Will They Have Room for Me!

- Is there room amongst the angels
 For the spirit of your child?
 Will they take your little Mary
 In their loving arms so mild?
 Will they ever love me fondly
 As my story books have said?
 Will they find a home for Mary—
 Mary numbered with the dead?
 Tell me truly, darling mother,
 Is there room for such as me?
 Will I gain the home of spirits
 And the shining angels see?
- I have sorely tried you, mother.
 Been to you a constant care,
 And you will not miss me, mother,
 When I dwell among the fair;
 For you have no room for Mary—
 She was corn in your you.

- She was ever in your way!
 And she fears the good will shun her!
 Will they, darling mother, say?
 Tell me-tell me truly-mother,
 Ere life's toosing hour dother,
 Do you think that they will keep me
 In the shining angels' home?

- I was not so wayward, mother,
 Not so very, very bad,
 But tender love would nourish
 And make Mary's heart so glad.
 Oh! I yearned for pure affection
 In this world of bitter woe;
 And I long for bliss immortal
 In the land where I must go.
 Tell me once again, dear mother,
 Ere you take the parting kiss,
 Will the angels bid me welcome
 To that land of perfect bliss?

FABIOLA;

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN

"My dear child," said Syra, soothingly, "don't be offended. It was necessary to keep it quite a

"And therefore, I suppose, poor I must not even

be present?"

"Oh, yes, Cacilia, to be sure you may; and see all that you can," replied Syra, laughing.

"Never mind about the seeing. But tell me, how will you be dressed? What have you to get

Syra gave her an exact description of the habit

and veil, their color and form.

"How very interesting! she said. "And what

have you to do ?"
The other, amused at her unwonted curiosity, de-

scribed minutely the short ceremonial.

"Well now, one question more," resumed the blind girl. "When and where is all this to be? You said I might come, so I must know the time and also."

Syra told her it would be at the title of Pastor, at daybreak, on the third day from that. "But, what has made you so inquisitive, dearest? I never saw you so before. I am afraid you are becoming quite

"Never you mind," replied Cæcilia, "if people coose to have secrets for me, I do not see why I should not have some of my own."

Syra laughed at her affected pettishness, for she knew well the humble simplicity of the poor child's They embraced affectionately and parted, Cæcilia went straight to the kind Lucina, for she was a favorite in every house. No sooner was she admitted to that pious matron's presence, than she flew to her, threw herself upon her bosom, and burst new to her, threw nersell upon her boson, and burst into tears. Lucina soothed and caressed her, and soon composed her. In a few minutes she was again bright and joyous, and evidently deep in con-spiracy, with the cheerful lady, about something which delighted her. When she left she was all buoyant and blithe, and went to the house of Agnes, in the hospital of which the good priest Dionysus lived. She found him at home; and casting herself on her knees before him, talked so fervently to self on her knees before him, talked so fervently to him, that he was moved to tears, and spoke kindly and consolingly to her. The *Te Duem* has not yet been written; but something very like it rang in the blind girl's heart, as she went to her humble

The happy morning at length arrived, and before daybreak the more solemn mysteries had been celebrated, and the body of the faithful had dispersed.

Only those remained who had to take part in the more private function, or who were specially asked to witness it. These were Lucina and her son, the aged parents of Agnes, and of c irse Sebastian But Syra looked in vain for her blind friend; she had evidently retired with the crowd; and the gentle slave feared she might have hurt her feelings by ther reserve, before their last interview.

The hall was still shrouded in the dust of a win-

ter's twilight, although the glowing east, without, foretold a bright December day. On the altar forcion a origin December day. On the attar burned perfumed tapers of large dimensions, and round it were gold and silver lamps of great value, throwing an atmosphere of mild radiance upon the sanctuary. In front of the altar was placed the chair no less venerable than itself, now enshrined in the Vatican, the chair of Peter. On this was seated on head, and round him stood his ministers, scarce ly less worshipful than himself.

