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FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

CHAPTER VIII

DARK STILL

(Continued from last week.)

When Sebastian came into the court, he found a little crowd of domestics gathered round the courier, listening to the details of their master's death.

The letter of which Torquatus was the bearer to him, had produced its desired effect. He called at his villa, and spent a few days with his daughter, on his way to Asia. He was more than usually affectionate; and when they parted, both father and daughter seemed to have a melancholy foreboding that they would meet no more. He soon, however, recovered his spirits at Baiae, where a party of good liveries anxiously awaited him; and where he considered himself obliged to stay, while his galley was being fitted up, and stored with the best wines and provisions which Campania afforded, for his voyage. He indulged, however, his luxurious tastes to excess; and on coming out of a bath, after a hearty supper, he was seized with a chill, and in four-and-twenty hours was a corpse. He had left his undivided wealth to his only child. In fine, the body was being embalmed when the courier started, and was to be brought by his galley to Ostia.

On hearing this sad tale, Sebastian was almost sorry that he had spoken as he had done of death; and left the house with mournful thoughts.

Fabiola's first plunge into the dark abyss of grief was deep and dismal, down into unconsciousness. Then the buoyancy of youth and mind bore her up again to the surface; and her view of life, to the horizon, was as of a boundless ocean of black seething waves, on which floated no living thing save herself. Her woe seemed utter and unmeasured; and she closed her eyes with a shudder, and suffered herself to sink again into oblivion, till once more roused to wakefulness of mind. Again and again she was thus tossed up and down, between transient death and life, while her attendants applied remedies to what they deemed a succession of alarming fits and convulsions. At length she sat up, pale, staring, and tearless, gently pushing aside the hand that tried to administer restoratives to her. In this state she remained long; a stupor, fixed and deadly, seemed to have entranced her; the pupils were almost insensible to the light, and fears were whispered of her brain being oppressed. The physician, who had been called, uttered distinct and forcibly into her ears the question, "Fabiola, do you know that your father is dead?" She started, fell back, and a bursting flood of tears relieved her heart and head. She spoke of her father, and called for him amidst her sobs, and said wild and incoherent, but affectionate things about, and to him. Sometimes she seemed to think him still alive, then she remembered he was dead; and so she wept and moaned, till sleep took the turn of tears, in nursing her shattered mind and frame.

Euphrosyne and Syra alone watched by her. The former had, from time to time, put in the commonplaces of heathen consolation, had reminded her, too, how kind a master, how honest a man, how loving a father he had been. But the Christian sat in silence, except to speak gentle and soothing words to her mistress, and served her with an active delicacy, which even then was not unnoticed. What could she do more, unless it was to pray? What hope for else, than that a new grace was folded up, like a flower, in this tribulation; that a bright angel was riding in the dark cloud that overshadowed her humbled lady?

As grief receded, it left some room for thought. This came to Fabiola in a gloomy and searching form. "What was to become of her father? Whither was he gone? Had he melted into unexistence, or had he been crushed into annihilation? Had his life been searched through by that unseen eye which sees the invisible? Had he stood the proof of that scrutiny which Sebastian and Syra had described? Impossible! Then what had become of him?" She shuddered as she thought, and put away the reflection from her mind.

Oh, for a ray from some unknown light, that would dart into the grave,

and show her what it was! Poetry had pretended to enlighten it, and even glorify it; but had only, in truth, remained at the door, as a genius with drooping head, and torch reversed. Science had stepped in, and came out scared, with tarnished wings, and lamp extinguished in the foetid air; for it had only discovered a charnel-house. And philosophy had barely ventured to wander round and round, and peep in with dread, and recoil, and then prate or babble; and, shrugging its shoulders, own that the problem was yet unsolved, the mystery still veiled. Oh, for something, or someone, better than all these, to remove the dismal perplexity!

