

no color, but her eyes shone with a gentler and purer light which glorified the severe beauty of her features. as the girl approached the captain he fixed his eyes on her, and called out: hey pale face are you a christian yes, my lord, replied selene, and she went on quietly and indifferently with her brother. the roman looked after her, and as she passed by hadrians statue, and, as she did so, dropped her head rather lower than before, he roughly ordered her to stop and to tell him why she had averted her face from the statue of caesar. hadrian is our ruler as well as yours, answered the young girl. i am in haste for there are sick people on the island. you will bring them no good cried the beggar. who knows what is hidden there in the basket silence interrupted the tribune. they say, girl that your fellow believers overthrew the statue of caesar in the night. how should that be we honor caesar no less than you do. i will believe you, and you shall prove it. there stands the statue of the divine caesar. come with me and worship it. selene looked with horror in the face of the stern man, and could not find a word of reply. well asked the captain, will you come yes or no selene struggled for self possession, and when the soldier held out his hand to her she said with a trembling voice: we honor the emperor but we pray to no statue only to our father in heaven. there you have it laughed the beggar. once more i ask you, cried the tribune. will you worship this statue, or do you refuse to do so a fearful struggle possessed selenes soul. if she resisted the roman her life was in danger, and the fury of the populace would be aroused against her fellow believers if, on the other hand, she obeyed him, she would be blaspheming god, breaking her faith to the saviour who loved her, sinning against the truth and her the prisoners had passed them, and the drivers were exchanging greetings with the out posts, a girl, in the long robe of an egyptian, came towards them, and looked at them. pentaur started as if he had seen a ghost; but nebsecht gave expression to his astonishment in a loud cry. at the same instant a driver laid his whip across their shoulders, and cried laughing: you may hit each other as hard as you like with words, but not with your hands. then he turned to his companions, and said: did you see the pretty girl there, in front of the tent it is nothing to us answered the man he addressed. she belongs to the princesss train. she has been three weeks here on a visit to the holy shrine of hathor. she must have committed some heavy sin, replied the other. if she were one of us, she would have been set to sift sand in the diggings, or grind colors, and not be living here in a gill tent. where is our red beard uardas father had lingered a little behind the party, for the girl had signed to him, and exchanged a few words with him. have you still an eye for the fair ones asked the youngest of the drivers when he rejoined the gang. she is a waiting maid of the princess, replied the soldier not without embarrassment. to morrow morning we are to carry a letter from her to the scribe of the mines, and if we encamp in the neighborhood she will send us some wine for carrying it. the old red beard scents wine as a fox scents a goose. let us encamp here; one never knows what may be picked up among the mentu, and the superintendent said we were to encamp outside the oasis. put down your sacks, men here there is fresh water, and perhaps a few dates and sweet manna for you to eat with it. man is the name still given by the bedouins of sinai to the sweet gum which exudes from the tamarix mannifera. it is the result of the puncture of an insect, and occurs chiefly in may. by many it is supposed to be the manna of the bible. good parson sat by her bedside, and read to her of the coming of the bridegroom, and of that fine linen clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints. it was of that drawer, with its lavender and polpourri bags, that the scented smoke had reminded her. it has rather an overpowering odour, said the old parson; it is suggestive of incense. i am sure i once smell something like it in the church of the nativity at bethlehem. it is very delicious. the parsons long residence in his parish had been marked by one great holiday. with the savings of many years he had performed a pilgrimage to the holy land; and it was rather a joke against him that he illustrated a large variety of subjects by reference to his favourite topic, the holiday of his life. it smells of gunpowder, said jim, decidedly, and something else. i cant tell what. something one smells in a seaport town, said tom. cant be very delicious then, jim retorted. its not quite the same, piped the widow; but it reminds me very much of an old bottle of attar