

3. Woe for the ships that gave  
Their priceless freight to the traitorous tide,  
And dared, in their boasted strength, to glide  
Over the slumbering wave!

4. Woe for the storm-rent sails,  
For the riven masts and the parted ropes,  
And the human power that vainly copes  
With the strength of ocean gales!

5. Oh terrible unto me,  
In peaceful mask, or in warlike crest,  
With storm or zephyr to stir its breast,  
Is ever the watery sea!

6. But sing for the wave of gold—  
For the shining billows that whisper low  
To the summer breezes, that come and go,  
Of their magical wealth untold.

7. Sweet store of the sunlit lea!  
Ah, richest treasures of golden grain!  
Ah, priceless freight of the creaking wain,  
Of the land's proud argosy!

8. From heaven that smiles above,  
From the golden touch of the royal sun,  
The shining sea of the vale hath won  
The rarest gift of his love.

9. For he came in regal pride  
To bathe in the dewy and verdant sea,  
And lo! on the breast of the fragrant lea,  
A bright Pactolus<sup>1</sup>-tide!

10. Gone was the emerald hue,  
But over the wind-swept meadows rolled  
The wondrous billows of shining gold,  
With diamond crests of dew.

<sup>1</sup> Páctólus, a river in Lydia, Asia Minor, famous for its golden sands. Its modern name is Sarabat.

11. While ships to death go down,  
The golden waves of the plain are rife  
With glorious dower of wealth and life,  
Their glad explorer's crown.

12. This is the priceless boon  
Of the golden sea, that the sickle cleaves—  
The billowy heaps of the banded sheaves,  
Upreared in the summer's noon.

13. Then swell the harvest glee!  
Of gleaner's carol and reaper's strain,  
Be this the ringing and glad refrain:  
— "All hail to the golden sea!"

SKIDMORE.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, a writer of more than usual poetical ability, whose contributions to various Catholic periodicals, over the signature "Marie," were collected and published in one volume, entitled "Beside the Western Sea," in 1877.

## SECTION VII.

### I.

#### 27. PRISON SCENE FROM "CALLISTA."

TWO men make their appearance about two hours before sunset, and demand admittance to Callista. The jailer asks if they are not the two Greeks, her brother and the rhetorician,<sup>1</sup> who had visited her before. The junior of the strangers drops a purse heavy with coin into his lap, and passes on with his companion. When the mind is intent on great subjects or aims, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, lose their power of enfeebling it; thus, perhaps, we must account for the remarkable energy now displayed both by the two ecclesiastics and by Callista herself.

2. She, too, thought it was the unwelcome philosopher come again: she gave a start and a cry of delight when she saw it was Cæcilius. "My father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, if I may; He came to save the lost sheep. I have learnt

<sup>1</sup> Rhétorícian, one who teaches the art of rhetoric, or the principles and rules of correct and elegant writing or speaking.

such things from this book—let me give it to you while I can. I am not löng for this world. Give me Him who spoke so kindly to that woman. Take from me my load of sin, and then I will gladly go." She knelt at his feet, and gave the roll of parchment into his hand. "Rise and sit," he answered; "let us think cälmlly over the matter."

3. "I am ready," she insisted. "Deny me not my wish when time is so urgent,—if I may have it."—"Sit down cälmlly," he said again; "I am not refusing you, but I wish to know about you." He could hardly keep from tears of pain, or of joy, or of both, when he saw the great change which trial had wrought in her. What touched him most was the utter disappearance of that majesty of mien<sup>1</sup> which once was hers, a gift so beautiful, so unsuitable to fallen man. There was instead a frank humility, a simplicity without concealment, an unresisting meekness, which seemed as if it would enable her, if trampled on, to smile and to kiss the feet that insulted her. She had lost every vestige of what the world worships under the titles of proper pride and self-respect. Callista was now living, not in the thought of herself, but of Another.

