THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS,"

2

TANGLED PATHS," "M. BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED. PAGAN GRIEF-ONCE MORE AT HOME-A SENSATION.

This new phase of his child's misfor tune increased the poignancy of Neme-sius' grief, and filled his mind with sad misgivings of her future; but he to remedy it-as impotent, he bitterly thought, as were the gods them selves, who had not made the least sign in answer to all the prayers and costly sacrifices that had been offered to propitiate their compassion and help.

The next day, mounted on Grillo, and accompanied by the Princess Vivi and Zilla, Claudia, in sweet content wandered with them through the beauti ful gardens, from one favorite spot to another; while the varied odors from spicy carnations, orange blossoms Damascus roses, and violets seemed to welcome her presence with their in-cense. Along the shaded alleys and avenues, where the golden sunlight drifted and flickered through tall, feathery pines, to the fountains, the grotto of Silenus, and the cascade, all steeped in the brightness of the Roman sky, they strolled and rested, and talked nutil Symphronius appeared to where the golden sunligh sky, they strolled and resour, talked, until Symphronius appeared to transition of the prandial-repast was announce that the prandial-repast was

spread al fresco in the ilex grove. The Princess, charmed by the lavish ness of beauty outspread around her was gracious, and as genial as comported with experiences as sad as hers had been; but the great city lying below somewhat awed her by its size and splendor-she had not dreamed of its tent-and the more distant view she had caught of the Alban hills, where her old gray villa nestled among groves, reminded her so vividly of her vineyards, her peasants, her chickens and olives, that for a few moments she homesick, but not enough so felt quite to impair her appetite, or make her in-different to the luxuries which invited

While life at the villa that was like a scrap out of the Golden Age, in the peace and beauty that filled it, the magnificent city below, standing out in its superb proportions, its lofty concep-tions in marble, its temples, statues, capitol, and the stately palaces crown ing its seven hills, bathed in sunshine, and almost tempting the belief that the gods who presided over its destinies had built it, was agitated by rumors of strange things that had just taken place at the house of Hippolytus. The to have become place seemed all at once to have becom the scene of exciting and wonderful in cidents, which formed the topic of con-versation on the street, at the baths, the Forum, the theatre, and other public resorts ; while like a strain of weetest music it stole through the dark galleries of the Catacombs, making glad the hearts of the dwellers therein. In the great, sinful city above, men discussed what had happened with fury and dread; in the city of God, far down in the depths of the earth, it swelled into a holy song of triumph.

What, then, were the events that stirred Rome with a new sensation ? Stripped of the false and malign rumors which pagan superstition in them, the simple facts-in vested them, reality miraculous manifestations the Divine power-were as follows miraculous manifestations of

One the day previous, when Laurence, the Christian deacon, was cas into the dangeons of Hippolytus, the first object, as before related, that, by the flare of a torch, met his eye, was the old blind beggar and his son, who had preceded him by a few hours inte abodes of gloom. The sight of misery that it seemed impossible to connect with guilt, appealed instantly to the divine charity which inflamed his heart, and moved him to offer help and consolation not only to them, but

sad fate that awaited them, and the niseries of the past, all swallowed up and forgotten in the light of the new faith, and the eternal hope that had risen upon them out of the darkness. Then Laurence addressed the slaves, who, having witnessed the miracle, stood grooped around, awed and silent, hearing for the first time of the true God, Who had given His only-begotten Son to suffer unto death for their salva-tion, and of the eternal reward that awaited those who believed in Him. His words feil like refreshing rains on a thirsty land, which straightway yielded a miraculous harvest; faith and hope sprang up together in those hearts that had so long sat in darkness; they Claudia. were Christians, who but an hour age were worshippers of devils under

they were unbaptized. There was no water ; their prison allowance was drank up hours ago and they would have no more until the morrow. Suddenly a trickling, rip-pling sound was heard : a miraculous fountain had gushed from the flinty, rugged floor, settling in the uneven places in limpid pools, then losing itself in the darkness through some natural outlet. Filled with joy, and giving outlet. Filled with joy, and giving thanks, Laurence baptized his converts, twenty-three in number, including the old beggar and his son; then, all unwearied, he continued to instruct then in the fundamental doctrines of Chritianity, in language as simple as it was strong.

