While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-winged cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
Tis the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds scraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary. Tis the hij sheds scraphic sinted. Sweetly sheds scraphic sury. Bids the tides of ocean vary. Lights on high the starry isles. Ye who from this sun's dominions. Gaze upon that heavenly scene, Gaze upon that heavenly scene, Sing to harps, with quivering pinions. "Hail, Holy Queen!"

All the spheres behold with wonder Sleeping on thy bosom lie Him whose word in cloud and thunder Hurl'd them flaming through the sky. Mary! sacred Star of Ocean. Rise thon o'er the stormy brine, Quell the passions' wild commotion, Cheer and save us, Mother mine! Round us while the tempest rages, Be thy guiding lustre seen, And our song through endless ages. "Hall, Holy Queen!"

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"The panther?" shouted out a voice. "The panthe? responded twenty. "The panther!" thundered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus like dered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus the the roaring of an avalanche. (The amphitheatre could contain 150,000.) A cage started up, as if by magic, from the midst of the sand, and as it rose, its side fell down, and freed the captive of the desert. (This was an ordinary device. The under-ground constructions for its practice have been found in the Coliseum.) With one graceful bound the elegant savage gained its liberty; and, though enraged by darkness, confinement, and hunger, it seemed almost playful, as it leaped and turned about, frisked and gambolled noiselessly on the sand.

At last it caught sight of its prey. All its feline cunning and cruelty seemed to return, and to con-spire together in animating the cautions and treacherous movements of its velvet-clothed frame. The whole amphitheatre was as silent as if it had been a hermit's dell, while every eye was intent, watching the stealthy approaches of the sleek brute to its vic-tim. Pancratius was still standing in the same place, facing the emperor, apparently so absorbed in higher thoughts, as not to heed the movements of his enemy. The panther had stolen round him, as if disdaining to attack him except in front. Crouching upon its breast, slowly advancing one paw before another it had gained its measured distance. another, it had gained its measured distance ; and there it lay for some moments of breathle suspense. A deep snarling growl, an elastic spring through the air, and it was seen gathered up like a leech, with its hind feet on the chest, and its fangs and fore claws on the throat of the martyr.

He stood erect for a moment, brought his right
hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian

with a smile, directed to him, by a graceful wave of his arm, the last salutation of his lips—and fell. The arteries of the neck had been severed, and the slumber of martyrdom at once settled on his eyelids. His blood softened, brightened, enriched, and blended inseparably with, that of his, which Lucina had been accepted. (The martyr Saturus, torn by a leopard, and about to die, addressed the soldier Pudens, not yet a Christian, in words of exhortation; then asked him for the ring on his finger, dipped it in his own blood, and gave it back, "leaving him the inheritence of that pledge, and the memorial of his blood." Ap. Ruinart, vol. i. p. 223,

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

The body of the young martyr was deposited in peace on the Aurelian way, in the cemetery which soon bore his name, and gave it, as we have before

soon bore his name, and gave it, as we have before observed, to the neighbouring gate. In times of peace, a basilica was raised over his tomb, and yet stands to perpetuate his honor.

The persecution now increased its fury, and multiplied its daily victims. Many whose names have appeared in our pages, especially the community of Chromatius's villa, rapidly fell. The first was Zoe, whose dumbness Sebastian had cured. She was surprised by a heathen rabble, praying at St. Peter's tomb, and was hurried to trial, and hung with her head over a smoky fire, till she died. Her husband, with three others of the same party, was taken, rewith three others of the same party; was taken, re-peatedly tortured, and beheaded a Tranquillinus, the father of Marcus and Marcellianus, jealous of Zoe's crown, prayed openly at St. Paul's tomb; he was taken and summarily stoned to death. His twin sons suffered also a cruel death. The treachery of Torquatus, by his describing his former com ery of Torquatus, by his describing his former companions, especially the gallant Tiburtius, who was now beheaded, (He is commemorated on the 11th of August, with his father Chromatius, as has been already observed.) greatly facilitated this wholesale destruction.

