

FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Calacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

CHAPTER XIX

THE FALL

Continued from last week.)

We will not describe the banquet further than to say, that wines of rare excellence flowed so plentifully, that almost all the guests got, more or less, heated and excited. Fulvius, however, for one, kept himself cool.

The news from the East came into discussion. The destruction of the church at Nicomedia had been followed by incendiary fires in the imperial palace. Little doubt could exist that the Emperor Galerius was their author; but he charged them on the Christians and thus galled on the reluctant mind of Dioclesian to become their heretic persecutor. Every one began to see that, before many months were over, the imperial edict to commence the work of destruction would reach Rome, and find in Maximian a ready executor.

The guests were generally inclined to go to the stricken deer, for generosity in favour of those whom popular clamour hunts down, requires an amount of courage too heroic to be common. Even the most liberal found reasons for Christians being excepted from all kind consideration. One could not bear their mysteriousness, another was vexed at their supposed progress, this man thought them opposed to the real glory of the empire, that considered them a foreign element, that ought to be eliminated from it. One thought their doctrine detestable, another their practice infamous. During all this debate, if it could be so called, where both sides came to the same conclusion, Fulvius, after having glanced from one to the other of the guests, had fixed his evil eye upon Torquatus.

The youth was silent; but his countenance, by turns, was pale and flushed. Wine had given him a rash courage, which some strong principle restrained. Now he clenched his hand, and pressed it to his breast; now he bit his lip. At one time he was crumpling the bread between his fingers, at another he drank off, unconsciously, a cup of wine.

"These Christians hate us, and would destroy us all if they could," said one. Torquatus leaned forward, opened his lips, but remained silent.

"Destroy us indeed? Did they not burn Rome, under Nero; and have they not just set fire to the palace in Asia, over the emperor's head?" asked a second. Torquatus rose upon his couch, stretched forth his hand as if about to reply, but drew it back.

"But what is infinitely worse is, their maintaining such anti-social doctrines, conniving at such frightful excesses, and degrading themselves to the disgusting worship of an ass's head," proceeded a third. Torquatus now fairly writhed; and rising, had lifted his arm, when Fulvius, with a cool calculation of time and words, added in bitter sarcasm: "Ay, and massacre a child, and devour his flesh and blood, at every assembly" (the heathen notion of the Blessed Eucharist.)

The arm descended on the table, with a blow that made every goblet and beaker dance and ring, as in a choked voice Torquatus exclaimed, "It is a lie! a cursed lie!"

"How can you know that?" asked Fulvius, with his blandest tone and look.

"Because," answered the other, with great excitement, "I am myself a Christian, and ready to die for my faith!"

If the beautiful alabaster statue, with a bronze head, in the niche beside the table, had fallen forward, and been smashed on the marble pavement, it could not have caused a more fearful sensation than this sudden announcement. All were startled for a moment. Next, a long blank pause ensued, after which each began to show his feelings in his features. Fabius looked exceeding foolish, as if conscious that he had brought his guests into bad company. Calpurnius puffed himself out, evidently thinking himself ill-used by having a guest brought in who might absurdly be supposed to know more about Christians than himself. A young man opened his mouth as he stared at Torquatus, and a teary old gentleman was evidently hesitating whether he should not knock down somebody or

other, no matter whom. Corvinus looked at the poor Christian with the sort of grin of delight, half-idiotic, half-savage, with which a countryman might gaze upon the vermin that he finds in his trap in a morning. Here was a man ready to hand, to put on the rack or the gridiron whenever he pleased. But the look of Fulvius was worth them all. If ever any microscopic observer has had the opportunity of witnessing the expression of the spider's features, when, after a long fast, it sees a fly, plump with other blood, approach its net, and keenly watches every stroke of its wing, and studies how it can best throw only the first thread round it, sure that then all the gorges it shall be its own—that, we fancy, would be the best image of his looks, as certainly it is of his feelings. To get hold of a Christian ready to turn traitor, had long been his desire and study. Here, he was sure, was one, if he could only manage him. How did he know this? Because he knew sufficient of Christians to be convinced that no genuine one would have allowed himself either to drink to excess, or to boast of his readiness to court martyrdom.

