"But a month is so long!" he said.
With a droop of his boy ish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep:
Thirty-one nights and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'era"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide.
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head.
But there's much to win, there's much to loose.]
A man must labor a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long but he who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head,
Seven times ten are seventy,
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is as short as a summer night—
How long, O God! is eternity!"

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE SAME DAY-ITS SECOND PART.

The day is not yet dawning; and nevertheless we speak of having reached its second part. How may this be? Gentle reader, have we not led you to its first vespers, divided as they are between Sebastian of yesterday, and Agnes of to-day? Have not the two sung them together, without jealously, and with fraternal impartiality, the one from the heaven which he ascended in the morning, the other from the dungeon which she descended in the evening Glorious Church of Christ! great in the unclashing combination of thy unity, stretching from heaven to beneath the earth, wherever exists a prison-house

of the just.
From his lodgings Fulvius went out into the nightair, which was crisp and sharp, to cool his blood, and still his throbbing brows He wandered about, almost without any purpose; but found himself im-perceptibly drawing nearer to the Tullian prison. As he was literally without affection, what could be his attraction thither. It was a strangely compounded feeling, made up of as bitter ingredients as ever filled the poisoner's cup. There was gnawing remorse; there was buffled pride; there was goading avarice; there was humbling shame; there was a terrible sense of the approaching consummation of his villany. It was true, he had been rejected, scorned, baffied by a mere child, while her fortune was neces sary for his rescue from beggary and death,—so at least he reasoned; yet he would still rather have had her hand than her head. Her murder appeared revoltingly atrocious to him unless absolutely inevitable. So he would give her another chance

He was now at the prison gate, of which he possessed the watchword. He pronounced it, entered; and, at his desire, was conducted to his victim's cell She did not flutter, nor run into a corner, like a bird into whose cage the hawk has found entrance; calm, and intrepid, she stood before him.

"Respect me here, Fulvius, at least," she gently said; "I have but few hours to live; let them be

spent in peace."
"Mødam," he replied, "I have come to lengthen them, if you please, to years; and instead of peace, I offer happiness."

"Surely, sir, if I understand you, the time is past for this sad vanity. Thus to adress one whom you have delivered over to death, is at best a mockery."
"It is not so, gentle lady; your fate is in your own

to death. I have come to renew once more, my offer, and with it that life. It is your last chance." "Have I not before told you that I am a Christian; and that I would forfeit a thousand lives rather tuan

"But now I ask you no longer to do this. The gates of the prison are yet open to me. Fly with me; and in spite of the imperial decrees you shall be a Christian, and yet live,'

"Then have I not clearly told you that I am already espoused to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. ready espoused to my Lord and saviour resus Carist, and that to Him alone will I keep eternal faith?"

"Folly and madness? Persevere in it till to-morrow, and that may be awarded to you which you fear more than death, and which will drive this illusion fear your wind?"

lusion from your mind. "I fear nothing for Christ. For know, that I

have an angel ever guarding me, who will not suffer his Master's handmaid to suffer scorn. But now, cease this unworthy opportunity and leave me the last privilege of the condemned—solitude."

Fulvius had been gradually losing patience, and could no longer restrain his passion. Rejected again, bailled once more by a mere child, this time with the sword hanging over her neck! A affine irrepressible broke out from the smouldering heat within him; and, in an instant the venomous ingredients that we have described as mingled in his heart, were distilled into one black, solitary drop,—hatred. With flashing look, and furious gesture, he broke

"Wretched woman, I give thee one more oppor-tunity of rescuing thyself from destruction. Which wilt thou have, life with me, or death?"

"Death even I will choose for her, rather than life with a monster like thee!" exclaimed a voice

just within the door."