destruction. Sebastian moved in the midst of this slaughter, Sebastian moved in the liftest of this satisfaction, not like a builder who saw his work destroyed by a tempest, nor a shepherd who beheld his flock borne off by marauders. He felt as a general on the battle-field, who looked only to the victory; counting every one as ready to give his own should it prove every one as ready to give his own should it prove to be the required price. Every friend that fell be-fore him was a bond less to earth, and a link more He sometimes sat lonely, or paused silently, on the spots where he had conversed with Pancratius, recalling to mind the buoyant cheerfulness, the graceful thoughts, and the unconscious virtue of the amiable and comely youth. But he never felt as if they were more separated, then when he sent hum they were more separated, than when he sent him on his expedition to Campania. He had redeemed on his expedition to Campania. He had redeemed his pledge to him; and now it was soon to be his own turn. He knew it well; he felt the grace of martyrdom swelling in his breast, and in tranquil certainty he awaited its hour. His preparation was simple; whatever he had of value he distributed to the poor; and he settled his property, by sale, be

yond the reach of confiscation.

Fulvius had picked up his fair share of Christian spoils; but, on the whole, he had been disappointed. Falvius had picked up his fact spoils; but, on the whole, he had been disappointed. Spoils; but, on the whole, he had been disappointed. The had not been obliged to ask for assistance from the emperor, whose presence he avoided; but he had put nothing by, he was not getting rich. Every levening he had to bear the reproachful and scornful evening he had to be a mean imposter, who affected virtue, but was secretly a libertine? Impossible, too! Yes, this was indeed impossible! She had certain proofs of it. He knew that he might have had her hand and fortune, for the ask-ing; and he had acted most generously, and most ing; and he had acted most generously, and most ing; and he had acted most generously, and most ing; and he had acted most generously, and most ing; and he had acted most gener

the emperor's favourite officer, who must have made a large fortune in the service.

He had not long to wait for his opportunity. On the 9th of January, a court was held, attended of course, by all aspirants for favours, or fearers of imperial wrath. Fulvius was there, and, as usual, met

with a cold reception. But after bearing silently the mutterrd curses of the royal brute, he boldly advanced, dropped on one knee, and thus addressed

"Sire, your divinity has often reproached me with having made, by my discoveries, but a poor return for your gracious countenance and liberal subsidies. But now I have found out the foulest of liberal subsidies. subsidies. But now I have found out the louders subsidies, and the basest of ingratitudes, in immediate

plots, and the basest of ingratitudes, in immediate contact with your divine person."

"What dost thou mean, booby?" asked impatiently the tyrant. "Speak at once, or I'll have the words pulled out of thy throat by an iron hook."

Fulvius rose, and directing his hand, in accompaniment to his words, said with a bitter blandness of tone. "Schadian is a Christian." of tone : "Sebastian is a Christian."

of tone: "Sebastian is a Christian."

The emperor started from his throne in fury.
"Thou liest, villain! Thou shalt prove thy
words, or thou shalt die such a piecemeal death, as
no Christian dog ever endured."

"I have sufficient proof recorded here," he re-plied, producing a parchment, and offering it, kneel-

The emperor was about to make an angry answer, when, to his utter amazement, Sebastian, with unruffled looks and noble mien, stood before him, and in the calmest accents said :

in the calmest accents said:

"My liege, I spare you all trouble of proof. I am a Christian, and I glory in the name."

As Maximian, a rude though clever soldier, without education, could hardly when calm express himself in decent Latin; when he was in a passion his language was composed of broken sentences, minled with every vulgar and course epithet. In this state he was now; and he poured out on Sebastian a torrent of abuse, in which he reproached him with every crime, and called him by every opprobrious name, within his well-stocked repertory of vituperation. The two crimes, however, on which he rune ation. The two crimes, however, on which he runs his loudest changes were, ingratitude and treachery He had nursed, he said, a viper in his bosom, a scorpion, an evil demon; and he only wondered he still alive.

