# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

# The Legend of the Aspen-Tree.

2

BY JOHN LOCKE.

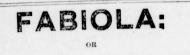
Soft the amber light of evening Tints the hills of Galilee. And makes one gleaning topaz of Genes'reth's shunb'ring sea; The languid clouds suil dreamily Across Juden's sky-To a richer golden growing Where they called the day-god's eye-As the Master walks in silence Thro' the valley's green defiles. Toward the solitudes embosomed In the forest's dusky aisles.

As the nears the sylvan border. Lot the multitudes of dow'rs, That fold their fair pavilions With the waning vesper hours, Recope their dewy bosoms, 500 And perfume the evening gale With odors such as floated once Thro' Eden's shiless vale. The laurel and the woodbine In an arch of triumph meet, And the line's purple clusters Make a carpet for His feet.

Make a carper for this feet. The paim and lofty poplar In meek reverence bow their heads The stately codar's branches Kiss the ground whereon He treads; The laburnum trails its tassels Of rich gold His pathway o'er; And the rose-tree blushes deeper Than it ever blushed before; So along the leafy forest All its denizens, sare one, Offer deep and silent homage To Jehovah's Chosen Son.

To Jenovan's Chosen Son. Like one whose soul is drunken With disdan's nephitie wine, No bough the aspen bendeth To its Sovereign Lord Divine: The hanghty crest looks heavenward Unmindfait that the Lord Of Earth and Air and Heaven Stands upon the forest sward! But Jesus looks upon it: And that one reproving giance Cutteth in thro'rind and fibre Quicker than Damascus lance,

Frond and leaf began to quiver, Branch and stem to palpitate, With a tremor that no anodyne May evermore abate ! Still the forest birds keep asking, As they tap upon the tree-"Has forgiveness not yet come, O ! sylvan penitent, to thee?" But the aspen's only answer. Now as in the days of yore, Is that ceaseless, leafy shudder, That seems murmuring, "Nevermore." - Pflot.



THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

When Pancratius arrived at the Villa of Statues he found the little community already excited by the rumors which had reached it of the edict's pub-He was welcomed most warmly by all . lication. and Sebastian's letter of advice was received with Prayer and deliberation succeeded deep respect. Trayer and denorration succeeded its perusal, and various resolutions were taken. Marcus and Marcellianus with their father Tran-quillius, had already gone to Rome for the ordina-tion. Nicostratus Zeo and others followed them deep respect. tion. Nicostratus Zeo and others followed them now. Chromatius who was not destined for the crown of martyrdom, though commemorated by the Church with his son on the 11th of August, found shelter for a time in Fabiola's villa, for which letters shelter for a time in Fabout state, for whether the had been procured from its mistress, without her knowing the reason why; for he wished to remain in the neighborhood a little while longer. In fine, the villa ad Statuas was left in charge of a few faith-ful servants, fully to be depended upon. When the two messengers had given themselves but here a word were those travalled by the

and their horses a good rest, they travelled by the same road as Torquatus had lately trodden to Fundi, where they put up at an obscure inn out of the town, on the Roman road. Pancratius soon found out his old master, who embraced him most affec-

He proceeded to the school-house when filled with scholars; shut the doors, and reproached Cas-sianus, who advanced with open hand and counten-ance to greet him, as a conspirator against the state and a perfidious Christian. A shout arose from tiffe boyish mob; and by its tone, and by the look which he cast around, Corvinus learnt there were many present like himself—young bears' cubs, with foll-grown hyænas' hearts within them. "Boys!" he shouted out, "do you love your mas-ter Cassianus? He was once mine too, and I owe him many a grudge." A yell of execution broke out from the bencl es.

him many a grudge." A yell of execration broke out from the bencl es. "Then I have good news for you; here is permis-sion from the divine Emperor Maximian, for you to do what you like to him." A shower of books, writing-tablets, and other school missiles, was directed against the master, who stood unmoved with his arms folded, before his per-

secutor. Then came a rush from all sides, with menacing atitudes of a brutal onslaught.

"Stop, stop," cried out Corvinus, "we must go nore systematically to work than this."

