The Rosary of my Cross.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart.
The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years,
Few or many they come—few or many they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair.
And not by the scenes that we pass on our wayAnd not by the furrows the finger of care
On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the surrof the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft times old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their heart lies cold—
O'er them the spring-time—but winter is there.
And the old are oft times young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

And they laugh, for their cross was flavor.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
Froma cross to a cross they lead—'tis well!
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.
Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempests and tears of the deep.
A thousand Joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave back home
It reaches the heaven through tears.

FABIOLA;

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

So saying, he led him into an elegant room, where Fabius had ordered goblets and flagons of the richest Falernian wine to be brought, for such as, according to Roman fashion, liked to enjoy a commissatio, or drinkingbout. But only Corvinus, engaged by Fulvius, followed.

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fulvius, after plying Toronatus, with more liquor modification.

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fullying, after plying Torquatus with more liquor, negligently took them up, and threw them playfully down, talking in the mean time on indifferent subjects. "Dear me!" he kept exclaiming, "what throws! It is well I am not playing with any one, or I should have been ruined. You try, Torquatus."

Gambling as we leave before had been the ruine.

have been ruined. You try, Torquatus."

Gambling, as we learnt before, had been the ruin of Torquatus: for a transaction arising out of it he was in prison, when Sabastian converted him. As he took the dice into his hand, with no intention, as he thought, of playing, Fulvius watched him, as he thought, of playing, Futyins watched him, as a lynx might his prey. Torquatus's eye flashed keenly, his lips quivered, his hand trembled. Fulvius at once recognized in all this, coupled with the poising of his hand, the knowing cast of the wrist, and the sharp eye, to the value of the throw, the violence of a first torquation to resume a recommend vice.

snarp eye, to the value of the throw, the violence of a first temptation to resume a renounced vice.

"I fear you are not a better hand than I am at this stapid occupation," said he indifferently; "but, I dare say, Corvinus here will give you a chance, if nor will stake smathing your law." if you will stake something very low."

"It must be very low indeed,—merely for recreation; for I have renounced gambling. Once, indeed

-but no matter.

—but no matter."

"Come on," said Corvinus, whom Fulvius had pressed to his work by a look.

They began to throw for the most trifling stakes, and Torquatus generally won. Fulvius made him drink still, from time to time, and he became very

"Corvinus, Corvinus," he said at length, as if recollecting himself, "was not that the name that Cassianus mentioned?"

"Who 2" school of "

had given him, he threw the purse itself upon the table. Fulvius coolly opened it, emptied it, counted the money, and placed opposite an equal heap of gold. Each prepared himself for a final throw. The fatal bones fell; each glanced silently upon their spots. Fulvius drew the money towards himself; Torquatus fell upon the table, his head buried and hidden within his arms. Fulvius motioned Corvinus out of the room.

nt of the room.

Torquatus beat the ground with his foot; then meaned, next gnashed his teeth and growled; then put his fingers in his hair, and began to pull and tear it. A voice whispered in his ear, "Are you a Christian?" Which of the seven spirits was it? surely

"It is hopeless," continued the voice; "you have disgraced your religion, and you have betrayed it

"No, no," groaned the despairing wretch. "Yes; in your drunkeness you have told us all; quite enough to make it impossible for you ever to return to those you have betrayed."

"Begone, begone," piteously exclaimed the tortured sinner. "They will forgive me still. God"— "Silence; utter not His name; you are degraded, prejured, hopelessly lost. You are a beggar; tomorrow you must beg your bread. You are an outcast, a ruined prodigal and gamester. Who will look at you? will your Christian friends? And nevertheless you are a Christian; you will be torn to pieces by some cruel death for it; yet you will not be worstipped by them as one of their martyrs. You are a hypocrite, Torquatus, and nothing more."
"Who is it that is tormenting me?" he ex-

claimed, and looked up. Fulvius was standing with folded arms at his side. "And if all this be true, what is it to you? What have you to say more to me?" he continued.

