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## FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### TEMPTATION

Continued from last week.

What were the traveler's thoughts amidst the shifting scenes of a new act in his life's drama? did they amuse him? did they delight him? did they elevate him, or did they depress him? His eye scarcely noted them. It had run on far beyond them, to the shady porticoes and noisy streets of the capital. The dusty garden and the artificial fountain, the marble bath and the painted vault, were more beautiful in his eyes than fresh autumn vineyards, pure streams, purple ocean, and azure sky. He did not, of course, turn his thoughts towards its foul deeds and impious practices, its luxury, its debauchery, its profaneness, its dishonesties, its calumnies, its treacheries, its uncleanness. Oh, no! what would he, a Christian, have again to do with these? Sometimes, as his mind became abstracted, it saw in a dark nook of a hall in the Thermæ, a table, round which moody but eager gamblers were casting their knuckle-bone dice; and he felt a quivering creep over him of an excitement long suppressed; but a pair of mild eyes, like Polyarp's, looked on him from behind the table, and aroused him. Then he caught himself, in fancy seated at a marble table, with a ruby gem of Falernian wine set in the rim of a golden goblet, and discourse ungirded by inebriety, going round with the cup; when the reproving countenance of Chromatius would seem placed opposite, repelling with a scowl the approach of either.

He was, in fact, returning only to the innocent enjoyments of the imperial city, to its walks, its music, its paintings, its magnificence, its beauty. He forgot that all these were but the accessories to a living and panting mass of human beings, whose passions they kindled, whose evil desires they inflamed, whose ambition they fanned, whose resolutions they melted and whose minds they enervated. Poor youth! he thought he could walk through that fire, and not be scorched! Poor moth! he imagined he could fly through that flame, and have his wing unscathed.

It was in one of his abstracted moods he journeyed through a narrow overhung defile, when suddenly he found himself at its opening, with an inlet of the sea before him, and in it one solitary and motionless skiff. The sight at once brought to his memory a story of his childhood, true or false it mattered not; but he almost fancied its scene was before him.

Once upon a time there was a bold young fisherman living on the coast of Italy. One night stormy and dark, he found that his father and brothers would not venture out in their tight smack: so he determined, in spite of every remonstrance, to go alone in the little cock-shell attached to it. It blew a gale, but he rode it out in his tiny buoyant bark, till the sun rose, warm and bright, upon a placid, glassy sea. Overcome by fatigue and heat, he fell asleep; but, after some time was awakened by a loud shouting at a distance. He looked around and saw the family boat, the crew of which were crying aloud, and waving their hands to invite him back; but they made no effort to reach him. What could they want? what could they mean? He seized his oars, and began to pull lustily towards them; but he was soon amazed to find that the fishing boat, towards which he had turned the prow of his skiff, appeared upon his quarter; and soon though he righted his craft, it was on the opposite side. Evidently he had been making a circle, but the end came within its beginning in a spiral curve, and now he was commencing another and narrower one. A horrible suspicion flashed upon his mind: he threw off his tunic and pulled like a mad man at his oars. But though he broke the circle a bit here and a bit there, still round he went, and every time nearer to the centre, in which he could see a downward funnel of hissing and foaming water. Then, in despair, he threw down his oars, and standing, he flung up his arms frantically; and a sea-bird, screaming near, heard him cry out as loud as itself, "Charybdis!" And now the circle his boat went

spinning round was only a few times longer than itself; and he cast himself flat down, and shut his ears and eyes with his hands, and held his breath, until he felt the water gurgling above him, and he was whirled down into the abyss.

"I wonder," Torquatus said to himself, "did any one ever perish in this way? or is it a mere allegory?—if so, of what? Can a person be drawn on gradually in this manner to spiritual destruction? Are my present thoughts, by any chance, an outer circle, which has caught me, and—"

"Fundus!" exclaimed the muleteer, pointing to a town before them: and presently the mule was sliding along the broad flags of its pavements.