He had reverted in thought to the recollection of his own sweet school-boy days; that time which most look back on from hearts teaming with softer feelings, than the contemplation of present things can suggest. He indulged in the reminiscence of that early season in which others find but the picture of model he incurs of unselfish, joyous, happy hours; and he sought in the recollection what would most have gratified him then, that he might bestow it as a boon on the hopeful youths around him. But he could think of hopeful youths around him. But he could think of nothing that would have been such a treat to him, as to pay back to his master every stroke of correc-tion, and write in blood upon him every word of reproach that he had received. Delightful thought w to be fulfilled

It is far from our intention to harrow the feelings of our gentle readers, by descriptions of the cruel and fiendish torments inflicted by the heathen perand fiendish torments inflicted by the heathen per-secutors on our Christian forefathers. Few are more horrible, yet few better authenticated, than the tor-ture practised on the martyr Cassianus. Placed, bound, in the midst of his ferocious young tigers, he was left to be the lingering victim of their feeble cruelty. Some, as the Christian poet Prudentus tells, cut their tasks upon him with the steel points, used in engraving writing on wax-covered tablets; others exercised the ingerinity of a precocious bru-tality, by inflicting every possible torment on his others exercised the ingenuity of a precedous bru-tality, by inflicting every possible torment on his lacerated body. Loss of blocd and acute pain at length exhausted him; and he fell on the floor with-out power to rise. A shout of exultation followed, new insults were inflicted, and the troop of youth-ful demons broke loose to tell the story of their sport at their respective homes. To give Christians decent burial never entered the minds of their per-scentors: and Corvinus, who had glutted his eves sectors i and Corvinus, who had glutted his eyes with the specta le of his vengeance, and had urged on the first efforts at cruely of his ready instruon the first enforts at crucity of his ready instru-ments left the expiring man where he lay, to die un-noticed. His faithful servant, however, raised him up, and laid him on his bed, and sent a token as he had preconcerted to Pancratius who was soon at his side, while his companion looked after preparations for their departure. The youth was horrified at what he beheld, and at the recital of his old master's

what he beheld, and at the recital of his old master's exquisite torture, as he was edified by the account of his patience. For not a word of reproach had escaped him, and prayer alone had occupied his thoughts and tongue. Cassianus recognised his dear pupil, smiled upon him, pressed his hand in his own, but could not speak. After lingering till morning. he placidly ex-pired. The last rites of Christian sepulture were recodering paid to him on the spoat. For the house was pired. The last files of clinical splat splat and modestly paid to him on the spot, for the house was his; and Pancratius hurried from the scene, with a heavy heart and a no slight rising of its indignated and against the heartless savage who had devised and witnessed without remorse such a tragedy.

He was mistaken, however. No sooner was his revenge fulfilled than Corvinus felt all the disgrace and shame of what he had done; he feared it should be known to his father, who had always csteemed Cassianus; he feared the anger of the parents whose children he had that day effectually demoralized, and fleshed to little less than parricide. He ordered

its completion. Chains of supposed culprits arrived each day from the poit of Luna, from Sardinia, and had been engaged in quarries or mines; and were put to labor in the harder departments of the build-ing art. To transport the materials, to saw and eut stone and marble, to mix the mortar, and to build up the walks were the duties allotted to the religions culprits, many of whom were men little accustomed to such menial toil. The only recompense which they received for their labor was that of the mules Little and oxen which shared their occupation. Little better, if better, then a stable to sleep in, food sufficient in quantity to keep up their strength clothing enough to guard them from the inclemency of the season, this was all they had to expect. Fetters on their ankles, heavy chains to prevent their escape increased their sufferings; and task-masters, accept

nereased their sinterings; and task-masters, accept able in proportion as they were increasonable, watched every gang with lash or stick in hand, ever ready to add pain to toil, whether it were to vent their own wanton cruelly upon unresisting objects, or to please their crueller masters. But the Christians of Rome took peculiar care of these designed entries were not induced by the constraints of the second sec But the Chestalans of home took pectra and the base blessed confessors, who were particularly ven-erated by them. Their deacons visited them, by bribing their guards; and young men would boldly venture among them, and distribute more nourish-ing food, or warmer clothing to them, or give them

