The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And lhe winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toil ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true lover,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Sueh joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go,

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A joilier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxen dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,'
He was a friend to me.
Old year you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you'
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow on the second of the control of the shadows fleker to and fro he cricket chirps: the light burns low; is nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die, Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;

What is it we can do for you?

Speak out before you die,

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door,

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"Stupid barbarian?" growled Cornvinus, but well ithin his teeth; then he added:—"This business will go hard with you; you know it is a capital of-

"Why, to let a man come up and speak to you without giving the watchword.
"Gently, captain, who says he did not give it? I

never said so."
"But did he though? Then it could be no Christian.

"Oh yes, he came up, and said quite plainly, 'No-men Imperatorum." (The name of the Emperor.)
"What?" roared out Corvinus.

"Nomen Imperatorum." 'Numen Imperatorum' was the watchword"

shrieked the Roman. 'Nomen or Numen, it's all the same I suppose A letter can't make any difference. You cal

Arminius, and I call myself Hermann, and they mean the same thing. How should I know the fine points of language?" Corvinus was enraged at himself; for he saw how much better he would have gained his ends, by put much better he would have gained his ends, by put-ting a sharp, intelligent practorian on duty instead of a sottish savage foreigner. "Well," he said, in the worst of humors, "you will have to answer to the emperor for this; and you know that he is not

"Look you now, Herr Krunmbeiner," returned the soldier, with a look of sly stolidity; as to that; we are pretty well in the same boat." (Corvinus turned pale, for he knew it was true.) "And you must contrive something to fr

save yourself. It was you the emperor made responsible for the what-d'ye-call it?—that board?
"You are right my friend; I must make it out that a strong body attacked you and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty of beer, till the thing blows over."

The soldier went off, and concealed himself.

The soldier went oil, and concealed finnself. A few days after, the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered, was washed on the banks of Tiber. It was supposed he had fallen in some drunken row; and no further trouble was taken about it. The fact was indeed so; but Corvinus could have given the best account of the transaction. Before, how-ever, leaving the ill-omened spot in the Forum, he had carefully examined the ground, for any trace of the daring act; when he picked up close under the place of the edict, a knife, which he was sure he the piace of the enet, a Kille, which he was sure he had seen at school, in the possession of one of his companions. He treasured it up as an implement of future vengeance, and hastened to provide another copy of the decree.

CHAPTER XV.

EXPLAINATIONS.

When morning had fairly broken, crowds streamed from every side, into the Forum, curious to read the tremendous edict so long menaced. But when they found only a bare board there was a universal uproar. Some admired the spirit of the Christ-tians generally reckoned cowardly; others were inculed the officials concerned in the proclamation; others were angry that the expected sport of the day might be delayed.

ight be delayed.
At an early hour the places of public fashionable resort were all occupied with the same theme. In the great Antonian Thermœ a group of regular fre-quenters were talking it over. There were Scaurus quenters were talking it over. There were Scaurus the lawyer, and Proculus, very busy with some mus-ty volumes, and several others. "What a strange affair this is, about the edict!"

said one.
"Say rather, what a treasonable outrage against the divine emperors!" answered Fulvius.
"How was it done?" asked a third.

"How was it done?" asked a third.

Have you not heard," said Proculus, "that the
Dacian guard stationed at the Puteal was found
dead, with twenty-seven poniard-wounds on him,
nineteen of which would have sufficed each by itself to cause death?"

"No that is a false report," interrupted Scaurus "No that is a false report," interrupted Scatrus; "it was not done by violence, but entirely by witch-craft. Two women came up to the soldier, who drove his lance at one, and it passed clean through her and stuck in the ground on the other side, without making any wound in her. Then he hacked at the other with his sword, but he might as well have struck morable. She then threw a pinch of ed at the other with his sword, but he might as went have struck marble. She then threw a pinch of powder on him and he flew into the air, and was found asleep and unburt, this morning, on the roof of the Emilian basilica. A friend of mine was out early, and saw the ladder up, by which he had been

brought down."
"Wonderful!" many exclaimed. "What extra-

"Wonderful! I many extramed: ordinary people these Christians must be." "I don't believe a word of it," observed Proculus "There is no such power in magic; and certainly I don't see why these wretched men should possess it

more than their betters. Come, Calpurnius," he continued, "put by that old book and answer these questions. I learnt more, one day after dinner, about these Christians from you, than I had heard in all my life before. What a wondeful work."

been occupied by the zealous clergy in preparing flocks for, to many, their last public communion on earth.

