A Hymn for Lent.

BY MATHEW R. BRADY, IN THE BOSTON PILOT

O spotless Christ! how shall I dare, The Christian's crown to claim, Who Thy grim cross did never bear With gladness, nor thy passions share With heart for Thee aflame?

Shall my weak coward soul e'en think To share Thy saints reward— When foes assailed did I not shrink, And faithlessly refused to drink The chalice of my Lord?

O Christ! what signs attest that I Have loved and followed Thee,— When for Thy sake did I deny Myself, and worldly pleasures fly To walk toward Calvary?

O Christ! unmov'd I saw Thee bound With ropes in Pilate's Hail, And saw Thee scourg'd till gash and wound Stream'd blood, and fainting to the ground I, tearless, saw Thee fail!

I saw the hands of torturers place The thorn-crown on Thy head; The scoffers' lips spit on Thy face, The scorners kneel with mocking grace,— To death I saw Thee led!

I saw, with hard, unpitying eyes, Thy quivering body bear The gloomy cross, mid jeering cries, And blasphemies that shook the skies, And paralyzed the air!

When Calvary cast its awful pall

Of shadow on thy face, Then anguish did Thy soul appal— I saw Thee gasp! and ree!! and fall Prone on its rugged base! When ruthless hands, mid jestings loud, Thy clinging garments tore

Thy clinging garments tore
From Thy gash'd flesh, before the crowd,
Though angels veil'd their eyes and bowed
I swell'd the ribaid roar!

And when, O spectacle of woes Thou, racked with torments, hung, And Thy relentless, fiendish foes Revited Thee in Thy dying threes, No pang my cold heart wrung!

My God, to Thee with streaming eyes, And contrite heart I turn; From sin's soul darkening mists I rise And, now, in Calvary's sacrifice I boundless love discern. rn; g mists I rise,

My Saviour hall forevermore
My sweetest hope shall be
To bless Thy name, my sins deplore,
And bear, though pains be sharp and sore,
My cross and follow Thee!

O world! o'er thee, with baleful might, Swept evil's blasting flood— O garden once thy Lord's delight! To save thy blooms from evil's blight He dewed them with His blood.

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMES

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"No, dear lady, why should I come to tell you of all my woes? Oh! why did I leave you and your happy home were I ought to have been so happy? I might then with you, and Syra and Fraja, and good old departed Euphrosyne, have learnt to be good myself, and have embraced Christianity!"

What, have you really been thinking of this, Ju-

"For a long time, lady, in my sorrows and remorse. For I have seen how happy Christians are, even those who have been as wicked as myself. And because I hinted this to my husband this morning, he has beaten me, and threatened to take my life. But, thank God, I have been making myself acquainted with Christian doctrines, by the teaching of a friend."

g of a friend."
"How long has this bad treatment gone on, Ju-la?" asked Orontius, who had heard of it from his

"Ever" she replied "since soon after marriage. I told him of an oger made to me previously, by a dark foreigner, named Eurotas. Oh! he was in-

ousity.
"Why, when he was leaving Rome, he asked me to prepare for him two narcotic potions; one for any enemy, he said, should he be taken prisoner. This was to be certainly fatal; another had to suspend consciousness for a few hours only, should he

require it for himself.

When he came for them, I was just going to ex plain to him, that, contrary to appearances, the small phial contained a fatally concentrated poison, and the large one a more diluted and weaker dose. But my husband came in at the moment, and in a fit ef jealousy thrust me from the room. I fear some mistake may have been committed and that unin-tentional death may have ensued."

Fabiola and Orontius looked at one another in

silence wond ring at the just dispensations of Provi dence; when they were aroused by a shriek from They were horrified at seeing an arow quivering in her bosom. As Fabiola supported her, Orontius, looking behind him, caught a glimpse of a black face grinning hideously through the fence. In the next moment a Numidian was seen flying away on his horse, with his bow bent, Parthian-wise over his shoulder, ready for any pursuer. The arrow had passed, unobserved, between Orontius and

row had passed, uncost the lady.

"Jubala," asked Fabiola, "dost thou wish to die
"Jubala," asked Fabiola,

"Most earnestly," she replied.
"Dost thou believe in One God in Three Per-"I firmly believe in all the Christian Church

"And in Jesus Christ, who was born and died for

our sins?"
"Yes, in all that you believe." The reply was

more faint.
"Make haste, make haste, Orontius," cried Fabi-

"Make haste, make muste, orontus," cried Fabi-ola, pointing to the fountain.