ing food, or warmer clothing to them, or give them the means of conciliating their keepers, so as to ob-tain better treatment at their hands. They would then also recommend themselves to their prayers, as they kissed the chains, and the bruises, which these holy confessors boye for Christ. This assemblates of men convicted of serving faithfully their of the Master, was useful for an-other purpose. Like the stew in which the lux-urious Lucullus kept his lampreys ready fattened for a benout: like the cages in which rare birds, for a banquet; like the cages in which rare birds, the pens in which well-fed cattle were preserved for crifice or the feast of an imperial anniversary; like the dens near the amplitheatre, in which ferocious beasts were fed for exhibition at the public refocious beasts were fed for exhibition at the public games; just so were the public works the preserves, from which at any time could be drawn the ma-terials for a sanguinary hecatomb, or a gratification of the popular appetite for cruel spectacles, on any occurrent of fortium arabits of the popular appende for cruer spectacies, on any occasion of festivity; public stores of food for those fierce animals, whenever the Roman people wished to share in their savage propensities. Such an occasion was now approaching.

bersecution had lingered. No person of note had been yet captured; the failures of the first day had not been fully reapaired; and something more whole-sale was expected. The people demanded more not been tury reapared; and something more whole-sale was expected. The people demanded more sport; and an approaching imperial bithday justi-fied their gratification. The wild beasts which Sebastian and Paneratius had heard, yet roared for

their lawful prey. One afternoon towards the end of December, Cor-vinus proceeded to the Baths of Dioclesian, accompanied by Catulus, who had an eye for proper com panied by Cathuk, who had an eye for proper dealer batants in the amphitheatre, such as a good dealer would have for cattle in a fair. He called for Rabirius, the superintendent of the convict depart-ment and said to him, "Rabirius, I am come by order of the emperor, to

Really," answered the officer "I how were the officer and the second terms of terms of terms of the second terms of the second terms of the second terms of the second terms of t

mphtheatre, of occasion of the confing (sector), "Really," answered the officer, "I have none to pare. 1 am obliged to finish the work in a given ime, and I cannot do so if I am left short of hands." "I cannot help that; others will be got to replace hose that are taken from you. You must walk pare. Catulus and myself through your works, and let us

Catulus and myself through your works, and let us choose those that will suit us." Rabirius, grumbling at this unreasonable demand, submitted nevertheless to it, and took them into a vast area, just vaulted over. It was entered by a circular vestibule lighted from above like the Pan-theon. This led into one of the shorter arms of a cruciform hall of noble dimensions, into which opened a number of lesser, though still handsome chambers. At eack angle of the hall where the arms intorsected one another, a huce granite pillar of one chambers. At eack angle of the hall where the arms intersected one another, a huge granite pillar of one block had to be erected. Two were already in their places, one was girt with ropes delivered round capstans, ready to be raised on the morrow. A number of men were actively employed in mak-ing final preparations. Catulus nudged Corvinus and pointed with his thumb to two fine youths who, stripped slave-fashion to their waists were specimens of many athletic forms.

any kind of fetter. Who can it be?" "I do not know his name," answered Babirius ; "but he is a fine youth, who spends much of his time among the convicts, relieves them, and even at times helps them in their work. He pays of course well for being allowed all this; so it is not our business to each out the state of the st ask questions.

"But it is mine, though," said Corvinus, sharply and he advanced for this purpose. The voice cauge the stranger's ear and he turned round to look. Corvinus sprung upon him with the eye and action of a wild beast, seized him and called out with ex-ultation, "Fetter him instantly. This time at least,

