

Send us  
your  
Book and Job  
Printing.

# The Catholic Journal.

Sixteenth Year. No. 4.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Oct. 22, 1904.

\$1.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

## FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE EDICT.

The day being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvinus fully felt the importance of the commission intrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum, the Edict of extermination against the Christians, or rather the sentence of extirpation of their very name. News had been received from Nicodemus that a brave Christian soldier, named George, had torn down a similar imperial decree, and had manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvinus was determined that nothing of the sort should happen in Rome; for he feared too seriously the consequences of such an occurrence to himself; he therefore took every precaution in his power. The Edict had been written in large characters, upon sheets of parchment joined together; and these were nailed to a board, firmly supported by a pillar, against which it was hung, not far from the Puteal Libonis, the magistrate's chair in the Forum. This, however, was not done till the Forum was deserted, and night had well set in. It was thus intended that the Edict should meet the eyes of the citizens early in the morning, and strike their minds with more tremendous effect.

To prevent the possibility of any nocturnal attempt to destroy the precious document, Corvinus, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a night guard to the Forum, a company of the Pannonian cohort, a body composed of soldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North, Dacians, Pannonians, Sarmatians, and Germans, whose uncouth features, savage aspect, matted sandy hair, and bushy red moustaches, made them appear absolutely ferocious to Roman eyes. These men could scarcely speak Latin, but were ruled by officers of their own countries, and formed, in the decline of the empire, the most faithful bodyguard of the reigning tyrants, often their fellow-countrymen; for there was no excess too monstrous for them to commit, if duly commanded to execute it.

A number of these savages, ever rough and ready, were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum with strict orders to pierce through, or hew down, anyone who should attempt to pass without the watchword, or symbol. This was every night distributed by the general in command, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all possibility of any Christian making use of it that night, if he should chance to discover it, the cunning Corvinus had one chosen which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was *numen imperatorum*—the "Divinity of the Emperors."

The last thing which he did was to make his rounds giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions, and most minutely to the one whom he had placed close to the Edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge bulk, and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvinus gave him the most rigid instructions how he was to spare nobody, but to prevent any one's interference with the sacred Edict. He repeated to him again and again the watchword, and left him, already half-stupid with sabbat or beer, in the merest animal consciousness, that it was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear or sabre some one or other before morning. The night was raw and gusty, with occasional sharp and slanting showers; and the Dacian wrapped himself in his cloak, and walked up and down, occasionally taking a long pull at a flask concealed about him, containing a liquor said to be distilled from the wild cherries of the Thuringian forests; and in the intervals muddledly meditating, not on the wood or river, by which his young barbarians were at play, but how soon it would be time to cut the present emperor's throat, and sack the city.

While all this was going on, old Diogenes and his hearty sons were in their poor house in the Suburra, not far off, making preparations for their

frugal meal. They were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch, and the entrance of two young men, whom Diogenes at once recognized and welcomed.

"Come in, my noble young masters; how good of you thus to honour my poor dwelling! I hardly dare offer you our plain fare; but if you will partake of it, you will indeed give us a Christian love-feast."

"Thank you most kindly, father Diogenes," answered the elder of the two, Quadratus, Sebastian's sinewy centurion; "Pancratius and I have come expressly to sup with you. But not as yet; we have some business in this part of the town, and after it we shall be glad to eat something. In the meantime one of your youths can go out and cater for us. Come, we must have something good; and I want you to cheer yourself with a moderate cup of generous wine."

Saying this, he gave his pure to one of the sons, with instructions to bring home some better provisions than he knew the simple family usually enjoyed. They sat down; and Pancratius, by way of saying something, addressed the old man. "Good Diogenes, I have heard Sebastian say that you remember seeing the glorious Deacon Laurentius die for Christ. Tell me something about him."

"With pleasure," answered the old man. "It is now nearly forty-five years since it happened, and as I was older than you are now, you may suppose I remember all quite distinctly. He was indeed a beautiful youth to look at; so mild and sweet, so fair and graceful, and his speech was so gentle, so soft, especially when speaking to the poor. How they all loved him! I followed him everywhere! I stood by, as the venerable Pontiff Sixtus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and so tenderly reproached him, just as a son might a father, for not allowing him to be his companion in the sacrifice of himself, as he had ministered to him in the sacrifice of our Lord's body and blood."

