The postman paused; full well he knew
No mail on earth tuls note could take;
And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
and posted for the dear Lord's sake.
With careful hand he broke the scat,
And reverently the letter read;
Twas short, and very simple too,
For this was all the writer said;

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,
I've lately lost my father dear,
Mother is very, very poor,
And life to her is sad and drear,
Yet thou hast promised in Thy Word
That none can ever ask in vain
For what they need of carthly store,
If only asked in Jesus' name,

"So I am writing in His name,
To ask that Thou will kindly send
Some money down: what thou canst spare
And what is right for us to spend.
I wantso much to go to school;
While father lived I always went,
But he had little, Lord, to leave,
And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be Ere this can reach the golden gate; But I will try and patient be. And for the answer gladly wali." The tidings reached that far-off land, Although the letter did not go, And straight the Kim an angel sent To help the little boy below.

oft to his mother he would say,
"I knew the Lord would answer make
When he had read my letter through,
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake?"
Ah I happy boy, could you but teach
My heart to trust my Father's love,
And to believe where aught's denied
'Tis only done my faith to prove.

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"Stay a moment," she answered, somewhat propitiated: "Corvinus, I gave you two pieces of advice worth all your gold that night. One you have acted against; the other you have not followed."
"How?"

"Did I not tell you not to hunt the Christians, but to catch them in your toils? Fulvius has done the second, and has gained something. You have done the first, and what have you earned?"
"Nothing but rage, confusion, and stripes."
"Then I was a good counsellor in the one advice;

follow me in the second.

What was it ?" "When you had become rich enough by Christian spoil, to offer yourself, with your wealth to Fabiola. She has till now coldly rejected every offer; but I have observed one thing carefully. Every spendthrift has sought her fortune to repair his own; de-pend upon it, he that wins the prize must come on the principle that two and two make four. Do you understand me?

"Too well, for where are my two to come from?" "Listen to me, Corvinus, for this is our last interview; and I rather like you, as a hearty, relentless, and unfeeling good hater." She drew nearer and whispered: "I know from Eurotas, out of whom I can wheedle any thing, that Fulvius has some splendid Christian prizes in view, one especially. Come this way into the shadow, and I will tell you how surely you may intercept his treasures. Leave to him the cool murder that will be necessary, for

to him the cool induce that we have the spoil. He would do it to you any day."

She spoke to him for some minutes in a low and earnest tone; and at the end, he broke out into the loud exclamation, "Excellent!" What a word in

She checked him by a pull, and pointing to the building opposite, exclaimed: "Hush! look there!"
How are the tables turned; or, rather, how has the world gone round in a brief space! The last time these two wicked beings were on the same spot plotting bane to others, the window above was occupied by two virtuous youths, who, like two spirits cupied by two virtuous yourns, who have of good, were intent on unravelling their web of mischief, and countermining their dark approaches. They are gone thence, the one sleeping in his tomb, the other slumbering on the eve of execution. Death looks to us like a holy power, seeing how much he prefers taking to his society the good, rather than the evil. He snatches away the flower, and leaves weed its poisonous life, till it drops into mature

But at the moment that they looked up, the win dow was occupied by two other persons.
"That is Fulvius," said Corvinus, "who just came

the window."
"And the other is his evildemon, Eurotas," added They both watched and listened from

Fulvius came again at that moment to the window with a sword in his hand, carefully turning and examining the hilt in the bright moonlight. He flung it down at last, exclaiming with an oath, "It

is only brass, after all." Eurotas came with, to all appearance, officer's belt, and examined it carefully. "All false stones! Why I declare the whole of the effects are

not worth fifty pounds. You have made but a poor ob of this, Fulvius." "Always reproaching me, Eurotas. And yet this miserable gain has cost me the life of one of the

miserable gain has cost me the life of one of the emperor's most favorite officers.

"And no thanks probably from your master for it. Eurotas was right.

Next morning the slaves—who received the body

of Sebastian were surprised by a swarthy female figure passing by them and whispering to them,

Instead, therefore, of carrying him out for burial, they bere him to the appartment of Irene. The early hour of the morning, and the emperor's hav-ing gone the evening before to his favorite Lateran palace, facilitated this movement. Instantly Dionysius was sent for and he pronounced every wound not one arrow having touched a vital organ. But loss of blood had taken place to such a fearful ex-tent, that he considered weeks must clapse before

tent, that he considered weeks may hap the patient would be fit to move.