"Much more than you think. You have betrayed yourself into my power completely. I am master of your money"—(and he showed him Fabiola's purse)—"of your character, of your peace, of your life. I have only to let your fellow-Christians know what you have done, what you have said, what you have been to-night, and you dare not face them. I have only to let that 'bully—that big brute,' as you called him, but who is son of the prefect of the city, loose upon you, (and no one else can now restrain him after such provocation), and to-morrow you will be standing before his father's tribunal to die for that religion which you have betrayed and disgraced. Are you ready now, any longer to real and stagger as a drunden gambler, to represent your Christianity before the judgment-scat of the Forum?"

The fallen man had not courage enough to follow the prodigal in repentance, as he had done in sin. Hope was dead in him; for he had relapsed into his capital sin, and scarcely felt remorse. He remained silent, till Fulvius aroused him by asking, "Well, have you made your choice; either to go at once to the Christians with to-night on your head, or to-morrow to the court? Which do you choose?"

Torquatus raised his eyes to him, with a stolid look, and faintly answered, "Neither"

"Come, then, what will you do?" asked Fulvius mastering him with one of his falcon glances.

"What you like," said Torquatus, "only neither of those things."

Fulvius sat down beside him, and said, in a soft "Much more than you think. You have betrayed

Fulvius sat down beside him, and said, in a soft Fulvius sat down beside him, and said, in a soft and soothing voice, "Now, Torquatus, listen to me; do as I tell you, and all is mended. You shall have house, and food, and apparel, ay, and money to play with, if you will only do my bidding."

"And what is that?"

"Bis to more word.

"And what is that ?"

"Rise to-morrow as usual; put on your Christian face; go freely among your friends; act as if nothing had happened; but answer all my questions, tell me every thing."

every thing."

Torquatus groaned, "A traitor at last!"

"Call it what you will; that or death! Ay, death by inches. I hear Corvinus pacing impatiently up and down the court. Quick! what is it to be?"

"Not death! Oh, no! any thing but that!"

Fulvius went out, and found his friend fuming with rage and wings he had hard, work to pacify

Fulvius went out, and found his friend fuming with rage and wine; he had hard work to pacify him. Corvinus had almost forgottan Cassianus in fresher resentiments; but all his former hatred had been re-enkindled, and he burnt for revenge. Fulvius promised to find out where he lived, and used this means to secure the suspension of any violent and immediate measure.

Having sent Corvinus sulky and fretting home, he returned to Torquatus, whom he wished to accompany, that he might ascertain his lodgings. As soon as he had left the room, his victim had arisen from his chair, and endeavored, by walking up and down, to steady his senses and regain self-possession. But it was in vain; his head was swimming from his inchriety, and his subsequent excitement. The But it was in vain; his head was swimming from his inebriety, and his subsequent excitement. The apartment seemed to turn round and round, and float up and down; he was sick too, and his heart was beating almost audibly. Shame, remorse, self-contempt, hatred of his destroyers and of himself, the desolateness of the outcast, and the black despair of the reprobate, rolled like dark billows through his soul, each coming in turn uppermost. Unable his soul, each coming in turn uppermost. Unable to sustain himself loonger on his feet, he threw himself on his face upon a silken couch, and burried his burning brow in his icy hands, and groaned. And still all whirled round and round him, and a constant morning saying daily his ears.

constant moaning sounded in his ears.

Fulvius found him in this state, and touched hi shoulder to rouse him. Torquatus shuddered, and started; then exclaimed: "Can this be Charybdis?"

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

CONFLICT. "Who?" asked the other, surprised.
"Yes, it was," continued Torquatus to himself,
—"the bully, the big brute. Were you the person,"
he asked, looking up to Corvinus, "who struck that
nice Christian boy Paneratus?"

Corvinus was on the point of bursting into a
rage, out Fulvius checked him by a gesture, and
said, with timely interference;
"That Cassianus whom you mentioned is an
eminent schoolmaster; pray, where does he live?"
This he knew his companion wished to ascertain;
and thus he quieted him. Torquatus answered:
"He lives, let me see,—no, no; I won't turn traitor.
No; I am ready to be burnt, or tortured, or die for
my faith; but I won't betray any one,—that I wont."
"Let me take your place, Corvinus," said Fulvius,
who saw Torquatus's in the game deepening. He
put forth sufficient skill to make his antagonist
more careful, and more intent. He threw down a
somewhat larger stake. Torquatus, after a momen's pause of deliberation, matched it. He won
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more careful, and more intent. He threw down a somewhat larger stake. Torquatus, after a momen's pause of deliberation, matched it. He won it. Fulvius seemed vexed. Torquatus threw back both sums. Fulvius seemed to hisitate, but put down an equivalent, and lost again. The play was now silent: each won and lost; but Fulvius had steadily the advantage; and he was the more collected of the two.

