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## FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

CHAPTER I.

CONFLICT.

(Continued from last week.)

He continued: "What a glorious youth, to have confessed Christ at such an age!"

"No doubt," replied the old man; "but I dare say you have always thought that his body reposes alone in his sepulchre. Any one would think so from the inscription."

"Certainly, I have always thought so. Is it otherwise?"

"Yes, noble Pancratius, he has a comrade younger than himself lying in the same bed. As we were closing the tomb of Restitutius, the body of a boy not more than twelve or thirteen years old was brought to us. Oh, I shall never forget the sight! He had been hung over a fire, and his head, trunk, and limbs nearly to the knees, were burnt to the very bone; and so disfigured was he, that no feature could be recognized. Poor little fellow, what he must have suffered! But why should I pity him? Well, we were pressed for time; and we thought the youth of eighteen would not grudge room for his fellow soldier of twelve, but would own him for a younger brother; so we laid him at Aelius Fabius's feet. But we had no second phial of blood to put outside, that a second martyr might be known to lie there; for the fire had dried his blood up in his veins."

"What a noble boy! If the first was older, the second was younger than I. What say you, Diogenes, don't you think it likely you may have to perform the same office for me one of these days?"

"Oh, no, I hope not," said the old digger, with a return of his husky voice. "Do not, I entreat you, allude to such a possibility. Surely my own time must come sooner. How the old trees are spared, indeed, and the young plants cut down!"

"Come, come, my good friend, I won't afflict you. But I have almost forgotten to deliver the message I came to bring. It is, that to-morrow at dawn, you must come to my mother's house, to arrange about preparing the catacombs for our coming troubles. Our holy Pope will be there, with the priests of the titles, the regional deacons, the notaries, whose number has been filled up, and you, the head fessor, that all may act in concert."

"I will not fail, Pancratius," replied Diogenes.

"And now," added the youth, "I have a favour to ask you."

"A favour from me?" asked the old man, surprised.

"Yes; you will have to begin your work immediately, I suppose. Now, often as I have visited, for devotion, our sacred catacombs, I have never studied or examined them; and this I should like to do with you, who know them so well."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," answered Diogenes, somewhat flattered by the compliment, but still more pleased by this love for what he so much loved. "After I have received my instructions, I shall go at once to the catacombs of Callistus. Meet me out of the Porta Capena, half-an-hour before mid-day, and we will go on together."

"But I shall not be alone," continued Pancratius. "Two youths, recently baptized, desire much to become acquainted with our catacombs, which they do not yet much know; and have asked me to initiate them there."

"Any friends of yours will be always welcome. What are their names, that we may make no mistake?"

"One is Tiburtius, the son of Chromatius, the late Prefect; the other is a young man named Torquatus."

Severus started a little, and said, "Are you quite sure about him, Pancratius?"

Diogenes rebuked him, saying, "That he comes to us in Pancratius's company is security enough."

"I own," interposed the youth, "that I do not know as much about him as about Tiburtius, who is really a gallant, noble fellow. Torquatus is however, very anxious to obtain all information about our affairs, and seems in earnest. What makes you

"Only a trifle, indeed. But as I was going early to the cemetery this morning, I turned into the Baths of Antoninus."

"What!" interrupted Pancratius, laughing, "do you frequent such fashionable resorts?"

"Not exactly," replied the honest artist; "but you are not perhaps aware that Cucumio the apsarinus (the person who had charge of the bathers' clothes from caps, a chest) and his wife are Christians?"

"Is it possible? where shall we find them next?"

"Well, so it is; and, moreover, they are making a tomb for themselves in the cemetery of Callistus; and I had to show them Majus's inscription for it."

"Here it is," said the latter, exhibiting it as follows:—

"Cucumio and Victoria made (the tomb) for themselves while living. Oapsarinus of the Antonine."

"Capital!" exclaimed Pancratius, amused at the blunders in the epitaph; "but we are forgetting Torquatus."

"As I entered the building, then," said Severus, "I was not a little surprised to find in one corner, at that early hour, this Torquatus in close conversation with the present Prefect's son, Corvinus, the pretended cripple, who trust himself into Agnes's house, you remember, when some charitable unknown person (God bless him!) gave large alms to the poor there. Not good company I thought, and at such an hour, for a Christian."

