My Lady's Beauty.

FROMT HE ITALIAN, BY LADY WILDE. An alabaster temple, wondrous fair,
Crowned with a radiant head of glittering gold;
The windows sapphire, as the azure air
That parts the Summer cloud-drifts' snowy fold.
The portal of the corals' crimson hue,
Arched round with pearls, whereon there ever played
Swift splendrous, glaneing as the light and shade
of quivering sunbeams struck from heaven's blue,
On red-leaved roses newly bathed in dew.

Within, upon a diamond throne, was set
The lady of the temple as a queen,
While clear, translucent walls of crystal met
Around her as a sacred altar sereen;
Sweet thoughts in murmared music floated by
And filled the temple, like the incense cloud
Which circling angels, in God's presence bowed,
Cast from their golden censors, prayer or sigh
From saintly souls ascending up on high.

A temple, truly, formed in paradise,
Ere yet a breath of sin had entered there,
Fit shrine for her, the light of many eyes,
The white-robed lily of God's garden fair;
Divine in strength, tho' touched by human dole,
Divine in love, tho' tried by human tears,
A splendor in the darkness of our years
To show the world, while endless ages roll,
The perfect beauty of a perfect soul.

FABIOLA;

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

It was on a delicious morning in October, that, reclining by the spring, the mistress and slave were occupied in reading; when the former, wearied with the heaviness of the volume, looked for something lighter and newer; and, drawing out a manuscript from her sacket.

from her casket, said:—
"Syra, put that stupid book down. Here is something, I am told, very amusing, and only just come out. It will be new to both of us."
The handmaid did as she was told, looked at the title of the proffered volume, and blushed. She glanced over the few first lines, and her fears were confirmed. She saw that it was one of those trashy works which were freely allowed to circulate as works, which were freely allowed to circulate, as St. Justin complained, though grossly immoral, and making light of all virtue; while every Christian writing was suppressed, or as much as possible dis-countenanced. She put down the book with a calm resolution, and said:

resolution, and said:—
"Do not, my good mistress, ask me to read to you from that book. It is fit neither for me to recite, nor for you to hear."

Fabiola was astonished. She had never heard, or even thought, of such a thing as restraint put upon her studies. What in our days would be looked upon as unfit for common perusal, formed part of current and fashionable literature. From Horace to Ausonius, all classical writers demonstrate this. And what rule of virtue could have made that reading seem indelicate, which only described by the pen ing seem indelicate, which only described by the pen a system of morals, which the pencil and the chise made hourly familiar to every eye? Fabiola had no higher standard of right and wrong than the system, under which she had been educated, had

What possible harm can it do either of us?" she asked, smiling. "I have no doubt there are plenty of foul crimes and wicked actions described in the book; but it will not induce us to commit them.

And, in the meantime, it is amusing to read them

"Would you yourself, for any consideration, do

Not for the world."

"Yet, as you hear them read, that image must occupy your mind; as they amuse you, your thoughts must dwell upon them with pleasure."
"Certainly. What then !" "That image is foulness, that thought is wicked-

some inthe morthication. But one difficulty remains. There is responsibility, you maintain, for the inward, as well as the outward act. To whom? If the second follow, there is joint responsibility for both, to society, to the laws, to princip to self; for painful results will ensue. principles of justice the inward action exist, to whom can there be re-sponsibility? Who sees it? Who can presume to sponsibility? Who sees it? Who to control it?"

Judge it? Who to control it?"
"God," answered Syra, with simple earnestness.
Fabiola was disappointed. She expected some new theory, some striking principle, to come out.
Instead, they had sunk down into what she feared Instead, they had sunk down into what she feared was mere superstition, though not so much as she once had deemed it. "What, Syra, do you then really believe in Jupiter, and Juno, or perhaps Minerva, who is about the most respectable of the Olympian family ! Do you think they have any thing to do with our affairs!"

"Far indeed from it; I loathe their very names, and I doesn't he wishedness which their his constant.

and I detest the wickedness which their histories or fables symbolise on earth. No, I spoke not of gods and goddesses, but of one only God."

