THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

There was a

and expectancy fell upon the people.

Suddenly one of the doors in the wall

and fluttered his scarlet flag as he dashed

Then ensued, on the part of the bull,

his adversary; and on the part of the

cacciatore, a series of dexeterous feints and hairbreadth escapes, due to his splendid equestrian skill. He was greeted with wild plaudits from the ex-

itable spectators, until at last, when

it seemed impossible that he could much

longer escape being tossed and gored to death by his frenzied adversary, he

made a sharp, sudden turn, and, before the infuriated, clumsy beast could

check the impetus of his mad pursuit and double on him, reached the door by

which he had entered; the portculli

was swiftly raised, and, waving his

bars fell with a clang in the very face

of his enemy. The bull, now wrought up to the de-

sired pitch of brutal rage, did not stand on the order of his attack when

another mounted cacciatore attired and

equipped like the first, leaped into the

arena; but he was either more reckless

or not so skillful an equestrian, or

ened by the magnificent fury he was in,

or at last he made a successful lunge

his sharp horns pierced and ripped the

In another instant, above

cloud of sawdust and sand raised by the

ray, a fluttering heap of scarlet and

yellow was flung in the air, and dropped with a heavy thud to the ground. Then

sounded the plaudits of the people long and loud for the ball, who was ramping

around the arena, tossing the sand and

sawdust up in yellow clouds, his savage

bellowing resounding louder than the

roaring of the human throats that lifted

their bravos in his honor. Was it over? Was this all? If so,

t was a commonplace and small affair

beasts from the jungle and

belly of the horse who fell

rider.

eries of dexeterous feints

blare

was

with his

Then

PALMS

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

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED. With the sensations of one not yet fully recovered from a horrible night.

mare, he drove slowly along the sloping avenue of the Palatine, that led direct avenue of the Palatine, that led direct to the Forum Romanum, an edifice which, neither spacious nor magnificent, lent its name to allothe space lying be-tween the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills. It was surrounded on every side by temples, conspicnous among which were the Temple of Janus and that of Vesta; palaces, basilicas, halls of justice, and public offices, and adorned

with the statues of illustrious Romans. with the statues of inflatrious formans, triumphal arches, and the trophies of conquered nations. A place of public assembly, and an important centre of varied interests, all the news, political, sensational and social, rumors native and foreign, and the latest whispers of prominent events, were borne there prominent events, were borne there from every quarter by those who re-sorted to it for business or pleasure. The gravest transactions before the judicial tribunals, affecting life, honor, and estate, the most splendid efforts of prefers from the Restra on exciting oratory from the Rostra on exciting and the chance that every one would here meet every one they knew, drew the Roman world of all classes, variously attracted, to the Forum.

The glory of the Roman sun bathed the marble porticoes, pillars, arches, and carved facades in such effulgence that the noble grace of every outline was visible, while the golden glamour veiled all discolorations made time and weather, until only a dazzling mass of triumphant art greeted the eye wherever it turned ; but it was lost on Fabian, so preoccupied was he, when near the Temple of the Vestals, he was recalled to himself by finding his further progress checked by a crowd who waited per force, until a procession which slowly emerged from the massive gateway should have passed A curtained litter, borne on its way. by eight slaves, how appeared, carefully followed by numerous attendants whose countenances were sad and down ndants. They moved slowly, and the cost. They moved slowly, and the street throngs, silent and respectful, made way, for they knew that a sick Vestal was being conveyed to the palace of some matron of high rank, to be nursed back to health, or, if Fate so decreed, to die. (As was the custom.) The litter passed ; the living tide that had parted and paused a moment, again mingled together, and with its dull roan of human voices, rumbling of wheels, and the hoof beats of horses, surged or as belore

The delay had only been momentary ; a few paces farther on, and Fabian had thrown the reins to one of his attendant slaves, sprang from his chariot, mounted the broad marble steps, and was sauntering leisurely through one of the loity, pillared halls in the interior of the Forum, where he met a number of his acquaintances, singly and in groups, who saluted and welcomed him back to Rome with genial effusion. Each one had something to tell of how things, social and political, had been going on while he was away among the Umbrian Hills.