guise of gods-Christians, except that

At sunset, the servants who came t bring food to the prisoners, instead of confused sounds of fury and malediction from these gloomy depths, which had before made them afraid to enter, heard now only sounds of rejoicing. They descended cautiously, and by the light of a torch borne by one of their num-hear them behald measured. ber they beheld peaceful, smiling faces, instead of countenances distorted by rage and despair, and asked what had happened. The preaching of Laur happened. The preaching of Laur ence, the blind man's sight restored, the miraculous spring, their conversion to Christianity, were all told with joy that could not be repressed. Some questioned the old beggar, whom they had long known blind ; others gazed at the fountain flowing where water had never been before : while some ran to

inform Hippolytus of the wonderful things that had taken place. Hippolytus, endowed by nature with

nany fine qualities, and by education a pagan, instead of falling into a blind rage at the report, hastened with family to investigate the remarkable The result was that the truth events. entered his soul ; grace completed the triumph, and, throwing himself at the feet of Laurence, he asked to be made a Christian, and was baptized with all

his family. (Acts of St. Laurence.) The morning after the events scribed had taken place, converting the dungeons of Hippolytus into the very gates of Heaven, Nemesius had gone early and been detained late at the camp of his legion, by some important details connected with the weapons of his soldiers, many of which he dis-covered were defective, and numbers of them useless for actual service. This was, in his opinion, a matter suffic intly important to require his persona and immediate attention, war being im minent at any hour, when it would be too late to remedy the evils of defect ive and inefficient arms, however brave the men who bore them. Determine that his command should not be found anprepared in the least particular, in-

stead of returning to the villa he rode out to the Nomentian Gate, to see and give orders to a skilful artificer of military weapons, whose work-shops were

in that quarter. Having satisfactorily transacted the business that had brought him there, Nemesius remounted his horse, and was proceeding homeward, when a thunderstorm, which had been threatening all burst over the sultry afternoon, city with unusual violence. It dark, and he saw his way only by the vivid flashes of lightning that scored of fire : the ackness with veins

devout worshipper of the gods, and not the beautiful garlands they had woven for the household gods; and how Grillo had terrified her doves by making that dreadful sound which Fabian had prebackward in persecuting the Christians when it fell his in way,—that Hippoly-tus and his family should have been tended was meant for a laugh ; but it suddenly converted, among his im-prisoned, refractory slaves, to the new did not frighten her as it did the first prisoned, retractory stayes, to the new belief, by the influence and prayers of Laurence the Deacon, filled his mind with inexpressible amazement; but the miracle by which the blind beggar was time she heard it ; she was only startled, then she laughed ; for it seemed to ted, then she ladghed ; for it seemed to do the beast so much good. And the shepherd had brought her a young lamb, --such a pretty, soft little thing, that had eaten out of her hand ; and estored to sight was what reached the nnermost recesses of his heart. And n to hear that the young ones in her nests. And-oh ; she forgot-the Lady Laodice had paid ad given sight to a child born blind, filled him with passionate longings, and made him willing to sacrifice earthly them a visit, and the Princess said she was very beautiful ; " but-' honors-riches, life, all, all-if he could obtain this coveted boon for his own What, my dear one ? " Tell me "Tell me ____she spoke that isper____" what death means?" "Who has spoken to thee of death?" whisper-

The storm was subsiding; already faint glimpses of white moonlight shore through the cloud-rifts, and the mer he asked, softly smoothing her hair. "No one spoke to me of death, my father. I heard the Lady Laodice tellarose to go, when Nemesius approach-ing them, said courteously :

ing my cousin, the Princess, of a beautiful boy who was torn to death " The storm drove us accidentally to the same shelter. I have, without in yesterday by a panther in the Amphi-theatre, to amuse the Emperor. What tending to do so, overheard what ye have spoken of, and I would know how may get speech of the holy man tephen, of whom ye have related wonis death i none may solve, although it is the twin sister of life. " derful things."

They saw by the gleam of his armor and his military bearing that he was an fficer of rank, and, knowing that a price was set on the Pope's head, they answered, reservedly : "We can not nswered, reservedly :

"And yet the words I have just heard disclose the fact that ye are both Christians." "We are, by the grace of God,

Christians," they answered, firmly. "Can it be that ye fear evil at my whithersoever he would, and with sens-itive tact avoiding further question of hands for Pope Stephen, that ye refus the information I ask ?" "Thou art a stranger to us, and we that

to explain. know there's a price set for his de struction."