He was already at its basin, filling full his two hands, and coming instantly, poured their contents on the head of the poor African, pronouncing the words of baptism; and as she expired, the water of regeneration mingled with her blood of expiation.

After this distressing yet consoling, some they After this distressing, yet consoling, scene, they entered the house, and instructed Torquatus about the burial to be given this doubly baptised con-

Orontius was struck with the simple neatness of the house, so strongly contrasting with the luxurious splendor of Fabiola's former dwelling. But suddenly his attention was arrested, in a small inner room, by a splendid shrine or casket, set with jewels, but with an embroidered curtain before it, so as to allow only the frame of it to be seen. Approaching

nearer, he read inscribed on it,

"THE BLOOD OF THE BLESSEL MIRIAM, SHED BY

Orontius turned deadly pale; then changed to a

deep crimson, and almost staggered.

Fabiola saw this, and going up to him kindly and frankly, placed her hand upon his arm, and gently said to him:

"Orontius, there is that within which may well

make us both blush deeply, but not therefore des-

So saying she drew aside the curtain, and Oron tius saw within a crystal plate, the embroidered scarfso much connected with his own and his sister's history. Upon it were lying two sharp weapons,

the points of both which were rusted with blood. In one he recognized his own dagger; the other ap-peared to him like one of those instruments of fe-male vengeance, with which he knew heathen ladies

punished their attendant slaves.
"We have both," said Fabiola, "unintentionally "We have both," said Fabiola, "unintentionally inflicted a wound, and shed the blood of her whom now we honor as a sister in heaven. But for my part, from the day when I did so, and gave her occasion to display her virtue, I date the dawn of grace upon my soul. What say you, Orontius?"

"That I, likewise, from the instant that I first misused her, and led to her exhibition of such Christian heroism, began to feel the hand of God upon me, that has led me to repentance and fortiveness."

giveness."
"It is thus ever," concluded Fabiola. "The example of our Lord has made the martyrs; and the example of the martyrs leads us upwards to Him. Their blood softens our hearts; His alone cleanses our souls. Theirs pleads for mercy; His obtains it."
"May the Church, in her days of peace and of victories, never forget what she owes to the age of her martyrs. As for us two, we are indebted to it.

for our spiritual lives. May many, who will only read of it, draw from it the same mercy and grace!"
They knelt down, and prayed long together silently before the shrine.
They then parted, to meet no more.

After a few years spent by Orontius in peniten-tial fervor, a green mound by the palms, in a little dell near Gaza, marked the spot where he slept the

And after many years of charity and holiness, Fabiola withdrew to rest, in company with Agnes

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

Years ago, when many of the arts were in their infancy, there dwelt in the good old Flemish town of Bruges, an honest journeymen, named John Van Euel, whose calling was to carve wooden figures and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen and respectively. and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen, and were still daily springing up, in that prosperous city of mer-chant princes. This young man according to the evidence of those who knew him best, was "nobody's enemy but his own;" he was a frank-hearted merry fellow, and, to say the truth, a better workman never existed; he might have had jobs by the dozen but for one obstacle—that he was far too indolent to finish any of them. So long as he could pick up coin for present support, he was contented; when hungry, he worked, and when his money was gone, he had to set to work again, which he did with the best heart in the world. This could not last, howbest heart in the world. This could not last, how-ever; no person ever employed him twice, he was so dilatory in getting his orders completed; and so dilatory in getting his orders completed; and when John, upon the strength of a few stray florins which he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbors (as neighbors generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a new leaf" (encouraging phrase!), and for some time he kept his word. Bertha, the tidiest, brightest-eyed little damsel in a town ever proverbial for the beauty of its sel in a town ever proverbial for the beauty of its maidens, formed no exception to a thriftiness which still attracts the notice of every Belgian tourists; and, who carolled merry ditties as he chopped awaverily at his work. By degrees, also, John resumed is old habits' and when Bertha fell ill, and was no his old haoits and when berna terrin, and was no longer present to cheer and keep him up to his toil he began to forsake his chisel and hammer, and wander forth again into the streets where there was, truth to say, sufficient to attract and absorb many a ofounder mind than his. Bertha got well and returned to her labors, but John could seldom be pre-vailed on to visit his board; the dust gathered upon dark foreigner, named Eurotas. Oh! he was indeed a wicked man of black passions and remorseless villany. Connected with him, is my most
racking recollection."