"And what do you call Him, Syra, in your sys He has no name but GoD; and that only men

have given Him, that they may speak of Him. It describes not His nature, His origin, His qualities."
"And what are these!" asked the mistress, with

awakened curiosity.
"Simple as light is His nature, one and the same every where, indivisible, undefilable, penetrating yet diffusive, ubiquitous and unlimited. He existed before there was any beginning; He will exist after all ending has ceased. Power, wisdom, goodness, love, justice too, and unerring judgment belong to Him by His nature, and are as unlimited and unrestrated as it. He alone can create, He alone pre strained as it.

serve, and He alone destroy."

Fabiola had often read of the inspired looks which ranimated a sibyl, or the priestess of an oracle; but she had never witnessed them till now. The slave's countenance glowed, her eyes shown with a calm brilliancy, her frame was immovable, the words flowed from her lips, as if these were but the opening of a musical reed, made vocal by another's breath. Her expression and manner foreibly rebreath. Her expression and manner forcibly reminded Fabiola of that abstracted and mysterious look, which she had so often noticed in Agnes; and though in the child it was more tender and graceful, in the maid it seemed more earnest 'and oracular.
"How enthusiastic and excitable an Eastern tempera-"How enthusiastic and excitable an Eastern tempera-ment is, to be sure?" thought Fabiola, as she gazed upon her slave. "No wonder the East should be thought the land of poetry and inspiration." When she saw Syra relaxed from the evident tension of she saw Syra relaxed from the evident tension of her mind, she said, in as light a tone as she could assume: "But Syra, can you think, that a Being such as you have described, far beyond all the conception of ancient fable, can occupy Himself with constantly watching the actions, still more the paltry thoughts, of millions of creatures?"

"It is no according lady, it is not avery abelian

It is no occupation, lady, it is not even choice. I called Him light. Is it occupation of labor to the sun to send His rays through the crystal of this founsun to send has tays through the crystar of this foun-tain, to the very pebbles in its bed? See how, of themselves they disclose, not only the beautiful, but the four that harbors there; not only the sparkles that the falling drops strike from its rough

sides; not only the pearly bubbles that merely rise, glisten for a moment, then break against the surface; not only the golden fish that bask in their light, but black and loathsome creeping things, which seek to hide and bury themselves in dark nooks below, and cannot; for the light pursues them. Is there toil or occupation in all this, to the sun that thus visits them? Far more would it appear so, were he to restrain his beams at the surface of the transparent element, and hold them back from throwing into element, and hold them back from throwing light. And what he does here he does in the stream, and in that which is a thousand miles off, with equal ease; nor can any imaginable increase of their number, or bulk, lead us to fancy or believe, that rays would be wanting, or light would fail, to scrutinise them all."

"Your theories are beautiful always, Syra, and, if true, most wonderful;" observed Fabiola, after a pause, during which her eyes were fixedly contemplating the fountain, as though she were testing the truth of Syra's words.

"And they sound like truth," she added; "for could falsehood be more beautiful than truth? But what an awful idea, that one has never been alone, has never had a wish to oneself, has never held a single thought in secret, has never hidden the most

single thought in secret, has never hidden the most foolish favey of a proud or childish brain, from the observation of One that knows no imperfection. observation of One that knows no imperfection. Terrible thought, that one is living, if you say true, under the steady gaze of an Eye, of which the sun is but a shadow, for he enters not the soul! It is enough to make one any evening commit self-destruction, to get rid of the torturing watchfulness! Yet it sounds so true!" Yet it sounds so true!"

Fabiola looked almost wild as she spoke the

Fabiola looked almost wild as sne spoke these words. The pride of her pagan heart rose strong within her, and she rebelled against the supposition that she could never again feel alone with her own thoughts, or that any power should exist which could control her inmost desires, imaginings, or eaprices. Still the thought came back: "Yet it could control her inmost desires, inaginings, of caprices. Still the thought came back: "Yet it seems so true!" Her generous intellect struggled against the writhing passion, like an eagle with a serpent; more with eye than with beak and talons, subduing the quailing foe. After a struggle, visible in her countenance and gestures, a calm came over her. She seemed for the first time to feel the pre-sence of One greater than herself, some one whom she feared, yet whom she would wish to love. She bowed down her mind, she bent her intelligence to His feet; and her heart too owned, for the first time, that it had a Master, and a Lord.