4. "Göd has been very good to you," he continued; "but in the volume you have returned to me He bids us reckon the charges. Can you drink of His chalice? Recollect what is before you." She still continued kneeling, with a touching earnestness of face and demeanor, and with her hands crössed upon her breast. "I *have* reckoned," she replied; "heaven and hell: I prefer heaven."—"You are on earth," said Cæcilius, "not in heaven or hell. You must bear the pangs of earth before you drink the blessedness of heaven."—"He has given me the firm purpose," she said, "to gain heaven, to escape hell; and He will give me, too, the power."—"Ah, Callista!" he answered, in a voice broken with distress, "you know not what you will have to bear if you join yourself to Him."—"He has done great things for me already; I am wonderfully changed; I am not what I was. He will do möre still."

5. "Aläs, my child!" said Cæcilius; "that feeble frame, ah! how will it bear the ströng iron, or the keen flame, or the ruthless beast? My child, what do *I* feel, who am free, thus hand-

<sup>1</sup> Miën, external appearance; air; manner,

ing you over to be the spört of the evil one?"—"Father, I have chosen Him," she answered, "not hastily, but on deliberation. I believe Him most absolutely. Keep me not from Him; give Him to me, if I may ask it; give me my Love." Presently she added, "I have never forgotten those words of yours since you used them, '*Amor meus crucifixus est.*'"<sup>1</sup> She began again, "I will be a Christian: give me my place among them. Give me my place at the feet of Jesus, Son of Mary, my God. I wish to love Him. I think I can love Him. Make me His."

6. "He has loved you from eternity," said Cæcilius, "and thêrefore you are now beginning to love Him." She covered her eyes with her hands, and remained in profound meditation. "I am very sinful, very ignorant," she said at length; "but one thing I know, that there is but One to love in the world, and I wish to love Him. I surrender myself to Him, if He will take me, and He shall teach me about Himself."—"The angry multitude, their fierce voices, the brutal executioner, the prison, the torture, the slow, painful death." . . . He was speaking, not to her, but to himself. She was cälml, in spite of her fervor, but he could not contain himself. His heart melted within him; he felt like Abraham, lifting up his hand to slay his child.

7. "Time passes," she said; "what may happen? You may be discovered. But, perhaps," she added, suddenly changing her tone, "it is a matter of löng initiation. Woe is me!"—"We must gird ourselves to the work, Victor," he said to his deacon who was with him. Cæcilius fell back and sat down, and Victor came forward. He formally instructed her so far as the circumstances allowed. Nor for baptism önlly, but for confirmation and Holy Eucharist; for Cæcilius determined to give her all three säcraments at once. It was a sight for angels to look down upon, and they did, when the poor child, rich in this world's gifts, but poor in those of eternity, knelt down to receive that sacred stream upon her brow, which fell upon her with almost sensible sweetness, and suddenly produced a serenity different in kind from any thing she had ever before even had the power of conceiving.

<sup>1</sup> Amor meus crucifixus est, My love is crucified.

8. The bishop gave confirmation, and then the viaticum. It was her first and last communion; in a few days she renewed it, or rather completed it, under the very Face and Form of Him whom she now believed without seeing. "Farewell, my dearest of children," said Cæcilius, "till the hour when we both meet before the throne of God. A few sharp pangs, which you can count and measure, and all will be well. You will be carried through joyously, and like a conqueror. I know it. You could face the prospect before you were a Christian, and you will be equal to the actual trial now that you are."—"Never fear me, father," she said, in a clear, low voice. The bishop and his deacon left the prison.

DR. NEWMAN.

## II.

### 28. TAKING DOWN THE EDICT.

#### PART FIRST.

THE day being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvinus fully felt the importance of the commission intrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum the edict of extermination against the Christians, or rather the sentence of extirpation of their very name. News had been received from Nicomedia that a brave Christian soldier named George had torn down a similar imperial decree, and had manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvinus was determined that nothing of the sort should happen in Rome; for he feared too seriously the consequence of such an occurrence to himself; he therefore took every precaution in his power.

2. To prevent the possibility of any nocturnal attempt to destroy the precious document, Corvinus, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a night-guard to the Forum a company of the Pannonian cohort, a body composed of soldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North—Dacians, Pannonians, Sarmatians, and Germans—whose uncouth features, savage aspect, matted sandy hair, and bushy red moustaches made them appear absolutely ferocious to Roman eyes.

