curls of Claudia. (Called in the Martyro-

curis of Claddia. (Called in the Martyro-logy Lucilla, the name given her by Pope Stephen in Baptism, when she re-ceived her sight. The Feast day of Nemesius and Lucilla falls October

promised to secure him one, gathered them up after Nemesius had cut them off, and preserved them until they could be conveyed to him. The little

had passed between them !—and as the hair shone in beautiful coils and waves

of gold in the lamp-light, and he thought of the cruel death she had just

head, his once smiling countenance was

nead, his once smiting countenance was set in stern lines, as if nothing earthly could ever brighten it again, and every vestige of color had fled from it. The

He was going away at the first glimpse of dawn, but there were one or

Laodice had given her that happy day

mystery associated with it, which he

ould now penetrate. No hint of this had reached Claudia's

age, when she knowing Fabian's pas-sion for curious gems, had declared it

should one day be his, and had with touching fidelity remembered her pro

Selecting a finely tempered instru-

ment from an assortment with which he sometimes amused himself cutting in-aglios, Fabian, with delicate skill, took

amulet to pieces. In the pre-discovered that the gold

by which the two halves of the spilt

iby were held together, leaving

narrow space between, was perforated with innumerable small holes, which

with innumerable small holes, which were concealed by the gold filigree

work, in which were set the encirclin

a poisonous Eastern drug, so power

tain death. He had heard of this dead

y drug in his wanderings, and had once seen it. He threw the poison of

the expiring coals of the brasier that

stood on a tripod near him; there was

hissing as from a nest of vipers, then

etted ceiling, then expired in fumes

of deathly odors.

Cleansing the gem, and bathing it in perfume, Fabian folded one of the gold-

his neck the old Erruscan chain to which it was suspended; and the amu-let, thus consecrated by the relic of a

martyr, never left its resting-place on his heart, even in death. With a bitter

alediction he consigned I a dice

little casket that had held the amulet,

going southward.

ture him, by which

were converted to Christianity.

buried on

When their conversion was ported to Valerian, he was fram

n curls between it, then threw aro

blue thin flame shot up to the

ful that, when worn upon

Within he found several grain

suffered, he bowed his face upon

bered the day, and all that

When he lifted his

31st.) The Temple official, who

girl had promised him one

old Fabian was no more.

and wept aloud.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS,"
"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED. BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

"I am glad enough to dance," ex-claimed Lippa, "she has kept me in a fever ever since she has been under my roof, so that I've not had a night rest. Take her to the bath and put something me, I'm going to gossip with my friend the barber, and then to the circus."
"Where am I going?" asked the weeping child in appropria clean on her before she goes.

weeping child in surprise.
"To meet thy father, little one of the soldiers told me. Come, let us hasten," said Cypria, leading her by the hand. "I have some of thy own pretty garments, brought by thy nurse,

hidden away ready for thee."

When the lash had stung Claudia's tender flesh, and she had cried out with pain, she thought of the scourging of the divine Christus, and, though she wept bitter tears, in her heart she was wept bitter tears, in her head and for glad to suffer a little as He did and for Him; and now, in union with this sorrow, she offered the joy that filled her at thought of meeting her father. Her golden hair once more fell in curls over her shoulders; refreshed by the bath, and some sweet salve with Cypria anointed the crimson welt left by the seourge, and arrayed in her simple tunic and robe of white, embroidered with lilies, she looked a very image of purity and innocence. She thought not of the soldiers who guarded her, if the staring crowds, the rough stones of the street; for the celestial love that glowed in her heart, and the certainty that in a few moments she in her father's arms, made her

would be in her father sarms, made her oblivious of all else. Nemesius met his child near the Temple of the Earth, to which both were being conducted, and where the tribunal sat that would pronounce the final sentence. In a moment she was clinging around his neck, while he embraced her fondly, and, aware of what was impending, could scarcely command his emotion; but this she did not observe, in her joy at once more

'Thou wilt keep me close, my father, and not let them take me back to Lippa. Oh! it is a terrible place!—I must have died but for the love of the dear Christus, Who comforted me, and the protection of His Holy Mother. Oh them kill me, only save me from ppa! But, my father, there is one ven in that dreadful den who wants to be a Christian-a woman whose thou didst save when a wicked man had his knife ready to cut her throat. was good to me after she heard I was thy little maid. Her name is Cypria,"

said Claudia.