Syra watched, with calm intensity of feeling, the

syra watened, with cam intensity of teeling, the workings of her mistrese's mind, in silence. She knew how much depended on the issue, what a mighty step in her unconscious pupil's religious progress was involved in the recognition of the truth before her, and she fervently prayed for this grace. At length Fabiola raised her head, which seemed the beautiful progression of the remediate of the seemed that the seemed the seemed that the seemed the seemed that the seemed that

At length Fabiola raised her head, which seemed to have been bowed down in accompaniment to her mind, and with graceful kindness said,

"Syra, I am sure I have not yet reached the depths of your knowledge; you must have much more to teach me." (A tear and a blush came to the poor handmaid's relief.) "But to-day you have opened a new world, and a new life, to my thoughts. A sphere of virtue beyond the opinions and the judgments of men, a consciousness of a controlling, an approving, and a recerding Power too: am I right?" (Syra expressed approbation,) "standing by us when no other eye can see, or restrain, or encourage us; a feeling that, were we shut up for ever in solitude, we should be ever the same, because that influence on us may be so superior to that of any amount of human principles, in guiding us, and could not leave us; such, if I understand your theory, is the position of moral elevation, in which it would place each individual. To fall below it, even with an out-

if I understand your theory, is the position moral elevation, in which it would place each individual. To fall below it, even with an outwardly virtuous life, is mere deceit, and positive wickedness. Is this so?"

"O my dear mistress," exclaimed Syra, "how much better you can express this than I do!"

"You have never flattered me yet, Syra," replied Eaking smilingly; "do not begin now. But you "That image is foulness, that thought is wickedness."

"How is that possible? Does not wickedness require an action, to have any existence?"

"True, my mistress; and what is the action of the mind, or as I call it, the soul, but thought? A passion which wiskes death, is the action of this invisible power, like it, unseen; the blow which inflicts it is but the mechanical action of the body, discernible like its origin. But which power commands, and which obeys? In which resides the resposibility of the final effect?"

"I understand you," said Fabiola, after a pause of some little mortification. "But one difficulty remains. There is responsibility, you maintain, for the didea, which would hardly interest you at pre-

the idea, which would hardly interest you at pre-

"And yet, when you spoke that proposition, it seemed to me so monstrous, so absurd, that pride and anger overcome me. Do you remember that,

'Oh, no, no!" replied the gentle servant; "do

not allude to it, I pray!"
"Have you forgiven that day, Syra!" said the mistress, with an emotion quite new to her.

The poor maid was overpowered. She rose and threw herself on her knees before her mistress, and tried to seize her hand; but she prevented her, and, for the first time in her life, Fabiola threw herself

upon a slave's neck, and wept.

Her passion of tears was long and tender. s getting above her intellect; and this can only be by its increasing softness. At length she grew calm; and as she withdrew the embrace she

One more thing, Syra: dare one address, worship, this Being whom you have described to me? Is He not too great, too lofty, too distant, for

"Oh, no! far from it, noble lady," answered the servant. "He is not distant from any of us; for as much as in the light of the sun, so in the very splendor of His p wer, His goodness, and His wisdom, we live and move and have our being. Hence, one may address Him, not as far off, but as around us and within us, while we are in Him; and He hears us not with ears, but our words drop at once into His very bosom, and the desires of our hearts pass directly into the divine abyss of His."

"But," pursued Fabiola, somewhat timidly, there no great act of acknowledgment, such a sacrifice is supposed to be, whereby He my be formally recognised and adored?"

Syra hesitated, for the conversation seemed to be Syra nestated, for the conversation seemed to be trenching upon mysterious and sacred ground, never opened by the Church to profane foot. She, however, answered in a simple and general affirmative. "And could not I," still more humbly asked her mistress, 'be so far instructed in your school, as to be able to perform this nobler act of homage?" I fear not radde Edvidar, one must need have

"I fear not, noble Fabiola; one must need have Victim worthy of the Deity.' "Ah, yes! to be sure," answered Fabiola. "A bull may be good enough for Jupiter, or a goat for

Bacchus; but where can be found a sacrifice worthy of Him, whom you have brought me to know?" "It must indeed be one every way worthy of Him, otless in purity, matchless in greatness, unbound-

ed in acceptableness."
"And what can that be, Syra !"
"Only Himself."

