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FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVIII

RETRIBUTION.

"I give you time till all is hopeless. Things do not look bright at present. But, Fulvius, it is time that I tell you who I am."

"Why, were you not my father's faithful dependant, to whose care he intrusted me?"

"I was your father's elder brother Fulvius, and am the head of the family. I have had but one thought, but one aim in life, the restoring of our house to that greatness and splendour from which my father's negligence and prodigality had brought it down. Thinking that your father, my brother, had greater ability than myself for this work, I resigned my rights and gains to him upon certain terms; one of which was your guardianship, and the exclusive forming of your mind. You know how I have trained you, to care nothing about the means, so that our great ends be carried."

Fulvius, who had been riveted with amazement and deep attention on the speaker, shrunk into himself with shame, at this baring of both their hearts. The dark old man fixed his eyes more intently than ever, and went on:

"You remember the black and complicated crime by which we concentrated in your hands the divided remnant of family wealth."

Fulvius covered his face with his hands and shuddered, then said entreatingly: "Oh spare me that, Euratas; for heaven's sake, spare me!"

"Well, then," resumed the other, unmoved as ever, "I will be brief. Remember, nephew, that he who does not recoil from a brilliant future, to be gained by guilt, must not shrink from a past that prepared it by crime. For the future will one day be the past. Let our compact, therefore, be straightforward and honest; for there is an honesty even in sin. Nature has given you abundance of selfishness and cunning, and she has given me boldness and remorselessness in directing and applying them. Our lot is cast by the same throw,—we become rich or die together."

Fulvius in his heart cursed the day that he came to Rome, or bound himself to his stern master, whose mysterious tie was so much stronger than he had known before. But he felt himself spellbound to him, and powerless as the kid in the lion's paws. He retired to his couch with a heavier heart than ever; for a dark, impending fate never failed to weigh upon his soul every returning night.

The reader will perhaps be curious to know what has become of the third member of our worthy trio, the apostate Torquatus. When, confused and bewildered, he ran to look for the tomb which was to guide him, it so happened, that just within the gallery which he entered, was a neglected staircase, cut in the sandstone, down to a lower story of the cemetery. The steps had been worn round and smooth and the descent was precipitous. Torquatus, carrying his light before him, and running heedlessly, fell headlong down the opening, and remained stunned and insensible at the bottom till long after his companions had required. He then revived, and for some time was so confused that he knew not where he was. He arose and groped about, till, consciousness completely returning, he remembered that he was in a catacomb, but could not make out how he was alone, and in the dark. It then struck him that he had a supply of tapers about him, and means of lighting them. He employed these, and was cheered by finding himself again in light. But he had wandered from the staircase, of which, indeed, he recollected nothing, and went on and on, entangling himself more intricately in the subterranean labyrinth.

He felt sure that, before he had exhausted his strength or his tapers, he should come to some outlet. But by degrees he began to feel serious alarm. One after the other his lights were burnt out, and his vigour began to fail, for he had been fasting from early morning; and he found himself coming back to the same spot, after he had wandered about apparently for

hours. At first he had looked negligently around him, and had carelessly read the inscriptions on the tombs.

He lit his last taper and sank down on a heap of mould. He grew fainter and his hope of relief became weaker, death was coming on fast; he could feel it; his head reeled, his heart fluttered. The taper was getting shorter and shorter and soon the last spark gleamed smouldering like a glow-worm on the red earth, and died.

Was he dead too? he thought. Why not? Darkness, complete and perpetual, had come upon him.

