

The Poor Soul.

BY PERCY BOYD, FROM THE GERMAN.

A spirit once lay sighing Beyond the dim unknown, Where through long years of penance The souls of mortal groan.

"And still," sighed the spirit, "A thousand years of pain I've counted, but I believe none more Mine own dear love again."

From heaven an Angel floating, With wings as white as snow, In his arms took up the spirit, To head of all its woe.

In gentle accents speaking, Full of sweet peace and love, "Come with me hapless spirit, To Heaven's bright realms above."

But the mournful spirit answered, "I'd pass a life of pain, Could I revisit only The bright green earth again."

"A thousand years of penance In torture I would dwell, To see for one brief instant Him whom I loved so well."

A glance of tender pity In the Angel's eye had birth, As she bore the weeping spirit Again to the green earth.

"Beneath the broad, cool shadow Of the waving lindens, Where the pleasant waters flow, I know mine own loved wanders, Still sorrowing for me."

When they neared the ancient lindens, Where the pleasant waters flow, There sat her heart's beloved, But he loved another now.

"For 'neath the waving shadows Of their ancient lindens, Where the pleasant waters flow, I know mine own loved wanders, Still sorrowing for me."

Then, through the hapless spirit, Sharp pang of anguish thrill; But the bright Angel gently, In his dear arms held her still.

And higher still, and higher, They winged their way above, Until they reached the portals Of heaven's bright hall of love.

Then sighed the spirit, weeping, "I cannot enter there; A thousand years of penance 'Tis yet my lot to bear."

A smile benign and tender, O'er the Angel's features stole, As he gazed with heavenly joy, On the fond and hapless soul.

"Poor spirit! all thy sorrows, Thy woes are over at last— IN THE TORRIBLE ONE MOMENT, THY THOUSAND YEARS HAVE PASSED."

FABIOLA:

OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

After he was gone, she hardly looked at the parchment, which he had left open on a small table by her couch, but sat musing on the sorrowful scenes she had witnessed, till it wanted about an hour to sunset. Sometimes her reveries turned to one point, sometimes to another of the late events; and just at that moment she was dwelling on her being confronted with Fulvius, in the Forum. Her memory vividly replaced the entire scene before her, and her mind gradually worked itself into a state of painful excitement, which she at length checked by saying aloud to herself: "Thank heaven! I shall never behold that villain's face again."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when she shaded her eyes with her hand, as she raised herself up on her couch, and looked towards the door. Was it her overheated fancy which beguiled her, or did her wakeful eyes show her reality? Her ears decided the question, by the words which they heard.

"Pray, madam, who is the man whom you honour by that gracious speech?" "You, Fulvius," she said, rising with dignity. "A further intruder still; not only into the house, the villa, and the dungeon, but into the most secret apartments of a lady, and into the most secret into the house of sorrow of one whom you have betrayed. Begone at once, or I will have you ignominiously expelled hence."

"Sit down and compose yourself, lady," rejoined the intruder; "this is my last visit to you; but we have a reckoning to make together of some weight. As to calling on you, and bringing in help, you need not trouble yourself; your orders to your servants, to keep aloof, have been too well obeyed. There is no one within call."

It is true. Fulvius found the way prepared unwittingly for him by Corvius; for upon presenting himself at the door, the porter, who had seen him twice dine at the house, and who had seen him given, and assured him that he could not be admitted unless he came from the emperor, for such were his instructions. That, Fulvius said, was exactly his case; and the porter, wondering that so many imperial messengers should come in one day, let him pass. He begged that the door might be left unfastened, in case the porter should not be at the door when he returned; he was in a hurry, and should not like to disturb the house in such a state of grief, and required no guide, for he knew the way to Fabiola's apartment.

Fulvius seated himself opposite to the lady, and continued: "You ought not to be offended, and overhearing your amiable solicitude about myself; it is a lesson learnt from yourself in the Tullian prison. But I must begin my scores from an earlier date. When, for the first time, I was invited by your worthy father to his table, I met one, whose looks and words at once gained my affections—I need not mention her name;—and whose heart, with instinctive sympathy, returned them."

"Resolute man!" Fabiola exclaimed, "to allude to such a topic here; it is false that any such affection ever existed on either side."

"As to the lady Agnes," resumed Fulvius, "I have the best authority, that of your intended parent, who more than once encouraged me to persevere in my suit; by assuring me that his cousin had confessed to him her reciprocating love."

Fabiola was mortified; for she now remembered that this was too true, from the hints which Fabius had given her, of this stupid misunderstanding.

