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FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

"Syra, I am sure I have not reached the depths of your knowledge; you must have much more to teach me." (A tear and a blush came to the poor handmaid's relief.) "But to-day you have opened a new world and a new life to my thoughts—a sphere of virtue beyond the opinions and the judgments of men, a consciousness of a controlling, an approving, and a 'rewarding 'power, too—am I right ?"—(Syra expressed approbation), "standing by us when no other eye can see, or restrain, or encourage us; a feeling that, were we shut up for ever in solitude, we should be ever the same, because that influence on us must be so superior to that of any amount of human priciples, in guiding us, and could not leave us—such, if I understand your theory, is the position of moral elevation in which it would place each individual. To fall below it, even with an outwardly virtuous life, is mere deceit and positive wickedness. Is this so ?"

"Oh, my dearest mistress," exclaimed Syra, "how much better you can express all this than I!"

"You have never flattered me yet, Syra," replied Fabiola smilingly; "do not begin now. But you have thrown a new light upon other subjects, till to-day obscure to me. Tell me now, was it not this you meant when you once told me that, in your view, there was no distinction between master and slave—that is, that as the distinction is only outward, bodily and social, it is not to be put in comparison with that equality which exists before your Supreme Being, and that possible moral superiority which he might see of the one over the other, inversely of their visible rank ?"

"It was in a great measure so, my noble lady, though there are other considerations involved in the idea which would hardly interest you at present."

"And yet, when you stated that proposition, it seemed to me so monstrous, so absurd, that pride and anger overcame me. Do you remember that, Syra?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the gentle servant; "do not allude to it, I pray!"

"Have you forgiven me that day, Syra? " said the mistress, with an emotion quite new to her.

The poor maid was overpowered. She rose and threw herself on her knees before her mistress, and tried to seize her hand; but she prevented her, and for the first time in her life Fabiola threw herself upon a slave's neck and wept.

Her passion of tears was long and tender. Her heart was getting above her intellect, and this can only be by its increasing softness At length she grew calm; and as she withdrew her embrace she said: "One thing more, Syra; dare one address, by worship, this Being whom you have described to me? Is He not too great, too lofty, too distant, for this?"

"Oh, no! far from it, noble lady," answered the servant. "He is not distant from any one of us; for as much as in the light of the sun, so in the very splendour of His might, His kindness, and His wisdom, we live and move and have our being. Hence, one may address Him, not as far off, but as around us and within us, while we are in Him; and He hears us not with ears, but our words drop at once into His very bosom, and the desires of our hearts pass directly into the divine abyss of His."

"But," pursued Fabiola, somewhat timidly, "is there no great act of acknowledgment, such as sacrifice is supposed to be, whereby He may be formally recognised and adored?"

Syra hesitated, for the conversation seemed to be trenching upon mysterious and sacred ground, never opened by the Church to profane foot. She however, answered in a simple and general affirmative.

"And could not I," still more humbly asked her mistress, "be so far instructed in your school to be able to perform this sublimer act of homage?"

"I fear not, noble Fabiola; one just needs obtain a Victim worthy of a Deity."

"Ah, yes! to be sure," answered Fabiola. "A bull may be good enough for Jupiter, or a goat for Bacchus; but where can be found a sacrifice worthy of Him whom you have brought me to know?"

"It must indeed be one every way worthy of Him—spotless in purity, matchless in greatness, unbounded in acceptableness."

"And what can that be, Syra?"

"Only Himself."

Fabiola shrouded her face with her hands, and then looking up earnestly into Syra's face, said to her—

"I am sure that, after having so clearly described to me the deep sense of responsibility, under which you must habitually speak as well as act, you have a real meaning in this awful saying, though I understand you not."

"As surely as every word of mine is heard, as every thought of mine is seen, it is a truth which I have spoken."