"She shall have it," he rejoined, clenching his fist, and darting a mad look at the new speaker; and thou, too, if again thou darest to fling thy baneful shadow

across my path. Fabiola was alone for the last time with Agnes She had been for some minutes unobserved watching the contest between what would have appeared to her; had she been a Christian, an angel of light and a spirit of darkness; and truly Agnes looked like the first, if human creature ever did. In preparathe first, if human creature ever did. In prepara-tion for her coming festival of full espousals to the Lamb, when she should sign her contract of ever-lasting love, as he had done, in blood, she had thrown over the dark garments of her mourning a white and spotless bridal robe. In the midst of that dark prison lighted by a solitary lamp, she looked radiant and almost dazzling; while her tempter, wrapped up in hisdark cloak, crouching down to rush out of the low door of the dungcon, looked like a dark vanquished demon, plu ging into the

there; no paleness, no flush, no alternation of hectic excitement and pallid depression. Her eyes beam-ed with more then their usual mild intelligence; her ea with more then their usual mind intelligence; her smile was as placid and cheerful as it ever was, when they discoursed together. Then there was a noble air about her, a greatness of look and man-ner, which Fabiola would have compared to that mien and statliness, and that ambrosial atmosphere by which, in a poetical mythology, a being of a higher sphere was recognized on earth. ("Inceasu putuit Dea.") It was not inspiration, for it was passionless; but it was such expression and manner, as her highest conceptions of virtue and intellect combined in the soul, might be supposed to stamp upon the outward form. Hence her feelings passed beyond love into a higher range; they were more akin to rever-

Agnes took one of her hands in each of her own crossed them upon her own calm bosom, and look-ing into her face with a gaze of blandest earnestness

if Fabiola, I have one dying request to make you.
You have never refused me any; I am sure you will not this.

"Speak not thus to me dearest Agnes you must not request; you command me now."

"Then promise me, that you will immediately ap-

Then promise me, that you will immediately apply your mind to master the doctrines of Christianity. I know you will embrace them; and then you will no longer be to me what you are now."

"And what is that?" "Dark, dark, dearest Fabiola. When I look upon

you thus, I see in you a noble intellect, a cultivated mind, a fine moral feeling and a virtuous life. What can be desired more in woman? and yet over all these splendid gifts there hangs a cloud, to my eyes, of gloomy shadow, the shade of death. Drive

eyes, of groomy shadow, the shade of death. Drive it away, and all will be lightsome.

"I feel it, dear Agnes—I feel it. Standing before you, I seem to be as a black spot compared to your brightness. And how, embracing Christianity, shall I become light like you?"

I become light like you?"
"You must pass, Fabiola, through the torrent that sunder us" (Fabiola started, recollecting her dream). "Waters of refreshment shall flow over your body, and oil of gladnesss shall embalm your flesh; and the soul shall be washed clean as driven snow, and the heart be softened as the babe's. From that healt, you will come forther. show, and the heart be softened as the babe's. From that bath you will come forth a new creature, born again to a new and immortal life."

"And shall I lose all that you have but just now prized in me?" asked Fabiola, somewhat down-

"As the gardener," answered the martyr, "selects some hardy and robust, but unprofitable plant, and on it engrafts but a small shoot of one that is sweet and tender, and the flowers and fruits of this belong to the first, and yet deprive it of no grace, no grandeur, no strength that it had before, so will the new life you shall receive ennoble, elevate, and sanc-tify (you can scareely understand this word), the valuable gifts of nature and education which you What a glorious being Christianity

"What a new world you are leading me to, dear Agnes! Oh, that you were not leaving me outside its very threshold."

"Hark!" exclaimed Agnes, in an ecstasy of joy. "Hatk!" exclaimed Agnes, in an eestasy of joy.

"They come, they come! You hear the measured tramp of the soldiers in the gallery. They are the bridesmen coming to summon me. But I see above white-robed bridesmaids borne on the bright clouds of morning, and I go forth to meet the Bridegroom. Farewell, Fabiola, weep not for me. Oh, that I could make you feel, as I do, the happiness of dying for Christ! And now I will speak a word to you which I never addressed to you before,—God bless you!" And she made the sign of the Cross on Fabiola's forchead. An embrace, conclusive on Fabi your And she made the grade of the biola's forehead. An embrace, conclusive on Fabi ola's part, calm and tender on Agnes's, was their last earthly greeting. The one hastened home, filled

with new and generous purpose; the other resigned herself to the shame striken guard.

