

Send us
your
Book and Job
Printing

The Catholic Journal.

Send us
your
Book and Job
Printing

Fifteenth Year. No. 31.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, April 30, 1904.

\$1.00 per Year, 3c per Copy

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

Published by Special Request.
CHAPTER IX
MEETINGS.

“And how can it? You know I am not cut out by nature, or fitted by accomplishments, to make much impression on any one's affections. I would rather trust to the power of your black art.”

“Then let me give you one piece of advice if you have no grace or gift by which you can gain Fabiola's heart.”

“Fortune, you mean?”

“They cannot be separated,—depend upon it, there is one thing which you may bring with you that is irresistible.”

“What is that?”

“G.H.”

“And where am I to get it if it is that I seek?”

The black slave smiled maliciously, and said—

“Why cannot you get it as Fulvius does?”

“How does he get it?”

“By blood.”

“How do you know it?”

“I have made acquaintance with an old attendant that he has, who, it is as dark as I am in skin, truly makes up for it in his heart. His language and mine are sufficiently allied for us to be able to converse. He has a-k-a-d-ne many questions about persons, and pretended he would purchase my liberty, and take me back home as his wife; but I have something better than that in prospect, I trust. However, I get all that I wanted out from him.”

“And what was that?”

“Why, that Fulvius had discovered a great conspiracy against Domitian and from the wink of the old man's awful eye, I understood he had hatched it first, and he has been sent with strong recommendations to Rome to be employed in the same line.”

“But I have no ability either to make or to discover conspiracies, though I may have to punish them.”

“One way, however, is easy.”

“What is that?”

“In my country there are large birds, which you may attempt in vain to run down with the fleetest horses, but which, if you look about for them quietly, are the first to betray their selves, for they only hide their heads.”

“What do you wish to represent by this?”

“The Christians. Is there not going to be a prosecution of them soon?”

“Yes, and a most fierce one, such as has never been before.”

“Then follow my advice. Do not tire yourself with hunting them down, and catching after all, but mean prey, keep your eyes open, and look about, for one or two good fat ones, half trying to conceal themselves; pounce upon them, get a good share of their confiscation, and come with one good handful to get two in return.”

“Thank you, thank you, I understand you. You are not fond of these Christians, then?”

“Fond of them? I hate the entire race. The spirits which I worship are the deadly enemies of their very name.” And she grinned a horrible ghastly smile as she proceeded; “I suspect one of my fellow servants is one. Oh, how I detest her!”

“What makes you think it?”

“In the first place, she would not tell a lie for anything, and gets us all into dreadful scrapes by her absurd truthfulness.”

“Good! what next?”

“Then she cares not for money or gifts; and so prevents our having them offered.”

“Better!”

“And moreover she is—” the last word died in the ear of Corvinus, who replied—

“Well, indeed, I have to-day been out of the gate to meet a caravan of your country-folks coming in; but you beat them all!”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Afra, with delight; “who were they?”

“Simply Africans,” replied Corvinus with a laugh; “lions, panthers, leopards.”

“Wretch! do you insult me thus?”

“Come, come, be pacified. They are brought expressly to rid you of your hateful Christians. Let us part friends. Here is your money. But let it be the last, and let me know when the philtres begin to work. I will not forget your hint about Christian money. It is quite my taste.”

As he departed the Sacred Way, she pretended to go along the Carinae, the street between the Palatine and the Coelian mounts; then turned back, and looking after him exclaimed:

“Feel that I am going to try experiments for you on a person of Fabiola's character?”

She followed him at a distance, but as Sebastian to his amazement, thought turned into the vestibule of the palace. He determined at once to put Fabiola on her guard against this new plot; but this could not be done till her return from the country.

CHAPTER X
OTHER MEETINGS.

When the two youths returned to the room by which they had entered the apartment, they found the expected company assembled. A frugal repast was laid upon the table, principally as a blind to any intruder who might happen unexpectedly to enter. The assembly was large and varied, consisting clergy and lay, men and women. The purpose of the meeting was to concert proper measures, in consequence of something which had lately occurred in the palace. This was not broadly explained.

