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## FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

CHAPTER VI

WHAT DIOGENES DID TELL ABOUT  
THE CATACOMBS.

(Continued from last week.)

"It is on account of them that I brought you into this chamber, in preference to so many others in the cemetery. It is one of the most ancient and contains a most complete series of pictures, from the remotest times down to some of my son's doing."

"Well, then, Diogenes, explain them systematically to my friends," said Pancratius. "I think I know most of them, but not all; and I shall be glad to hear you describe them."

"I am no scholar," replied the old man modestly, "but when one has lived sixty years, man and boy, among things, one gets to know them better than others, because one loves them more. All here have been fully initiated, I suppose?" he added, with a pause.

"All," answered Tiburtius, "though not so fully instructed as converts ordinarily are. Torquatus and myself have received the sacred gift."

"Enough," resumed the excavator. "The ceiling is the oldest part of the painting, as is natural; for that was done when the crypt was excavated, whereas the walls were decorated as tombs were hollowed out. You see the ceiling has a sort of trellis-work painted over it, with grapes, to represent perhaps our true Vine, of which we are the branches. There you see Orpheus sitting down, and playing sweet music, not only to his own flock, but to the wild beasts of the desert, which stand charmed around him."

"Why, that is a heathen picture altogether," interrupted Torquatus, with pettishness, and some sarcasm: "what has it to do with Christianity?"

"It is an allegory, Torquatus," replied Pancratius gently, "and a favorite one. The use of Gentile images, when in themselves harmless, has been permitted. You see masks, for instance, and other pagan ornaments in this ceiling, and they belong generally to a very ancient period. And so our Lord was represented under the symbol of Orpheus, to conceal His sacred representation of the same subject."

"I see," said Torquatus, "a shepherd with a sheep over his shoulders—the Good Shepherd; that I can understand; I remember the parable."

"But why is this subject such a favourite one?" asked Tiburtius; "I have observed it in other cemeteries."

"If you will look over the arched tombs," answered Severus, "you will see a fuller representation of the scene. But I think we had better first continue what we have begun and finish the ceiling. You see that figure on the right?"

"Yes," replied Tiburtius; "it is that of a man apparently in a boat, with a dove flying towards him. Is that meant to represent the Deluge?"

"It is," said Severus, "as the emblem of regeneration by water and the Holy Spirit; and of the salvation of the world. Such is our beginning; and here is our end; Jonas thrown out of the boat, and swallowed by the whale; and then sitting in enjoyment under his gourd. The resurrection with our Lord, and eternal rest as its fruit."

"How natural is this representation in such a place!" observed Pancratius pointing to the other side; "and here we have another type of the same consoling doctrine."

"Where?" asked Torquatus languidly; "I see nothing but a figure bandaged all round, and standing up, like a huge infant in a small temple; and another person opposite to it!"

"Exactly," said Severus; "that is the way we always represent the resurrection of Lazarus. Here, look, is a touching expression of the hopes of our fathers in persecution: The three Babylonian children in the fiery furnace."

"Well, now, I think," said Torquatus, "we may come to the arcosolium and finish this room. What are these pictures around it?"

"If you look at the left side, you see the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. The fish is, you know, the symbol of Christ."

"Why so?" asked Torquatus, rather impatiently. Severus turned to Pancratius, as the better scholar, to answer.

"There are two opinions about its origin," said the youth readily; "one finds the meaning in the word itself; its letters forming the beginning of words, so as to mean 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.' Another puts it in the symbol itself; that as fish are born and live in the water, so is the Christian born of water, and buried with Christ in it, by baptism. Hence, as we came along, we saw the figures of a fish carved on tombs, or its name engraven on them. Now go on, Severus."

"Then the union of the bread and the fish in one multiplication shows us how, in the Eucharist, Christ becomes the food of all. Opposite, is Moses striking the rock, from which all drank, and which is Christ, our drink as well as our food."

"Now at last," said Torquatus, "we are come to the Good Shepherd."

