THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

2

The Old Year and the New.

RY REV. A. J. RYAN.

How swift they go ! Life's many years, With their winds of woe And their storms of tears. est of Nights whose shadowy slopes e flashes of starriest hopes, hiny days in whose calm heavens loor hiny days in whose calm heavens loor eir darkest flashes of starriest nopes, iny days in whose calm her tempest, the shadows of glu

And ah ! we pray With a grief so drear,-That the years may stay When their graves are near; orows of To-morrow be radiant and bright e and with beauty, with life and with light, hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier, arts that survive them are evermore dear.

For the heart so true To the Old Year cleaves, Tho' the hand of the New Flowery garlands weaves; the flowers of the Future, tho' fragant and fair! h the Past's withered leaflets may never compar dear is each dead leaf—and dearer each thorn— dear is which the brows of our past years h

Yes! men will cling With a love to the last; And wild; fling Their'arms round the past! As the iyn twines round the cumbled walls; For the dust of the Past some hearts higher prize That the stars that flash out from the Future's bright skies.

And why not so? The old,old Years They knew and they know All our hopes and our fears; We walked by their side, and we told them each grief As they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed In the hearts of the dead years are burled and sealed.

Let the New Year sing At the Old Year's grave, Will the New Year bring What the Old Year gave ? And his brow is enwreathed with many a rose, But how many thorns do the roses conceal Which the roses, when withered, shall so soon reveal ?

Let the New Year smile When the Old Year dies, In how short a while Shall the smiles be sight? Yea ! Stranger Year, thou hast many a charm, And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm, But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows— Is the furrowed face of the year that goes.

Yet, bright New Year! O'er all the earth With song and cheer They will hall thy birth; They will trust thy word, in a single hour, They will love thy face, they will land thy power, For the New has chaims which the Old has not, And the stranger's face makes the friends forget.



THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"What is your history? Whence do you come?" "I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, at the door of the title of Fas-ciola, while they went to their devotions. It was on that memorable day, when many Christians were buried at the tomb, by earth and stones cast down on them. My parents had the happidess to be on them. My parents had the happidess to be among them." "And how have you lived since ?"

"God became my only Father then, and His Cath-olic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock.

I have never wanted for any thing since "But you can walk about the streets freely, and without fear, as well as if you saw." "How do you know that ?"

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and fare not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse." "Foolish girl!" interrupted the judge, losing pa-tience a little; "hast thou learnt all these silly de-lusions already? at least thou canst not thank thy God, the Ho has singles a singles?" out

God, that He has made thee sightless ?" "For that, more than all the rest, I thank Him

"For that, more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart." How so ? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth ? what strange fancies are these ?? "They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which I have to be left from the yarying direction of its I know to be local from the varying direction of its rays. And this object looks upon me as with a countenance of intensest beauty, and smiles upon me ever. And I know it to be that of Him whom I love with undivided affection. I would not for the world have its splendour dimmed by a brighter sun, nor its wondrous lovliness confounded with the diversities of others' features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by earthly visions. I love Him too

diversities of others' features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by earthly visions. I love Him too much, not to wish to see Him always alone." "Come, come ! let me have no more of this silly prattle. Obey the emperor at once, or I must try what a little pain will do. That will soon tame thee." "Pain !" she echoed innocently. "Yes, pain ? Hast thou never felt it ? hast thou never the burd he gave one in the life !"

never been hurt by any one in thy life " "Oh, no ! Christians never hurt one another." The rack was standing, as usual, before him ; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid ex-tended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ankles, and arms, drawn over the head. The her ankles, and arms, drawn over the head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, men now held their very breath; while

Cæcilia's lips moved in earnest prayer. "Once more, before proceeding farther, I call on thee to sacrafice to the gods, and escape cruel tor-monts," said the judge, with a sterner voice. "Neither torments nor death," firmly replied the victim tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the

love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God ; and its ready oblation is myelf. The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and

he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which, though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an exeruciating, or more truly, a *racking* pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this, from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quiver-ing of her features, and a st dden paleness, alone "Ha! ha!" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelst tha! Come, let it suffice; obey, and thou shalt be

She seemed to take no heed of his words, but She seemed to take no need of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace; I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy,—and now in pain I love Thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, instable upon The Compared that the still.

still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy Cross, even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table !" "Thou triflest with me," exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my lenity. We will try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides." (The rack was used for a double purpose; as a direct torment, and to keep the body distended for the application of other tortures. This of fire was one of the most common.

