

De Profundis.

Welay before our readers a rare treat to-day—a rich, weird strain, fresh from a poet's pen—a sad refrain from a master hand...

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Ab! Days so dark with twilight's eclipse! We are we! We are we! From the heights of the purpled tips, Oh, my God! we are we!

FABIOLA;

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

We can thus easily understand how, at any particular time, a savage persecution might rage in Gaul, or Africa, or Asia, while the main part of the Church was enjoying peace...

to it, through the principal or back entrance of the house, and little or no notice would be taken of the circumstance. There is another important phenomenon in the social life of the early Christians...

CHAPTER XII.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

The hints of the African slave had not been thrown away upon the scoldish mind of Corvinius. Her own hatred of Christianity arose from the circumstance, that a former mistress of hers had become a Christian...

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARITY.

As we do not choose to enter the house of Agnes, either with the wolf or the fox, we will take a more spiritual mode of doing so, and find ourselves at once in the inside. The parents of Agnes represented noble lines of ancestry...

every side, and entering into the house, by the back door in the narrow street, the rarest collection of miserable objects that you ever saw; the blind, the lame, the maimed, the decrepit, the deformed...

At that moment a very feeble man, bent down by age, was approaching, supported by a young and cheerful girl, who clattered most kindly to him as she supported him. "We are just there," she said to him...

At length the Deacon Reparatus came up to him, and this courteously accosted him—"Friend, you probably do not belong to one of the regions invited here to-day. Where do you live?"

atus, and his exorcist Secundus, officially appointed by the supreme Pontiff to take care of the sick, poor, strangers in one of the seven regions into which Pope Cajus, about five years before, had divided the city for this purpose...

Corvinius eyed all this with a gluttonous heart. He would have given anything to get it all, and almost thought of making a dash at something, and running out. But he saw at once the folly and madness of such a course...

While he spoke these words, he was astonished to see the stranger turn deadly pale, and totter as if about to fall, while his eyes were fixed upon the door of communication with the dwelling house. Reparatus looked in the same direction...

"though, no doubt, you would be heartily glad to see it." "By no means, I assure you; I hold you no grudge. If, therefore, you require relief, tell me; and though it is not right that you should be here, I can take you into a private chamber where you can receive it unobserved."

"I have never seen you before," said Corvinius, "and I have never seen you before." "I have never seen you before," said Corvinius, "and I have never seen you before."

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It has been evening on Tet Abstinence, for nothing to say temperance nor say is entirely in... FATHER S... ST...