CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

A Thought.

2

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a valley without a faded flower, There never was a heaven without a little cloud. The face of day may flash with light in any mornin hour, But evening soon shall come with her shadow-wove

There never was a river without its mist of gray. There never was a forest without its fallen leaf; And joy may walk beside us down the windings

way, When lo ! sounds a footstep, and we meet the face of Grief.

There never was a sea shore without its drifting wreck, There never was an ocean without its moaning wave And the golden beams of glory the summer sky that field. Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure-manticed grave.

There never was a streamlet, however crystal clear, Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tides, Hopes brightest robes are broidered with the sable fringe of fear-And she lures—but abysses girt her path on either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly

plain, And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head— And the highest and lowest wear the shadow of some

And the smile is scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eves have there been ever without a weary tear, And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh; For without the dreary winter there has never been a

year. And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest

The cradle means the coffin-and the coffin means the

grave; The mother's song scarce hides the De Profundis of the pilest-You may cull the fairest roses any May duy ever gave, But they wither while you wear them ere the ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing-and we move amid its

Maze, And grope along together, half in darkness, half in light; earts are often burdened by the mysteries of

And our hearts are often burdened by the mysteries of our way's, Which are never all in shadow and never wholly And ou

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a

guide, and our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the mean-ing and the key; And a Cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the Crucified, And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper: "Follow Me." And a

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"There are two opinions about its origin," said the youth, readily; "one finds the meaning in the word itself; its letters forming the beginning of words, so as to mean "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." Another puts it in the symbol itself; that as fish are born and live in the water, so is the Christian horn of water and hurded with Christian Christian born of water, and buried with Christ in the baptism. Hence, as we came along, we saw the figure of a fish carved on tombs, or its name

"Then the union of the bread and the fish in one multiplication shows us how, in the Eucharist, Christ becomes the food of all. Opposite, is Moses striking the rock, from which all drank, and which

is Christ, our drink as well as our food.

is Christ, our drink as well as our food." "Now, at last," said Torquatus, "we are come to the Good Shepherd." "Yes," continued Severus, "you see Him in the centre of the *arcosolium*, in His simple tunic and leggings, with a sheep upon His shoulders, the re-covered wanderer from the flock. Two more are standing at His sides; the truant ram on His right, the gentle ewe upon His left; the penitent in the post of honor. On each side too, you see a person evidently sent by Him to preach. Both are lean-ing forward, and addressing sheep not of the fold.

ing forward, and addressing sheep not of the fold. One on either side is apparently giving no heed to their words, but browsing quietly on, while one is turning up its eyes and head, looking and listening with eager attention. Rain is falling copiously on

an opposite passage, and said : "If you pursue this corridor, and turn to the right, you come to the church. I have merely brought you here to show you an arcoslium, with a beautiful painting. You here see the Virgin Mother holding her Divine Infant in her arms, while the mice for the parameters and a four though the wise Easterns, here represented as four, though generally we only reckon three, are adoring Him." (This painting has been lately found, if we remem-It is long anterior to the Council of Chalcedon, whence this mode of representing our Lord is usu-

where this mode of representing our ally dated. All admired the painting; but poor Severus was much chagrined, at seeing how his good father had unwittingly supplied the information desired by Torquatus, and had furnished him with a sure clue to the desired turn, by calling his attention to the tomb close round it, distinguishable, by so remark-

When their company was departed, he told all that he had observed to his brother, remarking, "That man will give us trouble yet : I strongly In a short time th

a short time they had removed every mark which Torquatus had made at the turnings. But this was no security against his reckonings; and they determined to prepare for changing the road, by blocking up the present one, and turning off at another point. For this purpose, they had the sand of new excavations brought to the ends of a gallery

which crossed the main avenue, where this was low and left it heaped up there, till the faithful could be instructed of the intended change.

CHAPTER V. ABOVE GROUND.

