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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 XX.

THE PUBLIC WORKS.

"Thank you," replied Corvinus, "a pretty figure he would cut in the amphitheatre. The people are not to be put off with decrepit old creatures, whom a single stroke of a bear's or tiger's paw kills outright. They like to see young blood flowing, and plenty of life struggling against wounds and blows before death comes to decide the contest. But there is one there whom you have not named. His face is turned from us; he has not the prisoner's garb, nor any kind of fetter. Who can it be?"

"I do not know his name," answered Rabirius; "but he is a fine youth, who spends much of his time among the convicts, relieves them, and even at times helps them in their work. He pays, of course, well for being allowed all this; so it is not our business to ask questions."

"But it is mine, though," said Corvinus sharply; and he advanced for this purpose. The voice caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round to look.

Corvinus sprang upon him with the eye and action of a wild beast, seized him, and called out with exultation, "Fetter him instantly. This time, at least, Paneratus, thou shalt not escape."

CHAPTER XXI

THE PRISON

If a modern Christian wishes really to know what his forefathers underwent for the faith, during three centuries of persecution, we would not have him content himself with visiting the catacombs, as we have tried to make him do, and thus learning what sort of life they were compelled to lead; but we would advise him to peruse those imperishable records, the Acts of the Martyrs, which will show him how they were made to die. We know of no writings so moving, so tender, so consoling, and so ministering of strength to faith and to hope, after God's inspired words, as these venerable monuments.

But we are wandering from our narrative. Paneratus, with some twenty more, fettered and chained together, were led through the streets to prison. As they were thus dragged along, staggering and stumbling helplessly, they were unmercifully struck by the guards, who conducted them; and any persons near enough to reach them dealt them blows and kicks without remorse. Those further off pelted them with stones or offal, and assailed them with insulting ribaldry. They reached the Mamertine prison at last, and were thrust down into it, and found there already other victims, or both sexes, awaiting their time of sacrifice. The youth had just time, while he was being handcuffed, to request one of the captors to inform his mother and Sebastian of what had happened; and he slipped his purse into his hand.

A prison in ancient Rome was not the place to which a poor man might court committal, hoping there to enjoy better fare and lodging than he did at home. Two or three of these dungeons, for they are nothing better, still remain; and a brief description of the one which we have mentioned will give our readers some idea of what confessorship cost, independent of martyrdom.

The Mamertine prison is composed of two square subterranean chambers, one below the other, with only one round aperture in the centre of each vault, through which alone light, air, food, furniture, and men could pass. When the upper story was full, we may imagine how much of the two first could reach the lower. No other means of ventilation, drainage, or access could exist. The walls, of large stone blocks, had, or rather have, rings fastened into them, for securing the prisoners, but many used to be laid on the floor, with their feet fastened in the stocks; and the ingenious cruelty of the persecutors often increased the discomfort of the damp stone floor, by strewing with broken potsherds this only bed allowed to the mangled limbs and welled backs of the tortured Christians.

Roman justice required at least the outward forms of trial; and hence the

Christian captives were led from their dungeons before the tribunal, where they were subjected to an interrogatory of which most precious examples have been preserved in the secretary or registrar of the court.

When the Bishop of Lyons, Pothinus, now in his ninetieth year, was asked "Who is the God of the Christians?" he replied, with simple dignity, "If thou shalt be worthy, thou shalt know." Sometimes the judge would enter into a discussion with his prisoner, and necessarily get the worst of it; though the latter would seldom go further with him than simply reiterating his plain profession of the Christian faith. Often, as in the case of one Ptolomæus, he was content to ask the simple question, Art thou a Christian? and upon an affirmative reply, proceeded to pronounce capital sentence.

Paneratus and his companion stood before the judge, for it wanted only three days to the muna, or games, at which they were to "fight with wild beasts."

"What art thou?" he asked of one.

"I am a Christian, by help of God."

"And who art thou?" said the Prefect to Rusticus.

"I am, indeed, a slave of Caesar's," answered the prisoner; "but becoming a Christian, I have been freed by Christ Himself; and by His grace and mercy I have been made partaker of the same hope as those whom you see."

Then turning to a holy priest, Lucianus, venerable for his years and his virtues, the judge thus addressed him: "Come, be obedient to the gods themselves, and to the Imperial Edicts."

"No one," answered the old man, "can be reprehended or condemned who obeys the precepts of Jesus Christ our Saviour."

"What sort of learning and studies dost thou pursue?"

"I have endeavoured to master every science, and have tried every variety of learning. But finally I adhered to the doctrines of Christianity, although they do not please those who follow the wanderings of false opinions."

"Wretch! dost thou find delight in that learning?"

"The greatest, because I follow the Christians in right doctrine."

