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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.

"I had the honor, when very young, as my father had had before me, to be employed by the noble Fabius in Asia. Ill-health compelled me to leave his service."

Several sheets of fine vellum, cut to a size, evidently for transcription of some book, lay on the table. One of these the good old man placed before the lady, with ink and a reed, and she wrote a few affectionate lines to her father. She doubled the paper, tied a thread round it, attached some wax to this, and impressed her seal, which she drew from an embroidered bag, upon the wax. Anxious, some time, to reward the messenger, when she could better know how, she took another piece of the vellum, and made on it a memorandum of his name and residence, and carefully put this into her bosom. After partaking of some slight refreshment, she mounted her car, and bade Chromatius an affectionate farewell. There was something touchingly paternal in his look, as though he felt he should never see her again. So she thought; but it was a very different feeling which softened his heart. Should she always remain thus? Must he leave her to perish in obstinate ignorance? Were that generous heart and that noble intellect to grovel on in the slime of bitter paganism, when every feeling and every thought in them seemed formed of strong yet finest fibres, across which truth might weave the richest web? It could not be; and yet a thousand motives restrained him from an avowal which he felt would, at present, only repulse her fatally from any nearer approach to the faith. "Farewell, my child," he exclaimed, "may you be blessed one hundred fold, in which as yet you know not." He turned away his face as he dropped her hand, and hastily withdrew.

Fabiola, too, was moved by the mystery, as well as the tenderness, of his words, but was startled, before reaching the gate, to find her chariot stopped by Torquatus. She was at that moment painfully struck by the contrast between the easy and rather familiar, though respectful manner of the youth, and the mild gravity, mixed with cheerfulness, of the old ex-priest.

"Pardon this interruption, madam," he said, "but are you anxious to have this letter quickly delivered?"

Certainly, I am "most" anxious that it should reach my father as speedily as possible."

"Then I fear I shall hardly be able to serve you. I can only afford to travel on foot, or by chance and cheap conveyance, and I shall be some days on the road."

Fabiola, hesitating, said, "Would it be taking too great a liberty, if I should offer to defray the expenses of a more rapid journey?"

"By no means," answered Torquatus, rather eagerly, "if I can thereby better serve your noble house."

Fabiola handed him a purse abundantly supplied, not only for his journey, but for an ample recompense. He received it with smiling readiness, and disappeared by a side alley. There was something in the manner which made a disagreeable impression; she could not think he was fit company for her dear old friend. If Chromatius had witnessed the transaction, he would have seen a likeness to Judas in that eager clutching of the purse. Fabiola, however, was not sorry to have discharged, by a sum of money, once for all, any obligation she might have contracted by making him her messenger. She therefore drew out her memorandum to destroy it as useless, when she perceived that the other side of the vellum was written on; just as the transcriber of the book, which she saw put by, had just commenced its continuation on that sheet. Only a few sentences, however, had been written, and she proceeded to read them.

Then for the first time she perused the following words from a book unknown to her:

"I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you: that you may be children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise on the good and the bad, and raineth upon

the just and the unjust."

We may imagine the perplexity of an Indian peasant who had picked up in a torrent's bed a white pellucid pebble, rough and dull outside, but where chipped, emitting sparks of light; unable to decide whether he have become possessed of a splendid diamond or of a worthless stone, a thing to be placed on a royal crown, or trodden under a beggar's feet. Shall he put an end to his embarrassment by at once flinging it away, or shall he take it to a lapidary, ask its value, and perhaps be laughed at to his face? Such were the alternating feelings of Fabiola on her way home. Whose can these sentences be? No Greek or Roman philosopher's. They are either very false or very true, either sublime morality or base degradation. Does any one practice this doctrine, or is it a splendid paradox? I will trouble myself no more on the subject; or rather I will ask Syria about it; it sounds very like one of her beautiful but impracticable theories. No; it is better not. She overpowers me by her sublime views, impossible for me, though they seem easy to her. My mind wants rest. The shortest way is to get rid of the cause of my perplexity, and forget such harassing words. So here it goes to the winds, or to puzzle some one else, who may find it on the roadside. Ho! Phormio, stop the chariot and pick up that piece of parchment which I have dropped.

The outsider obeyed, though he had thought the sheet deliberately flung out. It was replaced in Fabiola's bosom: it was like a seal upon her heart; for that heart was calm and silent till she reached home.