## CHAPTER XXI. THE PRISON.

If a modern Christian wishes really to know what his forefathers underwent for the faith during three

his forefathers underwent for the faith during three centuries of persecution, we would not have him content himself with visiting the catacombs, as we have tried to make him do, and thus learning what sort of life they were compelled to lead; but we would advise him to pursue those imperishable re-cords, the *Acts of the Meatyres*, which will show him how they were made to die. We know of no writ-ings so moving, so tender, so consoling, and so min ings so moving, so tender, so consoling, and so min-istering of strength to faith and to hope, after God's istering of strength to faith and to hope, after God's inspired words, as those venerable monuments. And if our reader, so advised, have not leisure sufficient to read much upon this subject, we would limit him willingly to one specimen, the genuine Acts of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas. It is true that they will be best read by the scholar in their plain African latinity; but we trust that some one will soon give us a worthy English version of these and some other similar early Christian documents. The ones which we have singled out are the same as were known to we have singled out are the same as were known to we have singled out are the same as were known to St. Augustine, and cannot be read by any one with-out emotion. If the reader would compare the mor-bid sensibility, and the overstrained excitement, en-deavored to be produced by a modern French writer in the imaginary journal of a culprit condemned to death down to the immediate approach of execution with the unaffected pathos and charming truthful-ment of the remembriding the commonding matrixes of ness, which pervades the corresponding narrative of Vivia Perpetua, a delicate lady of twenty-one years of age, he would not hesitate in concluding, how of age, he would not hesitate in concluding, how much more natural, graceful, and interesting are the simple recitals of Christianity than the boldest fictions of poetry. And when our minds are sad or the petty persecutions of our times incline our feeble hearts to murnur, we cannot do better than turn to the really golden, because truthful legend, or to the heavy of the noble martyrs of Vienne or Lyons, or to the many similar, still extant records yons, or to the many similar, still extant records, ) nerve our courage by the contemplation of what hildren and women, catechumens and slaves, sufered unmurmnring for Christ.

But we are wandering from our narrative. Panratius with some twenty more, fettered and chained together, were led through the streets to prison. As they were thus dragged along, staggering and stum-bling helplessly, they were unmercifully struck by bling helplessly, they were unmercifully struck by the guards who conducted them; and any persons near enough to reach them dealt them blows and kicks without remorse. Those further off pelted them with stones or offal, and assalled them with insulting ribaldry. They reached the Mamertine prison at last, and were thrust down into it, and found there already other victims of both sexes, awaiting their time of sacrifice. The youth had just time while he was being handcuffed to request one of the captors to inform his mother and Sebasian of what had happened; and he slipt his purse into his hand.

his hand. A prison in ancient Rome was not the place to which a poor man might court committal ; hoping there to enjoy better fare and lodging than he di at home. Two or three of these dungeons, for they are nothing better, still remain; and a brief descrip-tion of the one which we have mentioned will give our readers some idea of what confessorship cost, indemendent of martyrdom. As wants the stamp-clerk at the Post-Office to wait on him first. That's the way you can tell a hog from apig." "Noes the pig root with his nose. A pig's nose is called a snout. A cheerful-minded pig will never turn over more ground in search of one small potato than the average boy would dig up in hunting for a gold watch." ndependent of martyrdom. ed of two squar The Mamertine prison is compos subterranean chambers, one below the other, with only one round aperture in the centre of each vault through which alone light, air, food, furniture, and men could pass. When the upper story was full, we may imagine how much of the two first could reach the lower. No other means of ventilation, drainage, or access, could exist. The walls, of large stone blocks, had, or rather have, rings fastened into them for securing the prisoners, but many used to be laid on the floor with their foot factoned in the stocks; and the ingenious cruelty of the persecutors often increased the discomfort of the stone damp floor by strewing with broken potsherds this only bed allowed to the mangled limbs, and welted back bed allowed to the mangied limbs, and wencet backs of the tortured Christians. Hence we have in Africa a company of martyrs headed by SS. Saturninus and Dativus, who all perished through their suffer-ings in prison. And the acts of the Lyonese mar-tyrs inform us that many new-comers expired in the jail, killed by its severities before their bodies had bedued any torments; while, on the contrary, some and kined by its sevenities before their bones had endured any torments; while, on the contrary, some who returned to it so cruelly tortured that their recovery appeared hopeless, without any medical or other assistance, there regained their health. At the same time the Christians bought access to these abodes of pain but not of sorrow, and furnished whatever could under these circumstances reliev the sufferings and increase the comforts temporal and spiritual, of these most cherished and venerated of their brethren. Roman justice required at least the outward forms of trial; and hence the Christian captives were led from their dungeons before the tribunal; where they were subjected to an interrogatory, of which they were subjected to an interrogatory, of which most precious examples have been preserved in the proconsular Acts of Martyrs just as they were en-tered by the secretary of the court. When the Bishop of Lyons, Pothinus, now in his ninetieth year, was asked, "Who is the God of the Christians ?" he replied with simple dignity, "If thou shalt be worthy, thou shalt know." Sometimes the judge would enter into a discussion with his pris-oner, and necessarily got the worst of it: though the oner, and necessarily got the worst of it; though the latter would seldom go further with him than simply reiterate his plain profession of the Christian faith. Often, as in the case of one Ptolomæus, beau-tifully recited by St. Justin, and in that of St. Perpetua, he was content to ask the simple question Art thou a Christian ? and upon an affirmative reply Proceeded to pronounce capital sentence. Pancratius and his companion stood before the indge; for it wanted only three days to the munus or games, at which they were to "fight with wild easts.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