For four-and-twenty hours Afra assiduously called almost every hour to ask how Schastian was. When the probationary term was finished she conducted Fabiola to Iren's apartment, to receive hereful to the benefited, though scarcely self assurance that he breathed, though scarcely more. The deed of her liberation from servitude was executed, her dowry was paid, and the whole Palatine and Forum rung with the mad carouse and hideous rites of her nuptials.

Fabiola inquired after Sebastian with such tender solicitude, that Irene doubted not that she was a Christian. The first few times she contented here self with receiving intelligence at the door, and putting into the hands of Sebastian's hostess a large sum towards the expenses of his recovery; but after two days, when he was improving she was content. two days, when he was improving, she was courte-ously invited to enter; and for the first time in her life she found herself consciously in the bosom of

unnoticed in the apartmeets held by him in the palace. Two daughters lived with her; and a marked difference in their behavior soon struck Fabiola as she became familiar with them. One evidently she became familiar with them. One evidently thought Sebastian's presence an intrusion, and seldom or never approached him. Her behavior to her mother was rude and haughty, her ideas all belonged to the common world,—she was selfish, light, forward. The other, who was the younger, was a perfect contrast to her,—so gentle, doeile, and affectionate; so considerate about others, so devoted to her mother; so kind and attentive to the poor patient. Irone herself was a type of the Christian matron in the middle class of life. Fabiola did not find her intelligent, or learned, or highly polished; but she saw her always calm, active, ensible, and and honest. Then she was clearly warm-hearted, generous, deeply affectionate, and sweetly patient. The pagan lady had never seen such a household,—so simple, frugal, and orderly. Nothing disturbed it, except the character of the elder sister. In a few days it was ascertained that the daily visitor was not a Christian; but this caused no change in their treatment of her. Then she in her turn made a discovery which mortified her—that the elder daughter was still heathen. All that she saw made a favorable impression on her, and softened the hand crust of prejudice on her mind. For the present, however, her thoughts were all absorbed in Sebastian, whose recovery was slow. Sie formed plans with trene for carrying him off to her Campanian villa, where she would have leisure to confer with him on religion. An iusuperable obstacle, however, rose to this project.

We will not attempt to lead our reader into the following the mask of the space, with Hyphax and labels and of the space, with Hyphax and labels and the daughtils at the gates. Thou has public dend thin, her duughtils at the gates. Thou has public duughtils at the gates. The langth the duughtils at the gates. Thou has public and them h

rose to this project.

We will not attempt to lead our reader into the feelings of Sebastian. To have yearned after mar-tyrdom, to have prayed for it, to have suffered all its pangs, to have died in it as far as human consciwent, to have lost sight of this world, and ousness went, to have lost sight of this world, and now to awaken in it again, no martyr, but an ordi-nary wayfaring man on probation, who might yet lose salvation,—was surely a greater trial than mar-tyrdom itself. It was to be like a man who, in the midst of a stormy night, should try to cross an angry midst of a stormy night, should try to cross an engry river, or tempestuous arm of the sea, and, after struggling for hours and having his skiff twirled round and round and all but upse', should find himself relanded on the same side as he started from. Or, it was like St. Paul sent back to earth and to Satan's buffets, after having heard the mysterious words which only one Intelligence can utter. Yet no neurmur escaped him, no regret. He adored in silence the Divine Will, hoping that its purpose was only to give him the merit of a double martyrdom. For this second crown he so carnestly longed, that he rejected every proposal for flight and concenhent.

"I have now," he generously said, "earned one Thave now, he generously said, "carned one privilege of a martyr, that of speaking boldly to the persecutors. This I will use the first day that I can leave my bed. Nurse me, therefore, well, that it may be the sooner."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SECOND CROWN. The memorable plot which the black slave be trayed to Corvinus, was one to which allusion has already been made, in the conversation between Fulvius and his guardian. He was convinced from the blind martyr's unsuspecting admissions, that Agnes was a Christian, and he believed he had now two strings to his bow; either he could terrify her into marriage with himself, or he could destroy her, and obtain a good share of her wealth by confisca-tion. He was nerved for this second alternative by the taunts and exhortations of Eurotas; but, despairing of obtaining another interview, he wrote her a respectful, but pressing letter, descriptive of his disinterested attachment to her, and entreating her to accept his suit. There was but the faintest hint at the end, that duty might compel him to take another course, if humble petition did not) evail.