"Fear not, sweet one, thou wilt not return to Lippa. May God reward with His choicest graces her who was kind to thee!" he answered, knowing what was at hand. Her words tore his heart, and he "felt it a greater sacrifice to offer to God the impulses of recovery than the shadding of his own. revenge than the shedding of his own and his daughter's blood." (The incidents now related of the martyrdom of Nemesius and his lovely child follow of Remestus and his lovely chita follow closely the account given by Dr. O'Reilly, gleaned by him from the "Acts of the Martyrs.)

This offering, so pleasing to Almighty Love, was succeeded by an unspeakable

joy that flooded his soul at the con-stancy of his brave Claudia, and, leading her by the hand, he went in, serene and undaunted, before the tribunal of Valerian. He had laid aside foreve the glittering trappings of his martial rank, and appeared in the graver habiliments of a Christian, his military peace toga thrown about him. He was the prime of a noble manhood, per feet in masculine beauty, tall and stately, and bearing in his presence a natural dignity, which now, as it had always done, commanded involuntary respect and admiration. Among the many present were several of his comrades in arms, who were touched with profound sympathy when they beheld their brave commander and his innocent to thild conducted to the eximinal areas.

Somed with innocent blood. Like a dove that had broken the fowler's snare, her angelic soul escaped, and she was already singing her glad song of praise with the celestial hosts.

Nemesius bent his neck to the axe, still dripping with the blood of his innocent one, and, repeating the Holy their brave commander and his innocent child conducted to the criminal's stand.

Valerian, wearing his imperial robes, and crowned with a wreath of sweet olive, sat, conspicuous and scowling, in his curule chair of ivory and gold, which was elevated on a dais several feet above the floor; soldiers, lictors, and priests of the idol to whom the Temple of the Earth was dedicated, bunded him. The judge and other officials were in their places. esius and his beautiful child stood on the catasta in view of every eye, and a breathless silence prevailed. Then spake the judge, with impressive

solemnity:
"Nemesius, where is that prudence always so conspicuous in thee, whose public career has ever been so illustri-ous in word and deed? Dost thou not think that we know what is good for thee, and will recommend it? We counsel thee, therefore, not to abandon the worship of the gods thou hast fol-lowed from thy childhood."

The words of the judge were less than nothingness to Nemesius, who was contemplating the result of his refusal Thought of the tender one clinging to him caused nature once more to assert itself, the exaltation of his spirit drooped, and unbidden tears rushed to his eyes, ("Acts") but, lifting his heart to Him who was sifting servant like fine wheat, he com voice, and answered with

firmness and dignity:
"Thy words of praise apply not to me, who have always been but a sinful man. I rejected the truth, preferring idolatry; I have shed innocent blood; and when burdened and crushed with guilt I found mercy at the hands of the great and only true Ruler, Jesus Christ the Son of God. Although late—my life having reached its meridian—I now know Him Who redeemed me with Blood, who gave sight to my child whom no earthly skill could cure, and

we might be converted to the light of Christianity. Him I fear, and Him only will I adore; to Him I offer the poor service of my worship. I reject idols of stone and metal, which I know to be devils, that seek our ruin, and wish to drag up, with them to the wish to drag us with them to the of eternal death." (The wor (The words

As he proceeded with his simple and glorious confession, Valerian's face grew livid with suppressed wrath, and he roared out in his rasping, guttural

I know the spell of thy magic words and the power of thy incantations, which even slay whom thou wilt; for it was them Maximus was slain, that thou was them Maximus was stain, that thou mightest escape justice. It is plain, moreover, that it is thy purpose to try thy dark arts against me, thy lawful ruler, and the safety of the State. Thou deservest the severest penalties instituted for such crimes; but willing to show mercy, sentence shall be de-layed to offer thee another chance. Wilt thou sacrifice?" (Valerian words.)
The reply of Nemesius was a stern,

ppathetic negative. All through this trying scene, Claudia clung close to his arm, and her pale face pressed against it, listening to his words and whispering prayers to the divine Christus to deliver them fingers, he saw a small gem-studded casket in which lay glowing and flash-ing the ruby amulet, with the gold Etruscan chain coiled around it, which the hands of the wicked, and bring them safely to the joys of His

