1.1

"Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?"

BY D. O'SULLIVAN.

[Did any one ever hear or conceive a more beautiful idea than that expressed by Charles J. Kickham, in his story of "Knocknagow," where Father O'Neill tells of the old woman who is dying in a strange land, and having received the last sperament, turns once more to the priest, and anxiously quires: "Will my soul pass through Ireland?"] Oh, Sogarth, aroon, sure I know life is fleeting— Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones lie; I have said my last prayer and received my last blo

ing,
And, if the Lord's willing, I'm ready to die:
But, Sogarth aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land—
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of

Will it pass through old Ireland to join the bless'd

Oh, Sogarth aroon, sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be And the Lord knows now anxious 1 am to be with them. In them, In them, I them,

Oh, Sogarth aroon, I have kept through all changee
The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay;
And oh, it has reminded me often and often
Of that bright smilling valley so far, far away;
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod—
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our
God?

FABIOLA;

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Syra went to the maids's apartment, and put be fore her jealous but greedy companions, the silver dish. As their mistress occasionally showed them this little kindness, it did not much surprise them. But the poor servant was weak enough to feel ashamed, of appearing before her comrades, with the rich scarf round her arm. She took it off before she entered; then, not wishing to displease Euphrosyne, replaced it, as well as she could with one hand, on coming out. She was in the court below, returning to her blind friend, when she saw one of the noble guests of her mistress's table alone, and, with a mortified look, crossing towards the door, and she stepped behind a column to avoid any possible, and not uncommon, rudeness. It was Fulvius; and no sooner did she, unseen, catch a glimpse of him, than she stood for a moment as one nailed to the spot. Her heart beat against her bosom, then quivered as if about to cease its action; her knees struck against one another, a shiver ran her knees struck against one another, a shiver ran through her frame, while perspiration started on her brow. Her eyes, wide open, were fascinated, like the bird's before the snake. She raised her hand to her breast, made upon it the sign of life, and the spell was broken. She fled in an instant, still unnoticed; and had hardly stepped noiselessly behind a curtain that closed the stairs, when Fulvius, with developed were reached the stairs of the life in the conwith downcast eyes; reached the spot on which she had stood. He started back a step, as if scared by something lying before him. He trembled violently; but recovering himself by a sudden effort, he looked around him, and saw that he was alone. There was no eye upon him—except one which he did not heed, but which read his evil heart in that hour. He gazed again upon the object, and stooped to pick it up, but drew back his hand, and that more than once. At least he heard for the content of the conten once. At last he heard footsteps approaching, he recognised the martial tread of Sebastian; and hastily recognised the martial tread of Sebastian; and hastily he snatched up from the ground the rich scarf which had dropped from Syra's arm. He shook as he folded it up; and when, to his horror, he found upon it spots of fresh blood, which had oozed through the bandages, he reeled, like a drunken roar

door, and rushed to his lodgings.

Pale, sick and staggering, he went to his chamber, repulsing roughly the officious advances of his slaves; and only beckened to his faithful domestic to follow him, and then signed to him to bar the door. lamp was burning brightly by the table, on which Fulvius threw the embroidered scarf in silence, and pointed to the stains of blood. The dark man nothing; but his swarthy countenance was blanched, while his master's was ashy and livid.

"It is the same, no doubt," at length spoke the attendant, in their foreign tongue; "but she is 'Art thou quite sure, Eurotas?" asked the mas

ter, with the keenest of his hawk's looks.

sure as man can be of what he has not seen f. Where didst thou find this? And whence I will tell thee all to-morrow; I am too sick to-

As to those stains, which were liquid when I found it, I knew not whence they came, unless they are warnings of yengeance—nay a vengeance themselves, deep as the Furies could meditate, fierce as they can launch. That blood has not been shed "Tut, tut! this is no time for dreams or fancies.

Did any one see thee pick the—the thing up?
"No one, I am sure."

"No one, I am sure."

"Then we are safe; better in our hands than in others. A good night's rest will give us better counsel."