Torquatus looked over his letters and drew one out for the town. He was taken to a little inn of the poorest class by his guide, who was paid handsomely, and retired swearing and grumbling at the niggardliness of the traveler. He then enquired the way to the house of Cassianus, the schoolmaster, found it and delivered his letter. He received as kind a welcome as if he had arrived at home, joined his host in a frugal meal, during which he learned the master's history.

A native of Fundi, he had started the school in Rome, with which he became acquainted at an early period of our history, and had proved eminently successful. But finding a persecution imminent, and his Christianity discovered, he had disposed of his school and retired to his small native town, where he was promised after vacation the children of the principal inhabitants. In a fellow Christian he saw nothing but a brother and he talked freely with him of his past adventures and future prospects. A strange idea dashed through the mind of Torquatus, that some day that information might be turned into money.

It was still early when Torquatus took his leave, and pretending to have some business in the town, he would not allow his host to accompany him. He bought himself some more respectable apparel, went to the best inn, and ordered a couple of horses, with a postillion to accompany him; for, to fulfill Fabiola's commission, it was necessary to ride forward quick, change his horses at each relay, and travel through the night. He did so, till he reached Bovillæ, on the skirts of the Alban hills. Here he rested changed his traveling suit, and rode on gaily between the lines of tombs, which brought him to the gate of that city within whose walls there was more of good and more of evil contained than in any province of the empire.

### CHAPTER XIX

#### THE FALL.

Torquatus, now elegantly attired, proceeded at once to the house of Fabius, delivered his letter, answered all inquiries, and accepted, without much pressing an invitation to supper that evening. He then went to seek a respectable lodging, suited to the present state of his purse; and found one.

Fabius, we have said, did not accompany his daughter into the country and rarely visited her there. The fact was, that he had no love for green fields or running brooks; his tastes were for the gossip and free society of Rome. During the year his daughter's presence was a restraint on his liberty; but when she was gone, with her establishment into Campania, his house presented scenes and entertained persons that he would not have presumed to bring in contact with her. Men of profligate life surrounded his table; and deep drinking till late hours with gambling and loose conversation generally followed his sumptuous entertainments.

Having invited Torquatus to sup with him he went forth in search of guests to meet him. He soon picked up a batch of sycophants, who were loitering about his known haunts, in readiness for invitations. But as he was sauntering home from the baths of Titus, he saw two men in a small grove round a temple earnestly conversing together. After a moment's look he advanced towards them; but waited at a small distance, for a pause in the dialogue, which was something to this effect.

"There is no doubt, then, about the news?"

"None at all. It is quite certain the people have risen at Nicomedia and burned down the church as they call it, of the Christians, close to, and in sight of the palace. My father heard it from the emperor's secretary himself this morning."

"Whatever possessed the fools to go and build a temple in one of the most conspicuous places of the metropolis?" They must have known that sooner or later, the religious spirit of the nation would rise up against them and destroy the temple, as every exhibition of a foreign religion would be to an empire."

"To be sure, my father says, these Christians, if they had any wit in them, would hide their heads and sink into corners when they are so condescendingly tolerated for a time by the most humane princes. But as they do not choose to do so, but will build temples in public instead of skulking in by lanes as they used to do, I for one am not sorry. One may gain some notoriety and profit too by hunting these odious people down and destroying them if possible."

"Well, he is so, but to come to the purpose. It is understood between us, that when we can discover who are Christians among the rich, and not too powerful at first, there shall be a fair division. We will aid one another. You propose bold and rough means: I will keep my counsel as to mine. But each shall reap all the profit from those whom he discovers; and his right proportion from those whom are shared between us. Is it not so?"

"Exactly."

Fabius now stepped forward with a hearty "How are you, Fulvius? I have not seen you for an age; come and sup with me today. I have friends engaged; and your friend too,—Corvinus, I believe" (the gentleman alluded to made an uncouth bow), "will accompany you, I hope."

