THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

words of Miriam, eagerly asked, "Where is he ?" "He is gone again," was the reply. The lady's countenance fell. "But how," she

The is gone again, "was the reply. The lady's countenance fell. "But how," she asked again, "do you know jit was he ?" The ex-cavator replied : "In the course of the morning I noticed, among the crowd, a man not yet fifty, but worn by mcrti-fication and sorrow, to premature old age. His hair was nearly grey, as was his long beard. His dress was eastern, and he wore the cloak which the monks from that country usually do. When he came be-fore the tomb of Agnes, he flung himself upon the pavement with such a passion of tears, such groans, such sobs, as moved all around to compassion. Many approached him, and whispered, 'Brother, thou art in great distress ; weep not so, the saint is merciful.' Others said to him, 'We will all pray for thee, fear not.' (This scene is described from reality.) But he seemed to be beyond comfort. I thought to myself, surely in the presence of so thought to myself, surely in the presence of so gentle and kind a saint, none ought to be thus dis-"Go on, go on," broke in Fabiola ; "what did he next?

"After a long time," continued the fossor, "h arose, and drawing from his besom a most beautiful and sparkling ring, he laid it on her tomb. I thought I had seen it before, many years ago."

" And then ?"

"Turning round he saw me, and recognised my "Turning round he saw me, and recognised my dress. He approached me, and I could feel him trembling, as, without looking in my face, he timid-ly asked me, 'Brother, knowest thou if there lie buried any where here about a maiden from Syria, called Miriam ? I pointed silently to the tomb. After a pause of great pain to himself, so agitated now that his voice faltered, he asked me again. 'Knowest thou, brother, of what she died?' 'Of con-sumption,' I replied. 'Thank God !' he ejaculated, with the sigh of relieved anguish, and fell prostrate on the ground. Here too he moaned and cried for more than an hour, then approaching the tomb, af-fectionately kissed its cover, and retired." fectionately kissed its cover, and retired." "It is he, Torquatus, it is he !" warmly exclaimed Fabiola : "why did you not detain him ?"

"aboota : "why did you not detain him ?" "I durst not, lady; after I had once seen his face, I had not courage to meet his eye But I am sure he will return again ; for he went towards the city." "He must be found," concluded Fabiola. "Dear Miriam, thou hadst, then, this consoling foresight in death !"

THE STRANGER IN ROME.

Early next morning, the pilgrim was passing through the Forum, when he saw a group of persons gathered round one whom they were evidently teaz-ing He would have paid but little attention to such a scene in a public thoroughfare, had not his ear aught a name familiar to it. He therefore drew nigh. In the centre was a man, younger than him-self ; but if *les* looked older than he was, from being wan and attenuated, the other did so much more wan and attenuated, the other works so match hole from being the very contrary. He was bald and bloated, with a face swelled, and red, and covered with blotches and boils. A drunken cunning swam in his eye, and his gait and tone were those of a man habitually intoxicated. His clothes were dirty,

man habitually intoxicated. In scotties were unity, and his whole person neglected. "Ay, ay, Corvinus," one youth was saying to him, "won't you get your deserts, now? Have you not heard that Constantine is coming this year to Rome, and don't you think the Christians will have

their turn about, now ?" "Not they," answered the man we have described, "they have not the pluck for it. I remember we feared it, when Constantine published his first edict, after the death of Maxentius, about liberty for the Christians, but next year he put us out of fear, by declaring all religions to be equally permitted."

(Easebias, *ubi sup.*) "That is all very well," interposed another, de-termined further to plague him, "as a general rule; but is it not supposed that he is going to look up those who took an active part in the late persecu-tion, and have the *lex talionis* (The law of retaliation, such as was prescribed, also in the Mosaic law, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," &c.) executed eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, ".«.) executed on them; stripe for stripe, burning for burning, and wild beast for wild beast ?" "Who says so ?" asked Corvinus, turning pale. "Why, it would surely be very natural," said

one.

known to you, as soon as the physician has seen you, for he is approaching." The doctor saw him, dressed the wound, but gave