While these thoughts dwell like gloomy night on the heart of Fabiola, her slave is enjoying the vision of light, clothed in mortal form, translucent and radiant, rising from the grave as from an alembic, in which have remained the grosser qualities of matter, without impairing the essence of its nature. Spiritualised and free, lovely and glorious, it springs from the very hot bed of corruption. And another and another, from land and sea; from reeking cemetery, and from beneath consecrated altar; from the tangled thicket where solitary murder has been committed on the just, and from fields of ancient battle done by Israel for God; like crystal fountains springing into the air, like brilliant signal-lights, darted from earth to heaven, till a host of millions, side by side, re-people creation with joyous and undying life. And how knows she this? Because One, greater and better than poet, sage, or sophist, had made the trial; had descended first into the dark couch of death, had, blessed it, as he had done the cradle, and made infancy sacred; rendering also death a holy thing, and its place a sanctuary. He went into it in the darkest of evening, and he came forth from it in the brightest of morning; he was laid there wrapped in spices, and he rose again robed in his own fragrant incorruption. And from that day the grave had ceased to be an object of dread to the Christian soul; for it continued what he had made it—the furrow into which the seed of immortality must needs be cast.

The time was not come for speaking of these things to Fabiola. She mourned still, as they must mourn who have no hope. Day succeeded day in gloomy meditation on the mystery of death, till other cares mercifully roused her. The corpse arrived, and such a funeral followed as Rome then seldom witnessed. Processions by torchlight, in which the waxen effigies of ancestors were borne, and a huge funeral pile, built up of aromatic wood, and scented by the richest spices of Arabia, ended in her gathering up a few handfuls of charred bones, which were deposited in an alabaster urn, and placed in a niche of the family sepulchre, with the name inscribed of their former owner.

Calpurnius spoke the funeral oration, in which, according to the fashionable ideas of the day, he contrasted the virtues of the hospitable and industrious citizens with the false morality of those men called Christians, who fasted and prayed all day, and were stealthily insinuating their dangerous principles into every noble family, and spreading disloyalty and immorality in every class. Fabius, he could have no doubt, if there was any future existence, whereon philosophers differed, was now basking on a green bank in Elysium, and quaffing nectar. "And oh!" concluded the old whining hypocrite, who would have been sorry to exchange one goblet of Falernian for an amphora of that beverage, "oh! that the gods would hasten the day when I, his humble client, may join him in his shady repose and sober banquets!" This noble sentiment gained immense applause.

To this care succeeded another. Fabiola had to apply her vigorous mind to examine and close her father's complicated affairs. How often was she pained at the discovery of what to her seemed injustice, fraud, over-reaching and oppression in the transactions of one whom the world had applauded as the most honest and liberal of public contractors!

In a few weeks more, in the dark attire of a mourner, Fabiola went forth to visit her friends. The first of these was her cousin Agnes.

[To be continued.]

Low round trip rate to San Francisco via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th at rate of \$62 Buffalo to San Francisco and return. Liberal arrangements for stop overs. Tickets good returning until October 23, 1904. Get full particulars from local agents or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BISHOP MC QUOID ADDRESSES L. C. B. A.

Paternal Regard for the Association Clearly Manifested—Just Comments and Lucid Explanations.

To the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association—
Ladies: I deem it advisable to address this letter to all the members of the L. C. B. A. through the Fraternal Leader.

Much of what I shall here say was spoken during the triennial convention. Two important amendments were presented to the convention for consideration; they were an assessment rate that would be permanent, and a rearrangement of the plan of representation. The first was so far acted on that the former rate was largely increased; the latter was left to the Branches for study and solution during the next three years. Indeed, both questions were postponed for future consideration before final adjustment.

The first question is one of conscience, as it is a purely moral question, and as such must be decided.

We have to bear in mind that Fraternal Organizations are of very recent origin. Their founders had little or no experience. Their arguments were not based on practical knowledge and their consequent deductions proved fallacious. Catholic Fraternal Organizations followed the lead of non-Catholic ones and blundered as they had blundered. Experience soon taught both that they were making promises which could not be kept. Knowingly to make such promises is criminal, as any master of moral theology can decide. The organizers of Fraternal Organizations were in good faith. They judged that by keeping down expenses along many lines, there would be no need of charging for insurance, the heavy premiums required in the old line companies. To some extent this was true, but to the extent guessed at. When time demonstrated that the rates of assessment were too low to enable them to keep their promises to their members, they called to their assistance in a National Congress, Professional Actuaries, who, after a diligent examination of the rate of mortality in Fraternal Organizations based on the reports of said organizations during the years of their existence, and determined on the life expectancy for each from 18 to 49, and on this calculation decided the amount to be paid in each monthly installment on a safe and permanent rate. From this rate decided on by competent experts, there can be little deviation. There might be something said in favor of an organization whose members are practical Catholics, and therefore moral women, leading Christian lives, not likely to deceive in stating their age and liable to correction on an examination of Baptismal records, and sure never to commit suicide, or less actually insane. Conscience with obligation of restitution forbids deceit as to age or concealment of physical infirmities from the medical examination.