To this application he received a calm, sell-bred, but unnistakeable refusal; a stern, final, and hopeing rejection. But more the letter steril in the letter steril in the second selection. ing of obtaining another interview, he wrote her a

less rejection. But more, the letter stated in clear terms, that the writer was already espoused to the spotless Lamb, and could admit from no perishable being expressions of personal attachment. This re-buff steeled his heart against pity; but he determin-

ed to act prudently.

In the meantime, Fabiola, seeing the determina idea of saving him in spite of himselt, by extorting his pardon from the emperor. She did not know the depths of wickedness in man's heart. She thought the tyrant might fume for a moment, but that he would never condemn a man twice to death Some pity and mercy she thought must linger in hi breast; and her earnest pleading and tears would extract them as heat does the hidden balsam from the hard wood. She accordingly sent a petition for an audience; and knowing the covetousness of the man, presumed, as she said, to offer him a slight man, presumed, as she said, to offer him a s token of her own and her father's loyal attachn This was a ring with jewels of rare beauty, and immense value. The present was accepted; but she was merely told to attend with her memorial at the Palatine on the 20th, in common with other petitioners, and wait for the emperor's descent by great staircase, on his way to sacrifice. Unencouraging as was this answer she resolved to risk any thing

The appointment day came; and Fabiola, in her habits, worn both as a suppliant, an mourning habits, worn both as a suppliant, and her father's death, took her stand in a row of more wretched creatures than herself, mothers, dren, ststers, who held petitions for mercy for those dearest to them, now in dangeons or mines. She felt the little hope she had entertained die within her at the sight of so much wretchednes, too much for it all to expect favor. But fainter grew its last spark, at every step that the tyrant took down the spark, at every step that the tyrant took down the marble stairs, though she saw her brilliant ring sparkling on his coarse hand. For on each step he snatched a paper from some sorrowful suppliant, looked at it scornfully, and either tore it up, or Only here and there dashed it on the ground. Only here and there he handed one to his secretary, a man scarcely less im-

It was now nearly Fabiola's turn: the emperor was only two steps above her, and her heart beat violently, not from fear of man, but from anxiety She would have prayed about Sebastian's fate. had she known how, or to whom. stretching out his hand to take a paper offered to him, when he drew back, and turned round on hearag his name most unceremoniously and peremp-orily called out. Fabiola looked up too; for she knew the voice.

Opposite to her, high in the white marble wall, she had observed an open window, corniced in yel-low marble, which gave light to a back corridor low marble, which gave light to a back corridor leading to where Irene's apartments were. She now looked up, guided by the voice, and in the dark panel of the window, a beautiful, but awful picture was seen. It was Sebastian, wan and thin, who with features almost etherealised, calm and stern, as if no longer capable of passion, or strong emotion, stood there before them; his lacerated breast and stood there before them; his facerated breast and arms appearing amidst the loose drapery he had thrown around him. For he had heard the familiar trumpet-notes, which told him of the emperor's ap-proach, and he had risen and creept thus far to greet

him. "Maximian!" he cried out in a hollow but dis-

tinet voice.

"Who art thou, sirral! that makest so free with thine emperor's name!" asked the tyrant, turning

upon him.
"I am come as from the dead, to warn thee that Christian family.

Irene, we are told, was the widow of Castulus, one of the Chromation band of converts. Her husband had just suffered death; but she r-mained still, pavement of this city; thou hast east their holy

With a heavy heart Corvinus went on his errand. Hyphax had told his tale, and put his men in order of defence. Only one entrance at the end of the court was left open; and when the messenger had reached it, he durst not advance. Fifty men stood along each side of the space, with Hyphax and Jubata at the opposite end. Silent and immovable, with their dark chests and arms bare, each with his arrow fixed and pointed to the door, and the string ready drawn, they looked like an avenue of basalt eady drawn, they looked like an avenue of basalt atues, leading to an Egyptian temple.
"Hyphax," said Corvinus in a tremulous voice,

"Hyphax," said Corvinus in a tremutous voice, "the emperor sends for you.

