recognised Severus and the fessor. "Heaven has sent you assistance!" he said, again kneeling down by the side of his wounded friend. Ere long Severus joined them, and they together endeavored to ascertain the injuries received by the old man.

"It is useless," said Gaius; "you cannot for long prolong my life, and I am willing to depart, and to be with Christ. Go, Jovianus, summon my beloved daughter and her child; I would speak to them again ere my spirit wings its flight to Him who has gone before to prepare a place for me."

Severus, struck with horror at what he saw, had scarcely spoken, nor had he time to inquire by whom Gaius had been wounded; but the words he heard assured him that his wife and daughter were still safe.

Jovianus would have gone alone, but the old fessor, who carried a lantern, at a sign from Severus, accompanied him, and he was thus able, much more speedily than otherwise would have been the case, to return to where he had left his female friends.

He endeavored to prepare Eugenia and Julia for what had occurred; his heart at the same time beat with gratitude to Heaven for enabling them to escape the fearful danger to which they had been exposed. What had caused the assassins to retreat he could not tell, but he still dreaded that they might return, and discover Severus. He resolved, therefore, to advise his friend to seek immediately some other place of concealment.

Gaius was still conscious when they regained the chamber; indeed, he appeared to have somewhat recovered his strength. His daughter and grandchild threw themselves down beside him, and assisted Severus in supporting his head.

"Do not mourn over me, my children," he said, taking Eugenia's hand. "The days of my pilgrimage were naturally drawing to a close, and God in His mercy has allowed them to be somewhat shortened, and has saved me from witnessing the result of the corruptions and errors which have crept in among our brethren at Rome in consequence of their departure from the clear teaching of the blessed Gospel. They having neglected the light which was in them it is becoming darkness. I see it but too plainly—the greed of riches and power possesses the hearts of many of those who should have been the humble overseers of Christ's flock; and the presbyters and deacons but too willingly support them for the sake of sharing the wealth they seek to acquire."

"Many rejoice that the emperor supports the Christians, and has bestowed worldly rank and dignity on the overseers and presbyters; but I warn you, my children, that he is a far greater foe to the true Church of Christ than those monarchs who have been deemed its greatest persecutors. Oh, let me charge you, my beloved ones, to cling closely to the simple Gospel! Be living stones of the temple of which Christ is the chief corner-stone! Let not Satan succeed in inducing you, with the offer of wealth, dignity, or honours, to depart from the truth. Endeavour by God's grace to stem the tide, and never cease to protest against the errors and corruptions which have crept in among those who have a name to live, but are dead. Seek for assistance and direction with prayer and supplication, and, if you find that you cannot succeed, go to some other land, and preach the truth of the Gospel among its heathen inhabitants; ground them soundly in the faith, teaching them that there must be no compromise, that they must turn to the true God, and worship Him in spirit and truth through Christ, abandoning all their idolatrous practices, that they must live as Christians lived in the apostolic days, not looking to emperors, or rulers, or men great in the world's eye for support, but to Christ the risen one alone."

"With God's grace I will follow your counsel," said Severus, to whom Gaius had stretched out his hand. Jovianus also took it, and repeated with deep earnestness the same words.

"Now, my children, I feel myself sinking. My beloved Eugenia, I leave you with confidence under the protection of Severus. Then, taking Julia's hand, he placed it in that of Jovianus. "May heaven give you life and strength, and may you, together, fight the good fight of faith, and prove a blessing to each other, as God, in His loving kindness, has ordained, that these united with His will shall ever be to one another."

Jovianus pressed Julia's hand. "With her, I promise, thankfully and joyfully, to obey your wishes," he said. Thus were Jovianus and Julia betrothed. The old man continued to address those grouped around him, while Rufina and the fessor kept watch at the two entrances to the chamber.

The voice of Gaius grew fainter and fainter. It ceased at last, and his children knew that his spirit had departed.

(To be continued.)

ONCE a quarter the watchtowers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon preaches, vacate their altars in favor of a raucous.

Spurgeon on Pulpits.

Pulpits have much to answer for in having made men awkward. What horrible inventions they are! If we could only abolish them we might say as Joshua did concerning Jericho, "Cursed be he that buildeth this Jericho," for the old-fashioned pulpit has been a greater curse to the churches than is at first sight evident. No barrister would ever enter a pulpit to plead a case at the bar. How could he hope to succeed while buried alive almost up to his shoulders? The client would be ruined if the advocate were thus imprisoned. How manly, how commanding is the attitude in which Chrysostom is usually represented! Forgetting his robes for the moment, one cannot but feel that such a natural posture is far more worthy of sublime truth than that of a person crouching over a sheet of paper, looking up very occasionally, and then revealing no more than his head and shoulders.