"Thank you, replied Fulvius, "but I fear I have an engagement already."

"Nonsense, man," said the good natured knight; "there is nobody left in the city with whom you could sup, except myself. But has my horse the plague, that you have never ventured into it, since you dined there with Sebastian, and quarreled with him? Or did you get struck by some magical charm, which has driven you away?"

Fulvius turned pale and, drew away Fabius to one side, to tell the truth, something very like it.

"Hope, answered Fabius, somewhat startled, that the black witch has been playing no tricks with you; I wish heartily she were out of my house. But come, he continued in good humor, I really thought you were struck by a better charm than evening. I have my eyes open. I saw how your heart was fixed on my little cousin Agnes."

Fulvius stared at him with some amazement; and after a pause replied "And if it was so, I saw your daughter made up her mind that no good should ever come out of it."

"Say you so? Then that explains your constant refusal to come to me again. But Fabiola is a philosopher and understands nothing of such matter. I wish indeed, she would give up her books and think of settling herself in life, instead of preventing others. But I can give you better news than that; Agnes is as much attached to you, as you can be to her."

"Is it possible? How can you happen to know it?"

"Why, then, to tell you what I should have told you long since, if you had not fought so shy of me, she confided to me that very day."

"To you?"

"Yes to me; those jewels of yours quite won her heart. She told me as much. I knew she could only mean you. Indeed I am sure she meant you."

Fulvius understood these words of rich gems which he displayed; while the knight spoke of the jewels which he imagined Agnes had received. She had proved, Fulvius was thinking an easy prize, in spite of her demureness; and here lay fortune and rank open before him, if he could only manage his game; when Fabius thus broke in upon his dream. "Come now you have only to press your suit boldly; and I tell you, you will win it whatever Fabiola may think. But you have nothing to fear from her now. She and all her servants are absent; her part of the house is closed and we enter by the back door to the more enjoyable part of the establishment."

"I will wait upon you without fail replied Fulvius. "And Corvinus with you," added Fabius, as he turned away.

[To be continued.]

Beautiful, Delightful, Beautiful these adjectives are used by every one who goes to Manitou Beach to describe the place. Come and bring the children, it will do them good.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Services Held at French Church in Memory of Father De Regge.

Solemn requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rt. Rev. Monsignor De Regge was held at the French church of Our Lady of Victory Tuesday morning.

A catafalque, draped in black and surrounded with candles was placed before the high altar, which was draped in black. Black festoons also fell from the dome of the edifice, while outside the emblem of France and of Belgium were hoisted at half mast. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. Father Notebaert, pastor of the church and Rev. A. L. Herzog and Rev. Victor Van Wallaghen were the deacons. Father Notebaert who had been a life long friend of Monsignor De Regge was visibly affected as he conducted the solemn service. At the end of the service Father Notebaert spoke a short eulogy of the dead prelate. He said in part:

"We are here today to honor the memory of Rt. Rev. Monsignor De Regge, the model of the true priest of God, and the greatest benefactor of the French church. Others will sketch in eloquent terms the life of the gifted and distinguished prelate and dwell upon the shining qualities of his great and noble heart, his keen, perceptive and superior mind; and his indomitable will power."