From the gloom of the chapel, there came forth first the sound of sweet voices, like those of angels chanting in soft cadence, a hymn, which anticipa the sentiments soon after embodied in the "Jesu corona virginum." Then there emerged into the corona virginum." Then there emerged into the light of the sanctuary the procession of already conecrated virgins, led by the priests and deacons who had charge of them. And in the midst of them appeared two, whose dazzling white garments shone the brighter amidst their dark habits. These were the two new postulants, who, as the rest defiled and formed a line on either side, were conducted, each by two professed, to the foot of the altar, where they knelt at the Pontiff's feet. Their brides-maids, or sponsors, stood near to assist in the func-

Each as she came was asked solemnly what she can as see came was asked scientify what she desired, and expressed her wish to receive the veil, and practise its duties, under the care of those chosen guides. For, although consecrated virgins had begun to live in community before this period, yet many continued to reside at home; and persented the continued to reside at home. cution interfered with enclosure! Still there was place in church, boarded off for the consecrated virgins; and they often met apart, for particular

ringins; and they often met apart, for particular instruction and devotions.

The bishop then addressed the young aspirants, in glowing and affectionate words. He told them how high a call it was to lead on earth the lives of angels, who neither marry nor give in marriage, to tread the same chaste path to heaven which the Incarnate Word chose for His own Mother; and arrived there, to be received into the pure ranks of that picked host, that follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. He expatiated on the doctrine of St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians on the superiority of virginity to every other state; and he feelingly described the happiness of having no love on earth but one, which instead of fading, opens out into immortality, in instead of fading, opens out into immortality, in heaven. For bliss, he observed, is but the expanded flower which Divine love bears on earth.

After this brief discourse, and an examination of the candidates for this great honor, the holy Pontiff the candidates for this great nonor, the noty Fontin proceeded to bless the different portions of their religious habits, by prayers probably nearly identi-tal with those now in use; and these were put on them by their respective attendants. The new religious laid their heads upon the altar, in token of their oblation of self. But in the West, the hair

the well-guarded terrace of Fabiola had been made to furnish bright and fragrant blossoms.

to furnish bright and fragrant blossors.

All seemed ended; and Agnes, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was motionless in one of her radiant raptures, gazing fixedly upwards; while Syra, near her, was bowed down, sunk into the depths of her gentle humility, wondering how she should have been found worthy of so much favor. So absorbed were both in this data this that orbed were both in their thanksgiving, that they perceived not a slight commotion through the as-

rhey were aroused by the bishop repeating the question: "My daughier, what dost thou seek?' when, before they could look round, each felt a hand seized, and heard the answer returned in a voice dear to both: "Holy father, to receive the veil of consecration to Jesus Christ, my only love on earth, under the care of these two holy virgins, already his happy spouses."

They were overwhelmed with joy and tenderness;

for it was the poor blind Caecilia. When she heard of the happiness that awaited Syra, she had flown, as we have seen, to the kind Lucina, who soon conas we have seen, to the kind Lucina, who soon consoled her, by suggesting to her the possibility of obtaining a similar grace. She promised to furnish
all that was necessary; only Cacilia insisted that
her dress should be coarse, as became a poor beggargirl. The priest Dionysius presented to the Pontiff, and obtained the grant of her prayer; and as
she wished to have her two friends for sponsors, it
was arranged that he should lead her up to the
altar after their consecration. Cacilia, however,
kept her secret. kept her secret.

The blessings were spoken, and the habit and veil put on; when they asked if she had brought no wreath of flowers. Timidly she drew from under her garment the crown she had provided, a bare, thorny branch, twisted into a circle, and presented

it saying:
"I have no flowers to offer to my Bridegroom
"I have no flowers for me. I am but a "I have no flowers to offer to my Bridegroom, neither did He wear flowers for me. I am but a poor girl, and do you think my Lord will be offended if I ask Him to crown me, as He was pleased to be crowned Himself? And then, flowers represent virtues in those that wear them; but my barren heart has produced nothing better than these."

She saw not, with her blind eyes, how her two companions snatched the wreaths from their heads, to nut on hers; but a sign from the Pontiff cheeked.

put on hers; but a sign from the Pontiff checked m; and amidst moistened eyes, she was led forth. all joyous in her thorny crown; emblem of what the Church has always taught, that the very queenship of virtue is innocence crowned by penance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NOMENTAN VILLA.

The Nomentan road goes from Rome eastward, and between it and the Salarian is a deep ravine, beyond which on the side of the Nomentan way lies a gracefully undulated ground. Amidst this is situated a picturesque round temple, and near it is a truly beautiful basilica, dedicated to St. Agnes. Here was the villa belonging to her, situated about Here was the vila belonging to her, situated about a mile and a half from the city; and thither it had been arranged that the two, not the three, newly consecrated should repair, to spend the day in retirement and tranquil joy. Few more such days, perhaps, would ever be granted them.