To recover our readers from his long subterra To recover our readers from his long subterra-nean excursion, we must take him with us on another visit, to the "happy Campania," on "Company the blest," (*Campania felix*, like *Arabia felix*) as an old writer might have called it. There we let *Fabolia* perplexed by some sentences: which she had found. They came to her like a letter from another world; she hardly knew of what character. She wished to learn more about them, but she hardly durst inquire. Many witters called the next day, and for several learn more about them, but she hardly durst indure. Many visitors called the next day, and for several days after, and she often thought of putting before some or other of them the mysterious sentences, but she could not bring herself to do it.

she could not bring herself to do it. A lady, whose life was like her own, philosophic-ally correct, and coldly virtuous, came; and they talked together over the fashionable opinions of the day. She took ont her vellum page to puzzle her; but she shrank from submitting it to her: it felt but she shrank from submitting it to her: it felt profane to do so. A learned man, well read in all branches of science and literature, paid her a long visit, and spoke very charmingly on the sublimer views of the older schools. She was tempted to consult him about her discovery; but it seemed to contain something higher than he could compre-hend. It was strange that, after all, when wisdom or consolation was to be sought, the noble and haughty Roman lady should turn instinctively to her Christian slave. And so it was now. The first moment they were alone, after several days of com-pany and visits, Fabiola produced her parchment, tree; but she was perfectly calm, as she, looked up

from reading. "That writing," said her mistress, "I got at Chromatius's villa, on the back of a note, probably by mistake. I cannot drive it out of my mind, which

mistake. I cannot drive it but out of my mind, which is quite perplexed by it." "Why should it be so, my noble mistress? Its sense seems plain enough." "Yes; and that very plainness gives me trouble. My natural feelings revolt against this sentiment: I fancy I ought to despise a man, who does not re-sent an injury, and return hatred for hatred. To forcive at most would be much; but to do good in

affectionately and respectfully : "Again, Syra, you have conquered my philosophy." Your wisdom is consistent as it is sublime. A virtue heroic, even when unseen, you propose as the ordinary daily virtue of every one. Men must indeed become more than what gods have been thought to be, to attempt it; but the very idea is worth a whole philosophy. Can you lead me higher than this?" "Oh, far !---far higher still." "And where at length would you leave me?" "Where your heart should tell you, that it had found peace."

CHAPTER VI. DELIBERATIONS.

The persecution had now been some time raging in The persecution had now been some time raging in the East under Dioelesian and Galerius; and the decree, for enkindling it throughout the West, had reached Maximian. But it had been resolved to make this a work, not of repression, but of exter-mination, of the Christian name. It had been determined to spare no one; but cutting off the chiefs of the religion first, to descend down to the wholesale butchery of the poorest classes. It was neces-sary for this purpose to concert measures, that the various engines of destruction might work in cruel harmony : that every possible instrument should be employed to secure completeness to the effort ; and also that the majesty of imperial command should add its grandeur and its terror, to the crushing blow. For this purpose, the emperor, though impatient to begin his work of blood, had yielded to the opinion of his counsellors, that the edict should be kept concealed, till it could be published simultane-ously in every province, and government of the West. The thundercloud, fraught with vengeance, would thus hand for a time, in painful mystery over its intended victims, and then burst suddenly upon them, discharging upon their heads its mingled elements, and its "fire, hail, snow, ice, and boister-

ous blast." It was in the month of November, that Maxi-mian Herculcus convoked the meeting in which his plans had finally to be adjusted. To it were sum-moned the leading officers of his court, and of the state. The principle one, the prefect of the city, had browght with him his son, Corvinus, whom he had promosed to be capatain 2a body of armed purous blast. had brought with him his son, Corvinus, whom he had proposed to be captain of a body of armed pur-suivants, picked out for their savageness and hatred of Christians; who should hunt them out, or down, with unrelenting assiduity. The chief prefects or governors of Sicily, Italy, Spain, and Gaul, were present, to receive their orders. In addition to these, several learned men,philosophers, and orators, among whom was our old acquaintance Calpurnius, had been invited; and many priests, who had come from different parts, to petition for heavier persefrom different parts, to petition for heavier perse-cution, was commanded to attend. The usual residence of the emperors, as we have