We need not remind our readers that the age. about these Christians from you, than 1 had heard in all my life before. What a wondeful memory you must have, to remember so accurately the gene-alogy and history of that barbarous people. Is what Scaurus just told us possible or not?" Calpurnius delivered himself, with great pompous-

"There is no reason to suppose such a thing im-"There is no reason to suppose such a thing impossible; for the power of magic has no bounds. To prepare a powder that would make a man fly in the air, it would be only necessary to find some herbs it would be only necessary to find some herbs himself in active living communion with the which air predominates more than the other tyrs who assisted at those sublime mysteries. in which air p three elements. three elements. Such for instance are pulse or len-tils, according to Pythagoras. These, being gathered when the sun is in Libra, the nature of which is to balance even heavy things in the air, at the moment of conjunction wich Mercury, a winged power as you know, and properly energised by certain mysterious words, by a skilful magician, then reduced to powder in a mortar made out of an aero-lite, or stone that had flown up into the sky, and come down again, would no doubt, when rightly used, enable, or force, a person to fly up into the air. It is well known, indeed, that the Thesssalian witches go at pleasure through the clouds, from place to place, which must be done by means of

"Then, as to the the Christians; you will remember excellent Proculus, that in the account to which you have done me the nonor to allude, which was at the deified Fabius's table, if I remember right, I mentioned that the sect came originally from Chal-daea, a country always famous for its occult arts. But we have a most important evidence bearing on But we have a most important evidence bearing of this matter, recorded in history. It is quite certain, that here in Rome, a certain Simon, who was some-times called Simon Magus actually in public, flew up high into the air; but his charm having slipped out of his belt, he fell and broke both his legs; for which reason he was obliged to be crucified with his head downwark."

"Then are all Christmas necessarily sorcerers?" asked Scaurus.
"Necessarily; it is part of their superstition. They

believe their priests to have most extraordiary powbeneve their priests to have most extraordiary power over nature. Thus, for example, they think they can bathe the bodies of people in water, and their souls acquire thereby wonderful gifts and superiority, though they may be slaves, over their masters, and the divine emperors themselves."

"Dreadful!" all cries out.

Then, again," resumed Calpurnius, "we all know what a frightful crime some of them committed last night, in tearing down a supreme edict of the imperial deities; and even suppose (which the gods avert) that they carried their treason still further and attempted their sacred lives, they believe that they have only to go to one or those priests, own the crime, and ask for pardon; and, if he gives it,

they consider themselves as perfectly guiltless."
"Fearful!" joined in the chorus.
"Such a doctrine," said Scaurus, "is incompatible with the safety of the state. A man who thinks he can be pardoned by another man of any crime, is

capable of committing any."

"And that, no doubt," observed Fulvius, "is the cause of this new and terrible edict against them.

After what Calpurnius has told us about these desperate men, nothing can be too severe agains

Fulvius had been keenly eying Sebastian who had entered during the conversation; and now markedly

addressed him. .
"And you no doubt, think so too, Sebastian;

do you not?"

"I think," he calmly replied, "that if the Christians be such as Calpurnius describes them, infamous sorcerers, they deserve to be exterminated from the face of the earth. But even so, I would gladly

still more under the indignant, but serene glance of Sebastian. But at the word "thief he fairly leapt. Had the soldier seen him pick up the scarf in Fabius's house! Be it so or not, the dislike he had taken to Sebastian, at their first meeting, had ripened into hatred at their second; and hatred in that heart was only written in blood. He had only in-

tensity now to add to that feeling.

Sebastian went out; and his thoughts got vent in familiar words of prayer. How long, O Lord! how long? What hopes can we entertain of the conversion of many to the truth, still less of the conversion of this great empire, so long as we find even honest and learned men believing at once calumny spoken against us; treasuring up, from age to age, every fable and fiction about us; and refusing even to inquire into our doctrines, because they have made up their minds that they are false and contempti-

He spoke aloud, believing himself alone, when He spoke aloud, believing himself alone, when a sweet voice answered him at his side:—"Good youth wheever thou are that speakest thus, and methinks I know thy voice, remember that the Son of God gave light to the dark eye of the body by spreading thereon clay; which, in man's hands, would have only blinded the seeing let us be as dust beneath His feet, if we wish to become Hismeans of enlightning the eyes of men's souls. Let us be trampled on a little longer in patience; perhaps even from our ashes may come out the spark to blaze."

