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FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs,
By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVIVAL

"About you."
"How about me?"
"I was thinking of our last interview in this place, and what a fool you made of yourself."
"How kind of you, Afra, to be thinking of me, especially as I was not just then thinking of you, but of your countrymen in those cells."
"Cease your impertinence, and call people by their proper names. I am not Afra the slave any longer, at least I shall not be so in a few hours; but Jubala, the wife of Hyphax, commander of the Mauritanian archers."
"A very respectable man, no doubt, if he could speak any language besides his gibberish; but these few hours of interval may suffice for the transaction of our business. You made a mistake, methinks, in what you said just now. It was you, was it not, that made a fool of me at our last meeting? What has become of your fair promises, and of my fairer gold, which were exchanged on that occasion? Mine, I know, proved sterling; yours, I fear, turned out but just."
"No doubt; for so says a proverb in my language: 'The dust on the wise man's skirts is better than the gold in the fool's girdle.' But let us come to the point; did you really ever believe in the power of my charms and philtres?"
"To be sure I did; do you mean they were all imposture?"
"Not quite all; you see we have got rid of Fabiola, and the daughter is in possession of the fortune. That was a preliminary step of absolute necessity."
"What! do you mean that your incantations removed the father?" asked Corvinus, amazed and shrinking from her. It was only a sudden bright thought of Afra's, so she pushed her advantage, saying—
"To be sure; what else? It is easy thus to get rid of any one that is too much in the way."
"Good night, good night," he replied, in great fear.
"Stay a moment," she answered, somewhat prattling; "Corvinus, I gave you two pieces of advice worth all your gold that night. One you have acted against the other you have not followed."
"How?"
"Did I not tell you not to hunt the Christians, but to catch them in your toils? Fulvius has done the second, and has gained something. You have done the first, and what have you earned?"
"Nothing but rage, confusion and stripes."
"Then I was a good counsellor in the one advice; follow me in the second."
"What was it?"
"When you had become rich enough by Christian spoil, to offer yourself, with your wealth, to Fabiola. She has till now coldly rejected every offer; but I have observed one thing carefully. Not a single suit has been accompanied by riches. Every spendthrift has sought her fortune to repair his own; depend upon it, he that wins the prize must come on the principle that two and two make four. Do you understand me?"
"Too well, for where are my two to come from?"
"Listen to me, Corvinus, for this is our last interview; and I rather like you, as a hearty, unscrupulous, relentless, and unfeeling good hater." She drew him nearer and whispered: "I know from Euratas, out of whom I can wheedle anything, that Fulvius has some splendid Christian prizes in view, one especially. Come this way into the shadow, and I will tell you how surely you may intercept his treasure. Leave to him the cool murder that will be necessary, for it may be troublesome; but step in between him and the spoil. He would do it to you any day."
She spoke to him some minutes in a low and earnest tone; and at the end, he broke out into a loud exclamation: "Excellent! What a word in such a month!"
She checked him by a pull, and pointing to the building opposite, exclaimed: "Hush! look there!"
How are the tables turned; or, rather, how has the world gone round in a brief space! The last time these two wicked beings were on the same

spot, plotting bane to others, the window above was occupied by two virtuous youths, who, like two spirits of good, were intent on unravelling their web of mischief, and countermining their dark approaches. They are gone thence, the one sleeping in his tomb, the other slumbering on the eve of execution. Death looks to us like a holy power, seeing how much he prefers taking to his society the good rather than the evil. He snatches away the flower, and leaves the weed its poisonous life, till it drops into mature decay.

But at the moment that they looked up, the window was occupied by two other persons.

"That is Fulvius," said Corvinus, "who just came to the window."

"And the other is his evil demon, Euratas," added the slave. They both watched and listened from their dark nook.

Fulvius came again, at that moment to the window, with a sword in his hand, carefully turning and examining the light in the bright moonlight. He flung it down at last, exclaiming with an oath, "It is only brass after all."

Euratas came with, to all appearance, a rich officer's belt, and examined it carefully. "All false stones! Why I declare the whole of the effects are not worth fifty pounds. You have made but a poor job of this, Fulvius."

"Always reproaching me, Euratas. And yet this miserable gain has cost me the life of one of the emperor's most favourite officers."

"And no thanks probably from your master for it," Euratas was right.

Next morning, the slaves who received the body of Sebastian were surprised by a swarthy female figure passing by them, and whispering to them, "He is still alive."

Instead, therefore, of carrying him out for burial they bore him to the apartment of Irene. The early hour of the morning, and the emperor's having gone, the evening before, to his favourite Lateran palace, facilitated this movement. Instantly Dionysius was sent for, and he pronounced every wound curable; not one arrow having touched a vital organ. But loss of blood had taken place to such a fearful extent, that he considered weeks must elapse before the patient would be fit to move.