We need not describe this rural residence, except to say that every thing in it breathed contentment to any hangings. It was one of those gamed days

and happiness. It was one of those genial days which a Roman winter supplies. The rugged Apennines were slightly powdered with snow; the ground was barely crisp, the atmosphere transparent, the sunshine glowing, and the heavens cloudless. A few greyish curls of melting smoke from the cottages, and the leafless vines, alone told that it was Decem-ber. Every thing living seemed to know and love the gentle mistress of the place. The doves came and perched upon her shoulder or her hand; the lambs in the paddock frisked, and ran to her the moment she approached, and took the green frag-rant herbs which she brought them, with evident pleasure; but none owned her kindly sway so much as old Molossus, the enormous watchdog. Chained beside the gate, so fierce was he, that none but a few beside the gate, so heree was he, that none but a few favorite domestics durst go near him. But no sooner did Agnes appear than he crouched down, and wagged his bushy tail, and whined, till he was let loose; for now a child might approach him. He never left his mistress's side; he followed her like a lamb; and if she sat down, he would lie at her feet, looking into her face, delighted to receive, on his head, the caresses of her slender hand.

huge head, the caresses of her slender hand.

It was indeed a peaceful day; sometimes calm and quiet, soft and tender, as the three spoke together of the morning's happiness, and of the happier morning of which it was a pledge, above the liquid amber of their present skies; sometimes cheerful and even merry, as the two took Cacilia to task for the trick she had played them. And she laughed cheerily, as she always did, and told them she had a better trick in store for them yet; which was, that she would cut them out, when that next morning he would cut them out, when that next morning came; for she intended to be the first at it, and not

Fabiola had, in the meantime, come to the villa rationa mat, in the meantime, come to the vina to pay her first visit to Agnes after her calamity, and to thank her for her sympathy. She walked for-ward, but stopped suddenly on coming near the spot where this happy group were assembled. For when she beheld the two who could see the outward brightness of heaven, hanging over her who seemed to hold all its splendor within her soul, she saw at once, in the scene, the verification of her dream.

Yet unwilling to intrude herself unexpectedly upon them, and anxious to find Agnes alone, and not with her own slave and a poor blind girl, she turned away before she was noticed, and walked towards a distant part of the grounds. Still she could not help asking herself, why she could not be cheerful and hoppy as they? Why was there a gulf between

But the day was not destined to finish without Besides Fabiola another person had started from Rome, to pay a less welcome visit to Agnes. This was Fulvius, who had never forgotten the assurances of Fabius, that his fascinating address and brilliant ornaments had turned the weak head of He had waited till the first days of mourn ing were over, and he respected the house in which he had once received such a rude reception, or rather suffered such a summary ejectment. Having ascertained that, for the first time, she had gone without her parents, or any male attendants, to her suburban villa, he considered it a good opportunity for pressing his suit. He rode out of the Nomentan gate, and was soon at Agnes's. He dismounted; said he wished to see her on important business, and, after some importunity, was admitted by the porter. He was directed along a walk, at the end porter. He was directed along a walk, at the end of which she would be found. The sun was declin-ing, and her companions had strolled to a distance; and she was sitting alone in a bright sunny spot, with old Molossus crouching at her feet. The slightest approach to a growl from him, rare when he was with her, made her look up from her work of tying together such winter flowers as the others brought her, while she suppressed, by raising a finger, this expression of instinctive dislike.

Fulvius came near with a respectful, but freer air than usual, as one already assured of his request.

