

coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved to bear his testimony next morning.

Several times he faltered, as he thought how his old friends would call him "Saint" and "Squaretoes," and a dozen hard names. However, he turned on his side, and went to sleep, resolved to follow the impulse that had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring; and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say; he was listening to every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as if it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example; and he went down to school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own cowardly spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

From "Tom Brown's School Days."

Thomas Hughes.

shied, threw sidewise with a jerk.
 loathed, hated. brag'gart, boaster.
 exag'gerated, over-estimated.
 presently, after a little while.
 leaped (lēpt). faltered, hesitated.
 squaretoes, a word applied in England to persons who assume to act better than their companions.
 glimmering, showing a faint light.
 im'pulse, a mental force urging to action.
 publican, a collector of taxes in the old Roman Empire.

In the character of Tom Brown, name qualities that you admire. Name some in Arthur's. What do you think of the "bully" of the school? Did he deserve what he got?

If Tom had not acted towards the bully as he did, how long, do you suppose, would little Arthur have continued to say his Night Prayers? Was Arthur's piety safe in such a school?

What made Arthur timid and nervous?

Of all Tom's acts, which one required the greatest courage?

Should the fear of what people may do or say or

TOM BROWN AND ARTHUR

think, hinder persons from doing their duty, especially their duty to God?

Was Tom's act, when he sent his boot flying "straight at the head of the 'bully,'" an act of anger, one of the seven capital sins? Was it a sin? Did good or evil come of it? Is it ever lawful to do an evil act for the sake of some good that may come of it?

Make a copy of the letter that Tom wrote to his mother the next morning. Put yourself in Tom's place.

Imagine an incident that occurred in the school a week later. The bully said a mean thing to little Arthur, for which he was severely punished at the hands of Tom, who was cheered by the other boys. Write an account of this supposed incident.

Tell what is meant by each of the following expressions:

Attention of the room—dawn of comfort—through thick and thin—the novelty of his position.

Pronounce separately the two similar consonant sounds coming together in the following:

difficult tasks—fresh showers—a good dinner—Francis supposes—the roof fell in—forgotten numbers—this seems certain—Jack caught two birds.

Memory Gem:

Every one, therefore, that shall confess Me before men, I will also confess him before my Father Who is in heaven. But he that shall deny Me before men, I will also deny him before my Father Who is in heaven.

Our Lord in the Gospel of St. Matthew.

LET IT PASS!

erred re sent' vul' gar cor rodes'

Be not swift to take offense;

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass! Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve;

'Tis the noble who forgive;

Let it pass! Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;

Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred;

Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away,

Like the dewdrops on the spray,

Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let it pass! Let it pass!

LET IT PASS!

If for good you've taken ill,
 Let it pass!
 Oh, be kind and gentle still;
 Let it pass!
 Time at last makes all things straight;
 Let us not resent, but wait,
 And our triumph shall be great;
 Let it pass! Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
 Let it pass!
 Lay those homely words to heart,
 "Let it pass!"
 Follow not the giddy throng;
 Better to be wronged than wrong;
 Therefore sing the cheery song,—
 Let it pass! Let it pass!

Explain what is meant by the following expressions:
 Anger is a foe to sense; Brood not darkly o'er a
 wrong; Strife corrodes the purest mind; vulgar souls;
 Echo not an angry word; homely words; Better to be
 wronged than wrong.

Memory Gems:

To act in anger is to act without reason.

Let every man be swift to hear, but slow to speak,
 and slow to anger.

Epistle of St. James.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ACTRESS

pyx	reg' is try	Vi at' i cum
grit	bur lesque'	a pos' to late
tra peze'	vaude' ville	rec om mend' ing
ghast' ly	cem' e ter y	re stor' a tives
ep' i sode	Ve ron' i ca	Mas sa chu' setts

"Talking about Apostolates," said a Massachusetts priest to me some time ago, "let me tell you of an experience of mine. I was called out one night at ten o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busy about her, and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, kind blue eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room:

"'It's the priest.'

"Every one made way and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile.

"'Are you a priest?' she asked.

"'Yes, my child,' I answered.

"'Am I very badly hurt? I am in great

pain, but maybe I'll get better.' Then she suddenly fainted.

"The maid I spoke of gave her restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter.

"Why, Burtie was performing her great trapeze act to-day and missed her count, Father; she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He gave her only twelve hours to live, perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up, Father,' said the young woman with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company,' said another young woman.

"Is she an actress?"

"Oh, yes, Father. We have refined vaudeville. But we are a very select organization,' said the woman with emphasis. 'Burtie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight. Poor Burtie!'