'I am sure that, after having so clearly described to me the deep sense of responsibility, under which you must habitually speak as well as act, you have a real meaning in this awful saying, though I under-

"I have not strength to carry the subject further at present; I have need of rest."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY.

After this conversion Fabiola retired; and during the rest of the day her mind was alternately agitated and calm. When she looked steadily on the grand view of moral life which her mind had grasped, she and calm. When she looked steadily on the grains view of moral life which her mind had grasped, she found an unusual tranquility in its contemplation; she felt as if she had made discovery of a great phenomenon, the knowledge of which guided her into a new and lofty region, whence she could smile on the errors and follies of mankind. But when she considered the responsibility which this light imposed, the watchfulness which it demanded, the unseen and unrequired struggles which it required, the desolateness, almost, of a virtue without admiration or even sympathy, she again shrunk from the life that was before her, as about to be passed without any stay or help, from the only sources of it which she knew. Unconscious of the real cause, she saw that she possessed no instruments or means, to carry out the beautiful theory. This seemed to stand like a brilliant lamp in the midst of a huge, bare, unfurnished hall, lighting up only a wilderness. What was the use of so much wasted splendour? The next morning had been fixed for one of those visits which used to be annually paid in the country—that to the now ex-prefect of the city, Chromatius. Our reader will remember, that after his conversion

visits which used to be annually paid in the country—that to the now ex-prefect of the city, Chromatius.
Our reader will remember, that after his conversion and resignation of office, this magistrate had retired to his villa in Campania, taking with him a number of the converts made by Sebastian, with the holy priest Polycarp, to complete their instruction. Of these circumstances, of course, Fabiola had never been informed; but she heard all sorts of curious reports about Chromatius's villa. It was said he had a number of visitors never before seen at his house; that he gave no entertainments; that he had freed all his country slaves, but that many of them had all his country slaves, but that many of them had reed all his country slaves, but that many of them had preferred remaining with him; that if numerous, the whole establishment seemed very happy, though no boisterous sports or frolicsome meetings seemed to be indulged in. All this stimulated Fabiola's

to be indulged in. All this stimulated Fabiola's curiosity, in addition to her wish to discharge a pleasing duty of courtesy to a most kind friend of hers from childhood; and she longed to see, with her own eyes, what appeared to her to be a very Platonic, or, as we should say, Utopian experiment. In a light country carriage, with good horses, Fabiola startled early, and dashed gaily along the level road across the "happy Campania." An autumnal shower had laid the dust, and studded with glistening gems the garlands of vine which bordered the way, festooned, instead of hedges, from tree to tree. It was not long before she reached the gentle acclivity, for hill it could scarce be called, covered with box, arbutus, and laurels, relieved by tall tapering cypresses, amidst which shone the white walls of the large villa on the summit. A change, she perceived, had taken place, which at first white waits of the large vital on the same change, she perceived, had taken place, which at first she could not exactly define; but when she had passed through the gate, the number of empty pedestals and niches reminded her, that the villa had entirely lost one of its most characteristic ornaments,—the number of beautiful statues which stood gracefully against the clipped evergreen hedges, and gave it the name, now become quite an empty one, of An Statuas. ["The Villa of Statues,"

chromatius, whom she had last seen limping with gout, now a hale old man, courteously received her, and inquired kindly after her father, asking if the report were true that he was going shortly to Asia. At this Fabiola seemed grieved and mortified; for the child transitional bis intention to her. Chromatical transitional bis intention to her. Chromatical control of the child transitional bis intention to her. Chromatical control of the child are controlled to the child and the control of the child are controlled to the child are controlled to the child are controlled to the child are child as the child are child are child as the child are child as the child are child are child as the child are the had not mentioned his intention to her. Chromatius hoped it might be a false alarm, and asked her to take a stroll about the grounds. She found them kept with the same care as ever, full of beauti-ful plants; but still much missed the old statues. At last they reached a grotto with a fountain, in which formally nymphs and sea-deities disparted, but which now presented a black unbroken surface. She could contain herself no longer, and, turning to Chromatius, she said:—
"Why, what on earth have you been doing, Chro-

matius, to send away all your statues, and destroy the peculiar feature of your handsome villa? What induced you to do this?"

the peculiar feature of your handsome villa? What induced you to do this?"