"Yes," continued Severus, "you see Him in the centre of the arcosolium in His simple tunic and leggings, with a sheep upon His shoulders, the recovered wanderer from the flock. Two more are standing at His sides, the truant ram on His right, the gentle ewe upon His left, the penitent, in the poet of honour. On each side, too, you see a person evidently sent by Him to preach. Both are leaning forward, and addressing sheep not of the fold. One on either side is apparently giving heed to their words, but browsing quietly on, while one is turning up its eyes and head, looking and listening with eager attention. Rain is falling copiously on them; that is the grace of God. It is not difficult to interpret this picture."

"But what makes this emblem such a particular favourite?" again pressed Tiburtius.

"We consider this, and similar paintings, to belong chiefly to the time when the Novatian heresy plagued the Church," answered Severus.

"And pray what heresy is that?" asked Torquatus carelessly; for he thought he was losing time.

"It was, and indeed is, the heresy," answered Pancratius, "that teaches that there are sins which the Church has not power to forgive, which are too great for God to pardon."

Pancratius was not aware of the effect of his words; but Severus, who never took off his eye from Torquatus, saw the blood come and go violently in his countenance.

"Is that a heresy?" asked the traitor, confused.

"Surely a dreadful one," replied Pancratius, "to limit the mercy and forgiveness of Him who came to call not the just, but sinners to repentance. The Catholic Church has always held that a sinner, however dark the dye, however huge the mass of his crimes, on truly repenting, may receive forgiveness, through the penitential remedy left in her hands. And, therefore, she has always so much loved this type of the Good Shepherd, ready to run into the wilderness to bring back a lost sheep."

"But suppose," said Torquatus, evidently moved, "that one who had become a Christian, and received the sacred Gift, were to fall away, and plunge into vice, and—(his voice faltered)—almost betray his brethren, would not the Church reject such a one from hope?"

"No, no," answered the youth; "these are the very crimes which the Novatians insult the Catholics for admitting to pardon. The Church is a mother, with her arms ever open to re-embrace her erring children."

There was a tear trembling in Torquatus's eye; his lips quivered with the confession of his guilt, which ascended to them for a moment; but as if a black poisonous drop rose up his throat with it and choked him, he changed in a moment to a hard obstinate look, but his lip, and said, with an effort at coolness: "It is certainly a consoling doctrine for those that need it."

Severus alone observed that a moment of grace had been forfeited, and that some despairing thought had quenched a flash of hope in that man's heart. Diogenes and Majus, who had been absent, looking at a new place for opening a gallery near, now returned. Torquatus addressed the old master-digger—

"We have now seen the galleries and the chambers; I am anxious to visit the church in which we shall have to assemble."

The unconscious excavator was going to lead the way when the inexorable artist interposed.

"I think, father, it is too late for to-day; you know we have got our work to do. These young friends will excuse us especially as they will see the church in good time, and in better order also, as the holy Pontiff intends to officiate in it."

They assented; and when they arrived at the point where they had turned off from the first straight gallery to visit the ornamental chamber, Diogenes stopped the party, turned a few steps along an opposite passage, and said—

"If you pursue this corridor, and turn to the right, you come to the church. I have merely brought you here to show you an arcosolium, with a beautiful painting. You see the Virgin Mother holding her Divine Infant in her arms, while the wise Easterns, here represented as four, though generally we only reckon three are adoring Him."

All admired the painting; but poor Severus was much chagrined at seeing how his good father had unwittingly supplied the information desired by Torquatus, and had furnished him with a sure clue to the desired turn, by calling his attention to the tomb close round it, distinguished by so remarkable a picture.

When their company had departed, he told all that he had observed to his brother, remarking, "That man will give us trouble yet; I strongly suspect him."

In a short time they had removed every mark which Torquatus had made at the turnings. But this was no security against his reckonings; and they determined to prepare for changing the road, by blocking up the present one, and turning off at another point. For this purpose, they had the sand of new excavations brought to the ends of a gallery which crossed the main avenue, where this was low, and left it heaped up there, till the faithful could be instructed of the intended change.

## CHAPTER V.

ABOVE GROUND.

To recover our reader from his long subterranean excursion, we must take him with us on another visit to the "happy Campania," or, "Campania the blest," as an old writer might have called it. There we left Fabiola perplexed by some sentences which she had found. They came to her like a letter from another world; she hardly knew of what character. She wished to learn more about them, but she hardly durst inquire. Many visitors called the next day, and for several days after, and she often thought of putting before some or other of them the mysterious sentences, but she could not bring herself to do it.

