

## NEW BOOKS.

**MOON FOLK.\*** The well-known firm of Dawson Brothers, of this city, while it is always amply supplied with the choicest of new publications, as soon as they are published, makes it a rule to increase and diversify its stock on the approach of the holiday season of Christmas and New Year. At that time, as we shall have occasion to show later, its shelves are brilliant with all the pleasant books which can please the fancy of the young and imaginative. As a foretaste of the good things coming, we announce to day the appearance of **MOON FOLK**, a dainty volume by Jane Austen, which contains a true account of the home of the fairy tales. All the familiar legends of our childhood are found rehearsed therein, from "The Man in the Moon" to "Sinbad the Sailor," and from "Sir Lancelot du Lac" to "Robinson Crusoe." Cinderella's crystal slipper glistens once more, the "Sleeping Beauty" displays her charms in the glade, the "Beauty and the Beast" present their grotesque contrasts and the towers of Camelot peer dimly in the misty distance. All these stories are connected by a thread of dialogue which preserves their unity and enhances their interest. The pencil of Linton has caught the charm of the legends and his profuse illustrations constitute one half the value of the book which we heartily commend to our young friends of both sexes.

**ARTILLERY RETROSPECT.†** We are indebted to the author for a copy of this useful pamphlet. He is known for his efforts to improve and solidify our volunteer organization, especially in the artillery arm, which is his own specialty, and the present work, the substance of two lectures delivered before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is another step in the same direction. Colonel Strange goes through the whole Artillery history of the Franco-German war and the second siege of Paris. He illustrates his matter by copious diagrams and tables. In the second part, he has a number of very useful suggestions to the Militia of the Dominion which testify both to his knowledge and to his patriotism. With regard more especially to the training of the scientific Corps, Engineers and Artillery, he says: "To acquire a practical knowledge of the mounted branch of the latter, the most difficult arm of the service, a permanent instructional Field-Battery is necessary for each Provincial Gunners' School, as well as for the Military College; while the General Order of 20th October, 1871, providing for a Gunners' School at New Brunswick, might well be put in force, as well as the conversion of the permanent battery at Winnipeg, Manitoba, into a Field-Battery of Instruction, available for active service in the event of the police ceasing to perform artillery duty, or being more than five or six hundred miles distant from the point where their services might be required. As Canada swarms with skilled riflemen, who, in emergency, under trained officers, would soon acquire all they want to make them excellent infantry—viz., discipline,—it is manifest that the largest portion of these permanent nuclei should be Artillery (Field and Garrison), with a smaller proportion of Cavalry, as well as a small corps of Engineers and Artificers at each fortress to execute petty repairs, on the "stitch-in-time" principle. We want no military "loafers" around our cities. The Prussian army is a national school, such as we are not likely to have in Canada; but, in these days, a soldier who is not kept burnished by instructing others is apt to rust. The officers and non-commissioned officers of these corps must be permanent instructors of their own men, of the Militia, and of such lads not necessarily belonging to the Militia, who might advantageously be admitted (especially during the winter season) for short courses of drill, duty and discipline, during that period between leaving school and entering business."

**ELECTRIC TREATMENT OF DISEASE.‡** Without asserting that electricity will cure each and every disease, the author of the present treatise, who has sent us a copy of his work, believes it to be capable of bringing a greater number of diseases to a favorable issue than any other single remedy external or internal, which practice and science combined have yet made known to medical men. He cites a number of renowned practitioners who have used electricity in the cure of diseases—such as Sir Robert Christison, Pereira, Golding Bird, and Lionel Beale. Dr. Hayward believes further that medical electricity would be much more extensively employed had some special instrument been earlier devised for administering it continuously and effectively. More than one belt like apparatus has been constructed with these ends in view. He states he tried them all and with no proportionate degree of success, when circumstances induced him to imagine, and after much consideration enabled him to construct, an electric belt of such increased power and diversified functions, that in most cases of application it responded to his highest hopes. The Doctor gives an interesting historical survey of electrical discovery, with a general sketch of vital electricity, while the bulk of his work is devoted to special electrical therapeutics.

\* Moon Folk, by Jane A. Austen. Illustrated by W. J. Linton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Dawson Brothers Montreal. 12mo. cloth. pp. 208.

† Artillery Retrospect of the last Great War, 1870; with its lessons for Canadians, by Lieut.-Col. T. Bland Strange, Dominion Inspector of Artillery. Middleton & Dawson, Quebec. 8o. pp. 95.