"True, Eurotas; but do thou sleep this night in

Both threw themselves on their couches: Fulviu on a rich bed, Eurotas on a lowly pallet; from which, raised upon his elbow, with dark but earnest eye, he long watched by the lamp's light the troubled slumbers of the youth, -at once his devoted guardian and his evil genius. Fulvius tossed about, and moaned in his sleep, for his dreams were gloomy and Fulvius tossed about, and heavy. First he sees before him a beautiful city in a distant land, with a river of crystal brightness flowing through it. Upon it is a galley weighing anchor, with a figure on deck, waving towards him, in farewell, an embroidered searf. The scene changes; the ship is in the midst of the sea, battling with a furious storm, while on the summit of the mast the same scarf streams out, like a pennant, unruffled and uncrumpled by the breeze. The vessel is now dashed upon a rock, and all with a dreadful shrick are buried in the deep. But the topmast stands above the billows, with its calm and brilliant flag; till, amidst the sea-birds that shrick around, a form with a torch in her hand, and black flapping wings, flies by, snatches it from the staff, and look of stern anger, displays it, as in her flight she pauses before him. He reads upon it, written in fiery letters, Nemesis. (Vengeance).

But it is time to return to our other acquaintances in the house of Fabius.

After Syra had heard the door close on Fulvius, she paused to compose herself, offered up a secret prayer, and returned to her blind friend. She had finished her frugal meal, and was waiting patiently the slave's return. Syra then commenced her daily

this beggar too looked so happy, spoke so cheerily, and said such beautiful things, that Syra lingered over her work, to listen to her, and gaze on her.

It was at this moment that Agnes came for her appointed interview, and Fabiola insisted on accompanying her to the door. But when Agnes softly raised the curtain, and caught a sight of the scene before her, she betokened to Fabiola to look in, enjoining silence by her gesture. The blind girl was opposite, and her voluntary servant on one side, unconscious of witnesses. The heart of Fabiola was touched; she had never imagined that there was such a thing as disinterested love on earth between strangers; as to charity, it was a word unknown to Greece and Rome. She retreated quietly, with a tear in her eye, and said to Agnes, as she took

leave,
"I must retire; that girl, as you know, proved to me this afternoon, that a slave may have a head; she has now shown me that she may have a heart. I was amazed, when, a few hours ago, you asked me if I did not love a slave. I think, now, I could almost love Syra. I half regret that I have agreed to part with her.

As she went back into the court, Agnes entered ie room, and laughing, said,
"So, Cæcilia, I have found out your secret at last.

"So, Cacalia, I have found out your secret at last. This is the friend whose food you have always said was so much better than mine, that you would never eat at my house. Well, if the dinner is not better, at any rate I agree that you have fallen in with a better hostess.

"Oh, don't say so, sweet Lady Agnes," answered the blind girl: "it is the dinner indeed that is better. You have plenty of opportunities for exercising charity; but a poor slave can only do so, by finding

charity; but a poor slave can only do so, by finding some one still poorer and helpless like me. That thought makes her food by far the sweetest."

"Well, you are right," said Agnes, "and I am not sorry to have you present, to hear the good news I bring to Syra. It will make you happy too. Fabiola has allowed me to become your mistress, Syra, and to take you with me. To-morrow you shall be free, and a dear sister to me."

Cacilia clauned her hands with joy, and throwing

shall be free, and a dear sister to me."

Caecilia clapped her hands with joy, and throwing her arms round Syra's neck, exclaimed:—"Oh, how good! How happy you will now be, dear Syra!"

But Syra was deeply troubled, and replied with faltering voice, "O good and gentle lady, you have been kind indeed, to think so much about one like

me. But pardon me, if I entreat you to remain as I am; I assure you, dear Cæcilia, I am quite happy "But why wish to stay?" asked Agnes.