"I know well, that my dear father was under a delusion upon this subject; but I, from whom that dear child concealed nothing—"

"Except her religion," interrupted Fulvius, with bitter irony, "returned them."

"Peace!" Fabiola went on; "that word sounds like a blasphemy on your lips—I knew that you were but an object of bathing and abhorrence to her."

you appreciate her artless simplicity, her genuine honesty, her rare understanding, her candid innocence, any more than the wolf can value the lamb's gentleness, or the vulture the dove's mildness? No, it was her wealth, her family connection, her nobility, that you grasped at, and nothing more; I read it in the very flash of your eye, when first it fixed itself, as a basilisk's, upon her."

"It is false!" he rejoined; "had I obtained my request, had I been thus worthily matched, I should have found equal to my position, gentle, contented, and affectionate; as worthy of possessing her as—"

"As any one can be," struck in Fabiola, "who, in offering his hand, expresses himself equally ready in three hours, to espouse or to murder the object of his affection. And she prefers the latter, and he keeps his word. Begone from my presence; you taint the very atmosphere round which you move."

"I will leave when I have accomplished my task, and you will have little reason to rejoice when I do. You have then purposely, and unprovoked, blighted and destroyed in me every honourable purpose of life, withered my only hope, cut me off from rank, society, respectable ease, and domestic happiness."

"That was not enough. After acting in that character, with which you summed up my condemnation, of a spy, and listened to my conversation, you this morning threw off all sense of female propriety, and stood forward prominently in the Forum, to complete in public what you had begun in private, excite against me the supreme tribunal, and through it the emperor, and arouse an unjust popular outcry and vengeance; which, but for a feeling stronger than fear, that brings me higher, would make me now skulk, like a hunted wolf, till I could steal out of the nearest gate."

"And, Fulvius, I tell you," interposed Fabiola, "that the moment you cross this threshold, the avenger of virtue will be raised in this wicked city. Again I bid you begone from my house, at least; or at any rate I will depart from this offensive intrusion."

"We part not yet, lady," said Fulvius, whose countenance had been growing every moment more flushed, as his lips had been becoming more deadly pale. He rudely grasped her arm, and pushed her back to her seat, and bade her, he added, "how you attempt again either to escape or to bring aid; your first cry will be your last, cost me what it may. You have made me, then, an outcast, not only from society but from Rome, an exile, a homeless wanderer on a friendless earth; was not that enough to satisfy vengeance? No; the supreme tribunal, the avenger of virtue will be raised in this wicked city. Again I bid you begone from my house, at least; or at any rate I will depart from this offensive intrusion."

"Wicked and insolent man!" exclaimed now the indignant Roman lady, reckless of consequences, "you shall answer heavily for your temerity. Dare you in my own house, call me a thief?"

"I dare; and I tell you this is your day of reckoning, and not mine. I have earned, even if by crime, it is nothing to you, my full share of your cousin's confiscated property. I have earned it hard, by pains and renderings of the heart and soul, by sleepless nights of struggles with fiends that have contended with me, by days and days of restless search for evidence, amidst the desolation of a proud, but degraded spirit. Have I not a right to enjoy it?"

"Ay, call it what you will, call it my blood-money, that the more infamous it is, the more base in you to step in and snatch it from me; but I will not have the carrion from the house's mouth, after he has swollen his feet and rent his skin in hunting it down."

"I will not seek for further epithets by which to call you; your mind is deluded by some vain fancy," said Fabiola, with an earnestness not untinged with alarm. She felt she was in the presence of a madman, one whose words, and whose conduct, were unheeded, deeply-moved fancy, was lashing itself up to that intensity of wicked excitement, which constitutes a moral phrenzy,—when the very murderer thinks himself a virtuous avenger. "Fulvius," she continued, with studied calmness, and looking fully into his eyes, "I now *excolet* you to go. If you want money, I have it; but go, in heaven's name, before you destroy your reason by your anger."

"What vain fancy do you mean?" asked Fulvius. "Why, that I should have ever dreamt about Agnes's wealth or property on such a day, or taken any advantage of her cruel death."

"And yet it is so," said Fabiola, "I have it from the emperor's mouth that he has made it over to you. Will you pretend to make me believe, that this most generous and liberal prince ever parted with a penny unsoftened, ay, or unbrided?"

"Of this I know nothing. But I know, that I would rather have died of want than petitioned for a farthing of such property."