"Tell his majesty respectfully for me," replied the the African, "that my men have sworn that no man passes that threshold, coming in or going out, without receiving through his breast or his back a hundred shafts into his heart; until the emperor shall be a token of forgiveness for every have sent us a token of forgiveness for every

Corvinus hastened back with this message, and Corvinus hastened back with this message, and the emperor received it with a laugh. They were men with whom he could not afford to quarrel; for he relied on them in battle, or insurrection, for picking out the leaders. "The cunning rascals!" he exclaimed. "There take that trinket to Hyphax's black spouse." And he gave him Fabiola's splendid ring. He hastened back, delivered his gracious embassy, and threw the ring across. In an instant every bow dropt, and every string relaxed. Jubala, delighted, sprang forward and caught the ring. A heavy blow from her husband's fist felled her to the ground, and was greeted with a shout of applause. ground, and was greeted with a shout of applause. The savage seized the jewel; and the woman rose,to fear that she had only exchanged one slavery for a

Worse.

Hyphax screened himself behind the imperial command. "If," he said, "you had allowed us to send an arrow through his head or heart, all would As it was we are not respon have been straight.

"At any rate, I will myself see my work done oroperly this time," said Maximian. "Two of you cllows with clubs come here."

Two of his attendant executioners came from be-

hind; Sebastian, scarcely able to stand, was also there; mild and intrepid. "Now, my men," said the bar-barian, "I must not have any blood spilt on these barran, "I must not have any orong spin on these stairs; so you knock the life out of him with your cudgels; make clean work of it. Madam, what is your petition?"—stretching out his hand to Fabiola, whom he recognised, and so addressed more respect-fulls. She was horrified and disgusted, and almost fainting at the sight before her; so she said, "Sire, I

"Why too late ?" looking at the paper. came from his eye, as he said to her: "What! You knew that Seba-tian was alive! Are you a Chris

"No, sire," she replied. Why did the denial almost dry up in her throat? She could not for her life have said she was any thing else. Ah! Fabiola thy day is not far off.

"But, as you said just now," replied the emis too late; I think that blow must have been the how

"I feel faint, sire," she said respectfully; "may I

"By all means. But by the bye I have to thank you for the beautiful ring which you sent and which Thave given to Hyphax's wife" (her own late slave!) "It will look more brilliant on a black hand than Adieu!" and he kissed his hand even on mine. Adieu!" and he kissed his hand with a wicked smile as if there were no martyr's body near to witness against him. He was right; a heavy blow on the head had proved fatal; and So bastian was safe where he had so longed to be. H ore with him a double palm, and received fold crown. Yet still, an ignominious end before the world; beaten to death without ceremony, while the emperor conversed. How much of martyrdom is in its disgrace! Woe to us when we know that ur sufferings earn us honor

The tyrant seeing his work completed ordered that Sebastian at least should not be cast into the that Sebastian at least should not be east into the Tiber nor on a dunghill. "Put plenty of weights to his body," he added, "and throw it into the Cloaca, to rot there, and be the food of vermin. The Christians at least shall not have it." This was done; and the Saint's Acts inform us, that in the night he appeared to the holy matron Lucina, and directed r where to find his sacred remains. She obeyed summons, and they were baried with honor where now stands his basilica.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CRITICAL DAY: ITS FIRST PART.

There are critical days in the life of man and of mankind. Not merely the days of Marathon, of Canne, or of Lepanto, in which a different result might have influenced the social or political fate might have influenced the social or political interest unankind. But it is probable that Columba could look back upon not only the day, but the precise hour, the decision of which secured to the world all that he taught and gave it, and to himself the singu-lar place which he holds among its worthics. And each of us little and insignificant as he may be, has had his critical day; his day of choice, which has de-tit the few decays hife, his day of Providence. nad his critical day; his day of choice, which has de-cided his fate through life; his day of Providence, which altered his position or his relations to others; his day of grace, when the spiritual conquered the material. In whatever way it has been, every soul, libe Lorenthy he had it does

like Jerusalem, has had its day.

And so with Fabiola, has not all been working up towards a crisis! Emperor and slave, father and guest, the good and the wicked, Christian and hea then, rich and poor; then life and death, joy and sorrow, learning and simplicity, silence and sation, have they not all come as agents, pulling her mind in opposite ways, yet all dreeting he noble and generous, though haughty and impetu ous soul one way, as the breeze and the rudde struggle against one another, only to determine the ship's single path! By what shall the resolution o these contending forces be determined? That rest ot with man ; wisdom, not philosophy, can decid We have been engaged with events commemorated on the 20th of January; let the reader look, and see what comes on the following day in his calendar, and he will agree it must be an important day in

ur little narrative.
From the audience, Fabiola retired to the apartments of Irene, where she found nothing but deso-

lation and sorrow. She sympathised fully with the grief around her, but she saw and felt that there was a difference between her affliction and theirs. There was a buoyancy about them; there was almost an exultation breaking out through their distress; their clouds were sun-lit and brightened at times. Hers was a dead and sullen, a dull and heavy gloom, as if she had sustained a hopeless loss. Her search after Christianity, as associated with any thing amiable or intelligent, seemed at an end. Her desired teacher, or informant was gone. When the sired teacher, or informant was gone. When the crowd had moved away from the palace, she took affectionate leave of the widow and her daughters; but, some way or other, she could not like the heathen one as she loved her sister.