‡ Electro-Therapeutics, or, the Electric Treatment of Diseases: Being a general exposition of Medico-Electric Science, &c. By J. R. S. Hayward, M. R. C. S., &c., &c. 16mo. Paper. Pp. 90. The City Publishing Co., London.

## "WIDOWED ERE WEDDED."

She looked for his coming with grief-laden sighs.  
She waited and watched through the long Summer day;  
But only dull vacancy greeted her eyes—  
The one whom she longed for still lingered away.

The roses that grew by her window hung low.  
The dewdrops lay heavy among their sweet leaves:  
The air had no sound save the river's sweet flow.  
And the young swallows' twittering under the eaves.  
And still as she waited she saw the red run  
Call in his bright glory and sink to his rest:  
She heard voices murmur and feet swiftly run.  
And a pain like a sword-thrust struck sharp through her breast.

Then up the white path of the garden they bore  
The form of the one whom she waited for—dead!  
She saw the red wound that the bright curls hung o'er.  
And knew the sad truth ere a word had been said.  
Cut off in the time of his manhood's fresh prime,  
In the bloom of his vigour and beauty laid low.  
He rests; but for her is that desolate pain  
Such as only the heart of a woman may know.

SUSANNA J.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## IN PACE.

## A LEGEND OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

## I.

"Good morrow, Quintus; thou art up betimes!"

"Aye, 'tis a great holiday, remember, and I have risen, like a loyal Roman, to take my stand beside the capitol and see the Imperial pageant. The Emperor and his train halted for the night in the plain yonder. His triumph will be magnificent."

"Yes, Quintus, and well deserved. To triumph. But what have we here?" And the two friends looked up to a large scroll hung on one of the pillars of the imperial edifice.

"*Divus Marcus Antoninus Aurelius Imperator!* Why, a new decree against the Christians, I declare."

"The Emperor wishes to grace his triumph by other captives than those taken in Illyria and Thrace, I ween."

"An *aureus* is awarded for every Christian, man, woman, or child, who will be seized and duly convicted. Merry sport this, eh, my Lentulus? What say you to a hunt after Christian flesh till the trumpet herald the steep ascent of the Capitoline?"

"Agreed, Quintus. An *aureus* is no small matter, I tell thee, in these war times, and may serve a poor fellow like me a good turn in quaffing draughts of Chio or native Falernian. 'O *Bucche, quo me rapis!*'"

The two friends locked arms and sauntered along the street.

## II.

The morning light was just tipping the crests of the Seven Hills. Imperial Rome was yet asleep. Silence reigned in her gardens and public places. Her thoroughfares were deserted.

Lentulus and Quintus walked along the square, when suddenly across their path a hooded figure passed and entered a by-street.

"Look, Quintus, at the slender girl! Did'st thou see her face?"

"No, Lentulus, it is veiled."

"What a lovely form and queenly carriage! She must be beautiful."

"Who can she be?"

"And what doing?"

"Alone, too, at such an early hour."

"A daughter of the people, belike, on some household errand."

"No plebeian she, Lentulus, for look at the jewelled sandals half hidden under her stole."

"Perhaps a waif of the Subura."

"Nay, too modest for that."

"Who then?—let us follow."

"Ha, ha! I have it—'tis Euphrosyne, the pride of Consular Vossius, a Christian and hieing to Christian rites. The *aureus* is mine," hissed Quintus to his friend, and, darting from his side, he hurried down the street. The hooded figure disappeared around an angle and he followed. As for Lentulus, he seemed stupefied at what he had heard, and walked away in another direction, shaking his head mournfully.

The sunset was gilding the tops of the Seven Hills. Rome was awaking from her slumbers. Her avenues were filling with the plebs, and out on the Campagna resounded the bray of trumpets from the camps of the Divine Emperor.

## III.

The tapers on the altar were lighted, and a few vases of flowers set about the tabernacle of worship. A troop of virgins knelt around the holy table. The door of the chancel opened, and the venerable Pacificus entered, accompanied by white-robed acolytes. He performed the sacred mysteries, blessed his little flock, and when about partaking with them of the eucharist, spoke thus in a low but impressive voice:—

"Let us thank our Master, my daughters, that once more He has strengthened us with His sacraments. The day of tribulation is at hand, the decree of persecution has been launched, and this may be the last time we shall meet on earth."

Eat ye, therefore, the bread of the strong and drink of the cup of salvation. Put your trust in the crucified Spouse of your hearts, and whatever may betide, conserve your souls in peace. *In pace servabitur animas vestras.*" He said these words and administered the sacred rites.

