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CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY
BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XII

"Yes; that, and ten thousand times more. Think of Him, dear uncle, who was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed."

"What must I do besides?"

"Believe, and be baptized."

"Baptized! I was raised in the belief of the Friends, and have never been baptized," he said, musingly.

"Better so, sir, for now you can receive properly the waters of regeneration, and experience, when you so much need them, all the graces that flow from baptism into the believing soul," said May.

"I know the doctrines of your faith, May. I have read—I studied it in my days of vision and unreality as an admirable system of human philosophy; but you, child, in your humanity—in your patience and long-suffering—in your cheerful docility, have taught me that it is divine."

"Oh, uncle, not me—not me! I have done nothing but duty," said May, covered with confusion. "It is the mysterious hand of Almighty God, leading you, guiding you to the truth."

"It can never—never be now! It is too late. I have wasted the hours—I have buried the talents—I have derided time—now the night cometh when no man shall work," he said, with an expression of anguish.

"Shall I bring Father Fabian? He can strengthen and cheer you with the promises of Christ; he has the power and authority from a divine source to absolve and prepare you for your passage into eternity. Oh, sir, let me go."

"Do with me what you please, strange—strong—wise little one! Only never leave me. Send your cousin for him." Just then Helen made her appearance, elaborately and beautifully dressed, as usual, and was shocked at the change in her uncle's appearance, which a few hours had made. She inquired, how he felt.

"I believe I am ill. I wish you to take a note from May Brooke to her confessor. She must remain with me," he said, in his old way.

"I will go instantly," she said, glad to escape from such a scene, and wondering what the strange old man could have to do with a priest. May scribbled a few lines on the blank leaf of a book, tore it out, directed it to Father Fabian, and gave it to Helen.

"Try to sleep a little, sir," said May, gently.

"I have no time for sleep—tell me of Jesus Christ!"

And May took down from the shelf an old, mouldy Testament, which had not been opened in years, and read, in clear, steady tones, and with sweet pathos, the Passion of our Lord from Gethsemane to Calvary. When she finished, and looked up, the lips of that pale visage were firmly set, and from his cold, dim eyes, tears were falling apace—the first he had shed for long, dreary years—the first of contrition that had ever welled up from his soul.

He did not fear death—the mere act of dying, even the thought of annihilation, would not have stirred a ripple of fear in his heart, because, physically, he was bold, reckless, and defiant of personal danger—but the eternal instincts of his soul, developed by the providence of God, at the eleventh hour, sought their true destiny; they shrank, with dread, from the scrutiny of Divine Purity, yet longed for immortal life and immortal progress. Suddenly the veil had been torn from his eyes; suddenly he felt all the gnawing, hungry needs of his soul; suddenly his weakness, his wanderings, his infirmities, his tacit unbelief and indifference, were revealed to, in all their frightful deformity, and how? By a still, calm voice—the voice of a child, which had rung down the warning into his soul like thunder.

"What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" it had said; and earth and earthly affairs had assumed the shape of nothingness; the tough, hard work of years was scattered—like a potent lever it lifted away the demonic weight of darkness and pride

from his soul, as it rung down into its frozen depths. And the strong angel of God, who had been contending with the powers of evil, to wrest it from eternal loss, bore up the glad news to heaven, that the hoary sinner repented at the eleventh hour; and there was great joy among the angels of His presence, before Him.

CHAPTER XIII

Father Fabian came. Miracles such as this never amazed him. He knew too well that the Spirit of the Eternal God which abides with His Church forever, was as powerful then as it had been in ages past, and that He still condescended to add miracles to the testimony of revelation, to glorify the faith He planted. With the angels, he only "rejoiced, and was exceeding glad," giving thanks to God for this new manifestation of His clement love. Long, and earnest, and touching, was the interview between the priest of God and the dying penitent. He saw the depths of an old and embittered heart broken up; he heard its plaintive cry, as it floated out towards the dark ocean of death, of, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and its imploring prayer for the waters of regeneration, and the sacraments of the Church. All earth had failed him in his hour of need; and from the deep abyss of his misery he expected no deliverance but through them. But at last, Peace was whispered, and into his soul was breathed the holy sentence of absolution; and on his hoary head was poured the baptismal stream; his eyes and ears had been opened by divine power; and, like Siloa's wave, it washed him clean.

