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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 XXII

THE VIATICUM

"Oh, it was too kind of you, dear Sebastian; it was nobly kind. But how is this connected with my journey?"

"If I had not sent you away, you would have been seized for your bold tearing down the Edict, or your rebuke of the judge in his court. You would have been certainly condemned and would have suffered for Christ; but your sentence would have proclaimed a different, and a civil offence, that of rebellion against the emperors. And moreover, my dear boy, you would have been singled out for a triumph. You would have been pointed at by the very heathens with honour, as a gallant and daring youth; you might have been disturbed, even in your conflict, by a transient cloud of pride; at any rate, you would have been spared that ignominy, which forms the distinctive merit and the special glory, of dying for simply being a Christian."

"Quite true, Sebastian," said Pan-
cratius, with a blush.

"But when I saw you," continued the soldier, taken in the performance of a generous act of charity towards the confessors of Christ; when I saw you dragged through the streets, chained to a galley slave, as a common culprit; when I saw you pelted and hooted like other believers; when I heard sentence pronounced on you in common with the rest, because you are a Christian, and for nothing else, I felt that my task was ended; I would not have raised a finger to save you."

"How like God's love has yours been to me—so wise, so generous, and so unsparring!" sobbed out Pan-
cratius, as he threw himself on the soldier's neck; then continued: "Promise me one thing more—that this day you will keep near me to the end, and will secure my last legacy to my mother."

"Even if it cost my life, I will not fail. We shall not be parted long, Pan-
cratius."

The deacon now gave notice that all was ready for offering up the holy oblation in the dungeon itself. The two youths looked around, and Pan-
cratius was indeed amazed. The holy priest Lucianus was laid stretched on the floor, with his limbs painfully distended in the catacombs, so that he could not rise. Upon his breast Reparatus had spread the three linen cloths requisite for the altar; on them was laid the unleavened bread, and the mingled chalice, which the deacon steadied with his hand. The head of the aged priest was held up, as he read the accustomed prayers, and performed the prescribed ceremonies of the oblation and consecration. And then, each one, approaching devoutly and with tears of gratitude, received from his consecrated hand his share—that is, that is the whole of the mystical food.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FIGHT

The morning broke light and frosty and the sun, glittering on the gilded ornaments of the temple and other public buildings, seemed to array them in holiday splendour. And the people, too, soon came forth into the streets in their gayest attire, decked out with unusual richness. The various streams converge towards the Flavian amphitheatre, now better known by the name of the Coliseum. Each one directs his steps to the arch indicated by the number of his ticket, and thus the huge monster keeps sucking in by degrees that stream of life, which soon animates and enlivens its oval tiers over tiers of steps, till its interior is tapestried all round with human faces, and its walls seemed to rock and wave to and fro, by the swaying of the living mass. And, after this shall have been gorged with blood, and inflamed with fury, it will melt once more, and rush out in a thick continuous flow through the many avenues by which it entered, now bearing their fitting name of Vomitoria; for never did a more polluted stream of the dregs and pests of humanity issue from an unbecoming reservoir, through ill-assorted channels than the Roman mob, drunk with the blood of martyrs, gushing forth from the pores of the splendid amphitheatre.

The emperor came to the games surrounded by his court, with all the pomp and circumstances which befit an imperial festival, keen as any of his subjects to witness the cruel games, and to feed his eyes with a feast of carnage! His throne was on the eastern side of the amphitheatre, where a large space, called the pulvinar, was reserved, and richly decorated for the imperial court.

Various sports succeeded one another; and many a gladiator killed or wounded, had sprinkled the bright sand with blood when the people, eager for fiercer combats, began to call, or roar for the Christians and the wild beasts. It is time, therefore, for us to think of our captives.

Before the citizens were astir, they had been removed from the prison to a strong chamber called the press-room, where their fetters and chains were removed. An attempt was made to dress them gaudily as heathen priests and priestesses; but they resisted, urging that as they had come spontaneously to the fight, it was unfair to make them appear in a disguise which they abhorred. During the early part of the day they remained thus together encouraging one another and singing the Divine praises, in spite of the shouts which drowned their voices from time to time.

While they were thus engaged, Corvinus entered, and with a look of insolent triumph, thus accosted Pan-
cratius: "Thanks to the Gods, the day is come which I have long desired. It has been a tiresome and tough struggle between us who should fall uppermost. I have won it."

"How sayest thou, Corvinus? when and how have I contended with thee?"

"Always—everywhere. Thou hast haunted me in my dreams; thou hast danced before me like a meteor, and I have tried in vain to grasp thee. Thou hast been my tormentor, my evil genius. I have hated thee; devoted thee to the infernal gods; cursed thee and loathed thee; and now my day of vengeance is come."

"Methinks," replied Pan-
cratius, smiling, "this does not look like a combat. It has been all on one side; for I have done none of these things towards thee."

"No? thinkest thou that I will believe thee, when thou hast lain ever as a viper in my path, to bite my heel, where, I again ask?"

"Everywhere, I repeat. At school; in the Lady Agnes's house; in the Forum; in the cemetery; in my father's own court; at Chromatius's villa. Yes, everywhere."

"And nowhere else but where thou hast named? when thy chariot was dashed furiously along the Appian way, didst thou not hear the tramp of horses' hoofs trying to overtake thee?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Prefect's son in a fury; "and wast thy accursed steed which, purposely urged forward, frightened mine, and nearly caused my death?"

"No, Corvinus, hear me calmly. It is the last time we shall speak together. I was travelling quietly with a companion towards Rome, after having paid the last rites to our master Cas-
sianus" (Corvinus winced, for he knew not this before), "when I heard the clatter of a runaway chariot, and then indeed, I put spurs to my horse; and it is well for thee that I did."