Among other on dits, he heard how an audacious Christian, named Laur-ence, had made amusement for Rome by commission the Domeson who convert but witting the Emperor, who caused aim to be reasted alive for his temerity : that Hippolytus, a man of dis-tinction and wealth, well-known and of high repute, had-incredible as it might seem—been seduced by the magic arts of this same Laurence, and publicly declared his belief in the Christus, while he contemned the gods ; that his family and household, sharing his deand household, sharing his de-were put to death before his a well-merited punishment—after his cap that is finished on top by a which he was strapped between two wild horses, who tore him asunder, limb by limb, in their mad race. limb by limb. tant from its surroundings, is the mar-How they gabbled and haghed as they alked it all over, as if it had been a ew coundy or a gladiatorial contest, ble gallery—encrusted with marvels of scalpture and rich in all its appoint-ments—assigned to the Vestal Virgins, new couldy or one supplying details emitted by the who, white robed and veiled, have just other, sparing no cruel horror, until Fabian had the whole story complete ! They regarded both affairs as parts of taken their seats, and look like a snow drift amidst the varied colors visible everywhere around them. Apart from a fine spectacular tragedy; thought such examples necessary strike terror to the minds of those these, the rest of the immense circle, which is divided at regular intervals ssary t by superb pillars of polished marble that support the tier above, and the conspirators known as Christians; while only one-under his breath-as-serted that Rome did not require the vomitorea, which, like the spokes of a wheel, run from the podium up to the served that frome did not require the iittleaess and absement of such savagery to sustain her grandeur and power-savagery that not only brought re-proach on her vaunted civilization, but and afford easy access to the cornice and afford easy access to the various ranges of seats, is occupied by the privileged classes, distinguished foreigners and patricians. The tier above, where the marble seats are cushioned, belongs to Senators and the Equestrian orders, and illustrious Romans. The tier above is assigned to the privilege the third to the heat retarded progress. Fabian would have been better pleased had he heard nothing about it ; his mind was too sore with dread for his mind was too sore with most loved Romans. The tier above is assigned to the two beings on earth he most loved Romans. The tier above is assigned to not to feel every word touch his wound the *populus*, the third to the lower like fire; but he could not avoid it classes; above them is a colonnade for like fire; but he could not avoid it without attracting comment or seeming abraptly rude; he could only evide the subject by irrelevant remarks, and sarcastic criticisms more than impression that the whole matter was of such supreme indifference to him as not to be worthy of a second thought; as it would have been, in fact, but for the mental application he made of it in re-gard to Nemesims and Claudia, whose morrow held the rack, the lions, the Nomesius and Claudia, whose The spectacle is magnificent! Ten beld the rack, the lions, the of thousands of human faces the above tier, masses of brilliant coloring, th bame. Pleading engagements, Fabian left the company with his usual easy grace, and drove from palace to palace, to call on certain noble Roman ladies, to fashions, and everywhere - for this whom his visits were always as white marks on their calendar, and who after-wards declared that never had their occasion - beautiful dark-eyed women wards declared that never had their aniable guest been so brilliant and winning, so gay and delightful, as on might be in attendance, while overhead, this day. Conscious of this himself, he felt satisfied that he was wearing his mask bravely, and that his smiles were slightly swaying and undulating in the summer breeze, the velarium intervened to shade the audience from the heat and successful counterfeits. As he was leaving the palace where glare of the sun. The disc-like arena was smoothly covered with saw-dust he had made his last call, followed by aud coarse sand, except here and there where a closely-grated door appeared, through which low thunderous growls the admining glances of lustrous eyes, a hand-the gift of the mos beautiful woman in Rome-and was through which low thunderous growls or savage bellowings ascended, remindstepping across the marble-flagged footing one of the lions and other savage way to his chariot, he was stopped by an acquaintence, who declared that he was the man of all others he most wished beasts confined in the vaults beneath. Like a field of grain suddenly swayed