"Because," rejoined Syra, "it is most perfect to abide with God, in the state wherein we have been called. (1 Cor. vii. 24). I own this is not the one in which I was born; I have been brought to it by others." A burst of tears interrupted her for a moment, and then she went on. "But so much the more clear is it to me, that God has willed me to serve Him in this condition. How can I wish to

*Well then," said Agnes, still more eagerly, "we can easily manage it. I will not free you, and you shall be my bondwoman. That will be just the

"No, no," said Syra, smiling, "that will never do. Our great Apostle's instructions to us are:—'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward.' (1 Pet. ii. 14). I am far from saying that my mistress is one of these; but you, noble Lady Agnes, are too good and gentle for me. Where would be my cross, if I lived with you? You do not know how proud and headstrong I am by nature; and I should fear for myself, if I had not some pain and humiliation."

Agnes was almost overcome; but she was more eager than ever to possess such a treasure of virtue, and said, "I see, Syra, that no motive addressed to and said, "I see, Syra, that no motive addressed to your own interest can move you, I must therefore use a more selfish plea. I want to have you with me, that I may improve by your advice and example. Come, you will not refuse such a request." "Selfish," replied the slave, "you can never be. And therefore I will appeal to yourself from your request. You know Fabiola, and you love her. What a noble soul, and what a splendid intellect she passesses; What great qualities and high accountish.

possesses! What great qualities and high accomplishments, if they only reflected the light of truth! And how jealously does she guard in herself that pearl of virtues, which only we know how to prize! What a truly great Christian she would make!"

"Go on, for God's sake, dear syra, bloke on, Agnes, all eagerness. "And do you hope for it?"
"It is my prayer day and night; it is my chief thought and aim; it is the occupation of my life. I will try to win her by patience, by assiduity, even by such unusual discussions as we have held to-day. And when all is exhausted, I have one resource

"What is that ?" both asked. "To give my life to her conversion. I know that a poor slave like me has few chances of martyrdom. a poor slave like his lew chances of marryrdom. Still, a stronger persecution is said to be approaching, and perhaps it will not disdain such humble victims. But be that as God pleases, my life for her soul is placed in His hands. And oh, dearest, best of ladies," she exclaimed, falling on her knees and bedewing Agnes' hand with tears, "do not come in thus

with cash agness and with tears, to not come it the between me and my prize."

"You have conquered, sister Syra (oh! never again call me lady)," said Agnes. "Remain at your post; such single-hearted, generous virtue must triumph. It is too sublime for so homely a sphere as my household." "And I, for my part," subjoined Cæcilia, with a

"And I, for my part," subjoined Caccha, with a look of arch gravity, "say that she has said one very wicked thing, and told a great story, this evening." "What is that, my pet?" asked Syra, laughing. "Why, you said that I was wiser and better than

you, because I declined eating some trumpery delicacy, which would have gratified my palate for a few minutes, at the expense of a act of greediness; while you have given up liberty, happiness, the free exercise of your religion, and have offered to give up life itself, for the salvation of one who is your tyrant and tormentor. Oh, fie! how could you tell me such a thing l"

The servant now announced that Agnes's litter was waiting at the door; and any one who could have seen the affectionate farewell of the three, the noble lady, the slave, and the beggar, would have justly exclaimed, as people had often done before, "See how these Christians love one another!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST DAY'S CONCLUSION. If we linger a little time about the door, and see Agnes fairly off, and listen to the merry conversa-tion between her and Cæcilia, in which Agnes asks her to allow herself to be accompanied home by one of her attendants, as it has grown dark, and the girl is amused at the lady's forgetfulness that day and night are the same to her, and that on this very account she is the appointed guide to thread the mazes of the catacombs, streets of Rome, which familiar to her as the h she walks in safety at all hours; if thus we pass a little time before re-enter-ing; to inquire how the mistress within fares after the day's adventures, we shall find the house turned topsy-turvy. Slaves, with lamps and torches, are running about in every direction, looking for somethe slave's return. Syna then commenced her daily duties of kindness and hospitality; she brought water, washed her hands and feet, in obedience to Christian practice, and combed and dressed her hair, as if the poor creature had been her own child. Indeed, though not much older, her look was so tender, as she hung over her poor friend, her tones were so soft, her whole action so motherly, that one would have the whole action so motherly, that one would have the whole it was a present univitating to a longer there. She would give no account of it further than that she soft, her whole action so motherly trace-have thought it was a parent ministering to her daughter, rather than a slave serving a beggar. And had taken it off, and put it on, certainly not so well Augustus having chosen it for his residence, successigns a beggar.