A lady, whose life was like her own philosophically correct, and coldly virtuous, came, and they talked together over the fashionable opinions of the day. She took out her vellum page to puzzle her; but she shrank from submitting it to her; it felt profane to do so. A learned man, well read in all branches of science and literature, paid her a long visit, and spoke very charmingly on the sublimer views of the older schools. She was tempted to consult him about her discovery; but it seemed to contain something higher than he could comprehend. It was strange that, after all, when wisdom or consolation was to be sought, the noble and haughty Roman lady should turn instinctively to her Christian slave. And so it was now. The first moment they were alone, after several days of company and visits, Fabiola produced her parchment, and placed it before Syra.

There passed over her countenance an emotion not observable to her mistress; but she was perfectly calm, as she looked up from the reading.

"That writing," said her mistress, "I got at Chromatius's villa, on the back of a note, probably by mistake. I cannot drive it out of my mind, which is quite perplexed by it."

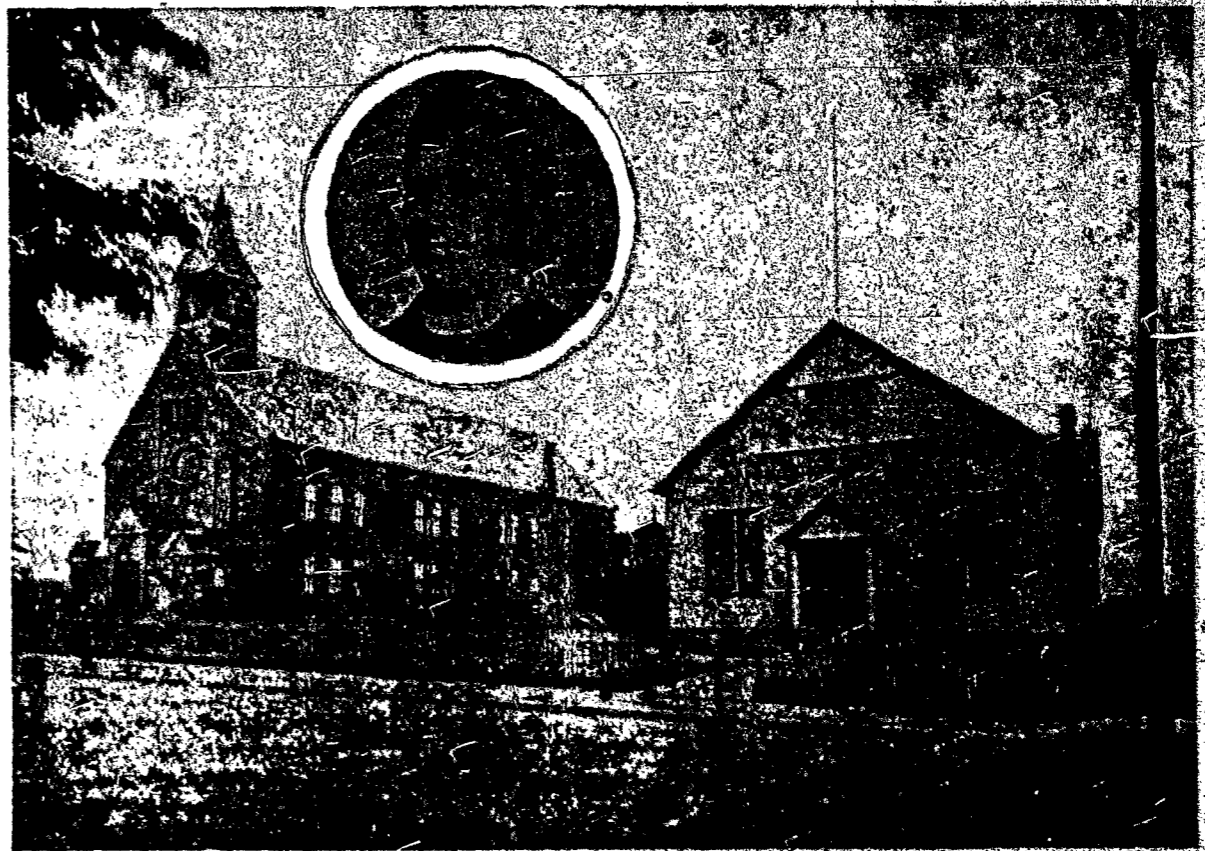
"Why should it be so, my noble lady? Its sense seems plain enough."

