## To Virtue.

Virtue: ever lovely and benign,
Endowed with energy divine,
null, virtue half! From thee proceed,
The great design th' heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valor, and truth, and calm repose.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care.
Though lightnings glare and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,
Changed fortune frowns and thunders roll.
Pile. Avariee, thy yellow hoard:

Changed fortune frowns and thunders for.

Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;

Spread, luxury, thy eostly board.

Ambition, crown thy head with bays;

Let sloth recline on beds of ease;

Admired, adored, let Beauty 101

The magic eye that melts the soul;

Unless, with purifying fires,

Virtue the conscious soul inspires

In vain, to bar intruding woe

Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow.

To me thy soverign gift impart,
The resolute, unshaken heart,
To guide me from the flow'ry way
Where pleasure tunes her siren laybeceitful pathi were shame and care
The poisonous shaft, concealed prepare
And shield me with thy generous pride,
When friends forsake, and foes deride,

N'er let Ambition's meteor ray Mislead my reason and betray My fancy with the gilded dream Of fickie praise and hollow fame. But let my soul, consenting flow Compassionate of others' wee, Teach me the others' wee, Teach me the others's broken heart, To ease the rankling wounds of care, And soothe the phrensy of despair.

So, lovely Virtue, may I gain
Admission to thy hallowed fane;
Where peace of mind of eye serene.
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And strikes the consecrated lyre;
And may that minstrelsy, whose charm
Can rage and care and grief disarm,
Can Passion's wayward force control—
Cheer, soothe and elevate my soul!

## FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMES

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A true contrast to the fury and discord without A true contrast to the fury and discord without was the scene within the prison. Peace, screnity, cheerfulness, and joy reigned there; and the rough stone walls and vaults re-echoed to the chant of psalmody, in which Pancratius was precentor, and in which depth called out to depth; for the prisoners in the lower dungeon responded to those above, and kept up the alternation of verses in those psalms which the circumstances naturally suggested.

The eve of 'fighting with,' that is being torn to pieces by wild beasts, was always a day of greater liberty. The intended victims were admitted to

pieces by wild beasts, was always a day of greater liberty. The intended victims were admitted to see them; and Christians boldly took advantage of the permission to flock to the prison, and commend themselves to tha prayers of the blessed confessors of Christ. At evening they were led forth to enjoy what was called a free supper, that is, an abundant, and even luxurious, public feast. The table was suproudded by pagents appropriate to match the surroudded by pagans, curious to watch the conduct and looks of the morrows combatants. But they could discern neither the bravado and boisterousness, nor the dejection and bitterness, of ordinary culprits. To the guests it was truly an agape, or love-feast; for they supped with calm joyfulness emilet chearful conversation. Paperatius bewever love-feast; for they supped with calm joytulness amidst cheerful conversation, Pancratius, however, once or twice, reproved the unfeeling curiosity, and rude remarks of the crowd, saying, "To-morrow is not sufficient for you, because you love to look upon the objects of your future hatred. To-day you have the rightly to prove your fees. But mark are our friends; to-morrow our foes. But mark well our countenances, that you may know them again in the day of jndgement." Many retired at a few were led by it to con-

this rebuke, and not a few weeks wersion. (Ib. p. 219.)

But while the persecutors thus prepared a feast for the bodies of their victims, the Church, their mother, had been preparing a much more dainty banquet for the souls of her children. They had banquet for the souls of her children. They had been constantly attended on by deacons, particularly Reparatus, who would gladly have joined their company. But his duty forbade this at present. After, therefore having provided as well as possible for their temporal wants, he had arranged with the pious priest Dionysius, who still dwelt in the house of Agnes, to send towards the evening sufficient portions of the Bread of life, to feed early in the morning of their battle, the champions of Christ. Although the deacons bore the consecrated elements from the principal church to others, where they from the principal church to others, where they were only distributed by titulars, the office of conwere only distributed by titulars, the office of conveying them to the martyrs in prison and even to the dying was committed to inferior ministers. On this day, that the hostile passions of heathen Rome were unusually excited by the coming slaughter of so many Christian victims, it was a work of more than common danger to discharge this duty. For the revelations of Torquatus had made it known, that Fulvius had carefully noted all the ministers of the semethary, and given a description of them of the sanctuary, and given a description of them to his numerons active spies. Hence they could scarcely venture out by day, unless thoroughly dis-

guised.

