

The Catholic Journal.

Sixteenth Year. No. 17.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Jan. 21, 1905

\$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 XXII

THE VILLAGER

A heavy blow from a smith's fist nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with his arms crossed fast upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his thrice-holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside right and left by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground than he was on his knees, and with tears in his eyes raised up the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him, "Are you much hurt, Tarcisius?"

"Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am carrying the Divine Mysteries; take care of them."

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing, not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relics, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stopped him, till a lady met him and stared amazedly at him. She drew nearer, and looked closer at what he carried. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed with terror. "Is that Tarcisius, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and lovely? Who can have done this?"

"Madam," replied Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he was a Christian."

The lady looked for an instant on the child's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith—she hastened to be a Christian likewise.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly see for weeping, as he removed the child's hands, and took from his bosom, unviolated, the Holy of Holies; and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than he did when living scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of old believers; and later the holy Pope Damasus composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read, without concluding that the belief in the real presence of Our Lord's Body in the Eucharist was the same then as now.

News of the occurrence did not reach the prisoners till after their feast; and perhaps the alarm that they were to be deprived of the spiritual food to which they looked forward for strength, was the only one that could have overcast, even slightly, the serenity of their souls. At this moment Sebastian entered, and perceived at once that some unpleasant news had arrived, and as quickly divined what it was; for Quadratus had already informed him of all. He cheered up, therefore, the confessions of Christ; assured them that they should not be deprived of their coveted food; then whispered a few words to Quadratus the deacon, who flew out immediately with a look of bright intelligence.

Sebastian, being known to the guards, had passed freely in and out of the prison daily; and had been indefatigable in his care of his inmates. But now he was come to take his last farewell of his dearest friend, Pancretius, who had longed for this interview. They drew to one side, when the youth began—

"Well, Sebastian, do you remember when we heard the wild beasts roar from your window, and looked at the many gaping arches of the amphitheatre, as open for the Christian's triumph?"

"Yes, my dear boy; I remember that evening well, and it seemed to me as if your heart anticipated then the

scenes that await you to-morrow."

"It did, in truth. I felt an inward assurance that I should be one of the first to appease the roaring fury of those deputies of human cruelty. But now that the time is come, I can hardly believe myself worthy of so immense an honour. What can I have done, Sebastian, not indeed to deserve it, but to be chosen out as the object of so great a grace?"

"You know, Pancretius, that it is not he who willeth, nor he that runneth but God who hath mercy, that maketh the election. But tell me rather, how do you now feel about to-morrow's glorious destiny?"

"To tell the truth, it seems to me so magnificent, so far beyond my right to claim, that sometimes it appears more like a vision than a certainty. Does it not sound almost incredible to you, that I, who this night am in a cold, dark, and dismal prison, shall be, before another sun has set, listening to the harping of angelic lyres, walking in the procession of white-robed Saints, inhaling the perfume of celestial incense, and drinking from the crystal waters of the stream of life? Is it not too like what one may read or hear about another, but hardly dares to think is to be, in a few hours, real of himself?"

"And nothing more than you have described, Pancretius?"

"Oh yes, far more; far more than one can name without presumption. That I, a boy just come out of school, who have done nothing for Christ as yet, should be able to say, 'Sometime to-morrow I shall see Him face to face and adore Him, and shall receive from Him a palm and a crown, and an affectionate embrace'—I feel it so like a beautiful hope, that it startles me to think it will soon be that no longer. And yet, Sebastian, he continued fervently, seizing both his friend's hands, "it is true—it is true!"

"And more still, Pancretius?"

"Yes, Sebastian, more still, and more. To close one's eyes upon the faces of men, and open them in full gaze on the face of God; to shut them upon ten thousand countenances scowling on you with hatred, contempt, and fury from every step of the amphitheatre, and undoes them instantly upon that one sunlike intelligence, whose splendour would dazzle or scorch, did not its beams surround, and embrace, and welcome us; to dart them at once into the furnace of God's heart, and plunge into its burning ocean of mercy and love without fear of destruction—surely, Sebastian, it sounds like presumption in me to say, that to-morrow—nay, hush! the watchman from the capitol is proclaiming midnight—that to day, to-day, I shall enjoy all this!"

"Happy Pancretius!" exclaimed the soldier; "you anticipate already by some hours the raptures to come."