The lights on the altar were extinguished, the flowers removed from their vases, the incense had melted away, and the troop of virgins had glided out of the holy house. Only the venerable Pacificus remained, bowed before the shrine. Suddenly he felt the hem of his garment gently touched, and a hooded figure stood beside him. The old man smiled paternally as he recognised one of his little flock who had just partaken of the mysteries.

"What wouldst thou have, my daughter?"

"I would make an offering to my Spouse before I go, father, for I feel that I am about to depart hence, never to return."

The pastor looked up to heaven, as though he understood the meaning of the girl's presentiment.

"See in the picture yonder," said she, "how my Saviour sits by the well, weary and footsore. I would give him these jewelled sandals wherewithal to go his ways more lightly."

And stooping, she slipped them from her feet, and set them before the picture.

"God bless thee, daughter," whispered the priest benignly; and added, "go in peace."

A loud knock at the door, a shuffling of feet in the vestibule, a violent crash, and through the broken portal rushed forward a stalwart man.

"Aye, aye, 'tis she. I recognise those sandals," he cried, and darted up the aisle into the chancel. "Down with thee, old dotard," he exclaimed, as he grasped the aged priest by his long white beard and dragged him to the pave. Then laying his hand on the shoulder of the girl, "Come with me, pretty Christian. Come, Euphrosyne," said he, with a look of sensual triumph. And Quintus led forth Euphrosyne out into the city, barefoot on the stony streets.

## IV.

Euphrosyne, the daughter of Vossius, stood alone in her high prison cell.

Leaning her white arms on the iron bars, she looked down upon the great city, arrayed in holiday dress. She saw its marble colonnades and decorated fountains, the palaces of the Senators and the temples of the gods; the triumphal arches wreathed with flowers, and the wide streets lined with emblematic bays in honour of the Emperor.

Euphrosyne mused. She, the descendant of a noble Roman house, illustrious for its deeds in mail and toga; descended, too, by her mother, of Attic heroes, of him who, in the ancient days, had hurled the tyrant from his throne—Aristogiton, whose avenging blade a grateful people trimmed with sprigs of myrtle. *En murton kladi.* She, a hopeless captive now, soon to be the by-word of the populace, the disgrace of her family, the victim of the wild beasts. Yes, but even thus, nobler far, O reader, in her own eyes and in ours, than all the mighty lords and brilliant dames who had shed imperishable glory on her line. She raised her eyes to the heavens, now radiant with the sunshine, and prayed—prayed for comfort in her loneliness, courage in her pains, and perseverance in her final struggle on the sands of the amphitheatre.

"O Soterion!" she sweetly moaned, "through all let me preserve my soul in peace. *In pace, in idipsum!*"

The sound of footfalls is heard along the narrow corridor. The door of her cell is opened, and her aged father advances to meet her. An antique Roman he, but his tall form is bent, his proud step falters, and his grand, massive brow is clouded in sorrow. Thou hast come upon a hopeless errand, O Conscript Father! Thy will, accustomed to obedience, will be gently but firmly resisted, and not all thy power and consular authority will obtain what this feeble child cannot and will not grant. Abandon her faith—desert the service of her Lord! O! not even for thy venerable white hairs or the memory of a buried mother wilt thou do that. Renounce the troth of her spiritual bridal? Never. The daughter wept in her father's arms. And when at length he rose to depart, did he curse her in his stoicism as a Brutus or a Cato would have done? No, but glancing on her, he said:

"I, too, am a Christian."

## V.

One trial never comes alone. Scarcely had Vossius left the cell of his daughter, than another visitor intruded himself upon the privacy of the persecuted girl. He was muffled in a chlamys, but she recognised in him the dastard Roman who had, that morning, seized her and consigned her to the dungeon. She turned her calm blue eyes full upon his face, and Quintus could not withstand the look. There was no reproach, no hate, no revenge in it, but it smote him as if these three had been concentrated full upon him. She stood in the embrasure of a window; he, with his body half averted, withdrew a little to the shadow of the wall.

"Euphrosyne," he said at length, with hesitation.

The child drooped her eyes and listened.

"Knowest thou me?"

"I do, O Quintus," she murmured.

"I am thy persecutor."

"Nay, my benefactor," with a sweet smile.

"Not so, not so! I have wronged thee grievously, and I would repair the injury."

"There is no need, O Quintus."

"I would rescue thee from thy doom, my beautiful one. There is one means. Accept my troth and thou art free!"

She smiled a melancholy smile and said:

"My heart is plighted, Quintus."

"To whom?"

"To God!"