to see; for there was no one in the whole world who would so keenly ap-preciate that which he had in store for him; adding that he had been to his was at once moved by a simultaneous impulse-every eye was directed to-wards the superb gallery opposite the palace in search of him, and just as he was about giving up in despair, here he main entrance ; a shout arose, re-echoed by the enormous walls and beating against the velarium until every rope was strained: "Ave Imperator!" as Valerian, attended by lictors, courtiers " Has the Sphinx revealed her secret and the Imperial Guard, entered and

It can surely be nothing less, my Tul-lius," answered Fablan, laughing. took his seat on the cubiculium or ele "Something far better! That secret, whenever it comes forth, will be vated chair he always occupied by right of his supreme rank. of trumpets, then as if by a spell silence

grim one, depend on it ; so I, for one am satisfied to let her keep it hidden i her stony breast forever. But come I am impatient for thee to enjoy a pleasure provided by the gods," in of the arena was thrown open, the port-cullis was swiftly raised, and a magni-

was

"If thou wilt excuse me, Tullius, I am really not in a mood for anything spectacular to day, especially if there's a smell of blood in it; for I am having ficent black bull, with white polishe horns, wild, glaring eyes, massive head and neck, and thin, sinewy hips, bound ed into the arena with a mad roar; dazzled by the light, the space, and some gentle reminders of my old

the thousands of human eyes bent upon him, he stood dazed and motionless, but "No, by Apollo! It is whispered that there will be more fights between the Christians and the lions; for it is only for an instant; for the same door which had given him admittance was thrown open, and there dashed through said there are signs that the herois caccitore, fancifully dressed, splendid displayed by the former is demoralizing ly mounted, with spar at rest, from which fluttered a scarlet flag. He caracoled jauntily around the arena, the people. As to thy quartan-ague, or whatever else it may be, the spec-tacle I allude to will break its evil spell displaying fine tricks of horsemanship, by its novelty: for nothing exactly like it has ever been seen in Rome be-fore. I learn this from the best authorand the grace and beauty of his steed which was light of limb, sinewy, bright eyed, alert, with waving, glossy mane . It is said to be something so idyl-as to remind one of a Greek fable. tail. (Bull-fights were known ity. Rome in the days of Juvenal.) It is brought hither from Spain, and everyone is wild to see it. It comes on By this time the ball, having re-covered from his dull astonishment, be-came more alert, following with sullen as an inter-act between the chariot-races and the Greek athletic contests the charioteyes the horse and his rider, who waved

and after it is over we can go to the Baths of Sallust to feast and amuse in narrowing circles around him. Sudourselves," rattled Tullius. denly and almost at the same moment the horse felt a prick of the spur, and sprang forward, as the bull goaded by the pelut of the "Thou hast at least convinced me that I have yet a spice of curiosity left, and I yield myself to thy guidance.

the point of the cacciatore's spear, and My chariot seats two; get in, and we'll soon reach — where?" said Fabian, really glad to accept anything that nearly blinded by the quick slaps of the scarlet flag across his eyes, was roused to a vengeful and ungovernable promised to divert his mind from its ever-present pain. "The Flavian Amphitheatre-did I fury. a series of plunges, attacks, and a hurling of himself like a thunderbolt on

not tell thee? If we start at once, we'll be just in time to select seats," said Tullius, well pleased to have secured his object. A quick drive brought them to the If we start at once,

Flavian, which was surrounded by the usual mixed assemblage of all classespriests, civic officials, Senators, civic officials, soldiers, freedmen, women, and slaves-all pressing their way towards the entrances assigned to each grane; while the air resounded with a grane; while the air resolution with tunnit of voices, laughing, cheering, wearing, and shouting; the crowd momentarily increased by the human that poured down the Via Sacra. Fabian and Tullius edged their way

plumed cap towards the Emperor's gallery, he leaped through, and the killfully through the throng, procured tickets for numbered seats, and pushed a, up the crowded steps to the interircle of the vast Amphitheatre, (The Flavian Amphitheatre had a capacity for seating eighty-seven thousand people, with standing room for twenty-two thousand more) where without difficulty they found their designated places.