many even searched, to Syra's great pain and con-fusion; and then ordered a grand general battue through every part of the house where Syra had been. Who for a moment could have dreamt of suspecting a noble guest at the master's table of suspecting a noble guest at the master's table of purloining any object, valuable or not? The old lady therefore came to the conclusion, that the scarf had been spirited away by some magical process, and greatly suspected that the black slave Afra, who she knew could not bear Syra, had been using some spell to annoy the poor girl. For she believed the Moor to be a very Canidia, (a famous sorceress in Augustus' age) being often obliged to let her go out alone at night, under pretence of gathering herbs at full moon for her cosmetics, as if plucked at any other time, they would not possess the same virtues:

full moon for her cosmetics, as if plucked at any other time, they would not possess the same virtues; to procure deadly poisons Euphrosye suspected, but in reality to join in the hideous orgies of Fetichism (the worship of interior Africa) with others of her race, or to hold interviews with such as consulted her imaginary art. It was not till all was given up, and Syra found herself alone, that on more coolly recollecting the incidents of the day, she remembered the passe in Fullyins? walk across the court at recollecting the incidents of the day, she remember-ed the pause in Fulvius' walk across the court, at the very spot where she had stood, and his hurried steps, after this, to the door. The conviction then flashed on her mind, that she must have there dropped her kerchief, and that he must have picked it up. That he should have passed it with indifference she believed impossible. She was confident, therefore, that it was now in his possession. After attemptthat it was now in his possession. After attempt ing to speculate on the possible consequences of this misadventure, and coming to no satisfactory conclu-

to God, and sought that repose which a good con-science was sure to render balmy and sweet. Fabiola, on parting with Agnes, retired to her apartment; and after the usual services had been rendered to her by her other two servants and Euphrosyne, she dismissed them with a gentler manner than ever she had shown before. As soon as they had retired she want to realize as they had retired, she went to recline upon the couch where first we found her; when, to her diswhere first we found her; when, to gust, she discovered lying on it the style with which she had wounded Syra. She opened a chest and threw it in with horror; nor did she ever again use

sion, she determined to commit the matter entirely

any such weapon.

She took up the volume which she had last laid down, and which had greatly amused her; but it was quite insipid, and seemed most frivolous to her. She laid it down again, and gave free course to her thoughts on all that had happened. It struck her first what a wonderful child her cousin Agnes was,—how unselfish, how pure, how simple, how sensible, too, and even wise! She determined to be her protector, her elder sister in all things. She had observed, too, as well as her father, the frequent looks which Fulvius had fixed upon her; not, indeed, any such weapon. looks which Fulvius had fixed upon her; not, indeed, those libertime looks which she herself had often borne with scorn, but designing, cunning glances, such as she thought betrayed some scheme or art, of which Agnes might become the victim. She resolved to frustrate it, whatever it might be, and arrived at exactly the opposite conclusion to her father's about him. She made up her mind to prevent Fulvius having any access to Agnes, at least at her house; and even blamed herself for having brought one so young into the strange company which often met at her father's table, especially as she now found that her motives for doing so had been decidedly selfish. It was nearly at the same moment that Fulvius, tossing on his couch, had

every invitation from him.