Sebastian, among the unknown faces of the emperor, employed all his influence in propagating the Christian faith within the palace.

Numerous conversions had gradually been made, but shortly before this period there had been a wholesale one attended the particulars of which are recorded in the genuine Acts of this glorious Saviour. In virtue of Emperor laws, many Christians were arrested, brought to trial, which often ended in death. Two brothers, Marcus and Marcellinus, had been arrested, and were expected to be executed, when their friends, admitted to see them, implored them with tears to save their lives by apostasy. They seemed to waver, they promised to deliberate.

Sebastian, hearing of this, and rushing to see them, he was so well known to be refused admittance, and he entered into their prison like an angel of light. It consisted of a strong stone cell, in the house of the magistrates, where he had been entrusted. The place of confinement was generally left to that officer, and here Trajan, the father of the two youths, had obtained a reprieve for them thirty days to try to shake their constancy and to see and hear of them. Nicostratus, the magistrate, had placed them in custody in his own house. Sebastian's was a bold and perilous deed. Besides the two Christian captives, there were gathered in the place six or seven heathen prisoners, there were the parents of the unfortunate youths weeping over them, and offering them to allure them from their threatened doom; there was the father, Claudius, and there was the mother, Nicostrata, with his wife Zoe, drawn thither by the compassionate weeping of seeing the youths snatched from their fate. Could Sebastian hope, that of this crowd not one would be found who in a sense of official duty, or a hope of pardon, or hatred of Christianity, might impel to betray him, if he avowed himself a Christian? And did he not know that such a betrayal would lead to his death?

He knew it well; but what cared he? If three victims would thus be offered to God, instead of two, so much the better; all that he dreaded was that there should be none. The room was a banqueting-hall but seldom opened in the day, and consequently requiring very little light; what had entered originally in the Pantheon, by an opening in the roof, and Sebastian, anxious to be seen by all, stood in the ray which now darted through it, strong and brilliant where it beat, but leaving the rest of the apartment almost dark. It broke against the gold and jewels of his rich tribune's armour, and as he moved, scattered itself in sparks of brilliant hues into the darkest recesses of that gloom; while it beamed with serene steadiness upon his uncovered head, and displayed his noble features, softened by an emotion of tender grief, as he looked upon the two vacillating confessors. It was some moments before he could give vent in words to the violence of his grief, till at length it broke forth in impassioned tones.

“Holy and venerable brothers,” he exclaimed, “who have borne witness to Christ; who are imprisoned for Him; whose limbs are marked by chains worn for His sake; who have tasted torments with Him,—I ought to fall at your feet and do you homage, and ask your prayers; instead of standing before you as your exhorter, still less, as your reprover. Can this be true, which I have heard, that while angels were putting the last flower in your crowns, you have hid them pause, and even thought of telling them to unweave them, and scatter their blossoms to the winds? Can I believe that you who have already your feet on the threshold of paradise, are thinking of drawing them back, to tread once more the valley of exile and of tears?”

The two youths hung down their heads and wept in humble confession of their weakness. Sebastian proceeded—

“You cannot meet the eye of a poor sinner like me, the least of Christ's servants; how then will you stand the angry glance of the Lord when you are about to deny before men (but cannot in your hearts deny), on that terrible day, when He, in return, will deny you before His angels? When instead of standing manfully before Him, like good and faithful servants, as to-morrow ye might have done, you shall have to come into His presence after having crawled through a few more years of infamy, disowned by the Church, despised by its enemies and, what is worse, gnawed by an undying worm, and victims of a sleepless remorse?”

“Cease; oh, in pity cease, young man, whoever thou art,” exclaimed Trajan, the father of the youths.

“Speak not thus severely to my sons; it was I assure thee, that thy mother's tears and to my entreaties that they had begun to yield, and not to the tortures which they have endured with such fortitude. Why should they leave their wretched parents to misery and sorrow? Does thy religion command this, and dost thou call it holy?”

