

Send us  
your  
Book and Job  
Printing.

# The Catholic Journal

Fifteenth Year. No. 23.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, March 5, 1904

\$1.00 per Year

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

(Published by Special Request.)

### CHAPTER II. THE MARTYR'S BOY

It is a youth full of grace, and sprightliness and candour, that comes forward with light and buoyant steps across the atrium, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart; while his lofty forehead, round with his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment, the short praetexta, reaching below the knee, and a golden bulla, or hollow spheroid of gold suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried by a small servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school.

While we have been thus noting him, he has reached his mother's embrace, and has sat himself low by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets her glance with such a smile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in a moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows: "What has detained you to-day, my dear boy? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the way?"

"Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest mother; on the contrary, all has been delightful,—so much so, that I can scarcely venture to tell you." "A look of smiling expostulation drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh, as he continued: "Well, I suppose I must. You know I am never happy, and cannot sleep, if I have failed to tell you all the bad and the good of the day about myself." (The mother smiled again, wondering what the bad was.) "I was reading the other day that the Scythians each evening cast into an urn a white or black stone, according as the day had been happy or unhappy; and I had to do so, it would serve to mark, in white or black, the days on which I have, or have not, an opportunity of relating to you all that I have done. But to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt, a fear of conscience, whether I ought to tell you all."

Did the mother's heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eyes, that the youth should size her hand and put it tenderly to his lips, while she thus replied: "Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear all that has fallen me to-day, or only the cause of my late return home?"

"Tell me all, dear Pancretius," she answered; "nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me."

"Well, then," he began, "this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have been singularly blessed and yet full of strange occurrences. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singular discoveries. Then, to be told that the real philosopher should be ever ready to die for truth! I never heard anything so cold or insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so), as the compositions read by my companions. It was not their fault, poor fellows! what truth can they possess, and what inducements can they have, to die for any of their vain opinions? But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts seemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the lessons you have taught me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. The son of a martyr could not feel otherwise. But when my turn came to read my declamation, I found that my feelings had nearly fatally betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word 'Christian' escaped my lips instead of 'philosopher,' and 'faith' instead of 'truth.' At the first mistake, I saw Cassianus start; at the second I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as bending affectionately towards me, he said, in a whisper, 'Beware, my child, there are sharp ears listening.'"

"What, then," interrupted the mother, "is Cassianus a Christian? I chose his school for you because it was in the highest repute for learning and for morality; and now indeed I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger and apprehension we are obliged to live as strangers in our own land, scarcely knowing the faces of our brethren. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed his faith, his school would soon have been deserted. But go on, my dear boy. Were his apprehensions well grounded?"

"I fear so; for while the great body of my school fellows, not noticing these slips, vehemently applauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scornfully upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger."

"And who is he, my child, that was so displeased, and wherefore?"

"He is the oldest and strongest, but unfortunately, the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had an ill-will and grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand."

"D' he say aught to you, or do?"

"Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of our companions, and said, 'Come, Pancretius, this I understand, is the last time we meet here (he laid a particular emphasis on the word); but I have long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show you superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself; I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spouted your high flown declamation to-day; and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon; for my father, you well know, is Perfect of the city' (the mother slightly started); 'and something is preparing which may nearly concern you. Before you leave us, I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name, and it is not an empty word, let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tables. Wrestle with me, or try the cestus (the hand bandage worn in pugilistic combats) against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve, before these witnesses of your insolent triumphs.'"

"The anxious mother bent eagerly forward as she listened, and scarcely breathed. "And what," she exclaimed, "did you answer, my dear son?"

"I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done anything that could give pain to him or any of my school fellows, nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over them. 'And as to what you propose,' I added, 'you know, Corvinus, that I have always refused to indulge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, and in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge. How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin with those evil feelings which are usually their bad end? Our schoolmates had now formed a circle round us, and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to enjoy some of the delights of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, 'And now, my comrades, good-bye, and may all happiness attend you. I part for you, as I have lived with you, in peace.' 'Not so,' replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury; 'but—'

The boy's countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and, half-choked, he sobbed out: 'I cannot go on; I dare not tell the rest!'

"I entreat you, for God's sake, and for the love you bear your father's memory," said the mother, placing her hand upon her son's head, "conceal nothing from me. I shall never again have rest if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?"

The boy recovered himself by a moment's pause and a silent prayer, and then proceeded: "Not so," exclaimed Corvinus, 'not so do you depart, cowardly worshipper of an ass's head! You have concealed your abode from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged! So saying, he dealt me a furious blow upon the face, which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of savage delight broke forth from the boys around us.' He burst into tears, which relieved him, and then went on.

"Oh, how I felt my blood boil at that moment; how my heart seemed bursting within me; and a voice appeared to whisper in my ear scornfully the name of 'coward!' It surely was an evil spirit. I felt that I was strong enough—my raising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping on the ground. I heard already the shout

of applause that would have hailed my victory—and turned the tables against him! It was to the hardest struggle of my life; never were flesh and blood so strong within me O God! may they never be again so tremulously powerful!"