"Then would you make me rather believe, that in this city there is any one so disinterested as, undesired, to have petitioned for you? No, no, Lady Fabiola, all this is too incredible. But what is that?" And he pounced with eagerness on the imperial receipt, which had remained unlooked at, since Corvius had left it. The sensation to him was that of Agnes when she saw the mark of Cain, and he felt that the fury, which seemed to have been subdued by his subtlety, as he had been reasoning to prove Fabiola guilty, flashed up anew at the sight of this fatal document. He eyed it for a minute, then broke out, gnashing his teeth with rage:

"Now, madam, I convict you of business rapacity, and unnatural cruelty, for having thus basely you have dared to charge on me! Look at this receipt, beautifully engrossed, with its golden letters and embazoned margins; and presume to say that it was prepared in the one hour that elapsed between your cousin's death, and the emperor's telling me that he had signed it? Nor do you pretend to know the generous friend who procured you the gift. Bah! while Agnes was in prison at latest; while you were whining and moaning over her; while you were reproaching me for cruelty and treachery towards her,—me a stranger and alien to her! you, the gentle lady, the virtuous philosopher, the loving, fondling kinswoman, you, my stern reprover, were clopping together to take advantage of my crime, secure her property, and seeking out the elegant scribe, who should give your treason to your own flesh and blood with his blushing *minium*." (Red point.)

"Cease, madman, cease!" exclaimed Fabiola, endeavouring in vain to master his glaring eye. But he went on, in still wilder tones: "And then, forsooth, when you have thus basely robbed me, offer me money. You have out-plotted me, and you pity me! You have made me a beggar, and then you offer me alms,—alms out of my own wages, the wages which even Tartarus (The heathen hell) allows its fated victims while on earth!"

Fabiola rose again, but he seized her with a maniac's grip, and this time did not let her go. He went on:

"Now listen to the last words that I will speak, or they may be the last that you will hear. Give back to me that unjustly obtained property; it is not fair that I should have the guilt, and you its reward. Transfer by your sign, wanted to me as a free and loving gift, and I will depart. If not, you have signed your own doom." A stern and menacing glance accompanied these words.

Fabiola's haughty self rose again erect within her; her Roman heart, unsubdued, stood firm. Danger only made her fearless. She gathered her robe with

matronly dignity around her, and replied: "Fulvius, listen to my words, though they should be the last that I may speak, as certainly they shall be the last that you shall hear from me."

"Surrender this property to you! I would give it willingly to the first leper that I might meet in the street, but to you never. Never shall you touch anything that belonged to that holy maiden, be it a grain of wheat or a straw! That touch would be pollution. Take gold of mine, if it please you; but anything that ever belonged to her, from me no treasures can ransom. And one legacy I prize more than all her inheritance. You have now offered me two alternatives, or die, Agnes taught me which to choose. Once again, I say, depart!"

"And leave you to possess what is mine? I leave you to triumph over me, as one whom you have outwitted—you honoured, and I disgraced—you rich, and I penniless—you happy, and I wretched? No, never! I cannot save myself from what you have made me; but I can prevent your being what you have no right to be. For this I have come here; this is my day of Nemesis. (Revenge.) Now die!" While he was speaking these reproaches, he was slowly pushing her backwards with his left hand towards the couch from which she had risen; while his right was tremblingly feeling for something in the folds of his bosom.

As he finished his last words he thrust her violently down upon the couch, and seized her by the hair. She made no resistance, she uttered no cry; partly a fainting and sickening sensation came over her; partly a noble feeling of self-respect checked any unseemly exhibition of fear, before a scornful enemy. Just as she closed her eyes, she saw something like lightning above her; she could not tell whether it was the flash of a sword, or the gleam of his glaring eye of flashing steel.

In another moment she felt oppressed and suffocated, as if a great weight had fallen upon her, and a hot stream was flowing over her bosom.

A sweet voice full of earnestness sounded in her ears: "Cecilia, Orontius; I am thy sister Miriam!"

Fulvius, in accents choked by passion, replied: "It is false; give me up my prey!"

A few words more were faintly spoken in a tongue unknown to Fabiola; when she felt her hair released, heard the dagger dashed to the ground, and Fulvius cry out bitterly, as he rushed out of the room: "O Christ! this is Thy Nemesis!"

Fabiola's strength was returning; but she felt the weight upon her increase. She struggled, and released herself. Another body was lying in her place, apparently dead and covered with blood.

It was the faithful Syra, who had thrown herself between her mistress's life and her brother's dagger.

CHAPTER XXXI. ("The tomb of Dionysius, physician and priest," lately found at the entrance to the crypt of St. Cornelius, in the cemetery of Callistus.)