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathising with the poor blind creature. A murnur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall. indignation broke out from all sides of the hall. Caecilia, for the first time, learnt that she was in the midst of a crowd. A crimson glow of modesty rushed into her brow, her face, and neck, just before white as marble. The angry judge checked the ris-ing gush of feeling ; and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than be-fore.

"Of fright, I fancy," he replied. "Of Christian modesty," interposed a strange who passed them.

CHAPTER XVII. RETRIBUTION.

by which we concentrated in your hands the divided remnant of family wealth." Fulvius covered his face with his hands and shud-dered, then said entreatingly, "Oh, spare me that, Eurotas : for heaven's sake spare me !" "Well, then," resumed the other, unmoved as ever, "I will be brief. Remember, nephew, that he who does not recoil from a brilliant future, to be gained by guilt, must not shrink from a past that prepared it by crime. For the future will one day be the past. Let our compact, therefore, be straight-forward and honest ; for there is an honesty even in sin. Nature has given you abundance of selfish-ness and cunning, and she has given me boldness and remorselessness in directing and applying them. Our lot is east by the same throw,—we become rich, The prefect of the city went to give his report on the untoward events of the day dyy, and do what was possible, to screen his worthless son. He found the emperor in the worst of moods. Had Corvinus come in his way early in the day, nobody could have answered for his head. And now the result of the inroad into the cemetery had revived his anger, when Tertullus entered into the audience-chamber. Our lot is cast by the same throw,-we become rich or die, together. to Rome' or bound himself to his stern master, whose mysterious tie was so much stronger than he

when Tertulius entered into the authence-chamber. Sebastian contrived to be on guard. "Where is your booby of a son?" was the first salutation which the prefect received. "Humbly waiting your divinity's pleasure out-side, and anxious to propitiate your godlike anger, for the tricks which fortune has played upon his real."

He retired to his couch with a heavier heart than ever; for a dark, impending fate never failed to "Fortune I" exclaimed the tyrant ; "fortune in-Our readers will perhaps be curious to know what has become of the third member of our worthy trio, "Fortune I" exclaimed the tyrant; "fortune in-deed ! His own stupidity and cowardice; a pretty beginning, forsooth; but he shall smart for it. Bring him in." The wretch, whining and trembling, was intro-

duced ; and cast himself at the emporer's feet, from which he was spurned, and sent rolling, like a lashed hound, into the midst of the hall. This set the imperial divinity a-laughing, and helped to mollify its wrath.

"Come. sirrah ! stand up," he said, "and let me hear an account of yourself. How did the edict disappear ?

Corvinus told a rambling tale, which occasionally amused the emperor ; for he was rather taken with the trick. This was a good sympton. "Well," he said at last, "I will be merciful to you. Lictors, bind your fasces. They drew their

axes forth, and felt their edges. Corvinus again threw himself down, and exclaimed, "Spare my life; I have important information to

furnish, if I live," "Who wants your worthless life ?" responded the

who wants your wormess mere responded the gentle Maximian. "Lictors' put aside your axes; the rods are good enough for him." In a moment his hands were seized and bound, his tunic was stripped off his shoulders, and a shower of blows fell upon them, delivered with well-regulated skill; till he roared and writhed, to the cert encourage of his imparid master the great enjoyment of his imperial master. Smarting and humbled, he had to stand again

before him Now, sir," said the latter, "what is the wonder-

ful information you have to give ?" "That I know who perpetrated the outrage of last night, on your imperial edict."

"Who was it ?"

"A youth named Prneratius, whose knife I found under where the edict had been ent away." "And why have you not seized him and brought

him to justice ?" "Twice this day he has been almost within my grasp, for I have heard his voice ; but he has escaped

"Then let him not escape a third time, or you may have to take his place. But how do you know

him, or his knife ?" "He was my schoolfellow at the school of Cas sianus, who turned out to be a Christian."