O! She was divinely beautiful, as she stood there, half turned to the light, her lovely eyes fixed brightly on heaven through the prison bars, and her white hands folded prayerfully on her bosom. A feeling of awe fell upon Quintus as he gazed on the ecstatic, transfigured girl, and he stole silently from the room, leaving her in her rapture. As he crept along the corridor, he paused a moment, and striking his forehead with his palm, he exclaimed:

"I, too, am a Christian!"

## VI.

The sun had not yet reached his noon on the same eventful day, when Euphrosyne had been duly interrogated and condemned. There is no need to rehearse the details of those scenes, common to most martyrs. Suffice it to say that the feeble, timid girl faced her judges with unflinching resolution, preferring death to apostasy. The strength and courage of the Martyr of Calvary, poured into the hearts of twelve millions of Christian athletes, in presence of the wheel and the faggot, the sword and the cauldron, inspired Euphrosyne in the supreme hour of her trial, when spurning at her feet titles, rank, wealth, and happiness, renouncing by a heroic effort the ties of home and family, she chose Christ and Him crucified as her portion for evermore. Aye, and thou hast chosen the better part, O daughter of Consuls, which shall not be wrested from thee for ever.

All eyes were fixed upon the angelic child, and a murmur of pity ran through that pagan crowd when the sentence of death was pronounced against her. Ardent as they all were for the ghastly shows of the circus, and athirst for Christian blood, they compassionated their tender victim, and with the old instinctive Roman respect for aristocracy, so ripe in those imperial times, grieved that an *ingenua*, a high-born child of fortune, should perish in the indiscriminate slaughter of Christian dogs.

They led her forth from the Pretor's hall to the amphitheatre, where fifty thousand enlightened Quirites were to assist at the games decreed as a part of his triumph by their Divine Emperor.

## VII.

The immense Colosseum was densely filled. Tier upon tier of patricians, knights, and plebeians sat expectant of their favourite spectacle. High above them, on his ivory throne with golden bosses, towered their imperial master, Marcus Antoninus Aurelius. Joy beamed upon every countenance, for it was a day of national rejoicing; and were not these hated Christians to be delivered to the beasts?

Suddenly the trumpet sounds! Every eye is turned toward the tent where the victims of the show are confined. The curtain is drawn and the games begin. One by one, or in pairs, the Christian heroes come, and from the fangs of lion and tiger meet the blessed death of Christ's own martyrs. The sight of blood and the ardour of the combat, instead of sating, only whetted the morbid curiosity of that ignoble rabble, and when Euphrosyne appeared, there was a perfect frenzy of excitement. They shouted, they applauded; some rose to their feet, and others bent forward in their eagerness to lose no part of the scene.

Calm and beautiful she stood on the sand in the midst of the arena. Unconscious of the crowd around her and her eye turned to heaven, her hands crossed upon her heart, her feet scarce touching the ground, she seemed, in her seraphic ardour, about to soar from earth. Strange sensations smote many a pagan heart that day, and new light poured in upon the darkness of their sins at the ravishing spectacle. The cage doors swung on their hinges, and a wild cow leaps into the arena. Her jaws are dripping with foam, her eye is on fire, she switches her tail, paws up the red sand, and bellows ferociously, till finally, catching sight of her victim, she bends her head forward and rushes madly upon her. Lo! a commotion is heard in an upper tier. A man springs forth therefrom, crying:

"Euphrosyne, let me die with thee! I, too, am a Christian!"

The savage brute tosses them in air with a furious lurch. They fall heavily—Euphrosyne clasped in the arms of Quintus—both dead.

O Master, accept the sacrifice!

## VIII.

The day is ended. Darkness falls on the Seven Hills. Rome, intoxicated with pleasure and excitement, has sunk to sleep again. Sleep on, O imperial city, inhuman in thy pride, but they will watch who fear thee not, nor thy Numidian beasts. Grave and low, mellowed by the distance, comes from subterranean depths, the chant of human voices, and tapers cast their yellow light on the moist walls of the hidden tombs. The white robes of youthful acolytes flash along the way, and the metal censers gleam. The venerable Pacificus blesses the new-made graves, and kneeling, prays to her whom he had called his daughter, *filiole*, as well as to him who had repaired his treachery by Christian martyrdom. An old man kneels beside him, with a calm, benignant face, his hands resting on the damp sod and his lips moving inarticulately. It is Vossius, now a Christian father, who asks of his martyr child to obtain for him the grace of perseverance in the creed. The procession retires: the lights grow dim—then fade. Silence reigns in those lowly cells. But Vossius tarries still, and with a sharp stylus engraves upon the tomb:

EUPHROSYNÉ

IN PACE!