

The Catholic Journal.

Sixteenth Year. No. 8.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Nov. 19, 1904.

\$1.00 per Year. 3c 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 XVI

THE WOLF IN THE FOLD

"I don't like this underground work," said an old, grey-bearded legionary. "I am a soldier, and not a rat-catcher. Bring me my man into the light of day, and I will fight him hand to hand, and foot to foot; but I have no love for being stifled or poisoned, like vermin in a drain."

This speech found favour with the soldiers. One said, "There may be hundreds of these skulking Christians down there, and we are little more than half a dozen."

"This is not the sort of work we receive our pay for," added another. "It's their sorceries I care for," continued a third, "and not their valour."

It required all the eloquence of Fulvius to screw up their resolution. He assured them there was nothing to fear; that the cowardly Christians would run before them like hares, and that they would find more gold and silver in the church than a year's pay would give them. Thus encouraged, they went groping down to the bottom of the stairs. They could distinguish lamps at intervals, stretching into the gloomy length before them.

"Hush!" said one, "listen to that voice!"

From far away its accents came, softened by distance, but they were the notes of a fresh youthful voice, that quailed not with fear; so clear, that that the very words could be caught, as it intoned the following verses—

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Then came a full chorus of voices, singing, like the sound of many waters—

"While the wicked draw nigh me, to eat my flesh, my enemies that trouble me have themselves been weakened and have fallen."

A mixture of shame and anger seized on the assailants as they heard these words of calm confidence and defiance. The single voice again sang forth, but in apparently fainter accents—

"If armies in camp shall stand together against me, my heart shall not fear."

"I thought I knew that voice," muttered Corvinus. "I ought to know it out of a thousand. It is that of my bane, the cause of all last night's curse and this day's trouble. It is that of Pancratius, who pulled down the Edict. On, on, my men; any reward for him, dead or alive!"

"But stop," said one, "let us light our torches."

"Hark!" said a second, while they were engaged in this operation; "what is that strange noise, as if of scratching and hammering at a distance? I have heard it for some time."

"And look!" added a third; "the distant lights have disappeared, and the music has ceased. We are certainly discovered!"

"No danger," said Torquatus, putting on a boldness which he did not feel. "That noise only comes from those old moles, Diogenes and his sons, busy preparing graves for the Christians we shall seize."

Torquatus had in vain advised the troop not to bring torches, but to provide themselves with such lamps as we see Diogenes represented carrying in his picture, or waxen tapers, which he had brought for himself; but the men swore they would not go down without plenty of light, and such means for it as could not be put out by a draught of wind or a stroke on the arm. The effects were soon obvious. As they advanced, silently and cautiously, along the low narrow gallery, the resinous torches crackled and hissed with a fierce glare, which heated and annoyed them, while a volume of thick pitchy smoke from each rolled downwards on to the bearers from the roof, half-stifled them, and made a dense atmosphere of cloud around themselves, which effectually dimmed their light. Torquatus kept at the head of the party counting every turning right and left, as he had noted them; though he found every mark which he had made carefully removed. He was staggered and baulked when,

after having counted little more than half the proper number, he found the road completely blocked up.

The fact was, that keener eyes than he was aware of had been on the look out. Severus had never relaxed his watchfulness, determined not to be surprised. He was near the entrance to the cemetery below, when the soldiers reached it above, and he ran forward at once to the place where the sand had been prepared for closing the road, near which his brother and several other stout workmen were stationed in case of danger. In a moment, with that silence and rapidity to which they were trained, they set to work lustily, shovelling the sand across the narrow and low corridor from each side, while well directed blows of the pick brought from the low roof behind huge flakes of sandstone which closed up the opening. Behind this barrier they stood, hardly suppressing a laugh as they heard their enemies through its loose separation. Their work it was which had been heard, and which had screened off the lights and deadened the song.

Torquatus's perplexity was not diminished by the volley of oaths and imprecations and the threats of violence which were showered upon him fool or a traitor. "Stay one moment, I entreat you," he said; "it is possible I have mistaken my reckoning. I know the right turn by a remarkable tomb a few yards within it. I will just step into one or two of the last corridors and see."

With these words, he ran back to the next gallery on the left, advanced a few paces, and totally disappeared.

Though his companions had followed him to the very mouth of the gallery, they could not see how this happened. It appeared like a witchcraft, in which they were quite ready to believe. His light and himself seemed to have vanished at once. "We will have no more of this work," they said; "either Torquatus is a traitor, or he has been carried off by magic!"

