

FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Third—Victory

CHAPTER III

AND LAST

(Continued from last week.)

Orontius paused and wept for a time, then went on—

"At length, when all was exhausted, and nothing remained but a few jewels, of considerable price indeed, but with which, I knew not why, Eutrotas would not part, he urged me to take up the odious office of denouncing Christians; for a furious persecution was breaking out. For the first time in my life I rebelled against his commands, and refused to obey. One day he asked me to walk out of the gates; we wandered far, till we came to a delightful spot in the midst of the desert. It was a narrow dell, covered with verdure, and shaded by palm-trees; a little clear stream ran down, issuing from a spring in a rock at the head of the valley. In this rock we saw grottoes and caverns; but the place seemed uninhabited. Not a sound could be heard but the bubbling of the water.

"We sat down to rest, when Eutrotas addressed me in a fearful speech. The time was come, he told me, when we must both fulfil the dreadful resolution he had taken, that we must not survive the ruin of our family. Here we must both die; the wild beasts would consume our bodies, and no one would know the end of its last representatives.

"So saying, he drew forth two small flasks of unequal sizes, handed me the larger one, and swallowed the contents of the smaller.

"I refused to take it, and even reproached him for the difference of our doses; but he replied that he was old, and I young; and that they were proportioned to our respective strengths. I still refused, having no wish to die. But a sort of demoniacal fury seemed to come over him; he seized me with a giant's grasp, as I sat on the ground, threw me on my back, and exclaiming, 'We must both perish together,' forcibly poured the contents of the phial, without sparing me a drop, down my throat.

"In an instant, I was unconscious; and remained so, till I awoke in a cavern, and faintly called for drink. A venerable old man, with a white beard, put a wooden bowl of water to my lips. 'Where is Eutrotas?' I asked. 'Is that your companion?' inquired the old monk. 'Yes,' I answered. 'He is dead,' was the reply. I know not by what fatality this had happened; but I bless God with all my heart for having spared me.

"That old man was Hilarion, a native of Gaza, who, having spent many years with the holy Anthony in Egypt, had that year returned to establish the cenobitic and eremitical life in his own country, and had already collected several disciples. They lived in the caves hard by, and took their refectory under the shade of those palms, and softened their dry food in the water of that fountain.

"Their kindness to me, their cheerful piety, their holy lives, won on me as I recovered. I saw the religion which I had persecuted in a sublime form; and rapidly recalled to mind the instructions of my dear mother, and the example of my sister so that yielding to grace, I bewailed my sins at the feet of God's minister, and received baptism on Easter-day.

"Then we are doubly brethren, nay, twin children of the Church; for I was born to eternal life also on that day. But what do you intend to do now?"

"Set out this evening on my return. I have accomplished the two objects of my journey. The first was to cancel my debt; my second was to lay an offering on the shrine of Agnes. You will remember," he added, smiling, "that your good father unintentionally deceived me into the idea that she coveted the jewels I displayed. Fool that I was! But I resolved, after my conversion, that she should possess the best that remained in Eutrotas's keeping; so I brought it to her."

"But have you means for your journey?" asked the lady timidly.

"Abundant," he replied, "in the charity of the faithful. I have letters from the Bishop of Gaza, which procure me everywhere sustenance and lodging; but I will accept from you a cup of water and a morsel of bread

in the name of a disciple."

They rose, and were advancing towards the house, when a woman rushed madly through the shrubs, and fell at their feet, exclaiming, "Oh, save me! dear mistress, save me! He is pursuing me, to kill me!"

Fabiola recognized in the poor creature her former slave Jubala; but her hair was grizzled and dishevelled, and her whole aspect bespoke abject misery. She asked whom she meant.

"My husband," she replied; "long has he been harsh and cruel, but today he is more brutal than usual. Oh, save me from him!"

"There is no danger here," replied the lady; "but I fear, Jubala, you are far from happy. I have not seen you for a long, long time."