"And what is that doctrine?"

"The right doctrine, which we Christians piously hold, is to believe in one God, the Maker and Creator of all things visible and invisible, and to confess the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God, anciently foretold by the prophets, who will come to judge mankind and is the preacher and master of salvation, to those who will learn well under Him. I indeed, as a mere man, am too weak and insignificant to be able to utter anything great of His infinite Deity; this office belongs to the prophets."

"Thou art, methinks, a master of error to others, and deservest to be more severely punished than the rest. Let this Lucianus be kept in the nerve (stocks) with his feet stretched to the fifth hole. And you two women, what are your names and condition?"

"I am a Christian, who have no spouse but Christ. My name is Secunda," replied the one.

"And I am a widow, named Rufina, professing the same saving faith," continued the other.

At length, after having put similar questions, and received similar answers from all the others, except from one wretched man, who, to the grief of the rest, wavered and agreed to offer sacrifice, the Prefect turned to Paneratus and thus addressed him: "And now, insolent youth, who hast the audacity to tear down the Edict of the divine emperors, even for thee there shall be mercy if yet thou wilt sacrifice to the gods. Show thus at once thy piety and thy wisdom, for thou art yet but a stripling."

Paneratus signed himself with the sign of the cross, and calmly replied, "I am the servant of Christ. Him I acknowledge by my mouth, hold firm in my heart, incessantly adore. This youth which you behold in me has the wisdom of grey hairs, if it worship but one God. But your gods, with those who adore them, are destined to eternal destruction."

"Strike him on the mouth for his blasphemy, and beat him with rods," exclaimed the angry judge.

"I thank thee," replied meekly the noble youth, "that thus I suffer some of the same punishment as was inflicted on my Lord."

The Prefect then pronounced sentence in the usual form. "Lucianus, Paneratus, Rusticus, and others, and the women Secunda and Rufina, who have all owned themselves Christians, and refuse to obey the sacred emperor or worship the gods of Rome, we order

to be exposed to wild beasts in the Flavian amphitheatre."

The mob howled with delight and hatred, and accompanied the confessors back to their prison with this rough music, but they were gradually overawed by the dignity of their gait, and the shining calmness of their countenances. Some men asserted that they must have performed themselves for they could perceive a fragrant atmosphere surrounding their persons.

[To be continued.]

Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Found Among the Doctors.

St. Luke tells us that Our Lord at the age of twelve years went with His holy Mother and St. Joseph to Jerusalem to be present at the festival, which was solemnized for seven days, in the Temple, and the feast of the Passover; that these days being over, He was lost from their sight and remained in Jerusalem in the Temple while they set out for their home believing that He was in the company of His relatives.

Mary and Joseph were in great affliction, and hastened to seek for Him among their friends and relatives and not finding Him, they returned to Jerusalem, and found Him in the temple, then He went with them.

We should learn that if Jesus Christ, King of kings and Lord of lords, did not refuse to obey Mary and Joseph, we should not refuse to obey humbly and voluntarily our parents, superiors, and all who are charged with our care and education. What a consolation to think when obeying that we imitate Jesus Christ, Who by His submission to Mary and Joseph sanctified and made obedience meritorious.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday January 8—Gospel, St. Luke, 1, 42-52—St. Severinus, abbot and confessor.

Monday 9—SS. Julian & Basilissa, martyrs.

Tuesday 10—St. Agatha, pope.

Wednesday 11—St. Hyginus, pope and martyr.

Thursday 12—St. Arcadius, martyr.

Friday 13—St. Veronika, virgin.

Saturday 14—St. Hilary, bishop, confessor and doctor.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

Dashing Ralph Stuart, long the ideal of the patrons of New York theatres, is appearing this season in the romantic comedy success, "By Right of Sword" which he will present at the National Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

That celebrated character "Happy Hooligan" who has become world famous, is illustrated in the successful funny musical farce by that title, which comes to the National Theatre the last three days of next week.

BAKER THEATRE.

An attraction that can be classified as one of the few perennial successes, is James H. Wallack's "Queen of the Highway" which will play its annual engagement at the Baker Theatre the first three days of next week.

"Why Girls Go Wrong" is said to be an unusually interesting melodrama. The vicissitudes of a hopeless young girl, who is through force of circumstances, obliged to earn her daily bread as an employee of a villainous mill-owner. This play will be seen at the Baker Theatre the last three days of next week.

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.

Taze Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

The Fadette Women's orchestra will head the bill of vaudeville to be presented next week at the Cook Opera House. This organization has always been popular in Rochester. The rest of the bill will present the following acts: Wilton Brothers, comedy bar gymnasts; Maddox and Prouty in "The Messenger Boy and the Theopian"; Barry and Halvers, eccentric comedians; Charles Littlefield, mimic; William Windom in an act entitled "The Colored Nurse Girl"; Lea Dahlies in French eccentric dances and the kinetograph. This bill will be given twice daily next week.