"Yes; and that very plainness gives me trouble. My natural feelings revolt against this sentiment; I fancy I ought to despise a man, who does not resent an injury, and return hatred for hatred. To forgive at most would be much; but to do good in return for evil, seems to me an unnatural exaction from human nature. Now, while I feel all this, I am conscious that I have been brought to esteem you, for conduct exactly the reverse of what I am naturally impelled to expect."

"Oh, do not talk to me, my dear mistress; but look at the simple principle; you honour it in others, too. Do you despise, or do you respect, Aristides, for obliging a boorish enemy by writing, when asked, his own name on the shell that voted his banishment? Do you, as a Roman lady, contemn, or honour, the name of Coriolanus for his generous forbearance to your city?"

[To be continued.]

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## GIFT FOR REV. JOSEPH NETZEL.

Presented a Purse and Warmly Greeted by His Parishioners on His Return from Europe.  
Token to Rev. Lewis Edelman, Acting Rector.

On Monday evening the members of St. Francis Xavier parish extended a hearty welcome to their pastor, Rev. Joseph Netzel, who has returned from a trip to Europe.

Father Netzel was escorted to the hall by Commandery No. 272, Knights of St. John, commanded by Captain Edmund Braun. In the front row of seats were the Sisters who teach in the school, and directly back of them sat the commandery in full uniform. The entire assemblage, led by the church choir, sang "Welcome Home" in German. The pupils of the parochial school had prepared an operetta.

Early in the evening Rev. Lewis Edelman, one of the assistants at St. Mary's, who has been supplying Father Netzel's place, presented to the pastor a check for \$1000 in behalf of the parishioners. This sum was raised by the parish at a lawn fête, with the idea of surprising Father Netzel with the nucleus of a fund for a rectory, which the church plans to build in the spring.

Father Netzel could scarcely command words with which to express his gratitude.

It is planned to build a rectory costing \$1,200, equipped with all modern improvements. The structure will be of brick, with brown stone front, located in Same St., near the church.

As soon as the pastor had thanked his congregation, it was Father Edelman's turn to be surprised. The parishioners of St. Francis Xavier Church became attached to the young priest during the three months he was their spiritual guide, and they showed their appreciation by presenting to him a purse of \$60, Father Netzel making the presentation speech. Father Edelman is to leave for Italy on October 1st. He goes to Rome for the purpose of becoming familiar with Italian, that he may preach to the Italians in this country.

Father Netzel passed most of his time while abroad with his parents in Germany. During his visit they celebrated their golden wedding. Father Netzel celebrated at about the same time the silver anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

At the exercises Monday evening, the altar boys of the church presented to Father Netzel a handsome basket of flowers. In behalf of the school children, Lawrence Schaefer gave him a large bouquet. A chorus of girls from the school sang "Home Again." The choir gave a selection in which the solo part was taken by Miss Margaret Neidenger. Mrs. Kieffer is the director, Mrs. Stockslater the organist.

"Snow-White" was the title of a pretty operetta, well given by children of the school. The leading parts were taken by Anna Neidinger, Gertrude Rippin, Leo Bei-

keich, Frederick Armbruster and Gertrude Hasenauer.

## ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Pilgrimage and Miracles.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER

Nearly six weeks have elapsed since the pleasant July evening when a party of about seventy-five from Rochester and vicinity left Summerville by the "Caspian" to join the pious band of fifteen hundred or more who annually pay their visit to St. Anne's shrine under the direction of Rev. D. A. Toomey of Tweed, Ont. On the arrival of the steamer at Kingston the greater number of the Rochester pilgrims who had been given an opportunity to exchange their tickets on board the boat for those over the Grand Trunk, continued their journey down through the Thousand Islands and back to Kingston where an afternoon train waited to take this section of the pilgrimage to Point Lewis opposite Quebec. Our own party found awaiting us, about two hours after our arrival at Kingston, an elegant Pullman sleeper which was attached to the Canadian Pacific train en route for St. Anne de Beaupre.