"Thank you, thank you, Ceeillia," said Sebastian, "for your just and kind rebuke. Whither tripping on so gaily on this first day of danger?"

"Do you know that I have been named guide of the cemetery of Callistus? I am going to take pos-session. Pray, that I may be the first flower of this

coming spring."

And she passed on, singing blithely. But Sebastian begged her to stay one moment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WOLF IN THE FOLD.

After the adventure of the night, our youths had not much time for rest. Long before daybreak, the Christians had to be up, and assemble at their the Christians had to be up, and assemble at their several titles, so as to disperse before day. It was to be their last meeting there. The oratories were to be closed, and divine worship had to begin from that day, in the subterranean churches of the ceme-teries. It could not, indeed, be expected, that all teries. It could not, indeed, be expected, that all would be able to travel with safety, even on Sunday, would be able to travel with safety, even on Sunday, some miles beyond the gate. A great privilege was consequently granted to the faithful, at such times of trouble, that of preserving the Blessed Eucharist in their houses, "before taking other food," as Tertullian expresses it. (Ad uxorem, lib. ii.

5.)
The faithful felt, not as sheep going to the slaughter, not as criminals preparing for execution, but as soldiers arming for fight. Their weapons, their food, their strength, their courage, were all to be found in the Lords table. Even the lukewarm and timid gathered fresh spirit from the bread of life. In churches, as yet may be seen in the cemeteries were chairs placed for the penitentiaries, before whom the sinner knelt, and confessed his sins, and received absolution. In moments like this, the penitential code was relaxed, and the terms of pubexpiation shortened; and the whole night bad

then performed was essentially, and in many details, the same as they daily witness at the Catholic altar. Not only was it considered, as now, to be the Sacrifice of Our Lord's Body and Blood, not only were the oblation the consecration the communion alike but many of the prayers identical; so that a Catholic hearing them recited, and still more the priest reciting them, in the same language as the Roman Church in the catacombs spoke, may feel himself in active living communion with the mar-

On the occasion which we are describing, when the time came for giving the kiss of peace—genuine embrace of brotherly love—sobs could be heard, and bursts of tears; for it was to many a parting salu-tation. Many a youth clung to his fathers neck, tation. Many a youth clung to his fathers neck, scarcely knowing whether that day might not sever scarcely knowing whether that day might not sever them, till they waved their palm branches together in heaven. And how would mothers press their daughters to their bosom, in the fervour of that new love, which fear of long separation enkindled! Then came the communion more solemn than usual, more devout, more hushed to stillness. "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ," said the priest to each, as he offered hfm the sacred food. "Amen," replied the receiver, with thrilling accents of fatth and love as he offered fifth the sacred food. "Amen," replied the receiver, with thrilling accents of fatth and love Then extending in his hand an orarium, or white lin-nen cloth, he received in it a provision of the bread of life, sufficient to last him till some future feast. This was most carefully and reverently folded, and laid in the bosom wrapped in another and precious covering, or even placed in a gold locket.

It was now that, for the first time, poor Syra regretted the loss of her rich embroidered scarf, which would long before have been given to the poor, had she not studiously reserved it for such an and such a use. Nor had her mistress been able to prevail upon her to accept any objects of value, without a stipulation that she might dispose of them

without a stipulation that she might dispose of them as she liked, that was in charitable gifts.

The various assemblies had broken up before the discovery of the violated edict. But they may rather be said to have adjourned to the cemeteries. The frequent meetings of Torquatus with his two heathen confederates in the baths of Caracalla had been naturely watched by the capsarius and his wife, as we had already remarked, and Victoria had overhead the plot to make an invoad into the cemoverheard the plot, to make an inroad into the cem-etery of Callistus on the day after publication. The Christians, therefore, considered themselves safer the first-day, and took advantage of the circum-stance to inaugurate by solemn offices, the churches of the catacombs, which, after some years' disuse, had been put into good repair and order by the fos-sores had been repainted, and furnished with all re-quisites for divine worship. quisites for divine worship.