The Christian officer stood the volley, as intrepidly as ever he had borne the enemy's assault, on the field of battle.

"Listen to me, my royal master," he replied.

perhaps for the last time. I have said I am a

Bristian; and in this you have had the best pledge of your security.'

"How do you mean, ungrateful man?"
"Thus, noble emperor; that if you want a body-guard around you of men who will spill their last drop of life's blood for you, go to the prison and take the Christians from the stocks on the floor and from the fetter-rings on the walls; send to the courts and bear away the mutilated confessors from courts and bear away the mutilated confessors from the rack and gridiron; issue orders to the amphi-theatres, and snatch the mangled half that lives, from the jaws of tigers; restore them to such shape as yet they are capable of, put weapons into their hands, and place them around you; and in this maimed and ill-favoured host there will be more fidelity, more loyality, more daring for you, than in all your Dacian and Panmonian legions. You have taken helf their blood from them, and they will taken half their blood from them, and they will give you willingly the other half."

"Folly and madness!" returned the sneering savage. "I would sooner surround myself with wolves than with Christians. Your treachery proves

enough for me."
"And what would have prevented me at any time from acting the traitor, if I had been one? Have I not had access to your royal person by night as by day; and have I proved a traitor? No, emperor, none has ever leen more faithful than I to you. But I have another, and a higher Lord to serve; one who will judge us both; and His laws I

must obey rather than yours."

"And why nave you, like a coward, concealed your religion? To escape, perhaps, the bitter death you have deserved!"

you have deserved!"

"No, sire; no more coward than traitor. No one better than yourself knows that I am neither. So long as I could do any good to my brethren, I refused not to live amidst their carnage and my afflictions. But hope had at last lied within me; and I thank Fulvius with all my heart, for having,

Why do you not move?"

ear, doit! Why do you not move?"
"Because I too am a Christian!"
Another burst of fury, another storm of vile lanuage, which ended in the stout centurion's being
rdered at once to execution. But Sebastian was

be differently dealt with. "Order Hyphax to come hither," roared the ty rant. In a few minutes, a tall, half-naked Numidian made his appearance. A bow of immense length, a gaily-painted quiver full of arrows, and a short broad-sword, were at once the ornaments and the weapons of the captain of the African archers. He stood erect before the emperor, like a handsome bronze statue, with bright enamelled eyes. "Hyphax, I have a job for you to-morrow morn-

ng. It must be well done," said the emperor.
"Perfectly, sire," replied the dusky chief, with a
rin which showed another set of enamels in his

"You see the captain Sebastian?" The negro owed assent? "He turns out to be a Christian!" If Hyphax had been on his native soil, and had trodden suddenly on a hooded asp or a scorpion's nest, he could not have started more. The thought of being so near a Cyristian,—to him who worship-ped every abomination, believed every absurdity, ped every abomination, believed every absumity, practised every lewdness, committed any atrocity? Maximiam proceeded, and Hyphax kept time to every member of his sentences by a nod, and what he meant to be a smile;—it was hardly an earthly

You will take Sebastian to your quarters; and for I know that by this time of day you are all drunk,—but to-morrow morning, when your hands are steady, you will tie him to a tree in the grove of Adonis, and you will slowly shoot him to death. of Adoms, and you will slowly shoot him to death. Slowly, mind; none of your fine shots straight through the heart or the brain, but plenty of arrows, till he die exhausted by pain and loss of blood. Do you understand me? Then take him off at once. And mind, silence ; or else-

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RESCUE.

In spite of every attempt at concealment, the news was soon spread among all connected with the court, that Sebastian had been discovered to be a Christian, and was to be shot to death on the morrow. But on none did the double intelligence make such an ingression as on Fabiola.

make such an impression as on Fabiola.