While the vast circumference of the perhaps the bull's instincts were quick immense edifice is rapidly filling, from the podium to its very cornice, a glance at some of its most striking features will give a faint idea of the magnificent effect of the whole. The wall surrounding the arena to protect the audience from the wild beasts is fifteen feet high, vierced with numerous doors, faced with rare marbles and surmounted by a rellis-work of brass, behind which runs a marble terrace, a portion of which is occupied by a double row of chairs appropriated to the exclusive use of those who are, or have been, Prætors, Consuls, Æddes, Curules and Censors. Distant from these, in his special seat of honor, is the Flamen Dialis-the high priest of Jupiter-in the robes belonging to his ancient dignity, his bro

to those present, who had seen hundreds

cident like the one described was witby a passing wind, this vast assembly essed in Spain by a traveller of our times.)

It was not an inter-act after all, though rather pretty for a change. Shall we wait to see the chariot-races?" said Tullius, politely suppressing a vawn.

"I must beg thee to excuse me," re-plied Fabian. "I have seen enough to-day to satisfy me. Another spect acle would obliterate, I fear, the really pleasant fancies left by the chart ing one we have just witnessed. Ah see that bright eyes and fair hands are already inviting thee. Farewell and many thanks for the pleasant hour.'

The spectacle had been a living symture and death. bolism to Fabian, and he wondered if the ferocious, selfish, brutal world might not be better led by human kindthrough her tender frame ; it was the first she had heard of the cruel perse cution ; she did not quite understand ness than by force and the shedding of blood; if yet from some distant realm a pure, simple, virginal soul might not appear, chanting hymns of peace to sub-due to sweet submissiveness the ungovernable, ty rannical and cruel sions that dominated mankind. Rome sought by other means than the rack, the sword, the flame, to win the Christians from their illusive dementia to a proper sense of what they owed the gods and the Empire, how different the gods and the Empire, how different might have been the results! He cared nothing for the Christians; the word had but one meaning for him now— Nemesius and Claudia; but barbarity of every sort was supremely disgusting to his refined nature. Ah! could Fabian only have believed

companions in misfortune, and without it, the virginal soul had already ap asking a question, information of the peared; the hymn of good-will and peare had echoed through the mid-night skies of Judea two hundred and saw so liberally dispensing gifts and sweet, cheering words to all, and how fifty years before, to herald the birth of the Prince of Peace; and the only ears that had hearkened to the strain, and followed whithere we to be strain, she had been born blind, but had mira culously received her sight through the prayers of the holy Pope Stephen. The next time he appeared, he The next time he appeared, he thanked all for their kindness, and and followed whithersoever it led, were the despised class known as Christians.

said he would not come again, as Would he ever know? The daily current of life glided on smoothly at the villa on the Aventine, importantial was going South to relatives who had offered to provide for him. although there were imperceptible little they gave him part, and promise changes which did not appear on the their prayers for his safety and eternal surface. The soft-eyed little antelope, by their blessings. The lame beggar was the Cyprict, which Fabian brought from the Umbri hills to Claudia, had become perfectly docile to her tender care-followed her the spy of Laodice. when she walked, gambolled around her, or lay contentedly at her feet when she rested, and reposed on its silken cushion by her couch when she slept. gentleness, its grace, and the tender look of its large, mild eyes, gave her pleasure, and the natural kindness she had for all dumb creatures ripened in listened to the roar of the wind outside. It was a turbulent night, and the trees this instance to affection. Through all created things, animate and inanimate, were flung together as by a fury; the dashing and the groaning of them filled her heart beat responsive to Him Who created them, without laborious effort to link cause and effect together, but all the air. Over the fire was suspended a black with a great, innocent, spontaneous love, which flowed back to Him from Whom, she now comprehended, things that were had proceeded.