What was the leprosy of those men of old, to the corroding infection of Sin, which had for so many weary years diseased and defaced his spirit? They were healed by a miracle of power,—he, by a miracle of grace. Mr. Stillinghast was much exhausted but calm and humble; he had suddenly become like a little child, so sincere and entire was his repentance.

"I will come again in a few hours and administer to you, my poor friend, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and if I find that you are sinking, will bring the Holy Viaticum for your refreshment and consolation in the dark and trying hour. I would advise you now to settle all your worldly concerns, so that nothing may interfere between your soul and God."

"How is with you now, dear uncle?" said May, who came in as Father Fabian left the room.

"Unworthy, child—all and utterly unworthy, but hoping humbly, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ," he whispered.

"Mr. Fielding and Doctor Burrall are here!" said Helen, coming in.

"Is Father Fabian still here?"

"He is, sir."

"Request him to come back."

Soon after the three gentlemen came in together. "Leave me a little while," he said, unclasping his fingers from May's hand.

"I fear that you feel very feeble, Mr. Stillinghast," said the doctor.

"I feel it, sir, but I have a work to do, and the day is far spent." Could you ascertain, in any way, so that you could swear to it, that I am in my sane mind?" he asked, eagerly.

"The subject requires no investigation, sir. I have not the least doubt of your sanity. Your mind has been quite—nay, uncommonly clear since your recovery," replied the doctor.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the other, "I am perfectly and entirely in my senses; I have not a single obscure or confused idea. All this is clear and calm. Fielding, I made a will a short time ago; I wish to change—to make another. Open that desk, and you will find parchment, pens, and ink. Now, come sit near me—so. Begin and write the usual preamble and formula."

"It is done, sir," said Mr. Fielding after writing rapidly some ten minutes.

To be continued.

All that May Be Offered.

All lawful things—eating, conversation, amusement—all these may be offered to God and have the value of prayer. The morning offering—made with the heart more than with the lips—the offering to God of the whole day of His children in order that souls may be saved—that is the exercise of the first and most universal of all apostolates, the apostolate of prayer, the first apostolate of our Lord Himself, the distinctive apostolate of His Mother and countless saints, a ministry which His apostles preferred to the preaching of the word, one in which each one of His servants can exercise unbounded energy, charity, zeal.

FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXXIII

MIRIAM'S HISTORY

Matters grew worse and worse; creditors pressed; property had been injudiciously disposed of, when a mysterious person, called Eurotas, made his appearance in the family. No one but its head seemed to know him; and he evidently looked upon him as at once a blessing and a curse, the bearer both of salvation and of ruin.

The reader is in possession of Eurotas's own revelations. It is sufficient to add that, being the elder brother, but conscious that his rough morose and sinister character did not fit him for sustaining the position of head of the family, and administering quietly to settled property, and having a haughty ambition to raise his house into a nobler rank, and increase even its riches, he took but a moderate sum of money as capital, vanished for years, embarked in the desperate traffic of interior Asia, penetrated into China and India, and came back home with a large fortune, and a collection of rare gems, which helped his nephew's brief career, but misguided him to ruin in Rome.

Eurotas, instead of a rich family, into which to pour superfluous wealth, found only a bankrupt house to save from ruin. But his family pride prevailed; and, after many reproaches and bitter quarrels with his brother, but concealed from all else, he paid off his debts by the extinction of his own capital, and thus virtually, and of the entire family.

After a few years of weary life, the father sickened and died. On his death-bed he told Orontius that he had lived on for some years, the very house over his head, belonged to his friend Eurotas, whose relationship he did not further explain, whom he must look up to entirely for support and guidance. The youth thus found himself, while full of pride, ambition, and voluptuousness, in the hands of a cold-hearted, remorseless, and no less ambitious man, who soon prescribed as the basis of mutual confidence, absolute submission to his will, while he should act in the capacity of an inferior, and the understood principle that nothing was too great or too little, nothing too good or too wicked to be done, to restore family position and wealth.