"I have come, Lady Agnes," he said, "to renew to you the expression of my sincere regard; and I could not have chosen a better day, for brighter or fairly and the same are same as a same and the same are same as a same as a same are same are same as a same are same are same as a same are same are same as a same are same are same as a same are sam fairer scarcely the summer sun could have

"Fair, indeed, and bright it has been to me," re was not cut, as it was in the East, but was always left long. A wreath of flowers was then placed upon the head of each; and though it was winter,

"Yes; it is the sign my beloved has placed upon y countenance, that I recognize no lover but him-"And who is this happy being? I was not without hopes, nor will I renounce them yet, that I have a place in your thoughts, perhaps in your af-

Agnes seemed scarcely to heed his words. ns no appearance of shyness or timidity in her bks or manner, no embarrassment even:

"Spotless without, and innocent within, She feared no danger, for she knew no s

Her childlike countenance remained bright, open and guileless; her eyes, mildly beaming, looked straight upon Fulvius's face with an earnest simplicity, that made him almost quail before her. She stood up now, with graceful dignity, as she re-

"Milk and honey exhaled from his lips, as the blood from his stricken cheek impressed itself on

She is crazed, Fulvius was just beginning to think when the inspired look of her countenance, and the clear brightness of her eye, as she gazed forward towards some object seen by herself alone, overawed

towards some object seen by herself alone, overawed and subdued him. She recovered in an instant; and again he took heart. He resolved at once to pursue his demand.

"Madam," he said, "you are triffing with one who sincerely admires and loves you. I know from the best authority,—yes, the best authority,—that of a mutual friend departed, that you have been pleased to think favorably of me, and to express yourself not consend to a very resident. yourself not opposed to my urging my claims to your hand. I now, therefore, seriously and earnestly solicit it. I may seem abrupt and informal, but I am sincere and warm."
"Begone from me, food of corruption!" she said

with calm majesty; "for already a lover has secured my heart, for whom alone I keep my troth, to whom I intrust myself with undivided devotion; one

I intrust myself with undivided devotion; one whose love is chaste, whose caress is pure, whose brides never put off their virginal wreaths."

Fulvius, who had dropped on his knee as he concluded his last sentence, and had thus drawn forth that severe rebuke, rose, filled with spite and fury, at having been so completely deluded. "Is it not enough to be rejected," he said, "after having been encouraged, but must insult be heaped on me too? and must I be told to my face that another has been before me to-day?—Sebastian, I suppose,

Who are you?" exclaimed an indignant voice behind him, "that dare to utter with disdain, the name of one whose honor is untarnished, and whose se honor is untarnished, and whose virtue is as unchallenged as his courage?

He turned round, and stood confronted with Fabiola, who, having walked for some time about the garden, thought she would now probably find her cousin disengaged, and by herself. She had come upon him suddenly, and had caught his last

Fulvius was abashed, and remained silent Fabiola, with a noble indignation, continued.

"And who, too, are you, who, not content with having once thrust yourself into my kinswoman's ouse, to insult her, presume now to intrude upon e privacy of her rural retreat?"

"And who are you," retorted Fulvius, "who are upon yourself to be imperious mistress in an-"One," replied the lady, "who, by allowing my ousin to meet you first at her table, and there dis

covering your designs upon an innocent child, feels herself bound in honor and duty to thwart them, and to shield her from them." and to shield her from them."

She took Agnes by the hand, and was leading her away; and Molossus required what he never remembered to have received before, but what he

took delightedly, a gentle little tap, to keep him from more than growling; when Fulvius, gnashing his teeth, muttered audibly "Haughty Roman dame! thou shalt bitterly rue

this day and hour. Thou shalt know and feel how Asia can revenge.

CHAPTER XIII. THE EDICT.

The day being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvinus fully felt the importance of the commission intrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum, the edict of extermination against the Christians, or rather the sentence of ex-tipation of their very name. News had been re-ceived from Nicodemia, that a brave Christian ceived from Nicodemia, that a brave Christian soldier, named George, had torn down a similar im-perial decree, and had manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvinus was determined that nothing of the sort should happen in Rome; for he feared too seriously the consequences of such an occur-rence to himself; he therefore took every precau-tion in his power. The edict had been written in large characters, upon sheets of parchiment joined together; and these were nailed to a board, firmly apported by a pillar, against which it was hung of far from the Puteal Libonis, the magistrate's chair in the Forum. This, however, was not done till the Forum was deserted, and night had well set in. It was thus intended that the edict should meet

the eyes of the citizens early in the morning, and To prevent the possibility of any noctural attempt to destroy the precious document, Corvinus, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a nightguard to the Forum, a company of the Pannonian cohort, a body compos oldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North, Dacians, Pannonians, Sarmatians, and Germans whose uncouth features, savage aspect, matted sandy absolutely ferocious to Roman eyes. These men could scarcely speak Latin, but were ruled by officers of their own countries, and formed, in the decline of the empire, the most faithful body-guards of the igning tyrants, often their fellow-countrymen; for there was no excuse too monstrous for them to commit, if duly commanded to execute it.

mit, if duly commanded to execute it.