"Just then Burtie's eyes opened.

"The priest,' she said faintly.

"I made a sign to them. 'You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes.'

"Yes, Father,' they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl.

"Father, I want to make a general confession,' said she, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her.

I said a few words and gave her as penance one 'Hail Mary.' She began to say it aloud slowly. 'My child,' I said, 'make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution.'

"Oh, no! Father,' she said, 'you must first give me the sacrament of Baptism.'

"Baptism!' I said amazed. 'Surely you are baptized!'

"No, Father, I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school, but our life has been so roving that I could do only *that* much. I never had much chance, you see. I was wild and self-willed, and when grandma died I left school, and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the Convent, although I did not think about it for a long time.'

"Where did you go to school, my child?"

"To boarding school—to St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania.'

"I knew the Convent well. I paused, amazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident.

“ ‘Won’t you baptize me, Father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough, I know, but I want absolution.’

“ She folded her hands and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death.

“ ‘Indeed I will, child,’ and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

“ ‘Thank God!’ she whispered and closed her eyes.

“ It seemed to me after a few moments’ pause that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more lifelike color. I waited.

“ ‘Father,’ she said, ‘I’m suffering terribly, and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.’

“ I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized! How did I know whether she was sufficiently instructed. She read my thoughts.

“ ‘You don’t think I am instructed, Father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is our Lord Himself, His true Body and Blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her Judge! Father, I re-

member it all. I used to listen to Sister Veronica telling the class. Her instructions could never be forgotten! Father, won’t you give me the last sacraments?’

“ Here was an Apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whoever she was, had saved this soul! ‘Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring Our Lord to you.’ And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid who was nearest me I said, ‘I am going to the Church for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back inside of fifteen minutes,’ and I hurried out.

“ In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Burtie’s bedside. She was breathing quietly and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered my instructions to the maid. A little table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I laid the pyx upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl’s eyes were fixed upon it and I heard her say, ‘My Lord and my God!’ I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her First and Last Communion. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil, and when I read the final prayers and gave her the Last Absolution a little sigh of content broke from her lips.

“ ‘Thank God,’ she said again, but it was in a whisper.

“There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent.

“The doctor came, made a short examination. ‘Any hope?’ I whispered.

“‘She may last an hour,’ and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still, fingering her rosary. She opened her soft, dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly:

“‘Father—write to St. X.—won’t you—? Tell Sister Veronica—I died—a good Catholic; that I made my—First Communion—on my death-bed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of First Communion! I know now. She used to say “My Lord and my God.” It was engraved on her silver ring—yes. “My Lord and my God!”’ I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep and then awoke with wide, distressed eyes. I began the prayers for the dying, and gave her the Plenary Indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvelous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow of death,

sobbed out, ‘Oh! how beautiful she is!’ I made the sign of the Cross over the lifeless remains and left.

“When I got home I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence, and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to ‘Sister Veronica, St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania,’ and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Burtie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode. I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and felt I had been rather negligent in an important matter, but at the end of the week a letter came from the Superior of the Academy. It read as follows:

“‘DEAR REV. FATHER,

“‘Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remember poor Burtie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl, and everybody liked her. Knowing she was never baptized, and would have few opportunities for instruction after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Burtie would try to fix her attention, as she

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was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her Heavenly Home, young in years, but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late Gen. Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, S. J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers after many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers, I remain with respect,

“ ‘Yours in Christ,
 “ ‘SISTER STANISLAUS,
 “ ‘Superior.’

“ I folded the letter and thought, ‘What a history, and how many more are unwritten!’ Then I said aloud, ‘Oh! ye good Sisters, who give out the milk and honey of the Faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an Apostolate in your cloisters?’ ”

From “The Missionary.” *Rev. Richard W. Alexander.*

apostolate, the mission of an apostle. Apostle, one sent forth; a messenger. The Twelve Apostles were

THE CONVERSION OF AN ACTRESS

messengers whose *mission* it was to teach to the world the doctrines taught to them by Jesus Himself.

The title of *apostle* is also applied to others. St. Paul was the *apostle* of the Gentiles; St. Patrick, of Ireland; St. Francis Xavier, of the Indies; Father Matthew, of temperance; and so on.

Write a composition of three paragraphs. In the first say all you can about “Sister Veronica of St. X. Academy.” For facts in addition to those named in the story “read between the lines.” In the second paragraph show that every Catholic teacher, especially every Priest, Brother, Sister, is an *apostle*. And in the third, tell in what ways all Catholic girls and boys may be *apostles*.