The sacred Bread was prepared, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward, the young acolyte Tar-cisius knelt at his feet. With his hands extended before him, ready to recieve the sacred deposit, with a countenance beaut its lovely innocence as an angel's he seemed to entreat for preference, and

even to claim it.
"Thou art too young my child," said the kind priest filled with admiration of the picture before

"My youth, holy father, will be my best protec "My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh! do not refuse me this great honour." The tears stood in the boy's eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion, as he spoke these words. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage, that the plea was irresistible. The priest took the Divine Mysteries wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his palms say-

ing:"Remember, Tarcisius, what a treasure is in-"Remember, Tarcisius, what a treasure is intrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places, as thou goest along remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God's sacred gifts?" "I will die rather than betray them," answered the laber youth as he folded, the heavenly trust in the

holy youth as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic and in holy reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped upon his counterpression of his years stamped upon his counterpression. nance, as he tripped along the streets avoiding equally the more public, and the too low thorough-

fares.

As he was approaching the door of a large man As ne was approaching the door of a large man-sion, its mistress, a lady without children, saw him coming, and was struck with his beauty and sweet-ness, as, with arms folded on his breast he was hasn. one moment, dear child," she said, putting

herself in his way; "tell me thy name, and where do thy parents live?"

"I am Tarcisius, an orphan boy," he replied, looking up smilingly; "and I have no home, save

which it might be displeasing to thee to hear. "Then come into my house and rest: I wish to speak to thee. Oh, that I had a child like thee!"

"Not now, noble lady, not now. I have in trusted to me a most solemn and sacred duty and I must not tarry a moment in its performance. "Then promise to come to-morrow; this is my

house.
"If I am alive I will," he answered with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere, She watched him a long look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to fol-low him. Soon, however, she heard a tumult with horrid cries, which made her pause, on her way until they had ceased, when she went on again.

In the meantime, Tarcisius, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came into an open space, where boys, just escaped from school, were beginning to

play.

"We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said their leader.

"Capital!" exclaimed another, "here comes Tarcisius, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come Tarcisius," he added, stopping him by seizing his arm.

"whither so fast! take a part in our game that's a

good fellow.
"I can't, Petilius, now; I really can't. I am "I can"t, Petihus, now; I really can"t. I am going on business of the greatest importance.
"But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker a strong bullying youth laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking, when I want anything done. So come, join us at once."
"I entreat you," said the poor boy feelingly, "do let me a."

"I entreat you," said the poor toy let me go."

"No such thing," replied the other. "What is "No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carying so carefully in your bosom! A letter, I suppose; wellit will not addle by being for half an hour out of its nest. Give it to me, and I will put it by safe while we play." And he snatched at the sacred deposit in his breast."

"Never, never," answered the child, looking up

"Never, never," answered the child, footing up towards heaven.
"I will see it," insisted the other rudely; "I will know what is this wondrrful secret." And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round; and all asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy, who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger, to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all and unfinchingly kept his purpose.
"What is it? what can it be?" one began to ask the other; when Fulvius chanced to pass by, and joined to the contract of the contract of

"What is it? what can it be?" one began to ask the other; when Fulvius chanced to pass by, and joined the circle round the combatants. He at once recognized Tarcisius, having seen him at the Ordination; and being asked as a better-dressed man, the same question, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel, "What is it? Why only a Christian ass bearing the mysteries."

ass bearing the mysteries."

This was enough. Fulvius while he scorned such unprofitable prey, knew well the effect of his word. Heathen curiosity, to see the mysteries of the Christians revealed, and to insult them, was word. Heathen curiosity, to see the insection was the Christians revealed, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarciscius, to yield up his charge. "Never with life," was his only reply. A heavy blow from a smith's fist nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with his arms folded across, his breast, he fell heavily to the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his thrice holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside, right and left, by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall athletic officer who was author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground, than he was on his knees, with the tark in his eyes, raised the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him, "Are you much hur, Tarcisus.

Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he open-

Tarcisius.

Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am bearing the divine mysteries; take care of them.