The company broke up; everybody slunk away from the discovered Christian as from one pest-stricken. He felt alone and depressed when Fulvius, who had whispered a word to Fabius and to Corvinus, went up to him, and taking him by the hand, said courteously, "I fear I spoke inconsiderately, in drawing out from you a declaration which may prove dangerous."

"I fear nothing," replied Torquatus, again excited. "I will stand by my colours to the last."

"Hush, hush!" broke in Fulvius. "The slaves may betray you. Come with me to another chamber, where we can talk quietly together."

So saying, he led him into an elegant room, where Fabius had ordered goblets and flagons of the richest Falernian wine to be brought for such as, according to Roman fashion, liked to enjoy a commensal or drinking bout; but only Corvinus, engaged by Fulvius, followed.

On a beautifully inlaid table were dice. Fulvius, after plying Torquatus with more liquor, negligently took them up, and threw them playfully down, talking in the meantime on different subjects. "Dear me!" he kept exclaiming, "what throws! It is well I am not playing with anyone, or I should have been ruined. You try, Torquatus."

Gambling, as we learnt before, had been the ruin of Torquatus; for a transaction arising out of it he was in prison, when Sebastian converted him. As he took the dice into his hand, with no intention, as he thought, of playing, Fulvius watched him as a lynx might its prey. Torquatus's eye flashed keenly, his lips quivered, his hand trembled. Fulvius at once recognised in all this, coupled with the poisoning of his hand, the knowing cast of the wrist, and the sharp eye to the value of the throw, the violence of a first temptation to resume a renounced vice.

"I fear you are not a better hand than I am at this stupid occupation," said he indifferently; "but I dare say Corvinus here will give you a chance, if you will stake something very low."

"It must be very low indeed—merely for recreation, for I have renounced gambling. Once, indeed—but no matter."

"Come on," said Corvinus, whom Fulvius had pressed to his work by a look.

They began to throw for the most trifling stakes, and Torquatus generally won. Fulvius made him drink still from time to time, and he became very talkative.

"Corvinus, Corvinus," he said at length, as if recollecting himself, "was not that the name that Cassianus mentioned?"

"Who?" asked the other, surprised.

"Yes, it was," continued Torquatus to himself—"the bully, the big brute. Were you the person," he asked, looking up to Corvinus, "who struck that nice Christian boy, Pan-cratus?"

Corvinus was on the point of bursting into a rage, but Fulvius checked him by a gesture, and said, with timely interference, "That Cassianus whom you mentioned is an eminent school-master; pray, where does he live?" This he knew his companion wished to ascertain, and thus he quieted him. Torquatus answered—

"He lives, let me see—no, no; I won't turn traitor. No; I am ready to be burnt, or tortured, or die for my faith; but I won't betray any one—that I won't."

"Let me take your place, Corvinus," said Fulvius, who saw Tor-

quatus's interest in the game deepening. He put forth sufficient skill to make his antagonist more careful and more intent. He threw down a somewhat larger stake. Torquatus, after a moment's pause of deliberation, matched it. He won it. Fulvius seemed vexed. Torquatus threw back both sums, Fulvius seemed to hesitate, but put down an equivalent, and lost again. The play was now silent; each won and lost; but Fulvius had steadily the advantage and he was the more collected of the two.

Once Torquatus looked up and started. He thought he saw the good Polycarp behind his adversary's chair. He rubbed his eyes, and saw it was only Corvinus staring at him. All his skill was now put forth. Conscience had retreated; faith was wavering; grace had already departed. For the demon of convetousness, of rapine, of dishonesty, of recklessness, had come back, and brought with him seven spirits worse than himself, to that cleansed but ill-guarded soul; and as they entered in, all that was holy, all that was good, departed.

