

Diog. Noble Sebastian!

No earthly feeling, then, can change his purpose?

Christ. Nay, he has none; his soul is all in Heaven.

For worldly love or fame he deems them light

As summer dust. He sees his pathway clear,

And, living martyr as he truly is,

'Tis not for us to press our own desire

Against his higher knowledge

Diog. No, God forbid! Those who soar so near Heaven,

My friend, take some of its light down with them,

Be sure. When shall I see you again?

Christ. Right soon. I am for the Palatine, and if

I may I will penetrate to the martyr's presence

And get his blessing. Farewell for a little.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII.—IN FRONT OF PALATINE—A CROWD OF LIC-
TORS, GUARDS, &c.—SEBASTIAN, PALE AND BANDAGED,
APPEARS IN A GALLERY OVERLOOKING THE CROWD.

Lictors. Way for the divine Emperor!

(*MAXIMIAN slowly descends the steps. Petitions
are thrust forward on every side.*)

Sebastian. (*In a sepulchral voice.*) Maximian!

Maximian. Who art thou that so profane our name?

Seb. One from the dead, come hither to confront thee!

Max. Sebastian!

Seb. A day of vengeance is at hand, Maximian.

Attend my words. Thou hast destroyed the just.

The blood of saints incarnadines thy hand.