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with ten-The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing, not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice., a martyr's relies, but the divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confidence of the and his collant heaver. custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stopped him till a lady met him and stared amazedly at him. She drew nearer and looked closer at what he carried. "Is it possi-ble?" she exclaimed with terror, "is that Tarcisius, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and love-ly? Who can have done this?"

ly! Who can have done this!"
"Madam," replied Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he was a Christian."
The lady looked for an instant on the child's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith; she hastened to be a Christian likewise.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly see for veeping, as he removed the child's hands, and took rou his bosom, unviolated, the Holy of holies; and he thought he looked more like an angel and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than the did when living scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of older believers; and later the holy Pope Damasus composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read, without concluding that the belief in the real presence of Our Lord's Body in the Blessed Eucharist was the same then as now:—

Cum male sana manus peteret vulgare profanis; Ipse animam potius voluit dimittere cæsus Prodere quam canibus rabidis eælestia membra,"

"Christ's sacred gifts, by good Tarcisus borne, The mob profanely bade him to display; He rather gave his own limbs to be torn, Than Christ celestial to mad dogs betray

He is mentioned in the Roman martyrology, on the 15th of August, as commemorated in the cemetery of Callistus from whence his relics were translated the church of St. Sylvester in Campo as an old inscription declares.

News of this occurrence did not reach the prisoners

News of this occurrence did not reach the prisoners till after their feast; and perhaps the alarm that they were deprived of the spiritual food, to which they looked forward for strength, was the only one that could have east, even slightly, the serenity of their souls. At this moment Sebastian entered, and perceived at once that some unpleasant news had perceived at once that some unpleasant news had arrived, and as quickly divined what it was; for Quadratus had already informed him of all. He Quadratus had already informed and of all. The cheered up, therefore, the confessors of Christ; assured them that they should not be deprived of their

sured them that they should not be deprived of their coveted food; then whispered a few words to Reparatus the deacon, who flew out immediately with a look of bright incelligence.

Sebastian, being known to the guards, had passed freely in, and out of, the prison daily; and had been indefatigable in his care of its inn ates. But now he was come to take his last farewell of his dearest friend, Paneratius, who had longed for this interview. They drew to one side when the youth began:—

"Well. Sebastian, do you remember when w heard the wild beasts roar, from your window, and looked at the many gaping arches of the amphitheatre, as open for the Christian's triumph?"

"Yes, my dear boy; I remember that evening well, and it seemed to me as if your heart anticipated

then the scenes that await you to-morrow."

"It did, in truth, I felt an inward assurance that I should be one of those deputies of human cruelty. But now that the time has come, I can hardly believe myself worthy of so immense an honour. What can I have done, Sebastian, not indeed to deserve it, but to be choosen out as the object of so great a grace!"

"You know Pancratius, that it is not be who

"You know Pancratius, that it is not he who willeth, nor he that runneth, but God who hath mercy, that mrketh the election. But tell me rather, how do you fell about to-morrow's glorious des-

"To tell the truth, it seems to me so magnificent "To tell the truth, it seems to me so magnificent so far beyond right to claim, that sometimes it appears more like a vision than certainty. Does it not sound almost incredible to you, that I, who this night am in a cold, dark, and dismal prison, shall be, before another sun has set, listening to the harping of angelic lyres, walking in the procession of whiterobed Saints, inhaling the perfume of celestial incense, and drinking from the crystal waters of the stream of life? Is it not too like what one may read or hear of, about another but hardly dares to think is to be, in a few hours, real of himself?"

"And nothing more than you have described, Pancratius?"

"Oh, yes, far more than one can name without presumption. That I, a boy just come out of school, who have done nothing for Christ as yet, should be able to say, "Sometime to-morrow I shall see Him face to face, and worship Him, and shall receive face to face, and worship Him, and shall receive from Him a palm and a crown, yea, and an affection-ate embrace, "—I feel it is so like a beautiful hope, that it startles me to think, it will soon be that no longer. And yet, Sebastian," he continued fervent-ly, seizing both his friend's hands, "it is true; it is true!"

"And more still, Pancratius."

"Yes, Sebastian, more still, and more. To close one's eyes upon the faces of men, and open them in full gaze on the face of God; to shut them upon ten thousand countenances scowling with hatred and contempt, and fury, from every step of the amphitheatre, and unclose them instantly upon that one sunlight intelligence, whose splendour would dazzle or scorch, did not its beams surround, and embrace and welcome us; to dart them at once into the furnace of God's heart, and plunge into its burning ocean of mercy and love without fear of desuraction; surely Sebastian, it sounds like presumption in me to say that to-morrow—nay, hush! the watchman from the capital is proclaiming midnight—that to-day, to-day, I shall enjoy all this?"
"Happy Pancratius!" exclaimed the soldier, "you anticipate already by some hours the raptures to come." 'And more still, Pancratius."