"How was that?" asked Orontius, with eager curi"How was that?" asked Orontius, with eager curi-

from the door.

And now idleness came to be a lesser evil than another which threatened to ruin the little family.

John, distressed at the sight of his wife's anxious countenance, and worn out by the cries of their two half-fami-hed children, strove to drown the re-proaches of his own heart by frequenting a certain ostelry, where wine, the worst, and of most extortionate price, was dealt out to unhappy victims of short-lived indulgence. Many a time Bertha sought gently to drew him home; but terrified at the rough language she encountered from those she saw there, and sometimes totally unable to persuade him to leave their companionship, she gave up at last in despair, and contented herself with endeavoring to supply the deficiency by additional efforts for supdrawn from the already too greatly in-

fringed hours of the night.

It had been a stormy day, the rain falling in tor-It had been a stormy day, the rain falling in tor-rents. John was sitting at evening over the heaped up logs of the inn fire, conversing with a half a dozen disreputable vagabonds, who discussed every-body's business but their own with the mock gravity of half intoxication. His purse was exhausted, but his thirst was still unquenched, and diving to the bottom of the pockets in his threadbare doubtlet for the hundreth time, he withdrew his hands with a deep sigh—not a single greschen remained. The host came into the miserable chamber, and finding no more orders in agitation commenced an exordium upon the imprudence of late hours, by the way of to his moneyless customers to be g. John parted from them on the threshold, and with a heavy heart and staggering gait turned

his steps homeward. As he emerged from the shadow of the inn gables the moon struggled out through the moist atmo-sphere, illuminating the paved streets, which her and there were diversified by a deep and muddy pool, still agitated by a few drops of rain; and John endeavoring with drunken wisdom to avoid these, stumbled into most of them as he pursued his path The wind sighed at intervals in broken and fitful blasts, and just as he reached the Grande Place, the carillons rang madly out, startling him by their crashing peal, with which the tempest took great liberties, flinging the sounds, as in very wantonness, here and there and everywhere. He looked up at the belfry, which loomed white against the leaden hue of the sky, and stopped half disposed to expos-tulate with the building for the start its noisy in-mates had given him. The air was keen, however, mates had given him. and he thought better of it, pursuing with a half shiver, his way past the Hotel de Ville, whose noble line of statues he gravely acknowledged, one by

one, with obsequious reverence.
"I wonder," thought John to himself, as he groped his way (which it must be confessed, was somewhat roundabout) through the darker and smaller streets "I wonder now why I could not carve just as fine figures as those yonder. Many a job I have down here in Bruges that others have got the credit of, and I would be at the top of the tree now if it were not for—for—What is the reason?" he said aloud, interrupting his reflections-"Ah! that's the ques-

John was just sober enough to know what the reason was; but he had no intention of confessing it, for all that, even to himself; so he contented his conscience by repeating over and over in a muttering

melancholy tone.
"Why, it's because I have no luck! no luck! no

"No luck ?" half shrieked half chuckled a voice Van Euel, and I will show you how to get luck, and make your fortune by it, and you wili—"

John had reached the bridge adjoining the Diore, and lolled against it in a drowsy attitude. He started and shook more violently than when the carrillar had reach by in juny, in h. Carak Place.

started and shook more violently than when the carrillons had made him jump in the Grande Place.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "who have we here?" as he looked round and discovered no one in sight; "who are you? where are you?" he shouted, gaining courage, and peeping over into the water, from whence the sounds had certainly appeared to come.

A peal of merry and somewhat mocking laughter was the answer; and the next moment climbing the balustrades of the bridge, and vaulting over them with the agility of a monkey, a little figure descended lightly at the side of John, who gazed with staring

And so you have no thex, John Van Edel: ne said; "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

"O ho," thought John, "O ho! there is to be a

debtor and creditor account, then; go on, my mana-kin! But I shrewdly suspect hoofs are to be seen under those fine buckled shoes, and I should not be under those time buckled shoes, and I should not be surprised if that rapier yonder were a tail in disguise; so I'll be careful what I promise."

He merely nodded his head, however, at his companion, who took that as a hint to proceed.