A deep silence pervaded the placethe supreme moment had come; then, surging and rumbling out upon the stillness the voice of the malicious tyrant pronounced sentence: "The Mars, on the Appian Way; there the daughter of Nemesius shall be put to be put to death before his eyes, unless, when seeing his child about to be executed, ent to save her life and his own by abandoning his wicked delusion and sacrificing to the gods. (As recorded in

Thus Valerian washed his hands of the blood of his victims by throwing the fatal responsibility on the head of Nemesius, sparing him the customary ufferings, to torture him more cruelly

through his affections.

Their sentence having been nounced, Nemesius, and his little daughter were led away to the Temple of Mars. The scene that followed has of Mars. The scene that followed has ost none of its heroism and soul-touching pathos, nor been dimmed by the eventeen hundred years that have ince passed, but thrills the hearts of who read of it now, as if it had appened only yesterday.

Temple was

The atrium of onged to witness the spectacle Many were in tears at the sight of the beautiful, innocent little maid, whose purity shed a halo of sweetness around er. She trembled when her eyes fell in the rough soldier, with his gleaming ble father and herself in their last brace, but we can imagine that he ade her have courage, that her suffe Mother were already waiting at the portals of the Celestial City to receive er; and that she would scarcely on the diadem wherewith she would e crowned, and the palm they would place in her hands, before be too would there, to be united with her forever. The end was so near that his rage, kindled by divine anticipation neight; with his own hands he cut off he golden curls that fell over her fair

ne firm, tender clasp of his own, per to the executioner, and bade her The man, unnerved at the sight, hesitated to strike off the beautiful bead; but, terrified by the rough command of his captain, he advanced with steel, and the next moment it was crimsoned with innocent blood. Like a

neck, that the axe might strike sure

yes; then, holding her soft hand in

nd bound a handkerchief over

innocent one, and, repeating the Holy Name aloud, so that all might hear— the Name that had lighted her way and strengthened her heart—he too passed to his eternal reward.

That night Fabian, almost benumbed with grief, was alone in his private apartment, where he had been for some time waiting the appearance of a person he expected. By the clepsydria it was far past night. He heard a light foot-fall along the corridor, a rustle against the leather curtain that hung over the doorway, and the youth Admetus entered, bearing a small parcel which had been confided to him by an official at the Temple of Mars. Fabian, looking up, bade him speak his errand, which he did with fast-falling tears, his strangely beautiful face as white the while as a piece of rare Grecian sculp-

ture. Camilla had sent him to say that, with the connivance of certain Chris-tian soldiers, helped by one of the Temple officials (to whom she had lavishly given a bribe), she had obtained ered remains of Nemesius and Claudia; and by his pressed some weeks before to the Pon tiff Stephen, who in turn communicated it to her, they were to be entombed in the Catacombs, and were at that moment lying at her villa, near the Via Latina, in case Fabian should wish

o visit them.
"Tell the Lady Camilla it is well.
"Tell the Lady Camilla it is well. I leave Rome at dawn. My coming ould not restore life to the two I most loved, and I have not courage to look upon them dead; but I thank her in their name for her tender care."

swer. Admetus delivered the parcel he had brought, and, drawing his cloak closer, departed as silently as he had come.

Fabian trimmed the wick of his lamp. and with trembling fingers undid the at the same time illuminated also the fastenings of the clumsily-folded packeyes of our hearts, that despising the lage, and as the coarse mapkin fell apart, blindness of idolatrous superstition, he saw that it contained the golden defeated and captured, his whole army made prisoners, and the Persians were overrunning Asia Minor. Shall we not anticipate events a

little, and tell the fate of this detest able tyrant, who had so long persecuted the Church of God, and poured out the blood of His saints like water? History records that "the Persian monarch Sapor, or Shah Pur, treated his victim with the greatest indignity and cruelty. He used him as a foot-stool for mount ing his horse, and finally ordered him to be put to death; then caused him to flayed, and his skin to be painted red and suspended in one of the Persian temples, as a monument of disgrace to the Romans."