"Your mistrust is natural, but no evil shall reach him through me. I have heard the wonderful things ye have related of him, and I seek him as suppliant, to obtain a small share of the favors he gives so freely to the rest, will be defeated, " was clusion of his dejected mind. poor and the unfortunate-favors which gold cannot buy, or I would have had my wish long ago, "answered Nemes-ins, with the quiet dignity of truth. The men hesitated, impressed by his manner and words, but felt it necessary answered Nemesto exercise caution. They whispered days,

apart for a few minutes, then said " If thou wilt confide thy name to us, we may get a message conveyed from thee to our Holy Father, Pope Stephen and find means by which his answer

can reach thee. "I am Nemesius, commander of the Imperial Legion, whose word once given is known to be held as sacred as

he answered, proudly. t is what men say of thee. ly Father shall be informed vow. The Holy Father of thy wish, and his answer shall be conveyed to thee without unnecessary delay, replied the one

spoken. The communication can be sent to my villa on the Aventine. I a usually there morning and evening, am to recomm said Nemesius.

"There shall be no failure. May the grace of God enlighten and bless thee! Farewell!" "Farewell!" he responded, as

most favorable contrast to the violent measures of Valerian, and as an addendthey passed out of the shadow of the arch, their receding forms quickly lost arch, their receding forms quickly lost sight of in a turn of the narrow street they had entered. "Aye ! for the love of thee, my child, I will sock this Christian Pope, and at his feet, if need be, will implore him to give thee sight. Thy innocence and thy misfor-tune will surely move him to pity." Fall of the new hope that had dawned upon him Normaning rode slowly usual to the entertainment of Claudia, and before he went away had the young peasant choristers brought together, led by Admetus, to serenade her. She called them "Fabian's birds," de lighted their hearts by waving her

pon him, Nemesius rode slowly nomeward, while, like a low undertone, pause, and finally threw a handful of small silver coins among them, which as of the echo of the sea in a shell, the they scrambled for with fun and laughquestion kept sounding with impressive ter. nsistence in the depths of his soul might do on a like occasion. "Come back, soon, Fabian," said the sweet child, as he kissed her fore-Whose power are these wonders By wrought ?

He heard, but could not answer ; he head. He promised gayly, said fare-well to the Princess Vivia, and rode cared only for the accomplishment of his hope, let the power by which it was wrought be what it might. And when he reached home, and found Claudia wind howled, and rain, mingled with wind howied, and rain, mingled with hail, poured in floods from the riven clouds, when a broad white flash re-vealed just before him the massive arches of the Aqua Virgo, under one of waiting to welcome him, no pang shivered through his heart as he embraced her, and gazed into her blind eyes ; his voice had a ring of gladness, and his countenance wore such an unusual ex-pression of cheerfulness, that Zilla, A few moments later, two men sought the same friendly refuge, and seated vho could read all its changes, thought, "He has heard good news," and thanked the gods for the happiness it themselves on a block of travertine near where Nemesius stood leaning against diffased in their little circle that night. his horse. Under these solid arches of diffused in their little circle that hight. The drill and equipment of his legionaries continued to occupy the attention of Nemesius, who was too thorough a soldier to relegate to suborstone the crashing sound of the thun-der was deadened, and heard only in dull reverberations, and the two strangers began to converse with each dinates details on which the efficiency of his command in the field would largely depend; and he had no time to other. One of them was a soldier, as the glint of the lightning on his armor revealed; the other a civilian, whose than a fleeting thought on voice and speech indicated a person of education. They were talking of what cast more his adventure at the Aqua Virgo, the conversation that had passed be-tween the two strangers and himself. But when, the day's duty over, he left the camp, and rode homeward through had taken place the day before in the dungeons of Hippolytus ; the soldier, who was on guard there at the time, being evidently well acquainted with the quiet, beautiful subarban ways, the facts, while the tenor of their con-versation declared them to be Chrisall recurred to him-their words, the vivid hope that had taken possession of When he related how the blind beghis mind, their promise, followed by the sweet thought; "Perhaps their gar had been restored to sight by th messenger awaits me, and the time is prayers of Laurence, Nemesius listened with keenest interest. Had he not seen near at hand when my child will re-ceive her sight, and with her own eyes behold the faces she loves, and the inarrest, on the previous day, heard his pitiable story, and himself pleaded for describable beauties of nature. He who performs such wonders as those men related must be above the gods."