A number of these savages, even rough and ready
were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum, with strict orders to pierce through, or hew down, any one who should attempt to pass the watchword, or symbolum. This was every night distributed by the general in command, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all posssibility of any Christian making use of it that night, if he should chance to discover in the cunning Corvinus had one chosen, which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was Numen Im-peratorum: the "Divinity of the Emperors."

The last thing which he did was to make his The last thing which he did was to make his rounds, giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions; and most minutely to the one whom he had placed to the edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge his post of account of his tude strength and hope bulk, and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvinus gave him the most rigid instructions, how he was to spare nobody, but to prevent any one's interference with the sacred edict. He repeated to him again and again the watchword; left him; already half-stupid with sabaia or beer, in the merest animal consciousness, that it was insulated that heathenism be, which it was issued to keep was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear, or sabre, some one or other before morning. The

Fulvius was flattered, as if the compliment was to his presence, and answered, "The day, no doubt you mean, of your espousals with one who may have won your heart."

"That is indeed done," she replied, as if unconsciously; "and this is his own precious day."

"And was that wreathed veil upon your head, placed there in anticipation of this happy hour?"

"Yes; it is the sign my beloved has placed upon my countenance, that I recognize no lover but him-

emperor's throat, and sack the city.

While all this was going on, old Diogenes and his hearty sons were in their poor house in the Suburra, not far off, making preparations for their frugal meal. They were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch, and the entrance of two young men, whom Diogenes at once recognized and welcomed.

"Come in, my noble young masters; how good of you thus to honor my poor dwelling! I hardly dare offer you our plain fare; but if you will par-take of it, you will indeed give us a Christian love-"Thank you most kindly, father Diogenes," answered the elder of the two, Quadratus, Sebastian's

sinewy centurion; "Pancratius and I have come expressly to sup with you. But not as yet; we have some business in this part of the town, and after it we shall be glad to eat something. In the meantime, one of your youths can go out and cater for us. Come, we must have something good; and I want you to cheer yourself with a moderate cup of

Saying this he gave his purse to one of the sons, Saying this he gave his purse to one of the sons, with instructions to bring home some better provisions than he knew the simple family usually enjoyed. They sat down; and Pancratius, by way of saying something, addressed the old man. "Good Diogenes, I have heard Sebastian say that you remember seeing the glorious Deacon Laurentius die for Christ. Tell me something about him."

"With pleasure," answered the old man. "It is yow nearly forty five years, since it happened and

where; I stood by, as the Venerable Politin Sixtus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and so tenderly reproached him, just as a son might a father, for not allowing him to be his companion in the sacrifice of himself, as he had mighstered to him in the sacrifice of our Lord's body and blood."

"Those were splendid times, Diogenes, were they not?" interrupted the youth; "how degenerate we are now! What a different race! Are we not, The rough soldier smiled at the generous sincerity

of his complaint, and bid Diogenes go on.

"I saw him too as he distributed the rich plate of
the Church to the poor.

We have never had any
thing so splendid since.
There were golden lamps
and candlesticks, censors, chalices, and patens, besides an immense quantity of silver melted down, and distributed to the blind, the lame, and the in-

digent."
"But tell me," asked Pancratius, "how did he endure his last dreadful torment? It must have been frightful."

saw it all," answered the old fossor, "and it would have been intolerably frightful in another. He had been first placed on the rack, and variously tormented, and he had not uttered a groan; when the judge ordered that horrid bed, or gridiron, to be prepared and heatad. To look at his tender flesh blistering and breaking over the fire, and deeply scored with red burning gashes that cut to the bond where the iron bars went across; to see the steam thick as from a cauldron, rise from his body, and hear the fire hiss beneath him, as he melted away into it; and every now and then to observe the tremulous quivering that crept over the surface of his skin, the living motion which the agony gave to each separate muscle, and the sharp spasmodic twiches which convulsed, and gradually contracted, his limbs, all this, I own, was the most harrowing spectacle I have ever beheld in my life. But to look into his countenance was to forget all this. His head was raised up from the burning body, and ris head was raised up from the contempolation of some most celestial vision, like that of his fellow-deacon Stephen. His face glowed indeed with the heat below, and the perspiration flowed down it, but the light from the fire shining upwards, and passing through his golden locks, created a round his beautiful head and countenance, made him look as if already in heaven. And every feature, serene and sweet as ever, was so impro with an eager longing look, accompanying the ward glancing of his eye, that you would willingly