"Those were splendid times, Diogenes, were they not?" interrupted the youth; "how degenerate we are now! What a different race! Are we not, Quadratus?"

The rough soldier smiled at the generous sincerity of his complaint, and bid Diogenes go on.

"I saw him, too, as he distributed the rich plate of the Church to the poor. We have never had anything so splendid since. There were golden lamps and candlesticks, censers, chalices, and patens, besides an immense quantity of silver melted down, and distributed to the blind, the lame, and the indigent."

"But tell me," asked Pancratius, "how did he endure his last dreadful torment? It must have been frightful."

"I saw it all," answered the old fessor, "and it would have been intolerably frightful in another. He had been first placed on the rack, and variously tortured, and he had not uttered a groan; when the judge ordered that horrid bed, or gridiron, to be prepared and heated. To look at his tender flesh blistering and breaking over the fire, and deeply scored with red burning gashes that cut to the bones where the iron bars went across; to see the steam, thick as from a cauldron, rise from his body, and hear the fire hiss beneath him, as he melted away into it; and every now and then to observe the tremulous quivering that crept over the surface of his skin the living motion which the agony gave to each separate muscle, and the sharp spasmodic twitches which convulsed and gradually contracted his limbs; all this, I own, was the most harrowing spectacle I have ever beheld in all my life. But to look into his countenance was to forget all this. His head was raised up from the burning body, and stretched out, as if fixed on the contemplation of some most celestial vision, like that of his fellow-deacon Stephen. His face glowed indeed with the heat below, and the perspiration flowed down it; but the light from the fire shining upwards, and passing through his golden locks, created a glory round his beautiful head and countenance, which made him look as if already in heaven. And every feature, serene and sweet as ever, was so impressed with an eager, longing look, accompanying the upward glancing of his eye, that you would willingly have changed places with him."

"That I would," again broke in Pancratius, "and as soon as God pleases! I dare not think that I could stand what he did; for he was indeed a noble and heroic Levite, while I am only a weak imperfect boy. But do you not think, dear Quadratus, that

strength is given in that hour proportionate to our trials, whatever they may be? You, I know, would stand anything; for you are a fine stout soldier, accustomed to toil and wounds. But as for me, I have only a willing heart to give. Is that enough, think you?"

"Quite, quite, my dear boy," exclaimed the centurion, full of emotion and looking tenderly on the youth, who with glistening eyes, having risen from his seat, had placed his hands upon the officer's shoulders. "God will give you strength, as He has already given you courage. But we must not forget our night's work. Wrap yourself well up in your cloak, and bring your toga quite over your head; so! It is a wet and bitter night. Now, good Diogenes, put more wood on the fire, and let us find supper ready on our return. We shall not be long absent; and just leave the door ajar."

"Go, go, my sons," said the old man, "and God speed you! whatever you are about, I am sure it is something praiseworthy."

Quadratus sturdily drew his chlamys of military cloak, around him, and the two youths plunged into the dark lanes of the Suburra, and took the direction of the Forum. While they were absent, the door was opened, with the well-known salutation of "thanks to God;" and Sebastian entered, and inquired anxiously if Diogenes had seen anything of the two young men; for he had got a hint of what they were going to do. He was told they were expected in a few moments.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when hasty steps were heard approaching; the door was pushed open, and was as quickly shut, and then fast barred, behind Quadratus and Pancratius.

"Here it is," said the latter, producing, with a hearty laugh, a bundle of crumpled parchment.

"What?" asked all eagerly.

"Why the grand decree, of course," answered Pancratius, with boyish glee. "Look here, 'Our lords Dioclesian and Maximian, the unconquered, elder Augusti, fathers of the Emperors and Caesars,' and so forth. Here it goes!" And he thrust it into the blazing fire, while the stalwart sons of Diogenes threw a faggot over it to keep it down, and down it crackling there it frizzled, and writhed, and cracked, and shrunk, first one letter or word coming up, then another; first an emperor's praise, and then an anti-Christian blasphemy; till all had subsided into a black ashy mass.

