

FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)
CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

At last the dusty roads become encumbered with every species of vehicle, from the huge wain carrying furniture and slowly drawn by oxen, to the light chariot or gig dashing on behind spirited barbs; and as the best roads were narrow, and the drivers of other days were not more smooth-tongued than those of ours, we may imagine what confusion and noise and squabbling filled the public ways. Nor was there a favored one among these. Sabine, Tusculan, and Alban hills were all studded over with splendid villas, or humbler cottages, such as a Maecenas or a Horace might respectively occupy; even the flat Campagna of Rome is covered with the ruins of immense country residences; while from the mouth of the Tiber, along the coast by Laurentum, Lanuvium, and Antium, and so on to Capri, Baiæ, and other fashionable watering places round Veuvius, a street of noble residences may be said to have run. Nor were these limits sufficient to satisfy the periodical fever for rustication in Rome. The borders of Beneventum (now the Lago Maggiore, north of Milan), Como, and the beautiful banks of the Brenna, received their visitors not from neighboring cities only, still less from wanderers of Germanic origin, but rather from the inhabitants of the imperial capital. It was to one of these "tender eyes of Italy," as Pliny calls it, because forming its true beauty, that Fabiola had hastened, before the rush on the road, the day after her black slave's interview with Corvinus. It was situated on the slope of the hill which descends to the bay of Gaeta; and was remarkable, like her house, for the good taste which arranged the most costly, though not luxurious elements of comfort. From the terrace in front of the elegant villa could be seen the calm azure bay, embowered in the richest of shores, like a mirror in an embossed and enameled frame relieved by the white sunlit sail of yachts, galleys, pleasure-boats, and fishing-skiffs; from some of which rose the roaring laugh of excursionists; from others the song or harp-notes of family parties, or the loud, sharp, and not over-refined ditties of the various ploughmen of the deep. A gallery of lattice, covered with creepers, led to the baths on the shore, and half-way down was an opening on a favorite spot of green, kept ever fresh by the gush, from an out-cropping rock, of a crystal spring, confined for a moment in a natural basin, in which it bubbled and fretted, till, rushing over its ledge, it went down murmuring and chattering, in the most good-natured way imaginable, along the side of the terrace, into the sea. Two enormous plane-trees cast their shade over this classic ground, as did Plato's and Cicero's over their choice scenes of philosophical disquisition. The most beautiful flowers and plants from distant climates had been taught to make this spot their home, sheltered as it was, equally from sultriness and from frost. Fabius, for reasons which will be explained later, seldom paid more than a flying visit for a couple of days to this villa; and even then it was generally on his way to some gayer resort of Roman fashion, where he had, or pretended to have, business. His daughter was, therefore, mostly alone, and enjoyed a delicious solitude. Besides a well-furnished library always kept at the village, chiefly containing works on agriculture, or of a local interest, a stock of books, some old favorites, other lighter productions of the season (of which she generally procured an early copy at a high price), was brought every year from Rome, together with a quantity of smaller familiar works of work, such as, distributed through new apartments, make them become a home. Most of her morning hours were spent in the cherished retreat just described, with a book-casket at her side, from which she selected first one volume, and then another. But any visitor calling upon her this year would have been surprised to find her almost always with a companion—and that a slave!

We may imagine how amazed she was when, the day following the dinner at her house, Agnes informed her that Syra had declined leaving her service, though tempted by a bribe of forty. Still more astonished was she at learning that the reason was at-

tachment to herself. She could feel no pleasurable consciousness of having earned this affection by any acts of kindness, nor even by any decent gratitude for her servant's care of her in illness. She was therefore at first inclined to think Syra a fool for her pains. But it would not do in her mind. It was true she had often read or heard of instances of fidelity and devotedness in slaves, even towards oppressive masters; but these were always counted as exceptions to the general rule; and what were a few dozen cases, in as many centuries, of love, compared with the daily ten thousand ones of hatred around her? Yet here was a clear and palpable one at hand and it struck her forcibly. She waited a time, and watched her maid eagerly, to see if she could discover in her conduct any airs, any symptom of thinking she had done a grand thing, and that her mistress must feel it. Syra pursued all her duties with the same simple diligence, and never betrayed any signs of believing herself less a slave than before. Fabiola's heart softened more and more; and she now began to think that not quite so difficult, which, in her conversation with Agnes, she had pronounced impossible—to love a slave. And she had also discovered a second evidence, that there was such a thing in the world as disinterested love, affection that asked for no return.