The doctor saw him, dressed the wound, but gave little hope of recovery, especially in a patient whose very blood was tainted by intemperance. The stranger now resumed his seat beside him, and spoke of the mercy of God, and His readiness to forgive the worst of sinners; whereof he himself was a living proof. The unhappy man seemed to be in a sort of stupor; if he listened, not compre-hending what was said. At length hi, kind instruc-tor having expounded to him the fundamental mytor, having expounded to him the fundamental my-steries of Christianity, in hope, rather than certainty.

steries of Christianity, in hope, failed than to say, of being attended to, went on to say, "And now, Corvinus, you will ask me, how is forgiveness to be applied to one who believes all this? It is by Baptism, by being born again of water and the Holy Ghost."

than a moan. "Water! water! no water for me! Take it away." And a strong spasm seized the patient's throat.

of persons confined to their beds, was administered of persons confined to their beds, was administered by pouring or sprinkling the water on the head. See Bingham, book xi. c. 11.) a few drops suffice, not more than is in this pitcher." And he showed him the water in a small vessel. At the sight of it, the patient writhed and foamed at the mouth, and the patient writing and roamed at the mouth, and was shaken by a violent convulsion. The sounds that proceeded from him, resembled a howl from a wild beast, more than any utterance of humar. lips. The pilgrim saw at once that hydrophobia, with The pigmin saw at once that hydrophold, with all its horrible symptoms, had come upon the pa-tient, from the bite of the enraged animal. It was with difficulty that he and the servant could hold him down at times. Occasionally he broke out into frightful paroxysms of blasphemous violence against God and man. And then, when this subsided, he would a on meaning thus.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14]

FRIDAY, M

FISH CHOWDE

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HOUS

singing the Divine praises, contemplation, and the labor of their hands. Severe penance for our past transgressions, fasting, mourning, and prayer form the great duty of our penitential state. Have you heard of such men here ?"

"The fame of holy Paul and Anthony is as great in the West as in the East," replied the haly. "It is with the greatest disciple of the latter that I have lived, supported by his great example, and the consolation he has given me. But one thought troubled me, and prevented my feelings complete assurance of safety, even after years of expiniton. Before I left Rome I had contracted a heavy debt, which must have been accumulating at a frightful rate of interest, till it had reached an overwhelming amount. Yet it was an obligation deliberately conamount. Yet it was an obligation deliberately con-tracted, and not to be justly evaded. I was a poor tracted, and not to be justly evaded. I was a poor cenobite, (the religious who lived in community, or common life, were so called), barely living on the produce of the few palm-leaf mats that I could weave, and the scanty herbs that would grow in the sand. How could I discharge my obligations ? "Only one means remained. I could give my-self up to my creditor as a slave, to labor for him and endurt has blows and scenario parenacles in

and endurt his blows and scornful reproaches in patience, or to be sold by him for my value, for I am yet strong. In either case, I should have had my Saviour's example to cheer and support me. At any rate, I should have given up all that I had—

At any rate, I should have given up all that I had-myself. "I went this morning to the Forum, found my creditor's son, examined his accounts, and found that you had discharged my debt in full. I am, therefore, your bondsman, Lady Fabiola, instead of the Jew's." And he knelt humbly at her feet. "Rise, rise," said Fabiola, turning away her weep-ing eyes. "You are no bondsman of mine, but a dear brother in our common Lord." Then sitting down with him, she said: "Orontius, I have a great favour to ask from you. Give me some account of how you were brought to that life.

some account of how you were brought to that life, which you have so generously embraced."

"I will obey you as briefly as possible. I fled, as you know, one sorrowful night from Rome, accom-panied by a man"—his voice choked him. "I know, I know whom you mean,—Eurotas," interrupted Fabiola.