Sebastian a Christian! she said to herself; the noblest, purest, wisest of Rome's noblity a member of that vile, stupid sect? Impossible! Yet, the

One solution never occurred to Fabiola's mind, that he was all this, because he was a Christian. She

that he was all this, because he was a Christian. She only saw the problem in another form; how could he be all that he was, in spite of being a Christian? She turned it variously in her mind, in vain. Then it came to her thought thus. Perhaps, after all, good old Chromatius was right, and Christian ity may not be what I have fancied; and I ought to have inquired more about it. I am sure Sebastian never did the horrible things imputed to Christians. Yet every body charges them with them.

Might there not be a more refined form of this religion, and; more grovelling one; just as she

religion, and; more grovelling one; just as she knew there was in her own sect, Epicureanism? one coarse, material, wallowing in the very mire of sencoarse, material, wallowing in the very mire of sensualism; the other refined, seeptical, and reflective. Sebastian would belong to the higher class, and despise and loathe the superstitions and vices of the commoner Christians. Such a hypothesis might be tenable; but it was hard to reconcile to her intellect, how a man like that noble soldier could, any way, have belonged to that hated race. And yet he was ready to die for their faith! As to Zoe and the others she had head not yet. she had heard nothing; for she had only returned the day before from a journey made Campania, to arrange her father's affairs.

Campania, to arrange her father's allairs.

What a pity, she thought, that she had not talked more to Sebastian on such subjects! But it was now too late; to-morrow morning he would be no more. This second thought came with the sharp pang of a shaft shot into her heart. She felt as if she personally were about to suffer a lass, as if she personally were about to suffer a loss, as if Sebastian's fate were going to fall on some one closely bound to her, by some secret and mysterious

Her thoughts grew darker and sadder, as she Her thoughts grew darker and sadder, as she dwelt on these ideas, amidst the deepening gloom. She was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a slave with a light. It was Afra, the black servant, who came to prepare her mistress's evening repast, which she wished to take alone. While busy with her arrangements, she said, "Have you heard the same waden?" news, madam ?"

"Only that Sebastian is going to be shot with arrows to-morrow morning. What a pity; he was such a handsome youth?" "Be silent Afra : unless you have some informa-

tion to give me on the subject."

"Oh, of couse, my mistress; and my information is indeed very astonishing Do you know that he turns out to be one of those wretched Christians?"

"Hold your peace, I pray you; and do not prate any more about what you do not understand." "Certainly not, if you so wish it; I suppose his Terramy not, if you so wish it; I suppose mis fate is quite a matter of indifference to you, madam. It certainly is to me. He won't be the first officer that my countrymen have shot. Many they have killed, and some they have saved. But of course that we will be a second of the second some they have saved.

that was all chance. There was a significance in her words and tones. There was a significance in her words and tones, which did not escape the quick ear and mind of Fabiola. She looked up, for the first time, and fixed her eyes searchingly on her maid's swarthy face. There was no emotion in it; she was placing a flagon of wine upon the table, just as if she had not spoken. At length the lady said to her:

"Oh, nothing, nothing. What can a poor slave know? Still more, what can she do?" Come, come, you meant, by your words, something that I must know."

The slave rame round the table, close to the

"Afra, what do you mean?"

ach on which Fabiola rested, looked behind her, and around her, then whispered, "Do you want Sebastian's life preserved?"

Fabiola almost leapt up, as she replied, "Certain-

The servant put her finger to her lip, to enforce sillence, and said, "It will cost dear."

"Name your price."
"A hundred sestertia, (About £800.) and my lib-

"I accept your terms; but what is my security?"
"They shall be binding only, if twenty-four hours after the execution, he is still alive."

"Agreed; and what is yours?"
"Your word, lady." "Go. Afra, lose not a moment."