Memory Gems:

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Felicia D. Hemans.

The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her footsteps, not before them!

John Ruskin.

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man’s illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There’s nothing true but Heaven!

Moore.

FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION

Yes, I remember well the time, the place,
Of First Communion—date of rarest grace,
Sweetest of childhood's happy days! for then,
As when He walked amongst the sons of men,
Christ in His arms raised up His little child,
With soothing gesture fatherly and mild,
And pressed him to His bosom. With the same
Unutterable tenderness He came
Into our hearts full often since that day.

How many more such visits shall He pay
Before He comes to summon us away?
How many such between us and the shore
Of that dark ocean He will waft us o'er
As our Viaticum? Ah, none can tell
Save only One Who keeps the secret well.

To Him I leave the manner, time and place
Of that dread change, so He but give the grace
Of Last Communion. When, and how, and
where,

I know not, care not; but for this I care—
Dying, may I my Last Communion make
In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake,
And may that loving Lord my parting spirit
take.

Father Matthew Russell, S. J.

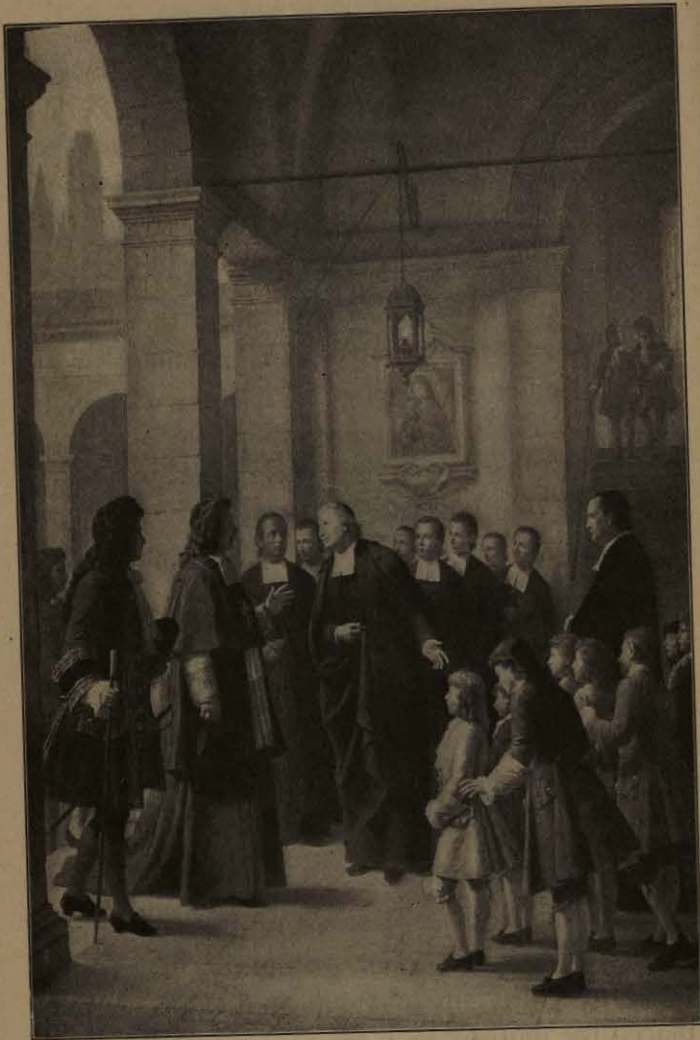
SAINT DE LA SALLE AND THE IRISH BOYS

di' vers	sov' er eign	so lic' i tude
def' er ence	com' pe tent	de vel' op ment
the ol' o gy	dis as' trous	hos pi tal' i ty
chiv' al ry	re li' gious	re spon si bil' i ty
de throned'	main' te nance	con grat' u la ted

In the year 1690, after the disastrous battle of the Boyne, King James II, driven out of England by William of Orange, took refuge in France, where Louis XIV extended to him a most generous hospitality, lodging him in the castle of Saint Germain, where the dethroned king kept up his court. The princely manner in which Louis treated the royal exile is one of the greatest glories of his long and magnificent reign.

Among those who followed their monarch into exile were several Irish noblemen, who sought in Catholic France, for themselves and their children, that freedom of religious worship denied them in the land of their birth, and who preferred to cling to the fallen fortunes of their rightful sovereign rather than sacrifice their faith for the favor of the new ruler.