“Wait in patience, my good old man,” said Sebastian with the kindest look and accent, “and let me speak first with thy sons. They know what I mean, which thou canst not see; but with God's grace thou shalt see so. Your father, indeed, is right in saying, that for his sake and your mother's you should not prefer them to Him who told you, ‘He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.’ You cannot expect purchase for your aged parents' eternal life by your own loss of it. Will you make them Christians by abandoning Christianity? will you make them soldiers of the Cross by deserting its standard? will you teach them that its doctrines are more precious than life, by preferring life to them? Do you want to gain for them, not the mortal life of her perishable body, but the eternal life of the soul? then hasten yourselves to its acquisition, throw down at the feet of your Saviour the crosses you will receive, and entreat for your parents' salvation.”

“Enough, enough, Sebastian, we are resolved,” cried out together both the brothers.

“Claudius” said one, “put on me again the chains you have taken off.”

“Nicostratus,” added the other, “give orders for the sentence to be carried out.”

Yet neither Claudius nor Nicostratus moved.

“Farewell, dear father; adieu, dear mother,” they in turn said, embracing their parents.

“No,” replied the father, “we part no more. Nicostratus, go tell Chromatius that I am from this moment a Christian with my sons; will die with them for a religion which can make heroes thus of boys.”

“And I,” continued the mother, “will not be separated from my husband and children.”

The scene which followed baffles description. All were moved; all wept; the prisoners joined in the tumult of these new affections; and Sebastian saw himself surrounded by a group of men and women smitten by grace, softened by its influences and subdued by its power; yet all was lost if one remained behind. He saw the danger, not to himself, but to the Church, if a sudden discovery were made, and to those souls fluttering upon the confine of life. Some hung upon his arms; some clasped his knees; some kissed his feet, as though he had been a spirit of peace, such as visited Peter in his dungeon at Jerusalem.

Two alone had expressed no thought. Nicostratus was indeed moved, but by no means conquered. His feelings were agitated, but his convictions unshaken. His wife, Zoe, knelt before Sebastian with a beseeching look and outstretched arms, but she spoke not a word.

“Come, Sebastian, said the keeper of the records, for such was Nicostratus's office, ‘it is time for thee to depart. I cannot but admire the sincerity of belief and the generosity of heart which can make thee act as thou hast done, and which impel these young men to death; but my duty is imperative, and must outweigh my private feelings.’”

“And dost not thou believe with the rest?”

“No, Sebastian, I yield not so easily; I must have stronger evidences than even thy virtue.”

“Oh, speak to him then, thou,” said Sebastian to Zoe; “speak, faithful wife, speak to thy husband's heart; for I am

mistaken indeed if these lacks of thine tell me not that you at least believest.”

Zoe covered her face with her hands, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

“Thou hast touched her to the quick, Sebastian,” said her husband; “knowest thou not that she is dumb?”

“I knew it not, noble Nicostratus; for when last I saw her in Asia she could speak.”

(To be continued.)

ANNUAL REVIEW

Knights of St. John Inspected by Colonel Schlick and Staff.

The annual review and inspection of the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Regiment, Knights of St. John of New York State, was held Tuesday night in Germania Hall, Clinton Avenue North. The battalion was in command of Major Joseph A. Weiss, Colonel H. N. Schlick and staff acted as reviewing officers. The staff was made up of the



MAJOR JOSEPH A. WEISS

following officers: Lieutenant Col. J.P. Smith, Regimental Adjutant George J. Weider, Surgeon F.W. Muloney, Assistant Surgeon F. J. Goddard, aids de camp, F. J. Schwalbe, M. Peters, F. F. Seibert and J. Fluss.

The commanderies composing the battalion, with their officers, are as follows: Commandery 25, Knights of St. Boniface, Captain A. Schreiner and Lieutenants F. Biel and A. Goldbach; Commandery 28, Knights of St. Peter and Paul, Captain William Ritzenthaler and Lieutenants A. Zick and W. Beckman; Commandery 17, Captain G. Christ and Lieutenants Herman Kuehne and Gustave Knapp. The cadet commandery 13, also passed in review. Captain Raymond Breucke and Lieutenants Charles Carlin and Leo Breucke are the officers.