<text> heart, for having spared me. "That old man was Hilarion, a native of Gaza, who, having spent many years with the holy Anwho, having spent many years with the holy An-thony in Egypt, had that year (A. D. 303), returned to establish the cenobitic and eremitical life in his own country, and had already collected several discip-les. They lived in the caves hard by, and took their refection under the shade of those palms, and soft-ened their dry food in the water of that fountain. "Their kindness to me, their cheerful piety, their her here were no no as a proceeded is any the holy lives, won on me as I recovered. I saw the religion which I had persecuted in a sublime form; and rapidly recalled to mind the instructions of my dear mother, and the example of my sister ; so that yielding to grace, I bewailed my sins at the feet of God's minister, (confession of sins in private was made before baptism. See Bingham, Origines, b. xi. ch. viji, § 14), and received baptism on Easter-eve." ch. vin. § (4), and received appliant on Easter-evel. "Then we are doubly brethren, nay twin children of the Church; for I was born to eternal life, also, on that day. But what do you intend to do now ?" "Set out this evening on my return, I have ac-complished the two objects of my journey. The first was to cancel my debt; my second was to lay an offering on the shrine of Agnes. You will re-Inst was to cancel my debt; my second was to lay an offering on the shrine of Agnes. You will re-member," he added, smiling, "that your good father unintentionally deceived me into the idea, that she coveted the jewels I displayed. Fool that I was! But I resolved, after my conversion, that she should possess the best that remained; so I brought it to her." brought it to her." "But have you means for your journey ?" asked the lady, timidly. "Abundant," he replied, "in the charity of the faithful. I have letters from the Bishop of Gaza, faithful. I have letters from the Bishop of Gaza, which procure me everywhere sustenance and lodg-ing; but I will accept from you a cup of water and a morsel of bread, in the name of a disciple." They rose, and were advancing towards the house, when a woman rushed madly through the shrubs, and fell at their feet, exclaiming, "Oh, save me ! dear mistress, save me ! He is pursuing me, to kill me !"

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

But a merciful Father knows how to blend our joys and sorrows, and sends us the latter when He has best prepared us for them. In that warm em-brace which we have mentioned, she for the first time noticed the shortened breath, and heaving chest of her dear sister. She would not dwell upon it in her thoughts, but sent to beg Dionysius to come on the morrow. That evening they all kept their Easter banquet together, and Fabiola felt happy to preside at Miriam's side over a table, at which reclined or sat her own converted slaves, and which reclined or sat her own converted slaves, and those of Agnes's household, all of whom she had re-She never remembered having enjoyed so tained.

delightful a supper. Early next morning, Miriam called Fabiola to her side, and with a fond, caressing manner, which she had never before displayed, said to her : " My dear sister, what will you do, when I have left rear 20

left you ?'

Poor Fabiola was overpowered with grief. "Are Poor Fabiola was overpowered with grief. "Are you then going to leave 1 had hoped we should live for ever as sisters together. But if you wish to leave Rome, may I not accompany you, at least to nurse you, to serve you?"

Miriam smiled, but a tear was in her eye, as taking her sister's hand, she pointed up towards heaven Fabiola understood her, and said: "O, no, no, dear Fabiola understood her, and said: "O, no, no, dear-est sister. Pray to God, who will refuse you noth-ing, that I may not lose you. It is selfish, I know ; but what can I do without you? And now too, that I have learnt how much they who reign with Christ can do for us by intercession, I will pray to Agnes* and Sebastian, to interpose for me, and avert so great a calamity. avert so great a calamity.

- ert so great a canamity.
 "Agnæ sepulekrum est Romulca in domo, Fortis puellæ, martyris inclitæ.
 Conspectu in lpso condita turrium Servat salutem virgo Quiritum i Necenon et ipsos protegit advenas, Puro ac fideli pectore supplices." *Puro ac fideli pector* supplices." Prudentiu
- The tomb of Agnes graces Rot the tomb of Ages a marter great. A maiden brave of bastioned gate, from harm the virgin shields her home; Sor to the stranger help denics, if sought with pure and faithful sighs."

VICTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGER FROM THE EAST.

PART THIRD.