"No, dear lady, why should I come to tell you of all my woes? Oh! why did I ever leave you and your house, where I ought to have been so happy? I might then with you, and Graja, and good old departed Eutrotas, have learnt to be good myself, and have embraced Christianity."

"What, have you really been thinking of this, Jubala?"

"For a long time, lady, in my sorrows and remorse. For I have seen how happy Christians are, even those who have been as wicked as myself. And because I hinted this to my husband this morning, he has beaten me, and threatened to take my life. But, thank God, I have been making myself acquainted with Christian doctrines through the teaching of a friend."

"How long has this bad treatment gone on, Jubala?" asked Orontius, who had heard of it from his uncle.

"Ever," she replied, "since soon after marriage. I told him of an offer made to me previously, by a dark foreigner, named Eutrotas. Oh! he was indeed a wicked man, a man of black passions and remorseless villainy. Connected with him is my most racking recollection."

"How was that?" asked Orontius, with eager curiosity.

"Why when he was leaving Rome, he asked me to prepare for him two narcotic potions; one for any enemy, he said, should he be taken prisoner. This was to be certainly fatal; another had to suspend consciousness for a few hours only, should he require it for himself. When he came for them, I was just going to explain to him, that, contrary to appearances, the small phial contained a fatally concentrated poison, and the large one a more diluted and weaker dose. But my husband came in at the moment, and in a fit of jealous rage thrust me from the room. I fear some mistake may have been committed, and that unintentional death may have ensued."

Fabiola and Orontius looked at one another in silence, wondering at the just dispensations of Providence when they were aroused by a shriek from the woman. They were horrified at seeing an arrow quivering in her bosom. As Fabiola supported her, Orontius, looking behind him, caught a glimpse of a black face grinning hideously through the fence. In the next moment a Numidian was seen flying away on his horse, with his bow bent Parthian-wise over his shoulder, ready for any pursuer. The arrow had passed, unobserved, between Orontius and the lady.

"Jubala," asked Fabiola, dost thou wish to die a Christian?"

"Most earnestly," she replied.

"Dost thou believe in One God in Three Persons?"

"I firmly believe in all the Christian Church teaches."

"And in Jesus Christ, who was born and died for our sins?"

"Yes, in all that you believe."

The reply was more faint.

"Make haste, make haste, Orontius," cried Fabiola, pointing to the fountain.

He was already at its basin, filling full his two hands, and coming instantly, poured their contents on the head of the poor African, pronouncing the words of baptism; and, as she expired, the water of regeneration mingled with her blood of expiation.

After this distressing, yet consoling scene, they entered the house, and instructed Torquatus about the burial to be given to this doubly baptized convert.

Orontius was struck with the simple neatness of the house, so strongly contrasting with the luxurious splendour of Fabiola's former dwelling. But suddenly his attention was arrested, in a smaller inner room, by a splendid shrine or casket, set with

jewels, but with an embroidered curtain before it, so as to allow only the frame of it to be seen. Approaching nearer, he read inscribed on it, "The blood of the Blessed Miriam, shed by cruel hands."

Orontius turned deadly pale, then changed to a deep crimson, and almost staggered.

Fabiola saw this, and going up to him kindly and frankly, placed her hand upon his arm, and mildly said to him, "Orontius, there is that within, which may well make us both blush deeply, but not therefore despond."

So saying, she drew aside the curtain, and Orontius saw within a crystal plate, the embroidered scarf so much connected with his own and his sister's history. Upon it were lying two sharp weapons, the points of both were rusted with blood. In one he recognized his own dagger; the other appeared to him like one of those instruments of female vengeance with which he knew heathen ladies punished their attendant slaves.

"We have both," said Fabiola, "unintentionally inflicted a wound, and shed the blood of her whom we now honor as a sister in heaven. But for my part, from the day when I did so, and gave her occasion to display her virtue, I date the dawn of grace upon my soul. What say you, Orontius?"