Let was towards the end of October that a young It was now in harrative. It was towards the end of October that a young It was towards the end of October that a young It was now in harrative. It was towards the end of October that a young It was towards the end of October that was towards the end of October that young It was towards the end of October that was towards the end of October Once Torquatus looked up, and started. He thought he saw the good Polycarp behind his adversary's chair. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it was only Corvinus staring at him. All his skill was now put forth. Conscience had retreated, faith was was only Corvinus staring at him. All his skill was now put forth. Conscience had retreated; faith was wavering; grace had already departed. For the demon of covetousness, of rapine, of dishonesty, of recklessness, had come back, and brought with him seven spirits worse than himself, to that cleansed, but ill-guarded soul; and as they entered in, all that was holy, all that was good, departed.

At length, worked up, by repeated losses and draughts of wine, into a phrenzy, after he had drawn frequently upon the heavy purse which Fabiolia had given him, he threw the purse itself upon the table. Fulvius coolly opened it, emptied it, counted the money, and placed opposite an equal heap of gold. Each prepared himself for a final throw. The fatal bones fell; each glanced silently upon their spots. Fulvius drew the money towards himself; He looked like one who had lived much among the dead, and was happiest in their company. His two sons, Majus and Severus, fine athletic youths, were with him. The first was busy carving, or scratching rather, a rude epitaph on an old slab of marble, the reverse of which still bore traces of a heathen sepulchral inscription, rudely effaced by its new possessor. Pancratus looked over the work in hand and smiled; there was hardly a word rightly spelt, or a part of speech correct; indeed here it is, "De Bianoba Pollecla que Orden Bendet de Bianoba." The other son was making a rough design, in which could be distinguished Jonas devoured by the whale, and Lazarus raised from the dead, both most conventionally raised from the dead, both most conventionally drawn with charcoal on a board; a sketch evidently for a more permanent painting elsewhere. Further, it was clear, that when the knock came to the door old Diogenes was busy fitting a new handle to an old pick-axe. These varied occupations in one family might have surprised a modern, but they did not at all the youthful vtsitor; he well knew that the family belonged to the honorable and religious craft of the Fossores, or executors of the ligious craft of the Fossores, or excavators of the Christian cemeteries. Indeed, Diogenes was the head, and director of that confraternity. In conformity with the assertion of an anonymous writer, formity with the assertion of an anonymous writer, contemporary with St. Jerome, some modern antiquarians have considered the fossor as forming a lesser ecclesiastical order in the primitive Church, like the lector, or reader. But although this opinion is untenable, it is extremely probable that the duties of this office were in the hands of persons appointed and recognized by confessionical authority. The and recognized by ecclesiastical authority. The uniform system pursued in excavating, arranging,

and filling up of the numerous cemeteries round Rome, a system too, so complete from the beginning, as not to have positive signs of improvement or change as time went on, gives us reason to conclude, that these wonderful and venerable works were carried on under one direction, and probably by some body associated for that purpose. It was not a cemetery or necropolis company, which made a speculation of burying the dead, but rather a pious and recognized confraternity, which was associated for the purpose.

for the purpose.

A series of interesting inscriptions, found in the cemetery of St. Agnes, proves that this occupation was continued in particular families; grandfather, father, and sons, having carried it on in the same place. We can thus cooling the same place. We can thus easily understand the great skill, and uniformity of practice observable in the catacombs. But the fossores had evidently a higher catacombs. But the fossores had evidently a nigher office, or even jurisdiction, in that underground world. Though the Church provided space for the burial of all her children, it was natural that some should make compensation for their place of sepulture, if chosen in a favorite spot, such as the vicinity of a martyr's tomb. These sextons had the management of such transactions, which are often recorded in the ancient cemeteries.