And what else, or more, would those be in a few years, who had issued that proud document, when their corpses should have been burnt on a pile of cedar-wood and spices, and their handful of ashes be scraped together, hardly enough to fill a gilded urn? And what also, in very few years more, would that heathenism be, which it was issued to keep alive, but a dead letter at most, and as worthless a heap of extinguished embers as lay on that hearth? And the very empire which these "unconquered" Augusti were bolstering up by cruelty and injustice, how in a few centuries would it resemble that annihilated decree? the monuments of its grandeur lying in ashes or in ruins, and proclaiming that there is no true Lord but one stronger than Caesars, the Lord of lords; and that neither counsel nor strength of man shall prevail against Him.

Something like this did Sebastian think, perhaps, as he gazed abstractedly on the expiring embers of the pompous and cruel Edict which they had torn down, not for a wanton frolic, but because it contained blasphemies against God and His holiest truths. They knew that if they should be discovered, tenfold tortures would be their lot; but Christians in those days, when they contemplated and prepared for martyrdom, made no calculation on that head. Death for Christ, whether quick and easy, or lingering and painful, was the end for which they looked; and, like brave soldiers going to battle, they did not speculate where a shaft or a sword might strike them, whether a death-blow would at once stun them out of existence, or they should have to writhe for hours upon the ground, mutilated or pierced, to die by inches among the heaps of unheeded slain.

Sebastian soon recovered, and had hardly the heart to reprove the perpetrators of this deed. In truth, it had its ridiculous side, and he was inclined to laugh at the morrow's dismay. This view he gladly took; for he saw Pancratius watched his looks with some trepidation, and his centurion looked a little disconcerted. So, after a hearty laugh, they sat down cheerfully to their meal; for it was not

midnight, and the hour for commencing the fast, preparatory to receiving the Holy Eucharist, was not arrived. Quadratus's object, besides kindness, in this arrangement, was partly, that if surprised, a reason for their being there might be apparent, partly to keep up the spirits of his younger companion and of Diogenes's household, if alarmed at the bold deed just performed. But there was no appearance of any such feeling. The conversation soon turned upon recollections of Diogenes's youth, and the good old fervent times, as Pancratius would persist in calling them. Sebastian saw his friend home, and then took a round, to avoid the Forum in seeking his own abode. If any one had seen Pancratius that night, when alone in his chamber preparing to retire to rest, he would have seen him every now and then almost laughing at some strange but pleasant adventure.

[To be continued.]

## WASHINGTON LETTER

### CATHOLIC INDIAN SCHOOLS.

(Special to The Journal.)

In the Review of St. Louis, of Sept. 22, No. 36, is the following article: "Our esteemed contemporary, the Milwaukee Excelsior (September 8th) commenting on our recent brief historical resume of the Catholic Indian School question, while conceding the correctness of the facts as stated, thinks they are apt to create the wrong impression because incompletely set forth. It calls attention to the circumstance that the fight against the Catholic Indian Schools began under the administration of President Harrison, when Morgan and Dorchester were in charge of the Indian Bureau. How bitterly these two bigoted fanatics strove to injure the Catholic Indian Schools, can be seen from the annual report of the Catholic Indian Bureau for 1891-2."

This resume in the Review is a reproduction of the News Letter of August 3, No. 235, of the Catholic News Agency of Washington, D. C. On this subject the News Letter says:

Under this administration the A. P. A. movement had its birth. Indian Commissioner Morgan showed a disposition to fraternize with this society and undertook by a series of rulings to embarrass the Catholic mission schools. Mr. Harrison was appealed to, and immediately ordered the Indian Commissioner to discontinue his intrigues explaining to him, that under his administration his Catholic fellow citizens should have equal rights with others and the full protection of the law. Had President Harrison been re-elected the contract schools would not have been abolished, as he looked with supreme contempt upon the cheap agitators of the American Protective Association.

It appears that the "Excelsior" was willing to state that these troubles were originated by interfering officials under a republican administration, but was unwilling to add that these officials had been thoroughly squelched by President Harrison, or was ignorant of the fact.

