

**FABIOLA**  
Or The Church of the Catacombs.  
By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.  
(Published by Special Request.)  
Part Second.  
CHAPTER VI.  
DELIBERATIONS.  
(Continued from last week.)

"Now," continued he, "these Christians are still under the domination of the same priesthood, and are quite as ready to day, under their direction, to overthrow the great Roman empire burn us all in the Forum, and even sacrilegiously assail the sacred and venerable heads of our divine emperors."

A thrill of horror ran through the assembly at this recital. It was soon hushed, as the emperor opened his mouth to speak.

"For my part," he said, "I have another and a stronger reason for my abhorrence of these Christians. They have dared to establish in the heart of the empire, and in this very city, a supreme religious authority, unknown here before, independent of the government of the State, and equally powerful over their minds as this. Formerly all acknowledged the emperor as supreme in religious, as in civil, rule. Hence he bears still the title of Pontifex Maximus. But these men have raised up a divided power, and consequently bear but a divided loyalty. I hate, therefore, as a usurpation in my dominions, this sacerdotal sway over my subjects. For I declare, that I would rather hear of a new rival starting up to my throne, than of the election of one of these priests in Rome."

This speech, delivered in a harsh grating voice, and with a vulgar foreign accent, was received with immense applause; and plans were formed for the simultaneous publication of the Edict through the West, and for its complete and exterminating execution. Then turning sharp upon Tertullus, the emperor said: "Prefect, you said you had some one to propose for superintending these arrangements, and for merciless dealings with these traitors."

"Here is here, sire, my son Corvinus," And Tertullus handed the youthful candidate to the grim tyrant's footstool, where he knelt. Maximian eyed him keenly, burst into a hideous laugh, and said: "Upon my word, I think he'll do. Why, Prefect, I had no idea you had such an ugly son. I should think he is just the thing; every quality of a thorough-paced, unconscious scoundrel is stamped upon his features."

Then turning to Corvinus, who was scarlet with rage, terror and shame, he said to him: "Mind you, sirrah, I must have clean work of it; no hacking and hewing, no blundering. I pay up well, if I am well served; but I pay off well, too, if badly served. So now go; and remember, that if your back can answer for a small fault, your head will for a greater. The lictors' fasces contain an axe as well as rods."

The emperor rose to depart, when his eye caught Fulvius, who had been summoned as a paid court-spy, but who kept as much in the background as possible. "Ho, there, my eastern worthy," he called out to him, "draw nearer."

Fulvius obeyed with apparent cheerfulness, but with real reluctance; much the same as if he had been invited to go very near a tiger, the strength of whose chain he was not quite sure about. He had seen, from the beginning, that his coming to Rome had not been acceptable to Maximian, though he knew not fully the cause. It was not merely that the tyrant had plenty of favorites of his own to enrich, and spies to pay, without Dioclesian's sending him more from Asia, though this had its weight; but it was more. He believed in his heart that Fulvius had been sent principally to act the spy upon himself, and to report to Nicomedia the sayings and doings of his court. While, therefore, he was obliged to tolerate him, and employ him, he mistrusted and disliked him, he mistrusted and disliked him which in him was equivalent to hating him. It was some compensation, therefore, to Corvinus, when he heard his more polished confederate publicly addressed, as rudely as himself, in the following terms:

"None of your smooth, put on looks for me, fellow. I want deeds, not smirks. You come here as a famous plot-hunter, a sort of stoat, to pull conspirators out of their nests, or suck their eggs for me. I have seen nothing of this so far; and yet you have had

plenty of money to set you up in business. These Christians will afford you plenty of game; so make yourself ready and let see what you can do. You know my ways; you had better look sharp about you. The property of the convicted will be divided between the accusers and the treasury; unless I see particular reasons for taking the whole to myself. Now you may go."