No, it could not be death as yet. Death had to be followed by something else. But even this was coming. The worm was beginning to gnaw his conscience, and it grew space to a viper's length, and twisted itself round his heart. He tried to think of pleasant things, and they came before him; the quiet hours in the villa with Chromatus and Polycarp, their kind words, and last embrace. But from the beautiful vision darted a withering flash; he had betrayed them; he had told of them; to whom? To Fulvius and Corvinus. The fatal chord was touched, like the tingling nerve of a tooth, that darts its agony straight to the centre of the brain. The drunken debauch, the dishonest play, the base hypocrisy, the vile treachery, the insincere apostasy, the remorseful sacrifices of the last days, and the murderous attempt of that morning, now came dancing, like demons hand in hand, in the dark before him, shouting laughing, jibing, weeping, moaning, gnashing their teeth, and sparks of fire flying before his eyes, from his feebled brain, seemed to dart from glaring torches in their hands. He sunk down and covered his eyes.

"I may be dead, after all," he said to himself; "for the infernal pit can have nothing worse than this."

His heart was too weak for rage; it sunk within him in the impotence of despair. His strength was ebbing fast, when he fancied he heard a distant sound. He put away the thought; but the wave of a remote harmony beat again upon his ear. He raised himself up; it was becoming distinct. So sweet it sounded, so like a chorus of angelic voices, but in another sphere, that he said to himself, "Who would have thought that heaven was so near to hell! Or are they accompanying the fearful Judge to try me?"

And now a faint glimmer of light appeared at the same distance as the sounds; and the words of the strain were clearly heard—

"In peace, in the self-same, I will sleep and I will rest."

"Those words are not for me. They might do at a martyr's entombment; they cannot at a reprobate's burial."

The light increased; it was like a dawn glowing into day; it entered the gallery and passed across it, bearing in it, as in a mirror, a vision too distinct to be unreal. First, there came virgins robed and holding lamps; then four who carried between them a form wrapped up in a white linen cloth, with a crown of thorns upon the head; after them the youthful acolyte Tarcisus bearing a censer steaming with perfumed smoke; and, after others of the clergy, the venerable Pontiff himself, attended by Reparatus, and another deacon. Diogenes and his sons with sorrowful countenances, and many others, among whom he could distinguish Sebastian, closed the procession. As many bare lamps or tapers, the figures seemed to move in an unchanging atmosphere of mildest light.

And as they passed before him, they chanted the next verse of the psalm—"That," he exclaimed, rousing himself up, "that is for me."

With this thought he had sprung upon his knees; and by an instinct of grace, words which he had before heard came back to him like an echo; words suited to the moment words which he felt that he must speak. He crept forward, faint and feeble, turned along the gallery through which the funeral procession was passing, and followed it unobserved, at a distance. It entered a chamber and lighted it up, so that a picture of the Good Shepherd looked brightly down on him. But he would not pass the threshold, where he stood striking his breast and praying for mercy.

The body had been laid upon the ground; and other psalms and hymns were sung, and prayers recited, all in that cheerful tone and joyous mood of hopefulness with which the Church has always treated of death. At length it was placed in the tomb prepared for it, under an arch. While this was being done, Torquatus drew nigh to one of the spectators, and whispered to him the question—

"Whose funeral is this?"

"It is the deposition," he answered,

"of the blessed Caecilia, a blind virgin, who this morning fell into the hands of the soldiers in this cemetery and whose soul God took to Himself."

[To be continued.]

Five Minute Sermon

John Bears Witness to Christ.

St. John informed the Jews of the nature of his mission, and directed their attention to the prophecy of Isaiah which foretold his coming, by quoting the words of the prophet: "Speak to the heart of Jerusalem, saith the Lord, and call aloud to her; be ye comforted, My people, for your evil is come to an end. Then shall he heard a voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His path." He also gave them a striking proof of his great humility, for though promised by an angel, born by a prodigy of the Most High, and sanctified before his birth by the presence of the Redeemer, yet he merely says of himself: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

We should learn to practise humility as St. John did, by confessing sincerely our nothingness, by not sounding our own praises even when there may be occasion to do so without danger of ostentation, and by suffering with patience injurious words even when performing faithfully our duties.

