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FABIOLA

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

Published by Special Request CHAPTER XVII THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

She found them kept with the same care as ever, full of beautiful plants, but still much mised the old statues. At last they reached a grotto with a fountain, in which formerly nymphs and sea-dieties disported, but which now presented a black unbroken surface. She could contain herself no longer, and, turning to Chromatius, she said:

"Why, what on earth have you been doing, Chromatius, to send away all your statues, and destroy the peculiar feature of your handsome villa? What induced you to do this?"

"My dear young lady," answered the good humored old gentleman, "do not be so angry. Of what use were those figures to any one?"

"If you thought so, replied she, others might not. But tell me what have you done with them all?"

"Why to tell the truth, I have had them brought under the hammer."

"What! and never let me know anything about it? You know there were several pieces I would most gladly have purchased."

Chromatius laughed outright, and said, with that familiar tone, which acquaintance with Fabiola from a child authorized him always to assume with her—"Dear me! how your young imagination runs away, far too fast for my poor old tongue to keep pace with, I meant not the auctioneer's hammer, but the sledge hammer. The gods and goddesses have been all smashed, pulverized! If you happen to want a stray leg, or a hand minus a few fingers, perhaps I may pick up such a thing for you. But I cannot promise you a face with a nose or a skull without a fracture."

Fabiola was utterly amazed, as she exclaimed, "What an utter barbarian you have become my wise old judge! What shadow of reason can you give to justify so outrageous a proceeding?"

"Why, you see, as I have grown older, I have grown wiser, and I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Jupiter and Mrs. Juno are no more gods than you or I; so I summarily got rid of them."

"Yes, that may be very well; and I, though neither old nor wise, have been long of the same opinion. But why not retain them as mere works of art?"

"Because they had been set up here, not in that capacity, but as divinities. They were here as impostors, under false pretences; and as you would turn out of your house for an intruder, any bust or image found among those of your ancestors, but belonging to quite another family, so did I these pretenders to a higher connection with me, when I found it false. Neither could I run a risk of their being bought for the continuance of the same imposture."

"And pray, my most righteous old friend, is it not an imposture to continue calling your villa Ad Statuas, after not a single statue is left standing in it?"

"Certainly, replied Chromatius, amused at her sharpness, and you will see that I have planted palm trees all about; and as soon as they show their heads above the evergreens, the villa will take the title of Ad Palmas instead."

"That will be a pretty name, said Fabiola, who little thought of the higher sense of appropriateness which it would contain. She, of course, was not aware that the villa was now a training school, in which many were being prepared, as wrestlers or gladiators used to be, in separate institutions, for the great combat of faith, martyrdom to death. They who had entered in, and they who would go out, might equally say they were on their way to pluck the conqueror's palm, to be borne by them before God's judgment seat, in token of their victory over the world. Many were the palm branches shortly to be gathered in that early Christian retreat."

But we must here give the history of the demolition of Chromatius' statues, which forms a peculiar episode in the Acts of St. Sebastian.

When Nicostratus informed him, as perfect of Rome, of the release of his prisoners, and of the recovery of Tranquillinus from gout by baptism, Chromatius, after making every inquiry into the truth of the fact, sent for Sebastian, and proposed to become a

christian, as a means of obtaining a cure of the same complaint. This course could not be; and another course was proposed, which would give him new and personal evidence of Christianity, without risking an insincere baptism. Chromatius was celebrated for the immense number of idolatrous images he possessed; and was assured by Sebastian, that if he would have them all broken in pieces he would at once recover. This was a hard condition; but he consented. His son, Tiburtius, however, was furious, and protested that if the promised result did not follow, he would have Sebastian and Polycarp thrown into a blazing furnace, not perhaps so difficult a matter for the Perfect's son.

In one day, 200 pagan statues were broken in pieces, including of course those in the villa, as well as those in the house at Rome. The images were indeed broken, but Chromatius was not cured. Sebastian was sent for, and sharply rebuked. But he was calm and indelible. "I am sure he said, all have not been destroyed. Something has been withheld from demolition." He proved right. Some small objects had been treated as works of art rather than religious things, and like Achan's coveted spoil, concealed. They were brought forth and broken up; and Chromatius instantly recovered. Not only was he converted, but his son Tiburtius, became also one of the most fervent of Christians; and, dying in glorious martyrdom, gave his name to a catacomb. He had begged to stay in Rome, to encourage and assist his fellow-believers, in the coming persecution, which his connection with the palace, his great courage and activity would enable him to do. He had become, naturally, the great friend and frequent companion of Sebastian and Pancratius.

