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FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)
CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

"Do not, my good mistress, ask me to read to you from that book. It is fit neither for me to recite, nor for you to hear."

Fabiola was astonished. She had never heard, or even thought of such a thing as restraint upon her studies. What in our days would be looked upon as an unit for common personal formed part of current and fashionable literature. From Horace to Ausonius, all classical writers demonstrate this. And what rule of virtue could have made that reading seem indelicate, which only described by the pen a system of morals which the pencil and the chisel made hourly familiar to every eye? Fabiola had no higher standard of right and wrong than the system under which she had been educated could give her.

"What possible harm can it do either of us?" she asked, smiling. "I have no doubt there are plenty of foul crimes and wicked actions described in the book; but it will not induce us to commit them; and, in the meantime, it is amusing to read them of others."

"Would you, yourself, for any consideration, do them?"

"Not for the world."

"Yet, as you hear them read, their image must occupy your mind; as they amuse you, your thoughts must dwell upon them with pleasure."

"Certainly. What then?"

"That image is foulness, that thought is wickedness."

"How is that possible?" Does not wickedness require an action to have any existence?"

"True, my mistress; and what is the action of the mind, or as I call it, the soul, but thought? A passion which 'wishes' death is the action of this invisible power, like it, unseen; the blow which inflicts it is but the mechanical action of the body, discernible like its origin. But which power commands, and which obeys? In which resides the responsibility of the final effect?"

"I understand you," said Fabiola, after a pause of some little mortification. "But one difficulty remains. There is responsibility, you maintain, for the inward as well as the outward act. To whom? If the second follows, there is joint responsibility for both to society, to the laws, to principles of justice, to self, for painful results will ensue. But if only the inward action exist, to whom can there be responsibility? Who sees it? Who can presume to judge it? Who can control it?"

"God," answered Syra, with simple earnestness.

Fabiola was disappointed. She expected some new theory, some striking principle, to come out. Instead, they had sunk down into what she feared was mere superstition, though not so much as she once had deemed it.

"What, Syra, do you then really believe in Jupiter, and Juno, or perhaps Minerva, who is about the most respectable of the Olympian family? Do you think they have anything to do with our affairs?"

"Far, indeed from it; I loathe their very names, and I detest the wickedness which their histories or fables symbolize on earth. No, I spoke not of gods and goddesses, but of only one God."

"And what do you call him, Syra, in your system?"

"He has no name but God; and that only men have given Him, that they may speak of Him. It describes not His name, His origin, His attributes."

"And what are these?" asked the mistress, with a awakened curiosity.

"Simple as light is His nature, one and the same everywhere, indivisible, undefinable, penetrating yet diffusive, ubiquitous and unlimited. He existed before there was any beginning; He will exist after all ending has ceased. Power, wisdom, goodness, love, justice too, and unerring judgment belong to Him by His nature, and are as unlimited and unrestrained as it. He alone can create, He alone preserve, and He alone destroy."

Fabiola had often read of the inspired looks which animated a sibyl, or the priestess of an oracle; but she had never witnessed them till now. The slave's countenance glowed, her eyes shone with a calm brilliancy, her frame was immovable, the words flowed from her lips, as if there were but the opening of a musical rind, made vocal by another's breath. Her

expression and manner forcibly reminded Fabiola of that abstracted and mysterious look, which she had so often noticed in Agnes; and though in the child it was more tender and graceful, in the maid it seemed more earnest and oracular. "How enthusiastic and excitable an Eastern temperament is, to be sure!" thought Fabiola, as she gazed upon her slave. "No wonder the East should be thought the land of poetry and enthusiasm." When she saw Syra relaxed from the evident tension of her mind, she said, in as light a tone as she could assume: "But, Syra, can you think that a Being such as you have described, far beyond all the conception of ancient fable, can occupy Himself with constantly watching the actions, still more the paltry thoughts, of millions of creatures?"