"That I, likewise, from the instant that I misused her, and led to her exhibition of such Christian heroism, began to feel the hand of God upon me, that has led me to repentance and forgiveness."

"It is thus ever," concluded Fabiola. "The example of our Lord has made the martyrs; and the example of the martyrs leads us upwards to Him. Their blood softens our hearts; His alone cleanses our souls. Their pleas for mercy; His bestows it. May the Church, in her days of peace and of victories, never forget what she owes to the age of her martyrs. As for us two, we are indebted to it for our spiritual lives. May many, who will only read of it, draw from it the same mercy and grace."

They knelt down, and prayed long together silently before the shrine.

They then parted, to most no more.

After a few years, spent by Orontius in penitential fervor, a green mound by the palms, in the little dell near Gaza, marked the spot where he slept the sleep of the just. And after many years of charity and holiness, Fabiola withdrew to rest in peace, in company with Agnes and Miriam.

THE END.

St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Some of St. Mary's Features: St. Mary's combines the best of modern college methods with the age-old wisdom of convent schools which all admit have advantages not to be gained elsewhere. The buildings are complete, commodious and thoroughly modern in sanitary equipment. The grounds are vast, extending over 400 acres, skirted by the beautiful St. Joseph river; verily it is an ideal spot, and nowhere can there be found finer, more inspiring surroundings than those offered at St. Mary's.

The past shows in the present—more than that, the present is an earnest of the future. There can be no doubt that this noble institution under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross will continue its progress always leading in the rank of educational foundations for young women. It has ever aimed to work up to the best that was expected of it as a religious center of culture and training. Its hundreds of graduates bear eloquent witness to the success of that effort.—South Bend Times.

America's Summer Resorts.

Samuel Johnson says, "A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind." What you want to know about America's Summer Resorts can be found in the "Four Track Series," a set of small books of travel and education, issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central Railroad. There are now 41 of these fully illustrated and very convenient little volumes. Taken together they constitute quite an encyclopedia of the health and pleasure resorts of this country, and furnish an amount of information that will be surprising and really very useful even to people who don't wish to travel, but who like to read about lovely places that they would visit if they had the time and means for that purpose.

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

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

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XV

"Very well. You burned up the will too. You have been purified by fire with a vengeance. Do you still believe in guardian angels?"

"Just as firmly as ever, sir," she replied, fixing her clear eyes on him.

"Where was yours, pray, while you were doing just what the devil would have you?"

"Guarding me from evils to come. Oh, sir, it is very perilous to one's soul to be rich!" she exclaimed, with one of her sunlit expressions.

"Very well, again! 'Gad, how Plato would have loved you! But see here, you most uncommon of little bodies! I want just such a daughter as you are. My heart is desolate. All that I loved have passed away! Will you—will you come and keep house for me, like you did for old Stillingham? Come—come, tell me at once; I am old and tottering," said the lawyer, trying to twinkle away a tear from his large gray eyes.

"Oh, dear me! dear, kind Mr. Fielding!" cried May, weeping on Mr. Fielding's shoulder; "I hope Heavenly Father will bless you for your kind intentions to a friendless orphan; but, indeed, sir, I cannot say—I don't think it would suit me to be dependent."

"Who wants you to be dependent?" roared out Mr. Fielding. "I'll hire you, if that will suit you better, to keep house, mend my stockings, and make tea for me; that will board you, and your splendid annuity will clothe you."

"I will tell you in a few days, sir. I have not quite decided what I shall do. I am so tossed and worried now I can think of nothing clearly," sobbed May.

"Let us go down, sir, and go on with the business which brought us here," said Mr. Fielding, while he lifted May's head gently up from his shoulder. "Whatever you decide on, May Brooke, remember that I am your protector, defender, and friend."