Fabiola had measured his character; had caught, with her penetrating eye, the affectation of his manner, and the cunning of his looks; and could not o contrasting him with the frank and generous astian. "What a noble fellow that Sebastian is!" Sebastian. Sebastian. "What a nobe fellow that Sebastian is: she said to herself. "How different from all the other youths that come here. Never a foolish word escapes his lips, never an unkind look darts from his bright and cheerful eye. How abstemious, as beginning the table her modes a substitute of the best here." comes a soldier, at the table; how modest, as befit a hero, about his own strength and bold actions in war, which others speak so much about. Oh! if he only felt towards me as others pretend to do-

come to the determination never again, if possible

She did not finish the sentence, but a deep melan-choly seemed to steal over her whole soul. Then Syra's conversation and all that had resulted from it, passed again through her mind; it was painful to her, yet she could not help dwelling on it; and she felt as if that day were a crisis in her life.

Her pride had been humbled by a slave, and her
mind softened, she knew not how. Had her eyes
been opened in that hour; and had she been able to
look up above this world, she would have seen a soft cloud like incense, but tinged with a rich carnation, rising from the bed-side of a kneeling slave (prayer and willing sacrifice of life breathed upwards together), which when it struck the srystal footstool of a mercy-seat in heaven, fell down again as a dew of

a mercy-seat in heaven, fell down again as a dew of gentlest grace upon her arid heart.

She could not indeed see this; yet it was no less true; and wearied, at length she sought repose. But she too had a distressing dream. She saw a bright spot as in a delicious garden, richly illuminated by a light like noon-day, but inexpressibly soft; while all around was dark. Beautiful flowers formed the sward, plants covered with richest bloom gray factoried from these to tree on each of which grew festooned from tree to tree, on each of which glowed golden fruit. In the midst of this space she saw the poor blind girl, with her look of happiness on her cheerful countenance, seated on the ground; while on one side, Agnes, with her sweetest simple looks, and on the other, Syra, with her quiet patient smile, hung over her and caressed her. Fabiola felt an irresistible desire to be with them; it seemed to that they were enjoying some felicity which she had never known or vitnessed; and she thought they even beckened her to join them. She ran for-ward to do so, when to her horror she found a wide, and black, and deep ravine, at the bottom of which roared a torrent between herself and them. By de-grees its waters rose, till they reached the upper margin of the abyss, and there flowed, though so deep, yet sparkling and brilliant, and most refreshing. Oh, for courage to plunge into this stream, through which alone the dyke bould be crossed, and land in safety on the other side! And still they beckened, urging her on to try it. But as she was standing on the brink, clasping her hands in despair, Calpurnius seemed to emerge from the dark air around, with a thick heavy curtain stretched out, on which were worked all sorts of monstrous and hideous chimeras, most curiously running into, and interwoven with each other; and this dark veil grew and grew, till it shut out the beautiful vision from her sight. She felt disconsolate, till she seemed to see a bright genius (as she called him), in whose features she fancied she traced a spiritualised resemblance to Sebastian, and whom she had noticed standing sorrowful at a distance, now approach her, and, smiling on her, fan her fevered face with his gold and purple wing; when she lost her vision in a calm and refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER IX. MEETINGS.

Of all the Roman hills, the most distinctly trace-

as Euphrosyne had done it, and she gave the reason, for she scorned to tell a lie. Indeed she had never missed it till now. The kind-hearted old nurse was much grieved at the loss, which she considered must be heavy to a poor slave-girl, as she probably reserved that object for the purchase of her liberty. And Syra too was sorry, but for reasons which she could not have made the good housekeeper comprehend.