Did remorse add its scorpion lash to his punishment? Did the knowledge that his thankless son Gallienus, then enjoying his Imperial dignities and power, had left him at the mercy of his rathless enemies without making the faintest effort either by ransom or force two things to be done before he could say a last farewell to the past. He opened an ivory cabinet, and took out the "keepsake" Claudia had given to liberate him, sting his corrupt heart with that pang which is said to be "sharper than a serpent's tooth?" None can tell—it is only sure tha the "keepsake" Claudia had given him, which he had not unwrapped; for vengeance is the Lord's, and He will she had bidden him not to look at it until after she had gone away. She was gone, and he would open it.

Unfastening the silken cords that had been tied by her own dainty factors he can a small compared.

We return now to panic-stricken come. Gallienus had gone to his Rome. Gallienus had gone to his father's villa on the Latian coast, be-Rome. low Ostia, for the benefit of the warm salt baths. The disastrous news from the army flew as on the wings of the wind to every camp in and around Rome, rousing the soldiers to an excitement that broke through the restraints of discipline; and the populace, recovthey had spent at the ruined Temple of Jupiter on the Aventine. A strange, faint odor exhaled from it, and reminded him that there had been a ering with quick rebound from its panie, flamed out in still more extravagant excesses than the Saturnalian license allowed, until by the time night closed over the scene a general tumult ensued, and Rome was for the present ear at the time the ornament was laid aside as unsuited for a child of her

given over to lawlessness and pillage. Before midnight the guards around e imperial palace had been driven in, and every avenue of approach to it was crowd, endeavoring to force their way in for plunder and other crimes; and thile they are battering down one the iron-plated doors, we will enter, for

what purpose will be presently The Cypriot has preceded us to the partments of Laodice, and is advising partitions of Laodice, and is advising her to gather up her jewels and gold and fly to a place of safety, to which he will conduct her. Faithful slave! confiding mistress! She fills a leather wallet with her rare, costly jewels, worth the arrespond a king; the Cynglet orth the ransom of a king; the Cypriot stuffs another with gold. frightful crash: the iron-plated doo fallen, the populace swarm Snatching a dark-hooded cloak, and errified almost to death, she gr the Cypriot's hand, and together they ng dark passages and out through the stable—she with the jewels, her companion with the gold—a heavy enough load for a man in wild flight for