And so May was blamed for the loss of the will. Grieving more for the solid benefits which were lost to the poor and destitute,—for the alms which would have sent up incense to heaven in behalf of the soul of the giver,—May thought not of herself, only so far as to vow her energies, her labors, her life, to the good of those who, through her heedlessness, had been injured. She was not clear that she did not burn the will; she thought she had not done so, but she would not, for the world, have taken an oath to that effect. It is not to be supposed, however, that so shrewd a man as Mr. Fielding, and a man so experienced in all the devious and sinuous windings of the human heart as Father Fabian, were without their suspicions; but the one through policy and the other through charity, forbore to express in words what they were not prepared to prove by legal facts.

May kept her plans to herself, and in her matter-of-fact way set the house in order, and arranged, day after day, every article in its particular place; and was scrupulously exact that not a scrap of old lumber cracked china, broken spoons, or half-worn linen, should be missing on the day of the sale. Helen, quite unconcerned about such homely matters, dashed about in Mrs. Jerrold's carriage from morning until night, making splendid purchases, and indulged in all those expensive tastes which her natural love for the beautiful, and her undisciplined will, made necessary to her happiness. Happiness! Could she in whose soul the poison of a hidden sin was already doing its work of restless fever, and unceasing torture, be happy? Alas! no; she felt that henceforth she was to know no rest on earth—beyond, she dared not look.

One evening—the eve of her bridal, she and May were together, once more, in the antique parlor. Helen, flushed, and splendidly beautiful;—May, calm and pleasant, her cheeks and brow a little pale, but very lovely from the inner light that reflected on them.

"May, are you still determined not to witness my marriage?" asked Helen, abruptly.

"Yes, Helen. The same barrier to my being present exists, I presume."

"If my being married by a Protestant minister, is the apology for your absence, it does," replied Helen, with a decided air.

"Do not say apology, Helen; I do not pretend to offer one. It is your privilege to make your marriage, as far as you are concerned, sacramental as a Catholic, it is your duty to do so. By acting otherwise, you disobey the Church, and place yourself in a position of great danger; and I do not choose to be implicated, by being present at the ceremonial."

"You are a most obstinate person;—but just as you please. What are your plans, if I may ask?" said Helen feeling ill at ease.

"Very plain and honest ones, Helen," said May, measuring out the tea.

"I should not suspect you, May, of any other," said Helen, with a sarcastic manner; "but let us hear them, if you are not ashamed of them."

"I am ashamed of nothing, Helen, but the guilt of sin. As to my plans, I do not know that you feel any genuine interest in them; and, as we shall not meet often, I suppose, it is scarcely necessary to unfold them."

"I have a motive in asking you, May—a good one, too. I wish to assist you," said Helen.

"I thank you, dear Helen, but I really do not require the least assistance. The sum may undoubtedly be added to what I shall earn, will support me nicely," she replied.

"Earn! how? Shall you take in sewing?" screamed Helen.

"No. I have rented a nice room from my old friend Mrs. Tabb, who keeps the trimming store, and she has engaged to sell all the fancy knitting I can do. I am very well provided for, you perceive."

"I perceive nothing of the kind. It is positively ridiculous and disgraceful. What will the world say?" exclaimed Helen.

"The world, dear Helen! What business has the world with me? I owe it nothing but its just tribute of good citizenship. Oh, Helen! the world can soothe no pang when sorrow comes;—it can bring us no peace when death touches our hearts with his inexorable hand. No, no; there are no interests in common between the world and me."

"Gracious! what a fanatic!" said Helen, keeping down the wrestling and struggling of her heart; and, with a careless air, throwing back the long, bright curls, from her faultless face. "But listen to reason, May. You have been unfairly dealt with. I cannot reconcile the thing to either my pride or conscience. Walter feels as I do; and I can tell you we are extremely anxious to have you become an inmate of our family—to be in it, like myself, and feel free to act, and think, as you please. I can assure you, Walter has a prodigiously high opinion of you."

"Helen," said May, fixing those clear luminous eyes on the shifting countenance of her cousin, "your offer is, no doubt, kindly meant;—but I cannot accept it. I would not, Helen, if you offered me half your fortune, live in a house so unblessed, as I fear—as I fear yours will be."