Most thought that these particular reasons would turn out to be very general.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
**DARK DEATH**

A few days after Fabiola's return from the country, Sebastian considered it his duty to wait upon her, to communicate so much of the dialogue between Corvinus and her black slave, as he could without causing unnecessary suffering. We have already observed, that of the many noble youths whom Fabiola had met in her father's house, none had excited her admiration and respect except Sebastian. So frank, so generous, so brave, yet so unboasting so mild, so kind in act and speech, so unselfish and so careful of others, blending so completely in one character nobleness and simplicity, high wisdom and practical sense, he seemed to her the most finished type of manly virtue, one which would not easily suffer by time, nor weary by familiarity.

When, therefore, it was announced to her that the officer Sebastian wished to speak to her alone, in one of the halls below, her heart beat at the unusual tidings, and conjured up a thousand strange fancies about the possible topics of his interview. This agitation was not diminished, when, after apologizing for his seeming intrusion, he remarked with a smile, that, well knowing how sufficiently she was already annoyed by the many candidates for her hand, he felt regret at the idea that he was going to add another, yet undeclared, to her list. If this ambiguous preface surprised, and perhaps elated her, she was soon depressed again, upon being told it was the vulgar and stupid Corvinus. For her father, even, little as he knew how to discriminate characters out of business had seen enough of him at his late banquet, to characterize him to his daughter by those epithets.

Sebastian, fearing rather the physical than the moral activity of Africa's drugs, thought it right to inform her of the compact between the two dabbles in the black art, the principal efficacy of which, however, seemed to consist in drawing money from the purse of a reluctant dupe. He, of course, said nothing of what related to Christians in that dialogue. He put her on her guard, and she promised to prevent the nightly excursions of her necromancer slave. What Africa had engaged to do, she did not for a moment believe it was ever her intention to attempt, neither did she fear arts which she utterly despised. Indeed, Africa's last soliloquy seemed satisfactorily to prove that she was only deceiving her victim. But she certainly felt indignant at having been bargained about by two such vile characters, and having been represented as a grasping avaricious woman, whose price was gold.

"I feel," she said at last to Sebastian "how very kind it is of you to come thus to put me on my guard; and I admire the delicacy with which you have treated every one concerned."

"I have only done in this instance," replied the soldier, "what I should have done for any human being—save him, if possible, from pain or danger."

"Your friends, I hope you mean," said Fabiola, smiling; "otherwise I fear your whole life would go in works of unrequited benevolence."

"And so let it go; it could not be better spent."

"Surely you are not in earnest, Sebastian. If you saw one who had ever hated you, and sought your destruction, threatened with a calamity which would make him harmless, would you stretch out your hand to save or succour him?"

"Certainly I would. While God sends His sunshine and His rain equally upon His enemies as upon His friends, shall weak man frame another rule of justice?"

At these words Fabiola wondered; they were so like those of her mysterious parchment, identical with the moral theories of her slave.

"You have been in the East, I believe, Sebastian," she asked him, rather abruptly; "was it there that you learnt these principles? For I have one near me who is yet, by her own choice, a servant, a woman of rare moral perceptions, who has propounded to me the same ideas, and she is an Asiatic."

"It is not in any distant country

that I learnt them, for here I sucked them in with my mother's milk; though originally they doubtless came from the East."

"They are certainly beautiful in the abstract," remarked Fabiola, "but death would overtake us before we could half carry them out, were we to make them our principles of conduct."

"And how better could death find us, though not surprise us, than in thus doing our duty, even if not to its completion?"

"For my part," resumed the lady, "I am of the old Epicurean poet's mind. This world is a banquet, from which I shall be ready to depart when I have had my fill—as a sated guest—and not till then. I wish to read life's book through, and close it calmly, only when I have finished its last page."

Sebastian shook his head, smiling, and said, "The last page of this world's book comes but in the middle of the volume, wherever 'death' may happen to be written. But on the next page begins the illuminated book of a new life—without a last page."