Euphrosyne had all the servants interrogated, and many even searched, to Syra's great pain and confusion; and then ordered a grand general batture. The entrance to the palace was made, soon after this period, from the *Via Sacra*, or Sacred Way, close to period, from the *Piu Saera*, or Saered Way, close to the arch of Titus. After passing through a vesti-bule, the visitor found himself in a magnificent court, the plan of which can be distinctly traced. Turning from this, on the left side, he entered into an immense square space, arranged and consecrated to Adonis by Domitian, and planted with trees, shrubs and thoses

Still keeping to the left, you would enter into sets of chambers, constructed by Alexander Severus in honor of his mother Mammea, whose name they bore. They looked out opposite to the Cœlian hill, just at the angle of it, which abuts upon the latter triumphal arch of Constantine, and the fountain called the Meta Sudans. ["The sweating goal." It was an obelisk of brick (which yet remains), cased with marble, from the top of which issued water, and flowed down like a sheet of glass, all water, and flowed down like a sheet of glass, all round it, into a basin on the ground.] Here was the apartment occupied by Sebastian as a tribune, or superior officer, of the imperial guard. It consisted of a few rooms, most modestly furnished, as became a soldier and a Christian. His household was limited to a couple of freedmen, and a venerable matron, who had been his nurse, and loved him as a child. They were Christians, as were all men in his cohort; partly by conversion but chiefly by

in his cohort; partly by conversion, but chiefly by care in recruiting new soldiers. It was a few evenings after the scenes described in the last chapter, that Sebastian, a couple of hours after dark, ascended the steps of the vestibule just described, in company with another youth, of whom we have already spoken. Paneratius admired and loved Sebastian with the sort of affection that an ardent young officer may be supposed to bear to-wards an older and gallant soldier, who receives him into his friendship. But it was not as to a soldier of Casar, but as to a champion of Christ, that the civilian boy looked up to the young tribune, whose generosity, noble-mindedness, and valor, were en-shrouded in such a gentle, simple bearing, and were accompanied by such prudence and considerateness, as gave confidence and encouragement to all that dealt with him. And Sebastian loved Paneratius no

guide, and perhaps sometimes restrain, him.

As they were entering the palace, that part of As they were entering the palace, that part of which Sebastian's cohort guarded, he said to his companion "Every time that I enter here, it strikes me how kind an act of Divine Providence it was, to plant almost at the very gate of Cæsar's palace, the arch which commemorates at once the downfall of the first great system that was antagonistic to Christianity, and the completion of the greatest prophecy of the Gospel—the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman power. [The triumphal arch of Titus, on which are represented the spoils of the Temple.] I cannot but believe that another arch will one day arise to commemorate no less a victory, over the second enemy of our religion, the heathen Roman empire itself.

"What! do you contemplate the overthow of to doubt this vast empire, as the means of establishing Christianity ?

Christianity!"

"God forbid! I would shed the last drop of my blood, as I shed my first, to main it. And depend upon it, when the empire is converted, it will not be by such gradual growth as we now witness, but by some means, so unhuman, so divine, as we shall never, in our most sanguine longings, forecast; but all will exclaim: 'This is the charge of the right all will exclaim: 'This is the change of the right hand of the Most High!'"
"No doubt; but your idea of a Christian tri-

"But, Sebastian, how many of even our learned and good men will say, nay, do so, if you speak thus to them, that similar hopes were entertained in the reigns of Alexander, Gordian, or Aurelian; yet ended in disappointment. Why, they ask, should we not expect the same results now?"

"I know it too well, my dear Pancratius; and bitterly have I often deplored those dark views which, dawn am energies; that lucking thought.

which damp our energies; that lurking thought, that vengeance is perpetual, and mercy temporary, that martyr's blood, and virgin's prayer have no power even to shorten times of visitation, and hasten hours of area." nours of grace.'

By this time they had reached Sebastian's apartment, the principal room of which was lighted, and evidently prepared for some assembly. But op-posite the door was a window open to the ground nd leading to a terrace that ran along that side of the building. The night looked so bright through it, that they both instinctively walked across the room, and stood upon the terrace. A lovely and splendid view presented itself to them. The moon was high in the heavens, swimming in them, as an Italian moon does; a round, full globe, not a flat surface, bathed all around in its own refulgent atmosphere. It dimmed, indeed, the stars near itself; but they seemed to have retired, in thicker and more brilliant clusters, into the distant corners of the azure sky. It was just such an evening as, years after, Monica and Augustin enjoyed from a window at Ostia, and discoursed of heavenly thing