The Catholic News Agency is conducted entirely in the interest of the Catholic Church, and not of any political party. It has never hesitated to give credit or blame, regardless of the party or persons affected thereby.

On the subject of the Cleveland administration, the News Agency letter says:

"In the first part of this administration the first decisive blow was struck at the Catholic Indian Mission schools. Congress cut the appropriations down 20 per cent. In the second half of this administration Congress declared it the settled policy not to make any further appropriations for sectarian schools, and made a law reducing the appropriations down 20 per cent, every year until they expired. Mr. Cleveland sustained the Indian school policy of Secretary Hoke Smith, which policy was bitterly hostile to the Catholic church. Under this administration was also promulgated the infamous Browning ruling denying to Indians the right to select the schools to which they wanted to send their children. This was another stab at the Catholic Mission schools."

In the view of the contention which has arisen, I will add another fact which is not generally known.

After Secretary Hoke Smith had been appealed to to abrogate this infamous Browning ruling, and had positively refused to do so, Senator Vest of Missouri, that staunch champion of the rights of the church, volunteered to call upon President Cleveland for the same purpose. His efforts, however, proved unavailing. President Cleveland positively refused to inter-

fere with his secretary, and the ruling stood until abrogated by President McKinley, through the intercession of Senator Hanna.

It should also be remembered that at a time when the first decisive blow was struck at the Catholic Indian Mission Schools, by which contracts to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars were eventually lost, the House, the Senate and the President were, for the first time in many years, democratic.

The losses sustained through this legislation, amounting to about \$250,000, have now through the action of President Roosevelt and Congress, been recovered to the extent of about \$150,000.

During the years that the Catholic Indian Missions suffered from this terrible deficit, the ten million Catholics of the country were appealed to make it up, but never more than \$40,000 a year was raised by the Catholic Indian Bureau, in any way.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

### Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday October 23—Gospel, St. Matt. xlii, 15-31—St. Theodoret, martyr.  
Monday 24—St. Raphael, Archangel.  
Tuesday 25—St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, virgin.  
Wednesday 26—St. Evaristus, pope and martyr.  
Thursday 27—St. Frumentius, bishop and confessor.  
Friday 28—St. Simon & Jude, apostles.  
Saturday 29—St. Narcissus, bishop.

### Forty Hours Devotion.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:  
October 23—Northville; Charlotte; Wayland.

## Five Minute Sermon

### The Coin Of Tribute.

To-day's Gospel tells how the Pharisees tried to ensnare Jesus in His speech. The question was this: Is it lawful for the Jews to pay tribute to Caesar? To this the Hebrews were very much opposed, because a great part of them submitted unwillingly to the law imposing the tribute; and still more, following the teachings of a certain Gaulonite, were of the opinion that it was not lawful for the Hebrew nation to pay tribute to the Gentiles, and that to do so was for them a sin.

If Jesus Christ declared it to be lawful to pay tribute to the Romans He would have made Himself odious to the Jews, and most odious to the followers of the Gaulonite, the leader of those zealots who afterwards caused so much misery to unfortunate Jerusalem. And it, on the contrary, He declared it unlawful to pay the tribute He would have provoked the anger and invited the vengeance of Caesar, and the enmity and persecution of Herod, a great partisan of the emperor. He therefore said to them: "Render therefore to the Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Therefore we should learn in the first place not to try to deceive our neighbor by feigned praise and adulation, as in our day is done by many. We should not put our trust in the praises of men and we should not give our opinion too rashly; not offend the opinion of others and enforce our own; and lastly, we should show ourselves obedient subjects of authority and sincere worshippers of our God.

### SACRED HEART ALUMNAE.

The graduates of the convent of the Sacred Heart to the number of 250 organized an association on Thursday at 2:30 o'clock. At this meeting a constitution was drawn up and approved, and it was decided to meet every year. Those present promised to do all they could to advance the interests of their alma mater.