"And what did you do, then, my darling boy?" gasped forth the trembling mother.

He replied, "My good angel conquered the demon at my side. I thought of my blessed Lord in the house of Caiaphas, surrounded by scoffing enemies, and struck ignominiously on the cheek, yet meek and forgiving. Could I wish to be otherwise? I stretched forth my hand to Corvinus and said, 'May God forgive you, as I freely do; and may He bless you abundantly.' Cassianus came up at that moment, having seen all from a distance, and the youthful crowd quickly dispersed. I entreated him, by our common faith, now acknowledged between us, not to pursue Corvinus for what he had done; and I obtained his promise. And now, sweet mother, murmured the boy, in soft, gentle accents, into his parent's bosom, 'do you not think I may call this a happy day?'"

CHAPTER III.  
THE DEDICATION.

While the foregoing conversation was held the day had fast declined. An aged female servant now entered unnoted, and lighted the lamps placed on marble and bronze candelabra, and quietly retired. A bright light beamed upon the unconscious group of mother and son, as they remained silent, after the holy matron Lucia had answered Pancretius's last question only by kissing his glowing brow. It was not merely a maternal emotion that was agitating her bosom; it was not even the happy feeling of a mother who, having trained her child to certain high and difficult principles, sees them put to their hardest test, and nobly stand it. Neither was it the joy of having for her son one, in her estimation, so heroically virtuous at such an age; for surely, with much greater justice than the mother of the Gracchi showed her boys to the astonished matrons of republican Rome as her only jewels, could that Christian mother have boasted to the Church of the son she had brought up.

But to her this was an hour of still deeper, or shall we say, sublimer feeling. It was a period looked forward to anxiously for years, a moment prayed for with all the fervour of a mother's supplication. Many a pious parent had devoted her infant son from the cradle to the holiest and noblest state that earth possesses; has prayed and longed to see him grow up to be first a spotless Levite, and then a holy priest at the altar; and has watched eagerly each growing inclination, and tried gently to bend the tender thought towards the sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts. And if this was an only child, as Samuel was to Anna, that dedication of all that is dear to her kindest affection, may justly be considered as an act of maternal heroism. What then must be said of ancient matrons—Felicitas, Symphorosa, or the unnamed mother of the Maccabees—who gave up or offered their children, not one, but many, yes all, to be victims whole-burnt, rather than priests, to God?

It was some such thought as this which filled the heart of Lucia in that hour; while, with closed eyes, she raised it high to heaven, and prayed for strength. She felt as though called to make a generous sacrifice of what was dearest to her on earth; and though she had long foreseen it and desired it, it was not without a maternal throes that its merit could be gained. And what was passing in that boy's mind, as he too remained silent and abstracted? Not any thought of a high destiny awaiting him. No vision of a venerable Basilica, eagerly visited 1600 years later by the sacred antiquary and the devout pilgrim, and giving his name, which it shall bear, to the neighbouring gate at Rome. (Church and gate of San Pancrazio.) No anticipation of a church in his honour to rise in faithful ages on the banks of the distant Thames, which, even after desecration, should be loved and eagerly sought as their last resting place, by hearts faithful still to his dear Rome. No forethought of a silver canopy or obolus, weighing 287 lbs. to be placed over the porphyry urn that should contain his ashes by Pope Honorius I. No idea that his name would be enrolled in every martyrology, his picture, crowned with rays, hung over many altars, as the boy martyr of the early Church. He was only the simple-hearted Christian youth, who looked upon it as a matter of course that he must always obey

God's law and His Gospel; and only felt happy that he had that day performed his duty, when it came under circumstances of more than usual trial: There was no pride, no self admiration in the reflection; otherwise there would have been no heroism in his act.

When he raised again his eyes, after his calm reverie of peaceful thoughts, in the new light which brightly filled the hall, they met his mother's countenance gazing upon him, radiant with a majesty and tenderness such as he never recollected to have seen before. It was a look almost of inspiration; her face was that of vision; her eyes what he would have imagined an angel's to be. Silently and almost unknowingly he had changed his position, and was kneeling before her; and well he might, for was she not to him as a guardian spirit, who had shielded him ever from evil, or might he not well see in her the living saint whose virtues had been his model from childhood? Lucia broke the silence in a tone full of grave emotion.

"The time is at length come, my dear child," she said, "which has long been the subject of my earnest prayer, which I have yearned for in the exuberance of maternal love. Eagerly have I watched in thee the opening germ of each Christian virtue, and thanked God as it appeared. I have noted thy docility, thy gentleness, thy diligence, thy piety, and thy love of God and man. I have seen with joy thy lively faith, and thy indifference to worldly things, and thy tenderness to the poor. But I have been waiting with anxiety for the hour which should decisively show me whether thou wouldst be content with the poor legacy of thy mother's weakly virtue, or art the true inheritor of thy martyr father's nobler gifts. That hour, thank God, has come to-day!"

"What have I done, then, that should thus have changed or raised thy opinion of me?" asked Pancretius.

"Listen to me, my son. This day which was to be the last of thy school education, methinks that our wonderful Lord has been pleased to give thee a lesson worth it all; and to prove that thou hast put off the things of a child, and must be treated henceforth as a man; for thou canst think and speak, yes, and act as one."