Her conversation with her slave, after the memorable one which we have recounted, had satisfied her that she had received a superior education. She was too delicate to question her on her early history, especially as masters often had young slaves highly educated, to enhance their value. But she soon discovered that she read Greek and Latin authors with ease and elegance, and wrote well in both languages. By degrees she raised her position, to the great annoyance of her companions: she ordered Euphrosyne to give her a separate room, the greatest of comfort to the poor maid, and she employed her near herself as a secretary and reader. Still she could perceive no change in her conduct, no pride, no pretensions; for the moment any work presented itself of the menial character formerly allotted to her, she never seemed to think of turning it over to any one else, but at once naturally set herself about it.

The reading generally pursued by Fabiola was, as has been previously observed, of rather an abstruse and refined character, consisting of philosophical literature. She was surprised, however, to find how her slave, by a simple remark, would often confute an apparently solid maxim, bring down a grand flight of virtuous declamation, or suggest a higher view of moral truth, or a more practical course of action than authors whom she had long admired proposed in their writings. Nor was this done by any apparent shrewdness of judgment or pungency of wit; nor did it seem to come from much reading, or deep thought, or superiority of education. For though she saw traces of this Syra's words, ideas and behavior, yet the books and doctrines which she was reading now were evidently new to her. But there seemed to be in her maid's mind some latent but infallible standard of truth, some master-key which opened equally every closed deposit of moral knowledge, somewhat attuned chord which vibrated in unfeigned union with what was just and right, but jangled in dissonance with whatever was wrong, vicious, or even inaccurate. What this secret was, she wanted to discover; it was more like an intuition, than anything she had before witnessed. She was not yet in a condition to learn that the meanest and least in the kingdom of heaven (and what was lower than a slave?) was greater in spiritual wisdom, intellectual light and heavenly privileges, than even the Baptist Pre-cursor.

It was a delicious morning in October that, reclining by the spring, the mistress and slave were occupied in reading, when the former, wearied with the heaviness of the volume, looked for something lighter and newer; and, drawing out a manuscript from her casket, said—

"Syra, put that stupid book down. Here is something, I am told, very amusing, and only just come out. It will be new to both of us."

The handmaid did as she was told, looked at the proposed volume, and blushed. She glanced over the few first lines, and her fears were confirmed. She saw that it was one of those trashy works which were freely allowed to circulate, as Saint Justin complained, though grossly immoral, and making light of all virtue, while every Christian writing was sup-

pressed, or as much as possible dis-couraged. She put down the book with a calm resolution, and said:

(To be continued.)

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Early History of the Devotion.

Written for The Journal.

CHAPTER I.

There are doubtless but few in our section of the country who have not in some way heard of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre; but though by no means a great distance from here, there are many good Catholics who know but little about the place or its history. So recently has it been brought to the attention of those who have heard of the place or perhaps had the good fortune to visit it that to some it would hardly seem possible that two centuries and a half have passed away since the glorious patroness of Canada first commenced to show her favor for the inhabitants of this obscure little French hamlet.

Long before the Immaculate Mother appeared to the little peasant, Bernedette, at Lourdes and brought from the barren rocks a healing stream many miracles had already been wrought at St. Anne's; and still the ever powerful hand of her who was chosen to be the grandmother of our Divine Savior, is outstretched to help the suffering in soul and body.

Tradition tells but little of the life of St. Anne Nazareth and the little town of Sephoris at the foot of Mt. Carmel both claim to have been her home. Her husband was St. Joachim who like her was descended from the tribe of Juda of the royal house of David. For twenty years this holy couple lived together childless and in earnest prayer that God might send them an offspring. At last in their old age it was announced to them by an angel that their prayer had been heard and the Queen of Heaven was given them as a reward. For three years only did the parents enjoy the company of their treasure, then gave her back to God by consecrating her to His service in the Temple.

After her death the body of St. Anne was buried near Jerusalem but later transferred to the church of the Sepulchre of Our Lady in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Here it remained until the first century when according to tradition it was brought to the town of Apt in the diocese of Angouin in France where it still remains. It is told how a mysterious bark without sail or rudder was seen approaching the shores of France. The inmates were St. Lazarus, St. Mary Magdalen and St. Martha together with several other holy women, who were fleeing from Palestine carrying with them many priceless relics the most precious of which was the holy body of St. Anne.

The body was given to St. Auspicius first bishop of Apt, but had to be buried as a protection from sacrilegious hands during persecution here and the hiding place forgotten until discovered by a miracle in the year 792.

The Christian Emperor, Charlemagne was attending the Easter day office when he saw the son of Baron de Caseneuve, a deaf mute from birth, enter the church as if led by an unseen hand. At the altar steps he made signs to have the stones removed and the ground excavated, which according to orders from the emperor was done. Rays of light were seen to issue from the spot and the noble youth who had never before spoken cried:

"It is she! It is she!"