"True, Severus," returned Pancratius blushing deeply; "but he is young as yet in the faith, and probably his old friends do not know of his change. We will hope for the best."

The two young men offered to accompany Pancratius, who rose to leave and see him safe through the poor and profligate neighbourhood. He accepted their courtesy with pleasure, and bade the old excavator a hearty good-night.

### Chapter II.

It seems to us as though we had neglected one, whose character and thoughts opened this little history, the pious Lucina. Her virtues were indeed of that quiet, unobtrusive nature, which affords little scope for appearing on a public scene, or taking part in general affairs. Her house, besides being, or rather, a title or parochial church, was now honoured by being the residence of the supreme Pontiff. The approach of a violent persecution; in which the rulers of Christ's spiritual kingdom were sure to be the first sought out, as the enemies of Caesar, rendered it necessary to transfer the residence of the Ruler of the Church, from his ordinary dwelling, to a sequestered asylum. For this purpose Lucina's house was chosen; and it continued to be so occupied, to her great delight, in that and the following pontificate, when the wild beasts were ordered to be transferred to it, that Pope Marcellus might feed them at home. This last-mentioned punishment soon caused his death.

Lucina, admitted at forty into the order of deaconesses, found plenty of occupation in the duties of her office. The charge and supervision of the women in church, the care of the sick and the poor of her own sex, the making, and keeping in order of sacred vestments and linen for the altar, and the instruction of children and female converts preparing for baptism, as well as the attending them at that sacred rite, belonged to the deaconesses and gave sufficient occupation in addition to domestic offices. In the exercise of both these classes of duties, Lucina quietly passed her life. Its main object seemed to be attained. Her son had offered himself to God; and lived ready to shed his blood for the faith. To watch over him, and pray for him, were her delight, rather than an additional employment.

Early in the morning of the appointed day, the meeting mentioned in our last chapter took place. It will be sufficient to say, that in full instructions were given for increasing the collection of alms, to be employed in enlarging the catacombs and burying the dead, in succouring those driven to concealment by persecution, in nourishing prisoners, and obtaining access to them, and finally in ransoming or rescuing the bodies of martyrs. A notary was named for each region, to collect their acts and record interesting events. The cardinals, or titular priests, received instructions about the administration of sacraments, particularly of the Holy Eucharist, during the persecution; and to each, was intrusted one cemetery or more, in whose subterranean church he was to perform the sacred mysteries. The holy Pontiff chose for himself that of Callistus, which made Diogenes, its chief sexton, not a little, but innocently, proud.

The good old excavator seemed rather more cheery than otherwise, under the exciting forebodings of a coming persecution. No commanding

officer of engineers could have given his orders more briskly or more decidedly for the defence of a fortified city committed to his skill to guard, than he issued his to the subordinate superintendents of the various cemeteries round Rome, who met him by appointment at his own house, to learn the instructions of the superior assembly. The shadow of the sun-dial at the Porta Capena was pointing to mid-day, as he issued from it with his sons, and found already waiting three young men. They walked in parties of two along the Appian Road; and at nearly two miles from the gate they entered by various ways (slipping round different tombs that lined the road) into the same villa on the right hand. Here they found all the requisites for a descent into the subterranean cemeteries, such as candles, lanterns, and the instruments for procuring light. Severus proposed that, as the guides and the strangers were in equal number, they should be divided into pairs; and in the division he allotted Torquatus to himself. What his reason was we may easily conjecture.

It would probably weary our readers to follow the whole conversation of the party. Diogenes not only answered all questions put to him, but, from time to time, gave intelligent little lectures on such objects as he considered peculiarly attractive. But we believe we shall better interest and inform our friends, if we digest the whole matter of these into a more connected narrative. And besides, they will wish to know something of the subsequent history of those wonderful excavations, into which we have conducted our youthful pilgrims.

The history of the early Christian cemeteries, the catacombs as they are commonly called, may be divided into three portions: from their beginning to the period of our narrative or a few years later; from this term to the eighth century; then down to our own time, when we have reason to hope that a new epoch is being commenced.