However this may be, we trust we have laid before our readers all that

fore our readers all that is known about the pro ssion, as such, of Diogenes and his sons. We left Pancratius amused at Majus's rude at-tempts in glyptic art; his next step was to address

"Do you always execute these inscriptions your

"Oh, no," answered the artist, looking up and smiling, "I do them for poor people, who cannot afford to pay a better hand. This was a good woman who kept a small shop in the Via nova, and you may suppose did not become rich, especially as she was very honest. And yet a curious thought struck me as I was carving her epitaph.'
"Let me hear it, Majus."

"Let me hear it, Majus."
"It was, that perhaps some thousand years hence or more, Christians might read with reverence my scratches on the wall, and hear of poor old Pollecla and her barley-stall with interest, while the inscription of not a single emperor, who persecuted the Church, would be read or even known."

"Well, I can hardly imagine that the superb mausoleums of sovereigns will fall to utter decay, and yet the memory of a market-wife descend to distant ages. But what is your reason for thinking

Simply because I would sooner commit to the keeping of posterity the memory of the pious poor than that of the wicked king. And my rude record may possibly be read when triumphal arches have been demolished. It's dreadfully written though,

"Never mind that; its simplicity is worth much

"Ah, that is a beautiful inscription brought us to put up; you will see the writer and engraver were different people. It is to go to the cemetery at the Lady Agnes's villa, on the Nometan way. I believe

it is in memory of a most sweet child, whose death is deeply felt by his virtuous parents."
"Dear, happy child!" continued Paneratius, when had payment the incompany of the incompany of the payment the incompany of the payment the pay he had perused the inscription : "add me the reader, of the writer and carver of your epitaph, in your

"Amen," answered the pious family.

"Amen," answered the pious family.

But Pancratius, attracted by a certain husky sound in Diogenes's voice, turned round, and saw sound in Diogenes's voice, turned to cut off the end of sound in Diogenes's voice, turned round, and saw the old man vigorously trying to cut off the end of a little wedge which he had driven into the top of the handle of his pick-axe, to keep it fast in the iron; but every moment baffled by some defect in his vision, which he removed by drawing the back of his brawny hand across his eyes. "What is the his vision, which he removed by drawing the back of his brawny hand across his eyes. "What is the matter my good old friend?" said the youth kindly. "Why does this epitaph of young Dionysius particularly affect you?"

"It does not of itself; but it reminds me of so much that is past, and suggests so much that may be about to come, that I feel almost faint to think

What are your painful thoughts, Diogenes?" "What do you see, it is all simple enough to take into one's arms a good child like Dionysius, wrapped in his cerecloth, fragrant with spices, and lay him in from sorrow to joy was easy and sweet. It is a very different thing, and required a heart as hardened as mine by practice "(another stroke of the hand across the eyes) "to gather up hastily the torn flesh and the eyes) "to gather up hashly the torn hesh and broken limbs of such another youth, to wrap them hurriedly in their winding-sheet, then fold them into another sheet full of lime, instead of balsams, and shove them precipitately into their tomb. How differently one would wish to treat a martyr's

"True, Diogenes; but a brave officer prefers the plain soldier's grave, on the field of battle, to the carved sarcophangus on the Via Appia. But are such scenes as you describe common, in times of

By no means uncommon, my good young master.

I am sure a pious youth like you must have visited, on his anniversary, the tomb of Restitutus in the cemetery of Hermes."

"Indeed I have, and often have I been almost jealous of his early martyrdom. Did you bury

Yes; and his parents had a beautiful tomb made the arcosolium of his crypt. My father and I made it of six slabs of marble, hastily collected, and engraved the inscription now beside it. I think I carved better than Majus there," added the old man,

That is not saying much for yourself, father," joined his son no less smiling. He continued : "What a glorious youth, to have

He continued: What a government of the confessed Christ at such an age!"
"No doubt," replied the old man; "but I dare say you have always thought that his body reposes alone in his sepulchre. Any one would think so from the inscription."