We appear to ourselves to be walking in solitude One by one, those whose words and actions, and even thoughts, have hitherto accompanied and sustained us, have dropped off, and the prospect around looks very dreary. But is all this unnatural? We looks very dreary. But is all this unnatural? We have been describing not an ordinary period of peace and every-day life, but one of warfare, strife, and battle. Is it unnatural that the bravest, the most heroic, should have fallen thick around us? We have been reviving the memory of the cruellest persecution which the Church ever suffered, when it was proposed to erect a column bearing the inon that the Christian name had been extin script guished. Is it strange that the holiest and purest should have been the earliest to be crowned? guished.

should have been the earliest to be crowned? And yet the Church of Christ has still to sustain many years of sharper persecution than we have described. A succession of tyrants and oppressors kept up the fearful war upon her, without inter-mission, in one part of the world or another for twenty years, even after Constantine had checked it wherever his power reached. Dioclesian, Gale-rius, Maximinus, and Licinius in the Eeast, Maxi-mian and Maxentins in the West, allowed no rest to the Christians under their several dominions. Like one of those rolling storms which go over half the world, visiting various countries with their ravaging energy, while their gloomy forboding or sullen wake

world, visiting various countries with their ravaging energy, while their gloomy forboding or sullen wake simultaneously overshadow them all, so did this persecution wreak its fury first on one country, then on another, destroying every thing Christian, passing from Italy to Africa, from Upper Asia to Palestine, Egypt, and then back to Armenia, while it left no place in actual peace, but hung like a blighting storm-cloud over the entire empire. And yet the Church increased, prospered, and de-fied this world of sin. Pontiff stepped after Pontiff at once upon the footstool of the papal throne and upon the scaffold ; councils were held in the dark halls of the catacombs; bishops came to Rome, at risk of their lives, to consult the successor of St. Peter; letters were exchanged between Churches far distant and the supreme Ruler of Christendom, and between different Churches, full of sympathy, en-couragement and affection ; bishop succeeded bishop couragement and affection; bishop succeeded bishop in his see, and ordained priests and other minister to the place of the fallen, and be a mark set upon the bulwarks of the city for the enemy's aim ; and the work of Christ's imperishable kingdom went on without interruption and without fear of extinction.

Indeed it was in the midst of all these alarms and onflicts, that the foundations were being laid of a nighty system, destined to produce stupendous ef-cets in after ages. The persecution drove many rom the cities, into the deserts, of Egypt, where from the cities, into the deserts, of Egypt, where the monastic state grew up, so as to make "the wilderness rejoice and flourish like the lily, bud forth and blossom, and rejoice with joy and praise." (Isaiah xxxv. 1 2.) And so, when Dioclesian had been degraded from the purple, and had died a peevish destitute old man, and Galdrius had been eaten up alive by ulcers and worms and had ac-knowledged, by public edict, the failure of his at-tempts, and Maximiam Herculeus had strangled himself, and Maxentius had perished in the Tiber, and Maximinus had expired anidst tortures inflicted and Maximinus had expired anidst tortures inflicted by Divine justice equal to any he had inflicted on Christians, his very eyes having started from their sockets, and Licinus had been put to death by Con-stantine ; the spouse of Christ, whom they had all conspired to destroy, stood young and blooming as ever, about to enter into her great career of univeral diffusion and rule. It was in the year 313 that Constantine, having

It was in the year 313 that Constantine, having defeated Maxentins, gave full liberty to the Church. Even if ancient writers had not described it, we may imagine the joy and gratitude of the poor Christians on this great change. It was like the coming forth, and tearful though happy greeting, of the inhabitants of a city decimated by plague, when proclamation has gone forth that the infection has ceased. For here, after ten years of separation and concealment, when families could scareely meet in the cemeteries nearest to them. many did not in the cemeteries nearest to them, many did not know who among friends or kinsfolk had fallen victims, or who might yet survive. Timid at first, and then more courageous, they ventured forth ; soon the places of old assembly, which children born oon the plates of our assembly, where cleansed, or repaired, refitted and reconciled (The ceremony ployed after desecration), and opened to public, and now fearless, worship. Constantine also ordered all property, public or private, belonging to Christians and confiscated, to be restored ; but with the wise provision that the actual holders should be indemnified by the imperial treasury. (Euseb. H. E. lib. x. c. 5.) The Church was soon in motion to bring out all the resources of er beautiful forms and institutions ; and either the existing basilicas were converted to her uses, es were built on the most cherished spots of Rome ones were outly on the most cherished spots of Rome Let not the reader fear that we are going to lead him forward into a long history. This will belong to some one better qualified, for the task of unfold-ing the grandeur and charms of free and unfettered Ing the grandeur and charms of rice and unrefered Christianity. We have only to show the land of promise from above, spread like an inviting para-dise before our feet; we are not the Josue that must lead others in. The little that we have to add in lead others in. The little that we have to add in this brief third part of our humble book, is barely