The children of these voluntary exiles were to be provided for and educated. King Louis placed the daughters in the convent of the Nuns of St. Thomas. The sons, whom he destined for high positions in the State and in the Army, required the most careful training in the habits,



manners, customs and language of their new country. But who, he asked himself, is competent to accomplish this important task in a man-

ner worthy of France and of royalty? These youths must be placed in the hands of none but the best educators in the land. He consulted the Archbishop of Paris, who advised that he knew no one more capable of assuming the responsibility of their education than Saint De La Salle.

The holy Founder of the Christian schools, who never refused a good work presented to his zeal, at once opened a boarding school for these exiled children of Erin. Fifty Irish boys were confided to him, and became the object of his entire solicitude. He took particular care of their maintenance and education, and selected Brothers to give them all the instruction suited to their age and to the positions they were afterwards to occupy. He himself superintended the work, and though he was the son of a nobleman, a graduate of a great University, a distinguished priest of the Church, a former canon of one of the most renowned cathedrals of France, and a learned doctor in Theology, he often taught the catechism to these little ones of the flock of Christ, just as every Christian Brother does today the world over. He placed in the open, ready hands of these noble sons of the Emerald Isle the Standard of Jesus, and filled their willing, generous hearts with the chivalry of the Cross.

SAINT DE LA SALLE AND THE IRISH BOYS

Is there any wonder that under such zealous and intelligent care these students made the most satisfactory progress in all their studies, or that King James, whose cause the exiles made their own, was delighted with the excellent accounts that reached him? The King's first intention was, no doubt, not to see these boys till their studies were completed. A sense of deference towards his royal host would suggest as much; it would be a compliment to his judgment to take it for granted that they were both suitably placed and properly provided for. But his curiosity was aroused by all he had heard. He must visit them in their classes, see for himself those admirable educators, and learn the secrets of their success.

So, one day, in company with the Archbishop, he paid a visit to the Brothers' boarding school. History has recorded the results of that visit. James was delighted with the refined and orderly appearance of the young boarders, with their polished manners, and with the wonderful development of the noble qualities with which heaven had endowed them. His heart overflowed with joy on seeing those dear young men so well cared for; he expressed his complete satisfaction with all he beheld, and congratulated De La Salle upon his remarkable success.

These Irish boys were in a short time fitted

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to occupy the divers posts to which they were called; and the history of France bears witness to the fact that all through life they were as faithful to their Church and to Ireland as they were loyal to the noble country which gave them a shelter and a home.

The Battle of the Boyne, fought on the banks of the river Boyne, near Drogheda, Ireland, between English and Dutch troops under William III, and the Irish, aided by an army from France, under James II.

St. Germain, a town of France, ten miles from Paris, where James II, the exiled King, died in 1701.

superintend'ed, took constant charge and direction of. The prefix *super* = *above, over*. Use the following words in sentences: superfine, supervise, superadd, superhuman, supernatural, superabundant, superintendent, supereminent.

Practice on the pronunciation of such words as the following until you can give easily and naturally the correct sound of the letter *u*: suited, students, nature, education, solicitude, congratulate.

Memory Gems:

Virtue and a Trade are a child's best portion.

Genius without education is like silver in the mine.

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

From "Poor Richard's Proverbs."

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom,
were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve

When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,

Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace!

Thomas Moore.

THE MARTYRDOM OF PANCRATIUS

leop' ards	ca reer' ing	dis con cert' ed
gam' boled	bel' low ing	ap par' ent ly
sev' ered	vi bra' ted	in sep' a ra bly
be queathed'	crouch' ing	in tre pid' i ty
am' u let	sus pense'	ex e cu' tion ers
priv' i lege	glad' i a tors	am phi the' a ter

But we must content ourselves with follow-
ing the last steps of our youthful hero, Pan-
cratius. As he was passing through the cor-
ridor that led to the amphitheater, he saw
Sebastian standing on one side, with a lady
closely enwrap in her mantle, and veiled.
He at once recognized her, stopped before
her, knelt, and taking her hand, affectionately
kissed it. "Bless me, dear mother," he said,
"in this your promised hour."

"Look up to Heaven, my child, where Christ
with His saints expecteth thee. Fight the good
fight, for thy soul's sake, and show thyself
faithful and steadfast in thy Savior's love.
Remember him, too, whose precious relic thou
bearest round thy neck."

"Its price shall be doubled in thine eyes, my
sweet mother, ere many hours are over."

"On, on, and let us have none of this fool-
ing," exclaimed the master of the gladiators.