By paying the small sum of two dollars and a half for a double berth accommodating two persons in addition to the eight dollars charged for the round trip ticket from Summerville we were enabled to make the entire trip in luxury and comfort without change. Comfortable second class sleepers were also furnished on the same train at about half price. At Kempton Junction there was a little delay which we learned was caused by the expectation of different sections of the pilgrimage which were to meet here. Our reverend director, Father Toomey, who always has entire charge of the different trains over this road arranged the sections into two long trains with the tact of an experienced railroad man. Train No. 1 proceeded without further delay and at four in the morning, an hour before scheduled time the good priest led the first great band of pilgrims into the church, which they filled long before anyone excepting the zealous sons of St. Alphonsus were astir. No. 2 stopped to take passengers at the towns on the way to Montreal but reached the shrine on time and for the second time the tolling of the pilgrims bells was heard.

An hour later at seven thirty the other section, which had come to Point Lewis by the Grand Trunk was expected, but the delightful trip of the Thousand Islands, which our party had sacrificed the day before had in a measure been paid for by an unpleasant change from train to ferry which took them to Quebec where a train awaited to bring them to the shrine about two hours late. Long after the others had heard mass and partaken of their morning refreshments either at the hotels or on the dining car which during the entire journey had served good meals at the low rate of twenty-five cents. In the refreshing morning in which is instilled an order of holiness and over which for the third time the great bells were resounding all weariness was forgotten.

To describe the events of the day would only be to repeat the story of the exercises of other pilgrimages in

other years. For hours during the morning the Holy Sacrifice had been ordered by one priest after another, and how edifying to know that many of these fathers had been the companions of our journey. Our zealous director, unwilling to leave the hundreds he has brought here to the entire care of even the fathers at the shrine, takes it upon himself to make all announcements from the pulpit, and, unlike anyone else who brings pilgrimages here, has appointed hours which he spends in the sacristy ready to answer questions and render any service needed by his people; while a pilgrims register is left on his table in which he would be pleased to find the names of all. For this day and a half Father Toomey appears to be parish priest at the shrine for he rules everything, but does it in such a kind, cheerful way as to make himself loved by all who meet him or come under his care.

Just before the departure of the pilgrims train I had the pleasure of an interview with Miss Murphy, the cripple, who was cured two years ago, and found her walking as gracefully as anyone who had never suffered as she had. She had been cured on her third pilgrimage and she told me in the strongest tones of enthusiasm that she had known when she left home that she would be cured.

On the evening of the feast after a second grand vesper (in addition to the usual exercises of the day) sung by noted singers from Quebec, I bade farewell to the last of our party to remain several days longer with St. Anne. They had had the pleasure that day of witnessing one of the many great miracles of this year. The story as I last heard it was doubly interesting as it was repeated to me by the Protestant stewardess on the Prescott, Montreal Steamer "Bobolink."

A boy of four and a half years badly crippled with spinal disease, wearing a heavy iron brace and unable to walk was brought on board. The young woman sympathized with what looked to her like his most foolish superstition in taking such a hopeless case to the shrine, where she was positive he could never be benefited. She then told in glowing terms of the bright boy who ran and played on the boat when returning home, adding that she could no longer doubt the miracles at St. Anne's shrine. We had seen the boy on the morning of the feast after his father had placed on the shrine the brass which young as the child was he had begged to have taken off and it was on that day he had taken his first steps.

The cure of a deaf-mute was reported the same day and it was about that time Mr. Lewis of Lewiston, Maine, left his crutches at the foot of the shrine where with other reminders of this years cures they will remain until the end of the year when they will be placed on one of the pyramids of crutches at the entrance of the church.

Scarcely had our friends reached their homes when just at the mid-way setting on the first of August the hall welcomed the arrival of another well known and anxiously looked for pilgrimage, that of Troy and Albany many of this great throng of Americans having come to spend two weeks in fervent prayer to the patroness of Canada. It is edifying to know that among these are many busy girls.

Continued on next page.