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FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ORDINATION IN DECEMBER

(Continued from last week.)

The bishop then addressed the young aspirants in glowing and affectionate words. He told them how high a call it was to lead the lives of angels, who neither marry nor give in marriage, to tread the same chaste path to heaven which the Incarnate Word chose for His own Mother; and arrived there, to be received into the pure ranks of that picked host that follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. He expatiated on the doctrine of St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians on the superiority of virginity to every other state; and he feelingly described the happiness of having no love on earth but one, which, instead of fading, opens out into immortality in heaven. For bliss, he observed, is but the expanded flower which Divine love bears on earth.

After this brief discourse, and an examination of the candidates for this great honour, the holy Pontiff proceeded to bless the different portions of their religious habits, by prayers probably nearly identical with those now in use, and these were put on them by their respective attendants. The new religious laid their heads upon the altar, in token of their oblation of self. But in the West the hair was not cut, as it was in the East, but was always left long. A wreath of flowers was then placed upon the head of each; and though it was winter, the well-guarded terrace of Fabiola had been made to furnish bright and fragrant blossoms.

All seemed ended; and Agnes, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was motionless in one of her radiant raptures, gazing fixedly upwards; while Syra, near her, was bowed down, sunk into the depths of her gentle humility, wondering how she should have been found worthy of so much favour. So absorbed were both in their thanksgiving, that they perceived not a slight commotion through the assembly, as if something unexpected was occurring.

They were aroused by the bishop repeating the question—"My daughter, what dost thou seek?" when, before they could look around, each felt a hand seized, and heard the answer returned in a voice dear to both: "Holy father, to receive the veil of consecration to Jesus Christ, my only love on earth, under the care of these two holy virgins, already His happy spouses."

They were overwhelmed with joy and tenderness, for it was the poor blind Caecilia. When she heard of the happiness that awaited Syra, she had flown, as we have seen, to the kind Lucia, who soon consoled her, by suggesting to her the possibility of obtaining a similar grace. She promised to furnish all that was necessary, only Caecilia insisted that her dress should be coarse, as became a poor beggar girl. The priest Dionysius presented to the Pontiff, and obtained the grant of her prayer; and as she wished to have her two friends for sponsors, it was arranged that he should lead her up to the altar after their consecration. Caecilia, however, kept her secret.

The blessings were spoken, and the habit and veil put on; when they asked her if she had brought no wreath of flowers. Timidly she drew from under her garment the crown she had provided, a bare thorny branch, twisted into a circle, and presented saying—"I have no flowers to offer my Bridegroom, neither did He wear flowers for me. I am but a poor girl, and do you think my Lord will be offended, if I ask Him to crown me, as He was pleased to be crowned Himself? And then, flowers represent virtues in those that wear them; but my barren heart has produced nothing better than these."

She saw not, with her blind eyes, how her two companions matched the wreaths from their heads to put on hers; but a sign from the Pontiff checked them; and amidst moistened eyes she was led forth, all joyous, in her thorny crown; emblem of what the Church has always taught, that the very queenship of virtue is innocence crowned by penance.

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CHAPTER XII

THE NOMETAN VILLA

The Nometan road goes from Rome eastward, and between it and the Salarian is a deep ravine, beyond which on the side of the Nometan way lies a gracefully undulating ground. Amidst this is situated a picturesque round temple, and near it a truly beautiful basilica, dedicated to St. Agnes. Here was the villa belonging to her, situated about a mile and a half from the city; and thither it had been arranged that the two, now the three, newly consecrated should repair, to spend the day in retirement and tranquil joy. Few more such days, perhaps, would ever be granted them.

We need not describe this rural residence, except to say that everything in it breathed contentment and happiness. It was one of those genial days which a Roman winter supplies. The rugged Apennines were slightly powdered with snow; the ground was barely crisp, the atmosphere transparent, the sunshine glowing, and the heavens cloudless. A few greyish curls of melting smoke from the cottages and the leafless vines alone told that it was December. Everything living seemed to know and love the gentle mistress of the place. The doves came and perched upon her shoulder or her hand; the lambs in the paddock frisked, and ran to her the moment she approached, and took the green fragrant herbs which she brought them with evident pleasure; but none owned her kindly sway so much as old Molossus, the enormous watch-dog. Chained beside the gate so fierce was he, that none but a few favourite domestics durst go near him. But no sooner did Agnes appear, than he crouched down, and wagged his bushy tail, and whined, till he was let loose; for now a child might approach him. He never left his mistress's side; he followed her like a lamb; and if she sat down, he would lie at her feet, looking into her face for the usual caress from her hand.