"That I would," again broke in Pancratius," and, as soon as God pleases! I dare not think that I could stand while he did; for he was indeed a noble and heroic Levite, while I am only a weak imperfect and hereic Levice, while I am only a weak imperied boy. But do you not think, dear Quadratus, that strength is given in that hour, proportionate to our trials, whatever they may be? You, I know, would stand any thing; for you are a fine stout soldier, accustomed to toil and wounds. But as for me, I have only a willing heart to give. Is that enough,

think you?"
"Quite, quite, my dear boy," exclaimed the centurion, full of emotion, and looking tenderly on the youth, who with glistening eyes, having risen from his seat, had placed his hands upon the officer's shoulders. "God will give you strength, as He has shoulders. "God will give you strength, as He has already given you courage. But we must not forget our night's work. Wrap yourself well up in your cloak, and bring your toga quite over your head; so! It is a wet and bitter night. Now, good Diogenes, put more wood on the fire, and let us find supper ready on our return. We shall not be long absent; and just leave the door ajar."

"Go, go, my sons," said the old man, "and God speed you! whatever you are about, I am sure it is something praiseworthy."

omething praiseworthy."

Quadratus sturdily drew his chlamys, or military cloak around him, and the two youths plunged into the dark lanes of the Suburra, and took the direction of the Forum. While they were absent, the door was opened, with the well-known salutation of 'thanks to God;" and Sebastian entered, and in uired anxiously if Diogenes had seen any thing of he two young men; for he had got a hint of what they were going to do. He was told they were ex-

they were going to do. The was tool they were expected in a few moments.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when hasty steps were heard approaching; the door was pushed open, and was as quickly shut, and then fast barred, behind Quadratus and Pancratius.

"Here it is," said the latter, producing, with a hearty laugh, a bundle of crumpled parchment.

"What?" asked all eagerly.
"Why the grand decree, of course," answered Paneratius, with boyish glee. "Here it goes!' And he thrust it into the blazing fire, while the stalwart sons of Diogenes threw a faggot over it to keep it down, and drown its cackling. There it frizzled, and writhed, and cracked, and shrunk, first one letter or word coming up, then another; first an emperor's praise, and then an anti-Christian blasphemy; till all had subsided into a black ashy

And what else, or more, would those be in a few years who had issued that proud document, when their corpses should have been burnt on a pile of cedar-word and spices, and their handful of ashes be scraped together, hardly enough to fill a gilded urn? And what also, in very few years more, would urn?

And the very empire which these "unconquered" Augusti were bolstering up by cruelty and injustice, how in a few centuries would it resemble that annihilated decree? the monuments of its grandeur lying in ashes, or in ruins, and proclaiming that there is no true Lord but one stronger than Cæsars, the Lord of lords; and that neither counsel nor

the Lord of lords; and that heither counsel nor strength of man shall prevail against Him. Something like this did Sebastian think, perhaps, as he gazed abstractedly on the expiring embers of the pompous and cruel edict which they had torn down, not for a wanton frolic, but because it contained blasphenies against God and His holiest truths. They knew that if they should be discover-ed, tenfold tortures would be their lot; but Christians in those days, when they contemplated and prepared for martyrdom, made no calculation on that head. Death for Christ, whether quick and easy, or lingering and painful, was the end for which they looked; and, like brave soldiers going to battle, they did not speculate where a shaft or a sword might strike them, whether a death-blow yould at once stun them out of existence, or they would at once sun them out of existence, of they should have to writhe for hours upon the ground, mutilated or pierced, to die by inches among the heaps of unheeded slain.