The second important question to come before you for consideration during the next few years is that of the mode of representation. It is not one of conscience, but of expediency and advisability. The triennial convention of 1907 will have over one thousand delegates in attendance. There are few cities in which can be found a hall large enough to accommodate a thousand on the ground floor. In a hall so large, how many of our delegates can be heard? When delegates are not heard, as was often the case at St. Paul, it is difficult to maintain silence. This always happens when the speaker's voice does not fill the audience room.

The second difficulty, which is a serious one if economy is to be taken into account, is the expense. As this is taken from the general fund, and draws nothing from the assessment rate, it is not a matter of conscience. Is it advisable to bring together so large a crowd, costing so large a sum of money for mileage and the personal expenses of your delegates? You cannot reasonably and justly expect your representatives to be otherwise than well cared for when traveling and in their hotels. The raising of the per diem for each delegate was by an unanimous vote, and, taking into account car fare twice a day was rightly called for.

The third difficulty is that a multitude of a thousand is not a safe and wise deliberative body. There will be necessarily endless repetitions and

inconsequential arguments. In this endless talk there will be great waste of time, prolongation of convention and consequent and needless expense.

A fourth objection to the present mode of representation is that it arbitrarily distributes the delegates without regard to members. Thus, a branch of fifty members has equal representation with one of seven hundred. There ought not to be more than one delegate for every five hundred members; better yet, one for every thousand. Eventually the association will be forced to restrict the number of delegates to the triennial convention and consultation. The welfare and best interest of the association should be considered in the determining decision.

For the first time an appeal has been taken from the action of the convention to the newspapers. Factions and interested parties defeated in the convention have resorted to the usual tactics of the disappointed. An angel from heaven could not satisfy every one. It is just so in politics among men.

The faction came to the convention fully resolved to carry through their plan. They showed their work from the first day. The convention might have adjourned on the customary day but for them. There was no secret about the purpose of its prolongation. Had their chiefs not been with them it would not have been required of me to remind their party that there was a sinful waste of time and conduct unbecoming ladies. The vast majority of the delegates were eminently dignified and Christian-like, and were much pained by the conduct of some of their associates. On account of the tactics of a few it became necessary for me, after the first day of the convention not to be absent for a moment, so I can testify that the fidelity of the members to sessions that lasted seven hours daily, was general and admirable, leaving no time for sightseeing or social entertainment.

Two particular grievances have been aired in the newspapers. In the Brooklyn Eagle of August 1, there are statements absolutely false. One is that I worked desperately to secure the re-election of Mrs. McGowan. I stated openly in the convention that I would not interfere in the election of any candidate. I gave as a reason that if I interfered, and my candidate was a failure, I would have to bear the blame. If the convention made a poor choice and failure ensued, the convention would have to bear the blame. There was no intimidation on the part of any one. There was absolute freedom in voting and there was no possibility of cheating in the election. There never was a more honest or a freer election than the one that was held in St. Paul at the triennial convention of the L. C. B. A. Other insinuations in the Brooklyn Eagle are the fumings of disappointment.

The other grievance appeared in the Union and Times of Buffalo, and was copied into other papers. It was directed against the letting of the printing of the official organ, the Fraternal Leader. The change may not have been the wisest, but it was brought about by an almost unanimous vote of the convention. The ladies of the convention were moved thereto by their desire that if possible the printing should be allotted to a member of their own organization. It is hard to find fault with their wish, and, judging by the first issue under the new management, there is reason to think that the change will not be unsatisfactory. If the cost is higher than last year, it will at least be less than that of the last term. It was under the same impulse that they changed the Supreme Medical Examiner. They made no mistake in this case.

It is inevitable that the Supreme President should sometimes have to run counter to the desires and ideas of Branches and their members. She has mastered the constitution in all its parts, and is held to its strict observance. Any deviation therefrom may involve her and the association in serious legal difficulties and attending expenses. Her own feelings would often lead her to yield to others' wishes and importunities. When she holds to the law, some of the disappointed may join one of the factions at the next convention.