She sat alone at home and tried to read; she took up volume after volume of favorite words on Death, on Fortitude, on Friendship, on Virtue : and every one of them seemed insipid, unsound, and insir She plunged into a deeper and deeper melancholy, which lasted till towards evening when she was disturbed by a letter being put into her hand. The Greek slave, Graja, who brought it in, retired to the other end of the room, alarmed and perplexed by what she witnessed. For her mistress had scarcely glanced over the note, than she leapt up wildly from her seat, threw her hair into disorder with her hands, which she pressed as in agony, on her temagain on her chair with a deep groan. Thus she remained for some minutes, holding the letter in both her hands, with her arms relaxed, apparently

"Who brought this letter !" she then asked, quite "A soldier, madain," answered the maid.

"Ask him to come here."
While her errand was being delivered, she comosed herself, and gathered up her hair. As soon the soldier appeared she held this brief dialogue;

"Whence do you come?"
"I am on guard at the Tullian prison." "Who gave you the letter!"
"The Lady Agnes herself."

"On what cause is the poor child there?"
"On the accusation of a man named Fulvius, for

being a Christian." or nothing else?"

"For nothing, I am sure."

"Then we shall soon set that matter all right. I can give witness to the contrary. Tell her I will come presently; and take this for your trouble."

The soldier retired, and Fabiola was left alone. When there was something to do, her mind was at once energetic and concentrated, though afterwards the tenderness of womanhood might display itself the more painfully. She wrapped herself close up, the more painfully. She wrapped nerself crose up, proceeded alone to the prison, and was at once conducted to the separate cell, which Agnes had obtained, in consideration of her rank, backed by her parents' handsome largitions.

"What is the meaning of this Agnes?" eagerly inquired Fabiola, after a warm embrace.

"I was arrested a few hours ago, and brought

"And is Fulvius fool enough, as well as scoundrel, to trump up an accusation against you, which five minutes will confute? I will go to Tertullus my-self, and contradict his absurd charge at once."

"What charge, dearest !"
"What charge, dearest !"
"Why, that you are a Christian."
"And so I am, thank God!" replied Agnes, mak-

ing on herself the sign of the cross.

The amouncement did not strike Fabiola like a thunderbolt, nor rouse her, nor stagger her, nor perplex her. Sebastian's death had taken all edge perplex her. Sebastian's death had taken all edge or heaviness from it. She had found that faith ex-isting in what she had considered the type of every isting in what she had considered the type of every manly virtue; she was not surprised to find it in her, whom she had loved as the very model of womanly perfection. The simple grandeur of that child's excellence, her guileless innocence, and un-excepting kindness, she had almost worshipped. It made Fabiola's difficulties less, it brought her prob-lem near to a solution to find two such peerless beings to be not mere chance-growing plants, but springing from the same seed. She bowed her head in a kind of reverence for the child, and asked her,

"All my life, dear Fabiola; I sucked the faith, as

e say, with my mother's milk."
"And why did you conceal it from me?" Because I saw your violent prejudices against us v you abhorred us as -practisers of the most ridiculous superstitions, as prepetrators of the most odious abominations. I perceived how you condem onious assumination, uneducated, unphilosophical, and unreasonable. You would not hear a word about us; and the only object of hatred to you

about us; and the only object of natred to your generous mind was the Chistian name."
"True, dearest Agnes; yet 1 think that had I known that you, or Sebastian, was a Christian, I could not have hated it. I could have loved any thing in your."