Over the first part of the martyr's trials we cast a veil of silence, though ancient Fathers, and the Church in her offices, dwell upon it, as doubling her crown. Suffice it to say, that her angel protected her from harm (Ingressa Agnes turpitudins locum, Angelum Domini præ paratum invenit. The Breviary); and that the purity of her presence converted a den of infamy into a holy sanctuary.

"Cui posse soli Cunpotens dedit" Castum vel ipsum reddere fornicem

Nil non pudicum est quad psa visere Dignaris, almo vel pede tangere."

It was still early in the morning when she stood again before the tribunal of the prefect in the Roman Forum, unchanged and unscathed, without a blush upon her smiling countenance, or a pang of sorrow in her innocent heart. Only her unshorn hair, the symbol of virignity, which had been let loose flowed down, in golden waves, upon her snow-white

It was a lovely morning. Many will remember to have been a beautiful day on its anniversary, as they have walked out of the Nomentan Gate now the Porta Pia, to see blessed upon her altar the two lambs, from whose wool are made the palliums sent by the Pope to the archbishops of his communion. Already the Almond trees are loosened round the vines, and spring seems latent in the swelling buds, which are watching for the signa from the southern breeze, to burst and expand. The atmosphere, rising into a cloudless sky, has that temperature that one loves, of a sun, already vigorous, not heating but softening, the slightly frosty air. Such we have frequently experienced St. Agnes's day, together with the joyful thousands, bectoning to be shown. hastening to her shrine.

The judge was sitting in the open Forum, and a sufficient crowd formed a circle round the charmed space, which few save Christians loved to enter. Among the spectators were two whose appearance attracted general attention; they stood opposite each other, at the ends of the semicircle formed by the multitude. One was a youth enveloped in his toga, with a slouching hat over his eyes, so that his features could not be distinguished. The other was a lady of aristocratic mien, tall and erect, such as one does not expect to meet on such an occasion. Wrap-ped close about her, and so ample as to veil her rom head to foot, like the beautiful ancient statue, known among artists by the name of Modesty. she had a scarf or mantle of Indian workmanship woven in the richest pattern of crimson, purple, and gold, a garment truly imperial and less suitable, than even female presence, to this place of blood and doom. A slave, or servant, of superior class attended her, carefully veiled also, like her misress. The lady's mind seemed intent on one only bject, as she stood immovable, leaning with her el-

ow an a marble post.

Agnes was introduced by her guard, into the open space, and stood intrepid, facing the tribunal. Her thoughts seemed to be far away; and she took no notice even of those two who, till she appeared had en objects of universal observation.
"Why is she unfettered asked the prefect angrily.

"She does not need it; she walks so readily," an swered Catulus; "and she is so young."

"But she is obstinate as the oldest. Put manacles The executioner turned over a quantity of such prison ornaments,—to Christian eyes really such,—and at length selected a pair as light and small as he could find, and placed them round her wrists. Agnes playfully, and with a smile, shook her hands and they fell, like St. Paul's viper clattering at her

feet.
"They are the smallest we have sir," said the sof-

"It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer, My resolution is unalterable. I despise thy false divinities, and can only love and serve the one living God. Eternal Ruler, open wide the heavenly gates, until lately closed to man. Blessed Christ call to Thee the soul that cleaveth unto Thee; victim first to Thee by virginal consecration; now to Thy Father by martyrdom's immolation.

Æterne Kector, divid januas Call, obserratas terrigenis prius, Ac te sequentum, Christe, anninam voca, Cum virg:..olem, tum Patris hostiam" Prudentius.