seen, was the Paiatine. There was, however, an other much esteemed by them, which Maximian Herculeus in particular preferred. During the reign of Nero, the wealthy senator, Plautius Lateror consolation was to be sought, the none and haughty Roman lady should turn instinctively to her Christian slave. And so it was now. The first moment they were alone, after several days of course pany and visits, Fabiola produced her parchment, and placed it before Syna. There passed over her countenance an emotion not observable to her mis-trace but she was parfectly calm as a head but her and the southern verge of the city; so that from it was a view un-equelled even in the vicinity of Rome. Stretching

across the wavy campagna, here bestrided by colossal aqueducts, crossed by lines of roads, with their fringes of marble tombs, and bespangled all over by glittering villas, set like gems in the dark green enamel of laurel and cypress, the eye reached, at evening, the purple slope of hills on which, as on a couch,lay stretched luxuriously Alba and Tusculum, couch, lay stretched luxuriously Alba and Tusculum, with "their daughters," according to oriental phrase, basking brightly in the setting sun. The craggy range of Sabine mountains on the left, and the golden expanse of the sea on the right, of the be-holder, closed in this perfect landscape. It would be attributing to Maximian a quality which he did not possess, were we to give him credit for loving a residence so admirably situated, through own test for the beautiful. The subendor of the

sent an injury, and return hatred for hatred. To forgive at most would be much; but to do good in return for evil, seems to me an unnatural exaction from human nature. Now, while I feel all this am conscious that I have been brought to esteem you, for conduct exactly the reverse of what I am naturally impled to expect." "Oh, do not talk of me, my dear mistress ; but look at the simple principle; you honor it in others, too. Do you despise, or do you respect, Aristides, for obliging a boorish enemy, by writing, when asked, his own name, on the shell that voted his banishment? Do you, as a Roman lady, contemn, or honour, the name of Coriolanus, for his generous forbarrance to your city ?"

the ten-thousandth time, to an applauding assembly; the stories of murdering and eating infants, of com-mitting foul crimes, of worshipping martyrs' bodies, of adoring an ass's head, and inconsistently eno gh of being unbelievers, and serving no God. These tales were all most firmly believed : though prob-ably their reciters knew perfectly well, they were but good sound heathen lies, very useful in keeping up a horror of Christianity.

but good sound heathen hes, very useful in Keeping up a horror of Christianity. But, at length, up rose the man, who was con-sidered to have most deeply studied the doctrines of the enemy, and best to know their dangerous totics. tactics. He was supposed to have read their own books, and to be drawing up a confutation of their errors, which would fairly crush them. Indeed, so great was his weight with his own side, that when he assented that Christians held any monstrous prin-

preat was his weight with his own side, that when he assented that Christians held any monstrous prin-ciple, had their supreme pontiff in person contra-dicted it, every one would have laughed at the very idea, of taking his word for his own belief, against the assertion of Calpurnius. He struck up a different strain, and his learning quite astonished his fellow-sophists. He had read the original books, he said, not only of the Chris-tians themselves, but of their forefathers, the Jews ; who having come into Egypt in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, to escape from a famine in their own country, through the arts of their leader, Joseph, bought up all the corn, they should live on the straw, by making bricks with it for building a great city. Then Demetrius Phalerius, hearing from them of a great many curious histories of their ancestors, shut up Moses and Aaron, their most learned men, in a tower, having shaved half their beards, till they should write in Greek all their records. These rare books Calpurnius had seen, and he would only menshould write in Greek all their records. These fare books Calpurnius had seen, and he would only men-tion a few facts from them. This race made war upon every king and people, that came in their way; and destroyed them all. It was their princi-ple, if they took a city, to put every one to the sword; and this was all because they were under the government of their ambitious priests; so that when a certain king; Saul, called also Paul, spared a poor captive monarch whose name was Agag, the priests ordered him to be brought out and hewed to pieces.