"Certainly Thave always thought so. It is other-

"Yes, noble Pancratius, he has a comrade younger than himself lying in the same bed. As we were closing the tomb of Restitutus, the body of a boy closing the tomb of Restitutus, the body of a boy not more than twelve or thirteen years old was brought to us. Oh, I shall never forget the sight! He had been lung over a fire, and his head, trunk, and limbs, nearly to the knees, were burnt to the very bone; and so disfigured was he, that no feature could be recognized. Poor little fellow, what he could be recognized. Poor little fellow, what he must have suffered! But why should I pity him Well, we were pressed for time; and we thought the youth of eightteen would not grudge room for his fellow-soldier of twelve, but would own him for a counger brother; so we laid him at Elius Fabius's eet. But we had no second phial of blood to put outside, that a second martyr might be known to be there; for the fire had dried his blood up in his

"What a noble boy! If the first was older, the second was younger than I. What say you, Diogenes, don't you think it likely you may have to erform the same office for me one of these days?"
"Oh, no, I hope not," said the old digger, with a

"Oh, no, I hope not," said the old digger, will a return of his husky voice. "Do not, I entreat you, allude to such a possibility. Surely my own time must come sooner. How the old trees are spared, indeed, and the young plants cut down!"

"Come, come, my good friend, I won't afflict you. But I have almost forgotten to deliver the message

I came to bring. It is, that to-morrow at dawn, you must come to my mother's house, to arrange about preparing the cemeteries, for our coming troubles. Our holy Pope will be there, with the priests of the

titles, the regionary deacons, the notaries, whose number has been filled up, and you, the head fossor, that all may act in concert."

"I will not fail, Pancratius," replied Diogenes.

"And now," added the youth, "I have a favour to ask you,"

"A favour from me?" asked the old man sur

'Yes; you will have to begin your work immediately, I suppose. Now, often as I have visited, for devotion, our sacred cemeteries, I have never studied or examined them; and this I should like to do with you, you know them so well."

you, you know them so well."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," answered Diogenes, somewhat flattered by the compliment, but still more pleased by this love for what he so much loved. "After I have received my instructions, I shall go at once to the cemetery of Callistus. Meet me out of the Porta Capena, half an hour before mid-day, and we will go on together." gether. "But I shall not be alone," continued Pancratius.

"Two youths, recently baptised, desire much to become acquainted with our cemeteries, which they do not yet much know; and have asked me to initiate them there."

"Any friends of yours will be always welcome. What are their names, that we may make no mis

take?"
"One is Tiburtius, the son of Chromatius, the late prefect; the other is a young man named Tor-

"Severus started a little, and said: "Are you

uite sure about him, Pancratius?"

Diogenes rebuked him saying, "That he comes to Diogenes rebuked him saying, "That he cough," us in Pancratius's company is security enough," "I own," interposed the youth, "that I do not know as much about him as about Tiburtius, who is really a gallant, noble fellow. Torquatus is, however, very anxious to obtain all information about our affairs, and seems in earnest. What makes you

fear, Severus?"

"Only a trifle, indeed. But as I was going early to the cemetery this morning, I turned into the Baths of Antoninus."

"What!" interrupted Pancratius, laughing, do

"What it" interrupted Pancratius, laughing, do you frequent such fashionable resorts!"

"Not exactly," replied the honest artist; "but you are not perhaps aware that Cucumio the capsurius and his wife are Christians?"

"It is possible? where shall we find them next?"

"Well, so it is; moreover they are making a tomb for themseives in the cemetery of Callistus; and I had to show them Majus's inscription for it."

"Here it is," said the latter, exhibiting it as follows: "Cucumio et Victoria se Vivos Peoeram Capsurius de Autominianas.

"Capital!" exclaimed Pancratius, amused at the blunders in the epitaph; "but we are forgetting Torquatus."

"As I entered the building, then," said Severus, "I was not a little surprised to find in one corner, at that early hour, this Torquatus in close conversation with the present prefect's son, Corvinus, the pretended cripple, who thrust himself into Agnes's house, you remember, when some charitable unknown person (God bless them!) gave large alms to the poor there. Not good company I thought, and at such an hour, for a Christian."

"True, Severus," returned Pancratius, blushing deeply; "but he is young as yet in the faith, and probably his old friends do not know of his change. We will hope for the best."

The two young men offered to accompany Panther of the post."

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The two young men offered to accompany ratius, who rose to leave, and see him safe through the poor and profligate neighborhood. He accepted their courtesy with pleasure, and bade the old ex-cavator a hearty good night.