3. A number of these savages, ever rough and ready, were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum, with strict orders to pierce through, or hew down, any one who should attempt to pass without the watch-word or *symbolum*. This was every night distributed by the general in command, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all possibility of any Christian making use of it that night, if he should chance to discover it, the cunning Corvinus had one chosen which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was *Numen imperatorum*: the "Divinity of the emperors."

4. The last thing which he did was to make his rounds, giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions; and most minutely to the one whom he had placed close to the edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge bulk, and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvinus gave him the most rigid instructions to spare nobody, but to prevent any one's interference with the sacred edict. He repeated to him again and again the watch-word; and left him already half stupid with *sabaia*,<sup>1</sup> or beer, in the merest animal consciousness that it was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear or saber some one or other before morning.

5. While all this was going on, old Diōg'enēs and his hearty sons were in their poor house in Suburra, not far off, making preparations for their frugal meal. They were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch and the entrance of two young men, whom Diogenes at once recognized and welcomed. "Come in, my noble young masters; how good of you thus to honor my poor dwelling! I hardly dare offer you our plain fare; but if you will partake of it, you will indeed give us a Christian love feast."

6. "Thank you most kindly, father Diogenes," answered the elder of the two, Quadratus, Sebastian's sinewy<sup>2</sup> centurion; "Pancratius and I have come expressly to sup with you; but not as yet. We have some business in this part of the town, and after it, we shall be glad to eat something. In the meantime, one of your youths can go out and cater<sup>3</sup> for us. Come,

<sup>1</sup> *Sabaia*, an Illyrian drink, distilled from wheat or barley.

<sup>2</sup> *Sin'ew y*, strong; vigorous.

<sup>3</sup> *Cā'ter*, to provide food.

we must have something good ; and I want you to cheer yourself with a moderate cup of generous wine." Saying this, he gave his purse to one of the sons, with instructions to bring home some better provisions than he knew the simple family usually enjoyed. They sat down, and Pancratius, by way of saying something, addressed the old man : " Good Diogenes, I have heard Sebastian say that you remember seeing the glorious deacon Laurentius die for Christ. Tell me about him."

7. " With pleasure," answered the old man. " It is now nearly forty-five years since it happened, and as I was older than you are now, you may suppose I remember all quite distinctly. He was indeed a beautiful youth to look at ; so mild and sweet ; so fair and graceful ; and his speech was so gentle, so soft, especially when speaking to the poor. How they all loved him ! I followed him everywhere ; I stood by as the venerable Pontiff Sixtus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and so tenderly reproached him, just as a son might a father, for not allowing him to be his companion in the sacrifice of himself, as he had ministered to him in the sacrifice of the Lord's Body and Blood."

8. " Those were splendid times, Diogenes, were they not ?" interrupted the youth ; " how degenerate we are now ! what a different race ! Are we not, Quadratus ?" The rough soldier smiled at the generous sincerity of his complaint, and bade Diogenes go on. " I saw him, too, as he distributed the rich plate of the church to the poor. We have never had any thing so splendid since. There were golden lamps and candlesticks, censers, chalices, and patens, besides an immense quantity of silver, melted down and distributed to the blind, the lame, and the indigent."—" But tell me," asked Pancratius, " how did he endure his last dreadful torment ? It must have been frightful."

9. " I saw it all," answered the old man, " and it would have been intolerably frightful in another. He had been first placed on the rack, and variously tormented, and he had not uttered a groan ; when the judge ordered that horrid bed, a gridiron, to be prepared and heated. All this, I own, was the most harrowing spectacle I have ever beheld in all my life. But to look into his countenance was to forget all this. His head was raised up from the burning body, and stretched out, as if fixed

on the contemplation of some most celestial vision, like that of his fellow-deacon, Stephen. His face glowed indeed with the heat below, and the perspiration flowed down it ; but the light from the fire shining upwards, and passing through his golden locks, created a glory round his beautiful head and countenance which made him look as if already in heaven. And every feature, serene and sweet as ever, was so impressed with an eager, longing look accompanying the upward glancing of his eye, that you would willingly have changed places with him."