"There is no hurry," quietly replied the slave, as she completed, unflurried, the preparations for supper.
She then proceeded at once to the palace, and to

the Mauritanian quarters, and went in directly to the commander.
"What dost thou want, Jubala," he said, "at this our? There is no festival to-night."
"I know, Hyphax; but I have important busi-

ess with thee "What is it about?"

"About thee, about myself, and about thy prison-"Look at him there," said the barbarian, point "You would not think that he is going to be shot to-morrow. See how soundly he sleeps. He could not do so better, if he were going to be married instead."

"As thou and I, Hyphax, intend to be the next

"Come, not quite so fast; there are certain conditions to be fulfilled first."
"Well, what are they?"
"Well, who appropriates on I cannot marry? "First, thy manumission. I cannot marry a

"That is secured." "Secondly, a dowry, a good dowry, mind; for I never wanted money more than now."

"That is safe too. How much dost thou expect?"

"Certainly not less than three hundred pounds." (We give equivalents in English money, as more

bring thee six hundred," "I bring thee six hundred,"
"Excellent! where didst thou get all this cash?
Whom hast thou robbed? whom hast thou poisoned,
my admirable priestess? Why wait till after tomorrow? Let it be to-morrow, to-night, if it please

thee."
"Be quiet now, Hyphax; the money is all lawful gain; but it has its conditions, too. I said I came to speak about the prisoner also."
"Well, what has he to do with our approaching

A great deal." "What now?

"He must uot die." The captain looked at her with a mixture of fury and stupidity. He seemed on the point of laying violent hands on her; but she stood intrepid and unmoved before him, and seemed to command him

unmoved before him, and seemed to command him by the strong fascination of her eye, as one of the serpents of their native land might do a vulture. "Art mad?" he at last exclaimed; "thou might-est as well at once ask for my head. If thou hadst en the emperor's face, when he issued his orders, ldst have known he will have no trifling with him here

"Pshaw! pshaw! man; of course the prisoner will appear dead, and will be reported as dead."

"And if he finally recover?" "His fellow-Christians will take care to keep him

out of the way. "Didst thou say twenty-four hours alive? I wish thou hadst made it twelve."

"Well, but I know that thou canst calculate close. Let him die in the twent-fifth hour, for what

important a person."
"Very well, then; there is an end to our bargain. The money is given only on this condition. Six hundred pounds thrown away!" And she turned

off to go. "Stay, stay," said Hyphax, eagerly; the demon

of covetousness coming uppermost. "Let us see. Why, my fellows will consume half the money, in bribes and feasting. "Well, I have two hundred more in reserve for

that." "Sayest thou so, my princess, my sorceress, my charming demon? But that will be too much for my scoundrels. We will give them half, and add the other half—to our marriage-settlements, shan't we?"
"As it pleases thee, provided the thing is done according to my proposal."
"It is a bargain, then. He shall live twenty-four hours; and after that. we will have a glorious wedding."

Sebastian, in the meantime, was unconscious of these amiable negotiations for his safety; for, like Peter between two guards, he was slumbering soundly by the wall of the court. Fatigued with his day's work, he had enjoyed the rare advantage of retiring early to rest; and the marble pavement was a good enough solaier's bed. But after a few hour's repose, he awoke refreshed; and now that all was hushed, he silently rose, and with outstretched arms, gave himself up to prayer.

The markyr's prayer is not a preparation for

The martyr's prayer is not a preparation for death; for his is a death that needs no preparation. The soldier who suddenly declares himself a Christian, bends down his head, and mingles his blood with that of the confessor, whom he had come to execute; or the friend, of unknow name, who salutes execute; or the friend, of unknow name, who salutes the martyr going to death, is seized, and made to bear him willing company, (Called thence St. Adauctus.) is as prepared for martyrdom, as he who has passed months in prison engaged in prayer. It is not a cry, therefore, for the forgiveness of past sin; for there is a consciousness of that perfect love, which sendeth out fear, and inward assurance of that highest grace, which is incompatible with sin.