IMPRESSIONS IN A STORM. By the Rev. P. A. Shechan, D. D., in The

We had a terrific magnetic storm last night. Wise people who understand the eternal laws of Nature, and the marvelous interdependence of suns and planets, foresaw it. For there were, all this year, spots in the sun, great rents in the photosphere here and there, into whose horrible jaws you might fling thousands of pebbles, such as this little earth of ours, without the chance of satiating them. So I told my little children in the convent schools here. They received the information with a Then

smile of pitying incredulity. there were some magnificent A Auroras. up there in hyperborean regions-great plumes of light cast up from an unseen cauldron in the blazing heavens, and stretched out in a great fan of colors. frail and iridescent as a rainbow's. So we said to ourselves : Something is coming. This is but the stage scenery When will the performance com Sure enough, yesterday afternoon there were some deep grumblings in that half bronze, half copper sky, which always holds in its hollows untold terrors. These were the prelude to the mighty nocturnal oratorio of the heavens.

commenced, as oratorios do, ever so Why shouldst thou care, my child? softly and gently, mere susurrus What hast thou, in the morning of thy what hast thou, in the morning of thy life, and crowned with its roses, to do with death? Come, my dear one, let us go out and listen to the nightin-gales, who are pouring out all the treasured sweetness of the day to the echoed down along the bases of ound, the black mountains and fading away mitigated evil ! to invisible distances. But every two to invisible distances. But every two seconds the sky was a sheet of blue flame, fitful and flickering, and yet broad and deep and permanent enough to show every outline—leaf, and bough, to show every outline—leaf, and bough stars. Listen! they are calling thee,' said Nemesius, leading her into the her into the and trunk, of the belt of forest trees noonlit gardens, she well content to go opposite my window, and every ripple the river beneath. There sleeping now. I arose. So did every one in the village except the little which he seemed so unwilling children in their innocence, who slept I shall hear to-morrow, " was the right through the storm ; and a tramp, who was drunk. I lighted my candle, last thought that crossed the mind of Nemesius that night before he fell asand tried to read. It was useless. Those broad, blue flashes, flickering

eep. But the morrow came and went without a sign. "They fear that I will be-tray them, and so this hope, like the lik swallows' wings across my windo forbade it. There was nothing for it but to witness in awe and with strained was the conerves the explosion in fire and fury of the elements of heaven.

He did not reach home the following evening until late; meantime Fabian had Then it struck me that my stables were in danger. I passed out into the come out to pend the afternoon, and say good bye. He was " going up among the Umbrian hills to hunt for a few yard to examine them; and so powerful is the force of imagination, I distinctly " he said. It was not so much to saw fire flickering across the ridges of hunt, however, as to try and rid himsome thatched roofs outside my garden walls. Next day, I was surprised to self, by exhilarating exercise in those wild solitudes, of his secret grief for Evaristus, whom he wished to ensarine find that these cottages were not burned to the ground. I returned, and sat in his memory like the statue of a god patiently watching the play of the elec tric fluid across the heaven and athwart the landscape. Hitherto, no rain had in a temple-niche-a form of sorrow more worthy of him than unavailing regrets. His visit was well-timed, for the fallen; but about 2 a.m. the flashes became more frequent, as if the whole heavens were a tremendous battery, Princess Vivia intended to leave next morning. She would have been glad to prolong her visit, but had a presentibelching out blue flame at every mo of the ment. And the deep diapason of ment that everything at the Alban villa was going to destruction, which thunder came nearer, and broke in deeper and longer volleys reverberat-ing across the valley and shattered nothing but her return could avert. Fabian not only wished to see Nem against the black mountains far away. The strain became severe ; and I praye sius, to say farewell, but was anxious for one drop of rain to certify that na-ture was melting away in its own terand to his reading a certain correspondence between the Emperor Trajan and Pliny Secundus, when the rific anger. But not a drop, only the was Governor of Bithynia, in swift wings of light beating across sky

relation to the punishment of the Chrisand earth, and the deep growl of the tians of that country, as offering a thunder coming nearer and nearer. Up o this the town was as still as deathstill with the silence under which all souls um to their recent conversation in the are hushed in terror, as if there were no ilex grove. He devoted himself as escape, and nothing remained but to wait and pray. About three o'clock, nowever, as the storm deepened in inand before he went away had the young tensity, a poor half-demented creature rushed wildly into the streets and cried The town is on fire! the town is on by waving her It was ghastly, that lonely cry fire." carf and clapping her hands at every in the stillness and dread.