We have generally avoided using the name of catacombs, because it might mislead our readers into an idea that this was either the original or a generic name of those early Christian crypts. It is not so, however; Rome might be said to be surrounded by a circumvallation of cemeteries, sixty or thereabouts in number, each of which was generally known by the name of some saint or saints, whose bodies reposed there. Thus we have the cemeteries of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, of St. Agnes, of St. Pancratius, of Proiectus, of Priscilla, Hermas, etc. Sometimes these cemeteries were known by the names of the places where they existed. The cemetery of St. Sebastian, which was called sometimes the cemetery of St. Oesilia's tomb and by other names, had among them that of Ad Catacumbas. The meaning of this word is completely unknown; though it may be attributed to the circumstance of the relics of SS. Peter and Paul having been for a time buried there, in a crypt still existing near the cemetery. This term became the name of that particular cemetery, this was generalized, till we familiarly call the whole system of these underground excavations—the catacombs.

Their origin was, in the last century a subject of controversy. Following two or three vague and equivocal passages, some learned writers pronounced the catacombs to have been originally heathen excavations, made to extract sand, for the building of the city. These sand-pits were called arenaria, and so occasionally are the Christian cemeteries. But a more scientific and minute examination, particularly made by the accurate F. Marini, has completely confuted this theory. The entrance to the catacombs was often, as can yet be seen, from these sandpits, which are themselves underground, and no doubt were a convenient cover for the cemetery; but several circumstances prove that they were never used for Christian burial, nor converted into Christian cemeteries.

The man who wishes to get the sand out of the ground will keep his excavation as near as may be to the surface; will have it of easiest possible access, for drawing out materials; and will make it as ample as is consistent with the safety of the roof, and the supply of what he is seeking. And all this we find in the arenaria still abounding round Rome. But the catacombs are constructed on principles exactly contrary to all these.

To be continued.

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## NOTES OF A MODERN PILGRIM. Being an Account of the Recent Pilgrimage From Rochester to the Shrine of St. Anne De Beaupre.

By FRANK CARLTON.

According to Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," pilgrims set out from an Inn yard to the famous shrine of Thomas A'Beckett, using one of two forms of locomotion, namely "ambuling palfreys," or St. Francis's pony. Now inasmuch as those ancient had the choice of two methods of travelling, they had an advantage, certainly from the standpoint of the picturesque, over that very modern band of pilgrims who left Charlotte on Monday, August 1, for the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, in Lower Canada. These had an infinitely longer distance to traverse than separated the Tabard Inn, Southwark, from the old town of Canterbury,—a distance which, had it to be covered on "ambuling palfreys," would easily consume a couple of months; as for the impressing St. Francis's pony, well—they might as well make their will, for Heaven alone could tell when they would again tread their native haath, seeing that the journey to Beaupre and back knooks a serious hole in a thousand miles.

However, despite the fact that the Rochester variety of the genus Pilgrim, employed a luxurious steamer, provided with every convenience for bodily ease and enjoyment, its larders and wine chests groaning with all those "good things" that go so far to reconcile the sons of men to existence in this "vale of tears," to transport them over the hundreds of leagues of water that separated them from their pious objective; despite too the fact that their women kind carried on their graceful figures and dainty heads some of the latest, "sweetest" creations from the Faubourg St. Honore, or the "swell" modistes of their own tomy city; and also that the sterner sex showed no marked aversion to a choice Havana, or a nip of sparkling Burgundy (only of course when "the doctor ordered it," or the steward recommended it), there were still many points in common between the pilgrims who left the Tabard Inn with Chaucer, and those who boarded the "Toronto" with Father Notebaert, a short fortnight ago.

In the first place, they had no points to receive from Chaucer's party in the matter of "jollity." They sang "hymns," and even did not draw the line at "songs." What were the songs? Well, they were,—they were—well, never mind what they were,—difficult to say they were sung in tune, generally. The jolly monk who—