Nor in Sebastian was it a prayer for courage or strength; for the opposite feeling, which could sug-

strength; for the opposite feeling, which could suggest it, was unknown to him. It never entered into his mind to doubt, that as he had faced death intrepidly for his earthly sovereign on the battle-field, so he should meet it joyfully for his heavenly

heid, so he should meet it joyfully for his heavenly Lord, in any place.

His prayer, then, till morning, was a gladsome hymn of glory and honour to the King of kings, a joining with the seraph's glowing eyes, and evershaking wings, in restless homage.

Then when the stars in the bright heavens caught his eyes, he challenged then as wakeful scatting.

Then when the stars in the bright heavens caught his eyes, he challenged them as wakeful sentines like himself, to exchange the watchword of Divine praises; and as the night-wind rustled in the leafless trees of the neighbouring court of Adonis, he bade its wayward music compose itself, and its rude larping upon the vibrating boughs form softer hynns,—the only ones that earth could utter in its

Now burst on him the thrilling thought that the norning hour approached, for the cock had crowed; and he would soon hear those branches murnuring over him to the sharp whistle of flying arrows, un-erring in their aim. And he offered himself gladly to their sharp tongues, hissing as the serpent's, to drink his blood. He offered himself as an oblation for God's honour, and for the appeasing of His wrath. He offered himself particularly for the afflicted Church, and prayed that his death might within the offering.

mitigate her sufferings And then his thoughts rose higher, from the carthly to the celestial Church; soaring like the eagle from the highest pinnacle of the mountain-peak, towards the sun. Clouds have rolled away, and the blue embroidered veil of morning is rent in twain, like the sanctuary's, and he sees quite into its revealed depths; far, far inwards, beyond senates of saints and legions of angels, to what Stephen saw of inmost and intensest glory. And now his hymn was silent; harmonies came to him, too sweet and perfect to brook the jarring of a terrestrial voice they came to him, requiring no return; for they brought heaven into his soul; and what could he brought heaven into his soul; and what could he give back? It was as a fountain of purest refreshment, more like gushing light than water, flowing from the foot of the Lamb, and poured into his heart, which could only be passive, and receive the gift. Yet in its sparkling bounds, as it rippled along towards him, he could see the countenance now of one, and then of another of the happy friends who had gone before him; as if they were drinking, and bathing, and disporting, and plunging, and dissolving themselves in those living waters. His countenance was glowing as with the very reflection of the vision, and the morning dawn just brightening (oh. what a dawn that is!), caught his

brightening (oh. what a dawn that is!), caught his face as he stood up, with his arms in a cross, opposite the east; so that when Hyphax opened his door and saw him, he could have crept across the court and worshipped him on his face.

Sebastian awoke as from a trance; and the chink of sesterces sounded in the mental ears of Hyphax so he set scientifically about earning them. He picked out of his troop of a hundred, five marks-men, who could split a flying arrow with a fleeter one, called them into his room, told them their reward, concealing his own share, and arranged how the execution was to be managed. As to the body, Christians had already secretly offered a large additional sum for its delivery, and two slaves were to wait outside to receive it. Among his own follow-

ers he could fully depend on secrecy.