He Knows.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS POEM ?

I know not what will befall me; God hangs a mist o'er And o'er cach step of my onward path He makes new secres to rise; And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year; But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His merey shall clear; And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future has less bitterness than I think ; I think; The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink, Or, if Marah must be Marah, 'He' will stand beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet, Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strange-ly sweet, That my lips can only [tremble] with the thanks I can-not speak.

O, restful blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me

go, And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which love me so.

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I wodld rather walk with Him_by_faith, than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose: So I send the coming tears back with the whispered words—"He knows."

> FABIOLA: OR

"What?" exclaimed the sick man loathingly. "By being washed in the laver of regenerating

He was interrupted by a convulsive growl rather

patient's throat. His attendent was alarmed, but sought to calm him. "Think not," he said, "that you are to be taken hence in your present fever, and to be plung-ed into water" (the sick man shuddered and moan-ed); "in clinical baptism, (Clinical baptism, or that him.

"Do get well': I am sure there is nothin "Do get well: I am sure there is nothing serious in the matter; the warm weather, and the genial climate of Campania will soon restore you. We will sit together by the spring, and talk over better things than philosophy. Miriam shook her head, not mournfully, but

cheerfully, as she replied :

"Do not flatter yourself, dearest ; God has spared me till I should see this happy day. But His hand is on me now for death, as it has been hitherto for life ; and I hail it with joy. I know too well the "Oh ! let it not be so soon !" sobbed out Fabiola.

"Not while you have on your white gament, dear sister," answered Miriam. "I know you would wish to mourn for me ; but I would not rob

you of one hour of your mystic whiteness." Dionysius came, and saw a great change in his patient, whom he had not visited for some time. It patient, whom he had not visited for some time. If was as he had feared it might be. The insidious point of the dagger had curled round the bone, and injured the pleura; and phythisis had rapidly set in. He confirmed Miriam's most serious anticipations. Fabiola went to pray for resignation at the sepul-ders of Armes ; she wraved long, and fervently, and

chre of Agnes ; she prayed long and fervently, and with many tears, then returned. " she said with firmness, "God's will be

Sister, done. I am ready to resign even you to Him. Now, tell me, I entreat you, what would you have me do, after you are taken from me ?"

Miriam looked up to heaven, and answered, "Lay my body at the feet of Agnes, and remain to watch over us, to pray to her, and for me; until a stranger shall arrive from the East, the bearer of good tid-

ings." On the Sunday following, "Sunday of the white garments," Dionysius celebrated, by special permis-sion, the sacred mysteries in Miriam's room, and administered to her the most holy Communion, as her viaticum. This private celebration, as we know from St. Augustine and others, was not a rare priv-ilege. (St. Ambrose said Mass in the house of a lady beyond the Tiber.) Afterwards, he anointed her with oil, accompanied by prayer, the last Sacra ment which the Church bestow

Fabiola and the household who had attended these solemn rites, with tears and prayers, now descended into the crypt, and after the divine offices returned

to Miriam in their darker raiment. "The hour is come," said she, taking Fabiola's hand. "Forgive me, if I have been wanting in duty to you, and in good example." This was more than Fabiola could stand, and she

This was more than ratio a could stand, and she burst into tears. Miriam soothed her, and said, "Put to my lips the sign of salvation when I can speak no more; and, good Dionysius, remember me at God's altar when I am departed."