"I understand you," replied Fabiola good-humoredly; "you are a brave soldier, and you speak as such. You must be always prepared for death from a thousand casualties; we seldom see it approach suddenly; it comes more mercifully and stealthily upon the weak. You no doubt are musing on a more glorious fate, on receiving in front full sheaves of arrows from the enemy, and falling covered with honor. You look to the soldier's funeral pile, and trophies erected over it. To you, after death, opens its bright page the book of glory."

"No, no, gentle lady," exclaimed Sebastian emphatically; "I mean not so. I care not for glory, which can only be enjoyed by an anticipating fancy. I speak of vulgar death, as it may come to me in common with the poorest slave; consuming me by slow burning fever, wasting me by long lingering consumption, racking me by pleases, by the still crueler inflictions of men's wrath. In any form let it come; it comes from a hand that I love."

"And do you really mean that death so contemplated would be welcomed by you?"

"As joyful as is the epicure, when the doors of the banquet hall are thrown wide open, and he sees beyond them the brilliant lamps, the glittering table, and its delicious viands, with its attendant ministers well girt, and crowned with roses; as blithe as is the bride when the bridegroom is announced, coming with rich gifts, to conduct her to her new home, will my exulting heart be, when death, under whatever form, throws back the gates, iron on this side, but golden on the other, which lead to a new and perennial life. And I care not how grim the messenger may be that proclaims the approach of Him who is celestially beautiful."

"And who is He?" asked Fabiola eagerly. "Can He not be seen save through the fleshless ribs of death?"

"No," replied Sebastian; "for it is He who must reward us, not only for our lives, but for our deaths also. Happy they whose inmost hearts, which He has ever read, have been kept pure and innocent, as well as their deeds have been virtuous! For them is this bright vision of Him, whose true rewards only then begin."

How very like Syria's doctrines! she thought. But before she could speak again, to ask whence they came, a slave entered, stood on the threshold, and respectfully said, "A courier, madam, is just arrived from Baiae."

"Pardon me, Sebastian," she exclaimed. "Let him enter immediately."

The messenger came in, covered with dust and jaded, having left his tired horse at the gate, and offered her a sealed packet.

Her hand trembled as she took it; and while she was unloosening its bands, she hesitating asked, "From my father?"

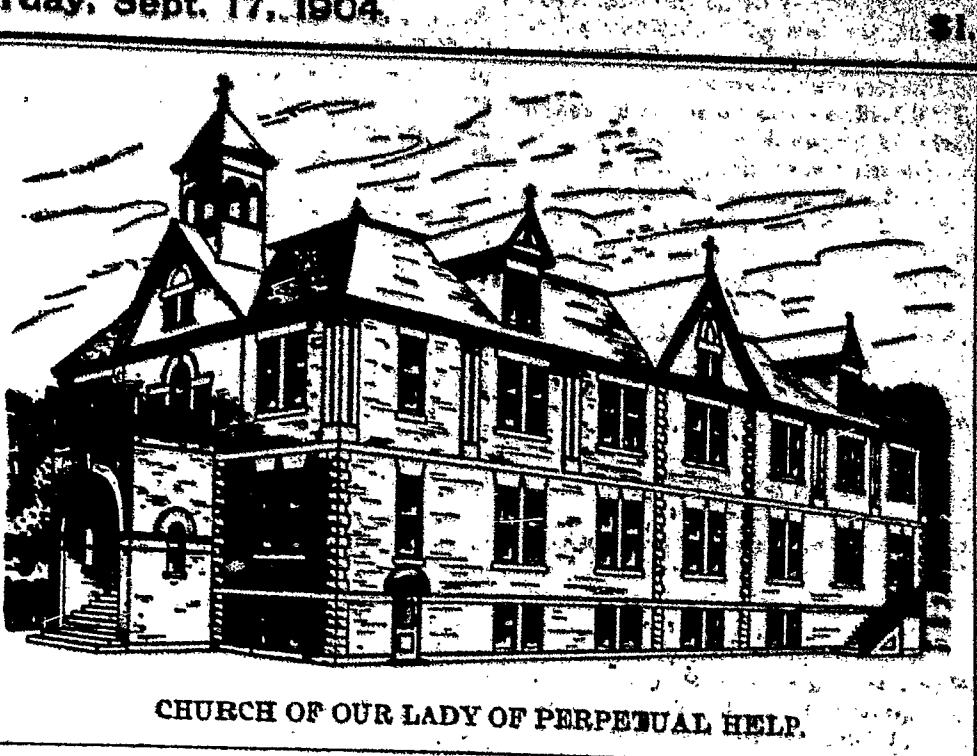
"About him at least," was the ominous reply.