After this little digression, we resume the conversation between Chromatius and Fabiola, who continued her last sentence, by adding: "But do you know, Chromatius—let us sit down in this lovely spot, where I remember there was a beautiful Bacchus—that all sorts of strange reports are going round the country about your doings here?"

"Dear me! What are they? Do tell me."

"Why, that you have a quantity of people living with you, whom nobody knows that you see no company, go out no where, and lead quite a philosophical sort of life, forming a most platonic republic."

"Highly flattered!" interrupted Chromatius, with a smile and bow.

"But that is not all, continued Fabiola. They say you keep most unfashionable hours, have no amusements, and live most abstemiously, in fact almost starve yourselves."

"But I hope they do us the justice to add, that we pay our way?" observed Chromatius. They don't say do they, that we have a long score run up at the baker's or grocer's?"

"Oh no!" replied Fabiola laughing.

"How kind of them!" rejoined the good humored old judge. They—the whole public, I mean—seem to take a wonderful interest in our concerns. But is it not strange, my dear young lady, so long as my villa was in the free and easy system, with as much loose talk, deep drinking, occasional sallies of youthful mirth, and troublesome freaks in the neighborhood, as others,—I beg your pardon for alluding to such things; but in fact, so long as I and my friends were neither temperate nor irreproachable, nobody gave himself the least trouble about us? But let a few people retire to live in quiet, be frugal, industrious, entirely removed from public affairs, and never even talk about politics or society, and at once there springs up a vulgar curiosity to know all about them, and a mean pruritus in third-rate statesmen to meddle with them; and there must needs fly about flocks of false reports and foul suspicions about their motives and manner of living. Is not this a phenomenon?"

"It is, indeed; but how you account for it?"

"I can only do so by that faculty of little minds, which makes them always jealous of any aims higher than their own; so that, almost unconsciously, they depreciate whatever they feel to be better than they dare aspire to."

"But what is really your object and your mode of life here, my good friend?"

"We spend our time in the cultivation of our higher faculties. We rise frightfully early—I hardly dare tell you how early; we then devote some hours to religious worship; after

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE The Pilgrimage

with a light in the center of each, and long lines of light all around; and the miraculous statue surrounded by nearly eighty golden rays, with a light in the end of each, and also two, a pretty branch of lights, inside the circle on each side of the statue. During the prayers and sermons, and in the evening when darkness falls over the interior of the church, the lights shine forth in all their glory, as if to call the attention of the pilgrims to her whom he has come to invoke; but with the opening of the tabernacle door for Benediction, the shrine at once falls into darkness, which, as if Heaven had suddenly opened, the dome above the altar breaks into a blaze of splendor, to show that our dear Lord Himself now exposed upon the altar must have our undivided attention.

To be continued.

36th Anniversary

BISHOP McQUAID TO CELEBRATE HIS ANNIVERSARY NEXT TUESDAY.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid as Bishop of the diocese of Rochester, will be celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral Tuesday morning.

Bishop McQuaid was consecrated at New York city on July 12, 1868, and although he is now in his 81st year, he enjoys the best of health and is able to attend personally to the multifarious duties of his office.

Pontifical high mass will be celebrated at the Cathedral at 10:30 o'clock by Bishop McQuaid, and Bishop Williams, of Boston, Mass., who is visiting Bishop McQuaid at Hemlock Lake, will be present, as will also Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and all the Rochester and nearby clergy.

The Cathedral choir will render Lietz's Missa Choralis on this occasion; nearly all the directors of our Catholic choirs will assist, and in addition many prominent Catholic singers have greatly encouraged Prof. Bonn, the director, by their attendance at rehearsals the past week.

L. C. B. A. CONVENTION.

Eighth Meeting To Be Held at St. Paul, Minn., July 19.

