

they were singing in chorus the sublime canticle of the *Magnificat*. The sweet music of their voices echoed through the damp and gloomy vaults, when it was interrupted by the sound of the key turning in the lock, and like a ray of light appeared a young girl in white garments, who reminded them of the angel who came to deliver St. Peter. But it was not an angel, only a new prisoner, who as she entered, cast around a timid glance, asking: "Am I among Christians?" At sound of the sweet youthful voice, a woman rushed forward from the crowd of prisoners, and clasping her arms around the new comer exclaimed in broken accents: "Cornelia! my child! is it really you? You here, and a Christian?" "Oh! *Madre mia*, the God of the Christians is omnipotent, He has re-united us!" "You are then a Christian, my precious one?" said Virginia. "I confessed Christ before the tribunal, but am not yet baptized," she replied.

No words could describe the feelings of mother and child at this moment, so mingled with joy and sorrow. They were re-united, but on the eve of the parting of death! They found each other Christians, on the eve of immortality, where "death shall be no more."

Virginia presented her child to her sisters in captivity, for whose spiritual welfare they had all aided her to pray, then withdrawing a little from the rest, they sat down hand in hand, to tell each other the singular events which terminated so happily. With tears of humble gratitude Virginia learned that it was a poor unlearned slave who led her daughter to the paths of truth. "For me, she said, I was instructed in the sacred mysteries by a noble *giovannetta* (young girl). Torn from thee, my dearest, sorrow took possession of me in its darkest form, nothing could console me, the world was a desert; the un pitying gods have no balm for wounded hearts. In Parthenope I met the young Susanna, a near relation of our Emperor; she quickly saw my grief and tried to comfort me; she mingled her tears with mine. Little by little she led me on to the knowledge of the God of consolation, who alone can heal all our ills. My heart like a thirsty soil, eagerly drank in the refreshing doctrines of Christianity; I was baptized by Caius, uncle of the pious virgin, and