Lucina retreated; while Sebastian pressed the
hand of her son, and whispered in his ear,
"Courage, dearest boy; may God bless you! I

THE MARTYRDOM OF PANCRATIUS

shall be close behind the emperor; give me a last look there, and—your blessing.”

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 his yet delicate frame



THE LAST PRAYER *J. L. Gerome.*

contrasted with the swarthy and brawny limbs of the executioners who surrounded him.

Had you been there, you would have seen a tender youth, who had not yet entered his fifteenth 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

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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 their jaws seemed seized and closed by some mysterious power, and they drew altogether back.

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 enraged 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 on him, turned round, and ran away towards the entrance, where, meeting his keeper, he tossed him high into the air. All were disconcerted except the brave youth, who had resumed his attitude of prayer; when one of the crowd shouted out, “He has a charm round his neck; he is a sorcerer!” The whole multitude reëchoed the cry, till the emperor, having commanded silence,

called out to him, "Take that amulet from thy neck, and cast it from thee."

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphitheater, "it is no charm that I wear, but a memorial of my father, who in this very place made gloriously the same confession which I now humbly make; I am a Christian; and for love of Jesus Christ, God and man, I gladly 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 my father his crown; perhaps it will 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 intrepidity of his speech, and his generous self-devotion to his cause, had wrought upon that cowardly herd. Pancratius felt it, and his heart quailed before their mercy more than before their rage; he had promised himself heaven that day; 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 heart— "To-day; oh yes, to-day, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy com-

ing. Tarry not longer; show now Thy mercy to me who in Thee believe!"

"The panther!" shouted out a voice. "The panther!" responded twenty. "The panther!" thundered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus like the roaring of an avalanche. A cage started up, as if by magic, from the midst of the sand, and as it rose, its side fell down, and freed the captive of the desert. With one graceful bound the elegant savage gained its liberty; and, though enraged by darkness, confinement, and hunger, it seemed almost playful, as it leaped and turned about, frisked and gamboled noiselessly on the sand. At last it caught sight of its prey. All its feline cunning and cruelty seemed to return, and to conspire together in animating the cautious and treacherous movements of its velvet-clothed frame. The whole amphitheater was as silent as if it had been a hermit's cell, while every eye was intent, watching the stealthy approaches of the sleek brute to its victim. Pancratius was still standing in the same place, facing the emperor, apparently so absorbed in higher thoughts, as not to heed the movements of his enemy. The panther had stolen round him, as if disdainingly to attack him except in front. Crouching upon its breast, slowly advancing one paw before another, it had gained its measured distance, and there it

THE MARTYRDOM OF PANCRATIUS

lay for some moments of breathless suspense. A deep, snarling growl, an elastic spring through the air, and it was seen gathered up like a leech, with its hind feet on the chest, and its fangs and fore claws on the throat of the martyr.

Pancratius stood erect for a moment, brought his right hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian with a smile, directed to him the last salutation of his lips—and fell. The arteries of the neck had been severed, and the slumber of martyrdom at once settled on his eyelids. His blood softened, brightened, enriched, and blended inseparably with that of his father, which Lucina had hung about his neck. The mother's sacrifice had been accepted.

From "Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs."

Cardinal Wiseman.

feline (fē' line), catlike; stealthy.

fangs, the long pointed teeth by which the prey is seized and held or torn.

arteries, the tubes which carry the blood from the heart.

avalanche (āv' a lānch), a large mass of snow and ice sliding swiftly down a mountain side.

amphitheater, the Colise'um, an oval or circular building in Rome, with rising tiers of seats surrounding an open space called the arena. It was the largest in the world, and could contain 150,000 people.

arena (â rē' nā), the central part of the amphitheater;— so called because it was covered with sand.

EVERY-DAY BOTANY

mul'lein	an'alyze	spec'i mens	sen' si tive
bot' any	man' i fold	re hears' ing	hol' ly-hocks

Who doubts there are classes
Of men, like the grasses
And flowers, subdivided in many a way?
You've seen them, I've seen them,
We've jostled between them,
These manifold specimens—day after day.
You've met nettles that sting you,
And roses that fling you
Their exquisite incense from warm, hidden
hearts,
And bright morning-glories
That tell their own stories,
With round honest faces rehearsing their parts.
Sometimes an old thistle
Will bluster and bristle,
When chance or necessity leads you his way;
But do not upbraid him—
He's just as God made him;
Perchance some small good he has done in his
day.
The poppies think sleeping
Far better than weeping,
And never let worry usurp a good nod;
They'll laugh and grow fatter
O'er any grave matter,
When sensitive plants would sink under the sod.