You think so now, Fabiola; but you know "You think so now, ranion; but you know not the force of universal prejudice, the weight of false-hood daily repeated. How many noble minds, fine intellects, and loving hearts have they enslaved, and induced to believe us to be all that we are not,

omething even worse than the worse of others! "Well, Agnes, it is selfish in me to argue thus with present position. You will of you in your present position. You will of course compel Fulvius to prove that you are a Christian."
"Oh, no! dear Fatiola; I have already confessed it, and intend to do so again publicly in the morn-

"In the morning!—what to-morrow?" asked Fabiola, shocked at the idea of anything so immediate.
"Yes, to-morrow. To prevent any clamour or disturbance about me(though I suspect few people will care much), I am to be interregated early, and sammary proceedings will be taken. Is not that good news, dear?" asked Agnes eagerly, seizing her cousin's hands. And then putting on one of her ecstatic looks she exclaimed, "Behold, what 1 have long coveted, I already see; what I have hoped for, I hold safe; to Him alone I feel already associated in heaven, whom here on earth I have loved with all devotedness.* [***Ecbe quod concupity jam what I have hoped for, video, quod speravi jam teneo ipsi sum juncta vices, quod speravi jain teneo ipsi sum juheta in cælisquem in terris posita tota devotione dilexi."] fice eg St. Aques. Oh! is He not beautiful, Fabiola, love.ier far than the angles who surround Him! How sweet his smile! how mild His eye! how bland the whole expression of his face! And that sweetest and most gracious Lady, who ever accompanies Him, our Queen and Mistress, who loves Him alone, how winningly doth she beckon me forward to join her train! I come! I come!—They are departed, Fabiola; but they return early for me to-morrow; early, mind, and we part no more." Fabiola felt her own heart swell and heave, as if a

new element were entering in. She knew not what it was but it seemed something better than a mere human emotion. She had not yet heard the of Grace. Agnes, however, saw favorable change in her spirit, and inwardly thanked God for it. She begged her cousin to return before dawn to her, for r final farewell. At this same time a consultation was being held

at the house of the prefect, between that worthy functionary and his worther son. The reader had "Certuinly," said the magistrate, "if the old sor-ceres was right in one thing, she ought to be in the

I will answer experience, how powerful is wealth in conquering any resistance."
"And you will allow, to," rejoined Corvinus,

"from the enumeration we have made, that among the competitors for Fabiola's hand there has not been one who could not justly be rather called an

aspirant after her fortune."
"Yourself included, my dear Corvinus."

"Yes, so far: but not if I succeed in offering her, with myself, the lady Agnes's great wealth."

"And in a manner too, methinks, that will more easily gain upon what I hear of her generous and lofty disposition. Giving her that wealth independent of conditions, and then offering yourself to her will put her under one of two obligations, either to pt you as her husband, or throw you back the

'Admirable, father! I never saw the second al-

ternative before. Do you think there is no possibility of securing it except through her?"
"None whatever. Fulvius, of course, will apply for his share; and the probability is, that the converor ms snare; and the probability is, that the emper-or will declare his intentions to take it all for him or will declare his intentions to take it an for him self. For he hates Fulvius. But if I propose a more popular and palpably reasonable plan, of giving the property to the nearest relation, who worships the gods—this Fabiola does, don't she?"

"Certainly, father."
"I think he will embrace it: while I am sure there is no chance of his making a free gift—to—me.
The proposal from a judge would enrage him."
"Then how will you manage it, father?"

"I will have an imperial rescript prepared during the night, ready for signature; and I will proceed immediately after the execution to the palace, magmmediately after the execution to the palace, mag-nify the unpopularity which is sure to follow it, lay it all on Fulvius, and show the emperor how his gain on her chair with a deep groan. Thus she

He is as vain as he is cruel and rapacious; and one vice must be made to fight another."

"Nothing could be better, my dear father; I shall retire to rest with an easy mind. To-morrow will be the critical day of my life. All my future dear the country of the co

pends upon whether I am accepted or rejected."
"I only wish," added Tertullus, rising, "that I could have seen this peerless lady, and sounded the depths of her philosophy, before your final bargain was struck."
"Fear not, father: she is well worthy of being

your daughter-in-law. Yes, to-morrow is indeed the turning-point of my fortunes." Even Corvinus can have his critical day. Why

Not Fabiola?

While this domestic interview was going on, a conference was taken place between Fulvius and his anniable uncle. The latter, entering late, found his nephew sitting sullen and alone in the house, and thus accosted him.

"Well, Fulvius, is she secured?" "She is, uncle, as fast as bars and walls can make er; but her spirit is free and independent as

"Never mind that: short steel makes short work of spirit . Is her fate certain? and are its conse-"Why, if nothing else happens, the first is safe; the

"Why, if nothing else happens, the first is saic; the second will have still to encounter imperial caprice. But I own I feel pain and remorse at sacrificing so young a life, and for an insecure result."