in so poor a place. Stranger still, the thin forks were old silver, the worn There was at this time a slight change in Zilla, almost imperceptible time a slight napery fine damask. The people were as much out of keepat first, but becoming more apparent. When first brought face to face with the persons of those a mild-faced, brown-haired lady, com-paratively young in years, although sorrow had set lines on her face, and the roses of han abacks more face. Christianity in she loved, her strong soul was shaken she felt that all she had ever cherish as most sacred, was being outraged and disrupted by an incredible delusion but after the first shock had passed her intelligent mind vaguely suggested to her to endeavor to discover the cause and reason of the potent spell which the new religion exercised over not only the simple and ignorant, but the learned, the distinguished-patricians, heroes, and those most noted for their refinement and cultivation. So now when Camilla came to the villa, instead of going away, as she had done heretofore, she remained under some pretence or other, and in silence lis-tened to her instructions and her con-

that his thoughts were unquest out the His eyes roamed scornfully about the little cabin, his hands clenched and un-clenched themselves. Once he clapped his hand to his side as though he ex-pected to find a sword there. His brows versation with Claudia. Camilla, who had been from the first attracted by Zilla's statuesque beauty and unstudied dignity, and knowing pected to find a sword there. of savage beasts from the jungle and and unstudied dignity, and knowing the desert fighting together there in the arena; who had witnessed the gladiatorial contests, and beheld Chris-tians torn to death by lions and tigers. A save the save to the save th knitted and unknitted themselves in lightning flashes of anger. He was but fifteen this boy, but it was easy to pre-

came a vision of torture and death for the child of her heart, which, between her love and dread, nearly drove her "I am much indebted, Madam." he

to despair. It was one of Claudia's greates

Camilla, and learn the

had been broken on the rack. No one

doubted him, and he received the alms

given him, with a blessing on the hand that bestowed it. He gleaned from his

onsolation; and he went away followed

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The three sat round a turf fire and

pot filled with potatoes. The table was spread with a neatness strange enough

ng with their surroundings. The on-

who sat in the centre of the group was

the roses of her cheeks were faded.

must have belonged to the mother in

The boy was quite different. He was

dark and eager looking. His olive cheeks, his bright, dark eyes his Span-

ish coloring, must have been inherited from his father. While his mother and

sister talked, in voices soothing as the

"To-night Danes will be crossing

"We must learn to forgive our

rmed, against any midnight enemy. However, the spirit of her race came

God forgive that we should refuse

The youth drew back the bar of the

door into its wooden sockets. The wind beat the door open, and a stranger stood against the blackness outside.

"God save all here," he said, and his voice was rich and sweet above the

owing of the wind. "It is a good greeting, sir," said the dy. "Will you not come in out of

have a norse here," said the

owling of the wind.

helter to any one on such a night.'

'Open the door, Maurice," she said.

that his thoughts were unquiet

cheeks, the softly radiant air

her happy days.

Of their

The table was

He wore

A shudder pass

"You came in the name of God," It was one of Claudia's greatest pleasures to go every morning to speak to the poor, who came daily to the villa to receive alms. Followed by Zilla, with a light basket containing " But indeed it had said the lady. "But indeed it had gone hard with me to refuse shelter to anyone on such a night." "And food ?" he sugge he suggested, his eyes

DECEMBER 5, 1903.

oving to the pot over the fire whe the potatoes were bursting their jackets through a cloud of steam. "Alas! sir, it is poor food. But

white bread and wine, she always car-ried in her own hands delicacies to dis-tribute to the sick and aged. While passing among them one day like a ministering angel, the child heard two such as it is you are heartily welwomen talking to each other of friends and relatives of their ewn who had some,'

"I have a bottle of sound wine in uffered for Christ : they spoke of my saddle-bag," he answered. "It will be a meal for the gods; and, Madam, I shall not forget your hos-Laurence and Hippolytus, and their glorious testimony in the face of torpitality.