"You must know, John," said the little man

You must know, John, said the little man familiarly, but not without a certain solemnity in in his voice, "you must know that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasures. My life long have I been endeavoring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the se-

cret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do myself, and which you can. Now, John, just walk a little way and observe what happens." As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up squatted himself upon the top, motioning to John to look over into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a sort of whirlpool, immediately beneath the point oc-cupied by the mysterious dwarf, and presently the strains of soft but somewhat mild music were heard, gradually gaining strength. Apparently under the influence of the melody, the watery commotion subsided, little by little; and at length John beheld a figure, which presented the appearance of a female, as if carved in marble, the face slightly turned from him, and the head bent down, while the hands were apparently earnestly employed with some occupawhich he could not discriminate. All the sculp tor's admiration for classic beauty (and he possessed considerable) was aroused, and gazing with his whole soul in his eyes, he was mortified to find a cloud pass over the moon, entirely hiding the vision from his view. Impatiently he waited for the returning light, but upon looking again into the water, noth-ing was to be seen but its inky, gloomy surface.

John turned to his companion, who was still sit-ting tailor-wise on the parapet.
"Well, John," he said, "that is the genius who nards all the treasure we have been talking of; and I can procure an image as like her as possible, arved in white marble, I shall, by means of some

carved in white marble, I shall, by means of some potent charms I possess, be able to animate the figure and obtain replies to the questions I shall put to her respecting the exact spot where the largest treasure is hidden. Now I will be contented to pay you handsomely if you will make the figure as like her as possible, I know where you live, and I shall come myself and fetch it away this day six months;" and taking out a large purse filled with golden coin, "look," he continued, "I'll give you ten, twenty, fifty times what you see here."

"And what share of the treasure?" said John, who like all idle fellows, was a bit of a speculator.

and happiness of his existence. One good quant, also brought others along with it, for the virtues are sisters, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image so that estatial qualities themselves stepped each into her shrine in John's breast rendering his home their sacred precinct.

The dwarf never appeared to claim his share, but the name of the mystic treasurer, that fair vision of the night, is well known.

Fortune and fame bow to her, and every reckless idler may learn from John Van Euel's dream, that illied fellows, was a bit of a speculator.

But break treasure is steps, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image so that containing the state of the in succession their emblematic image so that contained forth in succession their emblematic image states is the their emblematic image. The law is steps like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image so that succession their emblematic image states is the their emblematic image. The states like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image states is the their emblematic image states. The dawn hards are states, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image states. The states, like the vices; and as

ike all idle fellows, was a often a spectalist.

The little man laughed heartily.

"Don't be hard upon me, John," he said. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do (you must swear eternal secrecy, of course). I'll promise you the half of what I get; and now you may depend upon my honor. Now take the oath properly, man, upon my sword," and he proceeded to dictate the follow-ing doggerel, making John repeat each word after

"I John Van Euel, undertake

This figure secretly to make, And give up six months hence, provided 'Twixt us the treasure be divided.'' took the oath boldly. When he had con-

cluded the dwarf said : "Remember, John, if you ever divulge a word of the matter, our compact is at an end; now, here's

my hand upon the bargain.' They shook hands; and John was just feeling all his suspicions melt away, when the other before he replaced she rapter in the shield, made a sort of lunge at him, laughing at the some time his former mocking laugh. The journeyman put up his hand to ward off the blow; the next moment he felt a sharp pain in the member, and fell heavily to the ground, his companion's mirth still ringing in his

The sun was rising in the heavens when John be a feeling of numbness painfully present in all his limbs. He rabbed his eyes, and thought what Bertha would say when he got home.

"What a fool of a dream I have had!" he said to

himself as he arose to make the best of his way back. At this moment a smarting pain in the hand struck his attention. There was a small incision in it, about half an inch in length, and the blood had congealed around it. "It is all true, then," said he, jumping up with alacrity. But John heeded not the wound. The strange beauty of the marble vision he had held tormented his brain; its exquisite grace had stirred up the torpid passions of his genius, and eager to grasp his chisel John hurried home in a

olerably sober state.

Bertha was watching at the door with an anxious air and pale countenance when he came in sight. How he longed to tell her all. But he kept his se-cret with some difficulty as she hung sobbing about

his neck. She soon saw the wound, however.
"Why, John," she said, "you have had a fall,"
and she tenderly bathed and wrapped it up. "This s the cut of a flint-stone."

John laughed at her anxiety. He saw nothing but

the lovely statue. It seemed to stand before him pointing the way to fortune; and already he beheld Bertha strutting to mass in a flowered cabinet gown, while he sported a cloak of Lyons velvet, and a feather as tall as the wealthiest burgomaster in

Bruges.