To stay at Antioch was impossible after the ruin which had overtaken the house. With a good capital in hand, much might be done elsewhere. But now, even the sale of all left would scarcely cover the liabilities discovered after the father's death. There was still untouched the sister's fortune; and both agreed that this must be got from her.

Every artifice was tried, every persuasion employed, but she simply and firmly resisted, both in obedience to her mother's dying orders, and because she had in view the establishment of a house for consecrated virgins, in which she intended to pass her days. She was now just of legal age to dispose of her own property. She offered them every advantage that she could give them; proposed that for a time they should all live together upon her means. But this did not answer their purpose; and when every other course had failed, Eurotas began to hint that one who stood so much in their way should be got rid of at any cost.

Orontius shuddered at the first proposal of the thought. Eurotas familiarized him gradually with it, till—shrinking yet from the actual commission of fratricide—he thought he had almost done something virtuous, as the brothers of Joseph imagined they did, by adopting a slower and less sanguinary method of dealing with an obnoxious brother. Stratagem and which no one would dare reveal, offered him the best chance of success.

Among the privileges of Christians in the first ages, we have already mentioned that of reserving the Blessed Eucharist at home for domestic communion. We have described the way in which it was enclosed in an orarium, or linen cloth, again often preserved in a richer cover. This precious gift was kept in a chest with a lid, as St. Cyprian has informed us. Orontius well knew this; and he was moreover aware

that its contents were more prized than silver or gold; that, as the Father tell us, to drop negligently a crumb of the consecrated bread was considered a crime; and that the name of "pearl," which was given to the smallest fragment, showed that it was so precious in a Christian's eye, that he would part with all he possessed to rescue it from sacrilegious profanation.

The scarf, richly embroidered with pearls, which has more than once affected our narrative, was the outer covering in which Miriam's mother had preserved this treasure; and her daughter valued it both as a dear inheritance, and as a consecrated object for she continued its use.

One day, early in the morning, she knelt before her ark; and, after fervent preparation by prayer, proceeded to open it. To her dismay she found it already unlocked, and her treasure gone! Like Mary Magdalen at the sepulchre, she wept bitterly, because they had taken her Lord, and she knew not where they had laid Him. Like her, too, "as she was weeping she stooped down and looked" again into her ark, and found a paper, which in the confusion of the first glance she had overlooked.

It informed her that what she sought was safe in her brother's hands, and might be ransomed. She ran at once to him, where he was closeted with the dark man in whose presence she always trembled; threw herself on her knees before him, and entreated him to restore what she valued more than all her wealth. He was on the point of yielding to her tears and supplications, when Eurotas fixed his stern eye upon him, overawed him, then himself addressed her, saying—

"Miriam, we take you at your word. We wish to put the earnestness and reality of your faith to a sufficient test. Are you truly sincere in what you offer?"

"I will surrender anything, all I have, to rescue from profanation the Holy of Holies."

"Then sign that paper," said Eurotas, with a sneer.

She took the pen in her hand, and after running her eye over the document, signed it. It was a surrender of her entire property to Eurotas. Orontius was furious when he saw himself over-reached by a man to whom he had suggested the snare for his sister. But it was too late; he was only the faster in his unparalyzing gripe. A more formal renunciation of her rights was exacted from Miriam, with the formalities required by the Roman law.

For a short time she was treated soothingly; then hints began to be given to her of the necessity of moving, as Orontius and his friend intended to proceed to Nicomedia, the imperial residence. She asked to be sent to Jerusalem, where she would obtain admission into some community of holy women. She was accordingly embarked on board a vessel, the captain of which bore a suspicious character, and was very sparingly supplied with means. But she bore around her neck what she had given proof of valuing more than any wealth. For, as St. Ambrose relates of his brother Satyrus, yet a catechumen, Christians carried round their necks the Holy Eucharist, when embarking for a voyage. We need not say that Miriam bore it securely folded in the only thing of price she cared to take from her father's house.