Worried, heated in the close atmosphere almost inflamed by their pitchy smoke, crest fallen and disheartened, they turned back; and since their road led straight to the entrance they flung away their blazing torches into the side galleries, one here and one there, as they passed by, to get rid of them. When they looked back, it seemed as if a triumphal illumination was kindling up the very atmosphere of the gloomy corridor. From the mouths of the various caverns came forth a fiery light which turned the dull sandstone into a bright crimson, while the volumes of smoke above hung like amber clouds along the whole gallery. The sealed tombs receiving the unusual reflection on their yellow tiles, or marble slabs, appeared covered with golden or silver plates, set in the red damask of the walls. It looked like a home paid to martyrdom by the very furies of heathenism on the first day of persecution. The torches which they had kindled to destroy, only served to shed brightness on monuments of that virtue which had never failed to save the Church.

But before these foiled hounds with drooping heads had reached the entrance, they recoiled before the sight of a singular apparition. At first they thought they had caught a glimpse of daylight; but they soon perceived it was the glimmering of a lamp. This was held steadily by an upright immovable figure, which thus received its light upon itself. It was clothed in a dark dress, so as to resemble one of those bronze statues which have the head and extremities of white marble, and startle one when first seen, so like are they to living forms.

"Who can it be? What is it?" the men whispered to one another.

"A sorceress," replied one.

"The guardian genius of the place," observed another.

"A spirit," suggested a third. Still, as they approached stealthily towards it, it did not appear conscious of their presence; "there was no speculation in its eyes," it remained unmoved and unscared. At length, two got sufficiently near to seize the figure by its arms.

"Who are you?" asked Corvinus, in a rage.

"A Christian," answered Caecilia, with her usual cheerful gentleness.

"Bring her along," he commanded; "some one at least shall pay for our disappointment."

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIRST FLOWER.

Caecilia, already forewarned, had approached the cemetery by a different, but neighbouring entrance. No sooner had she descended than she smelt the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of our incense,"

I know," she said to herself; "the enemy is already within." She hastened therefore to the place of assembly, and delivered Sebastian's note, adding also what she had observed. It warned them to disperse and seek the shelter of the inner and lower galleries; and begged of the Pontiff not to leave till he should send for him, as his person was particularly sought for.

Pancratius urged the blind messenger to save herself too. "No," she replied, "my office is to watch the door, and guide the faithful safe."

"But the enemy may seize you."

"No matter," she answered, laughing; "my being taken may save much worthier lives. Give me a lamp, Pancratius."

"Why, you cannot see by it," observed he, smiling.

"True; but others can."

"They may be your enemies."

"Even so," she answered, "I do not wish to be taken in the dark. If my Bridegroom come to me in the night of this cemetery, must he not find me with my lamp trimmed?"

Off she started, reached her post, and hearing no noise except that of quiet footsteps, she thought they were those of friends, and held up her lamp to guide them.

When the party came forth, with their only captive, Fulvius was perfectly furious. It was worse than a total failure; it was ridiculous—a poor mouse came out of the bowels of the earth. He rallied Corvinus till the wretch winced and foamed; then suddenly he asked, "And where is Torquatus?" He heard the account of his sudden disappearance, told in as many ways as the Dacian guard's adventure; but it annoyed him greatly. He had no doubt whatever, in his own mind, that he had been duped by his supposed victim, who had escaped into the unsearchable mazes of the cemetery. If so, this captive would know, and he determined to question her.

He stood before her, therefore, put on his most searching and awful look, and said to her sternly, "Look at me, woman, and tell me the truth."

"I must tell you the truth without looking at you, sir," answered the poor girl, with her cheerfulness smile and softest voice; "do you not see that I am blind?"

"Blind!" all exclaimed at once, as they crowded to look at her. But over the feature of Fulvius there passed the slightest possible emotion, just as much as the wave that runs, pursued by a playful breeze, over the ripe meadow. A knowledge had flashed into his mind, a clue had fallen into his hand.

"It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters, and I will see you well rewarded. You, Corvinus, take my horse, and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive."

"No treachery, Fulvius," he said, vexed and mortified. "Mind you bring her. This day must not pass without a sacrifice."

"Do not fear," was the reply. Fulvius indeed, was pondering whether, having lost one spy, he should not try to make another. But the placid gentleness of the poor beggar perplexed him more than the boisterous zeal of the gamester, and her sightless orbs defied him more than the restless roll of the toper's. Still, the first thought that had struck him he could yet pursue. When alone in a carriage with her, he assumed a soothing tone, and addressed her. He knew she had not overheard the last dialogue.

"My poor girl," he said, "how long have you been blind?"

"All my life," she replied.

"What is your history? Whence do you come?"

"I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, at the door of the title of Fasciola, while they went to their devotions. It was on that memorable day, when many Christians were buried at their tomb, by earth and stones cast down upon them. My parents had the happiness to be of the number."

"And how have you lived since?"

"God became my only Father then, and His Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since."

[To be continued.]

WASHINGTON LETTER

Division of the School Fund and the Constitution.
(Special to The Journal)

Whenever the proposition is made that Catholic parochial schools should have a proportionate share of the public funds, it is quite customary to have the Constitution of the United States quoted in opposition.