John commenced the statue. Early and late did

John commenced the statue. Early and late did he pursue his occupation, and as the figure grew into almost life like beauty beneath his hand, the form of the original became still more vividly im-pressed upon his mind. From the moment that he conveyed into his workroom, with the assistance of another fellow-lourneyman, the rude block obtained by the sale of some angels' heads, he labored incessantly to perpetuate in indelible lines the features of the beautiful vision now ever present to his

He had begged Bertha not to question him, and she satisfied in knowing him employed, and no longer frequenting his former profligate haunts, indulged her curiosity no further than to anticipate in all faith the result of his labors, and to speculate upon an object which served to redouble her exertion in providing for the wants of her family. John had a latent superstition that the dwarf would appear in flesh and blood, and worked on with energy and devection.

The six months passed away-the figure was com-

plete. With rapture John found himself a finished sculptor. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, he visited his now beloved atelier, where Art herself appeared embodied in the lineaments of the beautiful statue, the presiding genius of the place, which seemed almost to smile upon him as he gazed proudly upon its exquisite proportions.

Day after day went without bringing him intelligence of his extraordinary patron. He touched and with the agility of a month, who gazed with staring eyes, and mouth agape, at the form of the new arrival. He was a queer looking fellow; perhaps half the height of a stalwart journeyman, pressed in a suit of dingy-brown, with a long rapier projecting from beneath his cloak at one side. His features, though quite in proportion with his size possessed an expression of authority blended, moreover, with considerable benevolence of character.

"And so you have no luck, John Van Euel!" he said: "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle raseal sid: "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle raseal sid: "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle raseal sid: "side and the said: "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle raseal sid: "side and the said: "no luck. Now listen, then like an idle raseal sid: "side of the stone and shone there a fair and gentle Madonna. The first figure was still, it is true the adoration of his heart it had taught him the joy of self-exertion; he loved it beyond expression, But the shaft, down which the light streamed, was nearer to me than the streamed, was nearer to me than the streamed.

Coming home one day, what was his surprise to

was astonished to observe the hats of his fellow townsmen deffed with respectful admiration to the neatly-attired but thread-bare figures of himself and his wife. They entered the Hotel de Ville; it was thronged with people. The burghers had just been deciding upon a tutelary figure for the Chamber of Commerce. There were numerous productions from the first sculptors in Bruges, the excellence of which attested at once their proficiency and the ambition felt by all to occupy the pre-eminent position of the successful candidate.

The purpose of the train behind me was rapidly increasing; and turning for an instant in that direction I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine lhmp; it was now brilliant as a glowing star, and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom; it came on with a velocity which seemed to be terrific.

A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster,

The murmur of voices was lulled as the young air walked up the hall.

"Hush," said the crowd "here he is!" and following Bertha, who swiftly but full of tears and blushes, preceeded him, he perceived on a pedestal, high above all the rest, his own beloved model, the accepted statue, while underneath it was engraved in lden letters, the one word "Industry."

Was the little man a real or unreal creature after John always thought the first. To the successful sculptor, however, it mattered little. The mystery of the work's development was explained. Overwhelmed by the offer of the burgomaster's gold, Bertha had sold the statue; and John had reason to bless her disobedience.

Orders came rapidly in; employment never flagged, but become daily more attractive by habit; his pro-fession was his joy constituting alike the support and happiness of his existence. One good quality also brought others along with it, for the virtues are sisters, like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured

the name of the mystic treasurer, that fair vision of the night, is well known.

Fortune and fame bow to her, and every reckless

The dwarf and dwarf and discount was already fair the distance. As for the passenger train, it had also passed, but I headed it though it had doubtless added to fice noise which for some time stunned me.

throne of power and the temple of happiness.

ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

A frighaful accident, which occurred to some of the workmen employed in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, reminds us of an adventure in a tunnel, as related to us not long ago by a person in the employment of the Telegraph Company. He had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph wires and their fixings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to ensure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta percha castings, embedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents—from passing wagons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day the door of a coal waggon had got loose in the long tunnel of the — railway, and dshing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was, therefore broken; it could not be worked, and was, therefore broken; it could not be worked, and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to exe-cute the necessary repairs. The person who relates the following adventure acted in the capacity of in-spector, and it was necessary for him to visit the orkmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which

was of the greatest urgency.
"I knew very well," said he, "that the tunnel was of great length—rather more than two miles long—and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at by feet. After walking about a mile I reached the tunnel enrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim

ion's head, cut in stone. There were, as usual, two lines of rails-the line and the down line, and I determined to walk along the former, that I might see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails; at the same time that I should this avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the up line over which I was ceeding, for about two hours; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good look-out ahead. Along the opposite down line I knew that a passenger train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even due-but by keeping the opposite line of rails I

felt I was safe as far as that was concerned.