I beg to say to the ladies of the L. C. B. A. that they are not to be annoyed by the undesired newspaper notoriety that has been brought upon their association. The remedy lies in their own hands. The growth of the L. C. B. A. has not depended on newspapers in the past, nor should newspapers be allowed to interfere with the liberty of choice and action

on the part of its governing body in the future. When the Supreme Trustees cease to be free because newspapers threaten, the end of the association is not far off.

The most painful moment in the convention was when one of the Supreme Trustees felt bound to protest in the name of the governing body of the association against the insinuations and misrepresentations emanating from the disturbing faction in the convention.

The association is too grand a body to be impeded in its growth by the

Continued on page 4.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday September 25—Gospel, St. Math. ix, 1-8—St. Firmin, bishop.
Monday 26—SS. Cyprian & Justina, martyrs.
Tuesday 27—SS. Cosmas and Damiani, martyrs.
Wednesday 28—St. Wenceslaus, martyr.
Thursday 29—St. Michael, archangel.
Friday 30—St. Jerome, pope, confessor and doctor.
Saturday 31—St. Remigius, bishop and confessor.

The New York Central will provide train service to Barnards next Sunday to accommodate people who wish to attend the ceremony of blessing the graves at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Frequent trains will be run, beginning at one o'clock, stopping at Barnards, both going and returning.

Forty Hours Devotion.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
September 25—St. Michael's, Rochester; Watkins.

Special Coach Excursions to Saint Louis, October 1st and 2d, via New York Central and West Shore, on account of Greater New York Day and New York State Day at the World's Fair.—The New York Central and West Shore will sell coach excursion tickets to St. Louis and return to enable patrons to attend the World's Fair, and be present at the Grand Celebration of Greater New York Day, Oct. 3d, and New York State Day, Oct. 4th. Call on ticket agents for particulars.

\$62 Buffalo to San Francisco and return via the Nickel Plate Road account Triennial Conclave: Knights Templar and Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th. Good returning until October 23, 1904. This rate, in connection with the excellent service offered, makes the Nickel Plate Road a favorite route. For particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, I do certify that Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State above said, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
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PENN YAN.
Michael Guider spent Sunday in Rochester with Sister M. Loyola.
Joseph Markey died Saturday after a long illness with consumption. His funeral took place from St. Michael's church, Tuesday at ten o'clock.

Margaret Guider, visited friends in Geneva Sunday.

The Yates County Fair was held here the past week, and was very largely attended.
George Osborn spent Sunday in Geneva.

Edward Garbus and Jennie Buffet were married on Wednesday September 14th by Rev. Martin Hendrick.

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AUBURN.
Edward Seale, son of Mr. James Seale of Ferris St., died Saturday. Mr. Seale had been ill a short time prior to his death. The funeral was held on Monday morning from St. Joseph's church, in Auburn.

Mr. F. McGowan's life long illness of the first ward, died on last night. Mr. McGowan went to the hospital on Friday night and when called for breakfast on Saturday morning he failed to answer to the call. People being alarmed went to his room and found that he was dead. Funeral was held on last night in Holy Family church, in Auburn.

The marriage of Miss Mary Hannon to Joseph Jann took place on Wednesday morning at 11 a. m. at St. Mary's church. O'Connor was attended by Miss Alice Calhoun. The ceremony was a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride in Washington St. After a wedding trip, the happy couple will be at home at No. 30 Washington street.

Next Sunday will be the fifty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Father McGrath to the priesthood. The people of the church have planned a big reception to the Rev. Father.

The work on the St. Edward's mission is progressing very rapidly and it is expected that the church will be ready for occupancy about holiday time. In connection with the church will be a school house that will accommodate all the children of the south western part of the city.

The young men of St. Mary's church held a very interesting meeting last Tuesday night. The meeting was called to form a committee to take charge of the young men's booth at the coming fair in October, which will be given for the benefit of the St. Edward's mission.

\$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Baker Theatre
"The Factory Girl" by Charles E. Blaney will be given a sumptuous production at the Baker Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with Monday and Wednesday matinees. The play runs hot with sensationalism, although it is promised that there will be thrills enough to please the most ardent lover of melodrama.

An approved type of the thrilling sensational melodrama, with spectacular settings, and conveying a lesson in moral fortitude, is what can be called "Why He Divorced His Wife" by William C. Murphy, a play that will make the local appeal for honors at the Baker Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with customary matinees.

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