"We will view in him the true, generous friend and the devoted father of our dear little church. When in 1863 Father De Regge was assigned to take care of the French Catholics of Rochester he found a small edifice on Ely street and even that was too large for the few Swiss and French Canadians belonging to it. The financial condition was anything but encouraging. The poor disheartened flock soon felt the effects of the masterly hand of the new shepherd; his zeal, his piety, his energy, his earnestness aroused the most indifferent, and the little building was now filled with enthusiastic worshippers. His devotedness to his people knew no bounds and he decided to erect for them a new church worthy of the great Master he loved so much. His parishioners, fearful of disaster, begged of him to desist from an undertaking which was not warranted by their restricted means and which might blight the prospects of the newly prosperous congregation; but the hesitation of the most timid vanished before the bold determination of the pastor, who knew no other policy than the glory of God and the salvation of souls at any cost. In spite of the fearful opposition he built the beautiful church now draped in mourning to honor the memory of the esteemed founder. His love for this church was universally known; to him it meant so much that no one else could understand. Many times he told me: 'The fall of this church would be my death.' Time and again these words kept me up in moments of hard struggle and were for me the strongest incentive to continue bravely the work so dear to his heart. Monsignor De Regge, God has spared you this grief, while on earth, now that your throne is in heaven, Our Lady of Victory, your ever trusted friend will ensure the maintenance of that church that has cost you so much labor and anxiety."

"Providence has its mysterious designs. Little did Father De Regge think when he collected from his numerous friends in Belgium, almost half of the cost of this building, that it would one day be partially occupied by his own countrymen, whose number daily increases and who, I am pleased to say, show due appreciation for the glorious work of this noble son of Belgium."

"The memory of Monsignor De Regge will go down to posterity and all who come to this church will read on the marble to be placed at the entrance our everlasting gratitude to the generous founder of our church. This house of God will be a standing monument to the zeal, the love and devotedness of our true friend and benefactor, Right Rev. Monsignor De Regge."

"Reared at the school of the great champion of Catholic education, he knew that a church without a school is a fountain without water. He was bound to make permanent the work he so laboriously started in 1868 and it was mainly through his influence that I was enabled to purchase the lot where stands today our prosperous parochial school."

"God only knows the spiritual harvest that will be gathered from the rich field prepared by him, whose loss we mourn. It will be an ever in-

creasing luster of the crown of glory that rests already on his illustrious brow, there, in Heaven."

Immediately after the service Father Notebaert received a cablegram informing him of the death in Belgium of his only brother, Colonel Emille Notebaert, who was also a personal friend of the clergyman in whose honor the service was held.

## Catholic Summer School.

(Special to the Catholic Journal.)

It would be well for one who doubts the importance of the Catholic summer school, as a factor in the life of the Catholic people of this country, to be here during this week—the third of the present session. For now, everything is in full swing, the crowds are here, and life is at its very best. During this week, the members of the School have had the opportunity of hearing two of the most famous representatives of Catholic learning, one, a distinguished clergyman, and the other, probably the most widely known of the new school of Catholic writers. Both lecturers, Rt. Rev. Mgr. James F. Loughlin, D. D., and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., are old friends, one having been the second President of the School, and the other having been a lecturer at six consecutive sessions.

Were one to stop here and think that intellectual courses are the only attractions, he would miss the essential cause of Cliff Haven popularity,—the many-sided interests to which it appeals, and the all round development at which it aims. For the ideals of the Summer School are not one but many—the promotion of sociability, the spread of truth, and the spiritual uplifting of its patrons. It is only by taking these three into consideration, and by noting their perfect blending, that a person can truly understand that spirit of joy and of content which is the lot of the enthusiastic Summer Schooler. He can likewise see how the days are spent by the guests to whom nothing is compulsory, yet in whom perfect freedom brings about a remarkable concordance of action. At the same time he can discern that Faith is the unifying principle which binds all together, and which determines the heat and nature of each member's inclinations. Between 7 and 9 in the morning, many are to be found assisting at one or another of the thirty masses that are the daily glory of Cliff Haven. The evening bell calls still more to the little chapel for the daily recitation of the Rosary, or for the semi-weekly benediction. The religious life at Cliff Haven is unquestionably strong, deep and abiding.

The problem how to promote sociability is solved by the bringing of all together informally each evening in one of the pleasant cottages. During this week a musicale, two hops, a euchre, and a guessing party, have furnished amusement for all. Hospitality is a by-word here—every member of the School is invited to these functions, and the result is that this charming intercourse frequently develops into life-long friendship.