I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance I pro-

He had begged Bertha not to question him, and ceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me there was the distant light streaming in at the tun-nel mouth; before me almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line, I knew that I could not miss my way, and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served to keep me in the road. In a short time I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft—it was a mere glimmer amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

A startling thought suddenly occurred to me.

A startling thought suddenly occurred to me. What if a goods train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel along the line on which I was through the tunner along the line on which I was proceeding, while the Passenger train, now due, came on in the opposite direction. I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway is very considerable at particular seasons. Should I turn back, reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger train had passed when and wait until the passenger train had passed, when I could then follow along the down line of rails— knowing that no other train was likely to follow it

and even if the treacherous dwarf never came at all; the artist's ambition, which had always slumbered in his mind, now unobscured by indolence, was never quiet, but constantly whispered what he might become.

But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel, and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was, I knew, ample room outside of both lines of the rail to condition to the point, where there was, I knew, ample room outside of both lines of the rail to condition. in safety until the down train had passed, So I strode on. But a low hollow murmur, as if of re-Coming home one day, what was his surprise to find Bertha with a lap full of money, weeping in her little chamber. His first thought was that his employer had arrived and fetched away the statue. Rushing wildly to the door of his workroom he threw it open—the figure was indeed gone; but Bertha smiling through her tears implored his forgiveness, and told him she would show it to him again if he would go with her. "The beautiful statue was safe; would lecome?"

They threaded the streets together, the heart of Iohn anxiously beating in his bosom. Bertha led the way to the Prefecture. As they neared it, John was astonished to observe the hats of his fellow townsmen deffed with respectful admiration to the

on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and the next moment might be crushed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me. I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine chimney. In an instant I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering over me. The low-hung ask-box swept across my back; I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me, The earth viberated and shook, and the roar of the wagon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horror of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation. But it passed. With a swoop and a roar the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ear, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head and still heavy on me. When I raised my head and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for the meeting passenger train, it had also passed, but I had not heeded it though it had doubtless added to the terri-

"I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. bered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion, so I proceeded - anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft, which I had situation. I shortly reached the shaft, which I had before obseved. There was ample room, at either side of the rails, to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, therefore, to go on, upon the down line, but the tun-nel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road hae become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progre smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam grad-ually condensed, until I considered the road suffi-ciently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative sefe y. I once more, there ore, plunged into the darkness. I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way: my head had become confused, groping my way; my near had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me. I passed two other shafts, but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the darkness visible.' I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel; and yet it appeared afterwards that I was only about half-way, through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But by and by a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes; and as I advanced I saw it was the torches of eyes; and as I advanced I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for a moment; and I believe that sitting down on one of the workmen's tool boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and—I really could not help it—burst into tears. "Inever ventured into a tunnel again without an

involuntary thrill of terror coming over me."

The accident which occurred to the work-man in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, was of a similar nature to that above recited. The men employed were plate layers engaged in the repair of the permanent way. In long tunnels, there are men belonging to some "gangs" who are almost constantly employed some "gangs" who are almost constantly employed there, and who see little of daylight except from what passes down the shafts. Sometimes, when busy at their work, and their ears are deafened by the noise made by the hammers, picks, and spades of the "gang" engaged in driving in a spike, or tightening a key, or packing the ballast under a sleeper, a train suddenly come upon them, and if close at hand, the men sometimes are only able to escape by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, and letting the train pass over them. The two men and letting the train pass over them. in the Halshaw Tunnel were engaged at their work when two trains entered at the same time, one from each direction. One of the men threw himself down by the side of the tunnel, and called upon his fellow workman to do the same. But it had been too late. The trains had come upon the unfortunate workman with such velocity, that he had not even time to pro trate lamself; or perhaps his self-possession was for the moment suspended by the sight of the two trains shooting towards him to m opposite directions; and when search was name, after the