We should consider what our own answer will be when, like St. John, we are asked, "Who art thou?" Grant, O Lord, that we may be able to answer when the time comes: "We are Christians." Lastly, let us apply to ourselves these words: "Make straight the way of the Lord." Let us make every effort to prepare for the spiritual new birth of Jesus Christ in our souls.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday December 11—Gospel, St. John, 1: 19-28. St. Damasus, pope and confessor.

Monday 12—St. Cormac, abbot.

Tuesday 13—St. Lucy, virgin and martyr.

Wednesday 14—St. Nicetas and Comp. martyr.

Thursday 15—St. Florence, abbess.

Friday 16—St. Eusebius, bishop and martyr.

Saturday 17—St. Olympias, widow and Fast

NATIONAL THEATRE.

"Vivian's Pappas," in which Rich & Harris comedians are to appear at the National Theatre the first three days of next week, with Blanche Ring and Harry Coner as the particular stars of the organization, is an original American farical comedy written by Lee Dietrichstein.

One of the theatrical treats of the season will be the first appearance in this city as a star, of Miss Nannette Comstock, who will be seen here at the head of her own company, in "The Crisis." The engagement is for the last three days of next week at the National Theatre.

BAKER THEATRE.

A play constructed by Harry Jackson is entitled "What Women Will Do," will be produced at the Baker Theatre's next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with matinees on Monday and Wednesday.

A drama of Western life is "The Struggle for Gold" which is booked at the Baker Theatre the last three days of next week. This new drama is said to paint a powerful picture and to be full of startling climaxes, novel scenes, quaint homely humor and tender pathos.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

A curious sort of act is announced as the principal attraction in the vaudeville bill to be presented next week at the Cook Opera House. This is described as a demonstration of liquid air, to be given by Frederick D. Rugg. Liquid air is a mysterious fluid that, when it was "discovered" was hailed as a material with revolutionary mechanical and therapeutic methods. Some of the curious things that will be done are described as follows: Burning steel pens, making tin and copper as brittle as glass, a teakettle filled with liquid air boiling violently on ice, a flower dipped in the fluid becoming a brittle as an icicle but retaining its beauty and fragrance. The rest of the bill includes Francis Neilson, The Four Madcaps, Moore and Littlefield, Elmer Tenley, and Newell and Niblo and the kinetograph.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM SPAIN

The statement has frequently appeared in a number of our papers that Postmaster-General Wynne is a relative—some say a brother, others a cousin—of Father Wynne of New York City. On the best authority, that of Mr. Wynne himself, I can say that the two gentlemen are not related at all.

The Washington Times of November 25, says that there is a rumor to the effect that Mr. Charles Bonaparte, not Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte as one paper had it, will be the next Secretary of the Interior. While there is nothing authoritative in the statement, it is well known that Mr. Bonaparte stands very high in the estimation of the President. His selection would, therefore, be no surprise.

The situation at the Catholic University may be summed up in a few words: The work of the different courses of study continues uninterrupted; there is no change in the chairs, and, as far as outward appearances are concerned, everything is running smoothly. While thus the routine work of the University will not suffer in any way, the extensions in the various branches will probably be retarded for some time, leaving everything in statu quo, until the financial tangle will have been untangled.

There are reasons for believing that the apostasy of the Marquise de Meriville was a political, rather than a religious, step. If my informant is correct this step has been contemplated by the Marquise for some time, but was only anticipated by one person in this country. To this person the Marquise once addressed a question which at the time had no meaning to him, but which, in the light of her recent act, showed clearly that even at that time, more than six months ago, she tried to satisfy her conscience by all kinds of sophistical reasoning. On that occasion she interrupted a conversation on an entirely different subject, during which she had been somewhat abstracted, with the sudden question: "Supposing an American leaves his country and resides in Germany, would he not be an American still?" When answered in the affirmative she added: "And supposing a Catholic left the Catholic Church but still adhered to the faith, would he not be a Catholic still?"