She opened the sheet, glanced over it, shrieked, and fell. Sebastian caught her before she reached the ground, laid her on a couch, and delicately left her in the hands of her handmaids, who had rushed in at the cry.

Once glance had told her all. Her father was dead.

[To be continued.]

\$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

**CORNERSTONE LAID.**  
Many Catholics Attend the Ceremonies  
--Bishop McQuaid's Remarks on Unjust Taxation.

Before a crowd numbering fully 5,000 persons Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid last Sunday afternoon laid the cornerstone of the new church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Joseph avenue near the city line.

At 3 o'clock a procession was formed at St. Michael's church and headed by Hebing's Band it moved to the scene of the ceremonies in the following order: The regiment of the Knights of St. John consisting of all the commanderies and cadets in the city, members of C. M. B. A., O. Y. M. C., St. Leo, and St. Anthony societies of St. Michael's church, and of C. M. B. A., St. Jacob's and St. Fidelis societies of the church of the Holy Redeemer.

The laying of the cornerstone was done by the bishop assisted by Rev. M. J. Hargather, Rev. Joseph Miller, Rev. L. Hofschneider, Rev. E. Gefell, Rev. J. Petter and a large number of city priests.

At the conclusion of the usual ceremonies Bishop McQuaid delivered an address in which he said:

"Our Catholic people within the last few years have come to this part of the city to build their homes. Where our people go the church follows. It follows with priests to advance the teachings of Christ, with teachers to instruct the children of the parish. This church to-day has its cornerstone solemnly blessed. It comes in the spirit of peace and good will for everybody."

church will be the house of God because God will be ever in it.

"This lower floor will be for the church proper; the upper one for the school. The church has not divorced education from religion. It permits no divorce of man and wife; so it permits no divorce of religion from education. So while the sacred practices are carried on in the church below, the blessed work of instruction in the same holy things will go on in the room above. The young will have to learn that God is supreme.

"Nobody can supplant God. Nobody can take from the young the rights in which they were born; to acquire knowledge of everything just and holy. So while others are running away from religion we are running toward it. When the state declares that in the public schools of the taxpayers here shall be no religion it goes beyond its power. It has the power of numbers and it uses it with the mailed hand of a tyrant. It takes our taxes and erects palatial high schools and then tells us that we must divorce religion and education or not get the benefit of our taxes.

"That is wrong and I shall continue to say so until I am called home to my eternal rest. I want you to understand your rights. You are doing bravely under it all. You are paying double taxes. They know that we will not rise up in arms. We will submit for the sake of peace and harmony. But what is the justification of any taxes being exacted by the state if not for the purpose of making its citizens good citizens, to decrease the number of prisons, to diminish the number of insane asylums, increasing on every side, to lessen the number of suicides, when men and women without any thought of God above or the devil below send themselves into perdition.

"May our schools so educate the girls that it will keep them at home, where they belong, when they become women. May it keep them away from their clubs and women's circles when they ought to be at home, making their husbands and themselves happy, filling their proper sphere. May it educate them so that, if they are ever afforded the opportunity to vote, they may vote for sound issues instead of the fads of the day.

"This church, this parish, and this school are all to be a protest against the corruptions of society. I look forward to great things in it. May God be with you all."