The eighth convention of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association will be held at the Peoples Church at St. Paul, Minn. The sessions will be formally opened Tuesday morning, July 19. The Rochester delegates will leave Saturday, July 18, for Buffalo, when they will take a special train on Sunday morning.

The following Rochester delegates will attend the convention: Mrs. K. J. Dowling, supreme trustees, Branch 27; Miss Mary O'Connor, Branch 62; L. Meyers, Branch 104; Mrs. Dora Maier, Branch 124; Mrs. Anna Powell, Branch 161; Mrs. Anna Brook, Branch 186; Mrs. Celia Maier, Branch 188; Mrs. Mary Huether, Branch 242; Mrs. Bertha Dietz, Branch 246; Mrs. Cronin, Branch 249; Mrs. Mary Kreig, Branch 251; Miss Mary Maley, Branch 296; Mrs. Catherine Bauman, Branch 485; Mrs. Savard, Branch 496; Mrs. O'Hara, Branch 545; Miss Mame Sullivan, Branch 747.

At 11:15 and 3:30 each day the Gospel of St. Anne for the welfare of the afflicted, the blessing of religious articles which can be bought for low prices at the store of the church, and also the application of the relic of St. Anne, takes place. The same is repeated, as each pilgrimage is preparing to leave on its homeward journey. If strangers would take note of these hours, much inconvenience might be spared the Fathers, whose patience must often be sorely tried by people who are continually calling for some one to bless their religious souvenirs.

The relics are five in number; the first a piece of the finger bone of St. Anne was obtained in 1670 by Monseigneur de Laval from Careassone, France; the second, in 1877, by Father Laliberti, on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome; the third, a fragment of rock from the room of St. Anne at Jerusalem, was given by Charmetant, procurator of the African missionaries in 1880. In 1889 Monseigneur Bolduc bequeathed by will to the Basilica the fourth relic from the hand bones of St. Anne; and the fifth, a piece of the wrist about four inches long, was obtained by Cardinal Taschereau, through Mgr. Marquis, of his late Holiness Leo XIII. This treasure, encircled in its band of 28 diamonds, is the one so carefully guarded in the Monastery, while the others are used for general public veneration.

At seven in the evening was given the daily rosary, French and English sermons, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and it was at this time the pilgrims were given an opportunity to behold a most beautiful sight, the illuminations which consist of fourteen hundred electric lights. Long lines of brilliancy running the entire length of the church, might be seen, with here and there clusters of bright bulbs; but most beautiful of all is the white dome above the altar, which is divided into squares

HIS SILVER JUBILEE

Rev. A. A. Notebaert was assigned to the church on July 10, 1879, and by laborious effort he has succeeded in increasing its membership and removing a debt with which it was encumbered; he has built a school and done other things to improve the church property. His congregation is composed mostly of the French, Belgian and Holland persons of Rochester, and many Americans are also numbered amongst those who attend the church. The present edifice was erected under the supervision of Mr. De Regge in 1868. Among the older members are Pierre Savard and Louis Phaneols, both of whom are over 80 years of age.

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 employes one week's vacation with pay.

PARISIAN GLOAK HOUSE,

74 and 76 Main Street, East, WILLIAM H. REILLY, proprietor.

THE MANITOU BEACH LINE.

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

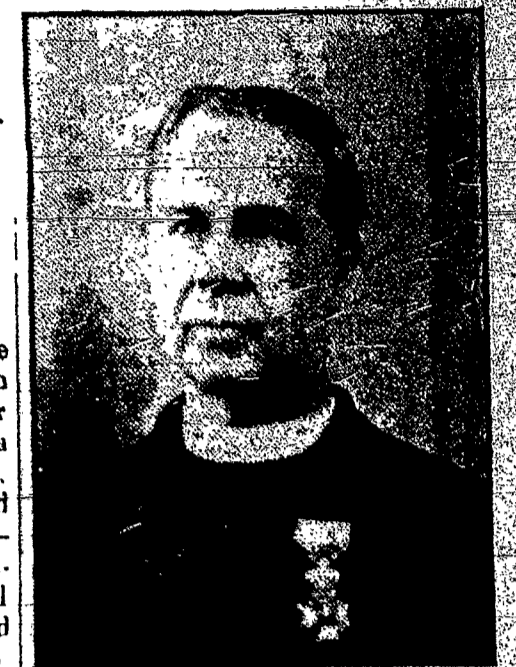
REV. A. A. NOTEBAERT TO CELEBRATE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Solemn High Mass Will be Sung in Our Lady of Victory Church on Sunday—Belgian Ambassador and Consul to be Guests.

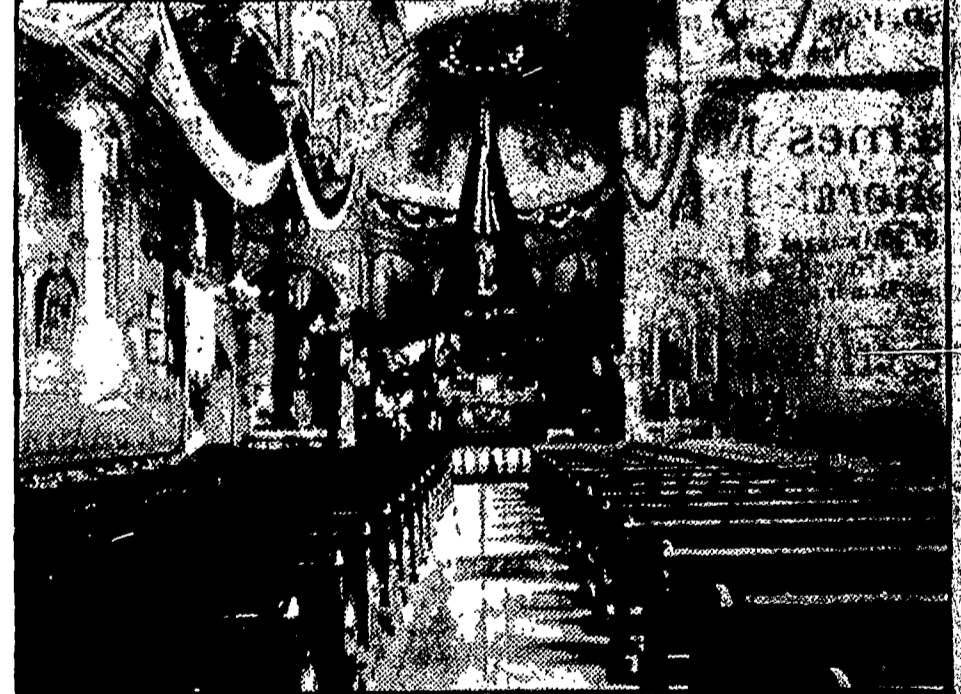
Tomorrow, Sunday, Rev. Alphonse A. Notebaert will complete his 25th year as rector of the church of Our Lady of Victory, in Pleasant street, a parish that was organized in 1848, when there were but few French and Belgian Catholics in the city, compared with the present time. The occasion will be marked with special services in which Bishop McQuaid and several priests of the diocese will participate. Baron Monobeur, Belgian ambassador at West-lington and Pierre Mali, Belgian Consul at New York, will be guests. Bishop Henry Gabriels, of the diocese of Ogdensburg, who is, like Father Notebaert, a native of Belgium, will be present to take part in the services. He will celebrate the 8:30 o'clock mass. The children who have made the first communion will be present at this mass and offer up their communion for Father Notebaert.

Solemn high mass will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock. A dedicatory mass for Father Notebaert will be sung by the choir, under the leadership of Professor Paul Verboest and assistance will be given by an orchestra of twelve pieces. A reception will follow at night in the hall, in the rear of the church. The altar as well as the church will be decorated for the morning services, the former with flags and potted plants, and the latter with the Belgian and French colors. On the right of the altar will be the French and American flags crossed, and on the left the Belgian and Holland flags arranged in like manner. Belgian streamers of yellow, red, and black, signifying the union of the nobility, people and the clergy, will hang from the dome of the church to the sides of the altar.

The officers of the 10:30 mass will be Rev. A. Notebaert celebrant, Rev. Victor Van Walleghe, assistant at St. Luke's cathedral, St. Paul, Minn. and Rev. R. Champion of Ercoise, Mich., deacon and sub deacon.



REV. A. A. NOTEBAERT.



INTERIOR OF FRENCH CHURCH.



EXTERIOR OF FRENCH CHURCH.

Continued on last page.