"And do you know, dear Sebastian," continued the youth, as if unconscious of the interruption, "it looks to me so good and merciful in God to grant me such a death. How much more willingly must one at my age face it when it puts an end to all that is hateful on earth, when it extinguishes but the sight of hideous beasts and sinning men, scarcely less frightful than they, and hushes only the fiend-like yells of both! How much more trying would it be to part with the last tender look of a mother like mine and shut one's ears to the sweet plaint of her patient voice! True, I shall see her and hear her for the last time, as we have arranged, to-day before my fight; but I know she will not unnerve me."

A tear had made its way into the affectionate boy's eye, but he suppressed it, and said with a gay tone—

"But, Sebastian, you have not fulfilled your promise—your double promise to me—to tell me the secrets you concealed from me. This is your last opportunity; so, come, let me know all."

"Do you remember well what the secrets were?"

"Right well, indeed, for they have much perplexed me. First, on that night of the meeting in your apartments you said there was one motive strong enough to check your ardent desire to die for Christ; and lately, you refused to give me your reason for despatching me hastily to Campania, and joined this secret to the other—how, I cannot conceive."

"Yet they form but one. I had promised to watch over your true welfare, Pancretius; it was a duty of friendship and love that I had assumed. I saw your eagerness after martyrdom; I knew the ardent temperament of your youthful heart; I dreaded lest you should commit yourself by some over daring action, which might tarnish, even as lightly as a breath

does finely tempered steel, the purity of your desires, or tip with a passing blight one single leaf of your palm. I determined, therefore, to restrain my own earnest longings, till I had seen you safe through danger. Was this right?"

To be continued.

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooks.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER II

When Mr. Stillinghast came down that morning, everything was bright and comfortable in the sitting-room. A clear fire burned in the grate; the toast and coffee sent up an inviting odor; and the table was spread with the whitest of linen, on which the cups and saucers were neatly arranged. The morning paper was drying on a chair by the fire, and over all, flickered the glorious sunshine, as it gushed like a golden flood through the clustering geraniums in the window.

"Good morning, sir!" said May blithely, as she came in from the kitchen with a covered plate in her hand.

"Good morning," he growled; "give me my breakfast."

"I thought you'd like a relish for your breakfast, sir, and I broiled a few slices of beef; see how nice it is," said May, uncovering the plate, and placing it before him.

"Humph! well, don't do it again. I cannot afford such extravagance; I must curtail my expenses. 'Gad! if I should have another beggar thrown on my hands, we must starve,'" he said, bitterly.

May did not relish this speech at all; up rose the demon pride, in her soul, instigating her to a sharp retort, and vindictive anger; but she thought of Bethlehem, and grew calm.

"I hope not, sir," she said, gently. "You have cast bread on the waters; after many days it will return unto you—perhaps in an hour, and at a time, dear uncle, when it will be much needed."

"Fudge, fudge!" he said, testily; "I—I cast bread on the waters, do I? Well, I am doing what is equally as foolish—it is truly like throwing bread into a fish-pond; but where's what's her name?"

"She slept poorly last night, and I would not awaken her this morning," said May, diverted in spite of herself.

"How do you know she didn't sleep, pray? did she tell you so?"

"No, sir! I heard her weeping all night, and, indeed, sir, I hope you'll speak kindly to Helen when you come in this evening, because she feels so very sorrowful on account of her recent losses, and—"

"And what, Miss Pert?"

"Her dependence, sir!" said May bravely.

"She's no more dependent than you are."

"No, sir; but—then I am happy somehow. It is the state of life Almighty God has chosen for me, and I should be very ungrateful to him and you if I repined and grumbled," said May, cheerfully.

"If He chose it for you, I suppose He chose it for her too; for I didn't. At any rate, don't waste any more candles or coal sitting tip to watch people crying, and tell what's her name to rise when you do; she's no better than you are; and let her take her share of the duties of the house to-morrow," said Mr. Stillinghast, surlily.

"Helen will soon feel at home, sir, no doubt; only do—do, dear uncle, try and speak kindly to her for a few days, on account of her lonely situation."

"Fudge! eat your breakfast. Hold your plate here for some of this broiled beef, and eat it to prevent its being wasted."