"It is no occupation, lady, it is not even choice. I called Him light. Is it occupation or labor to the sun to send his rays through the crystal of this fountain, to the very pebbles in its bed? See how of themselves they disclose, not only the beautiful, but the foul that harbors there; not only the sparkles that the falling drops strike from its rough sides; not only the pearls which the waves merely rise, glisten for a moment, then break against the surface; not only the golden fish that bask in their light, but black and loathsome creeping things, which seek to hide and bury themselves in dark nooks below, and cannot, for the light pursues them. Is there toil or occupation in all this to the sun that visits them? Far more would it appear so were he to restrain his beams at the surface of the transparent element, and hold them back from throwing 'it into light. And what he does here he does in the next stream, and in that which is a thousand miles off, with equal ease; nor can any imaginable increase of their number or bulk, lead us to fancy, or believe, that rays would be wanting, or light would fail, to scrutinize them all."

"Your theories are beautiful always, Syra, and, if true, most wonderful," observed Fabiola, after a pause, during which her eyes were fixedly contemplating the fountain, as though she were testing the truth of Syra's words.

"And they sound like truth," she added; "for could falsehood be more beautiful than truth? But what an awful idea, that one has 'never' been alone, has never held a wish to oneself, has never held a single thought in secret, has never hidden the most foolish fancy of a childish brain, from the observation of One that knows no imperfection. Terrible thought, that one is living, if you say true, under the steady gaze of an eye, of which the sun is but a shadow, for he enters not the soul! It is enough to make one any evening commit self destruction, to get rid of the torturing watchfulness! Yet it sounds so true!"

Fabiola looked almost wild as she spoke these words. The pride of her pagan heart rose strong within her, and she rebelled against the supposition that she could never again feel alone with her own thoughts, or that power should exist which could control her inmost desires, imaginings, or caprices. Still the thought came back, "Yet it seems so true!" Her generous intellect struggled against the writhing passion, like an eagle with a serpent, more with eye than with beak and talons, subduing the quailing foe. After a struggle, visible in her countenance and gestures, a calm came over her. She seemed for the first time to feel the presence of One greater than herself, some one whom she feared, yet whom she would wish to love. She bowed down her mind, she bent her intelligence to His feet, and her heart, too, owned for the first time that it had a Master and a Lord.

Syra, with calm intensity of feeling, silently watched the workings of her mistress's mind. She knew how much depended on their issue, what a mighty step in her unconscious pupil's religious progress was involved in the recognition of the truth before her, and she fervently prayed for this grace.

At length Fabiola raised her head, which seemed to have been bowed down in accompaniment to her mind, and with graceful kindness said:

To be continued.

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ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

The Church at Beaulieu

Written for The Journal.

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER II.

Not content with showering her blessings upon the pious pilgrims to the two famous shrines good St. Anne, as she is known at Beaulieu, was pleased to extend her favor to the inhabitants of the new world. The place she chose being a beautiful, quiet spot on the western bank of the St. Lawrence twenty-one miles east of Quebec. Devotion to the saint was brought from Perche and Normandy by the first colonists who settled here in 1650. Representatives of most of these families are still to be found in the parish after the lapse of two and a half centuries.

Tradition tells a story of the origin of the parish thus: A party of mariners coming up the St. Lawrence were overtaken by a severe storm and all hope of ever reaching land seemed to be futile until a solemn promise was made to St. Anne that if they were saved they would build a chapel in her honor. By some it is believed that the saint appeared in the storm swept horizon; but, however, the vessel was safely brought to shore. Authorities differ as to the exact spot, some believing it to have been on the side of the long ridge which extends for many miles parallel to the river, and others claim it to have been on the flats below. Owing to the changes brought about by time in the course of water ways the former might have been possible. The tide also might have formed a prominent factor in carrying the vessel thus far inland as even in the calmest weather the water daily rises and falls many feet.

In 1658 the first chapel was commenced opposite the site of the present basilica and it was now St. Anne first showed a mark of her powerful intercession by instantly curing Louis Guimont, one of the workmen, of rheumatism when he had laid only three stones of the foundation. Strange to say this chapel consecrated by a miracle was never finished.

In 1662 another was built under the direction of Monsieur de Laval and here the good saint continued to shower forth her favor; but this sanctuary only remained until fourteen years later when it was replaced by one of stone which still stands, having been twice restored in 1694 and 1787.

In 1786 it was rebuilt but one glance through the old fashioned entrance with its great white doors at the interior tell plainly of days long past. The furniture and ornaments belong to the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. During the British invasion in 1759 by Wolfe's troops under the command of Alexander Montgomery the country was devastated and this church alone was left standing.