"And do you know, dear Sebastian continued the youth, as if unconscious of the interruption, "it looks to me so good and merciful in God, to grant me such a death. How much more willingly must one such a death. How much more willingly must one at my age face it, when it puts an end to all that is hateful on earth, when it extinguishes but the sight of hideous beasts and sinning men, scarcely less frightful than they, and hushes only the fiendlike yells of both! How much more trying would it be to part with the last tender look of a mother like mine, and shut ones ears to the sweet plaint of her patient voice! True, I shall see her and hear her, for the last time, as we have arranged, to morrow for the last time, as we have arranged, to morrow before my fight; but I know she will not unnerve

Me."

A tear had made its way into the affectionate boy's eye; but he suppressed it, and said in a gay

tone,
"But, Sebastian, you have not fulfilled your
promise,—your double promise to me,—to tell me
the secrets you concealed from me. This is your last

opportunity; so come, let me know all."
"Do you remember well what the secrets were?"
"Right well, indeed, for they have much perplexed me. First on that night of the meeting in your apartments, you said their was one motive strong enough te check your ardent desire to die for Christ; and lately you refused to give me your reason for despatching me hastily to Campania, and joined this

despatching me hastily to Campania, and despatching me hastily to Campania, and conceive."
secret with the other; how I cannot conceive."
Yet they form but one. I had promised to watch
"Yet they form but one. I had promised to watch over your welfare, Pancratius; it was the duty of friendship and love that I had assumed. I saw your eagerness after martyrdom; I knew the ardent temperament of your youthful heart I dreaded lest you should commit yourself by some over-

my journey?"

If I had not sent you away, you would have been seized for your boldly tearing down the edict, or your rebuke of the judge in his court. You would have been certainly condemned, and would have been certainly condemned, and would have been proclaimed a different, and a civil, offence, that of rebellion against the emperors. And moreover, my dear boy, you would have been singled out for a triumph. You would have been pointed at by the very heathers with honor, as a callant and a triumph. You would have been pointed at by the very heathens with honor, as a gallant and daring youth; you might have been disturbed even in your conflict by a transient cloud of pride; at any rate, you would have been spared the igno-miny, which forms the distinctive merit and the special glory of dying for simply being a Christian."

"Quite true, Sebastian," said Paneretius with a

"But when I saw you," continued the soldier, taken in the performance of a generous act of charity towards the confessors of Christ; when I saw you dragged the streets, chained to a galley-slave, as a common culprit; when I saw you pelted and hooted, like other believers; when I heard sentence passed on you in common with the rest, because you were a Christian, and for nothing else I felt that my task was ended; I would not have rais-

ed a finger to save you."

"How like God's love has yours been to me wise, so generous, so unsparing?" sobbed out Pan-eratius, as he threw himself on the soldier's neck;

cratius, as he threw himself on the soldier's neck; then continued:—"Promise me one thing more; that this day you will keep near me to the end, and will secure my last legacy to my mother."
"Even if it cost my life, I will not fail, We shall not be parted long, Pancratius."

The deacon now gave notice that all was ready for offering up the holy oblation in the dungeon itself. The two youths looked round, and Pancratius was indeed amazed. The holy priest Lucianus was laid stretched on the floor, with his limbs painfully distended in the catasta or stocks, so that he could not rise. Upon his breast Reparatus had spread the three linnen cloths requisite for the altar; on them not rise. Upon his breast Reparatus had spread the three linnen cloths requisite for the altar; on them was laid the unleavened bread, and the mingled chalice, which the deacon steadied with his hand. The head of the aged priest was held up, as he read the accustomed prayers, and performed the prescribed ceremonies of the oblaton and consecration. And then each one, approaching devoutly, and with tears of gratitude, received from his consecrated hand his share, that is the whole of the mystical food. Marvellous and beautiful instance of the power of adaptation in God's Church! Fixed as are her laws, her ingenious love finds means through their very

her ingenious love finds means through their very relaxation, to demonstrate their principles; nay, the very exception presents only a sublimer application Here was a minister of God, and a disof them. Here was a minister of God, and a dis-penser of His mysteries, who once was privileged to be more than otherslike Him whom he represented, —at once the Priest and Altar. The Church pre-scribed that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered over the relies of myrtyrs; here was a martyr, by singular prerogative, permitted to offer it over his

own body. Yet living, he "lay beneath the feet of God." The bosom still heaved, and the heart panted under the Divine Mysteries, it is true; but that was only part of the action of the minister; while self was already dead, and the sacrifice of life was, in all but act, completed in him. There was only Christ's life within and without the sanctuary of that breast. Was ever viaticum for martyrs more, worthily, pre-Was ever viaticum for martyrs more worthily pre-

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIGHT.