"What sort of learning and studies dost thou pur-

"I have endeavored to master every science, and "I have endeavored to master every science, and have tried every variety of learning. But finally I adhered to the doctrines of Christianity; although they do not please those who follow the wanderings of false opinions." "Wretch ! dost thou find delight in that learn-

"The greatest; because I follow the Christians in

right doctrine." "And what is that doctrine ?"

"And what is that doctrine ?" The right doctrine which we Christians piously hold is to believe in one God, the Maker and Crea-tor of all things visible and invisible; and to confess the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, anciently foretold by the prophets, who will come to judge mankind, and is preacher and master of salvation to those who will learn well under Him. I indeed, as a mere man and two weak and invisible; and to be to those who will tearn wen under Hint. I indeed, as a mere man, am too weak and insignificant to be able to utter any thing great of *His infinite Deity*: this office belongs to the prophets." "Thou arc, methinks, a master of error to others,

"Thou are, merining, a master of error to obtains, and deservest to be more severely punished than the rest. Let this Lucianus be kept in the nerve (stocks) with his feet stretched to the fifth hole. And you two women, what are your names and condition ?

"I am a Christian who have no spouse but Christ. My name is Secunda," replied the one. "And I am a widow,named Rufina, professing the

same saving faith," continued the other stions, and same saving limit, "consider matter insider questions, and  $-\Delta t$  length, after having put insider questions, and received similar answers from all the others except one wretched man, who, in the grief of the rest, wavered and agreed to offer sacrifice, the prefect turned to Pancratius and thus addressed him. "And now, insolent youth, who hads the audacity to tear  $-\Delta t$  and  $-\Delta t$  the divine emperors even for the down the edict of the divine emperors, even for the there shall be mercy if yet thou wilt sacrifice to the

there shall be mercy if yet thou wilt sacrifice to the gods. Show thus at once thy piety and thy wis-dom; for thou art yet but a stripling." Paneratius signed himself with the sign of the saving cross and calmly replied, "I am the servant of Christ, Him I acknowledge by my mouth, hold firm in my heart, *incessantly adore*. This youth which you behold in me has the wisdom of grey hairs if it worship but one God. But your gods, with those who adore them, are destined to eternal detention." destruction

"Strike him on the mouth for his blasphemy, and eat him with rods," exclaimed the angry judge. "I thank thee," replied meekly the noble youth, "that thus I suffer some of the same punishment

"that thus I suffer some of the same punishment as was inflicted on my Lord." The prefect then pronounced sentence in the usual form. "Lucianus, Pancratius, Rusticus, and others, and the women Secunda and Rufina, who have all owned themselves Choistians and refuse to obey the sacred emperor, or worship the gods of Rome, we order to be exposed to wild beasts in the Flavian amphibiestre."

amphitheatre." The mob howled with delight and hatred and accompanied the confessors back to their prison with their rough music; but they were gradually overawed dignity of their gait and the shining calmness of their countenances. Some men asserted that they must have perfumed themselves for they could perceive a fragrant atmosphere surrounding their persons.

(To be Continued.)

# NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PIG. Detroit Free Press

"Is this a pig." "Yes, this is a pig." "What is a hog?" "A hog spits all over the floor of a street-car; he also wants the stamp-clerk at the Post-Office to wait on him first. That's the way you can tell a hog from

watch. "What gait does a pig take?" "He likes the open gate best." "Is a pig as intelligent as a dog." "More so about some things. A dog most al-ways jumps over a fence, straining his muscles and running the risk of breaking his back, while the pig dives under it, and runs no risk. A pig can tell a hill of potatoes from a hill of cucumbers, but a dog can't. You can lead a dog but a pig will lead you!" "He likes the open gate best." can't. You can lean ... you!" "Can a pig see in the night?"

"No," said the good man, "it must not be. I am already old, and I am weary of my unprofitable pro-fession. I and my servaut are the only two Chris-tians in the town. The best families have, indeed, sent their children to my school, because they know sent their children to my school, because they knew it would be kept as moral as paganism will permit; but I have not a friend among my scholars, by reason of this very strictness. And, they want even the natural refinement of Roman heathens. They are rude provincials; and I believe there are some among the elder ones who would not scruple to take my life, if they could do so with impunity." "What a wretched life indeed, Cassianus, you was the leading ! Have you made no impression

must be leading ! Have you made no impression on them ?"

"Little or none, dear Pancratius. And how car I, while I an obliged to make them read those dan-gerous books, full of fables, which Roman and Greek literature contain ? No, I have done little by my words, perhaps my death may do more for

them." Paneratius found all expostulation vain, and would have almost joined him in his resolution to die; only he had promised Sebastian not to expose his life during the journey. But he determined to remain about the town till he saw the end. Corrings arrived with his men at the villa of

Corvinus arrived with his men at the villa of Chromatius; and early in the morning rushed sud-denly through the gates and to the house. He found denly through the gates and to the house. He found it empty. He searched it through and through but discovered neither a person, a book, nor a symbol of Christianity. He was confounded and annoyed. He looked about; and having found a servant working in the garden, he asked him where his master was.

master was. "Master no tell slave where he go," was the reply, in a latinity corresponding to such a rude phrase-

ology. "You are triffing with me. Which way did he

and his companions go ?" "Through yonder gate."

"And then ?"

"And then i" "Look that way," answered the servant. "You see gate i very well; you see no more. Me work here, me see gate, me see no more." "When did they go? at least you can answer that." Me work

"When did they go ? at least you can answer that." "After the two come from Rome." "What two ? Always two, it seems." "One good youth, very handsome, sing so sweet. The other very big, very strong, oh, very. See that young tree pulled up by the roots ? He do that as easy as me pull my spade out of the ground." "The very two," exclaimed Corvinus, thoroughly enraged. "Again that dastardly boy has marred my plans and destroyed my hopes. He shall suffer well for it."

for it " As soon as he was a little rested, he resumed his journey, and determined to vent all his fury on his old master; unless, indeed, he whom he considered his evil genius should have been there before him. He was engaged during his journey in plotting vengeance upon master and fellow-student; and he was delighted to find that one at least was at Fundi, when he arrived. He showed the governor his order for the arrest and punishment of Cassianus, as a most dangerous Christian; but that officer, a humane man. remarked, that the commission supersched man, remarked that the commission superseded ordinary jurisdiction in the matter, and gave Cor-vinus full power to act. He offered him the assistance of an executioner, and other requisities; but they were declined. Corvinus had brought an abundant supply of strength and cruely, in his own body-guard. He took, however, a public officer with him.

to drink and so drown care and pass time. At length he started on his journey, and after baiting for an hour or two, pushed on through the night. The road was heavy from continued rain and ran along the side of the great canal which drains the

Pontine marshes, and between two rows of trees. Corvinus had drank again at his halt, and was