"Now," continued he, "these Christians are still under the denomination of the same priesthood, and are quite as ready to-day, under their direction to overthrow the great Roman empire, burn us all in the Forum, and even sarrilegiously assail the sacred

and venerable heads of our divine emperors." A thrill of horror ran through the assembly, at this recital. It was soon hushed, as the emperor opened his mouth to speak. "For my part," he said, "I have another and a

stronger reason for my abhorrence of these Chris-tians. They have dared to establish in the heart of the empire, and in this very city, a supreme religi-ous authority, unknown here before, independent of the government of the State, and equally power-ful over their minds as this. Formerly, all ack-nowledged the emperor supreme in religious, as in civil rule. Hence he bears still the title of Pontifex Maximus. But these men have raised up a divided power, and consequently bear but a divided loyalty. I hate, therefore, as a usurpation in my dominions, this sacerdotal sway over my subjects. For I de-clare, that I would rather hear of a new rival starting up to my throne, than of the election of one of these priests in Rome."

This speech, delivered in a harsh grating voice, and with a vulgar foreign accent, was received with immense applause ; and plans were formed for the simultaneous publication of the Edict through the West, and for its complete and exterminating execu-

tion. Then turning sharp upon Tertullus, the emperor said : "Prefect, you said you had some one to pro-pose, for superintending these arrangements, and for merciless dealings with these traitors."

"He is here, sire, my son Corvinus." And Ter-tullus handed the youthful candidate to the grim tyrant's foot-stool, where he knelt. Maximian eyed im keenly, burst into a hideous laugh, and said : Upon my word, I think he'll do. Why, prefect, I had no idea you had such an ugly son. I should think he is just the thing; every quantity of a thorough-paced, unconscientious scapegrace is stamped upon his features."

stamped upon his features." Then turning to Corvinus, who was scarlet with rage, terror, and shame, he said to him : "Mind, you, sirrah, I must have clean work of it ; no hack-

tidings, and conjured up a thousand strange fancies, about the possible topics of his interview. This agitation was not diminished, when, after apologis-ing for his seeming intrusion, he remarked with a smile, that well knowing how already she was suf-ficiently annoved by the many candidates for her hand, he felt regret at the idea, that he was going to add another, yet undeclared, to her list. If this ambiguous preface surprised, and perhaps elated her, she was soon depressed again, upon being told it was the vulgar and stupid Corvinus. For her father, even, litile as he knew how to discriminate characters out of business, had seen enough of him at his late banquet, to characterise him to his daughter by those epithets.

at his late banquet, to characterise him to his daughter by those epithets. Sebastian fearing rather the physical than the moral, activity of Afra's drugs, thought it right to inform her of the compact between the two dabblers in the black art, the principal efficacy of which, however, seemed to consist in drawing money from the purse of a reluctant dupe. He of course said nothing of what related to the Christians in that dialogue. He put her on her guard, and she pro-mised to prevent the nightly excursions of her necromaneer slave. What Afra had engaged to do, she did not for a moment believe it was ever her she did not for a moment believe it was ever her intention to attempt; neither did she fear arts which intention to attempt; netther divise teal and when she utterly despised. Indeed Afra's last soliloquy seemed satisfactorily to prove, that she was deceiv-ing her victim. But she certainly felt indignant at having bargained about by two such vile characters, and having been represented as a grasping avaricious woman, whose price was gold. "I feel," she said at has to Selastian, "how very kind it is of you to come thus to put me on my Indeed Afra's last soliloquy

kind it is of you, to come thus to put me on my guard; and I admire the delicacy with which you have included so disarreally a matter, and the have unfolded so disagreeable a matter, and th gentleness with which you have treated every on oncerned.