When the vessel was out at sea, instead of coasting towards Joppa or any port on the coast, the captain stood straight out, as if making for some distant shore. What his purpose was, it was difficult to conjecture; but his few passengers became alarmed, and a serious altercation ensued. This was cut short by a sudden storm; the vessel was carried forward at the mercy of the winds for some days, and then dashed to pieces on a rocky island near Cyprus. Like Satyrus, Miriam attributed her reaching the shore in safety to the precious burden which she bore. She was almost the only survivor; at least, she saw no other person saved. Those, therefore, that did live besides on returning to Antioch, reported her death, together with that of the remaining passengers and crew.

She was picked up on the shore by men who lived on such spoil. Destitute and friendless she was sold to a trader in slaves, taken to Tarsus, on the mainland, and again sold to a person of high rank, who treated her with kindness.

After a short time, Fabius instructed one of his agents in Asia to procure a slave of polished manners and virtuous character, if possible, at any price, to attend on his daughter; and Miriam, under the name of Syra,

came to bring salvation to the house of Fabiola.

[To be continued.]

C. M. B. A. INITIATION.

Next Thursday will be a red letter day for the various branches of the C. M. B. A. of this city. A union meeting is to be held on June 23 at St. Joseph's Hall, at which all the candidates for membership enrolled during the last two months will be initiated. More than 800 candidates will become members of the organization on this occasion and the au-



Supreme President Hynes.

Supreme officers will conduct the ceremonies. This initiation is the greatest one that has ever taken place in Rochester in the history of the order and all branches are working hard to make the event equal that of the year 1887 when Branch 81 initiated 117 members and all other branches were equally alive to that occasion.



Grand Secretary Ryan.

The meeting will be called to order by Charles M. Bayer, chairman of the Ways and Means committee of the Central Council and Supreme Pres. Hynes will preside. After the initiation addresses will be made by Supreme President Hynes, Supreme Recorder Cameron, Grand Secretary Ryan, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, spiritual adviser of Branch



Supreme Trustee James L. Whalen.

88 and Supreme Trustee James L. Whalen. A double quartette of C. M. B. A. members will furnish music and a light lunch will be served.

The average age of the candidates to be admitted is from 18 to 20 years and the following is the estimated number from the branches:



Chairman Charles M. Bayer.

A new branch for Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, the nineteenth in this city, will also be initiated.

Br. 12, 6; Br. 34, 20; Br. 50, 20; Br. 51, 25; Br. 52, 25; Br. 57, 15; Br. 58, 20; Br. 59, 20; Br. 60, 20; Br. 61, 20; Br. 62, 20; Br. 63, 20; Br. 64, 20; Br. 65, 20; Br. 66, 20; Br. 67, 20; Br. 68, 20; Br. 69, 20; Br. 70, 20; Br. 71, 20; Br. 72, 20; Br. 73, 20; Br. 74, 20; Br. 75, 20; Br. 76, 20; Br. 77, 20; Br. 78, 20; Br. 79, 20; Br. 80, 20; Br. 81, 117; Br. 82, 20; Br. 83, 20; Br. 84, 20; Br. 85, 20; Br. 86, 20; Br. 87, 20; Br. 88, 20; Br. 89, 20; Br. 90, 20; Br. 91, 20; Br. 92, 20; Br. 93, 20; Br. 94, 20; Br. 95, 20; Br. 96, 20; Br. 97, 20; Br. 98, 20; Br. 99, 20; Br. 100, 20; Br. 101, 20; Br. 102, 20; Br. 103, 20; Br. 104, 20; Br. 105, 20; Br. 106, 20; Br. 107, 20; Br. 108, 20; Br. 109, 20; Br. 110, 20; Br. 111, 20; Br. 112, 20; Br. 113, 20; Br. 114, 20; Br. 115, 20; Br. 116, 20; Br. 117, 20; Br. 118, 20; Br. 119, 20; Br. 120, 20; Br. 121, 20; Br. 122, 20; Br. 123, 20; Br. 124, 20; Br. 125, 20; Br. 126, 20; Br. 127, 20; Br. 128, 20; Br. 129, 20; Br. 130, 20; Br. 131, 20; Br. 132, 20; 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