CHAPTER XVIII

TEMPTATION

Very early next morning a mule and guide came to the door of Chromatius's villa. On it was packed a moderate pair of saddlebags, the whole known property of Torquatus. Many friends were up to see him off, and receive from him the kiss of peace ere he departed. May it not prove like that of Gethsemani! Some whispered a kind, soft word in his ear, exhorting him to be faithful to the graces he had received; and he earnestly, and probably sincerely, promised that he would. Others, knowing his poverty, put a little present into his hand, and entreated him to avoid his old haunts and acquaintances. Polycarp, however, the director of the community, called him aside; and with fervent words, and flowing tears, conjoined him to correct the irregularities, slight, perhaps, but threatening, which had appeared in his conduct, repress the levity which had manifested itself in his bearing, and cultivate more all Christian virtues. Torquatus, also with tears, promised obedience. Knelt down, kissed the good priest's hand; then received from him letters of recommendation for his journey, and a small sum for its moderate expenses.

At length all was ready; the last farewell was spoken, the last good wish expressed; and Torquatus, mounted on his mule, with his guide at his side, proceeded slowly along the straight avenue which led to the gate. Long after every one else had entered the house, Chromatius was standing at the door, looking wistfully, with a moist eye, after him. It was just such a look as the prodigal's son kept fixed on his departing father.

As the villa was not on the high road, this modest quadrupedal conveyance had been hired to take him across the country to Fundi (now Fondi), as the nearest point where he could reach it. There he was to find friend. If Chromatius had witnessed the transaction, he would have seen a likeness to Judas in that eager clutching of the purse. Fabiola, however, was not sorry to have discharged, by a sum of money, once for all, any obligation she might have contracted by making him her messenger. She therefore drew out her memorandum to destroy it as useless, when she perceived that the other side of the vellum was written on; just as the transcriber of the book, which she saw put by, had just commenced its continuation on that sheet. Only a few sentences, however, had been written, and she proceeded to read them.

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To be continued.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

The Pilgrimage.

Written for The Journal.

(Continued from last week.)

Chapter II.

Himself now exposed upon the altar must have our undivided attention.

The profound awe with which we bow our heads at elevation is increased by the sweet sound of the chimes pealing forth the notes of the pilgrims' hymn to good St. Anne.

Early in the morning masses began to be celebrated once more and continued nearly three hours, during which time hundreds approached the Holy Table and about the middle of the forenoon the concluding exercises of the pilgrims were held.

The people met in the church where a procession was formed, the priests and the bearers of the relic and statue of St. Anne bringing up the rear. All marched around the winding walks of the park carrying lighted tapers singing the hymn to St. Anne and repeating Hail Mary's followed by the invocation, "Good St. Anne pray for us." Returning to the church Benediction of the Blessed sacrament followed by the last veneration of the relic was given and then the greater number of the pilgrims returned to the long train which stood in readiness to take them back to their homes.

Unlike most pilgrimages where tickets are sold at such exceedingly low rates the privilege was granted to those who wished to remain four days longer thus giving them an opportunity to celebrate the glorious Feast at the Shrine, while others of the party left for Quebec or Montreal where stop over privileges are allowed on the tickets.

To try to describe the ceremonies of the Feast would only be to say that there had been a marked increase in the grandeur and solemnity of the celebration. Masses going on continually from the very dawn, the ringing of the little bells at close intervals telling that at some altar the consecrated Host was being raised for the adoration of the people. At the 7 o'clock mass several young men were raised to the dignity of deacon by Archbishop Begin of Quebec; and at nine the grand organ, which is one of the finest on the continent pealed forth at the beginning of the high mass at which were preached both in French and English the grandest sermons of the year. On this day the glories of St. Anne were increased by twelve miracles, of which next week's issue will contain a report.

Those contemplating this pilgrimage would do well to receive the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion before leaving home thus to ask God's blessing on the long journey and no one should fail to receive Communion at the Shrine for it is then that St. Anne bestows her choicest blessings. Many who spend a few days here receive every day or at least often during the week, but this privilege though often granted must be left entirely to the judgment of the confessor. All should receive as often as permitted for St. Anne is not pleased with those who through some caprice of their own should neglect so powerful a means of grace. The sincere pilgrim should try to assist devoutly at as many masses as possible and much of the day should be spent praying before the Shrine or visiting the different places of devotion such as the Scala Santa chapel or old church.