10. " That I would," again broke in Pancratius, " and as soon as God pleases ! I dare not think I could stand what he did ; for he was indeed a noble and heroic levite,<sup>1</sup> while I am only a weak, imperfect boy. But do you not think, dear Quadratus, that strength is given in that hour proportionate to our trials, whatever they may be ? You, I know, would stand anything, for you are a fine, stout soldier, accustomed to toil and wounds. But as for me, I have only a willing heart to give. Is that enough, think you ?"

11. " Quite, quite, my dear boy," exclaimed the centurion with emotion, and looking tenderly on the youth, who, with glistening eyes, having risen from his seat, had placed his hands upon the soldier's shoulders. " God will give you strength, as He has already given you courage. But we must not forget our night's work. Wrap yourself well up in your cloak, and bring your toga quite over your head ; so ! It is a wet and bitter night. Now, good Diogenes, put more wood on the fire, and let us find supper ready on our return. We shall not be long absent ; and just leave the door ajar."—" Yes, yes, my sons," said the old man, " and God speed you ! Whatever you are about, I am sure it is something praiseworthy."

12. Quadratus sturdily drew his chlamys, or military cloak, around him, and the two youths plunged into the dark lanes of Suburra, and took the direction of the Forum. While they were absent, the door was opened with the well-known salutation of " Thanks to God," and Sebastian entered, and inquired anxiously if Diogenes had seen anything of the two young men ; for he had got a hint of what they were going to do. He was told they were expected in a few minutes.

<sup>1</sup> *Lé'vite*, one preparing for the priesthood.

13. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when hasty steps were heard approaching; the door was pushed open, and was as quickly shut, and then fast barred behind Quadratus and Pancratius. "Here it is," said the latter, producing, with a hearty laugh, a bundle of crumpled parchment. "What?" asked all eagerly. "Why, the grand decree, of course," answered Pancratius, with boyish glee; "look here: 'Our lords Dioclesian and Maximian, the unconquered elder Augusti, fathers of the emperors and Cæsars,' and so forth. Here it goes!" And he thrust it into the blazing fire, while the stalwart sons of Diogenes threw a faggot over it to keep it down and drown its crackling. There it fizzled, and writhed, and cracked, and shrunk, first one word or letter coming up, then another, first an emperor's praise, and then an anti-Christian blasphemy, till all had subsided into a black ashy mass.

## III.

## 29. TAKING DOWN THE EDICT.

## PART SECOND.

AT the first dawn of morning Corvinus was up; and, notwithstanding the gloominess of the day, proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury, when he saw the blank board, with only a few shreds of parchment left round the nails, and beside it, standing in unconscious stolidity, his Dacian sentinel.

2. He would have darted at his throat like a tiger, if he had not seen in the barbarian's twinkling eye a sort of hyæna squint, which told him he would better not. But he broke out at once into a passionate exclamation: "Sirrah! how has the edict disappeared? Tell me directly."—"Softly, softly, Herr Kornweiner," answered the imperturbable Northern. "There it is, as you left it in my charge."—"Where, you fool? Come and look at it." The Dacian went to his side, and for the first time confronted the board; and after looking at it for some moments, exclaimed: "Well, is not that the board you hung

up last night?"—"Yes, you blockhead, but there was writing on it, which is gone. That is what you had to guard."

3. "Why, look you, captain, as to writing, you see I know nothing, having never been a scholar; but as it was raining all night, it may have been washed out."—"And as it was blowing, I suppose the parchment on which it was written was blown off?"—"No doubt, Herr Kornweiner, you are quite right."—"Come, sir, this is no joking matter. Tell me at once who came here last night."—"Why, two of them came."—"Two of what?"—"Two wizards, or goblins, or worse."—"None of that nonsense for me." The Dacian's eye flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me, Arminius, what sort of people they were, and what they did."—"Why, one of them was but a stripling boy, tall and thin, and went round the pillar, and I suppose must have taken away what you miss, while I was busy with the other."—"And what of him? What was he like?"