> It was so like the cry of the angels who abandoned Jerusalem in the crisis of its fate: Let us go hence! us go hence! But a more start-ling sound struck the ears of the trembling people. Two poor jen-nets, who had been out feeting on the highways in defiance of the law, tore the downward road. madly across the bridge and into the streets, screaming madly in terror; and

and supplications. A year ago was induced to make one more laurice so exactly the wai more effort to brace up and be a man. One of his oldtime friends, one who never failed to give him the grasp of friendship in his most forlorn and wretched days, sought him out and implored him to turn over a new leaf. This friend was an active worker in the Knights of Father Mathew. After prolonged insistance that not he persuaded Maurice to permit his name to be offered for membership in the society. It seemed as if it were God's way of answering his mother's "From the moment he consented to become a member of the Knights of Father Mathew Maurice made a most heroic effort to resist the demon temp-tation of drink. He went to his pastor, who was overjoyed to see him, and told him of his resolution and asked his aid in his hour of trial. He was counseled that his only and permanent strength would lay in Divine assistance. "However, to be brief, Maurice went to confession and communion and be-came a member of the Knights of Fathhr Mathew, a stalwart member, too, as his brethren in Council No. — know. Dozens and hundreds of hands were mmediately outstretched to help him along the happy and smiling avenue of temperance. He now has a fine posi-tion, enjoys the confidence of his employer and, as you said, is in luck, great luck indeed. His father's head is no longer bowed, and smiles are in his "God bless the Knights of Father "God bless the Knights of Father Mathew," said the priest as he bade his friend good-day: " may they grow stronger and stronger until their in-fluence in behalf of temperance is felt A few days later I read, with surin the highest councils of the nation

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was a tramp. Now, I like tramps, just dering. It is because I am such a precisian, that I could not sit down to

dinner if a picture was hung awry, or a book misplaced on a shelf, that I love irregularities in others. A torn paper on my carpet will give me a fit of epilepsy; but I can tranquilly contemplate the awful chaos of another's study, and even congratulate him on his splendid nerves. So tramps, comets. variable stars, wandering ho sam and jetsam of heaven and earth -I have a curious sympathy with them all, as fate or fortune blows them about in eccentric orbits. This wayfarer told me he was from my native town (which was a lie); that he was a tradesman ou town (which of employment (which was another); that he was hungry and thirsty (which was half-and-half). I gave hi pence, which he instantly transmuted into whiskey. Then he lay down under an open archway; and slept all through that terrific storm. I have no doubt but that the electric fluid shot through that open arch again and again during the night; but the Eudaemon, who presides over drunken people, warded off the bolts. He woke next morning, stiff, but sound and whole ; and was utterly amazed at the universal consternation. And there are people in the world still who say that drink is an un-

A TRUE STORY.

ST. LOUIS PRIEST VIVIDLY PORTRAVS. TEMPERANCE WORK. From the Western Watchman

"How well Maurice --- looks," said a young man to a prominent St. Louis clergyman with whom he was conversing on Olive street the other day, speakin bout a mutual friend who passed them by with a friendly nod to d a respectful salutation to "He looks ten years younger the one and a the other. than he did a year ago, and his prosperity is evidenced by his appearance. He's evidently in luck."

"Yes, you are right; he is in lack, great luck," replied the priest. "You know, for years Maurice went the pace that destroys and kills. He drank hard. He couldn't hold a position. He became a bar-room loafer. He was, figuraively speaking, in the gutter. of his former friends pitied him ; others passed him by in silent contempt. He was declared a failure, and it was prophesied that his last resting place would be potter's field.