The youth came in carrying the horse's saddle in his arms, and closed the deor, slipping the bar again into and refrained from questioning the its socket. As he set down the saddle women, who, she saw, were weeping, but resolved to ask her father and his eyes rested enviously on a pair of nistols in the holsters. The handles pistols in the holsters. The handles of them were pure gold, finely wrought. truth from them. Zilla had also heard fragments " The horse is comfortably housed."

of the same kind of talk, and with a wrathful, breaking heart she insisted he said. "I thought I had leave these at the mercy of any rogue or vagabonds who might be passing." "Ah, good! They say Frensy rides on Claudia's coming away. Among other pensioners, there had appeared one day a lame, bowed, white

beared one day a tame, lowed, which bearded man; his manner was humble and unobstrusive, his words few. He was a Christian, he said, and his limbs in these parts. You are not afraid he might pay you a visit ?'

"We have nothing to lose," the lady, with dignity. "As for Frensy, such as we are safe from him. Indeed I doubt that there is " As for any man in all the province of Munster who would hurt the widowed Countess of Cashel and her children." "Seeing the Danes has plucked us

beautiful golden-haired child, whom he bare," stormed the youth. "You are that lady," said the

stranger, bowing more deeply. "I am that unhappy lady. Danes sits in our castle to night. husband trusted him too much.'

"Why, I have heard of it, even I. You need say no more, Madam. The country rings with the story. But I had not thought to find you in such straits as this." The lady did not answer. There was

a mist of tears over her violet eyes She turned away, and busied herself in arranging the things on the table. "Will you not eat, sir?" she said,

presently, the boy having poured the potatoes into a thin silver ring upon the table. "Here is salt. Here is butter. I wish I could offer you better. My children and I drink butter-milk." 'You will drink wine with night. I am famished. I thank you,

Madam, for your charity. Over the simple meal they talked, freely, as though they had been friends. As the night grew wilder, and the wind rattled the door and cried in the chimney, the Countess rejoiced that the gentleman was with them lest ome unfamiliar danger should come their way. There might be some to whom her estate and her name should pray in vain for pity and respect. color came to her cheek, the light to her eye. Presently, the meal finished, she sat smiling, watching the greedy eyes of her boy as he examined the pistols the stranger had drawn from

s holsters. "Maurice would be a soldier," she his k aid. The girl by her side recalled her youth. She had the bright eyes, the fresh

"A very proper trade for the Lord Cashel," said the stranger, smiling. "He would not be the first of his

" My brother, the Lord Fitzgarret, Don John they call him in Austria, in great soldier, as perhaps you know we could but reach him he would take care of us, and Maurice would have the wish of his heart.' You will go to him ?'

murmur of streams, it was easy to see "Austria is far away, and Mr. Danes has taken our last guinea." "I wish Frensy and his men might meet him on Maryborough Heath to night," muttered the lad.

" the stranger What do you say? asked him, his eyes flashing. "He collected his rents to-day. He plays late at the Club-House, and rides

home after midnight." Across Maryborough Heath? It is DECEMBER 5, 1

instant. "Do not ask my said. "It is not a s within the four seas of I would not have you out knowing it. At t out knowing it. bag of guineas which you will find a sea dressed to Don John. I pray you not to it. opens it urself altogether Burke. Ah ! there It is time for Yews. Meanwhile think of loved your husband.