At length, worked up by repeated losses and draughts of wine into a frenzy, after he had drawn frequently on the heavy purse which Fabius had given him, he threw the purse upon the table. Fulvius coolly opened it, emptied it, counted the money, and placed opposite an equal heap of gold. Each prepared himself for a final throw. The fatal bones fell; each glanced silently upon their spots. Fulvius drew the money towards himself. Torquatus fell upon the table, his head buried and hidden within his arms. Fulvius motioned Corvinus out of the room.

Torquatus beat the ground with his foot; then moaned, next gnashed his teeth and growled; then put his fingers in his hair, and began to pull and tear it. A voice whispered in his ear, "Are you a Christian?" Which of the seven spirits was it? surely the worst.

"It is hopeless," continued the voice; "you have disgraced your religion, and you have betrayed it too."

"No, no," groaned the despairing wretch.

"Yes; in your drunkenness you have told us all quite enough to make it impossible for you ever to return to those you have betrayed."

"Begone, begone," exclaimed pitifully the tortured sinner. "They will forgive me still. God—"

"Silence; utter not His name; you are degraded, perjured, hopelessly lost. You are a beggar; to-morrow you must beg your bread. You are an outcast, a ruined prodigal and gambler. Who will look at you? Will your Christian friends? And nevertheless you are a Christian; you will be torn to pieces by some cruel death for it; yet you will not be worshipped by them as one of their martyrs. You are a hypocrite, Torquatus, and nothing more."

"Who is it that is tormenting me?" he exclaimed, and looked up. Fulvius was standing with folded arms at his side. "And if all this be true, what is it to you? What have you to say more to me?" he continued.

"Much more than you think. You have betrayed yourself into my power completely. I am master of your money"—(and he showed him Fabius's purse)—"of your character, of your peace of your life. I have only to let your fellow-Christians know what you have done, what you have said, what you have been to-night, and you dare not face them. I have only to let that 'bully—that big brute' as you called him, but who is son of the Perfect of the city, loose upon you (and no one else can now restrain him after such provocation), and to-morrow you will be standing before his father's tribunal to die for that religion which you have betrayed and disgraced. Are you ready now, any longer to reel and stagger as a drunken gambler, to represent your Christianity before the judgment seat in the Forum?"

The fallen man had not courage to follow the prodigal in repentance, as he had done in sin. Hope was dead in him; for he had relapsed into his capital sin, and scarcely felt remorse. He remained silent, till Fulvius aroused him by saying, "Well, have you made your choice; either to go at once to the Christians with to-night on your head, or to-morrow to the court? Which do you choose?"

Torquatus raised his eyes to him, with a stolid look, and faintly answered, "Neither."

"Come, then, what will you do?" asked Fulvius, mastering him with one of his falcon glances.

"What you like," said Torquatus, "only neither of those things."

[To be continued.]

SISTERS IN CONVENTION

Catholic Teachers of the Diocese Hold a Three Days Session at Cathedral Hall.

The first gathering or convention of the representatives of the teachers of the Catholic schools of the diocese opened at Cathedral hall Tuesday morning.

Three great teaching orders are represented in the Rochester diocese, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Sisters of Mercy and not less than 125 black-robed, eager-faced, intellectual looking women were present, when Vicar General Hickey called the convention to order.

"In the diocese of Rochester," said Dr. Hickey, "those in charge of the Catholic schools are constantly striving to find and then adopt into practice the very best modern methods, consistent with what we regard as true education, in the training of the young minds God has entrusted to our care."

With uniformity of method and constant research our efforts may not bring about the best results, no matter how hard we strive. It has seemed good to those in authority in the diocese to call together in convention delegates representing the different teaching orders at work in the diocese, with a view to obtaining a full and free expression of opinion regarding methods of teaching the various branches; the best method of examination; the most satisfactory text books and other matters of interest to our Catholic teachers. We count from you the fullest and freest expression of opinion because upon you depends the success of the parochial schools of the diocese."

Sister Marcella, of the Order of St. Joseph, was selected as the presiding officer of the convention and the proceedings are reported stenographically by sisters from Nazareth who are expert shorthand writers.

The subject for Tuesday morning's discussion was "Reading" and the set paper was read by Sister Augusta, who treated the topic in a comprehensive and exhaustive manner.