"My dear young lady," answered the good-humored old gentleman, "do not be so angry. Of what use were those figures to any one?"

"If you thought so," replied she, "others might have been supported by the property of the property of the peculiar what is really your object and your mode of life here, my good friend?"

"We spend our time in the cultivation of our higher faculties. We rise frightfully early—I hardly day tell was tell you have early we then dearted. "If you thought so," replied she, "others might of. But tell me, what have you done with them

"Why, to tell you the truth, I have had them ught under the hammer."
What! and never let me know anything about

most gladly have purchased."

Chromatius laughed outright, and said, with the familiar tone, which acquaintance with Fabiola from a child authorised him always to assume with

her:—
"Dear me! how your young imagination runs away, far too fast for my poor old tongue to keep pace with; I meant not the auctioneer's hammer, but the sledge-hammer. The gods and goddesses have been all smashed, pulverised! If you happen to want a stray leg, or a hand minus a few fingers, perhaps I may pick up such a thing for you. But I cannot promise you a face with a nose, or a skull without a fracture." without a fracture.

Fabiola was utterly amazed, as she exclaimed, "What an utter barbarian you have become, my wise old judge! What shadow of reason can you

wise old Judge! what shadow of reason can you give to justify so outrageous a proceeding?"
"Why, you see, as I have grown older, I have grown wiser! and I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Jupiter and Mrs. Juno are no more gods than you or I; so I summarily got rid of them.

"Yes, that may be very well; and I, though neither old nor wise, have been long of the same opinion. But why not retain them as mere works of art?"

"Because they had been set up here, not in that capacity, but as divinities. They were here as imposters, under false pretences; and as you would turn out of your house, for an intruder, any bust or nage found among those of your ancesters, onging to quite another family, so did I those pre-enders to a higher connection with me, when I Neither could I run a risk, of their being bought for the continuance of the same

'And pray, my most righteous old friend, is it not an imposture to continue calling your villa Adsatuas, after not a single statue is left standing in it!"
"Certainly," replied Chromatius, amused at her replied chromatus, amused at her sharpness, "and you will see that I have planted palm trees all about; and, as soon as they show their heads above the evergreens, the villa will take the title of Ad Palmas ["At" or "to the palms"] in-

"That will be a pretty name," said Fabiola, who little thought of the higher sense of appropriateness which it would contain. She, of course, was not aware, that the villa was now a training-school, in "Only Himself."

Fabiola covered her face with her hands, and then looking up earnestly into Syra's face, said to be in separate institutions, for the great combat of faith, martyrdom to death. They who had entered in, and they who would go out, might equally say they were on their way to pluck the conqueror's palm, to be borne before God's judgment seat, in token of their victory over the world.

Many were the palm-branches shortly to be gathered n that early Christian retreat.

But we must here give the history of the demoli-

tion of Chromatius's statues, which for as a peculiar episode in the "Acts of St. Sebartian."

When Nicostratus informed him, as prefect of Rome, of the release of his prisoners, and of the recovery of Tranquillinus from gout by baptism. Chromatius, after making every inquiry into the truth of the fact, sent for Sebastian, and proposed to become a Christian, as a means of obtaining a cure of the same complaint. This of course could not be; and another course was proposed, which would give him new and personal evidence of Christianity, without risking an insincere baptism. Chromatius was celebrated for the immense number of idolatrous images which he possessed; and was assured by Sebastian, that, if he would have them all broken in pieces, he would at once recover. This was a hard condition; but he consented. His son Tiburtius, however, was furious, and protested that if the promised result did not follow, he would have Sebastian and Polycarp thrown into a blazing furnace: not perhaps so difficult a matter for the prefect's son.