"I have only done in this instance," replied the soldier, "what I should have done for any human being,—save him, if possible, from pain and dan-are" ger.

"Your friends, I hope you mean," said Fabiola smiling; "otherwise I fear your whole life would go, in works of unrequited benevolence." "And so let it go; it could not be better spent."

"Surely you are not in earnest, Sebastian. who had ever hated you, and sought you saw one who had ever hated you, and sought your destruction, threatened with a calamity, which would make him harmless, would you stretch out your hand to save, or succor him " "Certainly I would. While God sends His sun-

shine and His rain equally upon his enemies, as upon His friends, shall weak man frame another ule of justice ?" At these words Fabiola wondered ; they were so

like those of her mysterious parelment, they were so with the moral theories of her slave. "You have been in the East, I believe, Sebas-

tian," she asked him rather abruptly ; " was it there that you learnt these principles? For I have one near me, who is yet, by her own choice, a servant, a woman of rare moral preceptions, who has pro pounded to me the same ideas; and she is an Asiatic.² "" "It is not in any distant country that I learnt them; for here I sucked them in with my mother's milk; though, originally, they doubtless came from the East."

"They are certainly beautiful in the abstract," remarked Fabiola ; "but death would overtake us before we could half carry them out, were we to

make them our principles of conduct." "And how better could death find us, though not surprise us, than in thus doing our duty, even

"For my part," resumed the lady, "I am of the old Epicurean poet's mind. This world is a banquet, from which I shall be ready to depart when I have had my fill-*utcouvivastur*, ("As a setted guest")-and not till then. I wish to read life's book through, and close it calmly, only when I have finished its

last page." Sebastian shook his head, smiling, and said, "The Sebastian shock his head, shifing, and said, 'The last page of this world's book comes but in the middle of the volume, wherever 'death' may hap-pen to be written. But on the next page begins the illuminated book of a new life—without a last page."

To be Continued.

ST. AMBROSE, BISHOP.

ing and hewing, no blundering. I pay up well, if I am well served; but I pay off well, too, if badly served. So now go; and remember, that if your governor of Milan A, p. 374, when a bishop was to be chosen for that great see. As the Arian heretics were many and fierce, he was present to preserve order during the election. Though only a catechumen, it was the will of God that he should himself be chosen by acclamation; and, in spite of his utmost resist ance, he was baptized and consecrated. He rose at once to the full height of his office, gave all his goods to the poor, and led a life of singular austerity, penance and humility. He was unwearied in every duty of a pastor, full of sympathy and charity, gentle conde-scending in things indifferent, but inflexible in matters of principle. He showed his fearless zeal in braving the anger of the Empress Justina, by resisting and foiling her impious attempt to give one of the churches of Milan Arians, and by reburking and leading to the to penance the really great Emperor Theodoius. He was the friend and consoler of St. Monica in all her sorrows, and in 387 he had the joys of admitting to the Church her son, St. Augustine, who has left us in his Confession a living picture of the life and work of the Saint, and attest the miracles which followed his discovery of the bodies of St. Gervasius and Prostasius A. D. 386. He died A. D. 397. full of years and of honors, and is revered by the Church of God as one of her greatest Doctors.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13.]

FRIDA

LAD M

We are en regard to di those who ca what to cho chase much tiest is succ tier still. I in many ye the manufa now bear th other of the England, F stuffs of brocades f Turkey. Five feet si of the aver cannot bea ders. All kind than ever, lace worn arrival of Unfortu father ano never was were alive Sashes h class of ch conversati words to t The lon receptions Awkward entertain

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them; that is the grace of God. It is not difficult

to interpret this picture." "But what makes this emblem such a particular favorite ?" asked Tiburtus.