It was indeed a peaceful day; sometimes calm and quiet, soft and tender, as the three spoke together of the morning's happiness, and of the happier morning of which it was a pledge, above the liquid amber of their present skies; sometimes cheerful and even merry, as the two took Caecilia to task for the trick she had played them. And she laughed cheerily, as she always did, and told them she had a better trick in store for them yet; which was, that she would out them out when that next morning came; for she intended to be the first at it and not the last.

Fabiola had in the meantime come to the villa to pay her first visit to Agnes after her calamity, and to thank her for her sympathy. She walked forward, but stopped suddenly on coming near the spot where this happy group were assembled. For when she beheld the two who could see the outward brightness of heaven, hanging over her who seemed to hold all its splendour within her soul, she saw at once, in the scene, the verification of her dream. Yet unwilling to intrude herself unexpectedly upon them, and anxious to find Agnes alone, and not with her own slave and a poor blind girl, she turned away before she was noticed, and walked towards a distant part of the grounds. Still she could not help asking herself, why she could not be cheerful and happy as they? Why was there a gulf between them?

But the day was not destined to finish without its clouds; it would have been too blissful for earth. Besides Fabiola, another person had started from Rome, to pay a less welcome visit to Agnes. This was Fulvius, who had never forgotten the assurances of Fabius, that his fascinating address and brilliant ornaments had turned the weak head of Agnes. He had waited till the first days of mourning were over, and he respected the house in which he had once received such a rude reception, or rather suffered such a summary ejection. Having ascertained that, for the first time, she had gone without her parents, or any male attendants, to her suburban villa, he considered it a good opportunity for pressing his suit. He rode out of the Nometan gate, and was soon at Agnes's. He dismounted; said he wished to see her on important business, and, after some importunity, was admitted by the porter. He was directed along a walk, at the end of which she would be found. The sun was declining, and her companions had strolled to a distance; and she was sitting alone in a bright sunny spot, with old Molossus crouching at her feet. The slightest approach to a growl from him, rare when he was with her, made her look up from her work of tying

together such winter flowers as the others brought her, while she suppressed, by raising a finger, this expression of instinctive dislike.

Fulvius came near with a respectful but fiercer air than usual, as one already assured of his request. "I have come, Lady Agnes," he said, "to renew to you the expression of my sincere regard; and I could not have chosen a better day, for brighter or fairer scarcely the summer sun could have bestowed."

"Fair, indeed, and bright it has been to me," replied Agnes, borne back in mind to the morning's scene; "and no sun in my life has ever given me the fairer,—it can only give me more fair."

Fulvius was flattered, as if the compliment was to his presence, and answered, "The day, no doubt you mean, of your espousals with one who may have won your heart."

"That is indeed done," she replied, as if unconsciously; "and this is his own precious day."

"And was that wretched veil upon your head placed there in anticipation of this happy hour?"

"Yes; it is the sign my beloved has placed upon my countenance, that I recognize no lover but himself."

"And who is this happy being? I was not without hopes, nor will I renounce them yet, that I have a place in your thoughts, perhaps in your affections."

Agnes seemed scarcely to heed his words. There was no appearance of shyness or timidity in her looks or manner, no embarrassment even—

"Spotless without, and innocent within,"

She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.

Her childlike countenance remained bright, open, and guileless; her eyes, mildly beaming, looked straight upon Fulvius's face with an earnest simplicity, that made him almost quail before her. She stood up now, with graceful dignity, as she replied, "Milk and honey exhaled from his lips, as the blood from his stricken cheek impressed itself on mine."

She is crazed, Fulvius was just beginning to think; when the inspired look of her countenance, and the clear brightness of her eye, as she gazed forward towards some object seen by herself alone, overawed and subdued him. She recovered in an instant; and again he took heart. He resolved at once to pursue his demand.