"Thank you, sir," said May, laughing, as he laid a large slice on her plate, which, however she did

not touch, but put it aside for Helen; then observing that Mr. Stillinghast had finished his breakfast, she wheeled his chair nearer the fire, handed him his pipe, and the newspaper, and ran upstairs, to see if Helen was awake. But she still slept, and looked so innocently beautiful, that May paused a few moments by her pillow, to gaze at her. "She is like the descriptions which the old writers give us of the Blessed Virgin," thought May; "that high, beautifully chiseled nose, those waves of golden hair; those calm finely cut lips, that high, snowy brow, and those long, shadowy eyelashes, lying so softly on her fair cheeks; oh, how beautiful! It seems almost like a vision, only—I know that this is a poor frail child of earth; but, oh! immaculate Mother, cherish, guard, and guide her, that her spirit may be conformed to thine."

"I suppose," said Mr. Stillinghast, when May came, "that you'll go trotting presently through the snow and ice to church."

"No, sir; I fear I cannot go this morning," said May.

"Cannot go well, really! I wonder if an earthquake will swallow me before I get to the wharf to-day," said Mr. Stillinghast, drawing on his boots.

"I trust not, sir; I'd be happier to go; but Helen is a stranger, and she might wake when I am gone, and want something. To-morrow we will go together."

"So, there's to be a regular popish league in my house, under my very nose," he growled.

"Which will do you no evil, dear uncle, in soul, body, or estate; but you had better wrap this comfort around your throat; finished knitting it last night for you," said May, in her quiet, cheerful way.

"For me, eh? It is very nice and soft—so—that does very well," said Mr. Stillinghast, while one of those rare gleams, like sunshine, shot over his countenance.

"I shall be very happy all day, sir," said May, gathering up the cups and saucers.

"Why?"

"Because, sir, I thought—you might."

"Throw it at your head, or in the fire, eh? I shall do neither; I shall wear it. I have not forgot that confounded attack of quincy I had last winter, nor the doctor's bill that followed it, and which was worse than the choking I got," said Mr. Stillinghast, while he old, grim look settled on his face again. He went away, down to his warehouse on the wharf, to grip and wrestle with gain, and barter away the last remnants of his best and holiest instincts, little by little; exchanging hopes of heaven for perishable things, and crushing down the angel conscience, who would have led him safely to eternal life, for the accumulated and unholy burthen of Mammon.

And May, singing cheerily, cleaned and swept and rubbed, and polished, and touched up things a little here and there, until the room was arranged with exquisite taste and neatness; then took her work-basket, in which lay a variety of little infant's socks, and fine fleecy under-garments, knit of zephyr worsted, which looked so pure and soft that even she touched them daintily, as she lifted them out to find her needles, and sat down by the fire. "Now for a nubae," she said, throwing on, stitch after stitch; "ladies who frequent theatres and balls find them indispensable; this shall be the handsomest one of the season—worth, at least, four dollars."

CHAPTER III

After the slender ivory needles had traversed the fleecy mesh backwards and forwards some three or four times, May suddenly bethought herself of Helen, and laying her work carefully down in her basket, she ran upstairs to see if she was awake. Turning the knob of the door softly, she entered with a noiseless step, and went towards the bed; but a low

merry laugh, and a "good morning" assured her that her kind caution has all been needless.

"Dear Helen, how are you to-day?"

"Very well, thank you, little lady, how do you do, and what time is it?"

"Half-past nine. You need your breakfast, I am sure. Shall I fetch it to you?"

[To be continued.]

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special to The Journal)

Chaplain in the Navy.

A recent article in a leading daily paper dwells upon the value and importance of the work done by the navy chaplain. It points out the restraining influence of the clergyman, quite apart from his spiritual ministrations, shows how the mere fact of his presence on board ship curbs the conversation and the manners of both officers and men; "Whether or not heed is paid to the sermons and kindly advice given by the chaplain in his regular services, it is a fact, that the men, from the moment they learn that a parson is attached to their ship—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectively—feel that they must act a little better, be more kindly in their dealings with their messmates, and place a stronger restraint on an inclination to swerve from the straight course of rectitude. In short, as a venerable tar expressed it recently: 'We feel that we must haul in the slack of our lips and heave a tighter brace on our jaw tackle; besides sprucing up a little more shipshape all around.'"