Corvinus had drank again at his halt, and was heated within wine, vexation, and remorse. The dragging pace of his jaded steeds provoked him, and he kept lashing them furiously on. While they were thus excited, they heard the tramp of horses coming fast on behind, and dashed forward at an uncontrollable speed. The attendants were soon at a distance, and the frightened horses passed be-tween the trees on to the narrow path by the canal, and galloped forward, rocking the chariot from side to side at a reckless rate. The horsemen behind to side at a reckless rate. The horsemen behind hearing the violent rush of hoofs and wheels, and the shout of the followers, clapped spurs to their horses and pushed gallantly forward. They had

set and pushed gallantly forward. They had set the runners some way when they heard a h and a plunge. The wheel had struck the crash and a plunge. The wheel had struck the trunk of a tree, the chariot had turned over, and its half-drunken driver had been tossed head over heels into the water. In a moment Pancratius was off his horse and by the side of the canal, together with

his companion. By the faint light of the rising moon, and by the sound of his voice, the youth recognised Corvinus struggling in the muddy stream. The side was not struggling in the muddy stream. The side was not deep, but the high clayey bank was wet and slimy, and every time he attempted to climb it his foot slipped and he fell back into the deep water in the middle. He was in fact already becoming benumbed

and exhausted by his wintry bath. "It would serve him right to leave him there,"

muttered the rough centurion. "Hush, Quadratus! how can you say so ? give me hold of your hand. So !" said the youth leaning over the bank, and seizing his enemy by his arm, just as he was relaxing his hold on a withered shrub, and falling back fainting into the stream. It would have been his last plunge. They pulled him out and laid him on the road, a pitiable figure for his greatest foe. They chafed his temples and hands; and he had began to revive when his attendants came up. To their care they consigned him, to-gether with his purse, which had fallen from his belt as they drew him from the canal. But Paneratius took possession of his own pen-knife which dropped as they drew him from the canal. But Paneratus took possession of his own pen-knife which dropped out with it, and which Corvinus carried about him as evidence to convict him of having cut down the edict. The servants pretended to Corvinus when edict. The servants pretended to Corvinus when he had regained consciousness, that they had drawn him out of the water but that his purse must have been lost in it and lay sull buried in the deep mud. They bore him to a neighboring cottage, while the carriage was being repaired; and had a good carouse with his money while he slept. Two acts of revenge had been thus accomplished in one day.—the pagan and the Christian.

in one day,—the pagan and the Christian.

#### CHAPTER XX.

### THE PUBLIC "If before the edict the Thermæ of Dioclesian

were being erected by the labor and sweat of Chris-tian prisoners, it will not appear surprising that their number and their sufferings should have greattheir number and their sufferings should have great-ly increased with the growing intensity of a most savage persecution. That emperor himself was ex-pected for the inauguration of his favorite building, and hands were doubled on the work to expedite

"I must have those two, Rabirius," said the will-ing purveyor to wild beasts; "they will do charm I am sure they are Christians, they work so rfully."

"I cannot possibly spare them at present. They are worth six men, or a pair of horses, at least to me. Wait till the heavy work is over and then they are at your service." "What are their names, that I might take a note

of them ? And mind, keep them up in good condition.

"They are called Largus and Smaragdus; they ar "They are called Largus and Smaragdus; they are young men of excellent family, but work like ple-bians, and will go with you nothing loth." "They shall have their wish," said Corvinus with great glee. And so they had later. As they went through the works, however, they nicked out a number of cartivest for many of when

As they went through the works, however, they picked out a number of captives' for many of whom Rabirius made resistance, but generally in vain. At length they came near one of those chambers, which flanked the southern side of the longer arm of the hall. In one of them they saw a number of conhall. In one of them they saw a number of con-victs (if we must use the term) resting after their labor. The centre of the group was an old man, most venerable in appearance, with a long white beard streaming on his breast, mild in aspect, gentle in word, cheerful in his feeble action. It was the confessor Saturninus, now in his eightieth year, yet loaded with two heavy chains. At each side were the more youthful laborers, Cyriacus and Sisinnius, of whom it is recorded that in addition to their own task-work, one on each side they bore up his bonds. of whom it is recorded that in addition to their own task-work, one on each side they bore up his bonds. Indeed, we are told that their particular delight was over and above their own assigned portion of toil to help their weaker brethren and perform their work