We consider this, and similar paintings, to belong

"We consider this, and similar paintings to belong chiefly to the time, when the Novatian heresy so much plagued the Church," answered Severus. "And pray what heresy is that ?" asked Tor-quatus, carelessly; for he thought he was losing

time. "It was, and indeed is, the heresy," answered Paneratius, "that teaches, that there are sins which the Church has not power to forgive; which are too great for God to pardon." Paneratius was not aware of the effect of his

Description of the particit." Pancratius was not aware of the effect of his words; but Severus, who never took off his eye from Torquatus, saw the blood come and go violent-be in his company.

in his countenance. "Is that a heresy ?" asked the traitor, confused. "Surely a dreadful one," replied Paneratius, " to limit the mercy and forgiveness of Him, who came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance. The Catholic Church has always held, that a sinner, however dark the dye, however huge the mass, of his

ever dark the dyc, however huge the mass, of his crimes, on truly repenting, may receive forgive-ness, through the penitential remedy left in her hands. And, therefore, she has always so much loved this type of the Good Shepherd, ready to run into the wilderness, to bring back a a lost sheep. "But suppose," said Torquatus, evidently, moved, "that one who had become a Christian, and received the sacred Gift, were to fall away, and plunge into vice, and—and"—(his voice faltered)—" almost betray his brethren, would not the Church reject work a cue from hote ?"

such a one from hope l" "No, no," answered the youth ; "these are the very crimes, which the Novatians insult the Cath-olics for admitting to pardon, The Church is a mother, with her arms open to re-embrace her erring children.'

There was a tear trembling in Torquatus's eye his lips quivered with the confession of his guilt, which ascended to them for a moment; but as if a black poisonous drop rose up his throat with it and black poisonous drop rose up his throat with it and checked him, he changed in a moment to a hard, obstinate look, bit his lip, and said, with an effort at coolness, "It is certainly a consoling doctrine for those that need it."

these that need it." Severus alone observed that a moment of grace had been forfeited, and that some despairing thought had quenched a flash of hope, in that man's heart. Diogenes and Majus, who had been absent, looking The mean status who had been absent, looking at a new place for opening a gallery near now re-turned. Torquatus addressed the old master-digger : "We have now seen the galleries and the cham-bers ; I am anxious to visit the church in, which we shall have to assemble."

The unconscious excavator was going to lead the way, when the inexorable artist interposed.

way, when the inexotatole artist interposed. "I think, father, it is too late for to-day; you know we have got our work to do. These young friends will excuse us, especially as they will see the church in good time, and in better order also, as the holy Pontiff intends to officiate in it."

forbearance to your city ?" "I venerate both, most truly, Syra; but then you know those were heroes, and not every-day

en." "And why should we not all be heroes?" asked Syra, laughing. "Bless me, child ! what a world we should live

in, if we were. It is very pleasant reading about the feats of such wonderful people; but one would be very sorry to see them performed by common men, every day."

men, every day." "Why so? pressed the servant. "Why so? would you like to find a baby she was nursing, playing with, or strangling, serpents in the cradle? I should be very sorry to have a gen-tleman, whom I invited to dinner, telling me coolly he had that morning killed a minotaur, or strangled a hydra; or to have a friend offering to send the Tiber through my stables, to cleanse them. Preserve us from a generation of heroes, say L" And Fabiola laughed heartily at the conceit. In the same good

"But suppose we had the misfortune to live in a country where such monsters existed, centaurs and minotaurs, hydras and dragons. Would it not be better that common men should be herees, enough to conquer them, than that we should have to send off to the other side of the world, for a The Hercules, to destroy them ? In fact, in that case, a man would be no more a hero if he fought them, than a lion-slayer is in my country." "Quite true, Syra; but I do not see the application of your idea.'

tion of your idea." "It is this; anger, hatred, revenge, ambition, avarice, are to my mind as complete monsters, as serpents or dragons; and they attack common men much as great ones. Why should not I try to be a able to conquer them, as Aristides, or Coriolanus, r Cincinnatus ? Why leave it to heroes, to do Cincinnatus?

what we can do as well?" "And do you realiy hold this as a common moral principle? If so, I fear you will soar too high "No dear lady. You were startled when I ven-

tured to maintain that inward and unseen virtue was as necesary as the outward and visible : I fear I must surprise you still more." "Go on and do not fear to tell me all."