The late Thomas Bluney was unable to endure a platform, and was known to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open rostrum, if he found himself placed in one; this must have arisen solely from the force of habit, for there can be no real advantage in being enclosed in a wooden pen. This feeling will no doubt retain the close pulpit in its place for a while longer, but in ages to come men will find an argument for the divinity of our holy faith in the fact that it survived pulpits.

Ministers cannot be blamed for ungainly postures and attitudes when only a very small part of their bodies can be seen during a discourse. If it was the custom to preach as Paul did at Athens, public speakers would become models of propriety, but when the usual method is pursued, we cannot marvel if the ungainly and grotesque abound. By the way, it is creating to note that Raphael in his representation of Paul at Athens evidently had in his mind the apostle's utterance, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with man's hands," hence he delineates him as lifting his hands.

Remarkable are the forms which pulpits have assumed according to the fancies of human fancy and folly. Twenty years ago they had probably reached their very worst. What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might well remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end; but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg-cups and wine-glasses; a third class were evidently modelled after corn bins upon four legs; and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. I have felt like a man at the mast-head while preaching in these "towers of the flock." These accommodations are in themselves evils, and create evils.

No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each one worse than the last. They are generally so deep that a short person like myself can scarcely see over the top of them, and when I ask for something to stand upon they bring me a hassock. Think of a minister of the gospel poisoning himself upon a hassock while he is preaching; a Bonaparte and a Blonin in one person. It is too much to expect us to keep the balance of our minds and the equilibrium of our bodies at the same time. The trippings up, and overturnings of stools and hassocks which I have had to suffer while preaching rush on my memory now, and revive the most painful sensations. Surely we ought to be saved such petty annoyances, for their evils is by no means limited to our discomfort; if it were so, it would be of no consequence; but, alas! these little things often throw the mind out of gear, disconnect our thoughts, and trouble our spirit. We ought to rise superior to such trifles, but though the spirit truly is willing the flesh is weak.

But I must return to my subject, and I do so by repeating the belief that boxed-up pulpits are largely accountable for the ungainly postures which some of our preachers assume when they get out of their cages and are loose upon a platform. They do not know what to do with their legs and arms, and feel awkward and exposed, and hence drop into ridiculous attitudes. When a man has been accustomed to regard himself as an "animated bust" he feels as if he had become too long when he is made to appear at full length.

At a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, the Clerk of the Peace reported that he had received a letter from the Rev. J. W. Horsley, the Chaplain of the House of Detention, stating that he had resigned with much regret his connection with the Society of the Holy Cross. Mr. Sharpe, at whose instance a resolution was adopted by the magistrates, that in the event of the chaplain not returning from the Society of the Holy Cross, or re-joining his appointment, he should be dismissed, said he was glad that the affair had terminated so satisfactorily.

The tail-cutting excitement in China appears to be increasing rather than dying out. Hitherto the excitement caused by the diabolical work of "the paper men," has been confined to the Southern cities of the empire; but now, according to the China correspondent of *The New York Observer*, it has broken out in Peking, and numbers of the Officials of that city are burning the laws of their quatuor. They believe that within a short time after their cutting operations has been performed upon them by the dreadful "paper men" they will die. Thus far in Peking they have not attempted to molest the populace against the foreigners or missionaries, and but one or two placards have been issued which hinted that they were responsible for the deeds of "the paper men." There is no falling off in the attendance at the mission chapels.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

*The Catholic Review* learns that the Old Catholic Bishop of Switzerland, Herzog, is soon to be married.

The Jews in the United States, as elsewhere, all sympathize with the Turks, as against the Christians, in the result of the Roumanian persecutions. *The Hebrew Leader* would like to see a few Jewish-American regiments raised to fight the Russians.

The advance of the Ritualistic movement in London in the last decade has been very rapid. There are now more than three times as many churches which have daily communion and eucharistic vestments as there were in 1867, and twice as many use incense.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Ireland says, that being much struck with the fact that the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy wore the ordinary high hat, instead of the broad brimmed, low-crowned head covering usually adopted by Catholics priests, he asked one of them why they had made this change. "Oh," he replied, "we do not wish to be mistaken for Ritualists."