I maintained some time ago in one of my letters that a recent decision of the Supreme Court was, at least by inference, capable of being construed as being favorable to the Catholic contention. Mr. Pruess, in a succeeding issue of the Review, confessed a curiosity to know more regarding this decision of the Supreme Court. Before satisfying this craving for information I shall quote other instances in the history of kindred legislation, to show that the separation of Church and State was never considered to be threatened by them.

There have been times when Congress was in a mood to be liberal. For instance, in 1832 an act was passed and approved, giving Columbia College, a Baptist institution, lands of the value of \$25,000; and in 1838 a similar grant was made to Georgetown College, a Catholic school in charge of the Jesuits.

Congress has always provided chaplains for each House and for the Army and Navy. The prayers in Congress are nearly always concluded with the words: "For Christ's sake, Amen," a distinct recognition of Christianity. Then again Congress had frequently made appropriations for religious and charitable institutions in the District of Columbia, in the very face of its declared policy not to make such appropriations. All of which goes to show that this great question resolves itself into a matter of politics and policy.

The case which elicited a decision of the Supreme Court was the act of Congress authorizing two isolating buildings on the grounds of two hospitals. The selection of the hospitals was left to the discretion of the District Commissioners. Under that authority, the Commissioners made an agreement with Providence Hospital, which is a private hospital in charge of, and owned by, the sisters of the Roman Catholic Church, for the construction of an isolating building on the hospital grounds, and for the receipt therein of poor patients sent there by the Commissioners, and for payments by the District on that account to the hospital. A citizen of Washington applied to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for an injunction prohibiting the Treasurer of the United States from paying out any money in pursuance of the contract, on the ground that it was a violation on both of the statutes in question and of the first amendment, and an injunction was accordingly granted by Justice Hagner. From the decree of Justice Hagner an appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. The Court on April 4, 1898, reversed the decree of the court below, and the complainant thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, on Dec. 4, 1899, sustained the decree of the Court of Appeals.

Thus it will be seen that in 1897 Congress made the same provision respecting hospitals conducted by religious societies which it made respecting schools similarly conducted, declaring it the settled policy of the Government to make no appropriations of money or property for the support of any sectarian school, or other institution under sectarian control, and that this declaration has been declared unoperative by the Supreme Court of the United States. The text of the decision in regard to this particular point is as follows:

"If such an association may be lawfully incorporated, why may not Providence Hospital, though, as alleged, owned and conducted by a monastic order or sisterhood of the Roman Catholic Church, contract with the duly authorized agents of the government, to receive, not a subsidy or gift of money, but compensation for actual services to be rendered."

On page 467, the court says: "Without assuming to express an opinion of the score of the prohibitory words of the Constitution, we suggest that it seems to be the opinion of learned commentators of very high authority that the declaration was intended to secure nothing more than complete religious liberty to all persons and the absolute separation of the church from the state, by the prohibition of any preference by law in favor of any one religious persuasion or mode of worship."

Conclusion of the Court:

"Held that the agreement was one which it was within the power of the Commissioners to make; and that it did not conflict with the provisions in Article 1 of the Amendments to the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."

It is the opinion of an eminent lawyer, whom I consulted on the subject, that in view of these practices on the part of Congress and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, there is no constitutional inhibition to the making of contracts, on the part of a State, with the Catholic parochial schools, or any other private schools, for the education of children for which the public schools make no provision, either for want of proper accommodations, or for other equally valid reasons.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

Five Minute Sermon

The Abomination of Desolation.

One object of this Gospel was to advise Christ's followers among the Jews to escape the evils that were to come over Jerusalem, and the other was to warn Christians who will be living at the end of the world to be prepared for the great desolation that will precede His second coming, when He will come to judge the living and the dead.

In regard to Christians, Christ spoke of that abomination which will be caused by all sorts of crimes, and which, like a mighty torrent, will overflow the earth in the days of Antichrist who will appear at the end of the world.

Christ counsels Christians to flee from the general corruption that will reign supreme with Antichrist, even at the cost of what is most dear to them on this earth, preferring to lose all temporal things rather than lose their souls and forfeit the imperishable goods of heaven.

Considering how all the predictions in regard to Jerusalem were minutely fulfilled, we understand why Jesus Christ said that heaven and earth shall pass away, but that His words shall not pass away. Moreover let us learn to fear the dreadful punishments of the anger of God, to do penance for our sins, to avoid the occasions of sin, and to prepare ourselves for the day of judgment, of which the Gospel speaks, and was explained on the first Sunday of Advent.

St. Mary's Hospital.

Patients in Hospital October 1, 90; admitted, 102; births, 7; died, 11; discharged, 87; remaining in hospital Nov. 1, 101.