In one day, two bundred, pagen, statutes were

In one day two hundred pagan statues In one day two hundred pagan statues were broken in pieces, including, of course, those in the villa, as well as those in the house at Rome. The images indeed were broken; but Chromatius was not cured. Sebastian was sent for, and sharply rebuked. But he was calm and inflexible. "I am sure," he said, "that all have not been destroyed. Something has been withheld from destruction." He proved right. Some small objects had been treated as works of art rather than religious things, and, like Achan's coveted spoil, [Jos. vii.] concealed. They were brought forth and broken up; and Chromatius instantly recovered. Not only was he converted, but his son Tiburtius became also one of the most fervent of Christians: and, dying in glorions martyrdom, gave his name to a catacomb. He had begged to stay in Rome, to encourage and assist his begged to stay in Rome, to encourage and assist his fellow-believers in the coming persecution which his connection with the palace, his great courage and activity, would enable him to do. He had become, naturally, the great friend and frequent companion

f Sebastian and Paneratius.

After this little digression, we resume the conver-

sation between Chromatius and Fabiola, who con-tinued her last sentence, by adding, "But do you know, Chromatius—let us sit down in this lovely spot, where I remember there was a beautiful Bacchus—that all kinds of strange reports are going round the country, about your doings

"Dear me! What are they! Do tell me.

"Dear me! what are they! Do tell me."
"Why, that you have a quantity of people living
with you, whom nobody knows; that you see no
company, go out nowhere, and lead quite a philosophical sort of life, forming a most Platonic re-"Highly flattered!" interrupted Chromatius, with

"But that is not all," continued Fabiola. "They say you keep most unfashionable hours, have no amusements, and live most abstemiously; in fact,

almost starve yourselves."
"But I hope they do us the justice to add, that we pay our way?" observed Chromatius. "They don't say, do they, that we have a long score run up

at the baker's or grocer's?"

"Oh, no!" replied Fabiola, laughing.

"How kind of them!" rejoined the good-humored old judge. "They—the whole public I mean—seem to take a wonderful interest in our concerns.

But it is not strange, my dear young lady, that so But it is not strange, my dear young lady, that so long as my villa was on the free-and-easy system, with as much loose talk, deep drinking, occasional sallies of youthful mirth, and troublesome freaks in the neighborhood, as others—I beg your pardon for alluding to such things; but, in fact, so long as I and my friends were neither temperate nor irreproachable, nobody gave himself the least trouble about us? But let a few neogle retire to live in quiet, be frugal. able, nobody gave himself the least frouble about use But let a few people retire to live in quiet, be frugal, industrious, entirely removed from public affairs, and never even talk about politics or society, and at once there springs up a vulgar curiosity to know all about them, and a mean practice in third-rate states-men to meddle with them; and there must needs by about flocks of false reports and foul suspicions about their motives and manner of living. Is not this a

"It is, indeed; but how do you account for it?" "It is, indeed; but how do you account for it?"
"I can only do so by that faculty of little minds, which makes them always jealous of any aims higher than their own; so that, almost unconsciously, they depreciate whatever they feel to be better than they

ingner faculties. We rise frightfully early—I hardly dare tell you how early; we then devote some hours to religious worship; after which we occupy ourselves in a variety of ways; some read, some write, some labor in the gardens; and I assure you no hired workmen ever toiled harder and better than hired workmen ever tolled harder and better than these spontaneus agriculturists. We meet at differ-ent times, and sing beautiful songs together, all breathing virtue and purity, and read most improv-ing books, and receive oral instruction from eloquent teachers. Our meals are indeed very temperate; we live entirely on vegetables; but I have already found out that laughing is quite compatible with lentils, and that good cheer does not necessarily mean

good fare."
"Why you have turned complete Pythagoreans. I thought that was quite out of date. But it must be a most economical system," remarked Fabiola, with a knowing look.

"Ha! you cunning think!" answered the judge; "so you really think that this may be a saving plan after all? But it won't be, for we have taken a most desperate resolution."
"And what on earth is that?" asked the young

lady.
"Nothing less than this. We are determined that there shall not be such a thing as a poor person with in our reach; this winter we will endeavor to clothe all the naked, and feed the hungry, and attend to all the sick about. All our economy will go for this." "It is indeed a very generous, though very new idea in our times; and no doubt you will be well laughed at for your pains, and abused on all sides.

They will even say worse of you than they do now, if it were possible; but it is not." "How so?"

"Do not be offended if I tell you; but already they have gone so far as to hint, that possibly you are Christians. But, I assure you, this I have every where indignantly contradicted."

Chromatius smiled, and said, "Why an indignant

ontradiction, my child?"