The morning broke light and frosty; and the sun, glittering on the gilded ornaments of the temples and other public buildings, seemed to array them in holiday splendour. And the people, too, soon come forth into the streels in their gayest attire, decked out with unusual richness. The various streams converge towards the Flavian ampitheaten now better known by the name of the Coliseum. tre, now better known by the name of the Coliseum. Each one directs his steps to the arch indicated by the number of his ticket, and thus the huge monster keepssucking in by degrees that stream of life, which soon animates and enlivens its oval tiers over tiers of steps, till its interior is tapestried all round with human faces and its wells soon to reach and which soon annuales and enrivels its ovar tiers over tiers of steps, till its interior is tapestried all round with human faces, and its wa'ls seem to rock and wave to and fro, by the swaying of the living mass. And, after this shall have been gorged with blood, and inflamed with fury, it will melt once more, and rush out in a thick continuous flow through the many avenues by which it entered, now bearing their fitting name Vomitoria; for never did a more polluted stream of the dregs and pests of humanity issue from an unbecoming reservoir, through ill-assorted channels, than the Roman mob, drunk with the blood of martyrs, gushing forth from the pores of the splendid amphitheatre.

The emperor came to the games surrounded by his court, with all the pomp and circumstance which befitted an imperial festival, keen as any of his subjects to witness the cruel games, and to feed

which bentied an imperial residual, Reeli as any of his subjects to witness the cruel games, and to feed his eyes with a feast of carnage. His throne was on the eastern side of the amphitheatre, where a large space, called the pulvinar, was reserved, and richly decorated for the imperial court.

Various spores succeeded one another; and many a gladiator killed, or wounded, had sprinkled the bright sand with blood, when the people eager for fiercer combats, began to call, or roar for Christians and the wild beasts. It is time therefore, for us to think of our cantives.

think of our captives.

Before the citizens were astir, they had been removed from the prison to a strong chamber called spoliatorium, the press-room where their fetters and chains were removed. An attempt was made to dress them gaudily as heathen priests and priestesses; but they resisted, urging that as they had come spontaneously to the fight, it was unfair to make them appear in a disguise which they abhorred. During the early part of the day they remained thus together encouraging one another and singing the Divine praises, in spite of the shouts which drowned their voices from time to time.

While they were thus engaged, Corvinus entered, and with a look of triumph, thus accosted Paneratius:—

Thmks to the gods, the day is come which I have long desired. It has been a tiresome and a tough struggle between us who should fall uppermost. I

won it?" "How sayest thou, Corvinus? when and how have

I contended with thee?"

"Always and everywhere. Thou hast haunted ne in my dreams; thou hast danced before me like a meteor, and I have tried in vain to grasp thee.
Thou hast been my tormentor, my evil genius. I
have hated thee; devoted thee to the infernal gods; cursed thee and loathed thee; and now my day of

Methinks repiied Pancratius smiling, "this doe not look like a combat. It has been all on one side; for I have done none of these things towards

"No? thinkest thou that I believe thee, when thou hast lain ever as a viper on my path to bite and over-

throw me? "Where, 1 again ask?" "Everywhere, I repeat. At school; in the Lady gnes's house; in the Forum; in the cemetery; in my father's own court; at Chromatius's villa.

"And nowhere else but where thou hast named? when thy chariot dashed furiously along the Appian way, didst thou hear the tramp of horses' hoofs try-

way, disk thou heat the trump of the ing to overtake thee?"
"Wretch!" exclaimed the prefect's son in a fury; "and was it thy accursed steed which purposely urged forward frightened mine, and nearly caused my

"No, Corvinus, hear me calmly. It is the last time we shall speak together. I was 'ravelling quietly with a companion towards Rome, after havng paid the last rites to our master Cassianus" (Corwinced, for he knew not this before). "when I haard the clatter of a runaway chariot; and then, indeed, I put the spurs to my horse; and it was well for thee I did."