"When he rode, men might his bridle hear  
Jangling in a whistling wind, as clear  
And clear as loud adoeth the chapel bell,"

was conspicuously absent, of course; so too was the miller, "big of brawn and with mouth as wide as a furnace" (more than one mouth ran his close there all the same,) but "a true good man was there of religion benign and wondrous diligent," and it were superfluous to mention his name again, for most of his "diligence" is expended on keeping his name out of the papers. We had as a matter of fact more than one "good man of religion" in the company, we had too that most edifying of all personalities aboard, namely in "ecclesiastical student." This young man was responsible for more conversions among the worldly-minded perambulating the decks of the godship "Toronto."—He succeeded in straightening out more trouser creases on the Scala Santa—he had a better appreciation of the number, and character of the dishes that should go to make up a dollar dinner than the College of Cardinals, or a whole battalion of epicures respectively could aspire to. He took all, and sundry, under his demi-semi-paternal wing, and if his particular proteges did not, on their return, step on the dock at Charlotte in the "odor of sanctity," that young Levite will have nothing with which to reproach himself. To continue the comparison, there was more than one "marchant with a forked beard," and a round dozen whose feelings it should not jar to be reminded that "white was their beard, as is the day's eye." In fine, of the whole crowd, it must be said, "We seldom eche of hem a fayre burgeis," and some few so accomplished that they "spake French full fayre, and fetisshly."

Let me rapidly sketch the pilgrims' journey outward bound: The scene on the docks immediately prior to the "Toronto" quitting her moorings may be described as "chaos on the spree;" people would persist in getting on the wrong boat; others again got on the right boat, but had the mortification

of seeing their baggage being trundled with red hot haste, toward the wrong boat; men walking up and down the pier enjoying a smoke and a chat with their cronies would not be convinced that "time was up," and ladies noting this took advantage to run up and down the gang-way to give "another and positively last kiss" to some bevy of female relatives; in the long run, however, after desperate expedients on the part of the officers to get all aboard and all anchors that should be in those respective places, the steamer's stern sorted a long farewell, and slipped down the harbor into Lake Ontario, and the shimmering moonlight,—when all was peace.

The usual number of brave or romantic souls were to be found posted at the prow, or striding fearlessly to and from the hurricane-deck, but the majority like the sensible Americans, and discreet pilgrims they were, took themselves almost immediately to their state rooms, to get on good terms with Morpheus, so as to be able to rise refreshed on the morrow when they would be called upon to give their verdict on Nature's handiwork in the St. Lawrence.

Only the very early birds were abroad when the steamer pulled up at the wharf at Kingston, but the cessation of the engines' throb must have served as a ravelle, for a few minutes later scores of smiling faces were to be encountered all over the boat, all keenly desirous of witnessing the glories of sunrise over the 1,000 Islands. In due course these were reviewed; then the claims of the thinner man began to aggressively assert themselves, and the stewards had a busy time in the dining room providing the ravenous pilgrims with corporal sustenance.

At Prescott we transferred to the "Bohemian," a vessel much smaller than the "Toronto," but quite as comfortably appointed, and the was of particular interest to us, for aboard this sturdy craft we were to negotiate the world-famed rapids of the Saint Lawrence. We entered the first rapid—I forget now how many there were, but they numbered some four, or five, ending with the La Chine Rapids outside Montreal, and the way the Bohemian went down bumpety-bump through the white mastroofs of water, giving first, one rock, and then another poke in the ribs, or a stroke on the head, seemed a trifle too exhilarating for some of the ladies. But these (the ladies, I mean) having their mainly comforters at their elbow, soon became reassured, and going on deck enjoyed the balance of the sport quite as keenly as the men. When the Indian pilot who takes the boat through the rapids at Cornwall; he was, you may be sure, the cynosure of all eyes, especially those of the fair pilgrims.—For the time being, till the treacherous La Chine Rapids were safely "shot," he was their hero.

What some of the male pilgrims would have given to have been able to exchange places with that plucky and skilful pilot! Even the "ecclesiastical student" had a strong shade of envy in his mild blue eye.

At 7 p. m. we were in full sight of the "City of Churches," Montreal; at eight we had quitted it, this time aboard the superbly appointed steamer the "Quebec." After the evening meal (breakfast and supper cost 75 cents each, dinner \$1, and staterooms containing two berths calculated to accommodate three persons of average proportions \$2), all hands adjourned to the various saloons, reading and smoking rooms, decks and other comfortable places, before turning in to the circumfenced space of the state-rooms for the night. Personally I joined a select little crowd of hymn-singers on the poop, and we were well on into Lake St. Peter, nearly halfway to Quebec, before we tired of this appropriate pastime. Notwithstanding the arduous day that faced him in particular on the morrow, at St. Anne's, the ecclesiastical student had to be coaxed by siren voices to turn in, so ecstatic was the scene the moonlit St. Lawrence presented that night. There is only one word for this river—noble. Its waters are a limpid blue, and you would scarcely credit how exclusive, and stand-offish they are; for instance, at the points where they are joined by the Ottawa, and St. Charles Rivers, they seem positively to have anything to do with the brown waters of these rivers. Even the St. Lawrence draws a "color line," you see.