"Because, to be sure, I know you and Tiburtius

and Nicostratus, and that dear bumb Zoe, too well to admit, for a moment, that you had adopted the compound of stupidity and knavery called by that "Let me ask you one question. Have you taken

the trouble of reading any Christian writings, by which you might know what is really held and done by that despised body?"
"Oh, not I indeed, I would not waste my time

over them; I could not have patience to learn any thing about them. I scorn them too much, as enemies of all intellectual progress, as doubtful citizens, as credulous to the last degree, and as sanctioning every abominable crime, ever to give myself a chance of a nearer acquaintance with

them."
"Well, dear Fabiola, I thought just the same about them once, but I have much altered my opinion of late." "This is indeed strange; since, as prefect of the city, you must have had to punish many of these wretched people, for their constant transgression of

ment on the ground floor, full of book chests. At a table in the middle of the room a young man was a table in the middle of the room a young man was seated, transcribing a large volume; which, on see-ing a stranger enter, he closed and put aside. "Torquatus," said Chromatius, addressing him, "this lady desires to send a letter to her father in

Rome."
"It will always give me great pleasure," replied the young man, "to serve the noble Fabiola, or her illustrious father."
"What, do you know them?" asked the judge, rather surprised.
"I had the honor, when very young, as my father had had before me, to be employed by the noble Fabius in Asia. Ill health compelled me to leave his service."

his service."
Several sheets of fine vellum, cut to a size, evident-Several sheets of fine vellum, cut to a size, evidently for transcription of some book, lay on the table. One of these the good old man placed before the lady, with ink and a reed, and she wrote a few affectionate lines to her father. She doubled the paper tied a thread round it, attached some wax to this, and impressed her seal, which she drew from an embroidered bag, upon the wax. Anxious, some time, to reward the messenger, when she could embroidered bag, upon the wax. Anxious, some time, to reward the messenger, when she could better know how, she took another piece of the vellum, and made on it a memorandum of nis name and residence, and carefully put this into her bosom. After partaking of some slight refreshment, she mounted her car, and bid Chromatius an affectionate farewell. There was something touchingly paternal in his look, as though he felt he should never see her again. So she thought; but it was a very different feeling which softened his heart. Should she always remain thus? Must he leave her to perish in obstinate ignorance? Were that generous heart, and that noble intellect, to grovel on in the slime of bitter paganism, when every feeling and every thought in them seemed formed of strong yet finest fibres, across which truth might weave the richest fibres, across which truth might weave the richest web? It could not be; and yet a thousand motives restrained him from an avowal, which he felt would, restrained him from an avowal, which he felt would, at present, only repulse her fatally from any nearer approach to the faith. "Farewell, my child," he exclaimed, "may you be blessed a hundredfold, in ways which as yet you know not." He turned away his face, as he dropped her hand, and hastily withdraw.

withdrew.

Fabiola too was moved by the mystery, as well as Fabiola too was moved by the inystery, is wen as the tenderness, of his words; but was startled, before reaching the gate, to find her chariot stopped by Torquatus. She was, at that moment, painfully struck by the contrast between the easy and rather familiar, though respectful, manner of the youth, and the mild gravity, mixed with cheerfulness, of the add or reserve.

the old ex-prefect.

"Pardon this interruption, madam," he said,
"but are you anxious to have this letter quickly de-

Certainly, I am most anxious that it should reach

y father as speedily as possible."
"Then I fear I shall hardly be able to serve you. can only afford to travel on foot, or by chance and heap conveyance, and I shall be some days upon the

Fabiola, hesitating, said:—"Would it be taking too

great a liberty, if I should offer to defray the expenses of a more rapid journey ?"

"By no means," answered Torquatus, rather eagerly, "if I can thereby better serve your noble

To be Continued.