But Corvinus, after getting over his first dismay,

and having as speedily as possible another though not so grand a copy of the edict re-affixed, began better to see the dismal propabilities of serious con-sequences, from the wrath of his imperial master, The Dacian was right; he would have to answer for the loss. He felt it necessary to do something that very day, which might wipe off the disgrace he had incurred, before again meeting the emperor's look. He determined to anticipate the attack on the ceme-

tery, intended for the following day.

He repaired, therefore, while it was still early, to
the batns, where Fulvius, ever jealously watchful the baths, where Furvius, ever jeasously watering over Torquatus, kept him in anxious expectation of Corvinus's coming to hold council with them. The worthy trio concerted their plans. Corvinus, guided by the reluctant apostate, at the head of a chosen band of soldiers who were at his disposal had to make incursion into the cemetery of Callisters and drives end drives the dever and writers. tus, and drive, or drag, thence the clergy and principal Christians; while Fulvius, remaining outside ous sorcerers, they deserve to be exterminated from the face of the earth. But even so, I would gladly give them one chance of escape."

"And what is that?" sneeringly asked Fulvius.

"That no one should be allowed to join in destroying them, who could not prove himself freer from crime than they. I would have no one raise his hand against them, who cannot show that he has never been an adulterer, an extortioner, a dental process of the part of ferrets in the warren; I will be the sportsman outside,"

In the meantime Victoria overheard sufficient to the part of ferrets in the part of ferrets in the warren; I will be the sportsman outside,"

has never been an adulterer, an extortioner, a deceiver, a drunkard, a bad husband, father, or child, a profligate, or thief. For of being any of these, no one charges the poor Christian."

Fulvius winced under the catalogue of vices, and able plan for conveying the discovered information

to the proper quarter.

Sebastian, after his early attendance on divine worsl ip, unable, from his duties at the palace, to do more, had proceeded, according to almost universal custom, to the baths, to invigorate his limbs by their custom, to the caus, to invigorate his hims by their healthy refreshment, and also to remove from him-self the suspicion, which his absence on that morn-ing might have excited. While he was thus en-gaged, the old capsararius, as he had himself rattlingby called in his ante-posthumous inscription, wrote on a slip of parchment all that his wife had heard about the intention of an immediate assault, and of getting possession of the Pontiff's person. This he fastened with a pin or needle to the inside of Sebastian's tunic, of which he had charge, as he durst not

tian's tunic, of which he had charge, as he durst not speak to him in the presence of others.

The officer, after his bath, went into the hall where Fulvius was waiting, till Corvinus should tell him that all was ready. Upon going out disgnsted, he felt himself, as he walked, pricked by something on his chest; he examined his garments, and found the paper. It was written in abont as elegant a latinity as Cucumio's epitaph; but he made it out sufficiently to consider it necessary for him to turn his steps towards the Porta Capena, instead of the Palatine, and convey the important information to the Christians assembled in the cemetery.

Having, however, found a fleeter and surer messenger than himself, the poor blind girl, who would not attract the same attention, he stopped her, gave her the note, after adding a few words to it with the

her the note, after adding a few words to it with the pen and ink which he carried, and bade her bear it, as speedily as possible, to its destination, But, in fact, he had scarcely left the baths, when Fulvius received information, that Corvinus and his troop were by that time hastening across the fields, so a to avoid suspicion, towards the appointed spot. H

to avoid suspicton, towards the appointed spot. He mounted his horse immediately, and went along the high-road; while the Christian soldier in a by-way was instructing his blind messenger.

When we accompanied Diogenes and his party through the catacombs, we stopped short of the subterranean church, because Severus would not let it be betrayed to Torquatus. In this Christian congregation was now assembled, under its chief pastor. It was constructed on the principle common to all such excavations, for we can hardly call them edi-

The reader may imagine two of the cubicula or chambers, which we have before described, one on each side of a gallery or passage, so that their doors, or rather wide entrances, are opposite one another At the end of one will be found an urcosolium or altan-tomb; and the probable conjecture is that in this division the men under the charge of the ostiarii (door keepers,—an office constituting a lesser order in the Church, and in the other women, under the care of the deaconesses, were assembled. This division of the sexes at divine worship was a matter of jealous discipline in the early Church.

of pealous discipline in the early Church.