Passing through narrow, zigzag ways, they reach the Pincian Hill, and are tearing through a dense thicket, she slightly in advance, stumbling in the darkness, when suddenly a sharp, h sting pierces her under the le shoulder, and she falls without a cry-The Cypriot draws out his stil dead. etto from her heart, seizes the wallet of ewels from her still warm hand, flies on, on, on, in mad race, until by ays known to himself he reaches the Viminal, which he begins to ascend, when he is suddenly conthe evil Furies that punish crime. He laid two of the beautiful curls in the fronted by a party of half-drunken soldiers; they try to halt marking one for Camilla and one for him, but he breaks away, and is Zilla; and, after sealing it, directed it to the former, in care of his notary, to again like a mountain goat, they pursuing in hot chase. They gain upon be delivered as soon as received. Then him; he is row on the Urban Way, and, weighted as he is with his plunder, he eautiful thought of his pagan but faithful heart-he kindled a fire of despairs of escape; for his legs tremble einnamon and spices on his brazier, and under him, and he feels that in a few laid what was left of the golden tresses moments they will fail him. But sud denly he thinks of the house of Hippolyon the perfumed flame—the funeral pyre of his love—and watched them until tus, which for some time past has been they were consumed. When the sun deserted; he knows it is near at handrose, Fabian was on board his galley ees it looming through the shadows, Symphronius was arrested, and by a supreme effort he collects brought before Olympus, a tribune, who was commanded by Valerian to torm ing within, plunges into the cellars and by a supreme chart and disappear-every energy, reaches it, and disappear-ing within, planges into the cellars which lead to the dungeons beyond. toped to obtain from him the treasures | He hears the soldiers clattering down of Nemesius. They stretched him upon the stone steps in hot pursuit; he is the rack until his bones were disjointed; trapped -- but no-he finds a de narrow arch into which he slips, and as they tortured his flesh until every narrow arch into which he slips, and a nerve in his old body was stung with he presses himself flat against the wall ping to elude their search, a door ain; but his brave answer through it was still the same: "If ye seek gives way behind him through which pain; but his brave answer through the ail was still the same: "If ye seek from me the riches of my master Nemesius, ye will not get them; for they are already distributed amongst the poor. If I am to sacrifice, I will sacrifice only to Our Lord Jesus Christ." master | he springs and finds himself in a series of dark passages winding one into another, without a ray of light to guide his course. Gods! how he runs panting and stumbling through the impenetra ble gloom of those interminable galler-His glorious testimony and pious conies, until, his breath being spent, he halts to listen! No sound reaches his stancy excited the wonder of Olympus, who ordered the lictors to cease torturing him; the grace of God touched the heart of the tribune, and before the dawn of another day he and his family ears except the tumultuous thumping heart; the silence of death reigns, and the hunted wretch drops exhausted. He has escaped and his plunder of gold and jewels is safe, but where is he? He had penetrated by an accident into those unexplored catawith rage; he ordered that Symphronius, with Olympus and his family, should combs from which none who had ever ventured within them had returned to be brought in chains to the Temple of the Earth, whence, after being severe-ly tortured, they wore to be taken and tell the tale. (Some years ago a party of scholastics from the Propaganda ventured into this labyrinth and were lost It is yet unexplored.) Here, madly burned to death before the statue of the Sun, near the Flavian Amphitheatre. wandering through the terrible dark (Their bodies were borne away that ness, the Cypriot lived a few brief days which seemed to him like years, and, to night by Pope Stephen and his deacons add to his despair, he once laid down his treasures to rest his waning strength "Acts.") No time was lost in the execution of this cruel edict, and the victims received the crown and palm of for a few moments, went forward a short distance guiding his staggering footsteps by pressing close to the wall, then returning, intending to lay his head upon them and sleep—but they were not there. He had, in turning The war with Persia, so many months back, got into another gallery. Uttering wild shrieks and cries that rang and echoed in terrific reverberations through these black cavernous depths. and swept back upon him like a host of

impending, finally began. Sapor, at the head of an immense army, invaded the Roman possessions in the East, and was capturing cities and laying waste the lands over which he passed. Gallienus, the son of Valerian, who shared the Empire with him, was called to Rome, and charged with the defence of Furies, he beat his head against the jagged rocks, tore his flesh with his teeth, and, like the cowardly wretch he the West during his father's absence. Assured of victorious campaigns under was, ended his present suffering by piercing his corrupt heart with the invincible Eagles, and that Sapor would be brought captive to Rome to grace a triumph, the public mind was stiletto upon which the blood of Laodice was scarcely dry.

Tertullus fell in battle, and Camilla. ulled into a seductive state of ease and security, until one day, in the midst of accompanied by Zilla (nowa Christian), and a neophyte named Cypria, retired to the old walled villa out near the Via the Saturnalian revelries, news of

their time in the Catacombs, ministering to the needs of the persecuted Church, they lived until the army of Constantine, led by the Sign of the Son of Man in the heavens, overthrew the altars of the gods, and planted the Cross upon their ruins. Then was ac-complished the prophecy of the seer from the Euphrates, on Mt. Phogor, in the Land of Moab, seven hundred years before the Roman Empire was founded:

"They shall come in galleys from Italy; they shall overthrow the Assyrians, and waste the Hebrews; and at the last they themselves also shall perish."