"A Cristian presume to teach my subjects, to make them enemies of their country, disloyal to their sovereigns, and contemners of the gods! I suppose it was he who taught that young viper Pan-cratius to pull down our imperial edict. Do you know where he is?"

cratics to put down our imperat cate. Do you know where he is ?"
"Yes, sir; Torquatus, who has abandoned the Christian superstition, has told me."
"And pray who is this Torquatus ?"
"He is one who has been staying some time with Chromatius and a party of Christians in the counture." "Why, this is worse and worse. Is the ex-perfect

then, too, become a Christian?" "Yes, and lives with many others of that sect in

Campania." "What perfidy ! what treachery ! I shall not

by which we concentrated in your hands the divided

youthful acolyte Tarcisius bearing a censer steamyouthful acolyte Tarcisius bearing a censer steam-ing with perfumed smoke; and, after others of the clergy, the venerable Pontiff himself, attended by Repartus, and another deacon. Diogenes and his sons, with sorrowful countenances, and many others, among whom he could distinguisd Sebastian, closed the procession. As many bore lamps or tapers, the figures seemed to move in an unchanging atmos-phere of mildest light. And as they passed before him, they chanted the next verse of the psalm: "Quoniam Tu Domine singulariter in spe consti-tuisti me." ("For Thou, O Lord, singularly hast placed me in hope." Ps. v. 10.) "That," he exclaimed, rousing himself up, "that is for me."

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is for me." With this thought he had sprung upon his knees; and by an instinct of grace, words which he had be-fore heard came back to him like an echo; words suited to the moment; words which he felt that he *must* speak. He crept forward, faint and feeble, turned along the gallery through which the funeral procession was passing, and followed it, unobserved, at a distance. It entered a chamber and lighted it up, so that a picture of the Good Shepherd looked brightly down on him. But he would not pass the treshold, where he stood striking his breast and praving for merey.

praying for mercy. The body had been laid upon the ground ; and other psalms and hyms were sung, and prayers re-cited, all that cheerful tone and joyous mood of hopefulness, with which the Church has always treated of death. At length it was placed in the tomb prepared for it, under an arch. While this was being done, Torquatus drew nigh to one of the spectators and whispered to him the question, "Whose funeral is this?"

cut in the sandstone, down to a lower story of the cemetery. The steps had been worn round and smooth, and the descent was preciptous. Torqua-tus, carrying his light before him, and running heedlessly, fell headlong down the opening, and re-mained stunned and insensible at the bottom, till long after his companions had retired. He then re-vived : and for some time was so confused that he knew not where he was. He arose and groped about ill, consciousness commeletely returning, he

"Whose funeral is this?" "It is the *deposition*," he answered, "of the blessed Cæcipia, a blind virgin, who this morning fell into the hands of the soldiers, in this cemetery, and whose soul God took to Himself." " "Then I am her murderer," he exclaimed, with a hollow moan; and staggering forward to the holy bishop's feet, fell prostrate before him. It was some time before his feelings could find vent in words; when these came, they were the ones he had resolved to utter: about, till, consciousness completely returning, he remembered that he was in a catacomb, but could not make out how he was alone, and in the dark. It then struck him, that he had a supply of tapers about him, and means of highing himself ployed these, and was cheered by finding himself again in light. But he had wandered from the staircase, of which, indeed, he recollected nothing, and went on, and on, entangled himself more inexresolved to utter :

"Father, I have sinned before heaven, and against Thie, and I am not worthy to be called Thy and went on, and on, entangied mattern insert number into a tricably in the subterancean labyrinth. He felt sure that, before he had exhausted his strength or his tapers, he should come to some outlet. But by degrees he began to feel serious alarm. One after the other his lights were burnt out, and his vigour began to fail, for he had been fasting from early moving and he found himself coming back