"I have not strength to carry the subject further at present; my mind has need of rest."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

After this conversation Fabiola retired, and during the rest of the day her mind was alternately agitated and calm. When she looked steadil yon the grand view of moral life which her mind had grasped, she found an unusual tranquillity in its contemplation; she felt as if she had made discovery of a great phenomenon, the knowledge of which guided her into a new and lofty region, whence she could smile on the errors and follies of mankind. But when she considered the responsibility which this light imposed the watchfulness which it demanded, the unseen and unrequited struggles which it required, the desolateness, almost, of a virtue without admiration or even sympathy, she again shrunk from the life that was before her, as about to be passed without any stay or help from the only sources of it she knew. Unconscious of the real cause, she saw that she possessed not instruments or means to carry out the beautiful theory. This seemed to stand like a brilliant lamp in the midst of a huge, bare, unfurnished hall, lighting up only a wilderness. What was the use of so much wasted splendour?

The next morning had been fixed for one of those visits which used to be annually paid in the country—that to the now ex-Perfect of the city Chromatius. Our reader will remember, that after his conversion and resignation of office, this magistrate had retired to his villa in Campina, taking with him a number of converts made by Sebastian, with the holy priest Polycarp, to complete their instruction. Of these circumstances, of course, Fabiola had never been informed; but she heard all sorts of curious reports about Chromatius's villa. It was said that he had a number of visitors never before seen at his house; that he gave no entertainment; that he had freed all his country slaves, but that many of them had preferred remaining with him; that if numerous, the whole establishement seemed very happy, though no boisterous sports or frolicsome meetings seemed to be indulged in. All this stimulated Fabiola's curiosity, in addition to her wish to discharge a pleasing duty of courtesy to a most kind friend of hers from childhood; and she longed to see with her own eyes what appeared to her to be very Platonic, or, as we should say, Utopian experiment.

In a light carriage, with good horses, Fabiola started early, and dashed gaily along the level road across the "happy Campina." An autumnal shower had laid the dust, and studded with glistening gems the garlands of vine which bordered the way, festooned, instead of hedges, from tree to tree. It was not long before she reached the gentle acclivity, for hill it could scarce be called, covered with box, arbutus, and laurels relieved by tall tapering cypresses, amidst which shone the white walls of the large villa on the summit. A change, she perceived, had taken place, which at first she could not exactly define; but when she had passed through the gate, the number of empty pedestals and niches reminded her that the villa had entirely lost one of its most characteristic ornaments—the number of beautiful statues which stood gracefully against the clipped evergreen hedges, and gave it the name, now became quite an empty one, of Ad Statuas (the villa of statues.)

Chromatius, whom she had last seen limping with gout, now a hale old man, courteously received her, and inquired kindly after her father asking if the report were true that he was going shortly to Asia. At this Fabiola seemed grieved and mortified; for he had not mentioned his intention to her. Chromatius hoped it might be a false alarm, and asked her to take a stroll about the grounds.

To be continued.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

The Church at Beaupre

Written for The Journal.

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER II.

The three are altars of the same material, the center one being set far back in a deep alcove and covered by a dome of gilded squares supported by marble columns. Back of this are kept potted plants which give the altar the appearance of being set in a great bank of fair blossoms. A rare plant about two foot or a little more in height, covered with bell shaped flowers of white and delicate purple is used during the summer and is in full bloom for the feast day on the 26th of July. The plant was brought from Belgium by the fathers. Between the high altar and that of the Sacred Heart stands the grand golden reliquary of Belgiam workmanship, which contains one of the relics of St. Anne. One of the smaller relics is usually kept here, but on certain occasions, especially during the novena preceeding the feast may be seen a large piece of the wrist of St. Anne, encircled by a band of twenty diamonds.

On either side of the church is a line of eight chapels, each opening by an archway into the main part and leading up by two steps. They are as follows: Holy Family, St. Joseph, St. Vincent de Paul, Guardian Angel, Our Mother of Sorrows, St. John Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Aloysius Gonzaga on one side; Holy Face, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Lewis IX King of France, St. Benedict, St. Francis Xavier, St. Patrick, St. Joachim and St. Alphonsius. These together with the altar in the sacrisy make twenty in all and it is no uncommon thing on the arrival of large pilgrimages to find mass being celebrated at each at the same time, while other priests are waiting their turn to find a vacant altar on which to offer up the Holy Sacrifice.

In the hall leading up to the sacristy and down to the store below is a most life-like statute of the Ecce Homo, placed there by a good priest, who having become scandalized by the many conversations carried on here by visitors said that he wished to change the passage to a place of prayer. Near by hangs a large collection of glasses left by pilgrims whose sight had improved.

The sacristy comes next, a pretty little chapel with an altar of carved wood. Though mass is celebrated here the Blessed Sacrament is kept on the altar only during the winter: first because the office being here the business is transacted such as arrangments for masses, burning of lamps, subscribing for the Annals of St. Anne and all information for strangers given, thus causing much occasion for distraction. But in the winter when only the few inhabitants of the town remain and the expense of heating the church would be great the sacristy is used as a place of worship for the parishioners. A few of the rare old paintings hang on the walls but the chief center of attraction is the treasury, a large case, containing together with some of the treasures of the early days of the parish many thousand dollars worth of jewels given as thanksgivings or sacrifices to St. Anne by pilgrims. Perhaps some of the most highly prized among these are the first statute of St. Anne in Canada brought from France by Bishop Laval in 1661 and kept in the old church for two centuries, and a suit of Mass vestments made by Queen Anne of Austria, of gold, silver and silk and given to the church in 1665. Like the glorious saint whose name she bore; she, too, spent twenty years of her married life without a child, then in answer to her many prayers Louise XIV was sent her to be heir to the throne of France and these vestments were among the many offerings given by her to different churches. From this a door leads to the monastary and further on is the seminary. Adjoining the church are the pleasant gardens or private grounds of the fathers. The flowers for the church are raised here and from one of the windows may be seen a few stones to mark the resting place of some who have been burried in the grounds in days long past.

Beneath the altar are several vaults, one section being reserved by the priests and brothers and another for pilgrims who had wished to rest here. A long burial lot extends the entire length of the church, but most of the dead, nearly four thousand who have died since the year 1670 are burried across the street in a little cemetery which appears to contain not more than a hundred bodies. In the center of the cemetery is a little chapel containing a life size group of the crucifixion with just room enough to kneel and pray. The walls are frescoed with scenes of the suffering souls in purgatory.

On the side of the hill rising abruptly above is Mount Calvary, consisting of a winding path along which is placed fourteen wooden crosses each containing relics from the Holy Land and at the top a great wooden cross with a figure of bronze. From this point as well as from the Scala Santa and Convent may be obtained a grand view of the St. Lawrence and Island of Orleans for many miles while the little town lies at our feet.