The three twisted at The three twisted al stood out against a with rose and ambe had lit down from h drawing the golden-h his saddle bag. "They are for yo the the lad. he said to the lad. in the cause of honor serviceable if less

Madam, here are our They are really wonder, lool

lady, in wonder, loof bag he held out to h Madam, they a repaying of a deb good luck go with h over you. Think your prayers. Fare The other horsem and comely, starten name. He had come which he had been s fair face of the your

"As you pass 1 plied, "give it me, for 1 come ho replied, It is no cou

> freedom." Many weeks late sat in the cabin stood together in a appareled as befitt gentleman in blac diamond collar and of the lady, and fatherly pride and face of the boy to

Under his other shelf there lay a se "Well, Eleano friend, whoever h blessing forever s me you and these restored me He says there is that the little li

The rogu again. The rophis doings, but man henceforth. thought he were his wild single da For a second hi

on his niece's fac He is a broke the Countess.

among the rogu Ireland. I do not He was the most of guides to us.

for me, John.' His Imperial use for broken John, "than to and rapparees.

and the old con from certain g soldier again an love the lad and as I will of this How he gloats shall have a swo

"Will you n said the Count the name of our asked it even of he said you wo Don John h

packet, and d writing: "Will the Co prayers one w

"Frensy th the Countess a "A man of John thoughtf of him that he

to the poor. stood for law

unhappy coun or, to have h service ; doub

way." Mr. Ulrick

have told the

rogue, Danes

guineas, as the heart's blood.

No.

No, it was not all: a postern is opened; friendliness, which Zilla found it im-the wild plaudits are hushed, and a possible to resist. But Camilla's vigwoman's voice, singularly clear and sweet, was heard like flute-notes on the air; it grew more distinct and near, and a beautiful, dark-eyed maid, in the peasant dress of Hispania, her arms and feet bare, her black, silky hair bound by a silver fillet around her head, falling loose over her shoulders, appeared on the scene, still singing a wild lay of her native valley. The bull was standing, head down,

lashing the air with his tail—not spent, but waiting, his fury whetted for an-other victim—when the girl's sweet voice reached him. He listened, slowly lifted his great head, raised his blood shot eyes, saw her advancing towards him; the angry, vibrant tail dropped;

she drew nearer and nearer, and stretching out her arm threw it across his neck, while with the other hand she smoothed his grizzled forehead throbbing nostrils, still singing and wild peasant song. She laid her cheek on his dusty, sullen face, wiped cheek on his dusty, sullen face, wiped the bloody froth from his mouth, and

with gentle insistence led him away as one leads a lamb. There was a sentiment in this unexpected finale of the spectacle which somehow took the popular heart by storm; a roar of applause filled the vast

walls like a burst of thunder; even the Emperor signified his approval by send-ing some gold coins to the peasant maid Hispania. And while they are vent ing their emotions it may be stated that her wild, sweet strain was not an incantation, nor her mastery over the great brute due to magic arts, as so many thought, but to the power of kindness; for she had trained and cared for him since he was a weanling, sheltered and fed him in winter, led him to green pastures and by pleasant waters in summer, hung garlands of wild flowers on his horns, and been his

good comrade and friend all the time, until he obeyed only her, and in his ferocious moods could be quelled by no the Christus as a divine power. And other voice than hers. And so the two, bound together by this strange friendship, had been persuaded by certain purveyors of novelties for the theatres in Rome, who was traveling in Hispania, to return thither with them. (An in-

dict forhim a gallant manhood. thread-bare clothes with an a though they were silk and velvet. The rain beat furiously against the orous words, which, not being ad-dressed to her, she could not with door and the wind roared in the sometimes made her chimney. "I What a night !" said the lady. "I

wince; as one day, almost without rel-evancy, the noble lady exclaimed, with propriety answer, would not wish my worst enemy to be out in such a storm. fine enthusiasm : "Yes ; this holy faith taught by Jesus Christ, this only Maryborough Heath," said the boy. true religion, has alone been able to manifest that the gods of the nations "I wish he might encounter worse than the storm, say Frensy and his are most impure beings, who desire to men or perhaps the devil.' be thought gods, availing themselves of the names of certain defunct souls,

enemies, Maurice," said the hdy in mild rebuke, "or how shall we hope to be forgiven?" or the appearance of mundane crea-tures, and with proud impurity rejoicing in things most base and infamous as though in divine honors, and envyas though in divine honors, and out ing human souls their conversion to the true God ! (St. Augustine : of God.") Such are the deceitful