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted.)

CHAPTER I.

"Do you think they will be here to-night, sir?"

"Don't know, and don't care."

"The road is very bad,"—after a pause, "that skirts the Hazel property."

"Well, what then; what then, little May?"

"The carriage might be overturned, sir; or, the horses might shy a little to the left, and go over the precipice into the creek."

"Is that all?"

"Is it not dreadful to think of, sir?"

"Well, I don't know; I should be sorry to lose the horses."

"Oh, sir! and my cousin! Did you forget her?"

"I care nothing about her. I suppose my forefathers must have committed some crime for which I am to suffer, by being made, willy-nilly, the guardian of two silly, mawkish girls."

"But, sir, you have been very kind to me, and it shall be the endeavor of my life to prove my gratitude."

"Very fine, without being in least consoling! I'd as lief have two African monkeys under my care—don't laugh—it exasperates, and makes me feel like doing as I should do, if I had the cursed animals."

"How is that, sir?"

"Beat you. I have womankind. Most of all I hate them in their transition stages. They are like sponges, and absorb every particle of evil that the devil sprinkles in the air, until they learn to be young hypocrites—triflers—false—heartless."

"Oh, dear uncle! has such been your experience? Have you ever met with such women?"

"Have I ever met such women, you holy innocent! I have never met with any other. Now, be still."

"Oh! Uncle Stillinghast—"

"What!"

"I pity you, sir; indeed, I pity you. Something very dreadful must in times past have embittered you."

"You are a fool, little May. Don't interrupt me again at your peril."

"No, sir."

And so there was a dead silence, except when the rain and sleet lashed the window-panes, or a lump of coal crumbled into a thousand glowing fragments, and opened a glowing abyss in the grate; or the cat uncurred herself on the rug, and purred, while she fixed her great winking eyes on the blaze. The two persons who occupied the room were an old man and a young maiden. He was stern, and sour-looking, as he sat in his high-back leather chair, with a pile of ledgers on the table before him,—the pages of which he examined with the most incomparable patience. A snuff-colored wig sat awry on his head, and a snuff-colored coat, ornamented with large horn buttons, drooped ungracefully from his high, stooping shoulders. His neckcloth was white, but twisted, soiled, and tied carelessly around his thin, sinewy throat. His legs were cased in gray lamb's-wool stockings, over which his small clothes were fastened at the knees with small silver buckles. His face was not originally cast in such a repulsive mould, but commerce with the world, and a succession of stinging disappointments in his early manhood, had woven an ugly mask over it, from behind which glimpses of his former self, on rare occasions, shone out. Such was Mark Stillinghast at the opening of our story, old, cynical, and rich, but poor in friendship, and without any definite ideas of religion, except that if such a thing really existed, it was a terra incognita, towards which men rather stumbled than ran.

Opposite to him, on a low crimson chair, as antique in its pattern as the owner of the mansion, sat a maiden, who might have passed her seventeenth summer. She was not beautiful, and yet her face had a peculiar charm, which appealed directly to the softer and kinder emotions of the heart. Her eyes, large, gray and beautifully fringed with long, black lashes, reminded one of calm mountain lakes, into whose very depths the light of sun and stars shine down, until they beam with tender sweetness, and inward repose. There was a glad, happy look in her face, which came not from the fitful, feverish glow of earth, but, like rays from an inner sanctuary, the glorious realities of faith, hope, and love, which possessed her soul, diffused their mysterious influence over her countenance. Thick braids of soft, brown hair, were braided over her round, childlike forehead; and her dress of some dark, rich color, was in harmony with her peculiar style. Her proportions were small and symmetrical, and it was wonderful to see the serious look of dignity with which she sat in that old crimson chair, knitting away on a comfort, as fast as her little white fingers could shuffle the needles. For what purpose could such a fragile small creature have been created? She looked as if it would not be amiss to put her under a glass-case, or exhibit her as a specimen of wax-work; or hire her out, at so much per night, to fashionable parties, to play "fairy" in the Tableaux. But the wind howled; the leafless branches of the old trees without were crushed up, shivering and creaking against the house; the frozen snow beat a wild revile on the windows, and May's face grew very sad and thoughtful. She dropped her knitting, and with lips apart listened intently.

"Thank God! They are come."

"Uncle! she exclaimed, clasping her hands together."

"Of course; I knew they would come. There was to be no such good luck as their not coming."