Serious charges relative to the treatment of the Winnebago Indians in Nebraska were made to the President last week by Father Schell, a priest who has recently figured in a sensational investigation into the condition of the tribe, undertaken by himself, and who was recently under arrest.

Father Schell was introduced to the President by Edward Rosewater, proprietor of the "Omaha Bee." He came to Washington especially on behalf of the Indians, who, he claims, are being debauched by the lax enforcement of the reservation laws, and whose moral condition is of a terrible character on account of the surroundings in which they live.

Father Schell has as his credentials a petition signed by the grand jury of his district. He explained that, while prohibition laws were in effect on the reservation they were practically non-operative on account of the number of saloons scattered about on the outskirts of the settlement. President Roosevelt, it is said, gave the priest to understand that he would look into the matter. Francis E. Leupp, the newly appointed Indian Commissioner is expected to undertake an investigation immediately upon entering into office.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, Price 75c. Trace Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy you must have somebody to divide it with.

Things looked at patiently from one side after another, generally end by showing a side that is desirable.

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MUSIC IN CHURCHES

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY CONFORMS TO THE PAPAL EDICT.

No More Women or Unbelievers Allowed in Choirs—Adaptations of Secular Music and All Theatrical Effects Are Prohibited.

To all the clergy under his jurisdiction Archbishop Farley has forwarded a copy of the report of the commission of priests and organists appointed by him to frame laws that will carry out the Pope's views on church music. He declares the commission's recommendations law, enjoins "scrupulous observance" and says:

"To some persons a few of the provisions may appear difficult of observance. If temporary exemption in particular cases be requested the reasons will receive my careful consideration, and a special dispensation wherever deemed necessary will be granted until such time as the regulations can be complied with.

"The quality of the music in our services will not suffer by the exclusion of certain compositions so long in favor with many to the detriment of devotion, for the Church will always admit and has ever admitted to the service of her worship every good and beautiful discovered by human genius, always, however, with due regard to the liturgical laws. Consequently modern music is also admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety and gravity that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions."

After a preamble, in which the commission states that the Gregorian chant must be restored in every Catholic church to "its high place of honor during liturgical services" and that boy choirs shall take the place of women soprano and contralto singers, the report continues:

"In order that the will of the Sovereign Pontiff be carried out as far as practicable in the churches of this diocese, the following abuses we have found are to be eliminated:

"First.—The singing of pieces in a language other than Latin during liturgical functions.

"Second.—The adaptation of Latin words to songs, arias or concerted pieces borrowed from opera or other secular sources.

"Third.—The uses of Masses in which the 'Kyrie,' 'Gloria,' etc., are divided into separate complete movements not necessarily having a musical connection with one another or in which are interpolated long organ preludes or interludes.

"Fourth.—The use of compositions in which the words are transposed, omitted or unduly repeated and in which rests are interpolated between the syllables of the words.

"Fifth.—The use of music whose style in either the local parts or the accompaniment is suggestive of the concert or the theater.

"Sixth.—The Vesper psalm composed di concerto—that is, in several complete and independent movements.

"Seventh.—The use of those settings of the 'Tantum Ergo' in which the first parts and the second are in contrast—for example, the one to slow and the other to quick movements.

"Eighth.—The accompaniment of the organ to the 'Preface,' 'Pater Noster,' and 'Te Missa Est' during mass.

"Ninth.—Long interludes or intermezzi, especially of a profane character.

"Tenth.—The omission of any part prescribed to be sung at High Mass or Vespers. The psalms are generally sung in Gregorian chant, but the modern music may be employed if composed after the manner of psalmody—that is, one side responding to the other.

