

The great teacher at the famous school of Alexandria, Clement, writes thus towards the end of the second century, and writes, be it noted, on the strength of what he had learnt from tradition: 'After Peter had announced the Word of God in Rome and preached the Gospel in the spirit of God, the multitude of hearers requested Mark, who had long accompanied Peter in all his journeys, to write down what the Apostles had preached to them' (In Eusebius, Hist., IV., xiv.).

Tertullian, about the same time, says: 'If thou art near Italy, thou hast Rome where authority is ever within reach. How fortunate is this Church for which the Apostles have poured out their whole teaching with their blood, where Peter has emulated the Passion of the Lord, where Paul was crowned with the death of John (the Baptist) (*On Prescription*, xxxv.). Again, 'The budding faith Nero first made bloody in Rome, since he was bound to the cross' (*Scorpice*, xv.).

At the beginning of the third century, the Roman priest Cajus, could appeal confidently in a dispute with heretics to the tombs of the two apostles: 'But I can show the trophies of the Apostles. If you care to go to the Vatican [where St. Peter was executed] or to the road to Ostia [where St. Paul suffered], thou shalt find the trophies of those who have founded this Church' (In Eusebius, Hist., II., xxviii.). Eusebius himself refers to 'the inscription of the names of Peter and Paul, which have been preserved to the present day on the burial-places' at Rome.

This documentary evidence is amply confirmed by that of numerous monuments in Rome, the most important of them certainly authentic, which preserve to our own day the memory of St. Peter's coming to the Eternal City. Lanciani, an archaeologist of the first rank and a non-Catholic, sums up the position in his book, *Pagan and Christian Rome*: 'For the archaeologist the presence and execution of SS. Peter and Paul in Rome are facts established beyond a shadow of doubt by purely (monumental evidence).' 'Must we consider them all (that is, those who erected these various monuments) as laboring under a delusion or as conspiring in the commission of a gigantic fraud.' 'There is no event of the imperial age and of imperial Rome, which is attested by so many noble structures, all of which point to the same conclusion, the presence and execution of the apostles in the capital of the Empire' (pp. 123, 125).

## The Storyteller

### THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

The ordeal was over. Miss Celia O'Rourke had given her answer, and Mr. Jeremiah Costigan was supremely happy. Although his habitation was situated at least two miles from that of his lady fair, he did not ride home that night. He might have done so could he have found a car six blocks long and three hundred feet high, but one of lesser dimensions would have been intolerably cramping.

He was closer to pure insanity that night than ever before or since. He wanted to rush through the streets shouting his triumph to the listening heavens. When a passing policeman wished him good evening he had all he could do to refrain from thumping the officer's broad back and yelling the news in his ear. The fire-escape on an apartment building suggested the brilliant possibility of scaling the wall and thrusting in his head at each window to announce his formal engagement.

Not feeling entirely certain as to the advisability of these schemes, Mr. Costigan merely marched along like a conqueror, whistling fortissimo 'The Dawning of the Day.'

When he reached his room he made no attempt to sleep, but sat, half undressed, staring out of the window at the moon, now high in the sky.

In her chamber, across the city, I think Miss Celia O'Rourke was asking the Mother of God to bless her lover.

When the news transpired, as it did almost immediately, for Jerry, of course, had to communicate it under pledge of absolute secrecy to his chum, Billy Peters, and Billy, equally, of course, at once informed a fairly large circle of friends, many amusing comments were made. The ladies were inclined to give Miss O'Rourke credit for skilful angling, as it was suspected that other lines had been baited for Mr. Costigan's allurements. Many of them 'couldn't see what he saw in her. Celia was a dear, but, after all, there was not much to her.' The men as a rule were most congratulatory toward Jerry, only Billy Peters holding the opinion that 'there wasn't much to' Miss O'Rourke. However, Billy was practically a misogynist, and even he refrained from confiding his views to his friend. Only when Celia left to spend the summer in Europe did Billy directly indicate his thoughts on the subject of the betrothal.

'She doesn't care as she should,' he announced, 'or she wouldn't be chasing off this way with a lot of rotten rich friends,' and Jerry's fiery defence of his lady—that the trip was the opportunity of a lifetime; that they were to be married in the fall, and that Billy could go to thunder in any event—failed to impress the sceptic.

'She'll see some foreigner she likes better,' he muttered prophetically, and turned to the file case through which he was searching.

Jerry, still grinning foolishly, took up his hat preparatory to departing for another part of the great factory wherein he and his chum labored. He reached the door, and as he swung it open there smote on his ears a shattering, rending roar that made the huge building tremble. He ran out, half stunned, and saw what had befallen.

The factory buildings formed a vast rectangle, and every doorway was swarming with men and women seeking the open air. Two hundred yards away one end of the dye house, where the highly combustible dyes were stored, had been smashed in as if by the hand of a Titan. Smoke and flame were bursting out of the heap that had been roof and walls a moment before. Forty or fifty people were running from it with the fear of death upon them.

Jerry rushed to meet them. He was in charge of that department. These people were in his care. His presence helped to restore order, and before the chief officers of the factory had reached the spot he had learned the horrifying news that a portion of the dye had exploded and that two women and a man were imprisoned in the doomed building. They might be dead or not; no one knew.

'We'll have to be quick,' said Jerry, quite calmly, and as if a rescue were a matter of course.

'For God's sake, Mr. Costigan, don't try it!' cried one of the men. 'The rest of the stuff might go any minute.'

'That's all the more reason for hurry,' answered Jerry. 'Come on, fellows.'

A handful of men followed him out of the ruck to the very door of the dye-house, and then hung back. The fire was making savage headway; it seemed certain death to go in. But it never occurred to Jerry not to go.

Only Jerry himself knows what happened when the smoke hid him from view, what passed in that groping search that was a race with death. But every employee of the factory knows and can tell how Jerry dragged two unconscious but living forms to safety; how he broke away from the men who sought to hold him and went in for a third time; how the second explosion came; how, as if by some miracle, he came stumbling out of the ruins with a woman in his arms, and how, when they laid him down on the grass, they saw that the blast had spared his life indeed, but had torn the light of day forever from his eyes.

When the first wild rush of agony and horror had passed, Jerry's thoughts turned instantly to Celia, across the sea in distant Rome: to Celia, betrothed not to a stalwart, vigorous man, but to a maimed and blinded wreck. And when he began to realise that, the physical pain seemed slight beside the torment of the spiritual struggle he faced. For he resolved that

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