The Pontiff raised him up kindly, and pressed him to his bosom, saying, "Welcome back, my son, whoever thou art, to thy Father's house. But thou

art weak and faint, and needest rest." Some refreshment was immediately procured. But Torquatus would not rest till he had publicly early morning ; and he found himself coming back to the same spot, after he had wandered about ap-parently for hours. At first he had looked negli-gently around him, and had carelestly read the inavowed the whole of his guilt, including the day's crimes; for it was still the evening of the same day. All rejoiced at the prodigal's return, at the lost sheep's recovery. Agnes looked up to heaven from her last affectionate glance on the blind virgin's shroud, add thought that she could aimost see her control at the foot of her Snouse smilling with her genty around min, and nate carbon reaction in the method scriptions on the tombs. But as he grew fainter, and his hope of relief weaker, these solemn monuments of death began to speak to his soul, in a language that it could not refuse to hear, nor pre-tend to misunderstand. "Deposited in peace," was the inmate of one; "resting in Christ" was another; and even the thousand nameless ones around them reposed in silent calm, each with the seal of the Church's motherly care stamped upon his place of rest. And within, the embalmed remains awaited

shroud, add thought that she could aimost see her seated at the feet of her Spouse, smiling, with her eyes wide open, as she cast down a handful of flow-ers on the head of the penitent, the first-fruits of her intercession in heaven. Diogenes add his sons took charge of him, An humble lodging was procured for him, in a Chris-tian cottage near, that he might not be within the reach of temptation, or of vengeance, and he was enrolled in the class of penitents; where years of expisition shortened by the intercession of confesthe sound of angelic trumpet-notes, to awaken them to a happy resurrection. And he, in a few more hours, would be dead like them ; he was lighting his explation, shortened by the intercession of confes-sors—that is, future martyrs—would prepare him for full re-admission to the privileges he had for taper, and had sunk down upon a heap of mould ; but would he be laid in peace, by pious hands, as feited. (The penitentiary system of the early Church will be better described in any volume that but would be be had in peace, possible matching they? On the cold ground, alone, he should die, unpitied, unmourned, unknown. There he should rot, and drop to pieces; and if, in after years, his bones, cast out from Christian sepulture, should be found, tradition might conjecture that they were embodies the antiquity of the second period of ec-clesiastical history, that of *The Church of the Basilicas*. resistical history, that of the Unarch of the Basucas. It is well known, especially from the writings of St. Cyprian, that those who proved weak in persecu-tion, and were subjected to public penance, obtained a shortening of its term,—that is, an indulgence,— through the intersection of the start of th found, tradition high conjectute that they were the accursed remains of an apostate lost in the cem-etery. And even they might be cast out, as he was, from the communion of that hallowed ground. It was coming on fast; he could feel it; his head reeled, his heart fluttered. The taper was getting too short for his fingers, and he placed it on a stone beside him. It might burn three minutes longer; through the intercession of confessors, or of persons imprisoned for the faith.)

CHAPTER XIX. TWOFOLD REVENCE.

beside him. It might burn three minutes longer; but a drop filtering through the ceiling, fell upon it, and extinguished it. So covetous did he feel of those three minutes more of light, so jealous was he of that little taper-end, as his last link with earth's immediately to arrest all these men, and the school-master, and Torquatus." "He is no longer a Christian," interposed the judge. "Well, what do I care ?" replied the emperor pre-vishly ; "arrest as many as you can, and spare no one, and make them smart well; do you understood Sebastian's visit to the cemetery had been not and the motive of his attendance at the December ordination. The usual papal residence was no longer safe ; and a bold idea had been adopted by courageous soldier,—the "Protector of the istians," as his acts tell us he had been authora-Christians tively called. It was to lodge the Pontiff- where tively called. It was to lodge the Pontin- where no one could suspect him to be, and where no search would be dreamt of- in the very palace of the Cesars. (This is related in the Acts justs re-ferred to.) Efficiently disguised, the holy Bishop Quadratus, was safely housed in the apartments of Irehe, a Christian lady of rank, who lived in a re-mote part of the Palatine, in which her husband

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"I have seen you. Do you remember very early one morning in she autumn, leading a poor lame

man along the Vieus Patricius ?" She blushed and remained silent. Could he have seen her put into the poor old man's purse her own share of the alms?

You have owned yourself a Christian ?" he asked

negligently. "Oh, yes! how could I deny it ?"

" Oh, yes! how could I deny it?" "Then that meeting was a Christian meeting ?" "Certainly ; what else could it be ?"

He wanted no more ; his suspicions were verified. Agnes, about whom Torquatus had been able or willing to tell him nothing, was certainly a Chris-tian. His game was made. She must yield, or he

would be avenged. After a pause, looking at her stedfastly, he said, "Do you know whither you are going?" "Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will cond ma to my Spause in heaven."

send me to my Spouse in heaven."" "And so calmly ?" he asked in surprise ; for h could see no token from the soul to the countenance

but a smile. 'So joyfully rather," was her brief reply.

Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus at the gates of the Æmilian basilica, and left her to her fate. It had been a cold basilica, and left her to her fate. It had been a cond and drizzling day, like the preceding evening. The weather, and the incident of the night, had kept down all enthusiasm; and while the prefect had been compelled to sit in-doors, where no great crowd could collect, as hours had passed away without any arrest, trial, or tidings, most of the curious had left and only a few more persevering remained, past the hour of afternoon recreation in the public gar-dens. But just before the captive arrived, a fresh Anot of spectators came in, and stood near one of the side-doors, from which they could see all. As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he

As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he was to expect, Tertullus, moved with some compas-sion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy of a poor, ignorant blind beggar, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her, alone, as she would imagine, with him; and he threatened heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break the silence. It was as he had calculated. Cæcilia knew not that any one else was there, as the prefect thus

that any one else was there, as the prefect thus kindly addressed her :

What is thy name, child ?"

" Cæcilia

It is a noble name ; hast thou it from thy family ?

"No ; I am not noble; except because my parents, though poor, died for Christ. As I am blind, those who took care of me called me Carca, (Blind.) and then, out of kindness, softened it into Cacilia." "But now, give up all this folly of the Christians,

"But now, give up all this fory of the Christians, who have kept thee only poor and blind. Honour the decrees of the divine emperors, and offer sacri-fice to the gods; and thou shait have riches, and fine clothes, and good fare; and the best physicians chall the the state that the state." shall try to restore thee thy sight."

"You must have better motives to propose to me than these; for the very things for which I most thank God and His Divine Son, are those which you would have me put away." "How dost thou mean ?"

fore : "O my dear Lord and Spouse ! I have been even "O my dear Lord and Spouse ! Let me suffer pain and Let me suffer pain and true and faithful to Thee ! torture for Thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to Thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, where I

tand before Thee." Another muttering of compassion was heard. "Catulus!" should the baffled judge in fury ; "do your duty, sirrah ! what are you about, fumbl-ing all day with that torch?"

Ing all day with that foren f." The executioner advanced, and stretched forth his hand to her robe, to withdraw it for his torture; but he drew back, and, turning to the prefect, exclaimed

in softened accents. "It is too late. She is dead !"

"It is too late. She is dead!" "Dead!" cried out Tertullus; 'dead with one turn of the wheel *i* impossible !" Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl passed from the rack to the thirds, from the scown of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcom-ing embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer i or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first yinginal

its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush? (There are many instances in the lives of matters of their states)

blush ? (There are many instances in the lives of martyrs of their deaths being the fruit of prayer, as in St. Praxedes, St Caeilia, St. Agatha, &c.) In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried out, from the group near the door: "Im-pions tyrant, dost thou not see, that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death, than thou or thy cruel masters ?" "What's a third time in twenty-four hours wilt

"What! a third time in twenty-four hours will thou dare to cross my path ? This time thou shalt

not escape." These were Corvinus's words, garnished with furious imprecation, as he rushed from his father's side round the enclosure before the tribunal, towards side round the enclosure before the tribunal, towards the group. But as he ran blindly on, he struck against an officer of hereulean build, who, no doubt quite accidentally, was advancing from it. He reeled, and the soldier caught hold of him, saying, "You are not hurt, I hope, Corvinus ?"
"No, no ; let me go, Quadratus, let me go."
"Where are you running to in such a hurry ? can I help you ?" asked his captor, still holding him fast.
"Let a captor, still holding him fast.

1 neip you ?" asked ms captor, still holding him fast.
"Let me loose, I say, or he will be gone."
"Who will be gone ?"
"Paneratius," answered Corvinus, "who just now insulted my father."
"Description"

"Pancratius !" said Quadratus, looking round, "Panetatius," said quantatus, looking totano, and seeing that he had got clear off; "I do not see him." And he let him go; but it was too late. The youth was safe at Diogene's, in the Suburra. While this seene was going on, the prefect, mor-tified, ordered Catulus to see the body thrown into

the Tiber. But another officer, multical in his cloak, stepped aside and beckoned to Catulus, who under-stood the sign, and stretched out his hand to receive

a proffered purse. "Out of the Porta Campena, at Lucina's villa, an hour after sunset," said Sebastian. "It shall be delivered there safe," said the execu-

tioner. "Of what do you think did that poor girl die ?" asked a spectator from his companion, as they went

vishly ; " arrest as many as you can, and spare no one, and make them smart well ; do yon understand me ? Now begone, all ; it is time for my supper."

