

"Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?"

BY D. O'SULLIVAN.

"Did any one ever hear of 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 sacrament, turns once more to the priest, and anxiously inquires: 'Will my soul pass through Ireland?'"

Oh, Sogarth, aron, 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 blessing.

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

In those realms of joy 'mid souls pure and free; Yet Sogarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever, Tell me, tell me, ere you leave me forever, Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving 'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal?

Oh, Sogarth aron, I have kept through all change The three-blessed shankrook to lay o'er my clay; And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them.

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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 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.

"Do not retire; that girl, as you know, proved to me this afternoon, that a slave may have a heart; 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 shall regret that I have agreed to part with her."

As she went back into the court, Agnes entered the room, and laughing, said: "So, Cecilia, 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 some one still poorer and helpless like me. That thought makes her food far the sweeter."

"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 send your mistress, Syra, and to take you with me. Tomorrow you shall be free, and a dear sister to me."

Cecilia 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 Cecilia, I am quite happy here."

"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 does it seem to me, that God has willed me to serve Him in this condition. How can I wish to leave it?"

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

"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. 13). I am far from saying that my mistress is one of these; but you, my 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 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?"

"Slightly," replied the day-labourer, "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 possesses! What great qualities and high accomplishments, which only reflected the light of truth! And how jealously does she guard herself, that peer 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," broke out 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 more."

"What is that?" both asked.

"To give my life for her conversion. I know that a poor slave like me has few chances of martyrdom. Still, a stronger persuasion 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, dear, best of ladies," she exclaimed, falling on her knees and bedewing Agnes' hand with tears, "do not come in this 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," rejoined Cecilia, 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 an 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, he! how could you tell me such a thing?"

The servant now announced that Agnes' letter 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 conversation between her and Cecilia, 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, familiar to her as the streets of Rome, which she walks in safety at all hours; if then we pass a little time before re-entering, to inquire how the mistress was within 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 something or other that is lost, in every possible and impossible place. Euphrosyne insists it must be found; till at last the search is given up in despair. The reader will probably have anticipated the solution of the mystery. Syra had presented herself to have her wound re-dressed, according to orders, and the scarf which had bound it was no longer there. She could give no account of it, further than that she had taken it off, and put it on, certainly not so well

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, and 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 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 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 Afa, 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, full moon for her conjures, as if plucked at any other time, they would not possess the same virtue, to procure deadly poisons Euphrosyne suspected, but in reality to join in the hideous orgies of Fetichism (the worship of inferior Africa) with others of her race, or to hold interviews with such as consulted her for magical arts. 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 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 he must have 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 attempting to speculate on the possible consequences of this result, she determined to commit the matter entirely to God, and sought that repose which a good conscience was sure to render calm and sweet.

Fabiola, on parting with Agnes, retired to her apartment; and after the usual services had been rendered to her, 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 went to recline upon the couch where first she found her; when, to her disgust, she discovered lying on it the style with which she had wounded Syra. She opened a chest and found in it a letter; nor did she ever again use any such weapon.

She took up the volume which she had 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, and perhaps sometimes to her tears. Her first thought was a wonderful child her cousin Agnes was, how useful, 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 cast upon her; not indeed, what by reason of 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 be great as a commemorative to no less a victory, over the second enemy of our religion, the heathen Roman empire itself.

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

"God forbid! I would shed the last drop of my blood, as I shed my first, to maintain 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 explain. This is the change of the right hand of the Most High!"

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

"Why, Paneratus, my thoughts, I own, turn towards the family of one of the Augusti, as showing one of the ways, especially in a boy. You understand me? So I want you, and beg of you, to get the distribution made at some other house; and as 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."

Paneratus 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 few minutes they walked out into the moonlight, almost as bright as day.

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A TOUCHING CORRESPONDENCE.

[POSTAL FROM MEMPHIS.]

September 6, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER.—We are of no service here any longer. Can you receive us into your community, and thus secure us from death? To-night our Superiors 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 them immediately, only would be forced to dismiss our pupils.

[REPLY FROM MEMPHIS.]

September 11, 1878.

It is too late now. We have no Sisters to send. Rev. J. A. KELLY.

emperor followed his example; but gradually transformed his modest residence into a palace, which covered the entire hill. Nero, not satisfied with its dimensions, destroyed the neighborhood by fire, and then extended the imperial residence to the neighboring Esquiline; taking in the whole space now occupied between the two hills by the Coliseum. Vespasian threw down that golden house, of which the magnificent vaults remain, covered with beautiful paintings; and built the amphitheatre just mentioned, and other edifices, with its materials. The entrance to the palace was made, soon after this period, from the Via Sacra, or Sacred Way, close to the arch of Titus. After passing through a vestibule, 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 flowers.

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 Caelian hill, just at the angle of it, which abuts upon the latter triumphal arch of Constantine, and the fountain called the Meta Sudana. [The sweating goal.] It was an obelisk of brick (which yet remains), cased with marble, from the top of which issued wind, and flowed down like a sheet of glass, all round it, like a baptism of 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 who 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 only by the rays of the moon, streaming through the open window on that side. The soldier stood near this, and Paneratus sat upon his small military couch.

"What is this great affair, Paneratus," said the officer, smiling, "upon which you wish to have my 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 me hear it; and I promise you every assistance."

"Well, then, Sebastian—now don't think me foolish," proceeded Paneratus, hesitating and blushing at every word. "You are aware I have a quantity of useless plate at home—mere lumber, you know, in our plain way of living; and my dear mother, for any thing I can say, won't want the lots of old-fashioned trinkets, which are being looked 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 reversion is theirs? And if a persecution is coming, why run the risk of confiscation seizing them, or of plundering lieters stealing them, when our lives are wanted, to the utter loss of our rightful heirs?"

"Paneratus," said Sebastian, "I have listened without offering a remark to your noble suggestion. I wish 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 to do?"

"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 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 hand of their coming."

"Of course, Lucia consent?"

"Oh, no fear about that! I would not touch a grain of gold-stuff without her even wishing it. But why I require your assistance is principally this. I should never be able to stand its being known that I presumed to do anything considered out of the way, especially in a boy. You understand me? So I want you, and beg of you, to get the distribution made at some other house; and as 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."

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

"And pardon me, Sebastian," said the youth, with the same look 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, before the arch through which we, feeble as we are, may lead the Church speedily to the triumph of glory, and ourselves to that of bliss."

"Where, my dear boy, where do you mean?"

Paneratus pointed steadily with his hand towards the left, and said: "There, my noble Sebastian; the seats must have arrived at the *excurion* [the place where live beasts were kept for the shows] of the amphitheatre; for I know there were none there yesterday."

"Yes, hark!" continued Paneratus, not noticing the interruption. "These are the trumpet-notes that summon us; that is the music that must accompany us to our triumph!"

Both paused for a time, when Paneratus 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 arriving?"

"Not immediately; and they will drop in one by one; till they assemble, come into my chamber, 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 Paneratus sat upon his small military couch.

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