## Saw Cardinal Satolli.

Monsignor Joseph Hendrick, of Ovid, brother of Bishop Thomas A. Hendrick was Wednesday the guest of Eugene J. Dwyer of this city. He was on his way to Ovid from Buffalo, where he had been to see Cardinal Satolli, who has been to St. Louis and is now visiting Bishop Colton of Buffalo. On arriving at his home in Ovid Monsignor Hendrick will meet Very Rev. William Whitmee of St. Sylvester's church, Rome, Italy, who will be his guest. Father Whitmee is on a trip that will take him to the Philippines.

## As Fine as the Bay of Naples.

"In all the land, range up, range down, is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet."

There may be somewhere on the earth a more delightful region than that of the Thousand Islands, but if there is it has not been discovered. It is as fine as the Bay of Naples, with no danger of being burned in hot ashes. There are 2000 picturesque islands scattered along the 25 miles of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. The New York Central will run a fast train excursion on Sunday July 31, when they will sell excursion tickets for \$2, and which includes the steamer trip about the Islands known as the "Ramble."

## The "Dunlap" Straws at Meng & Shafer's.

These elegant straws have also been put in price. Get one and save money at either of our three stores.

## In the Public Eye



J. HENRY HOWE.

If there is one Rochesterian who enjoys an acquaintance as wide as the country is large, that man is J. Henry Howe, of the plumbing firm of Howe and Bassett. Howe and Bassett have had contracts for plumbing and steam heating plants in public and private buildings in all the big cities of the east and south and Mr. Howe is the member of the firm who looks after the out of town work.

He is a past grand knight of Rochester Council, K. of C. and a past president of the Union Club. He is just such a genial comrade as you would expect from his picture.

## Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Weeps Over Jerusalem.

Tears are generally considered a sign of weakness, but sometimes they are certainly a token of great love. The latter was the case with Jesus Christ. As beholding that unfortunated city, He thought of her blindness, obstinacy and ingratitude for the many favors which God had bestowed upon her. He thought of the anger of God which he had provoked and of the afflictions that would one day befall her on account of her crimes, and, moved by His tender charity, He shed tears over her unhappy fate.

Jerusalem was a figure of the hardened sinner who does not profit by the grace of God, by numbers of confessions, by the counsels of his friends, or by the exhortations of the ministers of the church. In remaining obstinate and in rejecting the call of divine mercy the sinner exposes himself to the danger of being finally abandoned by God.

When an obstinate sinner is abandoned by God, bad habits, the passions of sin and human respect to control him that he is almost forced to commit sin, and is unable to amend his life. A perfect slave reigns in his heart: he wishes to be in peace with God, but he also wants to sin. He would like to enjoy peace of heart, but he also wants to gratify his passions. He falls in good works, is deprived of spiritual help and carried away by corruption: he can no longer for friends, parents, family or himself. The thought of punishment due his iniquities causes him to despair. He dies, and from temporal he passes to eternal sufferings.

If we go to church out of habit or curiosity, or to pass the time, if we are distracted, undevout, irreverent, if we go to see or hear, if in a word, we act like sinners in the house of prayer, we deserve to be driven out, and we deserve to feel the weight of God's anger, for He is jealous of His house, where He expects our adoration and dispenses His mercies.

## Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday July 24—Gospel, St. Luke 11: 4-7—St. Christina, virgin martyr. Monday 25—St. James, apostle. Tuesday 26—St. Anne, mother, Blessed Virgin Mary. Wednesday 27—St. Pantaleon, martyr. Thursday 28—St. Nazarius, and companion martyr and martyr. Friday 29—St. Martha, virgin. Saturday 30—St. Abdon and Sennen, martyrs and martyrs.

## Great Attractions at Sea Breeze Park.

Boston Lady Orchestra, called by the Boston Herald, "the finest orchestra in the world," will play at Sea Breeze Park. The orchestra will play at Sea Breeze Park. The orchestra will play at Sea Breeze Park.