One day a monk, still noble-looking,

hough bowed with years, asked an in terview with the Christian Pontiff. was Fabian, come to deliver up the trust confided to him by Nemesius, and turn his own wealth with it into the treasury of the Church, now no longer hiding in the Catacombs—for the shadows had fled, she had come "forthe at the recognizer rights of the property of the shadows had fled, she had come "forthe at the recognizer rights of the property of the shadows had fled, she had come "forther the recognizer rights of the property of the shadows had been property of the shadows the shadows had been shadows the property of the shadows the sha as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array." Clothed in gararmy set in array." Clothed in garments of beauty, the Spouse had come forth with songs of rejoicing.

And when at last Fabian died, his

remains were entombed near those of Nemesius and his child Lucilla, by the Nemesius and his chiral Luchia, by the holy priest Admetus, who knew the exact place of their repose. When preparing his body for sepulture, a ruby medallion, which clasped a curl of olden hair, was found upon his breast. golden hair, was lound artyr," said Admetus the priest, who knew what i was; "let it abide with him in death." THE END.

AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

" Yes, I am here for a purpose There was a ring of defiant faith in the words, and the speaker, Mary Carmelita, drew herself up a little, proudly. She was a "Perpetual Con-secrate," that is, she had taken a vow to remain for life in the House of the Good Shepherd, wearing the habit and following the rule prescribed for Thus, hers was an incessan penitents. martyrdom; for the human must make itself felt while yet the mortal breathes, and constant submission, even to the kindest and gentlest authority, requires

a supernal self-renunciation. I had learned to look with something akin to everence upon this girl who, in her lowly vocation, evidenced so strongly the sustaining power of grace.

She was not beautiful in turesque habit; yet had she worn the orld's livery, she would have been called a good-looking girl. There was also a certain natural haughtiness of mauner habitual with her which, am elegant surroundings, would have given entrance, among them our poor her the air of a fine lady. Plainly she melita. Mrs. Wilson passed clos was one who might have scattered evil upon the pathway of others, who might we steeled her heart and deadened her soul until her ability to mar rivaled that of the most baleful character of fiction; yet (so wondrous the influence of religion!) she was an innecent enitent who had never done ill, and whose daily, trifling faults of pride or obstinacy must be condoned, because of the magnificent burden of sacrifice she

carried so heroically.

Ada had wandered farther down the garden with Mother Teresa, and being alone with the mysterious Magdalen, expressed my interest in her char-

acter and purpose.
"My dear," I said, "I know it was not an idle chance that brought you here. Providence having guided you, will also bestow upon you a most muni-ficent reward."

Her countenance glowed and there was a slight quiver in her voice as she

replied: "One reward, one recompense only I wish for." Then pressing my hand, she added: "Listen, and I will tell you all; for oh! I need such prayers

as yours. Viewed from our rustic bench on the height, the convent was a dark red mass, half-hid by foliage; far below at our feet, flowed the A—, a dusky, shallow stream, and the quickening breeze was redolent of clover and shallow stream,

Mary Carmelita kissed her crucifix

and raising her eyes to the faint, cloud-chased blue of the sky, continued: "I am a native of our city. My father died before I knew him and my nother, at my earliest remembrance cept a fashionable boarding-house She was a handsome woman, fond of fine dress. When I was about nine years old I discovered that she had a bassion for drink. She would remain whole days locked in her room recovering from the effects of the poison and giving up the care of the h poor me to the servant. Well, I grew older, I made up my mind o leave her. Little by little she had lost her fashionable boarders and they were succeeded by people dissipated like herself.

Early one summer morning, I slipped out into the street. I was very childish and free in my ways, and meeting an old beggar woman, lessly tossed her the lunch I had carried from home. Her gratitude touched me and I told her my story. The old

woman gave me this advice:
"'Ye're over young, Alanna, to work out, and sure ye can't run the streets. Go to that big house ye see there, ring the bell and ask the good sisters to