Five Minute Sermon

Christ Promises the Comforter.

Our Divine Master in to-day's Gospel indicated what this sin was by which the Holy Ghost would convince the world, by saying, ‘because they believed not in Me.’ In spite of all proofs, the Jews did not acknowledge Jesus as the expected Messiah, and the Gentiles did not even think of Him, nor had they so far accepted His doctrine. The Jews therefore sinned by their incredulity, their obstinacy, and their injustice; and these sins were the cause of many others, especially that of hatred, of envy, and of murder. The Gentiles, on the other hand, were engulfed in the mire of their passions without knowing their miserable condition. But after the Holy Ghost had bestowed His gifts on the apostles the world would know the injustice of the Jews and the guilt of the Gentiles; then the whole world would be convinced that Christ was truly the Envoy sent by God, the Saviour of the world, the only One Who could lead us to eternal life.

First of all, we must take the word justice in its true sense. Justice consists in the rectitude of the mind, in the innocence of the heart, and in the integrity of morals. He who always thinks of God, as he is strictly bound to do, whose affections are well regulated, loving, desiring what is good, fearing and avoiding what is evil, he who does good and not evil, he is, strictly speaking, a just man.

We should learn how great our sorrow ought to be when of our own accord we separate ourselves from Christ by sin; and learning how necessary the Holy Ghost was to the apostles, we should always invoke Him that He may also instruct us in the truths of the faith, and guide our steps on the way of evangelical perfection.

REV. FATHER CUSACK

THE NEWLY APPOINTED AUXILIARY BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

An Unexpected Honor for the Unobtrusive and Earnest Missionary Priest—To Be Permanent Rector of Famous St. Stephen's Church.

By the appointment of his grace, Archbishop Farley, of the Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, assistant pastor of St. Teresa's church, New York, and superior of the Apostolate Order of Missionaries, to the high position of auxiliary bishop of New York, His Holiness Pope Pius X. has raised a poor boy of the American masses to one of the distinguished positions in the Catholic world. While the auxiliary bishopric does not carry with it the right of succession, Auxiliary Bishop Cusack will practically discharge the duties of bishop of the first city of the United States.

Father Cusack is forty-two years old. He comes from a devoted Catholic family. His father, Thomas C. Cusack, and his mother came to America from Ireland on their bridal trip. The bishop was the second and his mother dedicated him to the priesthood when he was a baby. His sister is a member of the order of the Sisters of Mercy and a teacher at their academy in New York.

Father Cusack has spent a majority of his forty-two years in New York city. As a lad he attended the public schools and then St. Xavier's college. He completed his education at St. Joseph's seminary at Troy and at once entered upon his duties as a spiritual father.

Father Cusack early gave evidence of his genius for missionary work, and the signal honor now conferred upon him by Pope Pius X. is a testimonial of his work along this line.

Following his ordination nineteen years ago Father Cusack became assistant pastor of the Church of St. Teresa, at Henry and Rutgers streets. His excellent work there was rewarded by his appointment to the pastorate of the church at Rosendale, near Kingston, N. Y. Leaving the Rosendale parish to take up more active work, he identified himself with the New York Apostolate mission among non-Catholics, in to which he has thrown himself with all the ardor of his character.

His appointment came as a complete surprise, as it had been understood that the advancement was to go elsewhere. It comes to Father Cusack as a voluntary appreciation of the Pope, who is deeply interested in the general missionary work of the Church, and especially among the non-Catholics.

Prelates and church people generally see in the appointment of Father Cusack a peculiar significance. Between the auxiliary bishop of New York and the Pontiff there are many similarities of nature and simple, direct conduct. This action of the Pope is deemed a sign of his desire to reward those who are prominent in their labors among the people.