It is true that, below and around, all was beau-tiful and grand. The Coliseum, or Flavian amphitheatre, rose at one side, in all its completeness; and the gentle murmur of the fountain, while its waters glistened in a silvery column like the refluent sea-wave gliding down a slanting rock, came sooth-ingly on the ear. On the other side, the lofty building called the Setizonium of Severus, in fr towering above the Cœlian, the sumptuous baths of Caracalla, reflected from their marble walls and Caracana, reflected from their marble walls and stately pillars the radiance of the autumn moon. But all these massive monuments of earthly glory rose unheeded before the two Christian youths, as they stood silent, the elder with his right arm round his result of the state. his youthful companion's neck, and resting on his shoulder. After a long pause he took up the thread of his last discourse, and said, in a softer tone, "I was going to show you, when we stepped out here, the very spot just below our feet, where I have often fancied the triumphal arch, to which I have alluded, would stand. [The arch of Constantine stands exactly under the spot where this scene is described.] But who can think of such paltry things below, with the splendid vault above us, lighted up so brilliantly, as if on purpose to draw upwards our eyes and hearts?" eyes and hearts?" "True, Sebastian; and I have sometimes thought,

allowed to pass; and these only reach us. How transcendently royal must be that upper surface, on which tread the lightsome feet of angels, and of the inst wade parter.

"A graceful thought, Paneratius, and no less true. It makes the veil, between us laboring here and the triumphal church above, thin and easily to be passed."

be passed."

"And pardon me, Sebastian," said the youth, "And parton me, Senasuan," said the youth, with the same look up to his friend, as a few evenings before had met his mother's inspired gaze, "pardon me if, while you wisely speculate upon a future arch to record the triumph of Christianity, I see already before me, built and open, the arch through which we, feeble as we are, may lead the Church speedily to the triumph of glory, and our-selves to that of bliss."

"Where, my dear boy, where do you mean?"
Pancratius pointed steadily with his hand towards the left, and said: "There, my noble Sebastian; any of those open arches of the Flavian amphitheatre, which let to its arena; over which, not denser than the outstretched canvas which shades our spectators, is that veil of which you spoke just now. But hark!"

"That was a lion's roar from beneath the Cœlian!" exclaimed Sebastian, surprised. "Wild beasts must have arrived at the viarium [the place where live beasts were kept for the shows] of the amphitheatre; for I know there were none there yesterday."

Yes, hark !" continued Pancratius, not noticing the interruption. "These are the trumpet-notes that summon us; that is the music that must ac-

company us to our triumph!"

Both paused for a time, when Pancratius again broke the silence, saying, "This puts me in mind of a matter on which I want to take your advice, my faithful counsellor; will your company be soon ar

"Not immediately; and they will drop in one

where none will interrupt us."

They walked along the terrace, and entered the last room of the suite. It was at the corner of the hill, exactly opposite the fountain; and was lighted only by the rays of the moon, streaming through the open window on that side. The soldier stood near this, and Paneratius sat upon his small military south.

"What is this great affair, Pancratius," said the

sage opinion ?"
"Quite a trifle, I dare say," replied the youth, bashfully, "for a bold and generous man like you; but an important one to an unskilful and weak boy like me."

"A good and virtuous one, I doubt not; do let accompanied by such prudence and considerateness, as gave confidence and encouragement to all that dealt with him. And Sebastian loved Pancratius no less, on account of his single-hearted ardour, and the innocence and candour of his mind. But he well saw the dangers to which his youthful warmth and impetuosity might lead him; and he encouraged him to keep close to himself, that he might guide, and perhaps sometimes restrain, him.

As they were settain the calculate of old-fashioned trinkets, which are lying locked to defend the control of t up, and of no use to anybody. I have no one to whom all this should descend. I am, and shall be, the last of my race. You have often told me, who in that case are a Christian's natural heirs—the widow and the fatherless, the helpless and the indigent. Why should these wait my death, to have what by revision is theirs? And if a persecution is coming, why run the risk of confiscation seizing them, or of plundering lictors stealing them, when-ever our lives are wanted, to the utter loss of our rightful heirs?"