"I obeyed, out of curiosity and love of adventure, and have now been here ten years. Often and often I wanted to go out, for I knew I could push my in the world, but some strange dread always kept me back, and once a gray-haired missioner told me: 'Remain where you are. God doubtless has some design concerning you which you would frustrate if you returned to the world. Here you may grow a saint, but there I would not

answer for your soul.'
"I knew he was right, and somehow a year ago I felt called on—and urged, even—deep down in my heart, to make my perpetual consecration as offering for poor mother. Long since I lost all trace of her whereabouts, but now everyday gives me new hope. I do not regret my sacrifice, and though at times I grow despondent, desperate disaster came, which fell upon Rome disaster came, which fell upon Rome like a thunderbolt. In an attempt to relieve Edessa, the Emperor had been Christian virtue, and spending much of almost—I yearn so after the bright —as a clown,

pleasant world—yet something within always whispers: "Wait a little: you will have your reward." And I believe it, and then it grows easy for me to speak kindly to my companions and obey the mistresses. The other consecrated children, too, are very good

Her face had paled again and there was a far-away look in her eyes—some shadow, perchance, from the ethereal blue into which she had been gazing.

Ada now came up with three of the "Consecrates," who insisted on shewng me their class-room which I had not seen for some time. fully, though plainly, furnished; the tinted in pale gray, which ontrasted while they harmonized with he rich colors of the linoleum. noticed a large bookcase, an upright piano and several etchings and engrav

The children sang in chorus a soft sweet hymn to the Sacred Heart, and then Carmelita played Schumann's "Traumerei" with exquisite expres-It may have been the sublim sion. ity, mirrored mistily in or photographed more clearly in the daily life of the player that caused these lines of Father Faber to recur to my mind :

O Time! O Life! ye were not made for languid dreaming in the shade; Nor sinful hearts to moor all day By lily isle or grassy bay; Nor drink at noontide a balmy hours Sweet opiates from the meadow flow

"I must hear you play again," I said, as we rose to go. "I did not know you were a musician. Let me congratulate you."
"I studied when I was little," was

her reply, "and ever since I've been here Mother Teresa has insisted on practice. She said I need the help of music, and indeed it has helped me." Circum tances prevented isiting the convent until nonths had passed. Ada fell ill with typhoid, and when convalescent was ordered to the country. I accompanied

my sister as nurse.
One bleak December afternoon found me conversing with Mother Teresa at the cloister grille. I inquired for

the cloister grand.

M. Carmelita.

"The poor child has had a great shock and a great joy," said the good saligious. "Her mother had a most caligious. "Her mother had a most strange to say, it happy death, and, strange to say, this very house. This is how it happened: In July last we received application for admission from an in-obriate, a Mrs. Wilson. She wrote that she felt a presentiment of impending death and wished to make her peace with God. The night she arrived several of the consecrated childre were standing in the hall near the from the group in charge of St. Gabriel, the mistress of the Refo Class. There was a shrick and a sudden fall. M. Carmelita had caugh sight of her mother's face and fainted. When she recovered she asked to see Mrs. Wilson, and the meeting was mos affecting. It seems the poor lady had gone on from bad to worse, until h health was completely wrecked. She had been unable to trace her daughter, the few letters Carmelita had written aving given no clue to her address One night she had a dream. cired early, sober, but thoroughly dispirited, knowing she could not lo sist the force of the evil habit she had In her sleep she thought contracted. herself fettered by chains and unable to move hand or foot. A veiled figure approached and placed a gentle upon her shoulder. 'Mother,' said the vision, 'why do you not pray?' do you not pray?' Then, directin Then, directing the eyes of the sleeper towards a large crucifix she carried in her hand, the

white-robed figure vanished. "On awakening Mrs. Wilson took the resolution to enter our House As you know, the consecrated chil-dren do not mingle with the Reform Class; but the case being an extraordinary one, we permitted Mary Car melita to spend much of her time with her mother, who was indeed fast sink ing into decline. As the end approachthe dear child remained with night and day. Mrs. Wilson died in her a ms. Since then our poor Carelita is much changed. Vividly reals intercession and zing the value of vicarious sacrifice, she now pleads al most incessantly for sinners, and, I an sure, renders herself very dear to God.

REASON FOR NEW FERVOR.