"I waste time, I see," said the impatient prefeet, who saw symptoms of compassion rising in the mul-titude. Secretary, write the sentence. We condenn Agnes for contempt of the imperial edicts, to be punished by the sword."

be punished by the sword."

"On what road, and at what mile-stone shall the judgement be executed!" asked the headsman.

"Let it be carried into effect at once," was the

Agnes raised for one moment her hands and eyes to heaven, then calmly knelt down. With her own hands she drew forward her silken hair over her head, and exposed her neck to the blow. A pause ensued, for the executioner was trembling with emotion, and could not wield his sword. the child knelt alone, in her white robe. with her head inclined, her arms modestly crossed on her boson, and her amber locks hanging almost to the ground, and veiling her features, she might not unaptly have been compared to some rare plant, of which the slender stalk, white as the lily, bent with

the luxuriancy of its golden blossom.

The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bid him at once do his duty. The man passed the backof his rough hand across his eyes, ashe raised his sword. It was The judge angrily reproved the executioner for his hesitation, and bid him at once do his duty. The man passed the backof his rough hand across his eyes, as he raised his sword. It was seen to flash for an instant and the next moment, flower and stem were lying scarcely displaced on the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that might developed in the ground. It might have been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been in that might developed in the ground in the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the white robe been taken for the prostration of prayer, had not the whole of the golden wonderful learning, who was most zeal-ously devoted to the worship of the gods, and daily offered sacrifice to the genius of the emperors.

"I know her," said Maximian, laughing, as if at the recollection of something very droll. "Poor thing! she sent me a splendid ring, and yesterday asked me for that wretched Schastian's life just as in that minute dyed into a rich crimson washed in

the blood of the Lamb.

The man on the judge's right hand had looked with

the blood of one, whom you may feel proud if they resemble, be able to say to them, at least, that this slightest tribute to maidenly dalicacy which they prize, has not been refused."

Such common sympathy was manifested, that Tertullus, anxious to check it, asked her sharp-

'Pray, are you too, a Christian?"

She he itated for one instant, then replied, "No, sir, I am not; but I own that if anything could make me one it would be what I have seen

"What do you mean!" "Why that to preserve the religiou of the empire such beings as she whom you have slain" (her tears interrupted her for a moment) "should have to discubilly better the discussion of the shape of the die; while monsters who dirgrace the shape and name of man should have to live and flourish. Oh, sir, you know not what you have blotted out from earth this day! She was the purest, sweetest, holiearth in sury. She was the pures, sweetes, homest thing I everknew upon it, the very flower of womanhood, though yet a child. And she might have lived yet, had she not seemed the proffered hand of a vile adventurer; who pursoed her with his loathsome offers into the seclusion of her villa, into the sanctuary of her home, and even into the last retreat of her dungeon. For this she died that she would not endow with her wealth, and ennoble

y her alliance, that Asiatic spy."

She pointed with calm scorn at Fulvius; who ounded forward, and exclaimed with fury,-"She lies, foully and calumnously, sir. Agnes openly confessed herself a Christian."

"Bear with me, sir," replied the lady with noble dignity, "while I convict him; and look on his face for proof of what I say. Didst thou not, Fulvius, early this morning, seek that gentle child in her cell, and deliberately tell her (for unseen, I heard ou) that if she would but accept your hand, not only would you save her life, but, despising the imperial commands she should still remain a Chris-

Fulvius stood, pale as death; stood, as one does for a moment who is shot through the heart, or struck by lightning. He stood like a man on whom sentence is going to be pronounced,—not of death, but of perpetual pillory, as the judge addressed him,

