

again the gentle maiden was stretched on the cruel wheel: again the cords were fastened to her feet and hands, and her joints started from their sockets by the slow remorseless roll of that engine of despair. God help thee now, Maria; the men that have thee have no hearts, and thou must perish or confess. She bore it longer than before. Instead of being weakened, she seemed to have gained strength by the former suffering, and now was resolved to be faithful unto death, and wear the crown of life.—But who knows his own strength? The agony was inexpressible. When she had thought it had reached its climax, it was only just begun. New seats of pain were reached, in the wretchedness of her woe, she began once more to cry for mercy. But he cried for what those wretches never had.—They offered to relax the cords if she would confess, and again, poor thing, again the racked and shrieking victim groaned a miserable assent to their demand. They took her up, and once more left her in her solitary cell to come back to life. There in her aching misery she had time to think of what she had done, and why. She had been faithless to the cause she loved: and though it was sweet to lie on that cold stone floor, and feel that the wheel was no longer dragging her limbs and her life away, yet she was sorry, even then, that she had purchased her deliverance from torture, by a confession of what her soul abjured. Stand up to that, Maria, when they bring thee before the monster again.

That day of trial was at hand. She was longer in recovering from this second torture, but she was hurried into the presence of the judges there to sign the extorted confession. Calmly but decidedly she told them of her weakness under suffering, how she had hoped to bear all and die rather than deny the faith she loved, but the anguish was awful, and she, a poor, weak girl, had been tempted to confess. But now she would retract all she had said in the moments of her misery.

She abjured the Church of Rome, and defied its power. "Twice," she added, "I have given way to the frailty of the flesh, and perhaps, while I am on the rack, I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain."

And then the wretches racked the brave girl again. She was strong now. Her strength was made perfect in suffering. The more severe the agony, the braver was her heart, and womanlike she rose above the present, and was a heroine in her martyrdom. Her constancy triumphed. The judges ordered the punishment to be stayed. They would not give her the luxury of dying in her victory. They ordered her to be scourged through the streets of Lisbon and banished!

Let us not judge too harshly of those who deny the faith. We know not the strength of their temptation, nor the weakness of their powers of resistance. We might fall with less. They may be recovered, and gathering strength from suffering, may yet be mighty in faith, and victorious too.—*New York Observer.*

### The Graveyard Everywhere.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

A few years ago, a stranger put up at a hotel, in one of our cities, (I believe it was Boston,) and in the dusk of the evening, walked out to see the town. He had not proceeded far, before he came to a wall, and looking over, saw he had come to a burying ground. Turning into another street, he pretty soon came to a wall again, and found that it was the same graveyard. He went on, and again, to his great surprise, the winding and crossing of the streets, brought him up the third time, against that same dead wall. Go where he would, he could not get away from the graveyard. It was a very solemn and profitable lesson to him. His object in walking out, was to see some of the fine public buildings, and to look at some of the costly mansions of the merchant princes; but nothing arrested his atten-