Three gilded altars adorn the sanctuary but the daily mass is no longer offered at these and the darkened lamp of bronze tells that the Blessed Sacrament is kept here no more; but the church has by no means ceased to become a place of prayer for many a pious pilgrim still comes here to pray. On the side altars are statues of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph still beautiful in outline and color but far different from anything to be seen in our day. Most noteworthy of all is the rare and costly painting which for many years occupied the same position which the grand statue in the Basilica occupies at present. It was before this painting prayers were offered as they now are before the shrine. It is a copy of Rubens' "Education of the Virgin" given by the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of Canada in 1661. As was the custom of the time, the marquis and his wife in the garb of pilgrims are represented kneeling at the feet of St. Anne in the lower corners of the picture. Many other rare paintings, to numerous to mention here, but each with a value and history of its own, adorn the walls.

The fourth church built on the flats just opposite is one of the most beautiful places of worship on the continent and the stranger from our country who visits the place for the first time could not help being filled with amazement and awe to find so grand a temple of divine worship arising in the midst of this little hamlet with its one street and few inhabitants most of them poor laborers who work on the surrounding farms or get their support from boarding the pilgrims. Here there are no manufactures or industries of any kind.

The building was commenced in 1872 and was enlarged in 1886. The following year it was raised to the rank of Basilica Minor by Pope Leo XIII. Commanding a full view of the river and the Island of Orleans in

the distance, the great white stone structure with its two massive towers and golden statue of St. Anne between faces a beautiful lawn with flower beds, shrubbery and statuary and intersected by gravelled walks through which the processions of pilgrims wind their way.

On entering the church the first thing that strikes before our view is the statue of St. Anne with her child, supported by a highly polished onyx pedestal. At her feet are numerous crutches, canes and other supports once used by the afflicted who no longer had use for them after praying for the intercession of the holy patroness. These together with the great pyramids of the same found on either side of the main entrance represent only a fraction of the great numbers yearly left. It has been necessary to burn hundreds of these strange offerings in order to make room for the rapidly increasing supply for St. Anne never seems to tire of showing her blessings on those who come to her with confidence.

Let it not be understood that all who visit the shrine are immediately cured, for such would be presumption. Considering the vast number of pilgrims the miracles are comparatively few; but it is beyond all doubt that the good patroness has some choice spiritual if not temporal blessing in store for every one who comes to her and prays with a sincere heart for her intercession. It has been repeated by many that with perfect faith miracles must certainly be performed; but with no disrespect to the mother of the Queen of Heaven, the truth of this must be denied. Suffering ones have come from afar, often making great sacrifices in order to make the journey which was often almost beyond their strength or means, filled with perfect confidence that a complete cure was in store for them, but returned to their homes to all appearance without the slightest benefit.

God had His own wise designs for this; perhaps He wished to try the faith of those or He sent spiritual favors instead which were far better. In many cases grace is given to bear afflictions with a happy peace of mind which could never be felt had the same persons been restored to perfect health. To some, as has been explained by the good fathers, relief from bodily affliction might mean the loss of eternal salvation. Of these cases I recall three instances, two of which came under my own observation.

A young lady who had a bad form of hip disease, being obliged to wear a three inch sole on her shoes together with a heavy iron brace extending to the waist, appeared to be a most hopeless case when two years ago she came with Ontario pilgrims, the same party which many Rochester people had the pleasure of joining last year. She had been there before without being benefited but still filled with confidence and now as the great pilgrimage was about to take their departure she deposited at the feet of St. Anne the support she no longer had use for and walked unaided from the church. The shoe and brace may be seen at the left entrance to the church hanging among the crutches.

I have before my mind a young German girl who came with the Albany and Troy pilgrims two years ago and few sadder cases have been seen. An illness of a year before had deprived her of her sight and left her in almost constant pain but her faith was most perfect and the hours she spent in fervent prayer before the shrine was a source of great edification but she returned to her home undelivered to come back the next year with the same beautiful faith. This time she was taken ill and in a few weeks her prayers were rewarded by a most peaceful death for which she was well prepared while praying for her sight and health.