"How dost thou mean, dear mother?"

"What thou hast told me of thy declamation this morning," she replied, "proves to me how full thy heart must have been of noble and generous thoughts; thou art sincere and honest to have written, and fervently expressed, that it was a glorious duty to die for the faith, if thou hadst not believed it, and felt it."

"And truly I do believe and feel it," interrupted the boy. "What greater happiness can a Christian desire on earth?"

"Yes, my child, thou sayest most truly," continued Lucia. "But I should not have been satisfied with words. What followed afterwards has proved to me that thou canst bear intrepidly and patiently, not merely pain, but what I know it must have been harder for thy young patrician blood to stand, the stinging ignominy of a disgraceful blow, and the scornful words and glances of an unfeeling multitude. Nay, more; thou hast proved thyself strong enough to forgive and to pray for thine enemy. This day thou hast trodden the higher path of the mountain, with the cross upon thy shoulders; one step more, and thou wilt plant it on its summit. Thou hast proved thyself the genuine son of the martyr Quintinus. Dost thou wish to be like him?"

"Mother, mother! dearest, sweetest mother!" broke out the panting youth; "could I be his genuine son, and not wish to resemble him? Though I never enjoyed the happiness of knowing him, has not his image been ever before my mind? Has he not been the very pride of my thoughts? When each year the solemn commemoration has been made of him, as of one of the white-robed army that surrounds the Lamb, in whose blood he washed his garments, how have my heart and my flesh exulted in his glory; and how I have prayed to him, in the warmth of filial piety, that he would obtain for me, not fame, not distinction, not wealth, not earthly joy, but what he valued more than all these; nay, that the only thing which he has left on earth may be applied, as I know he now considers it would most usefully and most nobly be."

"What is that, my son?"

"It is his blood," replied the youth, "which yet remains flowing in my veins, and in these only. I know he must wish that it too, like what he held in his own, may be poured out in love of his Redeemer, and in testimony of his faith."

"Enough, enough, my child!" exclaimed the mother, thrilling with a holy emotion; "take from thy neck the badge of childhood, I have a better token to give thee."

He obeyed, and put away the golden bulla.

(To be continued.)

Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Casts Out a Devil

From the context of the other Gospels we learn that this unfortunate of to-day's Gospel was not only dumb but also blind, and that his condition was not the result of sickness, but the work of the devil, by whom he was possessed. St. Jerome, speaking of this man's recovery, says that three months were worked in him. The blind was made to see, the dumb to speak, and the possessed delivered from the power of the devil.

This dumb man is a figure of the human race, which, being a victim of the demon, like a blind man cannot see its own misery nor the infamy of its morals, nor the light of truth, nor its duties, nor God. And like a dumb man, it cannot utter a word in praise of the divine majesty, nor a word in behalf of its own welfare. Its more particular sins, the dumb man was a figure of those sinners who, blinded by their passions, cannot see things pertaining to God or to their own souls, and, being mute in matters of religion, they open not their lips to confess their sins, to praise God, or to implore His mercy. Let us pray—God that He may not permit us to become blind and dumb like so many unfortunate brethren.

By the words related in the Gospel Christ proved that it was impossible for the demon to contend against him; that he could not be puffed up except by the power of God, and that if He, Christ, could cast out devils, then the time foretold by the prophets had come—the time when God would reign in men's hearts by His grace.

For the Orphans.

Four concerts for the benefit of children in our orphan asylums will be given on St. Patrick's eve, March 17th as follows: Immaculate Conception Hall, under the direction of William E. Predmore; St. Joseph's Hall, under the direction of Patrick Kenney; Common Council chamber, under the direction of Professor Eugene Bacon. The concert that was announced for Colonial Hall will be given elsewhere, as the premises have been leased to Sibley, Lindsay & Curr. Tickets are being sold by the sisters in charge of the asylums.

To Resume Business Soon.

The big fire of last week is not going to deter from business houses who were either partially or entirely burned out. Already most of them have secured other quarters and are preparing to resume business. The Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., have leased Colonial Hall, the Archer building, and are fitting up several stores, one in the Jordan Block. The Rochester Dry Goods Co., are located in the Cutler Building on Main St. east. This company have reorganized under the name of the Fraley-Carey Co., and expect to be open for business next week. The Beadle & Sherburne Co., have temporary offices on Clinton Ave. South and will announce their plans in a few days.

Read this if you are going West.

Now is an excellent time to make a trip to the West or Southwest, and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations, or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Home-seekers' tickets at extremely low rates on March 1st and 15th, and April 5th and 19th. One way colonist tickets to same territory on same dates. Special one way colonist tickets to principal points in California, Oregon and Washington, at rates of \$42.50, on sale every day March 1st to April 30th.

For full particulars see local agent or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Dinner Set for \$4.85

Read our proposition for a dinner set in this issue. If you don't send them for yourself they would make a very handsome present for any friend.

Think what we may have done for you, if you had only sent for a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.

Nothing else is so useful as a dinner set. It is a very handsome present for any friend.