I cannot forgive." Over the roar of the storm there sounded a knocking, as though with the buttend of a whipp-handle on the door. The lady turned a little pale. These were wild times and she was un-protected, she and her children; for what was a lad of fifteen, and he undeities we once worshipped." The words graved themselves on the mind of the silent woman, as the speaker hoped they would ; but she made no

sign. Every evening Claudia nestled in her arms when the day was spent, and poured out in her artless way the full-ness of her innocent heart, her love for

ness of her innocent heart, her love for the dear Christus, and all that Camilla had told her of His wonderful life, from His nativity to Calvary, from Calvary to heaven, in all of which was blended the sinless Virgin Mother—Advocata the suriess Virgin about Another Another nostra-Her joys, Her sorrows, which no other sorrows had ever equalled. She told her of the angels, the fair ministering spirits of God, whom He

appointed to guard the souls of His creatures from evil; and she never wearied of repeating over and over again, with every particular, the miracle of the healing of her blind

eyes. Zilla took it all to heart through her

stranger. "Is there anywhere I could house him? He is as dear to me as myself. " My son will see to him. Pray step

love ; her child had been blind from her birth, but could now see—a fact which no logic nor sophistry could sub-vert or change ; but she was far from being prepared to assign the result to in, sir, else the light will be blown out.'

She had been shading the lamp as she peered at him through the obscur-ity. Now as he relinquished his bridle-rein to the boy and stepped across the when the possibility flashed across her mind, like a flicker of lightning over a threshold, bringing with him the darkened sky, that all claimed by the wind and the rain, she saw his face. It was Christians might indeed be true, she a merry, black-eyed, roguish face, and flung the thought from her as she a merry, black-eyed, roguish face, and would have done a serpent; for with it a kindly. He was gallantly dressed,

lady.

her aid.

tempting Providence. He has half a dozen serving men,

bristling with pistols. pistols would go off of them-

selves if the rascals heard the name of Frensy," said the stranger, his black eyes dancing. He turned to the lady.

"Madam," he said, " by the direct interposition of Providence I came to your door to-night. I owe a debt to our late husband which I can repay to his wife and children. You will trust me. Madam ?"

e, Madam?" The lady looked at him long and arnestly. "In the name of God I will earnestly. "In the n trust you," she said.

"I see my sister and you in this place Madam," said the youth, "and cannot forgive." " You will never repent it. I must leave you now, but an hour before daybreak I shall return with horses and break I shall return with horses and money. A packet boat leaves Dublin for England to-morrow evening. You must travel by it on your way to Aus-tria and the Lord Kitzgarret." "We have no money." "I shall bring the money. It will be your own, no gift, but the repaying of a debt. You do not need to thank me.

a debt. You do not need to thank me, Madam. It is I who have to thank you.

"I do not like to tell you to go in so

wild a night." "It is such a night as I like, when I am a full man and rested as I am, thanks to you, Lady Cashel. Remember me in your prayers. And be ready an hour before dawn."

An hour before dawn there was a sound of horses' hoofs above the roar of the wind and the rattle of the rain. The moon lurked through a rift in the clouds, as the lady and her children cloued the door of the cabin behind

them. There were two horsemen and three led horses. Soon they were up and riding, and as the grey light throbbed in the east towards which their faces were turned the wind fell

and there was promise of a quiet day. "My comrade, Mr. Ulrick Burk will go with you to Don John," said the stranger. "He has served under him and knows the ways of Europe as I You can trust yourknow Munster. self in his hands. He is a man of honor.

"How shall I thank you ?" asked the

said nothing. him in those Ennis, with hearthstone make a caree country. He man in the A Ireland in s -Donahoe's SI Anger is a ful feelings and violent pant. Two other in the an exhibit i

Raging I fierce taun tions were man who c fully admit city were b

To meet calmness at with kindr stance, tha lance of : courage an control. ing of the imself is : city. They w

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