"said Mr. Stillinghast, looking annoyed. "One sister ran off—married a papist—died, and left you on my hands. I was about sending you off again, when news came that your father had died on his voyage home from Canton, and been buried in the deep; so here you stayed. Brother—spendthrift, shiftless, improvident—marries a West Indian papist; turns one-sided with his wife, or, at least, soon after her leaving another ne'er-do-weel on my hands. I wish you'd all gone to purgatory together. To be shut up in my old days with two wild papists is abominable!"

"muttered the old man, slamming the ledgers together, until every thing on the table danced. He pushed back his chair, and in another moment the door opened, and a tall, slender, beautiful girl entered, clad in deep mourning, with a wealth of golden curls rolling over her transparently fair cheeks. She came with a graceful, but timid air, towards Mr. Stillinghast; and holding out her hand, said in a low, sweet tone,

"My uncle!"

"Yes, I have the misfortune to be your uncle; how do you do?"

"I am well, sir, I thank you," she replied, whilst she cast down her eyes to conceal tears which suffused them.

"I won't pretend," he said, at last, "to say you are welcome, or that I am glad to see you, because I should be; but you are here now and I can't help it, neither can you. I suppose, therefore, settle yourself as quickly as possible in your new way of living. She will show you what if necessary, and both of you keep as much out of my way as possible."

He then took his candlestick, lighted his candle, and retired, leaving the poor girl standing with a frightened, heart-broken look, in the middle of the floor. For a moment she looked after him; then a sharp cry burst from her lips, and she turned to rush out into the wintry storm, when she

suddenly felt herself arrested by some one's arms, who led her to the warmest corner of the room, untied her bonnet, folded back the dishevelled curls, and kissed the tears away from her cold, white cheeks.

To be continued.

Religious Reception at

Nazareth Convent.

On Saturday morning the steps at Nazareth Convent were the scene of a beautiful and most impressive ceremony. The chapel, in its holy decoration presented a charming appearance.

About 8 o'clock Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, accompanied by the attending clergymen entered the sanctuary. The procession of white-robed nuns, dated in bridal veil and wreath, now entered the chapel, and moved slowly toward the altar. They were preceded by the cross-bearer, Miss Ellen Canning, three little flower girls, Ethel M. Mutchler, Gladys and Adele Roberts, and the maid of honor, Marie Henry. Next, Mrs. Irene O'Connell and Margaret King.

After presenting at the altar, the request for the religious habit, the young ladies retired from the chapel to don the black habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. During their absence the ceremony of procession took place. The ten novices taking the first vows were: Sister M. Crescentia, Sister Marie, Sister M. Gertrude, Sister St. Henry, Sister M. Rosemarie, Sister M. Vito, Sister M. Leonard, Sister M. Ambrose, Sister M. Bertilla, Sister Catherine Charlotte. The following Sisters took the final vows: Sisters M. Eleanor, M. Alida, M. Norberta, M. Bridget, M. Patricia, M. Bernard, M. Angelica.

When the ceremony of reception and profession was completed the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed the young religious in touching words of counsel, exhortation and encouragement. He then offered the holy sacrifice of the mass, at which the Sisters, who had been received and professed, received holy communion.

The chapel was filled with invited guests, while the following clergymen occupied places in the sanctuary: Rev. T. F. Hickey, Rev. A. McQuaid, D. Rev. M. Nolan, D. D., Rev. W. Gleason, Rev. Wm. Payne, Rev. A. Byrne, Rev. G. Burns, Rev. A. O'Neil, Rev. E. Gail, Rev. J. Gail, Rev. B. Dwyer, Rev. B. Gommenging, Rev. J. Gibbons, Rev. T. Conors.

The ceremonies were followed by an informal reception given to the relatives and friends of the Sisters.

Knight of Columbus

DR. J. T. MCGOVERN, G. K.

The following officers were installed Friday evening, Jan. 6th:

Grand Knight, Dr. James T. McGovern; Deputy Grand Knight, Dr. F. Sharkey; Chancellor, Joseph M. F. Lyndon; Recorder, James F. Jones; Scribe, M. D. Kavanagh; Trust, E. J. Ryan; Lecturer, John J. McInerney; and Vice-Lecturer, John J. McInerney.

B. B. Cunningham, warder, A. J. Cunningham, inside guard, M. O'Leary, outside guard, P. F. Hickey; trustee, Dr. J. V. Maloney, P. F. Dolan, Harry M. V. long, delegates to state convocation.

Dr. James T. McGovern, Ralph Bendon, alternates, J. Henry Hart, Chas. R. Barnes.

\$10. Buffalo to Chicago, and return via Nickel Plate Road. Low rates trip rates to intermediate points. Tickets on sale Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, Jan. 1 and 2. Good returning to Buffalo inclusive. For further information write R. E. Payne, agent, 231 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

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