Sebastian was conducted into the neighbouring court of the palace, which separated the quarters of these African archers from his own dwelling. It was planted with rows of trees, and consecrate Adonis. He walked cheerfully in the midst of his executioners, followed by the whole band, who were alone allowed to be spectators, as they would have been of an ordinary exhibition of good archery. The officer was stripped and bound to a tree, while the chosen five took their stand opposite, coel and collected. It was at best a desolate sort of death. Not a friend, not a sympathiser near; not one fel-low-Christian to bear his farewell to the faithful, or to record for them his last accents, and the constan to record for them his last accents, and the constan-cy of his end. To stand in the middle of the crowded amphitheatre, with a hundred thousand witnesses of Christian constancy, to see the encou-raging looks of many, and hear the whispered bless-ings of a few loving acquaintances, had something cheering, and almost inspiring in it; it lent at least the feeble aid of human emotions, to the more powerful sustainment of grage. The very shout of powerful sustainment of grace. The very shout of an insulting multitude put a strain upon natural courage, as the hunter's cry only nerves the stag at bay. But this dead and silent scene, at dawn of day, shut up in the court of a house; this being, with most unfeeling indifference tied up, like a truss of hay, or a stuffed figure, to be coolly aimed at, according to the tyrant's orders; this being alone in the midst of a horde of swarthy savages, whose at, according to the tyrait's orders; this being alone in the midst of a horde of swarthy savages, whose very language was strange, nncouth, and unintelligible; but who were no doubt uttering their rude jokes, and laughing, as men do befote a match or a game, which they are going to enjoy; all this had more the appearance of a piece of cruelty, about to be acted in a gloomy forest by banditti, than open and glorious confession of Christ's name: it looked and relt more like assassination than martyrdom.

But Sebastian cared not for all this. Angels looked over the wall upon him: and the rising sun.

looked over the wall upon him; and the rising sun, which dazzled his eyes, but made him a clearer mark for his bowmen, shone not more brightly on hark for his bownien, shone not more brightly on him, than did the countenance of the only Witness he cared to have of suffering endured for His sake. The first Moor drew his bow-string to his ear, and an arrow trembled in the flesh of Sebastian. Each

"It is impossible, Jubala, impossible; he is too chosen marksmen followed in turn; and shouts o applause accompanied each hit, so cleverly ap proaching, yet avoiding, according to the imperial order, every vital part. And so the game went on; order, every vital part. And so the game went on; everybody laughing, and brawling, and jeering, and enjoying it, without a particle of feeling for the now drooping frame, painted with blood; ["Mem-

braque picta cruore novo." Prud. iii., 29.] all in sport, except the martyr, to whom all was sober earnest—each sharp pang, the enduring smart, the exhaustion, the weariness, the knotty bonds, the constrained attitude! Oh! but earnest too was the constrained actuates to was the steadfast heart, the untiring spirit, the unwavering faith, the unrufiled patience, the unsated love of suffering for his Lord. Earnest was the prayer, earnest the gaze of the eye on heaven; earnest the listening of the ear for the welcoming strain of the Istening of the car for the welcoming stands the heavenly porters, as they should open the gate.

It was indeed a dreary death; yet this was not the worst. After all, death came not; the golden

gates remained unbarred; the martyr in heart, still reserved for greater glory even upon earth, found himself, not suddenly translated from death to life, but sunk into unconsciousness in the lap of angels. His termenters saw when they had reached their His tormentors saw when the cords that bound intended measure; they cut the cords that bound him; and Sebastian fell exhausted, and to all aphin; and seament of blood which he nini; and secondarian ten exhausted, and to all appearance dead, upon the carpet of blood which he had spread for himself on the pavement. Did he lie, like, like a noble warrior, as he now appears in marble under his altar, in his own dear church? We at least cannot imagine him as more beautiful. And not only that church do we love, but that an-cient chapel which stands in the midst of the ruined Palatine, to mark the spot on which he fell. [The reader, when visiting the Crystal Palace, will find in the Roman Court an excellent model of the Roman Forum. On the raised mound of the Palatine hill, between the arches of Titus and Constantine, he

Night was far advanced, when the black slave, having completed her marriage settlement, quite to her own satisfaction, was returning to her mistress's house. It was indeed a cold wintry night, so she was well wrapped up, and in no humor to be dis-turbed. But it was a lovely night, and the moon seemed to be stroking, with a silvery hand, the downy robe of the meta sudans. [The fountain be-fore described.] She paused beside it; and after a ilence of some moments, broke out into a loud laugh, as if some ridiculous recollection connected itself in her mind with that beautiful object. She as turning round to proceed on her way, when she lt herself roughly slized by the arm. "If you had not laughed," said her captor, bit-

terly, "I should not have recognized you. But that hyena laugh of yours is unmistakeable. Listen, the wild beasts, your African cousins, are answering it from the amphitheatre. What was it about, from the amphitheatre.