Pancratius," said Sebastian, "I have listened "Pancratrus," said Sepastian, I have instence without offering a remark to your noble suggestion. I wished you to have all the merit of uttering it yourself. Now, just tell me, what makes you doubt or hesitate about what I know you wish

"Why, to tell the truth, I feared it might be highly presumptuous and impertinent in one of my age to offer to do what people would be sure to age to oner to do what people would be sure to imagine was something grand or generous; while I assure you, dear Sebastian, it is no such thing. For I shall not miss these things a bit; they are of no value to me whatever. But they will be to the poor, especially in the hard times coming."

"Of course Lucina consents?" "No doubt; but your idea of a Christian triumphal arch supposes an earthly instrument; where do you imagine this to lie?"

"Why, Pancratius, my thoughts, I own, turn to-the family of open of the Augusti as showing where the Augusti as showing in the Augusti as showing where the Augusti as showing in the Augusti as showing where the Augusti as showing in the Augusti as showing where the Augusti as showing in the Augusti as showing where the Augusti wards the family of one of the Augusti, as showing a slight germ of better thoughts: I mean, Con-So I want you, and beg of you, to get "But, Sebastian, how many of even our learned and good men will say, nay, do so, if you speak from a—say from one who needs much the prayers of the faithful, especially the poor, and desires to remain unknown."

"I will serve you with delight, my good and truly noble boy! Hush! did you not hear the Lady Fabiola's name just mentioned? There again, and with an epithet expressive of no good will."

Pancratius approached the window; two voices

were conversing together so close under them that the cornice between prevented their seeing the speakers, evidently a woman and a man. After a w minutes they walked out into the me nost as bright as day.
"I know that Moorish woman," said Sebastian;

'it is Fabiola's black slave, Afra."
"And the man," added Pancratius, "is my late chool-fellow. Corvinus

They considered it their duty to catch, if possible, the thread of what seemed a plot; but, as the speakers walked up and down, they could only make out a sentence here and there. We will not, however, confine ourselves to these parts, but give the entire dialogue. Only, a word first about the interlocutors.

To be Continued.

A TOUCHING CORRESPONDENCE.

[POSTAL FROM MEMPHIS.] Dear Mother,—We are of no service here any

onger. Can you receive us into your community, and thus secure us from death? To-night our Su-perioress and two others are dying. The only hope we have of life is to leave here. May we come? Telegraph your reply to Father Kelly. [TELEGRAPH FROM COLUMBUS.]

September 9, 1878. Father Kelly,—Send Sisters at our expense to Sister Anthony, in Cincinnati, for twenty days. Then let them come to us. We would receive then immediately, only would be forced to dismiss our SISTER MARY AGNES. [REPLY FROM MEMPHIS.]

September 11, 1878. It is too late now. We have no Sisters to send. REV. J. A. KELLY.

-The interior of Africa, which had been so long a land of mystery to us, is now almost entirely explored. The knowledge of the existence of many and prominent nations in this continent has not been without an important influence upon the Catholic world, and has rekindled everywhere a praiseworthy zeal for the conversion of the pagans. According to the reports published in our excellent German exchange Die Katholischen Missionen, it seems as if the marvelous deeds of a St. Francis Xavier "True, Sebastian; and I have sometimes thought, that, if the under-side of that firmament up to which the eye of man, however wretched and sinful, may look, be so beautiful and bright, what must that upper-side be, down upon which the eye of boundless Glory deigns to glance! I imagine it to buildless Glory deigns to glance! I imagine it to be like a vicibly surposidead will through the tax. boundless Giory deigns to giance: I magne it to be like a richly-embroidered veil, through the texture of which a few points of golden thread may be allowed to pass; and these only reach us. How transcendently royal must be that upper surface, on advance the progress of the missions in Africa, the king himself being a member.

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