The great thoughts, which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola, were suppressed, for a time, by the exigencies of the moment. Her first care was to staunch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants towards her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius's stay (the reader has not heard his real name), when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and thought he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

Fabiola by a gesture stopped the crowd at the door of her room, and desired only Euphrosyne and her Greek maid to stay. The latter signified that the blood which she had been removed, had attached herself most affectionately to Syra, as she still held call her, and had, with great docility, listened to her moral instructions. A slave was instantly despatched for the physician who had already been sent for by Syra in illness, Dionysius, who, as we have already observed, lived in the house.

In the meantime, Fabiola had been overjoyed at finding the blood cease to flow so rapidly, and still more at seeing her servant open her eyes upon her, though only for a moment. She would not have exchanged for any wealth the sweet smile which accompanied that look.

A few minutes the kind physician arrived. He carefully examined the wound, and pronounced favourably on it for the present. The blow, as aimed, would have gone straight to Fabiola's heart. But her loving servant, in spite of prohibition, had been hovering near her mistress during the whole day; never intruding, but anxious for an opportunity which might occur, to show her good feelings towards her, which the morning's scenes could not fail to have produced. While in a neighbouring room, she heard violent tones which were too familiar to her ears; and listened noiselessly round, and within the curtain which covered the door of Fabiola's own apartment. She stood concealed in the dark, and, the very spot where Agnes had, a few days before, consulted her.

She had not been there long, when the last struggle commenced. While the man was pushing her mistress backwards, she followed him close behind; and as he was lifting his arm, passed him, and threw her body over that of his victim. The blow the victim dealt, and the man, who had been so goodly, inflicted a deep wound, checked, however, by encountering the collar-bone. We need not say what it cost her to make this sacrifice. Not the dread of pain, nor the fear of death could for a moment have deterred her; it was the horror of imprinting on her brother's brow the mark of Cain, and the making him doubly a father, which deeply anguished her. She had not feared her life for her mistress. To have fought with the assassin, whose strength and agility she knew, would have been useless; to try to alarm the house before one fatal blow was struck was hopeless; and nothing remained but to accomplish her mission, by substituting herself for the intended victim, and, in doing so, to manifest to Fabiola their relationship and their real names.

In his blind fury he refused her credit; but the words, in their native tongue, which said, "Remember my scarf which you picked up here," brought back to his memory so terrible a domestic tale, that had the man opened a cavern in that moment before his feet, he would have leapt into it, to bury his remorse and shame.

Strange, too, it proved, that he should not have ever allowed Euprotus to get possession of that family relic, but should, ever since he regretted it, have kept it apart as a sacred treasure, and not have allowed it to be put in his breast. And now, in the act of drawing it out, he had plucked this out too, and both were found upon the floor.

Dionysius, immediately after dressing the wound, and administering proper restoratives, which brought back consciousness, desired the patient to be left perfectly quiet, to see as few persons as possible, so as to prevent excitement, and to go on with the treatment which he prescribed until midnight. "I will call," he added, "very early in the morning, when I must see my patient alone." He whispered a few words in her ear, which seemed to do her more good than all his medicines; for her countenance brightened into an angelic smile.

Fabiola then placed in her own bed, and, allowing her attendants the outward room, she retired to herself exclusively the privilege, as she

deemed it, of nursing the servant, to whom a few months before she could hardly feel grateful for having tended her in fever. She had informed the others how the wound had been inflicted, concealing the relationship between her assailant and her deliverer.

Although herself exhausted and feverish, she would not leave the bedside of the patient; and when midnight was past, and no more remedies had to be administered, she sank to rest upon a low couch close to the bed. And now what were her thoughts, when, in the dim light of a sick-room, she opened her eyes and beheld to them? They were simple and earnest. She saw at once the reality and truth of all that her servant had ever spoken to her. When she last conversed with her, the principles which she heard with delight, and which she had wholly beyond practice, beautiful theories, which could not be brought to action. When Miriam had described a sphere of virtue, wherein no man had described, she had not been expected, but only the approving eye of God, she had admired the idea, which powerfully seized her generous mind; but she had rebelled against its becoming the constraining rule of hourly conduct. Yet, if the stroke under which she cast herself had proved fatal, as it might easily have done, where would have been her reward? What, then, could she have done, not of an assassin, but of the minister of justice imposed over his head. What would you call the act, how would you characterise the virtue of that master, if out of pure love, and that he might reclaim that wretched man, he should rush beneath the axe's blood, ay, and his preceding ignominious stripes, and leave written in his will, that he made that slave heir to his title and his wealth, and desired him to be considered as his brother?"

"O Miriam, Miriam, you have drawn a picture too sublime to be believed of man. You have not depicted your own act, for I spoke of *human* virtue. To act as you have now described, would require that, if possible, of a God!"