4. The soldier opened his mouth and eyes, and stared at Corvinus for some moments; then said, with a sort of stupid solemnity, "What was he like? Why, if he was not Thor<sup>1</sup> himself, he wasn't far from it. I never felt such strength."—"What did he do to show it?"—"He came up first, and began to chat quite friendly; asked me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last, I remembered that I had to run through any one that came near me—"

5. "Exactly," interrupted Corvinus, "and why did you not do it?"—"Only because he would not let me. I told him to be off, or I should spear him, and drew back and stretched out my javelin, when, in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it quickly over his knee, as if it had been a mountebank's wooden sword, and dashed the iron-headed piece fast into the ground, where you see it, more than fifty yards off."

6. "Then why did you not rush on him with your sword, and dispatch him at once? But where is your sword? Is it not in your scabbard?" The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the roof of a neighboring basilica, and said: "There, don't you see it shining on the tiles in the morning light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like

<sup>1</sup> Thor, a god of the Scandinavian mythology, distinguished for strength.

such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes. "How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked. The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly, and then he was answered: "He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand and up where you see it, as easily as I could cast a quoit a dozen yards."—"And then?"—"And then he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

7. "What a strange story!" muttered Corvinus to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"—"First, Master Kornweiner, because in my country we will fight any living men, but we do not choose to pursue hobgoblins. And secondly, what was the use? I saw the board you gave in my care all safe and sound."

8. "Stupid barbarian!" growled Corvinus, but well within his teeth; then added: "This business will go hard with you; you know it is a capital offence."—"What is?"—"Why, to let a man come up and speak to you without giving the watch-word."—"Gently, captain, who says he did not give it? I never said so."—"But did he though? Then it could be no Christian."—"Oh! yes, he came up and said promptly and quite plainly, '*Nomen imperatorum.*'"<sup>1</sup>

9. "What?" roared out Corvinus.—"*Nomen imperatorum.*"—" *Numen imperatorum* was the watch-word," shrieked the enraged Roman.—"*Nomen* or *numen*, it's all the same, I suppose. A letter can't make any difference. You call me Arminius, and I call myself Hermann, and they mean the same. How should I know your nice points of language?" Corvinus was enraged at himself; for he saw how much better he would have gained his ends by putting a sharp, intelligent prætorian on duty, instead of a sottish, savage foreigner. "Well," he said, in the worst of humors, "you will have to answer to the emperor for all this; and you know he is not accustomed to pass over offences."

<sup>1</sup> Nō'men im'pēr a tō'rum, the name of the emperor.

10. "Look you now, Herr Krummbeiner," returned the soldier, with a look of sly stolidity, "as to that, we are pretty well in the same boat." (Corvinus turned pale, for he knew this was true.) "And you must contrive something to save me, if you want to save yourself. It was you the emperor made responsible for the—what d'ye call it?—that board."—"You are right, my friend. I must make it out that a strong body attacked you and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty of beer, till the thing blows over." The soldier went off and concealed himself. A few days after, the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered, was washed on the banks of the Tiber.

WISEMAN.

NICHOLAS, CARDINAL WISEMAN, was born in Seville, Spain, Aug. 2, 1802, and died in London, Feb. 15, 1865. He received his early education in England, but entered the English college at Rome in 1818. In 1825 he was ordained in that city, and in 1835 returned to England, where he gained celebrity as a preacher and lecturer. In 1840 he was made a bishop, *i. p. i.*, and in September, 1850, when the English hierarchy was restored, he was made Archbishop of Westminster, and on the next day a Cardinal. His works are voluminous, treat on many subjects of general and ecclesiastical interest, and display vast learning and great literary skill, as well as a clear and profound intellect.

#### IV.

#### 30. "POST HOC EXILIUM."<sup>1</sup>

AFTER this exile: not while groping here  
 In this low valley full of mists and chills,  
 Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear  
 Over the brow of the Eternal Hills—  
 Mother, sweet Dawn of that unsetting Sun,  
 Show us thy Jesus when the night is done!

2. After this exile: when our toils are o'er,  
 And we poor laborers homeward turn our feet;  
 When we shall ache and work and weep no more,  
 But know the rest the weary find so sweet—  
 Mother of pity, merciful and blest,  
 Show us thy Jesus in the "Land of Rest."

<sup>1</sup> Pōst hōc ex il'i um, after this exile.