Fulvlus; the very look confirms this grevious charge. I could arraign thee on it, for thy head, at once. But take my counsel, begone hence forever. Flee, hide thyself, after such villiany, from the indignation of all just men, and from the vengeance dignation of an just men, and from the Vengeance of the gods. Show not thy face again here, nor in the Forum, nor in any public place of Rome. If this lady pleases, even now, I will take her deposition against thee. Pray, madam," he asked most respectfully, may I have the honor of knowing your

namer'
"Fabiola," she replied.
The judge was now all complacency, for before him, he hoped, his future daughter-in-law. "I have often heard of you madam," he said "and of your high accomplishments, and exalted virtues. You are, moreover, nearly allied to this victim of treachery, and have a right to claim her body. It is at your disposol." This speech was interrupted at the beginning by a loud hiss and yell that accompanied Fulvius's departure; he was pale with shame, fear,

and rage.
Fabiola gracefully thanked the prefect, and beckened to Syra, who attended her. again made a signal to some one else; and presently four slaves appeared bearing a lady's litter. Fabiola would allow no one but Syra to raise the relics from the ground, place them on the litter, and cover them with their precious pall. "Bear this treasure to its abyse beneam.

Ther. Fabiola looked into her countenance and thought she had never seen it half so sweet. No trace of anger, of fear, of flurry, or agitation, was

"Silence man: Reposition of the prisoner, said in a stone:—
"Agnes, I pity thy youth, thy station, and the bad education thou hast received. I desire, if possible to save thee. Think better while thou hast time. Renounce the false and perincious maxims of Christianity, obey the imperial edicts, sacrifice to the gods."

"It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. "It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. "It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. "It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. "It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. "We are solution is unalterable. I despise thy false with that of the martyr. When a sovereign, at his coronation, or on first entering his capital, throws according to ancient custom, handfuls of gold and according to a more eager competition for his scattered treasures than there was among those primitive Christians, for what they valued more than gold or precious stones, the ruby drops, which a martyr had ponred from his heart for his Lord. But all respected his prior claim of one; and here it was the deacon Re-paratus, who, at risk of life, was present, phial in hand; to gather the blood of Agnes's testimony; that it might be appended, as a faithful seal, to the record of martyrdom on her tomb.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SAME DAY-ITS THIRD PART.

Tertullus hastened at once to the palace; fortunately or unfortunately, for these candidates for martyrdom. There he met Corvinus, with the prepared rescript, elegantly engrossed in unciae, that is, large capital letters. He had the privilege of immediate admission into the imperial presence: and, as a matter of business, reported the death of Agnes, exagggerated the public feeling likely to be caused by it, attributed it to the folly and mismanagement of Fulvius, whose worst guilt he did not disclose, for fear of having to try him, and thus bringing out what he now was doing; depreciated the value of Agnes's property, and ended by saying, that it would be a gracious act of elemency, and one sure to counteract unpopular feelings, to bestow it upon her relative, who by settlement was her next heir. He

they had finished endgelling him to death." And he laughed immoderately, then continued:—"Yes, yes,

the blood of the Lamb.

The man on the judge's right hand had looked with unflinching eye upon the stroke, and his lip curied in a wicked triumph over the fallen. The lady opposite had turned away her head, still the murmur that follows a suppressed breath in a crowd, told her all was over. She then boldly advanced forward, unwound from around her person her splendid brocaded mantle, and stretched it, as a pall, over the mangled body. A burst of applause followed this graceful act of womanly feeling, as the lady stood, now in the garb of deepest mourning, before the tribunal.

"Sir," she said in a tone clear and distinct, but full of emotion, "grant me one petition. Let not the rude hands of your servants again touch and profane the hallowed remains of her, whom I have loved more than anything on earth; but let me bear them hence to the sepulchre of her fathers; for she was noble as she was good."

Totallus because will console her, no donbt for the loss of that fellow. Let a rescript be made out, and I will sign it.

Tertullus produced the one prepared, saying he had fully relied on the emperor's magnanimous clemency; and the imperial barbarian put a signature to it which would have disgraced a schoolboy. The prefect at once consigned it to his son.

Scarcely had he left the palace, when Fulvius entered. He had been home to put on a proper court attire, and remove from his features, by the bath and the perfumer's art, the traces of his morning's passion. He felt a keen presentment that he should be disappointed. Eurotas's cool discussion of the preceeding evening, had prepared him; the cross of all his designs, and his multiplieddisappointments that day, had strengthened this instinctive conviction. One woman, indeed, seemed born to meet and baffle him whichever way he turned; but was noble as she was good."