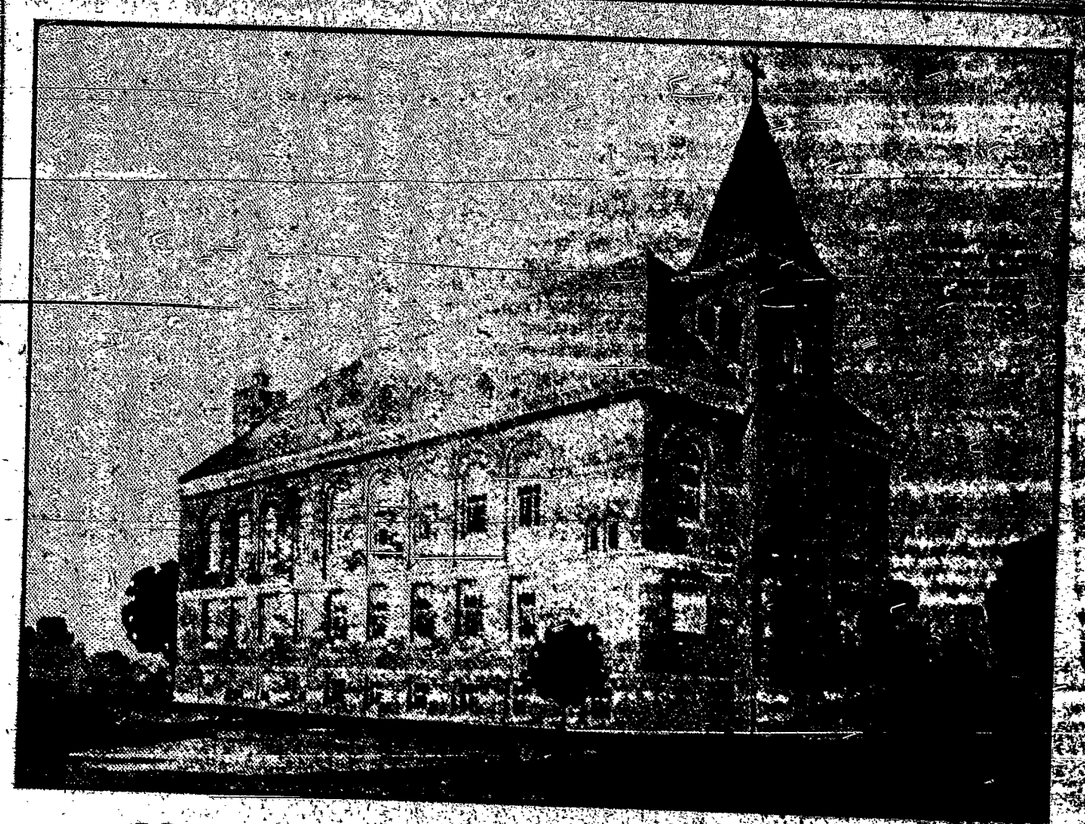
Next to the cemetery comes the old church in front of which is the miraculous fountain fed by a spring a short distance up the hill. The fountain just opposite on the church grounds is also supplied from the same source.

From here a long path leads up the hill to the Scala Santa or Holy Stairs. At the right of the entrance is an altar on which is a figure of Christ receiving the traitor's kiss of Judas, and on the left the Agony in the Garden. A flight of twenty-eight steps (each containing relics) in representation of the stairs up which Our Divine Lord was led in Pilate's palace is ascended by pilgrims on their knees. At the top is the image of Christ and Pilate, to the left Veronico before Our Saviour with the towel on which is imprinted His Holy face and to the right the Scourging at the Pillar. On the walls are small but beautiful Stations of the Cross. On either side of the Holy Stairs, a flight of steps leads to the lower floor where three more altars are found: the Crucifixion in the center, the Mother of Sorrows to the right and to the left in a tomb beneath the altar, a figure of the dead Christ and above the Rizen Saviour and Mary Magdelene. Each of the figures bear a life-like expression, every line of the face being shown with remarkable distinctness and even the blood stains and marks of bruises being most perfect. The walls are covered with frescoes of scenes of the Holy Land most beautifully done in light brown.

Beyond the Scala Santa is the Franciscian Convent of White Nuns, most beautifully located and pleasant place for ladies who wish to spend their time here while at the Shrine, the chief work of the nuns during the summer being to accommodate boarders. In the pretty little chapel the Blessed Sacrament is daily exposed until the hour of Benediction at 5 o'clock, except Saturday's when it is given at 2 o'clock.

To complete the group the little Convent of the Holy Rosary nuns stands just below. The work of the good Sisters being given to the education of the children of the parish, strangers have little interest in them, but they should not be forgotten; for, doubtless from their little home ascends many a good fervent prayer for the welfare of the pilgrim.

[To be continued.]



New Church of the Holy Rosary

The corner stone of the new church building for the Holy Rosary parish in Lexington avenue, was laid Sunday afternoon by Rt. Rev. Bishop B J. McQuaid, assisted by many priests of the diocese. The clergy were escorted from the present church to the new building at 4 o'clock by 50 members of Holy Rosary Branch 196, C.M.B.A.