The *Bombay Guardian* of July 21, calls attention to the fact that in consequence of the danger of the perishing of the crops for want of rain, a meeting of Christians had been called the preceding week to pray for rain. They had scarcely come together before the rain began to fall in torrents, so that the voices of the speakers could scarcely be heard, and after the meeting there was a good fall of rain. The *Guardian* urges that "prayer should be continued."

"CARDINAL ANTONELLI," says *The Catholic*, in discussing the Countess Lambertini scandal, "was not a priest, never celebrated a single mass. He was an eminent statesman, connected with and always willing to render valuable service to the Holy See." Certainly he never was a priest, but he was a deacon, the clerical order just below that of priest, under the same vow of celibacy and chastity, and was the closest adviser of the Pope.

DR. HAMILTON MACGILL, of Edinburgh, said at the Pan-Probytorian Council that in October of the next year there was to be held in London a meeting of individuals belonging to the Church of England, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Non-conformists of England—indeed, all the denominations that were conducting foreign missions, in so far as they could be gathered together—to confer with one another as to their various modes of procedure.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* writes:—"I have been informed that Dr. Newman and several other eminent divines have been asked to undertake a new English translation of the Holy Scriptures to replace the Douay version, which is couched in an excessively Latinized style. Dr. Newman is widely known as an incomparable master of pure English, and to no better hands could this most important work be entrusted."

It is very satisfactory to see that the Sunday question in Germany has not ceased to excite attention. The Central Committee for Home Missions has recently adopted two petitions—one to the Chancellor of the Empire, requesting him to propose a reform of the laws, which would more efficaciously secure Sunday rest to the laboring classes; another to the Postmaster-General, asking him to diminish the postal service on Sundays still more than it is at present. It is to be regretted that Mr. Stephan has given a negative answer.

A CONGREGATIONAL minister writes to an English contemporary:—"Last Thursday a young lady in my congregation was married in the church in which I minister. Her father is a large employer of labor in the town, and is personally on very good terms with the vicar, to whom, recently, he lent a meadow, for his Sunday school festival. On applying, however, for the vicar's permission to have the bells of the parish church steeple rung on the wedding day, he was refused, because the wedding itself was performed in the Congregational instead of the Parish Church."

An interesting ceremony took place recently in Indore, which was shared in by everybody, from the Maharajah down to the lowest peasant. Early in the morning the whole community, led by His Royal Highness the Maharajah, the Maharana, and the Royal family set off for Banguaga, a place some two miles from Indore, where a gigantic picnic was held, and where they passed the whole day. The object of this curious proceeding was to invoke the gods by prayers and pujas to send rain, which was badly wanted there elsewhere. About fifteen thousand persons were present, and everyone had been forbidden under serious penalties to cook anything under cover; it must all be done in the open. When the pujas were over the Maharajah in person ploughed a piece of land, Her Royal Highness the Maharana attending him as a peasant's wife. Strange to say, rain almost immediately followed, and thoroughly soaked the Royal party before they could again reach the town of Indore.

*The General Baptist Magazine* says:—"It is high time the Churches paid some attention to the 'open-air' preaching going on in different parts of London and in our large towns. Three instances, one after another, have just come under our notice in which God and His Gospel for man were misrepresented in the most ghastly style imaginable. 'The forgiveness of sins' was so preached as to make it appear a premium on wrongdoing. 'Eternal damnation' was held out without a quiver of tender feeling, and as though consignment to 'the flames of hell' were the essence of God's 'good news.' Common-sense was outraged, and he who came to listen went away so stiff and blasphemous. The 'outside population' judge of the teaching inside our chapels and churches by this open-air caricature, and Christian agencies need to alienate men from Christ and goodness. It is needs all terms. The best men we have will be obliged to take this work in hand, and a wise and sustained effort will have to be made to 'drill' young converts before they are suffered to go on their least detachments against the foe. We must look after the Christianity of the street."

Scientific and Useful.

CHERRY PUDDING.

Take one pound of cherries, remove the pits, lay them in a hair sieve, place the sieve over an earthen dish to collect the juice; sprinkle over them one half-pound of sugar. In the morning make a rich batter of eggs, milk and flour, stir in the cherries, without the juice; it will take one hour to bake, or two to boil. When ready heat the juice, add a little butter and sugar to suit the taste, and use it as sauce to the pudding.