"Well, then, the principle of that system which I profess is this : that we must treat, and practise, as every-day and common virtue, may as simple duty, whatever any other code, the purest and subli-mest that may be considers hereic, and 'proof of transcendent virtue.''' "That is indeed a sublime standard to from, of

That is indeed a submit studiated to hole, of moral elevation; but mark the difference between the two cases. The hero is supported by the praises of the world : his act is recorded and transmitted to posterity, when he checks his passions, and performs a sublime action. But who sees, cares for, or shall requite the poor obscure wretch, who in humble

secrecy initiates his conduct l" Syra, with solemn, reverential look and gesture, raised her eyes and her right hand to beaven, and point where they had turned off from the first straight gallery to visit the ornamented chamber, Diognes stopped the party, turned a few steps along

which made his surname Herculeus most appropri-ate, he had been raised to the purple by his brotherparbarian Diocles, known as the emperor Dioclesian. Like him, covetous to meanness, and spendthrift to

recklessness, addicted to the same coarse vices and foul crimes, which a Christian pen refuses to record, without restraint of any passion, without sense of justice, or feeling of humanity, this monster had

never ceased to oppress, persecute, and slay who-ever stood in his way. To him the coming perse-cution looked like an approaching feast does to a glutton, who requires the excitement of a surfeit, to relieve the monotony of daily excess. Gigantic in frame, with the well-known features of his race, with the hair on his head and face more yellow than red, shaggy and wild, like tufts of straw, with eyes estlessly rolling in a compound expression of suspicion, profligacy, and ferocity, this almost last of Rome's tyrants struck terror into the heart of any beholder, except a Christian. Is it wonderful that he hated the race and its name? In the large basilica, or hall, then, of the .Edes

In the large basilica, or hall, then, of the lattes Lateranae, (the Lateran house or palace) Maximian met his motley conneil, in which secrecy was en-sured by penalty of death. In the semicircle apse at the upper end of the hall, sat the emperor, on an ivory throne richly adorned, and before him were arranged his obsequious and almost trembling ad-visers. A chosen body of guards kept the entrance visers. A chosen body of guards kept the entrance; and the officer in command, Sebastian, was leaning negligently against it on the inside, but carefully

hegingently against it of the spoken. Little did the emperor think, that the hall in which he sat, and which he afterwards gave, with the contiguous palace, to Constantine, as part of the dowry of his daughter, Fausta, would be transferred by him to the head of the religion he was planning to extirpate, and become, retaining its name of the Lateran Basilica, the cathedral of Rome "of all the churches of the city and of the world the mother and chief." Itscription on the front, and medals, of the Lateran Basilica. Little did he imagine, that on the spot whereon rested his throne, would be raised a Chair, whence commands should issue, to

reach worlds unknown to Roman sway, from an

reach worlds unknown to Roman sway, from an immortal race of sovercings, spiritual and temporal. Precedence was granted, by religious courtesy, to the priests; each of whom had his tale to tell. Here a river had overflowed its backs, and done much mischief to the neighboring plain s; there an earth-quake had thrown down part of a town; on the northern frontiers the barbarians threatened in-vasion; at the south, the plane was threadened invasion; at the south, the plague was ravaging the pious population. In every instance, the oracles had declared, that it was all owing to the Christians, whose toleration irritated the gods, and whose evil In every instance, th harms brought calamity on the empire. Nay, some had afflicted their votaries by openly proclaiming, that they would utter no more, till the odious Nazarens had been exterminated; and the great Delphic oracle had not hesitated to declare, "the Just did

not allow the gods to speak." Next came the philosophers and orators, each of whom made his long-winded oration ; during which Maximian gave unequivocal signs of weariness. But

back can answer for a small fault, your head will for a greater. The lictors' *fasces* contain an axe as well as rods." The emperor rose to depart, when his eves caught