This is an eloquent and no doubt thoroughly deserved tribute. It is evident that a chaplain of the right sort, a man of courage, tact and simple devotion, will be of the utmost service. It is surprising that, in view of these very significant facts, the navy is so meagrely equipped with clergy-men. The article in question says that "there are only about two dozen chaplains to attend to the religious needs of some 30,000 officers and men;" but even this does not give a clear idea of the actual discrepancy, for the 30,000 are distributed in a hundred or more vessels, so that the chaplains cannot extend their work or enlarge their flocks. For every vessel thus equipped, therefore, there must be nine or ten which are not provided for at all. It is not extravagant, indeed, to say that the personnel of our navy is more neglected in this respect than the swarming outcasts of city slums, or even the populations of many pagan lands. On shore, of course, twenty-five or thirty clergymen might be able to preach and minister to twenty-five or thirty thousand of human beings. On shipboard, no matter how great their zeal and power, it is impossible to multiply the flock. We are glad to hear that an effort will be made to rectify this state of things.

As the Standard-Union says, "if it is a good thing to have a chaplain on one warship, why is it not a good thing to have a chaplain on every warship?" To this, of course, there can be but one answer.

The paper calls attention to another feature of the question, making it quite clear that the government would be able to obtain any needed number of chaplains if only Congress were inclined to authorize their employment. For example: "In no other navy in the world have chaplains the rank and official standing as those in the American service. In the French, Austrian, Italians and English navies the chaplain is not recognized at all. If he comes aboard, it is of his own volition. In the Russian, Portuguese and Spanish navies the chaplain is duly installed as a part of the ship's company, but without the privileges or established rank such as the American chaplain enjoys. In Uncle Sam's navy, to-day the first

five chaplains have the rank of captain, the next five that of commander, and the remainder of the list are lieutenants. In our navy, then, ministers of the gospel are offered inducements and meet with a recognition far greater than in any other navy. Even the highest rank is open to them as the reward of long service, for among the illustrations accompanying the articles an excellent likeness of 'Rev. Thomas Augustine Gill, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.' showing the officer in full uniform, with the admiral's stars upon his collar. He was retired in 1903, after nineteen years in the navy, and he enjoys the pay as he evidently does the rank and title of 'rear admiral.' He must feel that his faithful labors have been rewarded as generously as one can reasonably expect in this poor mundane world.

There is, of course, another explanation for this lamentable lack of spiritual attention given to our sailors. The Protestant missionary societies and the Protestant church organizations could start a movement for a complete outfit of chaplains for the whole navy, and there is no doubt of the eventual success of such a movement. When the W. C. T. U. set to work to abolish the sale of liquor at the House and Senate restaurants of the Capitol, Congress submitted without a word. When the same organization wanted the canteen abolished Congress asked no questions, but simply abolished it. It happens, however, that Uncle Sam's sailors are Catholics, probably by a small majority. It is the custom in the appointment of chaplains to take into consideration the religious convictions of the greater number. Since these are Catholics it goes without saying that the navy will continue in its present chaplainless condition, if the improvement depends upon the solicitous action of Protestant church bodies.

E. L. Schaff, Ph. D.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

Valerie Bergers will be the chief attraction in next week's bill of vaudeville at the Cook Opera House. She will present a Japanese play entitled "His Japanese Wife." What is described as a novelty will be the Spook Minstrels. Yorks and Adams are famous Hebrew impersonators. Keen and Ballard are down for a comedy. John Birch will give what is described as a genuine novelty. The Rive brothers in "Tails of strength" Klein and Clifton, dancers, and the Cagnoni jugglers, will complete the bill, which will be presented twice every day next week.

NATIONAL THEATRE

Billy Clifford, well known to the vaudeville stage, as a clever entertainer, will present his new play, "How He Won Her," a bright and lively comedy, at the National Theatre the first three days of next week.

Miss Eugenie Blair will present her latest success, "Her Second Life," a strong emotional drama, adapted from one of Wilke Collins' famous novels, next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the National Theatre.

BAKER THEATRE

From the days of the Civil War until the assassin's bullet ended the career of Jesse James, the career of the noted bandit is followed in "The James Boys in Missouri," which remarkable scenic melodrama will be put on the Baker Theatre next week Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Theodore Cramer's new play of western ranch and race track life, entitled, "The Race For Life," is the announced attraction at the Baker Theatre the last three days of next week.

\$16 Buffalo to Chicago and return via Nickel Plate Road. Low round trip rates to intermediate points. Tickets on sale Dec. 24, 25, 26, 31 and Jan. 1 and 2. Good returning to Jan. 4th inclusive. For further information write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.