Often these subterranean churches were not devoid of archetectural decoration. The walls especially near the altar, were plastered and painted, and half columns with their bases and capitals not ungracefully cut out of the sandstone, divided the different parts or organizated the entrances. In different parts or ornamented the entrances. one instance, indeed in the chief basilica discovered in the cemetery of Callistus, there chamber without any altar, communicating with the church by means of a funnel-shaped opening,

piercing the earthen wall, here some twelve feet thick, and ethering the chamber, which is at a low-er level, at the height of five or six feet, in a slant-ing direction; so that all that was spoken in the church could be heard, yet nothing that was done there could be seen by those assembled in the cham-ber. This is very naturely supposed to have been the place reserved for the class, of public penitents the place reserved for the class oi public penitents called audientes or hearers, and for the catechumens,

not yet initiated by baptism.

The basilica, in which the Christians were assembled, when Sebastian sent his message, was like one discovered in the cemetery of St. Agnes. Each of the two divisions was double, that is consisted of the two divisions was double, that is consisted of two large chambers, slightly separated by half-columns, in what we may call the women's church, and by flat pilasters in the men's, one of these surfaces having in it a small niche for an image or lamp. But the most remarkable feature of this basilica is a further prolongation of the structure, so as to give it a chancel or presbytery. This is about the size of half each other division, from which it is separated by two columns against the wall, as well as by its lesser height, after the manner of modern chancels. For while each portion of each division has first a lofty-arched tomb in its wall, and four or five tiers of graves above it, the elevation of the chancel is not much greater than that of those arcosolia or altar tombs. At the end of the chancel, against the middle of the wall, is a solid stone, chair with back and arms cut of the from each side proceeds a stone bench, which thus occupies the end and two sides of the chancel. As the table of the arched-tomb behind the chair is higher than the back of the throne, and as this is immovable, it is clear that the divine mysteries could not have been celebrated upon it. A portable altar must, therefore, have been placed before the throne, in an isolated position in the mid dle of the sanctuary; and yet to be seen in all the ancient basilicas in Rome—the episcopal chair in the centre of the apse, the presbytery or seat for the clergy on either hand, and the altar between the throne and the people. The early Christians thus anticipated underground, or rather gave the princi-ples which directed, the ecclesiastical architecture.

It was in such a basilica, then, that we are to ima gine the faithful assembled, when Corvinus and his satellites arrived at the entrance of the cemetery. This was the way which Torquatus knew, leading This was the way which Torquatus knew, leading down by steps from a half ruinous building, choked up with faggots. They found the coast clear, and immediately made arrangements. Fulvius with one body of ten or twelve men, lurked to guard the entrance, and seize all who attempted to come out or go in. Corvinus, with Torquatus and a smaller

body of eight, prepared to descend. "I don't like this underground work," said an old, grey-bearded legionary. "I am a seldier, and not a rat-catcher. Bring me my man into the light of day, and I will fight him hand to hand, and foot to foot; but I have no love for being stifled or poisoned like vermin in a drain." This speech found favor with the soldiers.

said, "There may be hundreds of those skulking Christians down there, and we are only half a "This is not the sort of work we receive our pay

"This is not the soft of work we receive our pay for," added another.

"It's their sorceries I care for," continued a third, "and not their valour."

It required all the eloquence of Fulvius to serew up their resolution. He assured them there was nothing to fear; that the cowardly Christians would run before them like hares, and that they would find more gold and silver in the church than a year's pay would give them. Thus encouraged, they went groping down to the bottom of the stairs. They could distinguish at intervals, stretching into the

gloomy length before them. gloomy length before them.

"Hush!" said one, "listen to that voice!"

From far away its accents came, softened by distance; but they were notes of a fresh youthful voice, that quailed not with fear; so clear, that the very words could be caught as it intoned the following

Dominus illuminatio mea, et salus mea; quem

"Dominus mannatures, ti mebo?"
"Dominus protector vitæ meæ; a quo trepidabo?"
("The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?")
Then come a full chorus of voices, singing, like

the sound of many waters:-"Dum appropriant super me nocentes, ut edant carnes mras; qui tribulant me, inimici mei, ipsi infirmati sunt et ecciderunt." ("While the wicked draw nigh me, to eat my flesh, my enemies that trouble me have themselves been weakened and

have fallen.")