"Madam," he said, "you are trifling with one who sincerely admires and loves you: I know from the best authority,—yes, the best authority,—that of a mutual friend departed, that you have been pleased to think favorably of me, and to express yourself not opposed to my urging my claims to your hand. I now, therefore, seriously and earnestly solicit it. I may seem abrupt and informal, but I am sincere and warm."

"Begone from me, food of corruption!" she said, with calm majesty; "for already a lover has secured my heart, from whom alone I keep my troth, to whom I intrust myself with undivided devotion; one whose love is chaste, whose caress is pure, whose brides never put off their vernal wreaths."

Fulvius, who had dropped on his knees as he concluded his last sentence and had thus drawn forth that severe rebuke, rose, filled with spite and fury, at having been so completely deluded. "Is it not enough to be rejected," he said, "after having been encouraged, but must I be heaped on me too? and must I be told to my face that another has been before me to-day?—Sebastian, I suppose, again—"

"Who are you?" exclaimed an indignant voice behind him, "that dare to utter with disdain the name of one whose honour is untarnished, and whose virtue is as unchallenged as his courage?"

He turned round, and stood confronted with Fabiola, who, having walked for some time about the garden, thought she would now probably find her cousin disengaged, and by herself. She had come upon him suddenly and had caught his last words. Fulvius was abashed, and remained silent.

Fabiola, with a noble indignation, continued: "And who, too, are you, who, not content with having once thrust yourself into my kinswoman's house to insult her, presume now to intrude upon the privacy of her rural retreat?"

"And who are you," retorted Fulvius, "who take upon yourself to be imperious mistress in another's house?"

"One," replied the lady, "who, by allowing my cousin to meet you first at her table, and there discovering your designs upon an innocent child,

feels herself bound in honour and duty to thwart them,—and to shield her from them."

She took Agnes by the hand, and was leading her away; and Molossus required what he never remembered to have received before, but what he took delightedly, a gentle little tap, to keep him from more than growling; when Fulvius, gnashing his teeth, muttered audibly—

"Haughty Roman dame! thou shalt bitterly rue this day and hour. Thou shalt know and feel how Agnes can revenge."

[To be continued.]

Five Minute Sermon

The King's Account.

From this Gospel we should learn how great is the goodness of God, and how willingly He forgives him who sincerely confesses his sins and firmly resolves to amend his life. David and Magdalen are very eloquent examples of this.

The servant who refused to have pity on his fellow-servant is a figure of those Christians who refuse to forgive their neighbor, while they themselves dare hope to obtain or have even previously obtained the forgiveness of their sins, which are far more grievous.

Let us learn from this how angry the Lord will be with us if we exact satisfaction, knowing that He has strictly commanded us to forgive our neighbor from our heart, and that He has repeatedly assured us that we shall be treated by Him in the same manner as we have treated others.

The Divine Teacher said this in the parable to let us know that whosoever does not sincerely forgive his enemies will be sentenced to the torments of hell.

We should learn from this Gospel to acknowledge before God our great debts, that is, our sins, with sincerity and humility of heart. Secondly, we are to learn to have a firm purpose of making good our great debt as far as we can with the assistance of divine grace, by repentance, by receiving the holy sacraments, and by other good works. Lastly, we are to learn sincerely to pardon those who have offended us, and to fear the punishments with which God has threatened vindictive men.

Forty Hours Devotion.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
October 16—Lima: Farmersville; Phelps; Oswego; St. Boniface's, Rochester.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday October 16—Gospel, St. Matt. xviii, 23-35—St. Gall, abbot and confessor.
Monday 17—St. Hedwig, widow.
Tuesday 18—St. Luke, evangelist.
Wednesday 19—St. Peter of Alcantara, confessor.
Thursday 20—St. John Cantius, confessor.
Friday 21—St. Ursula & Comp. martyrs.
Saturday 22—St. Servatus, bishop.

St. Mary's Hospital.