"How about me ?" "I was thinking of our last interview in this place, and what a fool you made of yourself."

"How kind of you, Afra, to be thinking of me, especially as I was not just then thinking of you,

nt of your countrymen in those cells."
"Cease your impertinence, and call people by
heir proper names. I am not Afra the slave any their proper names. longer, at least I shall not be so in a few hours; but Jubala, the wife of Hyphax, commander of the

Mauritanian archers."
"A very respectable man, no doubt, if he could speak any language besides his gibberish; but these few hours of interval may suffice for the transaction of our business. You made a mistake, methinks, in what you said just now. It was you, was it not, that made a fool of me at our last meeting? What has become of your fair promises, and of my fairer gold, which were exchanged on that occasion? Mine, I know, proved sterling; yours, I fear, turned

Mine, I know, proved sterling; yours, I lear, turned out but dust."

"No doubt; for so savs a proverb in my language; 'the dust on the wise man's skirts is better than the gold in the fool's girdle.' But let us come to the point; did you really ever believe in the power of my charms and philtres?"

"To be sure I did; do you mean they were all imposture?"

imposture?"
"Not quite all; you see we have got rid of Fabius, and the daughter is in possession of the fortune.
That was a preliminary step of absolute necessity."
"What! do you mean that your incantations removed the father?" asked Corvinus amazed, and shrinking from her. It was only a sudden bright thought of Afra's, so she pushed her advantage,

saying:
"To be sure; what e'se? It is easy thus to get rid of any one that is too much in the way."
"Good night, good night," he replied in great fear.

(To be Continued.)

A LAUGHABLE OCCURENCE.

Dast night two buggies stopped at the Capital Hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out almost simul-taneously and went into the hotel, leaving two ladies in their respective buggies. One of the men came out ahead of the other, and by the uncertain ight thrown from the hotel, was led aside from the actual fact in the little matter of getting in the right buggy. In a word Mr. J. got in with Mrs. F., who were as totally unknown to each other, as far as acquaintanceship was concerned, as if one had died in Africa and the other hadn't been born. As married men often do Mr. J. drove some distance before speaking. got a corn on my toe-the one you persist in

putting your foot on, too—that hurts about as bad as the general run of things generally do. The lady was very much surprised, and rather haughtily replied: "You've been trying to pick a quarrel with me

"You've been trying to pick a quarret with the all day, and now to make matters more exasperating, you change your voice to an unnatural growt."
"It's you, madam, who have changed. My voice is natural. I am not trying to assume anything. ou screech like an old gate. "You are an old fool!"

"Give my teeth here; you shan't wear them another minute."
"Teeth! teeth! what in the world do you mean."

"Teeth! teeth! what in the work or you mean."
But just then passing through a flood of light, the parties recognized that they didn't recognize.

"Madam!" said Mr. J., stopping the horse and straigtening up, "I hope you will excuse me, but I would like to know how you came in my buggy, and furthermore, I'd like a little intelligence as regards to the whereabouts of my wife. What have seen done with her random!" on done with her, madam?' "I don't know what you mean sir. Get out of my

buggy."
"Your buggy! why madam you are beside your-

"Yes, and beside yourself, which fact I deplore to such an extent that I will be forced to call upon the "Police! police!" was shouted lustily, and when

Officer Dailey came to the spot the woman on the man's arrest.

The buggy was driven back to the Capital just in time to meet another buggy, the occupants of which had a similar experience.—Arkansas Democrat. had a similar experience.

... Pleasure and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourfsh if they were melted into drops.

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