Work was begun on the building on August 2d, and it is expected that the edifice will be ready for occupancy by the new year. The lot on which the church is being built is 234 by 329 feet. The building will be of brick with stone trimmings, and its dimensions are 52 by 110 feet. In the basement will be a hall. The church proper will be on the first floor, and the parochial school on the second floor. The church will seat 650 people. It is expected that the school will open with 150 to 200 pupils. Joseph Kellar and George Maier are the trustees of the new church.

**COOK OPERA HOUSE.**  
The Cook Opera House will next week present an excellent vaudeville, headed by Gustave Kerker's "very grand opera," entitled, "Burning to Sing, or Singing to Burn."

The presenting cast will number six, and will be headed by J. K. Murray and Clara Lane. Frank Bush, Hebrew impersonator; Bonifacio, and Walzing in, "The Woman who Hates, is Lost," Luigi Del Oro, accordion player; Alice Lyndon Doll, comedienne; Zeno, Carl and Zeno, triple horizontal bar acrobats; Ford and Wilson, and the kinetograph, showing A. B. Parker, the Democratic presidential nominee, in his home at Escopus, receiving the notification committee.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application to R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**ARCHBISHOP FARLEY**  
NAMED CHAIRMAN  
National President Deans Select New York Prelate for National Body.  
National President James E. Deans of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America announces the appointment of the Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York, as national chairman of the A. O. H. and its Ladies' auxiliary, which number more than 200,000 in this country.

The acceptance of this position by Archbishop Farley, who is one of the most prominent members of the hierarchy will be received with great rejoicing by the Hibernians everywhere as His Grace is held in high esteem not only by the members of this powerful society, but by Irishmen generally.

**Chancellor Appointed.**  
At the recent last week Bishop McQuaid appointed Rev. M. J. Nolan, D. D., Chancellor of the diocese, in place of Mgr. De Regge, deceased. The parishes of Holy Family, Rev. D. Launensis, rector, and Immaculate Conception, Rev. A. O'Neil, rector, were elected to irremovable rectorates.

**Five Minute Sermon**  
The First and Greatest Commandment  
Christ has told us the second great commandment is to love our neighbor as ourselves; that is, we must love him sincerely, ardently, and effectively, but always for the love of God.

The same divine Teacher taught us the way to paradise. It was His said: "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." Hence St. Augustine, explaining this maxim, says: "What ever good we wish for ourselves, the same we must procure for our neighbor, and the evil that we fear we must prevent from befalling our neighbor."

God has commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves, but always for love of Him, in regard to Him, with eyes fixed on Him alone. Therefore he who loves and gives abundantly to his neighbor through human sensibility, through natural goodness of heart, or through philanthropy would not satisfy the precept. He would deserve the praise and the gratitude of men, but he would merit no supernatural reward.

We should therefore learn that our first and greatest duty is to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves. We are to learn further not to question or cavil with God on the maxims of religion. Lastly, we are to learn how great our confusion will be, if, like the Pharisees, we dare to impugn anything that redounds to the glory of Jesus Christ.

**NATIONAL THEATRE**  
At the National Theatre next Monday Tuesday and Wednesday, with Tuesday and Wednesday matinees, Henri Gessitt presents William Bramwell in the new American play "Captain Barrington." This play has twenty-eight speaking parts and the company is composed of some well known players.

There have been few plays of recent years that have produced more favorable comment and favor with theatre-goers than William Gillette's dramatization of A. Conan Doyle's fiction "Sherlock Holmes." It will be presented at the National Theatre the last three nights of next week, with matinees Thursday and Saturday.

**Baker Theatre**  
"The Stain of Grief" is the name of the melodrama which will hold the boards at the Baker Theatre the first half of next week with matinees Monday and Wednesday. It is said to be constructed on lines of originality, differing in many respects in both scenic environment and story from the many other plays produced.

From Hagen to Hines, a thrilling story of New York life, comes to the Baker Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with matinees Sunday and Monday. It is a story of a well known and popular play which will be seen in the character of a novel, a play, and a story. It was last year, and was generally known to be one of the best of the drama seen here.