

of grace and favor, not of trial and condemnation. Let us, then, no longer dwell upon the idea of revenging ourselves. Let us achieve a triumph over ourselves; let us entreat the God of mercies to pardon the culprit, to deliver him from the danger which threatens him, to preserve his life and give him time for repentance. Let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, and by the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this be the course we pursue, the emperor will approve—but, far more, the King of kings will applaud the deed; it will be registered in the archives of heaven, and will draw down upon us its benedictions; for as the Almighty detests and reproves the cruel and inhuman, so likewise doth he love and cherish the compassionate and the merciful. Every page of the Scriptures speaks of mercy and not sacrifice; it is through the virtue of this that we are to find the remission of our sins. If this, then, be our course, we shall draw down upon ourselves the favor of heaven, we shall add honor to the church, we shall merit both the clemency of the emperor and the applause of the whole people. We shall merit for our city a reputation for gentleness and moderation, which will reach to the very ends of the earth. Let us therefore hasten to the feet of the emperor, let us kneel, let us implore him to save this miserable captive, this humble suppliant; that to us the grace may be granted of attaining to the good things in the land of the living, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and dominion now and for evermore. Amen."

The sacred orator has triumphed. His hearers can resist no longer. Base and violent passions are hushed; noble and generous emotions are awakened; indignation gives place to pity, and pity itself becomes sanctified by the blessed effects of which it is productive; for, see, the rich man trembles, and learns the danger of his riches; the poor man rejoices, and consoles himself in his poverty. The whole auditory responds to the orator by tears of virtuous emotion. Eutropius is saved.

Critics have concurred in giving this homily the palm of excellence. It has been characterized as the master-piece of Christian antiquity. Eutropius quitted his asylum some days after, upon a promise that his life should be spared. His riches were confiscated, and he was condemned to perpetual exile in the island of Cyprus. Even there the implacable resentment of his enemies pursued him. He was hastily recalled, and carried to Chalcedon, where, after a hurried trial, he was condemned to lose his head.—*U. S.*

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THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Death! mysterious and awful as thou art, for the Christian thou hast no terror,—he looks to thee for the realization of his brightest dream of happiness,—he sees, with the piercing eye of faith, a brighter and a happier world beyond the grave, and his spirit pines until it reaches that blest abode.—What, then, is death to him, but a kind and welcome friend—a visitant sent in mercy by the Father of all, to lead His weary pilgrim to eternal rest? Why, then, do we regard the departure of our pure and loved ones with such deep sorrow and regret? Should not affliction prompt us rather to rejoice that for them the goal is won, and earthly trials and suffering are no more?

Weak and inconsistent human nature mourns, with peculiar bitterness, those who have passed from earth in the morning of life's changeable day; yet are they not favored in being thus exempted from the ordinary probation of mortals, and removed from worldly temptation and trouble, "one sin could blight or sorrow fade? But one brief year ago, I thus addressed one who dwelt upon the blissfulness of early death: "Wherefore are the early-called deemed happiest and most blessed? Better, or at least it seems to me, happier, to remain till the spirit is unbound by years, or by sorrows, and wearied, it seeks, and sinks gladly into that repose, to which, in its early spring-time, when the earth seems full of beauty and of love, it is even unwillingly compelled." I spoke thus in the pride and gaiety of heart—and strangely do those words recur to my now altered view. In my circle of friends at that time, was one, who, in early youth, surrounded by those who loved her well, and in the flush of health and beauty, seemed destined for many and happy days on earth—but, alas for us,

Then came the blight upon our flower:

Consumption's fatal breath

Had doomed our rose-bud of an hour,

To bend its head in death:

And calmly and resignedly was that fair head bent to the inevitable stroke—peacefully and happily did that gentle spirit pass to eternal bliss—and as I stood beside the bier of the 'pure, endangered dead,' I wept to think that I was still a wanderer on earth—that earth, hitherto so 'bright before me'—now so dark, when contrasted with the abode of the loved and lost one. When I view the trouble and disappointments daily occurring around me, I shrink appalled at the thought that such may yet cloud my destiny; and while, with feelings almost allied to envy, my thoughts revert to my departed friend, deeply do I feel that 'blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.'

S. E. A.