The body was brought forth and imprinted on a cloth wrapping were found these words:

"Here lies the body of St. Anne, Mother of the glorious Virgin Mary."

Since that time the shrine of St. Anne at Apt has been frequented by many pilgrims.

A second shrine in honor of St. Anne is at Auray in Brittany. In the most ancient legends of the country are found marks of love and devotion to the saint. On the same spot where now stands the pilgrimage church St. Merade, bishop of Vannes, had raised a chapel to her honor in the seventh century, and a statue of St. Anne was exposed to public veneration. A horde of barbarians pillaged the sanctuary but like the hallowed body it represented, the image escaped by having been buried in the ground. Here it remained for nine hundred years until March 8, 1625, when in accordance with a promise made by the saint herself in an apparition to Yves Nicolazie the previous year the statue was found and veneration to the saint renewed.

To be continued.

NAZARETH ACADEMY

Annual Graduating Exercises Held at Cathedral Hall.

On Wednesday, June 8th, the closing or graduating exercises of the grammar department of Nazareth Academy took place at Cathedral Hall. A large and appreciative audience was charmed and highly entertained from start to finish of a program that showed careful and painstaking training on the part of instructors and much talent on the part of children and young misses who participated.

The chorus singing, the drills and the pantomime by the little ones, each drew forth a well merited share of applause. The mirror drill by nine young ladies was difficult but it was thoroughly understood and most effectively carried out. Grace and ease marked every movement. If any one is at a loss to find out who is his best friend we refer him to Miss Helen Beattie or Miss Agnes Callahan, each of whom so cunningly described, My Best Friend. Miss Margaret Uebel's rendition of "An Order for a Picture" proves her to be one of the future eloquentists, and Miss Florence Hargather will follow closely in this line.

The special feature of the program was a pretty Indian play, "Katinka or the Indian's Trust." In this Miss Seville Zimmerman as Madame St. Elmo played her part exquisitely, while Katinka faithfully portrayed all the depths of dislocation into which a child has fallen who can recall only the shadow of an idolized mother. The Nurse, a half breed Indian, was well taken and a more perfect Indian maiden has seldom been seen.

The appended program shows the names of the performers and the graduates of the school:

Chorus, To the Dance; Mirror drill, M. Deering, F. Carroll, L. Ehrstein, M. Kavanagh, M. Henahan, C. Driscoll, C. Gottry, A. Callahan, S. Zimmerman; drama, Katinka or The Indian's Trust, in four scenes; recitation, My Best Friend, Helen Beattie, Agnes Callahan, recitation, Playing Railroad, F. Hargather, recitation, Selected, Margaret Uebel; pantomime, Comin' Thro' the Rye; chorus, Exeelsior. Presentation of class, awarding of certificates and gold medals.

The following completed grammar school course: Mae Armstrong, Marie Booher, Adelaide Callahan, Florence Carroll, Catherine Driscoll, Marlon Kavanagh, Barbara Meisenzahl, Julia Schaefer, Seville Zimmerman, Marco Deering, Florence DeForest, Lucy Ehrstein, Charlotte Gottry, Mae Henahan, Grace Little, Ida Ritchlin, Veronica Shultz.

The class was presented by Rev. George V. Burns and each as called received her diploma from the hands of Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey V. G. L. D., rector of the Cathedral. His address to the graduates was full of kind paternal advice and deep appreciation of the high order of excellence shown by the evening's program. He encouraged them to be steadily onward and upward in their pursuit of learning, and begged them ever remember the lessons they had learned at Nazareth.

Personal.

Mr. Hugh Kenney accompanied by his niece, Miss May Frawley, of 444 North St., sailed to-day on the steamship Cedric, White Star Line, to make a two months tour through Ireland.

Miss Nellie Armstrong and her cousin Mr. William O'Neill both of 234 Alexander St. left this city Monday, June 6th, on a late train for Butte, Montana, both young people are natives of County Antrim, Ireland, and were loved and respected by all who know them. A large number of friends accompanied them to the depot and to Atlantic hotel where a farewell party was given in their honor. We wish them success in their efforts in the West. They were also accompanied by Mr. T. Halligan as far as Minneapolis, the latter having spent 8 weeks in this city with his sister, Miss B. Halligan of the Homeopathic hospital.

Nickel Plate Road's new tourist sleeping cars. If you expect to take advantage of the low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast, write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. for particulars regarding their splendid tourist sleeping cars. They afford a comfortable journey at a very low cost.

A fine Picture of Pope Pius X 16x20, given free to all subscribers paying one dollar in advance for the Journal.

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. 115 Cox building, first floor. Mrs. Mary Vogt inventor, also inventor of the vocalizer. Open evenings.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



HON. THOMAS J. NEVILLE.