"Because I reached thee just in time; when thy strength was nearly exhausted, and thy blood al-most frozen by repeated plunges in the canal; and when thy arm, already benumed, had let go its last stay, and thou wast falling backwards for the last time into the water. I saw thee; I knew thee, as I took hold of thee, insensible I had in my grasp the murderer of one most dear to me. Divine justice seemed to have overtaken him; there was only my

seemed to have overtaken nim; there was only my will between him and his doom. It was my day of vengeance, and I fully gratified it."
"Ha! and how pray?"
"By drawing thee out, and laying thee on the bank, and chairing thee till thy heart resumed its functions; and then consigning thee to thy servants resound from death." escued from death."

"Thou liest!" screamed Corvinus; "my servants

"Thou fiest," screamed corrunt, my told me that they drew me out."

"And did they give thee my knife, together with thy leopard-skin purse, which I found on the ground after I dragged thee forth?" after I dragged thee forth?"
"No; they said the purse was lost in the canal. It
was a leopard-skin purse, the gift of an African sorceress What sayest thou of the knife?"

"That it is here, see it, still rusty with the water; thy purse I gave to thy slaves; my own knife I re-tained for myself; look at it again. Dost thou beieve me now. Have I been always a viper on thy

Too ungenerous to acknowledge that he had been conquered in the struggle between them, Corvinus only felt withered, degraded, before his late school-fellow, crumbled like a clot of dust in his hands. His very heart seemed to him to blush, sick, and staggered, hung his head, and away. He cursed the games, the emperor, the yelling rabble, the roaring beasts, his horses and chariot, his slaves, his father, himself,—everything and everybody except one—he could not, for his life,

Pancratius. He had reached the door when the youth called him back. He turned and looked at him with a glance of respect, almost approaching to love. Pancratius put his hand on his arm and said, "Corvinus, have freely forgiven thee. There is One above, who cannot forgive without repentance. Seek par-don from Him. If not, I foretell to thee this day that by whatsoever death I die, thou too shalt one day perish.

Corvinus slunk away, and appeared no more that day. He lost the sight on which his course imagination had gloated for days, which he had longed for

during months. When the holiday was over, he was found by his father completely intoxicated; it was the only way he knew of drowning re-

As he was leaving the prisoners, the lanista or mas-As he was leaving the prisoners, the lanista or master of the gladiators, entered the room, and summoned them to the combat. They hastity embraced one another, and took leave on earth. They entered the arena, or pit of the amphitheatre, opposite the imperial seat, and had to pass between two files renatores, or huntsmen, who had the care of the wild beasts, each armed with a heavy whip wherewith he inflicted a blow on every one as he went by him. They were then brought forward singly or in groups. They were then brought forward singly or in groups

They were then brought forward singly or in groups as the people desired, or the directors of the spectacle chose. Sometimes the intended prey was placed on an elevated platform to be more helpless. A favorite sport was to bundle up a female victim in a net, and expose he to be rolled, tossed, or gored by wild cattle. One encounter with a single wild beast often finished the martyr's course; while regardinally these or form the proposition of the second of the occasionally three or four were successively loose without their inflicting a mortal wound. confessor was then either remanded to prison for further torments, or taken back to the spoiliatorium, where the gladiator's apprentices amused themselves

with despatching him.

But we must content ourselves with following the last steps of our youthful hero, Panciatius. As its was passing through the corridor that led to the amphitheatre, he saw Sebastian standing on one side with a lady closely enwrapped in her mantle, and veiled. He at once recognized her, knelt, and affectionately kissed it. "Bless me dear mother," he said "in this your promised bour." the last steps of our youthful hero, Pancratius.

affectionately kissed it. "Biess me dear mother," he said "in this your promised hour."
"See my child in the heavens," she replied, "and look up thither, where Christ with his saints expecteth thee. Fight the good fight, for thy souls sake, and show thyself faithful and steadfast in thy Saviour's love. Remember him too whose precious relic thou bearest round thy neck."

relic thou bearest round thy neck."
"Its price shall be doubled in thine eyes, my sweet mother, ere many hours were over."
"On, on, and let us have none of this fooling," exclaimed the lanista, adding a stroke of his

Lucina retreated, while Sebastian pressed the hand of her son, and whispered in his ear, "Courage my boy; may God bles you! I shall be close behind the emperor; give me a last look there, and

hind the emperor; give me a last look there, and your blessing."
"Ha! ha! ha!" broke out a fiendish tone close behind him. Was it a demon's laugh! He looked behind and caught only a glimpse of a fluttering cloak rounding a pillar. Who could it be! He guessed not. It was Fulvius, who in those words had got the last link of a chain of evidence, that he had long been weaving—that Sebastian was certainly a Christian.