WHAT A RUSSIAN SAYS OF THE

The results of the Congress are well summarized by the following letter from a Russiaan to the editor f Truth : "We Russians are quite satisfied with the Berlin

Treaty. That negotiated by Ignatieff at San Stefano has really been carried into effect. You are welcome to the island of Cyprus, and if you like to send English capital to Asia Minor we do not object. With Batoum and Kars in our hands in Asia we are masters of the situation, and if ever it pleases us we can pour our armies into Asia Minor. In Europe we have got back the territory that we had to cede after the Crimean war; Servia's aspira-tions remain ungratified, and the same may be said of Bulgaria. Both must be our allies. In Eastern Roumelia, as it has amused our plenipotentiaries to call Southern Bulgaria, the authority of the Sultan nominal, and the inhabitants will look is nominal, and the inhabitants will look to us as their only protectors. Our great difficulty has always been the Greeks. They are now alienated from you. If ever a war should take place between Russia and England, we should not attack Turkey, and you would not be able to blockade our Black Sea ports. We are, therefore, much obliged to you for having maintained the neutrality of the Black Sea. We are now advancing towards your Indian frontiers, and if ever, as I have said, a war takes place between our two countries, you will find is place between our two countries, you will find is necessary to send troops to India, instead of strengthening your European armies with Indian troops. We shall, I think, in the end form an alliance with Persia, which will be similar to that which you have rersia, which will be similar to that which you have formed with Turkey. Have we, then, designs upon India? Are we anxious to go to war with you? Neither. But we cannot admit inferiority. Look at the map. You will see that our empire stretches along the centre of Europe and of Asia. You insist that we should be debarred from any outlet on our Southern frontier, and you think that we shall our Southern frontier, and you think that we shain for ever submit to such a restriction, as though we were some pattry principality. Should you? If peace with you means that we may not have access to the Indian Seas, and that our war vessels may not visit our Southern ports, then such a peace will not be lasting. But whose is the fault? Yours, You strive after the impossible."

A HYENA AT LARGE.—A hvena, which es caped from a menagerie temporarily established at Blangy (Plas de Calais), a tew days back, killed and severely wounded a dozen sheep, dispersing a whole flock near the forest of Crepy. A. M. Therat, of Crepy, went out to shoot the beast. He saw it crouched in a havrick, but just at the moment when he was within fifty paces of the animal, two gendarmes, who had mistaken him for a peacher hiding himself, came down upon the hayrick in full gallop. The byena at once A doud came over the cheerful countenance of made off, and the sportsman lost his prey-the old man, and a tear stood in his eye. He Grand battues are being organized to kill it.

RELIGIOUS .

FRIDAY, NO

Some objects of Exhibition are thu the London Table the writer, that ev splendor, the riche to the embellishm dens, or public bu house of God, the Church, which in traditions of art, and elaborate wor The following a

trance made for

Lourdes will con

opportunity of see ry richness and b

n its composition au monde le Dieu modified 13th c around it are Arc demons in the for above offer the v round which they impregnable fortre enamelled in mar points touch, and and places typical Conception, viz., ing of Esther, the the Blessed Virgin and Eve the chal Life and the Pro Round the shaft a formed of vine lea ing at the grapes, sicles are seen—or teret caput tuun sed pro omnibus, macula non e out leaves that su twined ribbon from Holy Writ In the next stage of the Blessed Vi shaped nimbus of also crystals from took place. The rounded by an words are seen-Immediately ab mysteries of the placed nearest th ixteenth medall olding the Cros telling the Rosar enamels is a flow a fine pearl. The by thirty-two li circle of Cherubi in excelsis" ove

> 16 doves, 4 eagmany fine pear topazes. The monstrance of C any. On the f in adoration and prostrates himse o their conditio the favorite Ca desiderat cervus Evangelistic sy statuette of the newly-born Say with a charming corn flowers. Sacred Host, for blue enamel pa among which as the star that g beggar, to the f composed of stella." On this or low relief. In group IV, the large tempo of a very elega-handsome color

on the dome a

of the exquisite

where stood the

It is to be erect

the amazing he

sign of the st

pale blue enan

outer circle is cor

—pink topaz an just above the

Sacrament is p Christ on a med monstrance by thought desirabl

processions that size. It contain

feet, on the Al the Swiss and I named "Our I of steps and to the second terr In the buildi is a grand pai (No. 89), one Saviour, and o s intended for is most gratefuthe devoted tomb of pure motto in chara mea Deus," a of the tomb; Ii. nificently em covered with g

show splendi Dubus, 82, R fine figure en B, group II Visitation at our Lord to "La Bienheu are numerou terials; one l ful paintings of attentive variety of S