Madame de Roquesneville was elected honorary president of the new association, and Mrs. Katherine J. Dowling, the first graduate in Rochester, was elected acting president by acclamation. The other officers elected are: First vice president, Mrs. Mooney, of Buffalo; second vice president, Mrs. William C. Barry, recording secretary, Miss Millie Purcell; corresponding secretary, Miss Corrine Mahon; treasurer, Miss Cecelia Yawman.

### Deaths.

The death of Mrs. Marie Schmidt, widow of the late Dr. Christian Schmidt, occurred recently in this city. Deceased was a niece of the late Rev. Hafkenscheidt, C. S. S. R., known to many old residents of this city, as Father Bernard, one of the first missionaries of the country. She was also an author of several books and poems in her own and the French languages. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. George W. Gash of this city.

## TURNED THE TABLES

A Warm Reception and a Surprize For an "Old Fellow."

A creature calling himself "an old fellow" made his appearance in the little village of Wren, O., where there was only one Catholic resident. This solitary individual, however, was better than most of another kind. Seeing the startling announcement of a series of "turns" by "a converted Romanist," he determined to counteract their influence, acting with no less promptness than promptness. He notified the nearest Knights of Columbus, and they lost no time in consulting with their pastor as to what had best be done. The Rev. Father Wilken has the wisdom of the serpent as well as the simplicity of the dove. He knew what to do, and though Decatur, Ind., is ten miles distant from Wren, there was no indifference on that account. A Passenger, Father from Cincinnati, who happened to be giving a retreat to the sisters in charge of Father Wilken's school, was pressed into service and, in company with Father Wilken, another priest and two scores or more of Catholics, hastened off to Wren. They found a large crowd assembled to hear the speaker, who, it must be admitted, did not do justice to himself. The presence of so many unbidden auditors was neither comforting nor inspiring.

As soon as the speaker had finished his tirade Father Valentine arose and asked permission to say a few words in reply. It was most willingly accorded, and the father, who knows how to say "a few words," made the most of his opportunity. He was listened to with respectful, eager attention and received enthusiastic congratulations on all sides when he had concluded his address. The pastor of the church—to his great credit, he it said—at once canceled all future dates with the speaker, expressed indignation that the good people of Wren had been imposed upon to such an extent and deep regret that their church should have been thrown open to a wolf in sheep's clothing. His regret, however, was turned into joy by the able address of Father Valentine, whom he invited to "close the meeting" with benediction. Every one seemed to be pleased, save the speaker, who was dumfounded by the strange turn of events that he fled the town without even asking for the receipts of his lecture. We refrain from comment on this little incident, but we feel like congratulating all the participants, excepting the pastor of the United Brethren church of Wren—Ave Maria.

### And the Men Set Still.

An incident occurred recently in a railway car that has numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Sisters of Charity in their characteristic dress. A drunken man, very drunk and annoying, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a big bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face repeatedly into the long bonnet of a sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. The conductor had already been told of the man's conduct, but he did nothing. The other passengers, in true passenger fashion, sat and looked on. No man stirred.

Finally a woman, white as a sheet and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrested it from his hands and flung it out of the window and then took hold of him and after a lively and unassisted struggle got him out of the seat. "I'm no Roman Catholic," she said excitedly to the spectators, "but I will not sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted!"—Our Dumb Animals.

### Rev. Father Vatman.

After a service of twenty-seven years as chaplain in the United States army the Rev. Father Edward J. Vatman has just been retired, having reached the age limit of sixty-four years. During the time that he has been in the army Father Vatman has been connected with the Fourth regiment of infantry for all but two years. For twelve years he has been stationed at Fort Sheridan. His plans for the future have not been made. Father Vatman accompanied his regiment to Cuba and afterward to the Philippines. He was a personal friend of President McKinley and pronounced the benediction at his grave after the burial service.

### Catholics in the Choir.

Non-Catholics will no longer be allowed to sing in the choir of the churches in the diocese of New York. It is announced that persons who have not the faith should be paid to sing the Creed for us and to participate in the function of the holy mysteries. Indeed, only pious Catholics should be allowed to be in the choir.—Exchange.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The next regular national council of the Knights of Columbus will meet in Los Angeles the first Tuesday in June, 1905.

The Catholics of Japan have a Manchurian number 244,000, many of whom are imprisoned in a prison house.