Miriam pressed the folded hand to her bosom, fixed on Fabiola's wondering eyes a look of heavenly inspiration, as she sweetly and solemnly replied: "AND JESUS CHRIST, WHO DID ALL THIS FOR MAN, WAS TRULY GOD."

Fabiola covered her face with both her hands, and for a long time was silent. Miriam prayed earnestly in her own heart, which she had struck into my heart as deeply, as silently, and as irrevocably as a piece of gold dropped upon the surface of the still ocean, goes down into its depths,—are those words a mere part of the Christian system, or are they its essential principle?"

"From a simple allegory, dear lady, your powerful mind has, in one bound, reached the sublime heights of the mastery of our whole teaching; the alambic of your refined understanding has extracted, and condensed into one thought, the most vital and prominent doctrines of Christianity. You have distilled them into their very essence."

"That man, God's creature and Madman, rebelled against his Lord; that justice irresistible had doomed and pursued him; that this very Lord 'took the form of a servant, and in habit was found like a man;' (Phil. ii. 7) that in this form He suffered stripes, buffets, mockery, and shameful death, became the 'Crucified One,' as men here call Him, and thereby rescued man from his fate, and gave him part in His own riches and kingdom; all this is comprised in the words that I have spoken."

"And you had read the right conclusion. Only God could have performed so godlike an action, or have offered so sublime an expiation."

Fabiola was again wrapped up in silent thought, till she timidly asked,—

"And was it this, that you referred in Campania, when you spoke of God alone being a victim worthy of God?"

"Yes; but I further alluded to the continuation of that sacrifice, even in our own days, by a marvelous dispensation of an all-powerful love. But on this I must not now speak."

Fabiola resumed: "I every moment see, how all that you have ever spoken to me coheres and fits together, like the parts of one plant; all springing one from another. I thought it bore only the lovely flowers of an elegant theory; you have shown me in your conduct how these can ripen into sweet and solid fruit. In the doctrine which you have just explained, I seem to myself to find the noble stem from which all the others branch forth—even to that very fruit. For who would refuse to do for another, what is much less than God has done for him? But, Miriam, there is a deep and unseen root whence springs all this, possibly dark beyond contemplation, deep beyond reach, complex beyond man's power to unravel; yet, perhaps, simple to a confiding mind. If, in my present ignorance, I can venture to speak, it should be vast enough to embrace all nature, rich enough to fill creation with all that is good and perfect in it, strong enough to bear the growth of your noble tree, till its summit reach beyond the stars, and its branches to the ends of earth."

"I mean, your idea of that God, whom you made me fear, when you spoke to me as a philosopher of Him, and taught me to know as the ever-present watchman and judge; but whom I am sure you will make me love when, as a Christian you exhibit Him to me, as the root and origin of such heavenly tenderness and mercy."

"Without some deep mystery in His nature, as yet unknown to me, I cannot fully apprehend that wonderful doctrine of man's purchase."

"Fabiola," responded Miriam, "more learned teachers, than I should undertake the instruction of one so gifted and so acute. But will you believe me, if I attempt to give you some explanation?"

"Miriam," replied Fabiola, with strong emphasis, "SURELY WHO IS READY TO DIE FOR ANOTHER, WILL CERTAINLY NOT DECEIVE HIM."

To be continued.

EAST INDIA.—The Protestant Bishop's College at Calcutta, in the British East Indies, which was built at a cost of several millions of dollars, and of which the endowments for scholarships at 4 per cent. interest are yielding an annual revenue of \$20,000, is now in spite of all those inducements, a complete failure, only the president and one professor, with a dozen or so of students, are the inmates of the vast building, capable of giving comfortable shelter to more than one thousand persons. St. Mary's Catholic Institute at Bombay had during the sessions of 1877, 220 boarders and 180 day-scholars. The faculty consisted of nine Jesuit Fathers and three secular teachers; the necessary work in the institution was done by six Jesuit lay-brothers and twenty hired servants. The expenses for all amounted to about \$14,000, not including, however, the interest on the purchase and building capital of the house, and the yield of garden and orchard. These numbers give another striking illustration of the expense and of Protestant and Catholic missionary labor.

We love a thing in proportion to what it costs us. You may judge by that of our Lord's love for our soul, which has cost Him all His blood.

"After all, what have I done, but simple duty? You had a right to my life, for a much less cause than to save yours," answered Miriam.

"No doubt," responded Fabiola, "it appears so to you, who have been trained to the doctrine which overpowered me, that the most heroic acts ought to be considered by men as performances of ordinary duty."

"And thereby," rejoined Miriam, "they cease to be what you have called them."