CHAPTER II.

It seems to us as though we had neglected one It seems to us as though we had neglected one, whose character and thoughts opened this little history, the pious Lucina. Her virtues were indeed of that quiet, unobtrusive nature, which affords little scope for appearing on a public scene, or taking part in general affairs. Her house, besides being, or rather containing a title or parochial church, was now honored by being the residence of the supreme Pontiff. The approach of a violent persecution, in which the rulers of Christ's spiritual kingdom were sure to be the first sought out, as the enemies of Casar, rendered it necessary to transfer the residence of the Ruler of the Church, from his the residence of the Ruler of the Church, from the residence of the Ruler of the Church, from his ordinary dwelling to a securer asylum. For this purpose Lucina's house was chosen; and it continued to be so occupied, to her great delight, in that and the following pontificate, when the wild beasts were ordered to be transferred to it, that Pope Marcellus might feed them at home. This loathsome punishment seen coursed his death. ment soon caused his death.

Lucina admitted, at forty, into the order of dea-Lucina admitted, at forty, into the order of deaconnesses, found plenty of occupation in the duties of her office. The charge and supervision of the women in church, the care of the sick and poor of her own sex, the making, and keeping in order of sacred vestments and linen for the altar, and the instruction of children and female converts preparing for handism, as ren and female converts prepering for baptism, as well as the attending them at that sacred rite, bewell as the attending them at that sacred rite, belonged to the deaconnesses, and gave sufficient occupation in addition to domestic offices. In the exercise of both these classes of duties, Lucina quietly passed her life. Its main object seemed to be attained. Her son had offered himself to God; and lived ready to shed his blood for the faith. To watch over him, and pray for him, were her delight, rather than an additional employment.

Early in the morning of the appointed day, the meeting mentioned in our last chapter took place. It will be sufficient to say, that in it full instructions It will be sufficient to say, that in it full instructions were given for increasing the collection of alms, to be employed in enlarging the cemeteries and burying the dead, in succouring those driven to concealment by persecution, in nourishing prisoners, and obtaining access to them, and finally in ransoming or rescuing the bodies of martyrs. A notary was named for each region, to collect their acts and record interesting events. The cardinals, or titular priests, received instructions about the administration of sacraments, particularly of the Holy Eucharist, during the persecution; and to each was intrusted one cemetery or more, in whose subterranean church he was to perform the sacred mysteries. The holy Pontiff chose for himself that of Callistus, which made Diogenes, its chief sexton, not Callistus, which made Diogenes, its chief sexton, not a little, but innocently, proud.

a little, but innocently, proud.

The good old excavator seemed rather more cheery than otherwise, under the exciting fore-bodings of a coming persecution. No commanding officer of engineers could have given his orders more briskly, or more decidedly, for the defence of a fortified city committed to his skill to guard, than he issued his to the subordinate superintendents of the various cemeteries round Rome, who met him by appointment at his own house, to learn the instructions of the superior assembly. The shadow of the sun-dial at the Porta Capena was pointing to structions of the superior assembly. The shadow of the sun-dial at the Porta Capena was pointing to mid-day, as he issued from it with his sons, and found already waiting the three young men. They walked in parties of two along the Appian road; and at nearly three miles from the gate, they entered by various ways (slipping round different tombs that lined the road) into the same villa on the righthand. Here they found all the requisites for a descenting Here they found all the requisites for a descent into the subterranean cemeteries, such as candles, lantern, and the instruments for procuring light. Severus proposed that, as the guides and the strangers were in equal number, they should be divided into pairs; and in the division he allotted Torquatus to himself. What his reason was we may easily conjecture. To be Continued.

WISE SAYINGS.

A man may buy gold too dear.

A light purse is a heavy curse.

A little leak will sink a big ship. All lay loads on the willing horse. A fault confessed is half redressed. A fault confessed is naif redressed.

A wise layer-up is a wise layer-out.

All are not friends that speak us fair.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

An oak tree is not felled with one blow. A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
A good name keeps its lustre in dark.
A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool. Always put your saddle on the right horse. An honest man's word is as good as his bond. An unlawful oath is better broke than kept. An unrawful oath is better broke than kept.

