

choice of words. they, too, were fired by the spark of the old mans enthusiasm; they gathered round him, and followed him at once to the rooms where the weapons had been deposited for use. breastplates girt on to their bodies, and swords wielded in their hands made soldiers of the sages at once, and inspired them with martial ardor. little was spoken among these heroes of the mighty word. they were bent on action. olympius had desired apuleius to go into his private room adjoining the hypostyle with porphyrius, on whose senseless and rigid state no treatment had as yet had any effect. some of the temple servants carried the merchant down a back staircase, while olympius hastily and silently led his comrades in arms up the main steps into the great halls of the temple. here the chivalrous host were doomed to surprise and disappointment greater than the most hopeless of them was prepared to meet. olympius himself for a moment despaired; for his ecstatic adherents had during the night turned to poltroons and tipplers, and the sacred precincts of the sanctuary looked as if a battle had been fought and lost there. broken and bruised furniture, smashed instruments, garments torn and wet, draggled wreaths, and faded flowers were strewn in every direction. the red wine lay in pools like blood on the scarred beauties of the inlaid pavement; here and there, at the foot of a column, lay an inert body whether dead or merely senseless who could guess and the sickening reek of hundreds of dying lamps filled the air, for in the confusion they had been left to burn or die as they might. and how wretched was the aspect of the sobered, terror stricken, worn out men and women. an obscure consciousness of having insulted the god and incurred his wrath lurked in every soul. to many a one prompt death room, with the same frenzied and terror stricken haste as before, among the revellers, crying: it is the end all is over the world is falling asunder fire is come down from heaven the earth is in flames already i saw it with my own eyes i have come down from the roof. father where is my father at this news the company started up in fresh alarm, pappus, the mathematician, cried out: the conflagration has begun flame and fire are falling from the skies lost lost wailed eunapius; while porphyrius hastily felt in the folds of his purple garment, took out a small crystal phial and went, pale but calm, up to the high priest. he laid his hand on the arm of the friend whom he had looked up to all his life with affectionate admiration, and said with an expression of tender regret: farewell. we have often disputed over the death of cato you disapproving and i approving it. now i follow his example. look there is enough for us both. he hastily put the phial to his mouth, and part of the liquid had passed his lips before olympius understood the situation and seized his arm. the effect of the deadly fluid was instantly manifest; but porphyrius had hardly lost consciousness when apuleius had rushed to his side. the physician had succumbed to the universal panic and resigned himself doggedly to fate; but as soon as an appeal was made to his medical skill and he heard a cry for help, he had thrown off the wrapper from his head and hastened to the merchants side to combat the effects of the poison, as clear headed and decisive as in his best hours by the bed of sickness or in the lecture room. when the very backbone of the soul seems to be broken, a sense of duty is the one and last thing that holds it together and among the things that are done, and cannot be undone. the nomarch chief of a nome or district. of suan, in the southern part of the country, asked for funds for a necessary, new embankment. the regent listened to his eager representation with benevolence, nay with expressions of sympathy; but assured him that the war absorbed all the funds of the state, that the chests were empty; still he felt inclined even if they had not failed to sacrifice a part of his own income to preserve the endangered arable land of his faithful province of suan, to which he desired greeting. as soon as the nomarch had left him, he commanded that a considerable sum should be taken out of the treasury, and sent after the petitioner. from time to time in the middle of conversation, he arose, and made a gesture of lamentation, to show to the assembled mourners in the court that he sympathized in the losses which had fallen on them. the sun had already passed the meridian, when a disturbance, accompanied by loud cries, took possession of the masses of people, who stood round the scribes in the palace court. many men and women were streaming together towards one spot, and even the most impassive of the thebans present turned their