"And why such predictions?" asked Helen, laughingly.

"Can one who defies the spirit of God by disobedience—and—yes, I must say it—apostasy, expect blessings? And could I, who daily implore Heavenly Father to save me from temptation, thrust myself under its influence? Oh, no! no, Helen. Enjoy life after your fashion—whirl through its giddy circles, if such is your choice—but leave me in obscurity, to follow out the path in peace—my prayers shall follow you, and I do beseech you, by the bitter passion and death of Jesus Christ, and the Dolors of His Immaculate Mother, to reflect, sometimes, on what should be the aims of an immortal soul!"

"You are a strange creature, May," said Helen, with a quivering lip, and a momentary impulse to throw herself at May's feet, and confess her guilt, which flitted away. "You will visit me sometimes, May?"

"If you are sick, or sorrowful, or repentant, send for me."

"But you will come and see how very happy I am,—Just once!"

[To be continued.]

Mantou! Mantou! Mantou! Take this refreshing trip.

Fourth Week at the Catholic Summer School. (Written for The Journal.)

The solemn high mass which was celebrated last Sunday morning in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake at Cliff Haven, was marked by the presence of two clergymen who were instrumental in founding the school.—Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, P. M. of New York City, and Rev. Walter P. Gough of Philadelphia. The latter was celebrant of the mass. He was assisted by Rev. Daniel Kehoe, D. D. of St. Charles Seminary, Oxbrook, Pa., as deacon, and Rev. Daniel McGinley of Philadelphia, as sub-deacon. The preacher of the occasion was Dr. McMahon, and he delivered an impressive and powerful sermon on "The Authority of the Church."

The Alumnae course in literature given this week by Jean F. DeGarennes, Washington, D. C., was a marked success. The discussion centered about a study of French and English Comedy, of which a most scholarly comparison was made. Two evening lectures by the eminent Jesuit, Rev. James P. Ragan, S. J., on "Forgotten Facts in the History of Education," aroused considerable interest because of their eloquence and informational value. The lecture recitals on Ancient Church Music and Volk Music by Camille W. Zeckwer, director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy and organist of St. John's church, Philadelphia, were hailed with delight at Cliff Haven, where Mr. Zeckwer's artistic gifts are well known and thoroughly appreciated. He was ably assisted by two of Cliff Haven's most talented singers, Mrs. Amelia Devin, contralto, and Mr. Bernard Sullivan, baritone, both of New York City.

Socially the week just ended has proved the banner week of the session. There have been four evening affairs, all carried out on a large scale with brilliancy and splendor.

The attendance is now running at about the rate of thirty a day. A result about 900 persons are now to be found within the boundaries of Cliff Haven. 150 extra accommodations are promised within a few days by the opening of the handsome new Buffalo Cottage.

University of Notre Dame.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the University of Notre Dame, one of the great educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Parents selecting a college for their sons for the coming year would do well to write to the President for a catalogue.

Private rooms are given for students of the Sophomore, Junior or Senior years of any of the Colleges, etc. 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 college studies. The Commercial Course 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 institution. Thoroughness in class work, solicitude 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.

The Home of the Big Fish.

Sodus Point, the home of the big fish, is attracting more visitors this year than ever before due to the popular low rate excursion run by the New York Central every Sunday. The train leaves from State St. Station at 8:45 a. m. and from Brinkley Place at 8:47. The run to the Point is made quickly, only an hour and twenty minutes, and what enables patrons to spend a full day fishing, picnicking, boating, bathing in the woods quietly resting or reading. No other place offers the varied attractions of Sodas Bay for one party and family outings. It is an ideal spot for basket excursions. The round trip rate for adults is \$1.50 while no charge is made for children under 5, those 5 years of age and under 12 pay only 50c. The return train leaves Sodas Point at 7:00 p. m., arriving Rochester at 8:15 p. m. Special street cars will be waiting arrival of train at State station so that passengers will be able to make immediate connections for all parts of the city.