Tertulins was manifestly irritated, as he replied; "Madam, whoever you may be, your request cannot be granted. Catulus, see that the body be cast, as usual, into the river or burnt."

"Madam, whoever you may be, your request cannot be in my way here. She has this morning blasted my character forever; she cannot claim my rightful reward; she has made me outcast; it is not in her be granted. Catulus, see that the body be cast, as usual, into the river or burnt."

"I entreat you, sir," the lady carnestly insisted, "by every claim which female virtue has upon you, by every claim which female virtue has upon you, by every tear which a mother has shed over you, by every soothing sorrow; by every ministration of their gentle hands, I implore you to grant my humble prayer. And if, when you return home this evening you will be met at the threshold by daughters, who will kiss your hand, though stained with the blood of one, whom you may feel proud if they leaded to suit the same of the result of the property of Agnes, with the only competitor he could fear, the rapacious emperor bimself. He was utterly rained. After waiting some time, he entered the audience-hall, and advanced with the blandest smile that he could muster to the imperial

this feet.
they "What want you here?" was his first greet-

ing.
"Sire," he replied, "I have come humbly to pray your royal justice, to order my being put into immediate possession of my share of lady Agnes's property. She has been convicted of being a Christian description of the convicted of being a Christian description of the convicted of being a Christian description of the convicted tian upon my accusation, and she has just suffered the merited penalty of all who disobey the imperial

"That is all quite right; but we have heard how stupidly you mismanaged the whole business as usual, and have raised murmurings and disconimpire as usual, and have raised murmurings and discontent in the people against us. So, now, the sooner and one and o

me, and I part immediately."
"No more words," replied the tyrant, "but go at

once. As to the property you demand with so much pertinacity, you cannot have it. We have made over the whole of it, by irrevocable rescript, to excellent and deserving person, the Lady Fabi-

Fulvius did not speak another word, but kissed Fulvius did not speak another word, but kissed the emporor's hand, and slowly retired. He looked a ruined broken man. He was only heard to say, as he passed out of the gate;—"Then, after all, she has made me a beggar too." When he reached home, Eurotas, who read his answer in his nephew's eye, was amazed at his calamness.

"I see," he drily remarked, "it is all bver."

"Yes; are your preparations made, Eurotas?"
"Nearly so. I have sold the jewels, furntiure, and slaves, at some loss; but with the tritle I had in hand, we have enough to take us safe to Asia. I have retained Stubio, as the most trusty of our ser-

vants; he will carry our small travelling requisites on his horse. Two others are preparing for you on his horse. Two others are preparing for you and me. I have only one thing more to get for our journey, and then I am ready to start.
"Pray what is that?" "The poison. I ordered it last night but it will

ly be ready at noon.
"What is that for?" asked Fulvius, with some "Surely you know," rejoined the other, unmoved; "I am wiling te make one more trial anywhere else but the bargain is clear, my father's family must no end in beggary. It must be extinguished in

Fulvius bit his lip, and said, "Well, be it as you like; I am weary of life. Leave the house as soon as possible, for fear of Ephraim, and be with your horses at the third mile on the Latin gate soon after dusk. I will join you there. For I, too have an important matter to transact before I start.

"And what is that!" asked Eurotas with a rather keen curiosity.
"I cannot tell even you. But if I am not with you by two hours after sunset give me up and save ourself without me.