A paper by Sister George, principal of SS. Peter and Paul's school, on "Arithmetic" was the feature of Wednesday's public session. This teacher's views were listened to with undivided attention, especially because the pupils of her school are remarkably proficient in mathematics. Her treatment of the subject called forth the commendation of Father Hickey, and was followed by an interesting discussion by the teachers.

"Music" was the title of a paper by Sister Nolasca, of the Notre Dame order. She dwelt on the popular taste for music.

Wednesday morning Sister Stella, of Elmira, read a paper on "Methods of Teaching Spelling, Geography and Penmanship." Sister Stella belongs to the Order of Mercy. She said the study of geography should not be correlated with that of history.

Sister Marcella of Nazareth convent, a member of the Order of St. Joseph, gave a talk upon the use of "The Teacher's Manual" as a textbook of Christian doctrine.

Before the adjournment Dr. Hickey announced the appointment of a commission composed of Sister Marcella, who has been secretary of the conference and Sister Ursula of the Order of St. Joseph; Sisters George and Eusebia, of the Order of Notre Dame and Sisters Gertrude and Benedict of the Sisters of Mercy. Dr. Hickey who will be chairman ex officio of the commission said that it would formulate the recommendations by the conference, put the debates and discussions into shape for distribution among the Catholic schools and pursue investigations into the expediency of having a uniform set of grade examinations in January and June throughout the schools of the diocese with a view to laying a strong, solid foundation for the Regents examinations which form the test for graduation.

One Thousand for \$2.

This offer is made by the New York Central on Sunday July 31, when they give one an opportunity to see One Thousand Islands at the nominal rate of \$2, including a 50 mile steamer trip. Fast train will leave State street station at 8:30 a.m. stopping at Brinker Place.

It's Always Cool at Manitou

The 16-mile ride along the lake shore is delightful, and Manitou Beach is an ideal resort for a day's outing. Round trip fare via N. Y. C. 30c, half, 20c.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Fourth Week at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain.

The social side of life at Cliff Haven has been unusually attractive this week so much so in fact that this may be considered a week worthy of an important place in the annals of the Summer School. Two functions stand out as worthy of note, one the formal reception tendered by the Faculty of the Teachers Institute to Mr. Augustus S. Downing, Third Commissioner of Education, on Thursday evening, and the other the grand ball given by Mr. Wm. H. Buckley of Albany on Friday evening. Four other affairs of less magnitude, but equally enjoyable, were the military salute at the New York Cottage No. 2, the reception to Dr. E. A. Face at New York Cottage No. 1, the hop at Champlain Club, and the Camp Fire at the popular College Camp.

Two lectures, recitals on National Music by Prof. Camille Zuckow, one of Philadelphia's leading musicians, were delightful features of this week's intellectual program. Prof. Zuckow was ably assisted by Dr. W. B. Grady, tenor soloist of St. John's Church, Philadelphia. An illustrated lecture of great informational value was given early in the week by Dr. Sherman Williams of Glens Falls, N. Y. In the mornings of the week Dr. James J. Walsh of New York City gave a course of profound, yet interesting, lectures on Experimental Psychology.

Saturday will be Flag Day at Cliff Haven. The chief event scheduled is the raising of a handsome new flag in front of the Champlain Club. The Fifth Infantry band will provide music for the occasion.

Five Minute Sermon

The Pharisee and the Publican.

The Pharisee boasted that he was not like other people; that he had no faults, that he had no vices, that he was not an adulterer, but that he practised virtue and was faithful in the observance of the law. But while he praised himself, he uncharitably condemned the publican. Such is the proud man. He alone is learned, prudent, and skillful; he alone is the model according to which all should shape their actions; he alone is deserving of esteem, honors, and preference. If others do not praise him, he will do it himself; and when he aspires to an office of honor or to some distinction, he does not scruple to calumniate others, to be cruel and to deceive; he sacrifices all to his passions which he will gratify at any cost. This man in his pride would have sacrificed the whole Jewish nation if he could have done so.