Patients in Hospital September, 1, 101; admitted, 107; births, 5; died, 13; discharged, 110; remaining in hospital Oct. 1, 90. No pay patients, 30; private, 23; city, county and town, 13; ward pay, 24; total, 90. Ambulance calls, 70; hurry, 24; cases transferred to St. Mary's hospital, 41; to homes and stations, 17; to other hospitals, 2; not taken nor cared for, 10.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

Johnny and Emma Ray, of "Hot Old Time" fame, comes to the National Theatre the first three days of next week, including the usual matinees Tuesday and Wednesday in their latest and funniest offering, "Down the Pike." This production shows these two popular fun makers in possibly the most congenial role they have ever essayed, and the comedy is said to be irresistible. "Hot Old Time," one of Weber & Fields' most successful creations, is booked for appearance at the National Theatre the last half of next week. It possesses every quality that goes to make up good fun and popular melody, and has been termed one of the greatest whistling successes of the age. The company is large and possesses a chorus of dazzling loveliness.

BAKER THEATRE.

"Kidnapped in New York" with Barney Gilmore cast as star, will be seen at the Baker Theatre the first three days of next week with matinees Monday and Wednesday. For a sensational melodrama, it is said to be far above the average. Not only is the plot carefully drawn, but it possesses thrilling situations and bright dialogue. The Baker Theatre will present as its attraction the last three days of next week, with matinees Friday and Saturday, "Down by the Sea," a romantic comedy drama, said to be of more than ordinary merit. The play possesses an excellent story which is told in a very forcible manner.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special to The Journal.)

Official from the War Department.

A statement appeared in the Catholic press recently to the effect that in the placing of the one hundred Filipino students in various schools of the country Catholic schools had been overlooked or slighted.

On this subject the officials of the War Department have this to say:

In the selection of schools many considerations entered. The Filipinos were not children but young men to whom the choice of the branches of study were left. The government had \$500 at its disposal. Out of this had to be paid the tuition, books, room and board, clothing, doctors bills, spending money for the students, etc. By reason of this, expensive cities like Washington, New York and others could not be selected. It was the aim to place the students into smaller cities and to have them board in private families. While the religious feature was not considered, this not being within the province of the Department, the aim was to select the non-sectarian state schools as much as possible. Commissioner Harris furnished the names of the most desirable schools. At the same time, the Filipinos being Catholics, application was made to a number of Catholic schools for terms in case any of the students should prefer them. A prominent Catholic layman was asked to furnish the names of these schools, but he failed to do so. Nevertheless students were placed in the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, founded by a Catholic, and in Santa Clara college in California. Among the schools selected by commissioner Harris there is the Oberlin college which, I am informed on good authority, is decidedly sectarian. The remaining ones are:

Cincinnati University, Cincinnati, 5 students; University of Tennessee, Knoxville, 9; State Normal School, Normal, Ill., 6; Dixon Business College, Dixon, Ill., 4; Michigan State Agricultural College, 6; State Normal School, DeKalb, Ill., 6; Man. Training High School, Indianapolis, 6; University of Indiana, Bloomington, 4; Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., 4; University of Missouri, Columbia, 6; James Milliken University, Decatur, Ill., 6; Iowa State Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, 4; Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 4; Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, 4; Phil. School of Industrial Art and Design, Philadelphia, 4; State Normal School, Westchester, Pa., 6; State Normal School, Trenton, N. J., 6; State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y., 6; Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., 4; High School, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1.

It may be urged that while these may not be under sectarian management the atmosphere surrounding them is Protestant. There is nothing, however, to prevent these students from making their homes in Catholic families, neither is there anything to prevent Catholics from making an effort to get them into such homes, or to make their residences in our midst especially agreeable to them by inviting them to Catholic institutes and entertainments. The selection of their home rests largely with the students. The Knights of Columbus, for instance, might select a committee in each town to look after these strangers. For this purpose I shall be pleased to send them the names of all of them. This kind of practical work is far more effective and more conducive to the good of the Filipinos than knocking the religious education of these young men.

The courses of study adopted by the Filipinos are Medicine, Law, Technology, Pedagogics, Engineering, Agriculture, Art and Architecture.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

Last Sunday Excursion.

The West Shore Railroad offers the last low rate excursion of the season to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Sunday, October 16th. Round trip \$1. Tickets good going on morning trains, leaving 7.13, 7.50, and 10.15 a. m., returning on afternoon and evening trains; also on special train for Rochester, making all stops, leaving Niagara Falls at 8.31 p. m., and Buffalo at 9.30 p. m.