No pay patients, 38; private, 32; city, county and town, 9; ward pay, 27. Total ambulance calls, 70; hurry calls, 16; No. of cases transferred to St. Mary's hospital, 49; to homes and stations, 13; to other hospitals, 1; cases not taken or cared for, 7.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Jessie Millward and Marion Garson are the two headliners of the vaudeville bill to be presented next week at the Cook Opera House. Miss Millward will present a serious dramatic sketch called "A Queen's Messenger." Miss Garson is a well known Rochester singer. Bruno and Russell, comedians, lately of "The Sho-Gun" will offer a specialty. The rest of the bill will be made up as follows. Carlin and Otto, German comedians; Belle Stone, ascending a spiral inside a globe; Polk and Kollins, banjoists; Rosaire and Doretto, wire walkers, and the kinetograph showing new films. This bill will be given at the Cook all next week, with daily matinees.

BAKER THEATRE.

Lovers of sensational will be gratified to know that next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the booking at the Baker Theatre is the new scenic sensation, "The Way of the Transgressor." This tersely told story of American life, is full of intensely dramatic situations and thrilling climaxes, relieved by a lot of genuine comedy that will convulse any audience. The new melodrama, "Wedded and Parted," by Theodore Kramer, will be the Thanksgiving attraction at the Baker Theatre, giving two performances on that day, and two performances daily the Friday and Saturday following.

Correspondents Notice.

Reporters are requested to mail their reports a day earlier next week on account of Thanksgiving.

C. R. B. A.

Council 23, C. R. B. A. will hold their picnic party at their hall 402 State Street, next Wednesday evening. All members of the order are invited to attend. There will be six prizes, refreshments and dancing.

Will of Mgr. De Rozze.

The will of Mgr. Hippolyte De Rozze was offered for probate this week. The estate is valued at \$12,000 all of which is devised to Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of the Rochester Diocese. The Bishop is named as executor.

Union Club Entertainments.

The series of entertainments for the members of the Union Club, during the season of 1904-1905, will open Wednesday evening, November 23d, with a dancing party. The dates of the events following are as follows:

December 9, Friday, card party. January 9, Monday, New Year's reception and dance; January 18, Friday, card party; February 10, Friday, smoker. February 24, Friday, card party; March 6, Monday, masquerade; April 24, Easter Monday, reception and dance; May 13, Friday, smoker; May 29, Friday, card party.

The Union Club Dancing Assembly will hold twelve dances during the season, to be held on Tuesday evenings and Malone's Orchestra will furnish the music. The first dance will be on Tuesday, November 23rd. An invitation is extended to all club members to be present on this occasion. The following Tuesday's are the dates for the rest of the series: Dec. 6, 13, 20, Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, 14, 21, 28.

The following dances for the children will be held on the following Monday evenings: November 23; December 4, 11, 18; January 9, 16, 23, 30; February 6, 13, 20, 27. The hours for dancing will be from 7 to 9 o'clock and will be only for members' children or their younger brothers and sisters. A competent instructor will be in attendance to assist the children.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

"The Missourians" will be the attraction at the National Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with Tuesday and Wednesday matinees, with Theodore Hamilton in the feature part, and is provided with something in the way of scenic novelty.

David Belasco's drama of love and war, "The Heart of Maryland," which is announced for respearance at the National Theatre opening a three days engagement with two performances on Thanksgiving Day, will beyond peradventure, be greeted by equally as cordial and appreciative audiences as was seen on its previous visit.

Personal.

Miss Anna Ruddy of 153 Wooden St., was pleasantly surprised Friday evening by a party of young friends who gathered at her home to celebrate her return from a three months' visit at Cooperstown, N. Y. Piano and vocal selections were rendered and an enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday November 20—Gospel, St. Matt. xiv, 16-25—St. Felix of Valois, confessor. Monday 21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Tuesday 22—St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr. Wednesday 23—St. Clement I, pope and martyr. Thursday 24—St. John of the Cross, confessor. Friday 25—St. Catherine, virgin and martyr. Saturday 26—St. Peter of Alexandria, bishop and martyr.

Low round trip homeseekers rates via the Nickel Plate Road to the West and Southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month until April 18th. For full information write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

No Smallpox in the White House.

This is one piece of cheering news. Another is that the Langie yards are well filled, with the "gilt edge" brand of coal, which is so popular because of its purity and remarkable heating properties. Central office, Triangle building; phones 930.

Thanksgiving Holiday Excursions.

On Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, the New York Central offers one of their popular excursions to Boston, Springfield, Palmer, Worcester and South Farmington. The rate will be \$10 for the round trip for tickets good returning within ten days. The Thanksgiving holiday is observed as a great feast day in New England and this excursion is planned to give patrons an opportunity at slight expense to spend the holiday with friends in the Old Bay State.