A mixture of shame and anger seized on the assailants as they heard these words of calm confidence and defiance. The single voice again sang forth, but in apparently fainter accents:—

"Si consistant adversum me castra non timebit cor "Si consistant adversum me castra non timebit cor meum." ("If armies in camp shall stand together a gainst me, my heart shall not fear."—Ps. xxvi.) "I thought I knew that voice," muttered Cor-vinus. "I ought to know it out of a thousand. It is that of my bane, the cause of all last night's curse and this day's trouble. It is that of Paneratius, who pulled down the clief. On

who pulled down the edict. On, on, my men; any reward for him dead or alive!" "But, stop," said one, "let us light our torches."
"Hark!" said a second, while they were engaged

in this operation; "what is that strange noise, as if of scratching or hammering at a distance? I have heard it for some time."
"And, look!" added a third; "the distant lights

And, 100K. added a third; "the distant lights have disappeared, and the music has ceased. We are certainly discovered."

No danger," said Torquatus, putting on a boldness which he did not feel. "That noise only comes from those old moles, Diogenes and his sons busy preparing graves for the Christians we shall seize."

Torquatus had in vain advised the troop not to bring torches, but to provide themselves with such lamps as we see Diogenes represented as carrying in his picture, or waxen tapers, which he had brought for himself; but the men swore they would not go down without plenty of light, and such means for it as could not be put out by a draught of wind, or a stroke on the arm The effects were soon obvious. As they advanced, silently and cautiously along the low gallery, the resinous torches crackled and his a fierce glare, which heated and annoyed them; while a volume of thick pitchy smoke from each rolled downwards on to the bearers from the roof, half stifled them and made a dense atmosphere of cloud around themselves, which effectually their light. Torquatus kept at the head of the party, counting every turning right and left, as he had noted them; though he found every mark which he had made carefully removed. He was staggered and baulked, when, after having counted little more than half the proper number, he found the road absolutely blocked up.

The fact was, that keener eyes than he was aware of had been on the look-out. Severus had never

relaxed his watchfulness, determined not to be relaxed his watch tunies, determined not to be sur-prised. He was near the entrance to the cemetery below, when the soldiers reached it above; and he ran forward at once to the place where the sand had been prepared for closing the road; near which his brother and several stout workmen were stationed, in case of danger. In a moment, with that silence in case of danger. In a moment, with that silence and rapidity to which they were trained, they set to work lustily, shovelling the sand across the narrow and low corridor from each side while well directed blows of the pick brought from the low roof behind, huge flakes of sandstone, which closed up the opening. Behind this barrier they stood, hardly suppressing a laugh as they heard their enemies

through its loose separation. Their work it was which had been heard, and which had screened off

the lights and deadened the song.

Torquatus's perplexity was not diminished by the volley of oaths and imprecations, and the threats of violence which were showered upon him for a fool violence which were showered upon him for a fool or a traitor. "Stay one moment I entreat you," he said. "It is possible I have mistaken my reckoning. I know the right turn by a remarkable tomb a few yards within it; I will just step into one or two

the last corridors, and see."
With these words, he ran back to the next gallery
on the left, advanced a few paces and totally disap-

Though his companions had followed him to the Though his companions had followed him to the very mouth of the gallery they could not see how this happened. It appeared like witchcraft, in which they were quite ready to believe. His light and himself seemed to have vanished at once. "We will have no more of his work," they said; "either Torquatus is a traitor, or he has been carried off by magic." Worried, heated in the close atmosphere almost inflamed by their lights, begrinned, blinded, and chocked by the pitchy smoke, crest-fallen and disheartened, they turned back; and since their road led straight to the entrance, they flung away their disheartened, they furned back; and slace their road led straight to the entrance, they flung away their blazing torches into the side galleries, one here and one there, as they passed by, to get rid of them. When they looked back, it seemed as if a triumphal of the gloomy corridor. From the mouths of the of the gloomy corridor. From the mouths of the various caverns came forth a fiery light which turned the dull sandstone into a bright crimson; while the volumes of smoke above, hung like amber clouds along the whole gallery. The sealed tombs, re-ceiving the unusual reflection on their yellow tiles, or marble slabs, appeared covered with golden or silver plates, set in red damask on the walls. It looked like a homage paid to martyrdom, by the very furies of heathenism, on the first day of pervery furies of heathenism, on the first day of per-secution. The torches which they had kindled to destroy, only served to shed brightness on monu-ments of that virtue which had never failed to save

the Church But before these foiled hounds with drooping But before these foliad hounas win dropping heads had reached the entrance, they recoiled before the sight of a singular apparition. At first they thought they had caught a glimpse of daylight; but they soon perceived it was the glimmering of a lamp. This was held steadily by an upright, imhamp. This was held steadily by an uprign, movable figure, which thus received its light upon itself. It was clothed in a dark dress, so as to resemble one of those bronze statues, which have the head and extremities of white marble, and startle one, when first seen; so like are they to liv-