Fulvius, who had been summoned as a paid court-spy, but who kept as much in the back-ground as possible. "Ho, there, my castern worthy," he alled out to him: "draw nearer."

called out to him; "draw nearer." Fulvius obeyed with apparent cheerfulness, but with real reluctance; much the same as if he had with real reductance; much the same as if he had been invited to go very near a tiger, the ssrength of whose chain he was not quite sure about. He had seen, from the beginning, that his coming to Rome had not been acceptable to Marimian, though he knew not fully the cause. It was not merely that the tyrant had plenty of favorites of his own to en-rich, and snices to nay, without Diodesian's surding ich, and spies to pay, without Dioclesian's sending tim more from Asia, though this had its weight;but it was more. He believed in his heart that Fulvius had been sent principally to act the spy upon him and been sent principally to act the spy upon mini-self, and to report to Nicomedia the sayings and doings of his court. While, therefore, he was obliged to tolerate him, and employ him, he mis-trusted, and disliked him, which in him was equialent to hating him. It was some compensation herefore, to Corvinus, when he heard his more polished confederate publicly addressed, as rudely

as himself, in the following terms : "None of your smooth, put-on looks for me, fellow. I want deeds, not smiths. You came here a famous plot-hunter, a sort of stoat, to pull conis a famous piot-numer, a sort of stoat, to put con-pirators out of their nests, or suck their eggs for ne. I have seen nothing of this so far; and yet you have had lots of money to set you up in business. These Christians will afford you plenty of game ; so These Curistians will allord you pienty of game ; so make yourself ready, and let us see what you can do. You know my ways; you had better look sharp about you, therefore, or you may have some-thing very sharp before you. The praperty of the convicted will be divided between the accusers and he treasury; unless I see particular reasons for tak-ng the whole to myself. Now you may go." Most thought that these particular reasons would turn out to be very general.

CHAPTER VII. DARK DEATH.

A few days after Fabiola's return from the country, Sebastian considered it his duty to wait upon her, to communicate so much of the dialogue etween Corvinus and her black slave, as he could without causing unnecessary mischief. We have already observed, that of the many noble youths whom Fabiola had met in her father's house, had excited her admiration and respect except

Schastian. So frank, so generous, so brave, yet so inboasting, so gentle, so kind in acts and speech, so unselfish and so careful of others, blending so comtely in one character nobleness and simplicity, igh wisdom and practical sense, he seemed to he

the most finished type of manly virtue one which would not easily suffer by time, nor tire by familiarity. When, therefore, it was announced to her that

why such "Its raise, who is in factor, who is inference integration of the bad held a similar integrating theld a similar integration of the bad held a similar integrat

Whence came to St. Ambrose his grandeur of mind, his clearness of insight, his intrepidity n maintaining the faith and discipline of the hnrch? Whence but from his contempt of the world, from his fearing God alone?

'The fear of God sets us free from the fear of His enemies."—St. Ambrose. Theodosius had, in a moment of irritation,

punished most cruelly a sedition of the inhabitants of Thessalonica. St. Ambrose, regardless of his own safety, remonstrated with him firmly, separated him from the communion of the Church, and would not restore him until he had done suitable penance. Theodosius, who had many noble and generous qualities, revered him as the only real bishop, he said, he had met with, followed his advice in all things, and at last died in his arms.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear him; He is their powerful protector and strong stay, a defence from the heat, and a cover from the sun at noon."-Eccels, xxxiv. 19.

The thinest skin known is the skin of a tooth by which people occasionally make such narrow escapes.