It has often been repeated that it is just as well to remain at home and pray. For some this may in a measure be better than when they would make a pilgrimage but are entirely unable to do so; but for others who can go it may be said that there are many blessings and rich indulgences granted the Basilica by the Holy Father which can be obtained nowhere else; chief amongst these is the plenary indulgence for every Communion received within its walls.

Some complain that the expense of the pilgrimage is too great, and without deriving any temporal, to say nothing of the spiritual benefit will spend more money on an outing near home. The eight dollar excursion ticket offered for a thousand miles on boat and a train is as good as any of our own through a country

BISHOP'S ANNIVERSARY

Celebrated By Pontifical High Mass at Cathedral.

Clergy of Rochester and Vicinity Unite in Doing Honor to the Head of the Diocese of Rochester.

Right Reverend Bishop McQuaid celebrated the thirty sixth anniversary of his consecration as bishop Tuesday morning Solemn pontifical mass was celebrated at the cathedral in the presence of the assembled priests and many of the parishioners, by Bishop McQuaid.

The bishop was assisted by Very Reverend Dr. T. F. Hickey, V. G., as assistant priest; Revs. M. J. Haggarty, of St. Michael's and A. M. O'Neil, of the Church of the Immacu-



Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid.

late Conception as deacons of honor; Rev. Dr. M. J. Nolan of the Cathedral as deacon of the mass and Rev. J. F. O'Hern as sub deacon; Rev. Dr. Goggin of St. Bernard's seminary as master of ceremonies.

The regular choir of the Cathedral was augmented by the following: Miss Caroline Cramer, Mrs. K. C. Mahon, Mrs. L. Whalen; Misses Agnes Madden, Julia Madden, Agnes Norman, Florence Smith, and the following directors of Catholic choirs: P. C. Kinney of St. Bridget's church, Eugene Sackett of Holy Rosary, William Predmore of Immaculate Conception and Charles Rhodes of Holy Apostles church. Miss Minnie F. O'Laughlin was organist for Litz's mass; M. D. Kavanaugh, assistant director; Eugene Bonn, organist and director.

The students of St. Bernard's and St. Andrew's seminary chanted the Gregorian "Introitus," "Graduale," "Offertory" and "Communio."

A large number of priests were present in the sanctuary. The visiting priests included Father Pontur of Brownville, N. Y., Father Van Walleghen of St. Luke's church, St. Paul, Minn., two Jesuit priests, Rev. Father Ennis S. J. and Rev. Father Hill, S. J., and Arch-Bishop Williams of Boston.

After the mass the priests congratulated the bishop and dined with him.

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.

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PASTOR FOR 25 YEARS

FATHER NOTEBAERT CELEBRATED HIS SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

Congratulations Expressed By Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg and Vicar General Hickey—Noted Belgians Present.

The most notable event in the history of the French church of Our Lady of Victory took place on Sunday last, when the pastor, Rev. A. A. Notebaert, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of his pastorate.

Solemn High mass was celebrated by Father Notebaert, and Rev. Victor Van Walleghen, assistant at St. Luke's cathedral, St. Paul, Minn., was deacon, Rev. J. Ponteur of Brownville, N. Y., sub-deacon.

The sermon was preached by Bishop Gabriels, of the diocese of Ogdensburg, who is also a native of Belgium. Vicar General Hickey, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral, spoke for Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid, who was unable to be present. A number of priests were present in the sanctuary.

Other distinguished guests were the Belgian minister to Washington, Baron Moncheur, the Belgian consul in New York, P. Mail, and the Belgian delegate to the St. Louis exposition, C. Spruyt.

The church was decorated with potted plants, palms and flowers, and a profusion of flags. The flags of the United States, Belgium and Holland were used in the scheme of decorations, the flag of the United States predominating.

A mass composed by Paul Verpoest, director of the choir, and dedicated to Father Notebaert, was sung. The musical service was especially fine.

Bishop Gabriels preached to the Belgians and Hollanders. He congratulated the church upon its prosperity, and expressed the hope that such colonizations as that represented by the church and congregation might become greater in number, both in the East and West. The members of the church were fortunate, he said, in having one so minister to them in their own tongue.