Sebastian soon recovered, and had hardly the

heart to reprove the perpetrators of this deed. In truth, it had its ridiculous side, and he was inclined to laugh at the morrow's dismay. This view he gladly took; for he saw Pancratius watched his looks with some trepidation, and his centurion looked a little disconcerted. So, after a hearty laugh, they sat down cheerfully to their meal; for it was not midnight, and the hour for commencing the fast, preparatory to receiving the holy Eucharist, was not arrived. Quadratus's object, besides kindness, in saying something, addressed the old man. "Good Diogenes, I have heard Sebastian say that you remember seeing the glorious Deacon Laurentius differ Christ. Tell me something about him."

"With pleasure," answered the old man. "It is now nearly forty-five years since it happened, and so I was older then than you are now, you may suppose I remember all quite distinctly. He was indeed a beautiful youth to look at: so mild and sweet, so fair and graceful; and his speech was so gentle, so soft, especially when speaking to the poor. How they all loved him! I followed him every where; I stood by, as the venerable Pontiff Sixtus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and tree good old fervent times, as Pancratius would persist in calling them. Sebastian saw his friend home, and then took a round, to avoid the Forum in seeking his own abode. If any one had seen Pancratius that night, when alone in his chamber preparing to retire to rest, he would have seen him every now and then almost laughing at some strange but pleasant adventures.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCOVERY. At the first dawn of morning, Corvinus was up; and notwithstanding the gloominess of the day, proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury, when he saw the blank board, with only a few hards of resolvent left required the rails and he shreds of parchment left, round the nails; and be-side it standing, in unconscious stolidity, his Dacian

He would have darted at his throat, like a tiger, if he had not seen, in the barbarian's twinkling eye, a sort of hyæna squint, which told him he had better not. But he broke out at once into a pasonate exclamation:

"Sirrah! how has the edict disappeared? Tell me

"Softly, softly, Herr Kornweiner," answered the imperturbable Northern. "There it is as you left t in my charge."
"Where, you fool? Come and look at it."

"Where, you fool? Come and rook at it."

The Dacian went to his side, and for the first time confronted the board; and after looking at it for some moments, exclaimed: "Well, is not that the board you hung up last night?"

"Yes, you blockhead, but there was writing on it, which is gone. That is what you had to guard?"

"Whe box you cantain as to writing you seen."

"Why, look you, captain, as to writing, you see I know nothing, having never been a scholar; but as it was raining all night, it may have been washed

"And as it was blowing, I suppose the parchment on which it was written was blown off?"
"No doubt, Herr Kornweiner; you are quite right."

"Come, sir, this is no joking matter. Tell me, at once, who came here last night."

"Why, two of them came."

"Why, two of them came."
"Two of what?"
"Two wizards, or goblins, or worse."
"None of that nonsense for me." The Dacian's eye flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me Arminius, what sort of people they were, and what they did."
"Why, one of them was but a stripling, a box will said this and want round the pillar and L say. tall and thin, and went round the pillar, and I suppose must have taken away what you miss, while I

was busy with the other."

"And what of him? What was he like?"

The soldier opened his mouth and eyes, and stared at Corvinus for some moments, then said, with a sort of stupid solemnity, "What was he like? Why, if he was not Thor himself, he wasn't far from I never felt such strength."
"What did he do to show it?"

"He came up first, and began to chat quite friendly; asked me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last, I remembered that I had to run through any one that came near me—"

"Exactly," interrupted Corvinus; "and why did

you not do it?" "Only because he wouldn't let me. I told him "Only because he wouldn't let me. I told him to be off, or I should spear him, and drew back and stretched out my javelin; when in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it over his knee, as if it had been a mountebank's wooden sword, and dashed the ironheaded piece fast into the ground, where you see it, fifty yards off."

Then why did you not rush on him wirh your sword, and despatch him at once? If your sword? it is not in your scabbard.

The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the roof of the neighboring basilica, and said: "There; don't you see it shining on the tiles, in the morning light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes.

"How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he

The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly and then he was answered:

"He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand, and up where you see it, as easily as L could east a quoit a dozen yards."

"And then?"

"And then f"

"And then, he and the boy, who came from round
the pillar, walked off in the dark."

"What a strange story!" muttered Corvinus to
himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"
"First, Master Kornweiner, because, in my country, we will fight any living men, but we do

not choose to pursue hobgoblins. And secondly, what was the use? I saw the board that you gave into my care all safe and sound." (To be Continued.)

-Don Manuel Pardo, the ex-President of Peru, who was brutally assassinated on the 16th ult. at Panama, died praying for his murderer.

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