More than Forty Good Things to Read

An illustrated special about Governor's Island, by Jane W. Guthrie, is among the more than forty good things to read in the October number of the Four Track News. Apply nearest newsdealer, 5 cents per copy.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

ITS ATTITUDE TOWARD THE SECTARIAN AND THEIR MEMBERS.

A Year Old But Missionary Society and a Very Persistent Answer—The Catholic Criticism of Protestantism and Its Attitude of Non-Representation.

A correspondent asks a department of the Monitor: what is the attitude of the Catholic press toward pitching in to Protestantism? This is not a new query by any means, though it is always a very mistaken one. The Catholic press does not "pitch into" Protestantism; there would certainly be no use doing so, even if Christian charity and good manners did not forbid it. What the Catholic press does "pitch into" are the errors of Protestantism and its attendant calumniation of Catholic teachings and practices. There are enough of these to keep the Catholic press busy twenty-four hours a day every day in the year without going into the personalities. Our correspondent, like a good many others, confounds criticism of a system with abuse of its adherents. They are two widely different things.

One of the chief features of the Catholic press mission, if it has a mission, is to meet and refute misrepresentation of things Catholic. Nearly all the prejudices against the "religion of Rome" and all the abuse of its principles arise from a misunderstanding of both, sometimes through ignorance and sometimes from other motives. If Catholicity and its history and its methods were what they are frequently asserted to be by the Church's enemies, our plans separate friends would be entirely justified in their hostility. It would be not only their right, but their duty as well, to do everything in their power to counteract the influence of an institution so unworthy of the respect and confidence of reasonable people.

But, as it happens, the dreadful qualities ascribed to the Church are alien to her true character as it is possible for one thing to be so foreign to another. The positive attributes which excite the detestation of virtuous sectarians are not in any sense a part of the Church, and they are as universally in the eyes of Catholics as they can be to those of non-Catholics. It is not the religion, the doctrines and practices, the doctrines and discipline, of the Catholic Church which our critics reprobate, but their own misconception of these, founded upon erroneous knowledge or worse upon lack of any knowledge at all concerning the truth.

In pointing out the false position which non-Catholics more seldom than informed necessarily assume in attacking the Church the Catholic press cannot be accused of "pitching into" the offenders, whatever they be thought of its attitude toward them. It is time that the conduct of those who pretend to know what they are talking about in framing accusations based either on ignorance or malice is sometimes characterized as it deserves to be, but that is no injustice to the mass of well meaning persons in whose name the traitorous presume to speak. Preachers are usually the greatest sinners in this respect, and their motives are commonly such as the least morally sensitive among their number would not care to confess. A craving for that attention to themselves to which sensational utterances offer the shortest cut to men in their profession can be safely set down as the inspiration of nearly all the public abuse and vilification of Catholics and their faith that occur.

It is surely not a breach of charity or good manners on the part of the Catholic press to call a spade a spade when occasion demands. The solicitude of certain Catholics for the "feelings" of our separated brethren does more credit to their hearts than to their heads. Why it should be deemed fitting in Catholics to sit silent under unprovoked and unwarranted attacks upon their religion rather than put up a proper defense is beyond our comprehension. Various forms of attack must be met in a variety of ways, but the method employed should—and usually does, as far as we have observed—aim at bringing out the truth clearly. That is a very different thing from what our over-sensitive correspondent implies by "pitching into" the subject.

FAITH.

Faith is a word that has had a long history in this world. It has been the watchword of many a night, the motive of many a sacrifice, the burden of many a prayer. Millions have been fast to faith in their lives, thousands have testified to faith by their deaths. Now, faith, or belief in its primary and elementary conception is the acceptance of information as true on the word of another. If I have never been in London I accept the fact that there is such a place as London, and I accept it on the word of another. As I have never tested the strength of wood and iron myself, with I occasionally enter a railway carriage, trusting what others have experienced and pronounced. But if I have been in London and if I have examined the mental knowledge of the Londoner used in carrying out his duties, I do not believe there is anything in it. I believe that there is a great deal of faith in the world.