Corvinus went home ; and, in spite of n corvinus went nome; and, in spite of metacinal applications, was feverish, sore, and spiteful all night; and next morning begged his father to let him go on the expedition into Campania, that so he might retrieve his honour, gratify his revenge, and

escape the disgrace and sarcasm that was sure to be heaped on him by Roman society. When Fulvius had deposited his prisoner at the tribunal, he hastened home to recount his adven-tures, as usual, to Eurotas. The old man listened with imperturbable sterness to the barren recital d at last said, coldly; "Very little profit from all this, Fulvius."

"No immediate profit, indeed ; but a good pros pect is view, at least."

"How so

"Why, the Lady Agnes is in my power. I have made sure, at last, that she is a Christian. I can now necessarily either win her, or destroy her. In either case her property is mine."

"Take the second alternative," said the old man, with a keen glow in his eye, but no change of face ; it is the shorter and less troublesome way

"But my honour is engaged ; I cannot allow myself to be spurned in the manner I told you." "You have been spurned, however; and that calls

for vengeance. You have no time to lose, remem-ber, in foolery. Your funds are nearly exhausted, for vengeance. You have no time to lose, remember, ber, in foolery. Your funds are nearly exhausted, and nothing is couning in. You must strike a blow." "Surely, Eurotas, you would prefer my trying to get this wealth by honourable "(Eurotas smiled at

get this wealth by honourable "(Eurotas smiled at the idea coming into either of their minds) "rather than by foul means." "Get it, get it any way, provided it be the surest and the speediest. You knew our compact. Either the family is restored to wealth and splendour, or it ends in and with you. It shall never linger on in litences that is in uncertar " disgrace, that is, in poverty." "I know, I know, without your every day re

inding me of the bitter condition," said Fulvius, wringing his hands, and writhing in all his body. "Give me time enough, and all will be well."

"I give you time, till all is hopeless. Things do not look bright at present. But, Fulvius, it is time that I tell you who I am." "Why, were you not my father's faithful depen-dent te rehear are ho intractions."

dant, to whose care he intrusted me ?"

dant, to whose care he intrusted me?" "I was your father's elder brother, Fulvius, and an the head of the family. I have had but one thought, but one aim in life, the restoring of our house to that greatness and splendour, from which my father's negligence and prodigality had brought it down. Thinking that your father, my brother, had greater ability than myself for this work, I re-signed my rights and grins to him, when water

signed my rights and gains to him upon certain terms; one of which was your guardianship, and the exclusive forming of your mind. You know I have trained you, to care nothing about the

how I have trained you, to care nothing about the means, so that our great ends be carried." Fulvius, who had been riveted with amazement and deep attention on the speaker, shrunk into him-self with shame, at this baring of both their hearts. The dark old man fixed his eyes more intently than

ever, and went on. "You remember the dark and complicated crime

stare, watching it burn down, as though it were the charm which bound his life, and this must expire charm which bound his hife, and this must expire with it. And soon the last spark gleamed smould-ering like a glow-worm, on the red earth, and died. Was he dead too ? he thought. Why not ? Dark-ness, complete and perpetual, had come upon him. He was cut off for ever from consort with the living, his mouth would no more taste food, his ears never again hear a sound, his eyes behold no light, or thing, again. He was associated with the dead, only his grave was much larger than theirs; but, ror all that, it was as dark and lonely, and closed far ever.

Fulvius, in his heart, cursed the day that he cam

had known before. But he felt himself spell-bound to him, and powerless as the kid in the him's paws.

the apostate Torquatus. When, confused and be-wildered, he ran to look for the tomb which was to

guide him, it so happened, that, just within the gallery which he entered, was a neglected staircase, cut in the sandstone, down to a lower story of the

weigh upon his soul, every returning night

about him, and means of lighting them.