"Eleventh.—The spirit of the Church and the very nature of things forbid that persons who do not believe with us be members of the ecclesiastical choir. The incongruity of an unbeliever in Christianity saying 'Credo in Jesus Christum' is obvious; the contradiction implied in having those who do not believe in the Real Presence singing 'Tantum Ergo' is self evident. Furthermore, professing Catholics who are in conflict with their belief should be excluded, for, in the words of the Holy Father, 'only those are to be admitted to form part of the choir of the Church who are of known piety and probity of life and by their modest and devout bearing during liturgical functions show that they are worthy of the holy office they exercise.'

"Twelfth.—It is strictly forbidden to have bands play in the church and only in special cases and with the consent of the ordinary will it be permissible to admit wind instruments, limited in number and well selected and proportioned to the size of the place—provided the compositions and accompaniments to be executed be written in a grave and suitable style and similar to that proper to the organ."

Mgr. J. H. McGean was chairman of the commission and Father John J. Keane of the Church of the Holy Name secretary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROSARY

Dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid—In Address the Bishop

Points Out the Social Evils

That Must Be Combated

at the Present Day.

The new church of the Holy Rosary was dedicated by Bishop McQuaid last Sunday morning and in the afternoon the new bell and statues were blessed. At the morning service, when the church was dedicated, a procession marched through the aisles of the church and around it while the walls were blessed by the bishop. Mass was said by Rev. John O'Brien, the deacon and sub-deacon being Rev. John J. McGrath of Auburn and Rev. M. J. Hargrath of St. Michael's Church. Bishop McQuaid preached the dedication sermon. The "Te Deum" was sung by the congregation at the close of the morning services.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the blessing of the bell and statues took place. There are four of the statues, gifts of the congregation, "Fleta," "St. Joseph," "Our Lady of the Rosary" and the "Sacred Heart." Rev. John G. Van Ness, pastor of the church, conducted the services, assisted by Revs. M. J. Hargrath and T. F. Hickey.

In his address at the afternoon services Bishop McQuaid said:

"And, now, to you who are older I want to say a few words. On this happy day you should have great gratitude to God, who has blessed you so abundantly. You now take rank with the prosperous parishes of the city. Great things will be expected of you. After a time you will rank with the big churches of the city. Perhaps you are tempted to say that you have not yet a whole church. But you have what is better—a church and school."

"If I were to find fault at all with you, it would be that you have, perhaps, done too much. You have at the beginning bought this large bell, which will ring out the angelus, in honor of the mystery connected with Mary, through whom was the incarnation of our Lord. Few outside of the Catholic church fully appreciate the mystery of the incarnation. When they speak of Christ, they do not mention His Mother; they do not realize the full significance of this glorious event. Christ was the incarnated God, born of Mary—God in man. It is like blasphemy for anyone to speak a word against the blessed mother of Christ. The bell will ring out three times a day the angelus, and to God, to Christ, we will pray; and to Mary, His mother, we will pray. We need not be at all afraid to bring to her our little troubles, to lay before the beloved mother of Christ our cares. Her whole heart is given up to the love of her Son, and to bring back sinners to Him is her delight."

"If I were to find any fault, it would be that you have done so much so soon. But, while doing this, you have built a school as well; and your pastor, has told me that, not the congregation, but individuals have given to the church these blessed images. If you had no school, and if the congregation had been charged with the burden of furnishing the church so beautifully, I should have found fault, perhaps; but the church is built and the images are given, so the congregation has had only the building to provide—and I have no fault to find."

"Now you will go on progressing, bringing in all sorts of people. There is no bar here to keep out any who want to know Jesus Christ and His holy religion. Let your courage be high. Co-operate with your priest and these devoted sisters. They give their life to God, and it is asked of you that you help to keep religion alive in your homes and in the land. "And truly there is need of the truth in this land of America. Dangers are threatening her from lawless spirits coming to her shores and from lawless persons springing up within her. She is threatened by dangers in society. She needs to be taught the sanctity of the marriage tie; it is necessary that the divorce system shall not spread; respect for property and the rights of others must be taught; greater emphasis must be put upon the moral law, along the lines of the Ten Commandments."

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