Who can it be? What is it?" the men whisper-

"Who can it be? What is it?" the men whispered to one another.
"A socreess," replied one.
The genusloci," observed another.
"A spirit," suggested a third.
Still, as they approached stealthily towards it, it did not appear conscious of their presence: "there was no speculation in its eyes;" it remained unmoved and unscared. At length, two got sufficiently near to seize the figure by its arms.
"Who are you?" asked Corvinus, in a rage.
"A Christian," answered Cacilia, with her usual cheeerful gentleness.

cheerful gentleness.
"Bring her along," he commanded; "some one at least shall pay for our disoppointment."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST FLOWER

Cæcilia, already forwarned had approached the cemetery by a different but neighboring entrance, No sooner had she descended than she snuffed the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of our No sooner had she descended than she shufled the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of our incense, I know," she said to herself; "the enemy is already within." She hastened therefore to the place of assembly, and delivered Sebastian's note; place of assembly, and derivered seesatans inter, adding also what she had observed. It warned them to disperse and seek the shelter of the inner and lower galleries; and begged of the Pontiff not to leave till he should send for him, as his person was

particularly sought for.

Paneratius urged the blind messenger to save herself too. "No," she replied, "my office is to watch the door, and guide the faithful safe."

"But the enemy may seize you. "No matter," she answered laughingly being taken may serve much worthier lives. me a lamp, Paneratius." "Why, you cannot see by it," observed he, smil-

ing. "True; but others can."

"True; but others can."

"They may be your enemies."

"Even so," she answered, "I do not wish to be taken in the dark. If my Bridegroom come to me in the night of this cemetery, must He not find me with my lamp trimmed!"

Off she started, reached her post, and hearing no noise except that of quiet features she thought

noise except that of quiet footsteps, she thought they were those of friends, and held up her lamp to guide them.

When the party came forth, with their only cap-When the party came forth, with their only captive, Fulvius was perfectly furious. It was worse than a total failure: it was rediculous—a poor mouse come out of the bowels of the earth. He rallied Corvinus till the wretch winced and foamed; then suddenly he asked, "And where is Torquatus?" He heard the account of his sudden disappearance, talk in warn ways as the Dacian quard's adventure. told in many ways as the Dacian guard's adventure but it annoyed him greatly. He had no doubt whatever, in his own mind, that he had been duped by his suppose victim, who had escaped into the unsearchable mazes of the cemetery. If so, this captive would know, and he determined to question her. He stood before her, therefore, put on his most searching and awful look, and said to her sternly, "Look at me, woman, and tell me the truth."

"I must tell you the truth without looking at you, sir," answered the poor girl, with her cheer-fullest smile and softest voice: "do you not see that I am blind!"

truth

"Blind!" all exblaimed at once, as they crowded To look at her. But over the features of Fulvius there passed the slightest possible emotion, just as much as the wave that runs, pursued by a playful breeze, over the ripe meadow. A knowledge had flushed into his mind, a clue had fallen into his

hand. "It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty "It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city, guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters, and I will see you are well rewarded. You, Corvinus, take my horse and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive."

"No treachery, Fulvius," he said, vexed and mortified. "Mind you bring her. They day must not pass without a secrifice."

mortnead. "Anna you oring ner. They day must not pass without a sacrifice."

"Do not fear," was the reply.

Fulvius, indeed, was pondering whether having lost one spy, he should not try to make another. But the calm gentleness of the poor beggar perspected by more than the business and of the plexed him more than the boisterous zeal of the gamester, and her sightless orbs defied him more than the restless roll of the toper's. Still the first thought that had struck him he could still pursue. When alone in a carriage with her he assumed a soothing tone, and addressed her. He knew she had not overheard the last dialogue.

"My poor girl," he said, "how long have you been blind?"

"All my life," she replied. (To be Continued.)

Rev. T. A. Case has assumed the editorial management of the Lake Shore Visitor.