Wednesday, August 3, broke at last, and already when the frowning distal of Quebec hove in sight many of the pilgrims were last, evidently eager to enter on the last stage of the long, but fascinating journey, and gaze on the Shrine, to worship at

which they had come so far. About before seven the "Quebec" drew alongside the dock, and a few minutes later the passengers intended for St. Anne's were speeding in an electric car over the twenty miles separating Quebec from Beaupre. On the way, the Falls of Montmorency (higher, but not so wide as Niagara) were passed; to view these the cars slow up for a few moments. Then they limped along the left bank of the St. Lawrence, the whole of the way, and this stretch of country known as the Col de Beaupre is the garden and historic spot of Canada par excellence.

(To be Continued.)

## SIXTH WEEK AT CLIFF HAVEN.

Written for The Journal.

The session of 1904 of the Catholic Summer School has been notable not so much for the visits of one or two dignitaries in church or in state, but for the constant association with men and women famous in religious, literary, political and social circles. The members of the school have from the beginning cordially welcomed visitors of note, but they have never given a warmer reception than that to the two distinguished guests of the sixth week, the Rev. Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, and the Rev. Mary O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

The reception in their honor in the Auditorium on Sunday evening was one of the most impressive events of the week. The address of welcome was delivered by the president of the school, Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, D. D. A program of musical numbers added attractiveness to the event. A quartette composed of Miss Sadie Connolly of Buffalo, Miss Margaret Gallagher of Buffalo, Miss Margaret Sullivan and Miss Margaret Smith of New York, sang four beautiful selections from Rossini's Stabat Mater. Others taking part were Rev. Bernard M. Hogan of Albany, N. J., Miss Laura of Brooklyn, Miss Cecilia Hughes of Rochester, and Mrs. Marion Lopez of New York.

This week was Irish week at Cliff Haven. Not that all the Irishmen were on Irish topics for Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., the well known Anglo-Irish philosopher and lecturer, spent his morning at half past ten in "Floods of Irish America" during the "Sixth Week." But in the evening, at 8:30, Rev. Henry M. O'Connell, C. S. P., an acknowledged authority on Gaelic language and literature, spoke of the Gaelic language, and its importance in the life of the Irish people, and to all students of contemporary literature. Following these were two readings by Mr. John O'Sullivan, the famous and talented harpist of the Gaelic Orchestra. His selections were "Gaelic Irish," "The Gaelic Song," and "The Gaelic Dance," all of which were well received by the Fair Age School of the New York Gaelic society.

Sojourn at Cliff Haven has been very active this week. A most enjoyable event was the dance by the Boston Cottage Monday evening. A grand party at the Macquettes, a genuine performance at the Auditorium, a supper at the New York and the weekly hop at the Champlain. Oh, what other pleasant affairs.

Five Minute Sermon

The Good Samaritan

The Samaritan represented Jesus Christ, and mark well the circumstances. The Samaritan was passing by the place where the wounded man lay; he sees him, he is moved to compassion, and he approaches him to treat his wounds; and to help him in any other way. It was the same with Christ: He was the true Samaritan, the eternal Guardian, the Saviour of men, a stranger to sin before His incarnation, like unto us with the exceptions of sin, and separated from sinners. He became a pilgrim and dwell among men by becoming man; He looked with compassion on the human race, prostrate on the earth and covered with wounds, and He undertook the great task of healing and restoring it to life.

Jesus Christ, having completed the work of redemption, ascended into heaven, and will return at the end of the world. In the meantime, we are confined to the care of the priests, His ministers, and the faithful. His name must provide for our eternal welfare. But when, in the discharge of their duties, do more than what they are strictly bound to do, they will receive an especial reward from Christ on the day of judgment, when He will return to this world to punish the wicked, and to reward the good for all they have done for Him, and for the souls of men.