What else is death ? No, it could not be death as yet. Death had to No, it could not be dealt as yet. Death had to be foilowed by something else. But even this was coming. The worm was beginning to gnaw his conscience, and it grew apace to a viper's length, and twisted itself round his heart. He tried to think of pleasant things, and they came before him; the quiet hours in the villa with Chromatius and Polycarp; their kind words, and last embrace. But from the beautiful vision darted a withering flash; he had betrayed them; he had told of them; to whom? To Fulvius and Corvinus. The fatal chord was touched, like the tingling nerve of a tooth, chord was touched, like the tingling nerve of a tooth, that darts its agony straight to the centre of the brain. The drunken debauch, the dishonest play, the base hypocrisy, the vile treachery, the insincere apostacy, the remorseful sacrileges of the last days, and the murderous attempt of that morning, now came dancing, like demons hand in hand, in the dark before him, shouting, laughing, jibing, weep-ing, moaning, gnashing their teeth; and sparks of fire flying before his eyes, from his enfeebled brain, second to dart from daring torches in their hands. emed to dart from glaring torches in their hands He sunk down and covered his eyes. "I may be dead, after all," he said to himself;

"for the infernal pit can have nothing worse than

His heart was too weak for rage ; it sunk within him in the impotence of despair. His strength was ebbing fast, when he fancied he heard a distant sound. He put away the thought; but the wave of a remote harmony beat again upon his ear. He raised himself up; it was becoming distinct. So raised numseif up; it was becoming distinct. So sweet it sounded, so like a chorus of angelic voices, but in another sphere, that he said to himself, "Who would have thought that Heaven was so near to hell! Or are they accompanying the fearful Judge to try me ?"

And now a faint glimmer of light appeared at the same distance as the sounds; and the words of the strain were clearly heard :

Into day; it enteredset; it was not a dawn glowing into day; it entered the gallery and passed across it, bearing in it, as in a mirror, a vision too distinct to be unreal. First, there came virgins robed and holding lamps; then four who carried between them a form wrapped up in a white linen cloth, with a crown of thorns upon the head; after them the

mote part of the Falatine, in which her husband held a household office. Early next morning Sebastian was with Panerat-ius; "My dear boy," he said, "you must leave Rome instantly, and go into Campania. I have horses ready for you and Quadratus; and there is no time to be lost." "And why, Sebastian ?" replied the youth, with recording form and transful area. "Have L dwa

sorrowful face and tearful eye. "Have I done something wrong, or are you doubtful of my forti-

tude ?" "Neither, I assure you. But you have promised to be guided by me in all things; and I never con-sidered your obedience more necessary than now." "Tell me why, good Sebastian, I pray."

"It must be a secret as yet." "What, another secret !", "Call it the same, to be revealed at the same time.

But I can tell you what I want you to do, and that I think will satisfy you. Corvinus has got orders to seize on Chromatius and all his community, yet young in the faith, as the wretched example of Torquatus has shown us; and, what is worse, to put your old master Cassianus as Fundi to a cruel death. I want you to hasten before his messenger (perhaps he may go himself), and put them on their guard."

guard." "Pancratius looked up brightly again; he saw that Sebastian trusted him. "Your wish is enough reason for me," said he, smiling; "but I would go to the world's end, to save my good Cassianus, or

to the world's end to save my good Casamas, or any other fellow-Christian." He was soon ready, took an affectionate leave of his mother; and before Rome had fully shaken of sleep, he and Quadratus, each with well-furnished saddle bags on their powerful steeds, were trotting

but in another sphere, that he said to himself, "Who would have thought that Heaven was so near to hell! Or are they accompanying the fearful Judge And now a faint glimmer of light appeared at the same distance as the sounds; and the words of the strain were clearly heard: "In pace, in idipsum, dormaim et requiescam." ("In pace, in idipsum, dormaim et requiescam." "Those words are not for me. They might do at a martyr's entonbment; they cannot at a repro-bate's burial." The light increased ; it was like a dawn glowing ("In pace, in it was like a dawn glowing) "Those words are not for me. They might do at a martyr's entonbment; they cannot at a repro-bate's burial." (Ta be Continued)

(To be Continued.)

The Congressional report on libraries pronounces that of Georgetown College the old-est and most interesting on the continent.

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