After the stone had been put in place with the usual ceremonies, Bishop McQuaid made a brief address saying in part:

"Years ago when I came here to erect the first church, there was spiritual desolation in the neighborhood. There was little church going. Something had to be done to prevent it from going to the bad. After a while there came a church. One priest after another struggled—it seemed sometimes almost hopelessly. Then later there came what is better still, a church school, for religious education is at the foundation of the instruction of the people. And there came those angels of mercy to the young, the sisters of religion. They never gave up, but struggled vigorously on. Now there is faith and piety reigning in the neighborhood. You have become attached to this humble little church. As the time went on the religion within you craved something better. There is evidence of material as well as spiritual prosperity here.

"The City of Rochester has never had a great boom but it has had a steady growth. New populations will spring up around the outskirts of the city, and with them will come the church and the school. Let me say to you who are young that before you are old, you will hear all over this whole country a cry for something better than a godless education. Now and then there springs up a man who says that Christianity is a failure. The true Christianity will no more die than the God of heaven. What comes from Him must endure. The teachings of Christ must endure forever. We make no apologies for our faith. We are not afraid of any falling away.

"Members of this congregation, I congratulate you. You and your priest have worked hard and faithfully. He will move among you as a shepherd, and he will watch after every one of you personally.

"My friends there will come a time, you will be here, I can scarcely expect to be, when you will dedicate a much larger church, and this edifice will be turned into a school. A new man with fresh vigor will stand in my place. The same catechism will be taught here. Here will be taught the same seven blessed sacraments and the Lord God of Heaven will be here and He will come down among you."

At the conclusion of his address the bishop pronounced benediction. The new building which it is estimated to cost about $30,000 will serve for the present as both church and school, the church being located on the upper floor. It is expected that the church will be ready for occupancy on September 1st.

In the corner stone laying the following priests assisted Bishop McQuaid: Rev. John V. Van Ness, rector of Holy Rosary; Rev. F. H Sinclair, of SS. Peter and Paul's church, Rev. A. Notebaert of Our Lady of Victory, Rev. M. J. Hargather and Father Schellhorn of St. Michael's; Rev. D. Curran and Rev. James Winters of Corpus Christi; Rev. Thomas A. Hickey, V. G.; Rev. George Burke and Father Kunts of the Cathedral parish.

C. R. M. A.

A communication has been received from the members of the Rochester councils stating that they are going to have an outing at Portage on July 10th (Sunday) and would be glad if our brothers and sisters of Rochester councils join them. The train leaves West avenue station at 9:00 a.m. The fare is 50 cents.

A call is made for the presidents of each council and the delegates to the General council to meet at the rooms of Council 23 at 102½ State street July 18th to complete arrangements for our annual picnic. We have about $100 in prospect for the day and we want to have a good time with it. The order at large is doing fine, a great many new councils are being formed.

Fourth of July Excursion to Toronto and Niagara Falls.

The New York Central and West Shore roads will help celebrate Independence Day by offering excursion tickets from all stations to Rochester and Ontario Beach, and from all stations to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Excursions.

Special rates will be made to excursion, picnic and pleasure parties to points on the line of the Rochester & Eastern Rapid Railway. Notify R. W. Norrington, General Agent, Rochester or Canandaigua, and he will give you full information.

Independence Day Celebration in Syracuse.

The New York Central and West Shore Railroads offer excursion tickets at low rates from Canandaigua and all stations on the Auburn road, and from Palmyra and points East on the main line to Syracuse, where there is to be a monster Fourth of July celebration, including a parade of 7,000 men—in fact, 55 organizations will be in line.

THE MANITOU BEACH LINE

is the "Fishing Line." Big strings of black bass, pickerel and perch are being caught daily. Round trip fair via N. Y. C. 30 cents, half fare 20 cents. The road has doubled its carrying capacity and all the cars run "on time" and we can take good care of the crowds. No delays.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

Will Keep Open.

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

PARISIAN CLOAK HOUSE,

74 and 76 State St.

WILLIAM [illegible]