A story is told of a man who was cured of blindness here but the great favor he had received evidently did not bring him the happiness he had expected; and he prayed that if by having his sight he was to lose his soul he wished it taken from him again. His prayer was answered and he again became blind.

Aside from these too many blind have been restored to perfect sight in cases which seemed hopeless.

Beyond the shrine another vision of beauty in white and gold claims our attention. First as we look up from the floor inlaid with rare marble of Pompeian red and Champlain, we see, forming a striking contrast, the exquisitely carved communion rail of pure white marble, divided in sections each representing some scene from the Bible by which the real presence is proved.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



JUDGE JOHN M. MURPHY

Everybody in Rochester knows Judge John M. Murphy, dispenser of justice in the Municipal Court, better known as "the man's court." Those who appear in that court know that they are to be tried on its merits and even justice meted out if Judge Murphy sits on the bench.

In his profession Judge Murphy is recognized as a keen, taking, able lawyer, a good adviser, a hard fighter and devoted to the interests of his clients. In conjunction with his partners, Messrs. Keenan, he has built up a law practice and so assiduous is he to advance the interests of his clients that once retained they always stick to Murphy, Keenan & Keenan.

The Judge is prominent in Catholic circles. He is an active member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the O. M. B. A., O. E. B. A., and the Knights of Columbus. As a contributor to the cause of the poor he is in demand as a toastmaster at most grand social occasions.

In his home life the judge is the ideal man. He is a devoted husband, his own fireside, surrounded by his family and his friends, finds the ideal "married man's club."

The judge has achieved signal success in his career in politics and his friends predict higher honors in the future, advanced or middle age.

Guatemala's Archbishop. The South American countries are the scenes of romance and marvel. One of the most romantic scenes in the hemisphere perhaps is that of the present archbishop of Guatemala. Born of good family in 1857 Ricardo de Casanova was educated for the bar and while a young man acquired fame as an authority on civil law. In 1880 he found himself arrayed against Justo Rufino Barrios, up for re-election as president of the republic, and the two became engaged in a controversy which resulted in the young lawyer donating a monk's garb and sweeping the public place at the command of the president. (Instead of intimidating the young man and extinguishing his opposition, this action of Barrios secured him only. He wore the garb, not only for the day, but forever. He spent several years in preparation, was ordained a priest and in time was appointed bishop and archbishop. To day he is at the head of the Catholic Church in the republic.)

Every Art Counts. You may enter the catacombs of Rome or the Mammoth cave of Kentucky or some great labyrinth of ancient or modern times, where an infinite number of roads branch off in every direction, and occasionally cross each other again. You may possibly trace your way in the dark and without a guide over these devious ways and emerge safely into the light and open ground. But no pains will ever make it possible to trace out the course through all its ramifications, and to all its conclusion, of a single deed or word or thought, good or evil. And yet how thoughtfully many of us live, as if each action were final in itself. Every incident of life is, if we know it, eternal in its consequences for well or woe.

SHORT SERMONS.

Every fresh act of contrition brings a fresh ray of light and sunshine into our souls.

Remember Jesus is never separated from His Cross. Never think you love Him till you love His Cross, for it is planted in His Heart.

The blessing of a house is goodness; the honor of a house is hospitality; the ornament of a house is cleanliness; the happiness of a house is contentment.

The life that has been spent in industry and striving and that is yet a failure is the nearest approach to that of Christ, for what was His life, viewed only with external eyes, but a great failure?

God delights in joy. It is one of the most certain means to secure His favors. But in order to rejoice in the Lord the soul must be purified, for the joy which pleases God must be that of a good conscience.

BAKER THEATRE

This week the Baker Theatre stock company will present the potent romantic drama, "Monte Carlo" starting next Monday matinee and including matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and they will undoubtedly play it with energy and genuine enthusiasm. The mounting will be excellent and every situation admirably worked out. This play was Mr. Joe O'Neill's greatest success, having started in the piece for a number of years, and played to record-breaking houses.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

WM. Ross O'Connell

As other stores selling the same line of goods as we do keep open on Sundays last July and August we have decided to keep our store open on Saturdays during July and August this year, and instead of giving our employees one week's vacation with pay.

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