Christian. Pancratius soon stood in the midst of the arena Pancratius soon stood in the midst of the arena, the last of the faithful band. He had been reserved in hopes that the sight of others' sufferings might shake his constancy; but the effect had been the reverse. He took his stand where he was placed, and yet his delicate frame contrasted with the swarthy brawing limbs of the executioners who surrounded him. They now left him alone; and we cannot better describe him than Eusebius, an eye witness, does a youth a few years older:—

"You might have seen a tender youth, who had not yet entered his twentieth year, standing without

"You might have seen a tender youth, who had not yet entered his twentieth year, standing without fetters, with his hands stretched forth in the form of a cross, and praying to God most attentively, with a fixed and untrembling heart; not retiring from the place where he first stood, nor swerving the least, while bears and leopards, breathing fury and death in their year, snort, were inst rushing on

the least, while bears and leopards, breathing fury and death in their very snort, were just rushing on to tear his limbs in pieces. And yet, I know not how their juws seemed seized and closed by some divine and mysterious power, and they drew alto-gether back." Such was the attitude, and such the privilege of Such was the attitude, and such the privilege of our heroic youth. The mob were frantic, as they saw one wild beast after another careering madly round him, roaring and lashing its sides with its tail, while he seemed placed in a charmed circle, which they could not approach. A furious bull, let loose upon him, dashed madly forward with his neck bent down, then stopped suddenly, as though he had struck his head against a wall, pawed the ground and scattered the dust around him, bellowing fiercely.

"Provoke him, thou coward!" roared out still louder the emperor.

Pancratius awoke as from a trance, and waving his arms ran towards his enemy; but the savage brute as if a lion had been rushing upon him, turned around, and ran away towards the entrance, where meeting his keeper he tossed him high in the air. All were disconcerted except the brave youth, who had resumed his attitude of prayer; when one of the drowd shouted out:—"He has a charm round his neck; he is a sorcerer!" The whole multitude recehoed the cry until the emperor having commanded silence, called out to him, "Take that anulet from thy neck and cast it from thee, or it shall be done more roughly for thee."

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphitheatre,

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphitheatre, "it is no charm I wear, but a memorial of my father who in this place made gloriously the same confession which I now humbly make; I am a Christian, and for the love of Jesus Christ God and Man, I are the great the same than and for the love of sesus chirst God and Man, I giadly give my life. Do not take from me this only legacy, which I have bequeathed, richer than I received it, to another. Try once more; it was a panther which gave him his crown; perhaps it

ould bestow the same on me."
For an instant there was dead silence; the multitude seemed softened, won. The graceful form of the gallant youth, his now inspired countenance, the thrilling music of his voice, the intrepedity of his speech, and his generous self-devotion to his cause, had wrought upon that cowardly herd. Paneratius felt it, and his heart quailed before their mercy more than before their rage; was he to be disappointed? Tears started into his eyes as stretching forth his arms once more in the form of a cross he called aloud, in a tone that again vibrated through every

art.
"To-day; oh yes, to-day, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy coming. Tarry not longer; enough has Thy power been shown in me to them that believe not in Thee; show now Thy mercy to them who in Thee believe!"

(To be Continued.)

Conversions in Russia.—A widespread movement towards the Church, which many years ago, has been observed in Russia, specially among the upper classes of society. everal families of the highest rank, among others the Gallitzins, have passed over to Roman unity. To this illustrious family belonged the saintly Prince Demetrius, who became poor for Christ's sake and a more than willing exile in America, devoted himself to the early settlers in Pennsylvania at a time when there was not another resident priest between Lancaster and St. Louis. He is buried at Loretto, Pa., of which settlement he was founder. His life, so saintlike, is full of interest, and has been written very acceptably by a daughter of the late Dr. Brownson. Many other holy Russian converts, like Madame Swetchine, must now be praying in heaven for the conversion of their schismatical fatherland.

I believe in authority as a means, in liberty as a means, in charity as an end.—Frederick Ozanam.