He prayed at her side, and she replied, till at length her voice failed her. But her lips moved, length her voice failed her. But her lips moved, and she pressed them on the cross presented to her. She looked serene and joyful, till at length raising her hand to her forehead, then bringing it to he breast, it fell dead there, in making the saving sign. A smile passed over her face, and she expired, as thousands of Christ's children have expired since,

what is necessary for its completion. We will then suppose ourselves arrived at the year 318, fifteen years after our last scene of death. and permanent laws have given security to the Christian religion, and the Church is like

more fully establishing her organisation. Many who on the return of peace had hung down ther heads, having by some act of weak condescension escaped death, had by this time explated their fall penance; and now and then an aged stranger uld be saluted reverently by the passers-by, when they saw that his right eye had been burnt out, or his hand mutilated; or when his halting gait showed that the tendons of the knee had been severed, in that the tendons of the knee had been severed, in the late persecution, for Christ's sake. (In the East, some governors wearied with wholesale murders, adopted this more merciful way of treating Christ-ians towards the end of the persecution. See *Euse*-

If at this period our friendly reader will follow us out of the Nometan gate, to the valley with which he is already acquainted, he will find sad havoor among the beautiful trees and flower-beds of Fabiamong the beautiful research and how the standing up in place of a's villa. Scaffold-poles are standing up in place of the first ; bricks, marbles, and columns lie upon the latter. Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, had prayed at St. Agnes's tomb, when not yet a Christian, to beg the cure of a virulent ulcer, had Christian, to begine the of a vision, and completely cured, been refreshed by a vision, and completely cured. Being now baptised, she was repaying her debt of gratitude, by building over her tomb her beautiful basilica. Still the faithful had access to the crypt in which she was buried; and great was the course of pilgrims, that came from all parts of the world.

One afternoon, when Fabiola returned from the city to her villa, after spending the day in attending to the sick, in an hospital established in her own house, the *fossor*, who had charge of the cemetery, thousands of Christ's children have expired since, Fabiola mourned much over her; but this time she mourned as they do who have hope. (Paulinus, in his Life, tom. ii. Oper. ed. Bened.) St. Augustine mentions a priest's saying Mass in a house supposed to be infested with evil spirits. De Gie. D. lib. xxii. c. 8.

"And very just," added another

"And very just," added another "Oh, never mind," said Corvinus, " they will al-ways let one off for turning Christian. And, I am sure, I would turn any thing, rather than stand—" " "Where Paneratius stood," interposed a third, new making. more malicious.

'Hold your tongue," broke out the drunkard, with a tone of positive rage. "Mention his name again, if you dare !" And he raised his fist, and

ooked furiously at the speake". "Ay, because he told you how you were to die,"

Ay, because he ton you now you were bound, "Heigh! Heigh! a panther here for Corvinus !" All ran away before the human beast, now lashed into fury, more than they would have done from the wild one of the desert. He cursed them, and

the what one of the descrit. The cluster them, and threw stones after them. The pilgrim, from a short distance, watched the close of the scene, then went on. Corvinus moved slower along the same road, that which led towards the Lateran basilica, now the Cathedral of Rome the Lateran basinca, now the Cathedral of Rome. Suddenly a sharp growl was heard, and with it a piercing shrick. As they were passing by the Colis-eum, near the dens of the wild beasts, which were prepared for combats among themselves, on occasion of the emperor's visit, Corvinus, impelled by the morbid emissity natural to presents who consider

morbid curiosity natural to persons who consider themselves victims of some fatality, connected with particular object, approached the cage in which a a particular object, approached the cage in which a splendid panther was kept. He went close to the bars, and provoked the animal, by gestures and words, saying : "Very likely, indeed; that you are to be the death of me! You are very safe in your hen." In that instant, the enraged animal made a spring at him, and through the wide bars of the den, caught his neck and throat in its fangs, and inflicted lacerated wound.

The wretched man was picked up, and carried to The wretened man was blocked up, and current of his lodgings, not far off. The stranger followed him, and found them mean, dirty, and uncomfortable in the extreme; with only an old and decrepit slave, apparently as sottish as his master, to attend him. The stranger sent him out to procure a surgeon, who was long in coming; and, in the meantime, did us best to staunch the blood.