Eurotas fixed upon him his cold dark eye, with ne of those looks which ever read Fulvius through; to see if he could detect any lurking idea of escape from his gripe. But his look was cool and unusu-ally open, and the old man asked no more. While this dialogue was going on Fulvius had been divesthimself of his court garments, and attiring himself in a travelling suit. So completely did he evidently prepare himself for his journey, without the necessity of returning home that he even took his weapons with him; besides his sword, securing

"Silence man!" rejoined the exasperated judge, who, turning to the prisoner, said in a blander tone:—
"Agnes, I pity thy youth, thy station, and the bad education thou hast received. I desire, if possible deducation thou hast received. I desire, if possible deducation thou hast received. The moment the body was removed, a crowd of the control of the number of the might join them. "Who art thou!" fatal form, which were only known in the East.

Eurotas proceeded at once to the Numidian question the palace, and asked for Jubala; who tered with two small flasks of different size.

The moment the body was removed, a crowd of was just gone to give some explanations, when Eurotas proceeded at once to the Numidian quarters in the palace, and asked for Jubala; who entered with two small flasks of different sizes, and was just gone to give some explanations, when her husband half-drunk, half-furious, was seen approaching. Eurotas had just time to conceal the flasks in his belt, and slip a coin into her hand, when Hyphax came up. His wife had mentioned to him the offers which Eurotas had made to her before marriage, and had avaited in his best Africa. the effers which Eurotas had made to her before marriage, and had excited in his hot African blood a jealousy that amounted to hatred. The savage rudely thrust his wife out of the apartment, and would have picked a quarrel with the Syrian; had not the latter, his purpose being accomplished, acted with forb arance, assured the archer-chief that he should never more see him, and retired.

It is time, however, that we return to Fabiola. The reader is probably prepared to hear us say she returned home a Chritian; and yet it was not so. For what as yet did she know of Christianity, to be

returned home a Chritian; and yet it was not so. For what as yet did she know of Christianity, to be said to profess it? In Sebastian and Agnes she had indeed willingly admired the virtue, unselfish, generous and more than earthly, which now she was ready to attribute to that faith. She saw that it gave motives of actions, principles of life, elevation of mind, courage of consciputation and determined. of mind, courage of conscience, and determination of virtuous will, such as she now shrewdly suspected, and intended in calmer moments to ascertain, the sublime revealations of Syra, concerning an unseen sphere of virtue, and its all-seeing Ruler, came from the grand moral and intellectual system, partly practical, partly speculative, as all codes of philosophic teaching were? This was a very different thing from Christianity. She had as yet heard nothing of its real and essential doctrines, its fathomless, yet accessible doubted. accessible, depths of mystery; the simplest soul may contain, as a child's eye will take in the perfect re-flection and counterpart of a mountain, though a giant cannot scale it. She never had heard of a God, One in Trinity; of the coequal Son incarnate for man. She had never been told the marvellous history of Redemption by God's sufferings and death. She had never heard of the Nazareth, or Bethlehem, or Calvary. How could she call her-self a Christian, or be one, in ignorance of all

How many names had to become familar and How trany names had to becowe familar and sweet to her which as yet were unknown, or bar-barous—Mary, Joseph, Peter, Paul, and John? Not to mention the sweetest of all His, whose name is balm to the wounded heart, or as honey dropping from the broken honeycomb. And how much had she yet to learn about the provision for salvation on earth in the Chemical. earth, in the Church, in grace, in sacraments, in prayer, in love, in charity to others? What unex-plored regions lie beyond the small tract which she

No; Fabiola returned home, exhausted almost by No; Fabiola returned home, exhausted almost by the preceeding day and night, and the sad scenes of the morning, and retired to her own apartment, no longer perhaps even a philosopher, yet not a Christian. She desired all her servants to keep away from the court which she occupied, that she might not be disturbed by the smallest noise; and she forbade any one to have access to her. There she sat m lonliness and silence, for several hours, too excited to obtain rest from slumber. She mourned long over Agnes, as a mother might over a child suddenly carried off. Yet was there not a tinge of light upon the cloud that overshadowed her, more light upon the cloud that overshadowed her, more than when it hung over her father's bier! Did it than when it hung over her father's bier! Did it not seem to her an insult to reason, an outrage to humanity, to think that she had perished; to think that she had been permitted to walk forward in her bright robe, and with her smiling countenance, and with her joyous simple heart, straight on—into nothing; that she had been allured by conscience and purity, and truth, on, on, till with arms outstretched to embrace them, she stepped over a precipice, beneath which yawned annihuation! No, Ag nes, she felt sure, was happy somehow, somewhere or justice was a senseless word.