Bishop Cusack has traveled through Europe and has spent much time in the Holy Land. He is well known in the southern part of the United States, where he has conducted many missions. It is said of him by southern bishops in their reports that he has done more to overcome the prejudices of non-Catholics in the south than any other priest in this country. He knew their side of the question and had made it a study to meet their objections.

St. Stephen's church, of which Bishop Cusack is to be made permanent rector, is known in Catholic history as the center of the most sensational events in the province. It is called the postgraduate school of great men. It has had more noted men to preside over its affairs than any other church in the state. It was established by Dr. Cummings, and Father McGlynn was its first permanent rector. Father McGlynn was succeeded by Father Colton, now bishop of Buffalo. Among the prominent churchmen who have been connected with St. Stephen's are Mgr. Mooney, Mgr. O'Keefe, Dr. John McQuirk, Dr. Edward McSweney, Dr. Charles Gannon of the Catholic university and a member of the Biblical commission, Father Henry of Castle Garden and Father



REV. THOMAS F. CUSACK

Keane of Holy Name, St. Stephen's in one of the most desirable parishes in the diocese. It is in many respects the richest and is the most thoroughly organized. The appointment to it is for life.

Archbishop Farley, assisted by nine bishops, and eighteen monsignori, consecrated as bishop, Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, in St. Patrick's Cathedral Monday morning.

Weekly Church Calendar.
Sunday May 1—Gospel, St. John, xvi, 7-14. St. Philip and James, apostles.
Monday 2—St. Athanasius, bishop, confessor and doctor.
Tuesday 3—St. Alexander, pope and martyr.
Wednesday 4—St. Monica, widow.
Thursday 5—St. Pius V., pope and confessor.
Friday 6—St. John before Latin Gate.
Saturday 7—St. Stanislaus, bishop and martyr.

Forty Hours Devotion.
The devotion of the ‘Forty Hours’ will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
May 1—Seneca Falls, Avon, St. Mary's Rochester, Moravia, St. Mary's, Corning.

DEATHS.
Samuel Durnber, of 171 Lyell ave., died Wednesday, aged 42 years.
Florence S. Glaser died Thursday morning at his home, 15 Seneca park-way, aged 45 years.
The funeral of James Gagen took place Friday morning at 9 o'clock from Immaculate Conception church.
The funeral of Barbara Greb took place Thursday at 9 a. m. from St. Boniface church.

National Theatre.
Fred E. Wright, whose ‘York State Folks’ is a household word everywhere, has this season produced a new musical extravaganza entitled ‘The Beauty Doctor’ which will be seen here at the National Theatre the first part of next week in a return engagement. Matinee Monday and Wednesday.
Mr. Julius Kahn will present W. H. Turner in ‘David Harum’ at the National Theatre the last part of next week. There will be matinees Thursday and Saturday.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.
The Cook Opera House Stock Company will present next week ‘The Parish Priest’ the play in which Dan Sully starred with success. This is a play dealing with a young man who loves and becomes tacitly engaged to a girl, but ambition leads him to forsake her for another, whose father is rich. This play will be presented at the Cook Opera House every evening next week, with matinee Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

BAKER THEATRE.
‘Beware of Men!’ a melodrama in four acts by Fitzgerald Murphy will be produced by the Davis-Boyle Stock Company at the Baker Theatre next week with 10 cent matinees Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. It is an interesting and well constructed play, its characters and scenes being well connected and its plot, which is clean and coherent relates the aftermath of a summer's romance, and powerfully sets forth the dangers that lurk in the train of the summer boarder.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Get the Vogt Piano Chart.
Without knowledge of music you can learn piano playing in twenty minutes; also great help to advanced pupils. Call at once as Mrs. Vogt intends to leave the city. Studio No. 113 Cox building, first floor. Mrs. Mary Vogt inventor, also inventor of the vocalizer. Open evenings.

Low rates West via The Nickel Plate Road. Special one way Colonist tickets to points throughout the West and Southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going West this winter see local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Take the Nickel Plate Road for the St. Louis Fair. Lowest rates and many unusual privileges. Special \$15.00 rate on certain dates. Full information on application to local agents or R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.