COUGH MEDICINE.

A cure for a cold, which it is said never fails:—Take three cents' worth of liquorice; three cents' worth of rock candy; three cents' worth of gum arabic. Put them in a quart of water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents' worth of paragon, and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap and good. Its cost is only fifteen cents.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM SILK.

Place some coarse brown paper—the soft kind—on both sides of the spots, then press carefully with a hot iron; change the paper often as it absorbs the grease. If the goods are so rich or delicate that the iron is likely to injure them, try friction by using raw cotton—rub the spots off, changing the cotton often. If the cashmere or cassimere is soiled or stained in many places, rip the article and wash it in tepid water, softened with pulverized borax. It can be made to look as good as new.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.

In removing grease spots from clothing with benzole or turpentine, the usual way is to wet the cloth with the detergent and then rub it with the sponge or the like. This only spreads the grease, and does not remove it. The proper method is to place soft blotting paper beneath and on top of the grease spot, after the latter has been thoroughly saturated with the benzole; then press well. The fat is thus dissolved and absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the clothing.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

One pint of milk, one teaspoonful cream, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful sea moss farina, and two eggs; put the milk into a tin dish over boiling water, add the sugar and stir until dissolved; mix the yolks of the eggs with the farina, add a little cold milk, and stir it into the hot milk and sugar, stirring until it is thoroughly mixed and smooth; remove the dish from the boiling water; flavor to taste, and add the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth; line a pudding dish with slices of cake or lady fingers; pour on the farina. When cold it is ready for the table.—*New York Times*.

SPANISH PICKLES.

One peck of green tomatoes, one dozen onions; slice, sprinkle with salt, and let stand over night and strain off the juice. Allow one pound of sugar, one-fourth pound whole white mustard seed, one ounce ground black pepper, one ounce cloves, one ounce ginger, one ounce cinnamon; mix dry; put in layer of tomatoes, and so on until they are all used; cover with vinegar and let boil slowly two hours, after which pack in small jars and set in the cellar. This is of all pickles the very best—fine as an accompaniment of a dinner, or to be eaten simply with bread and butter, and we advise every housekeeper to try it.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Pare, core, and parboil some juicy tart apples in a very little water; chop fine; beat seven eggs very light; add to them slowly three-quarters of a pound of sifted prepared flour; beat very light; put in apple enough to thicken the batter, and the grated yellow rind and juice of a lemon; have the very best lard at a perfectly boiling point; put it in a thick slice of raw apple; this subdues the strong odor of the fat; put a large spoonful of the batter in at a time, and as many spoonfuls as the pan will hold; they take but a few moments to do, and need not be turned over; must be made at the moment you wish to use them and sent to the table at once, each careful sent in as quickly as baked; powdered sugar with cinnamon and nutmeg in it is nice for them.

FRIED CELERY FOR GARNISHING.

This addition contributes very much to the appearance of any salad, whether "fish or fowl," and when there are two varieties, one sort can be garnished with the fringed celery alone, and another having nasturtiums dotted here and there through the edge of the dish. Select the larger outer pieces of the stalk, cutting in four inch lengths; wash, and wipe dry, seeing all grit is removed. Have a large new cork, fill it full of coarse needles, putting the eye of the needle into the cork and the points sticking up. If the cork has soaked some time in tepid water, the needles will penetrate more easily. Carefully draw each piece of celery over the needles, leaving at one end about an inch of celery unfringed. Lay it in cold water two hours to cool and become crisp.

JAMS.

In making jams the fruit should be carefully cleaned and thoroughly bruised, as washing it before cooking prevents it from becoming hard. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, as the flavor of the fruit is thus better preserved (usually allowing three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit), and then boil half an hour longer. Jam requires almost constant stirring, and every housekeeper should be provided with a small paddle with handle at right angles with the blade (similar to an apple butter stirrer, only smaller), to be used in mashing jams and marmalades. To tell when any jam or marmalade is sufficiently cooked, take out some of it on a plate and let it cool. If no juice or moisture gathers about it, and it looks dry and glistening, it is done thoroughly. Put up in glass or small tin jars, and seal or secure like jellies. Keep jellies and jams in a cool, dark, and dry place.—*Buckeye Cookery*.

Rome has 855 Catholic, 14 Protestant, and 4 Jewish churches.