For four-and-twenty hours Afra assiduously called, almost every hour to ask how Sebastian was. When the probationary term was finished, she conducted Fabiola to Irene's apartment, to receive herself assurance that he breathed, though scarcely more. The deed of her liberation from servitude was executed, her dowry was paid, and the whole Palatine and Forum rung with the mad carouse and hideous rites of her nuptials.

Fabiola inquired after Sebastian with such a tender solicitude, that Irene doubted not that she was a Christian. The first few times she contented herself with receiving intelligence at the door, and putting into the hands of Sebastian's hostesses a large sum towards the expenses of his recovery; but after two days, when he was improving, she was courteously invited to enter; and, for the first time in her life, she found herself consciously in the bosom of a Christian family.

Irene, we are told, was the widow of Castulus, one of the Chromatian band of converts. Her husband had just suffered death; but she remained still, unnoticed, in the apartments held by him in the palace. Two daughters lived with her; and a marked difference in their behaviour soon struck Fabiola, as she became familiar with them. One evidently thought Sebastian's presence an intrusion, and seldom or never approached him. Her behaviour to her mother was rude and haughty, her ideas all belonged to the common world,—she was selfish, light, and forward. The other, who was the younger, was a perfect contrast to her,—so gentle, docile, and affectionate; so considerate about others so devoted to her mother; so kind and attentive to the poor patient. Irene herself was a type of the Christian matron, in the middle class of life. Fabiola did not find her intelligent, or learned, or witty, or highly polished; but she saw her always calm, active, sensible and honest. Then she was clearly warm-hearted, generous, deeply affectionate, and sweetly patient. The pagan lady had never seen such a household,—so simple, frugal, and orderly. Nothing disturbed it, except the character of the elder sister. In a few days it was ascertained that the daily visitor was not a Christian; but this caused no change in their treatment of her. Then she in her turn made a discovery, which mortified her—that the elder daughter was still a

heathen. All that she saw made a favourable impression on her, and softened the hard crust of prejudice on her mind. For the present, however, her thoughts were all absorbed in Sebastian, whose recovery was slow. She formed plans with Irene for carrying him off to her Campanian villa, where she would have leisure to confer with him on religion. An insuperable obstacle, however, rose to this project.

[To be continued.]

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Breake.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V

"And how, dear Helen, did my uncle die?" said May, in a tone of tender sympathy.

"Very suddenly. He was not conscious from the moment he was taken ill until he died," she replied.

May could not utter a word. Her heart was filled with a strange horror at the idea of that sudden and unprovided death. She could have cried out with anguish for that soul, which, in the midst of its careless pride and criminal indifference, had been summoned by an inexorable decree to the tribunal of judgment! where it appeared alone—alone—alone, to be weighed in the balance of justice. "But, perhaps, sweet Jesus!" she whispered; "oh, perhaps, Thou didst in the last struggle hear it from its abyss of misery plead for mercy; perhaps, through thy bitter passion and death, Thou didst rescue him from eternal woe."

"What are you saying, May! No doubt I have shocked you; you are so very pious!"

"Pained me, dear Helen; but you will do better now. You feel, I am very sure, that a life of prevarication and indifference does not answer for a Catholic; and now there will be nothing to hinder you."

"Perhaps so, dear May. I really wish to do right—but what, in the name of mercy, is that noise?" cried Helen, starting up.

"It is Uncle Stillinghast coming in. He is beating the snow from his feet," said May, lighting the candles. By this time Mr. Stillinghast had thrown off his wrappings, hung up his hat, and come in. He was evidently in no amiable mood, and to the greetings of his nieces condescended no reply.

"It is colder this evening, sir, is it not?" said May, sitting around the tea-table.

"Yes."

"Shall I get your tea now, uncle?"

"Yes."

"Here it is, sir; it is very nice and hot; everything is ready. Come, Helen," said May, placing the chairs. They took their seats in silence.

"What's your name?" Mr. Stillinghast said abruptly, turning to Helen.

"Helen."

"Can you make bread?"

"No, sir," replied Helen, in trembling tones.

"Learn, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you sweep—make a shirt—wash—iron?" he burst out.

"No, sir," she said, trembling.

"What are you good for, then?" he inquired sternly.

"I don't know, sir; I can play on the harp," faltered Helen.

"Play the devil! You are a pretty, curly wax doll—good for nothing, and cumbering the very earth that you live on."

Helen said nothing, but tears rolled down her cheeks.