Ins best to staunch the blood. While he was so occupied, Corvinus fixed his eyes upon him with a look of one delirioas, or demented. "Do you know me ?" asked the pilgrim, sooth-

ingly. "Know you ? No-yes. Let me see-Ha! the "Know you? No-yes. Let me see—Ha? the fox? my fox? Do you remember our hunting to-gether those hateful Christians. Where have you been all the time? How many of them have you caught?" And he laughed outrageously. "Peace, peace, Corvinus," replied the other. "You must be very quict, or there is no hope for you. Besides, I do not wish you to allude to those times; for I am myself now a Christian." "You a Christian?" brake out Corvinus sayarely.

"You a Christian?" broke out Corvinus savagely. 'You who had shed more of their best blood than any man? Have you been forgiven for all this? have you slept quietly upon it ? Have no furies lashed you at night ? no phantoms haunted you ? no viper sucked your heart? If so, tell me how you have got rid of them all, that I may do the same. If not, they will come, they will come! Vengeance and fury ! why should they not have tormented you as much as me

" 'I thought as much ; good morning, sir. I shall be happy to accomodate you at any time, at as reasonable rates as my father Ephraim, now with Abraham. A great fool that for his pains, I must say, begging his pardon," he added, when the stranger was out of hearing. With a decided step and a brighter countenance than he had yet displayed, he went straight to the villa on the Nometan way ; and after again paying his devotions in the crypt, but with a lighter heart, he at once addressed the fossor, as if they had never

he at once addressed the fossor, as if they had never been parted : "Torquatus, can I speak with the Lady Fabiola ?"

"Certainly," answered the other ; "come this

Neither alluded, as they went along, to old times, Neither alluded, as they went along, to old times, nor to the intermediate history of either. There seemed to be an understanding, instinctive to both, that all the past was to be obliterated before men, as they hoped it was before God. Fabiola had re-meined at home that and the preceding day, in as they hoped it was before Good. Tableau had re-mained at home that and the preceding day, in hopes of the stranger's return. She was scatted in the garden close to a fountain, when Torquatus, pointing to her, retired.

pointing to her, retired. She rose, as she saw the long-expected visitor ap-proach, and an indescribable emotion thrilled through her, when she found herself standing in his

presence. "Madam," he said, in a tone of deep humility and earnest simplicity, "I should never have pre-sumed to present myself before you, had not an ob-ligation of justice, as well as many of gratitude, ob-

"Growtius," she replied, —"is this the name by which I must address you ?" (he signified his assent) "you can have no obligations towards me, except that which our great Apostle charges on us, that we love one another."

"I know you feel so. And therefore I would not have pretended, unworthy as I am, to intrude upon you for any lower motive than one of strict duty. I you for any lower motive than one of strict duty. I know what gratitude I owe you for the kindness and affection lavished upon one now dearer to me than any sister can be on earth, and how you dis-charged towards her the offices of love which I had

And thereby sent her to me," interposed Fabiola, "to be my angel of life. Remember, Orontius, that Joseph was sold by his brethren, only that he might save his race."

save his race." "You are too good, indeed, towards one so worth-less," resumed the pilgrim; "but I will not thank you for your kindness to another who has repaid you so richly. Only this morning I have learnt your mercy to one who could have no claim upon you?"

"I do not understand you," observed Fabiola.

"Then I will tell you all plainly," rejoined Oron-tius. "I have now been for many years a member of one of those communities in Palestine, of men "Silence, Corvinus ; I have suffered as you have. But I have found the remedy, and will make it dividing their day, and even their night, between

Fabiola recognised, in the poor creature, he former slave Jubala; but her hair was grizzly and dishevelled, and her whole aspect bespoke abject misery. She asked whom she meant. "My husband," she replied ; "long has he been

harsh and cruel, but to-day he is more brutal than usual. Oh, save me from him !"

"There is no danger here," replied the lady; "but I fear, Jubala, you are far from happy. I have not seen you for a long, long time."

To be continued

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION .- The 30th March will be the 50th anniversary of Catholic Emancipation.