A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.

An hour in the morning is worth two in the after-

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An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of book

THE LOST WAGER.

In the northern part of Ireland there once lived two neighbors, Patrick Grady and Tom McNulty. Their farms were close together, so that their homes were scarcely one-fourth of a mile apart, They were both blessed with loving and thrifty wives, who seemed to think their husbands' superiors could not be

found in the land. Mary and Bridget often discussed their husbands' merits, and each blessed Providence for giving to them such worthy hus-

bands to love.

As Patrick and Tom owned but one horse each, they often "doubled up" to do a hard day's work or to carry their oats or barley to the market. In or to carry their oats or barley to the market. ct they assisted each other in various ways, as nd neighbors should.

"Holy saints, Tom! an' would ye be after thinking of taking another woman over poor Mary's childer, to wear the life out of yerself and them, Tom?"

"And do ye not think, Pat," said Tom, with a longabent sparkle in his eyes;" do ye not think that Bridget would marry again if ye were dead, Pat?"

"God forbid," said Pat, in a solenn tone," that she would be thinking of the likes."

"Ill wager ye a live-pound note," said Tom," that if ye was dead the morrow that she would consent to marry before two weeks, and that man would be myself, Pat."

"Done," said Patrick;" but how will ye know,

Tom?"
"Aisy enough," said Tom. "When ye go home to-night tell Bridget that ye do not feel well, and grow worse and worse; thin send Bridget for me, and be dead before she gets back."
"Agreed," said Pat, and away he goes to play his cruel joke to test his wife's fidelity to his dead memory."

nemory.

Tom was awakened about midnight by Bridget's Tom was awakened about miningfit by Dridget's voice calling him to hasten, as Patrick was dying.

He dressed himself and hastened as soon as possibl over to Patrick's, only to find him apparently dead, and Bridget sobbing as if her heart would break.

Tom waited until she had her cry out and then

"I know how to feel for ye, Bridget, for I lost as good a friend as ye have yerself this day; but what good does it do us to cry our eyes sore? We can't bring them back to us agin. And I'm think Bridget, as our land lies together, why could Bridget, as our fand lies together, why could not yerself and me, after giving poor Pat a decent wake and burial, get married?" said Tom; "for Mary, God rest her sowl, cauld not wish a better woman over her poor childer, Bridget dear, than yerself."

"Glory be to God, but I was thinking the same meetly when cossing the garden. Tom!"

meself when crossing the garden, Tom! It is needless to say that Patrick lost his five-pound note. Nor did he ever again chide Tom for thinking of getting, another wife.—Connecticut Cath-

AN OLD MAID.

An old maid may have odd notions, set ways, invulnerable prejudices, and a dozen queer crotchets, but she is always sure to have a good heart. Who ever heard of an old maid refusing a cry for help from one in distress? The outward appearance of an old maid may not be so fair and pleasant as that of a young one, but in times of sickness and trouble she will be a ministering angel; so look at the old maid reverently, tolerate her notions and idosynerasies, for she derserves respect. A recent writer very truly says: There is something remarkable in the fact hat a man may reach the age of thirty-five or forty and remain unmarried, and very little comment is made upon it. But when a woman arrives at that point, and is still unappropriated, how very different is the case. Now, why should it be so? If a woman has calmly and well studied the situation, and decides that she will be happier to remain single, why should society interfere with her resolution, or her women friends giggle, criticise, or meddle with her disposition of her own affairs? There is a spice of sharp dis crimination in the saying, 'It's a great deal better to cry because you're not married than to cry because you are. A good old maid is the best possible type of unselfish womanhood, who, if she never enjoys the happiness of maternity, escape at the same time the most poigant of all life's sorrows, endured by those whose children have gone astray.'

—On Sunday, Nov. 3rd, as we learn from the Catholic Mirror, Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. James' Church (under the pastoral care of the Padamert Palame). of the Redemptorist Bathers). Among those con-

-We deeply regret to announce the death of Rev. Father John R. McDonald, for twelve years pastor of St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, at Williamsburg, N. Y., which occurred on the 12th inst. Also that of Rev. P. A. Tiernay, pastor of Kenokea, Mich., which took place on the same day.