His father, who had been so proud of him when he was developing into manhood, bowed his head in shame his once promising son a miserable victim in the shambles of drink. As you know, he is a man of great dignity of character and much family pride, and nds and ac he cared not to meet his frie quaintances because of their somet. er-zealous sympathy at the downfall

of his boy. "And his poor old mother! Her heart was broken. If she lives a thous-and years, Maurice can never repay her with a wealth of the most tender affection and deep filial love for all the pain he caused her in his wild days. He will never know of the many nights of anguish she spent when he with his drinking companions; he will never know that her hair whitened prematurely as a result of his unhappy conduct; he will never know of the scalding tears that coursed their way down her cheeks as she prayed nightly at her bedside that God in His goodness would turn her wayward footsteps back to the narrow path ; he will never know how often she made the Stations of the Cross that his man hood might be restored ; he will never know how many times she requested her pastor to remember him in the Solemn Sacrifice. No, Maurice will never realize until he, too, becomes a parent how much pain and sorrow may be occasioned by a child that is traveling

"But God in His mercy did listen to that broken-hearted mother's prayers

In Time of Temptation.

OCTOBER THE

WHAT BECOMES C PREME I Father Coppin's

The following 1 The Living Chu Protestant Episo

country : To the Editor of My attention article printed your esteemed w query. "What h

bishop of Pittsb question we do spirit-we show answer from our ren to satisfy ou on the subject. Perhaps a suff

given by aski What became the United Stat But shot i asked in a capti it directly. As be allowed to are no Catholic that is, Cathol the Church of

how in Cathol difficulty in the The difficult Bishop arises f of Catholic do "Does the Pa Pope), revert lapse into the to the body o Cardinals repr these things. something ma fluid, it would out it is not n need not be i place to plac supernatural exists in wh then it can no subject is ag done by the This matter is

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" Death is a riddle, little one, that

"I do not understand. "

violence and curses added to the horrors of the place; for nothing less than their conversion would satisfy his zeal.

His eves presently grew accustomed It is eyes presently grew accusomed to the dim light that, from a distant window in the corridor, stole faintly through a small iron grating high up in the wall, and made the inmates of the which he immediately took shelter. prison look, like dark, grotesque shadows. Approaching the blind beggar and his Approaching the blind beggar and his son, who still supported him on his breast. Laurence knelt upon the un even, rock-hewa floor beside them, and in compassionate tones inquired the cause of their sorrow. Accents of human kindness were new to them, but now, when despairing of all help, and only certain of a horrible death, those low thrilling tones of sympathy, those words expressive of pity, fell upon upon words expressive of pity, left upon their ears like that strange music that sometimes visit the dreams of the wrotched, their moans ceased, and they related the sad story with which we are already acquainted.

had not wherewith to aptians. pease their hunger ; he could not give them freedom or life : but in burning he imparted to their benighted minds the knowledge of Jesus Christ and all that He had suffered for thei him, and all the circumstances of salvation; and with such unction did he speak, that, enlightened by the mysterious operation of divine grace, a mitigation of his punishment, before

a mitigation of his purstiment, below he was dragged away, and cast with his son into prison? Blind many years, and yet by the prayer of a Christian restored to sight! Then the other re-lated how a child born blind had rethey believed. The slaves, attracted by the strange The slaves, attracted by the strange voice that rang through the darkness above the tamult they were making— that attered words such as they had never heard before—grew silent, then gathered as near as their chains perceived sight, by the power of Jesus Christ, through the prayer of the holy Pope Stephen, and that the only son of mitted, to listen. At this moment the the Senator M. Clodius had been raised from the dead by the same miraculous intervention. Light flashed into the heart of Nemesius, and with it the thought: "He by Whose power such holy deacon, thirsting for their salvaholy deacon, thirsting for their salva-tion, raised his eyes and arms towards heaven, and, with faith nothing doubt-ing, asked God, in the holy name of His divine Son, to open the sightless eyes of the old beggar, that those pre-sent, beholding the miracle, might be-lieve in Him. Swiftly and the preserve wonders are wrought must be in truth the Son of God. If He will give sight to my child, then will I too believe. But where shall I find this holy man Stanken 2" lieve in Him. Swiftly spod the prayer, to be as swiftly answered. A cry of joy announced that the blind eyes were Swiftly sped the prayer, joy announced that the blind eyes were popened, and, rising up, his strength re-newed like an eagle, the old man gave his testimony for Christ. His son also declared himself a Christian, and to-gether they rejoiced; their bonds, the Hippolytus—knowing him so well as a