nelp their weaker oremren and perform their work for them. But their time was not yet come; for both of them, before they received their crowns were ordained deacons in the next pontificate. Several other captives lay on the ground about the old man's feet as he seated on a block of marble, was talking to them with a sweet gravity, which riveted their attention and seemed to make them riveted their attention and seemed to make them forget their sufferings. What was he saying to them? Was he requiting Cyriacus for his extra-ordinary charity, by telling him that in commemor-ation of it a portion of the immense pile which they were toiling to raise would be dedicated to God, under his invocation become a title and close its line of titulars by an illustrious name? Or was he re-counting another more devices vision how this of titulars by an illustrious name of the second se smaller oratory was to be superseded and absorbed by a more glorious temple in honor of the Queen of Angels which should comprise the entire of that superb hall with its vestibule under the directing skill of the mightiest artistic genius that the world should ever see? What more consoling thought could have been vouelssfed to those poor oppressed articles than that they were not so much creating could have been vouchs of to those poor oppressed captives than that they were not so much erecting baths for the luxury of a heathen people, or the prodigality of a wicked emperor, as in truth build-ing up one of the stateliest churches in which the true God is worshipped, and the Virgin Mother, who bore Him incarnate, is affectionately bonored ? From a distance Corvinus saw the group; and pausing asked the superintendent the names of those who composed it. He enumerated them readily; then added, "You may as well take that old man, if you like; for he is not worth his keeping, so far as

you like ; for he is not worth his keeping, so far as work goes." "Thank you," replied Corvinus, "a pretty figure

"What art thou ?" he asked of one. "I am a Christian, by the help of God," was the

ejoinder. "And who art thou ?" said the prefect to Rusti-

"I am, indeed, a slave of Cæsar's," answered the prisoner; "but becoming a Christian I have been freed by Christ Himself; and by His grace and mercy have been made partaker of the same hope as those whom you see."

Then turning to a holy priest, Lucianus, venerable for his years and his virtues, the judge thus ad-dressed him : "Come, be obedient to the gods themselves, and to the imperial edicts." "No one," answered the old man, "can be repre-

hended or condemned who obeys the precepts of and study to fulfil it with fidelity.

"He can see by night as well as by day, In driv-ing one out of the garden he won't appear to see the hole he come in at, but he does see it all the time

"Why is it that two pigs eating at a trough six

feet long will still crowd each other?" "We will answer that when you explain why it is that everyone around in the crowd around a fallen horse wants to boss the job of getting the animal

up." "Do pigs have eyebrows."

"Yes, until old enough to root, then they wear 'em off against fence rails."

Are there pigs of lead?" "Yes, but you can't find any one who ever led a

"What food do pigs prefer?" "What food do pigs prefer?" "Well, quail on toast is their first choice but when they can't get it they do with grass, frozen potatoes, mouldy corn, or apple-cores. He never goes hungry bccause the hired girl grinds up pepper with the cof-fee."

"The cackling of geese, you said, once saved Rome. Did the grunting of pigs ever save anything!" "Not that we know of; but a pigs heels often saved

his bacon." "Do pigs ever attack children?"

"Do pigs ever attack children?" "Once in a great while. If a pig had gone into politics and got beaten, and other pigs were shoving around him calling him an idiot and so forth, he might be tempted to bite a small boy who was stick-ing kernels of corn on a cast-iron cob to deceive him and break off has teeth."

and break of mis teeth." "Can pigs climb?" "Yes," Let four or five dogs get after one small pig and he'll climb for all he's worth. He may not go up a tree, but it will be because he hasn't time to

POPE LEO XIII. ON WOMAN'S MISSION.

The Roman Correspondent of The Pilot writing on December 12th, says:

"In his recent discourse to the Pious Union of Catholic ladies in Rome, Leo XIII. said : Your work may bring immense advantage to the cause of God and of the Church Woman formed in the school of Jesus Christ and filled with His spirit, is called upon to exercise the most beneficent and salutary influences upon the family and upon society. Her action, gentle and attractive, constant and patient, penetrates and insinuates itself into even the fiercest minds, and overrules them. Under-

stand, dearly-beloved Daughters, your mission,