"But I will have no idlers about me. You shall learn to be useful and industrious. D'ye understand?"

"I will try, sir."

"Very well. And now, miss, what were you doing parading about with old Copeland down town?" he said, turning suddenly to May; "a man I detest with all my soul."

"I do not know any individual of that name, sir. I missed my way this morning, and inquired of an old gentleman who was passing the address of a person I had business with. Then he offered to show me, as he was going past the place," said May, lifting her clear, truthful eyes, to his face.

"And what business, pray, led you to a part of the city so little frequented by the respectable of your sex?"

"If you will excuse me, sir, I would prefer not telling you," she said, gently.

"I insist on knowing," he exclaimed, angrily.

"You will excuse me, sir, when I tell you that it was quite a little affair of my own," replied May, in a low voice.

"Very well, madam," said Mr. Stillinghast, bowing with sneer; "but depend on't I shall sift this matter—it shall not rest here."

"I am grieved, dear uncle, to have offended you," began May.

"Be silent! You are full of popish tricks; I suppose you were engaged in one this morning. Go, answer the bell!" Glad to escape May stepped into the hall to open the door, and ushered in a tall, fine-looking man, who said he had business with Mr. Stillinghast. He bowed with a well-bred air to May and Helen, and then to Mr. Stillinghast, who invited him to be seated.

"My name is Jerrold, sir—Walter Jerrold, and I have come to bring you rents due for the property belonging to you which I now occupy."

"Which of my houses is it?" inquired Mr. Stillinghast, gruffly.

"One on Q—street, sir; and the warehouse on Bolton's Wharf. Here are the bills, which I hope you will find satisfactory," replied the young man, handing him a roll of notes, which he inspected carefully one by one.

"All right, sir; but the fact is, Mr. Jerrold, this is a very irregular way of doing business. The next time we can settle our matters better at my counting-room," said the old man, folding the notes away; after which he wrote a receipt, and handed it to him. "Many things might happen; you might have been robbed on your way hither; I may be robbed to-night."

"We young fellows are sadly deficient in prudence, Mr. Stillinghast, but your suggestions shall not be lost on me," replied Mr. Jerrold, pleasantly. Although Mr. Jerrold's visit was ostensibly one of business, he was not at all inattentive to the presence of the cousins. His eye lingered on the faultless face of Helen, until she lifted her large brown eyes, and caught his glance, when a soft blush tinted her cheeks, and the long fringed lids drooped over them. May dropped her handkerchief, which he picked up, and handed to her with a courteous bow.

"I fear ladies, that my awkward visit has interrupted some domestic arrangement," he said, observing the tea-table.

"Not at all, sir," replied May, frankly.

"I beg a thousand pardons if I have; but good evening—good evening, Mr. Stillinghast. I shall beg your permission, sir, to-morrow to consult you about the investment of some funds I have lying idle."

"Of course, sir," said Mr. Stillinghast, following him to the door. "A rising young man! Come, come, make haste, and clear off the table; I have accounts to look over."

"Come, dear Helen, it will be better for you to help a little," whispered May. "Here is the evening paper, sir, and your pipe when you are ready," she said to her uncle.

"Humph!" was the only reply she received. When everything was finished, they bade him good night, and ran up to their chamber.

"Where were you to-day, May?" inquired Helen, as soon as May the door.

"I was at church—down town—up town—than I came home," said May cheerfully, "and more than that I do not think proper to disclose. But let us prepare for bed, dear Helen; we shall have to rise early in the morning, and you must get all the sleep you can."

"May, my firm impression is that this sort of life will extinguish me," said Helen, solemnly; "that horrid old man will certainly tear me to pieces, or bite off my head. Indeed—indeed, I am more afraid of him than anything I ever saw."

[To be continued.]

Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Gives Sight to the Blind Man.

According to St. Gregory the blind man was a figure of two things. In general, he represented the whole human race; in particular, he was a figure of those Christians who, blinded by the things of this world, do not see the value of heavenly things.

The blind man saw neither the magnificence of his country, nor the road that leads to it, nor the face of any one from whom he could ask assistance. It is the same with Christians who are blinded by the things of this world. They find themselves in the bosom of the Church, but see not its beauties; they are on the road to heaven, but cannot advance one step; they wish for happiness, but know not the vanity, the impotence, the nothingness of riches, honors, and power, from which they hope for it in vain.

We should learn from this blind man never to let a favorable opportunity pass nor delay a single moment to implore the healing of our souls whenever God passes with His grace; we should learn to make ourselves heard by prayer, internal aspirations, and by the voice of the priest.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday March 5—Gospel, St. Luke, xlviii, 18-48—St. John Joseph at the Cross.