In regard to work for the comin year, the League leaflet says: The echoes of Christmas still linger and the Crib with the Infant King is still on our altars, but the shepherds have given place to the Magi. The feast of Epiphany is the feast of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentile world therefore, a feast peculiarly suited to romoters, who by virtue of their fice, long to make Jesus Christ and Promoters, who by His Sacred Heart better known and oved in the world. From the Crib, the Magi, inflamed with love for the Babe of Bethlehem, return to their Eastern homes, the first Apostles of the Sacred Heart in those distant countries. The sad condition of so many millions of Eastern peoples to if we but knew it better, would add new fervor to our prayers and Communions for the salvation of their souls—would inspire us to pray more earnestly "the Lord of the harvest hat He send forth laborers into His harvest," where already in sixty years six hundred Fathers and Brothers of these congregations—the Sacred Heart of Mary, and the Holy Ghost-had perdisease, privation or assassination. To-day there are over six hundred priests, one hundred and fourteen of them native priests and brothers working for the redemption of the negro race in Africa.

Virtue consists for us in not falling into even the slightest faults, because in the case of sin nothing can seem indifferent to us .- St. Gregory of Nazian-

Do not over-estimate the success of a laugh. A clown is a great success

JANUARY 16, 1904 ST. AGNES

FEAST, JANUARY, 21. "Blessed are the clean of hear shall see God." (Matt. 5 8).

After sixteen centuries of praise, the Church of Jesus not yet wearied with the sto martyrdom of a little Rom The name is just as sweet as hearing of our Catholic pe belongs to us, because she Christ. This evening, in I presence, and in her own hare going to listen once ag brief story of her life and de may be, learn a lesson from The Christian Church v three centuries old when St.

born in Rome itself. It is cult for us to imagine the c affairs that existed in the E affairs that existed in the E at that time. The Roman I world-wide in its extent an But the kingdom of the R had placed His standard e Great Roman provinces we Christian in the East and A great in Rome itself were even in Rome itself were men in public and in private men in public and in privac heads were bowed at mer Sacred Name. Their faith cealed. They gloried in t of the One Eternal God; hesitate to say, with Roma and intelligence, that they Jesus Christ, and knew H religion and morality was to save the world from the Roman maidens and their a few in highest station, su all the cursed luxury of were leading lives of perfec St. Agnes was not a mi If men and won

found, whose lives were thing, when their country out to fight the battles of then it were sad indeed Prince of Peace and ev might not raise His hand itself, and call His chile show the power of virtue a less courage in the face of call to arms was sounded cletian persecutions had Christians living in the Cresar were not by any m despised minority.

No Roman governor wa to hope for their comple

tion. But all the pride ancient, Pagan Rome wer aroused against the mee followers of the Crucifie only needed some excuse make it seem a virtue bring a Christian out judge, and prosecute and Christian even unto dea was a victim of the put the wild, impassioned lov Pagan soul was charmed of her person; but who not appreciate the ge love that made her cor to Christ.
The story of her marty the story of her life unk almost see the little Ro

ing in the open court

judge, and trying to n that she had vowed he

They did not know the

ginity. Some foolish no They knew the Roman awful price for sin. The their own homes often d fidelity. They saw t their hearts despised the dust by those who virtue and had never le ing of the word "re felt that Rome was lose, by pride and h prestige that she had and intelligence. The had no conception of might heal the dread state. They went on madness to their door Roman girl standing i before them was not was only a childish no never marry anyone. V Because she did not of sin? Because she h that her mother sing and the only sinless consecrated virgins? Roman child, just ent She was innocent, bu She was living in the of sin. But a wise a taught her many thin childish promise son Pagans dreamt of. Roman's mother's g

> her Saviour and her something more that the slaves of men.
>
> The story of St. A us that when gentl treaty and persuasi from the resolutio court and those w gentle child, who or at them. They she struments of tortur lighted. The fres duced. The agon in motion. No ins left untried to say of a Christian prot ingless to Pagan m telligent enough to of chastity, was pr might make to set Christian maiden's strong than der and Roman blood refused to be terr her then before t told her offer inc substitutes for (and. But it was It was to make body the sign of Christ had offere

inheritance, she p Pagan eyes of Rome

save the world fro There was one more than life; in madness they her. It was only could conceive dared them once fire of Heaven fl They saw the