"Come, Fulvius," said the old man sternly, looking as cold as a grey rock in the morning mist; "no softness, I hope, in this matter. Do you remember what day is to morrow?"

what day is to-morrow es, the twelfth before the calends of February." "The critical day always for you. It was on this y that to gain another's wealth, you commit-

"Peace, peace!" interrupted Fulvius in agony
"Why will you always remind me of averaging

"Why will you always remind me of everything I most wish to forget?" most wish to forget?"
"Because of this; you wish to forget yourself, and that must not be. I must take from you every pretence to be guided by conscience, virtue, or even honor. It is folly to affect compassion for any one's

honor. It is folly to affect compassion for any one's life, who stands in the way of your fortune, after

what you did to her"

Fulvius bit his lip in silent rage, and covered his crimson face with his hands. Eurotas roused him by saying: "Well then, to-morrow is another and, probably a final critical day for you. Let us calmly weigh its prospects. You will go to the emperor, and ask for your rightful share in the confiscated

and ask for your rightful share in the confiscated property. Suppose it is granted !"
"I will sell it as quick as possible, pay my debts, and retire to some country where my name has never been heard."

never been heard."
"Suppose your claims are rejected?"
"Impossible, impossible;" exclaimed Fulvius, racked by the very idea; "it is my right, hardly earned. It cannot be denied me." "Quietly, my young friend; let us discuss the mat-r coolly. Remember our proverb: 'From the

stirrup to the saddle there has been many a fall.' Suprose only that your rights are refused you." Suppose only that your rights are the no other pro-Then I am a ruined man. I have no other probefore me, of retrieving my fortunes

"Good: and what do you owe at Janus's arch?" "A good couple of hundred sesteria, between principal and compound interest at fifty per cent, to that unconscionable Jew Ephraim."

"On my sure expectation of this lady's estates,"
"And if you are disappointed do you think he
will let you fly!" if he knows it, most assuredly. But we

must be prepared from this moment for any emerg-ency; and that with the utmost secrecy." "Leave that to me, Fulvius; you see how eventful the issue of to-morrow may be to you, or rather of to-day; for morning is approaching. Life or death to you hang upon it; it is the great day of your existence. Courage, then, or rather an in flexible determination, steel you to work out its destiny!

(To be Continued.)

"I must get married," said a bachelor to a married friend, "for I never can find a button on a clean shirt." "Take care," said the Benedict, with

clean shirt." "Take care," said the Fenedict, with a sigh, or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button."

Young Lady (just commencing lessons in painting).—"Look here, 'ma: see my painting. Can you tell what it is?" 'Ma (after looking at it some time).—"Well, it's either a cow or a rosebud—I am sure I can't tell exactly which of the two."

There was something of a "set back" administered to the young man on an exension heat who

tered to the young man on an excursion boat, who, way through the crowd, ventured to remark that "hoops take up a great deal of room."
"Not so much as whiskey," replied a pert young miss in the assemblage. During a rehersal, Braham said to Tom Cook,

who was the conductor. "Now, Tom, keep the piano quiet here, because just at this part to give effect, I intend dropping my voice." "Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts! for its just the sort of voice I should like to pick up." A man who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former Whenever she begins to descant on his lities this ingenious No. 2 merely says poble qualities this ingenious

"Poor dear man. How I wish he hadn't died."
The lady immediately thinks of something else to A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchmen of the shoulders, "Oh, yes, he's The Frenchmen replied, with a shrug

de busines : by gar, me stand all day, for nobody come to make me move !" "Nothing," said an impatient husband, "reminds me so much of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in the church porch and obstracting the way to indulge in their everlasting talk," "But you forget, dear," said the wife, meekly, "that it was the angel who stowed the way the learn was the angel who stopped the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

Short walkii g In fature quadrille nd not n Models making u

FRID.

apron in arranged s would or b bound back by I pattern v cloths an or chudd The co garnets; green ma neckt e blue is th but pale find, and blue an l old gold b ue, loo yellows

gloves ar India mu seem de more mi the stre used for and pale these go princess trains b

to any

down a

the illu

Breton

from th

fashion ladies v probab Those

deep rec

for un and lo hardly very 1 soft co back o

in th

BA

a pan

Baste will b

egg s Ox soup teast brea F with

flou not

D