We should learn to avoid the vice of pride and not to confide in our own good qualities, if we happen to have any, in order not to become, like the Pharisee, an object of aversion to God. To avoid this vice, let us bear in mind that the proud man is odious to heaven and earth, and that God, as St. Peter says, resists the proud and covers them with confusion, as he did Lucifer, the sons of Babel, Holofernes and many others.

Attractions at Sea Breeze

That the attractions at Sea Breeze are making it more popular than ever is proven by the large picnics and outings which hold forth there from day to day. Hebing's Military Band will give concerts on the lawn every afternoon and evening; 2,000 extra seats have been placed on the lawn for the accommodation of patrons. A large number of animals have been added to the park zoo which now includes, 2 black bears, 2 deer, 100 rabbits, 20 hares, 15 pheasants, 10 peacocks, 20 monkeys, and 1 kangaroo. The roller coaster has been redecorated and 500 more electric lights have been added making it a brilliant spectacle at night. Another new feature is the new row of electric lights which encircle the park all the way around.

Commencing Saturday Professor Allen the balloonist will make daily ascensions and parachute leaps all next week including the following Sunday.

At Ontario Beach.

Leader Conway of Conway's Ithaca Band, has provided a new concert programme for the balance of the week.

The Bickett family, whose aerial feats have been the wonder and admiration of beach crowds since they first appeared, will conclude their engagement this week, and but a limited opportunity remains for those who have not seen their wonderful act to go to the beach and see them. Their performance alone is worth the trip.

Barbour, a former Rochester boy, comes to the beach next week with his wonderful looping-the-loop act, in which he recently created a sensation in Europe. He comes direct from London and Paris where the newspapers gave him most flattering notices.

In the Public Eye



DR. JAMES MCGOVERN.

Dr. James McGovern is one of the rising young physicians of Rochester.

He is past chancellor of Rochester Council 178, Knights of Columbus, past president of Blessed Sacrament branch of the C. M. B. A. and a leader in the social affairs of that parish.

The doctor is prominent in republican politics and Mayor Outler recognized his activity in party politics by a reappointment as a city physician.

ANNUAL MEETING OF C. R. & B. A.

The annual reunion and picnic of the C. R. & B. A. of the city will be held at Sea Breeze, Tuesday, August 18th. Arrangements are being made for a long list of sports. There will be boating, fishing, dancing and all kinds of amusements. Tickets can be procured of the presidents of the different councils of the order for 25 cents round trip from any part of the city. It should be the aim of every member of the order to take an active interest in the picnic and not only go themselves with their families but see that their friends and neighbors also attend and make the annual outing a big success. Of the two thousand members in the city there should not be one who cannot be found at Sea Breeze on August 18th.

UNION CLUB.

The members of the Union Club will hold their annual outing at Seneca Point, Canadaigua Lake, on Thursday, Aug. 11th. Every member should go with his family and invite his friends. Special rate for the round trip including a delightful steamer ride is \$1.00 for adults and 50 cents for children.

University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the University of Notre Dame, one of the greatest educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Notre Dame offers courses in Classics, English, History and Economics, Journalism, General Science, Biology, Pharmacy, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture and Law, besides a two year, or short Electrical Course. Private rooms are given free to students of the sophomore, junior or senior years of any of the Collegiate courses.

There is a thorough preparatory school in connection with the University, in which students of all grades will have every opportunity of preparing themselves for higher studies. The commercial course intended for young men preparing for business may be finished in one or two years according to the ability of the student. St. Edward's Hall for boys under thirteen, is a unique department of the institution. The higher courses are thorough in every respect, and students will find every opportunity of perfecting themselves in any line of work they may choose to select. Thoroughness in classwork, strictness in the care of students, and devotion to the best interests of all, are the distinguishing characteristics of the University of Notre Dame.

Sixty-one years of active work in the cause of education have made this institution famous all over the country.

Those of our readers who may have occasion to look up a college for their sons during the coming year would do well to correspond with the President, who will send them a pamphlet free of charge, and who will be glad to answer any inquiries.