"How strange," she further thought, "that every one whom I have known endowed with superior excellence, men like Sebastian, women like Agnes, should turn out to belong to the scorned race of

should turn out to belong to the scorned race of Christians! One only remains, and to-morrow I will interrogate her.
When she turned from these, and looked round upon the heathen world, Fulvius, Tertullus, the Emperor, Calpurnius,—nay, she shuddered as she surprised herself on the point of mentioning her own father's name—it sickened her to see the convention of the co

inat of baseness with nobleness, vice with virtue, and stupidity with wisdom, and the sensual with the spiritual. Her mind was thus being shaped into a mould, which some form of practical excellence must be found to fill, or it must be broken; her soul vas craving as a parched soil, which heaven must send its waters to refresh, or it must become eternal desert. Agnes, surely well-deserved the glory of gaining

by her death, her kinswoman's conversion; but was there not one, more numble, who had established a prior claim? One who had given up freedom, and offered life for this unselfish gain?

While Fabiola was alone and desolate, she was

disturbed by the entrance of a stranger, introduced under the ominous title of "A messenger from the Emperor." The porter had at first denied admit-Emperor. The porter had at his defined admin-tance; but upon his being assured that he bore an important embassy from the sovereign, he was obliged to enquire from the steward what to do; when he was informed that no one with such a laim could be refused entrance.

claim could be refused entrance.

Fabiola was annazed, and her displeasure was somewhat mitigated, by the ridiculous appearance of the person deputed in such a solemn character. It was Corvinus, who with clownish grace approached her, and in a studied speech evidently got up very floridly; and intrusted to a bad memory, laid at her feet an imperial rescript, and his own sincere affection, the Lady Agnes's estates, and his connection between two combined parents, and never imagined that one was the bribe of the other. So she desired him to return her humble thanks to the emperor for his gracious act; adding, "Say that I am too ill to-day to present myself, and do him hom-

"But these estates, you are aware, were forfeited and confiscated," he gasped out in great confusion, "and my father has obtained them for you."

"That was nunecessary," said Fabiola, for they were settled on me long ago and became mine the moment"—she faltered, and after a strong effort at self-mastery, she continued—"the moment they ceased to be another's; they did not fall under confiscation.' Corvinur was dumb-foundered; at last he stum-

bled into something, meant for an humble petition to be admitted as an aspirant after her hand, but understood by Fabiola to be a demand of recompense, derstood by Pabiola to be a demand of feeding for procuring or bringing so important a document. She assured him that every claim he might have on her should be fully and honorably considered at a her should be fully and honorably considered at a more favorable moment; but as she was exceedingly wearied and unwell, she must beg him to leave her at present. He did so quite clated, fancying that he had secured his prize.

To be continued.

-Commodore Guest, U. S. N. who died re cently at Portsmouth, N. H., was a devout convert. He became a Catholic twelve years ago.—R, I. P,

-The Duke of Norfolk, with true Catholic spirit has contributed largely for the relief of the suffering poor at sheffield, and his example has been followed by other wealthy gentleafter cho meat. T and putt vessel all meat sho have only into a tur toast hav dozen of is remove to it. minutes, with salt,

FRID

well with salt and then dip good qua OYSTER pies, roll dish, the ter the si

> BEEF fing. It i MEAT (quantity milk; hav balls, dip verized cr parsley.

> > FRIED !

three-fou

liquor in the frying rich, swee PIGEON Grate the one poun onion and fry brown stock and thicken w

with force gravy on

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the head
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> head-dr tulle lay Hon. trimme feathers Hon. ton ; c Mrs. with sil

more I