If there is a citizen of Rochester who does not know "Tom" Neville it is a foregone conclusion that he never had any business to transact in the City Hall, because in one capacity or another, chiefly as the moving spirit in the great public works department, Mr. Neville has held a prominent place in the city government of Rochester and he has filled all positions with credit alike to himself and the municipality.

The subject of our sketch originally was a newspaper man, and he was as good a journalist as he has since proved himself to be par excellence as a public officer. When he retired from the newspaper profession it was to become secretary to the newly created board of public works and with the exception of about two years, he has remained in the public service. It has often been said and never contradicted that Mr. Neville is a walking encyclopaedia on the streets, sewers and other details of Rochester's municipal system. When Mr. Neville was out of the service for the two years referred to he was missed sadly and when he returned in Mayor Carnahan's reign every one was glad. When Mayor Rodenbeck named him to be commissioner of public works, the universal verdict was that it was a well merited promotion. He filled the office so well that it was a foregone conclusion that Mayor Outler would reappoint him.

Mr. Neville is a past chancellor of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus and one of the prominent members of Holy Rosary congregation. He is one of the day in and day out Catholics of the strenuous sort.

BISHOP McQUAID PRESIDED.

Graduating Exercises Held Thursday at Convent of Sacred Heart.

The graduating exercises were held Thursday at Convent of the Sacred Heart. The large study hall was handsomely decorated with flowers, ferns and palms and presented a very attractive appearance. Bishop McQuaid presided and on the platform with him sat forty other clergymen. The exercises were of a purely musical and literary nature and were participated in by the following members of the graduating class:

Miss Lillian Utz, Miss Julia Finnigan, Miss Caroline E. Laughlin, Miss Marine Duffy, Miss Frances E. Weadock and Miss Effie M. Bowman.

Sale at Sacred Heart Convent.

The Mater Admirabilis Sewing Circle held its yearly exhibition and sale of vestments and altar linens at the Sacred Heart Convent, No. 6 Prince street, Tuesday afternoon. A meeting of former pupils was held at 4 o'clock to arrange details of the annual lawn party given this afternoon in the convent orchard.

St. Mary's Hospital Record.

Patients in hospital May 1, 192; admitted, 122; births, 6; died, 9; discharged, 138; remaining in hospital June 1, total 113. No pay patients, 41; private, 26; city, county and town, 10; pay, 36; total 113. Hurry calls, 13; cases transferred to St. Mary's hospital, 43; to other hospitals, 6; to homes or other stations, 17; not taken nor cared for, 5; total, 84.

On Thursday, July 14th, the New York Central will sell excursion tickets to New York city good returning within fifteen days from date of issue at rate from Rochester \$8.70, Lockport \$9.80, Niagara Falls and Buffalo \$10.25, Lewiston \$10.55. This is indeed a cheap excursion and considering the limit of fifteen days, (the usual limit is 6 days) it seems as though it should meet all requirements of a summer excursion. Particular attention is called to the fact that passengers are carried through the Mohawk Valley via this route and also have the privilege of the trip on the Hudson River steamers between Albany and New York without extra charge.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Next week the Cook Opera House stock company will present Joseph Arthur's "The Still Alarm." This play is well known to many theatre goers as Harry Lacy used it for many seasons. One of the most exciting scenes in the play occurs when the fire engine dashes out, drawn by two powerful fire horses. This will be realistically presented, and the entire presentation will be up to the high standard previously maintained by the company. This should prove a popular bill. Matinee performance will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

National Theatre.

The engagement of Miss Fannie Bonstall at the National Theatre continues as successful as ever, capacity houses ruling each week. For next week, the fifth of the engagement, the well known American play "Hans Kirke" has been selected as the bill. A. H. Stuart, who has appeared in Rochester many times in stock productions, winning many friends by his work while here, will be seen in the cast, playing the part of Thomas Kirke. The engagement includes the usual matinee on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

BAKER THEATRE.

"Resurrection," a powerful drama of Russian life, vividly pictured here a couple of seasons ago by Blanche Walsh, will be presented at Baker Theatre week of June 20th, bargain matinee Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, with Elsie Proctor Orie as Maslova, supported by the full cast of the Davis-Boyle stock company. Miss Orie will afford her many opportunities for displaying her versatility and in it she is expected to strengthen her hold upon the theatre going public of this city and attract crowded houses.

Reporters Wanted.

If you do not see any news in the Catholic Journal from your parish, write us. We desire a good reporter in every unrepresented parish. Suitable pay given. Address: Business Manager, Catholic Journal.

Weddings.

June is the month of weddings. We have a number of select photographers who you can rely upon to show you as reasonable prices. Call and see them at our new place 27 Cortland street, just a few blocks from Main street.