

streets with his favorite and successful general. She described the piety of the good Honorius, who so often went to worship at the churches, and had distinguished the clergy with peculiar favor. The pilgrim regarded her with grave attention, but apparently with little interest, until she went on to speak of the public games, the pageants of wild beasts, the dances of warriors, and the combats of gladiators, when, to her astonishment, the face of her auditor became radiant with animation, and before she could fully reply to the questions which poured from his lips, he was gone.

The vast Coliseum was crowded in every part, from the podium, where the emperor was seated with his senators and nobles, to the popularia, to which the common people had free admission. A death-like silence prevailed: a silence broken only by the ringing clash of sword meeting sword, or the quick tread of the combatants. The gaze of the assembled throng was riveted on two gladiators, whose youth, vigor and dexterity rendered them objects of intense interest to all. The combat was sustained with equal skill on both sides, and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to their highest pitch, when there was a sudden interruption. A stranger, who was evidently no gladiator, yet a tall and powerful man, entered the arena, and with strength and skill equal to their own, threw himself between the combatants. Utterly regardless of his own safety, he strove and wrestled with them both, until he stood master of the field,—his manly frame yet heaving and his face flushed with exertion; with the sword of one of the combatants grasped in his hand, while the other had been thrown to the farther end of the arena. Standing erect, with a voice strong and clear as the tones of a trumpet, he called on the emperor, as a christian king, and upon the Roman people, as a christian people, to put an end at once and forever to their bloody pastime. As the eloquent appeal burst from his lips, his countenance and frame seemed to dilate with glorious energy and beauty, so that many who looked upon him, vainly supposed they were gazing on an angel, sent from heaven to admonish them. He bade them not disgrace their holy name and calling, with the savage passions and customs of heathenism, but to think on One, whose salutation, when he met his disciples, was: "Peace be unto you;" and whose parting words were: "Peace I leave with you." He told them, he had come from the desert, to a countless multitude of nominal christians; but he had looked in vain for peace, that most precious legacy of Jesus, and for love which rejoiceth not in iniquity, and, least of all, in such iniquity as theirs. While he spoke, the mild and humane spirit of Honorius was subdued and overcome. The just rebuke of the dauntless stranger penetrated the very depths of his heart, and he looked on the pyramids around him as a concourse of evil spirits, who had been suddenly surprised in the midst of their orgies by an angel of light.

The emperor rose, but at that moment a howl of rage burst from the savage throng, whose sport had been thus interrupted, and the youthful hero fell beneath a shower of stones hurled at him by the audience. A profound silence ensued, while the murdered man lay motionless, and apparently lifeless, on the arena. By the emperor's command, he was gently lifted from the ground, and the motion awoke him to a bewildered consciousness. He entreated those who raised him, to support him for a little while. In this posture, raising his trembling hands and languid countenance, over which the blood was flowing from his wounds, to heaven, he breathed forth a few faint words of prayer: "Father, forgive them, for the sake of Him who died on the cross for their sins. Send Thy Holy Spirit into their hearts, and teach them to love thee; to love one another." As he closed, almost fainting, he raised his eyes, and beheld the countenance of the emperor beaming with tender compassion. He lifted his drooping head, and asked to be carried to the feet of the good Honorius. The kind voice of the emperor, who stood leaning over the parapet dividing the podium from the arena, roused the dying man from the torpor that was stealing over every faculty, and raising his dim eyes, he fixed them on Honorius with a glance at once so earnest and imploring, so full of deep and solemn meaning, that it thrilled through every fibre of his frame. The lips of Antonius moved, but he had

lost the power of speaking one articulate word. "I know, I fully comprehend what you would say," exclaimed the emperor in a loud clear voice, and addressing himself with commanding dignity to the whole assembled multitude: "Here, in the presence of this murdered saint, of this holy and expiring martyr, I make my fixed and irrevocable decree, and abolish forever the combats of gladiators, the scourge and disgrace of christian Rome." While he was speaking a radiant smile stole over the pale features of Antonius, lighting them as with a sunbeam; but it gradually faded away beneath the heavy shades of death; for, with that smile, his triumphant spirit had escaped from its tenement of clay. The mission of the youthful recluse was accomplished. The last gladiator had fallen on the arena of the Coliseum.

#### THE SUMMER TEMPEST.

BY J. D. PRENTICE.

I WAS never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes, either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky cliffs and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright, young creature—her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing, like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blest them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air, as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest.

Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud