

Set them in state, that every Christian may
Gaze on those heroines of Faith and Christ.
And thou, (*embracing* AGNES,) sweet child, wilt thou be
mine? I'll try

And make thee happy, though Cæcilia's gone.
Thou'lt be my child, this heart is warm and loving,
And every wish of thine will gratify.

Nay, look not sorrowful, good Niger, thou
Shalt be her guardian, too; to thee I'll trust
My little dove if aught should happen me.

Come, Agnes, grieve not thus for thy dear sister,
Cæcilia shall receive the funeral rites

Of her own faith, and Rome shall mourn her loss.

I'll trust no more those Prefects or their guards
To take my place while I chastise Rome's foes.

Those Parthian rebels I consign to thee,
My faithful Goth; away to Syria's coast,
And take this sceptre as commission. Tell

My gallant legions I watch o'er them yet,
In spirit witness to their brave exploits,
Rewarding merit still with liberal hand,

Punishing crime relentlessly, and when

• The Parthians swarm around them, let all see

My white plume on thy helmet, dancing far

In front amid the battle's surges. Come,

Our melancholy task remains, my Agnes,

Let's on to Palatine. We'll there attend

As mourners. Come, my child, thy father waits thee.

*(The pall bearers take up the biers and advance, when
the scene opens above at back, showing QUINTILIAN,
VALERIAN, TIBURTIUS, URBAN, SEPTIMIUS,
CÆCILIA crowned, EGERIA and the other martyrs
in a blaze of glory, surrounded by angels. The*