Monday 6—St. Collette, virgin.

Tuesday 7—St. Thomas Aquinas, confessor and doctor.

Wednesday 8—Ash Wednesday. Fast.

Thursday 9—St. Francis of Rome, widower.

Friday 10—The Passion of Our Lord.

Saturday 11—St. Eulogius, pope and martyr.

Comus Club Ball.

The ninth annual ball of the Comus Club, given in Powers Hall Wednesday night, was one of the most successful social functions in the history of the organization. There was a large attendance including a number of guests from out of town.

The patronesses of the ball were Mrs. W. T. Bassett, Mrs. G. G. Carroll, Mrs. C. E. Cunningham, Mrs. Wm. A. Hahn, Mrs. Mary A. Howe, Mrs. A. G. McNeerney, Mrs. W. J. Naylor, Mrs. C. C. Nugent, Mrs. George E. North, Mrs. F. L. Nied, Mrs. W. H. Rosenbach, Mrs. M. F. Shafer, Mrs. C. J. Stand, Mrs. Frank J. Yawman.

Supper was served at the Powers Hotel from 11:30 until 1 o'clock. Music for the dancing was served by Dosebach's Orchestra. Among those present from out of town were the following: J. Austin Flanagan, Seneca Falls; Miss Mary Brown, Waterloo; Miss Mary Conway, Canandaigua; John Kershaw, John Flanagan, Canandaigua; Miss Jeanette, Canandaigua; William Cullen, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin, Canandaigua; Mr. and Mrs. John Raines, jr., Canandaigua.

The members of the club are John J. Carey, William J. Carey, Charles F. Carroll, Charles F. Howe, David E. Lawrence, G. A. W. McNeerney, Frank L. Nied, George E. North, J. Frank O'Connor, Thomas H. O'Neill, and J. Harry Shale.

Very low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. \$42.50 Buffalo to principal California and North Pacific Coast points. Also very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. On sale every day to May 15th. Special one-way Settler's rates to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba on sale each Tuesday during March and April. For full information write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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RULES FOR LENT

The following are the rules for the holy season of Lent which will be observed by all the churches of the diocese to-morrow.

The holy season of Lent begins the 8th day of March. All the days of Lent are days of abstinence from meat, with the exception of one meal with a moderate quantity of meat in the evening.

All the days of Lent are days of abstinence from flesh meat.

By dispensation, however, the use of flesh meat is allowed without restriction on Sundays, and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except on the 5th day of March, and the 5th day of Holy week.

The use of eggs, butter and oil, at the collation, provided the quantity prescribed by the fast be observed, is, by general custom, allowed in this country.

Lard and dripping may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.

The following persons are exempt from the obligation of fasting: Young persons under twenty years of age, the aged, the nursing women, those who are obliged to do hard labor, and all through weakness cannot fast, without prejudice to their health.

Persons dispensed from the obligation of fasting on account of illness or advanced age, or hard labor, are not bound by the restriction of eating meat only at one meal on days on which its use is granted by dispensation.

In churches where there is a resident pastor, there will be a solemn and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on every Wednesday evening, and the devotion of the stations of the Holy Cross on Fridays.

Pastors in charge of two or more churches, will give one sermon during the week, in at least two churches.

Prayer and the spirit of penance should accompany penitential exercises; therefore, to excite parishioners to observe this season according to the intention of the church, and place every effort in their way for receiving the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

The collection on the Feast of Epiphany, or on the Sunday after the Octave, is for the House of Schools.

The collection for the Propagation of the Faith will be taken in every church of the diocese on the first Sunday thereafter, which there is Mass.

The collection on Good Friday is for the Holy Land.

The annual collection of Penance will be taken up in all the churches of the diocese on the first Sunday after Pentecost, June 11th, and in other churches the first Sunday thereafter on which there is Mass.

The amounts received will be forwarded to the chancellor's office.

Commending these good works to your zeal, and hoping that the prayers of our faithful people will bring increased blessings on the diocese, remain,

Very sincerely in Christ,
BERNHARD,
Bishop of Rochester.

Read this if you are going west. Now is an excellent time to take a trip to the West, Southwest or Northwest, for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, new locations, or for pleasure. The Nickel Plate Road has arranged a well round trip Homestead. Tickets at extremely low rates on March 14th and 15th and April 14th and 15th, will sell one-way Settler's tickets to many points in North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba, each Tuesday during March and April. Also special one-way Colonist tickets to principal California, North Pacific Coast points at \$42.50 from Buffalo and at very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, on sale every day until May 15th. Full information on application to R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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