Father Hickey brought the congratulations of Bishop McQuaid to Father Notebaert and to the church. He spoke in praise of what had been accomplished since Father Notebaert had taken up the work; all that had been done, had been done well, he said. He called attention to Father Notebaert's success in establishing a school "in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles." The present state of the church, said Father Hickey, was assurance that it would have a worthy future.

Throughout the day Father Notebaert received congratulatory telegrams and messages by cable from friends in Belgium. In the afternoon he was called upon to officiate in marrying George De Marteau and Miss Valentine Lacroix. The ceremony was performed in the church, and Baron Moncheur and Pierre Mail were witnesses of the marriage.

Besides the addresses and presentations, there was a musical program in French Hall in the evening. On the platform were Pierre Savard and Louis Phaneuf, two of those who signed the petition for a French church in 1848. Although both of them are over 80 years of age, they are still in good health and attend the services of the church regularly. Severe Gendreau and Israel Le Beau, who have been the lay trustees of the church for many years, were also on the platform.

Opening the exercises at the hall, Mrs. Nellie Weldert rang, accompanied on the violin by Prof. Paul Verpoest. Eugene Donckele then read an address to Father Notebaert in the name of the church; and presented a check for \$800. The address follows in part.

"It is written in Ecclesiastes that 'he that observeth the clouds shall not sow, and he that considereth the cloud shall never reap.' Most of us are cheerful fair weather workers, but he sowed with the winds against him, even the harvest was gathered under unfavorable conditions; and for these reasons, doubtless, it is all the more treasured by him. From the beginning he revealed the quality of courage required to meet the conditions which confronted him, and after a lapse of a few years it was his pleasure to announce that funds were available to meet the church debt. Not a whisper of criticism would have

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels

been uttered had he been dissatisfied from that time to pursue the pastoral duties, but in his judgment the future of the congregation demanded a parochial school, and in the face of the opposition, he without the work.

In the struggle for the school, which he maintained contrary to the wishes of those who in other matters had supported him, he was not alone. Those who were fortunate as to attend the school, recently held in this hall, have furnished evidence that he has not labored in vain. A class of graduates, the pupils' examinations, and all manner of graduates, which not only attests to the credit of the parochial school, but to the untiring effort of the pastor and the devotedness of the people.

Attendance at service which fills the church for two months, and which when he came here only filled the church for one month; a parochial school started with 25 pupils, which now numbers 150 and gives promise of a bright future; a building formerly used as a school, our first school house, supplanted by an edifice which would be a credit to any congregation; all these things were the outcome of devotion and courage of him who has labored fully worked in this parish during the past 25 years.

By his genial and obliging disposition he succeeded in winning the confidence of those with whom he was in contact; and there are few French people who have not found their way back to the little church. There is consolation in the change, for when former conditions are remembered, and this change is due to the noble efforts and perseverance of our pastor. He may not have accomplished all he counted on; but life is full of such regrets, and if he has suffered defeat in any hope, he has sustained a triumph shown by many who are courageous and confident in the ultimate triumph. Tonight we entrust him to the memory of those who will not forget what the struggle has cost him, and what he has achieved. He has been a blessing to the people; glad of the privilege of rejoicing with him on the occasion of his silver anniversary.

It has been said that the highest joy which men taste is the noble victory of the power that is in them, and in the years that our pastor has given to his untiring efforts, we trust he has experienced, in the performance of the service many glad days, and a fullness of joy, which are the reward of a life active in overcoming the difficulties by which he was surrounded.

We are permitted on this occasion to express our appreciation of his services, and our congratulations on the event of his Silver Jubilee as compensation. We may also add that his health may be spared for many years in doing God's work in this parish; but the root of character of a minister of Christ's church, charged with the mission of souls, is planted in soil that cannot be nourished by a stream of words of human encouragement alone; for, as expressed by the poet:

"That poet a richer soil does know
Than our poor hearts could ever know
That stream is from the heart of God
From God it came, to God it goes
Not nourished from our empty words
But from His infinite power
Which runs and which will never dry."

An address in Flemish was read by Emile Verheer.

Mrs. H. B. Lankin, representing the French alliance, read an address to Father Notebaert and presented him with a handsome glass vase decorated with silver.

"I could wish," said Father Notebaert, "that I could give you the address, that we have in the past the special word, that we have spoken in our language, that we have

Continued on next page.