His first words to the porter at the bronze gates, as he rode through, were to ask if one had come with a message for him. The man informed him that ouide.

for nim. The man informed him that no one except a grand lady from Rome had been there that day. Nemesius felt a chill of disappoint-ment, and passed on in silence towards the portico where Claudia waited, counting the hoof-beats of his horse on the grange grand with and this in the grass-grown earth, and thinking that never had he come so slowly. Very tender and almost sad were his caresses and words when he reached her ; he felt that she was defrauded by

every hour's delay, although she was all unconscious of the hope which had

away to in the white moonlight. It was past midnight when Nemesius arrived at the great bronze gates of arrived at the great bronze gates of the Villa. No message. Oh, how time was passing ! This was the fourth day ; surely those men had had time to fulfil their promise if they meant to keep faith with him, and every hour's delay meant a day ; for he knew that, should the war begin, at any moment he might be ordered to march away with his command to the actual scene of hostili-

just as boys of the present time

The next morning, when about halfway down the road, where it winds above the Tiber, the attention of Nemesius was attracted to a slender youth dark and beautiful, who stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and stood with a letter in his hand awaiting his approach. Halting, he glanced at the youth's face ; then, taking the letter which he presented, proceeded to open and read it. It contained few words but they were enough : "He whom thou wouldst see will re-

The bearer of this will ceive thee. conduct thee to-night.

Nemesius raised his eyes and saw the messenger still waiting. "What is thy he asked.

"Admetus, " was "Who art thou ? " was the modest reply.

"A Christian." "I know thy voice—ah! I remember the choragus of the choral welcome. Who sent thee and for what?" "One who knows. I am to be thy

guide." "Thou ! At what hour ?" "When it grows dark. The moon rises late to-night. I will await thee here, "said Admetus, with manner both gentle and expected both gentle and reverent.

The courage of Nemesius was not of a sort to be restrained by suspicion, although his military training had taught him vigilance; be did not, there-fore, waste time by further inquiry, but said simply, "I will remember," and rode on, undisturbed by doubts, and hopeful of results.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Infant

The Infant takes dist to human milk: that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best subsitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Ondensed Milk is sow's milk ascientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five tages

women, despairing and stricken, that it seemed for a moment as if the whole town had gone mad from fright and rushed like maniacs abroad. At last, about 4 a.m., a few drops of rain fell' and I said, thank God! But the storm was reaching its cl'max. The blue flashes, broad and gleaming, gave way before the terrific artillery broke right above our heads; and great blood-red and forked javelins of fire stabbed here and there through the

inky blackness. It was horrible-those fire missles flung at us we know not from where, and running zigzag now in the heavens above, now on the earth beneath; and every flash such a crash of thunder that one could well believe that the end of all things had come; that the fountains of the great deep were broken up; and that Earth and Harven were public torother poll-Heaven were rushing together pell-mell into chaos. And the one hope was that the rain was now pouring in a deluge from the skies; and the plash

from roof and housetop and gully was almost equal in horror to the music in the heavens. At last, about 4.30 a.m., there was a flash of blinding light, as if hell had opened and shut, then a moment's pause ; and then such a snarl of sound overhead, such a malignant fiendish growl as of a thousand maddened beasts, that I involuntarily put my fingers in my ears and mur-mured : Eleison! It was the last bar in the great oratorio of the heavens. The sounds rumbled and died far down

on the head of the horizon; the skies cleared; and nought was heard, only the unseen cataracts pouring down their floods from the broken reservoirs of Heaven.

prize, that this frightful cataclysm was limited to a narrow belt of atmosphere, not half a mile in depth. Beyond and above, the eternal stars shone peacefully.

About six o'clock the evening before the storm, a tramp came into my garden, deliberate consent morally impossible-and with good reason. Temptations, however strong, vivid, naturally seductwhere I was reading. My servant said: A gentleman wanted to see me! So I said: Send him up! We are so polite ive, or persistent, are not acts of the will, and if not allowed to pass on to such, cannot be sins.—Rev. N. Walsh, in Ireland that everyone is a gentleman or a lady, when they are not noblemen. I saw at a glance at his boots that he

There seems to be a general consent amongst spiritual writers that an aspir-ation said in time of temptation makes

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