"How so?"

"Because I reached thee just in time—when thy strength was nearly exhausted, and thy blood almost frozen by repeated plunges in the cold canal; and when thy arm, already benumbed, had let go its last stay, and thou wast falling backwards for the last time into the water. I saw thee—I knew thee, as I took hold of thee, insensible. I had in my grasp the murderer of one most dear to me. Divine justice seemed to have overtaken him there was only my will between him and his doom. It was my day of vengeance, and I fully gratified it."

"Ha! and how, pray?"

"By drawing thee out, and laying thee on the bank, and chafing thee till thy heart resumed its functions; and then consigning thee to thy servants, rescued from death."

"Thou liest!" screamed Corvinus; "my servants told me that they drew me out."

"And did they give thee my knife, together with thy leopard skin purse, which I found on the ground, after I had dragged thee forth?"

"No; they said the purse was lost in the canal. It was a leopard-skin purse, the gift of an African sorceress. What sayest thou of the knife?"

"That it is here, see it, still rusty with the water; thy purse I gave to thy slaves; my own knife I retained for myself; look at it again. Dost thou believe me now? Have I been always a viper on thy path?"

To be continued.

CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY
BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III

"Just tell me, first, have you a fire downstairs?"

"A very nice one!"

"And we can't have one here?"

"Decidedly—no."

"Decidedly, then, I shall accompany you downstairs, if that horrid old man is gone. Oh, I never was so terrified in my life; I thought he'd beat me last night. Is he gone?"

Uncle Stillinghast has been gone an hour or more," replied May, gravely.

"Do tell me, May, does he always jump and snarl so at folk as he did at me?" inquired Helen; seriously.

"I see that I must initiate you, dear Helen, in the mysteries of our domicile," said May, pleasantly. "I must be plain with you, and hope you will not feel wounded at my speech. Our uncle is very eccentric, and says a great many sharp, disagreeable things; and his manners, generally, do not invite affection. But, on the other hand, I do not think his health is quite sound and I have heard that in his early life he met with some terrible disappointments which have doubtless soured him. He knows nothing of the consolations of religion, or of those divine hopes which would sweeten the bitter fountains of his heart, like the leaves which the prophet threw into Marah's wave. His commerce is altogether with and of the world, and he spares no time for superfluous feelings; but notwithstanding all this there is, I am sure, a warm, bright spot in his heart, or he never would have taken you and me from the cold charities of the world, to shelter and care for us. Now, dear, you must endeavor to fall in with his humor."

"And if I should happen to please him?" inquired Helen, sweeping back the golden curls from her forehead and cheeks.

"You will be happy in the consciousness of duties well done," replied May, looking with her full, earnest eyes, in Helen's face. "It is a bad thing, dear, to stir up bitterness and strife in a soul which is not imbued with faith and love of God; as it is a good work to keep it, as far as we can, from giving further offence to heaven by provoking its evil instincts, and inciting it, as it were, to fresh rebellions. But I am sure, dear Helen, you will endeavor to do right."

"Yes," said Helen, slowly, "it will be the best policy; but, May Brooke, I feel as if I am in a panther's den, or, better still, it's like Beauty and Beast, only, instead of an enchanted lover, I have an excessively cross and impracticable old uncle to be amiable to. Does he give you enough to eat?"

"Have I a starved look?" asked May, laughing.

"No; I confess you look in tolerably good plight. Do you ever see company?"

"Not often. My uncle's habits are those of a recluse. When he comes home from the bustle of the city, it would be a great annoyance to have company around him: in fact, I do not care for it, and, I dare say, we shall get on merrily without it."

May laughed outright, and answered in the negative.

"Well, how in the name of wonder do you manage to get on?" asked Helen, folding her hands together, and looking puzzled.

"Just as you will have to, by and by," she replied; "but come, pin your collar on, and come down to breakfast."

"I must say my prayers first," said Helen, dropping down suddenly on her knees, and carelessly blessing herself, while she hurried

over some short devotion, crossed herself, and got up, saying:—

"But you keep servants, don't you?"

"I have heretofore attended to the domestic affairs of the house," replied May, shocked by her cousin's levity.

"Oh, heavens! I shall lose identity! I shall grow coarse and fat; my hands will become knobby and red; oh, dear! but perhaps you will not expect me to assist you?"

"And why?" asked May, while the indignant blood flushed her cheeks, and her impulse to say something sharp and mortifying to the young worldling's pride, was strong within her; but she thought of the mild and lowly Virgin, and the humility of her Divine Son, and added, in a quiet tone, "Uncle Stillinghast will certainly expect you to make yourself useful."

"And if I don't?"

"I fear you will rue it."

"Well, this looks more civilized!" said Helen, after they went down. "What nice antique furniture! how delightful those geraniums are; and how charming the fire looks and feels!"

"Here is your breakfast, dear Helen; eat it while it is warm," said May, coming in with a small tray, which she arranged on a stand behind her.

"Thank you, dear little lady; really this coffee is delicious, and the toast is very nice," said Helen, eating her breakfast with great gout.

"I am glad you relish it; and no that you are comfortably fixed, if you will excuse me, I will run out for an hour or so; I have some little matters to attend to down street. You will find a small bamboo tub in the next room, when you finish eating, in which you can wash up your cup and saucer, and plate."

"Yes, dame Trot, I will endeavor to do so!" said Helen, with a droll grimace.

"The tea-towel is folded up on the first shelf in that closet near you; so, good morning," said May, laughing, as she took up her work-basket, and went upstairs to get her bonnet and wrappings, and make other arrangements; then drawing on her walking-boots, and twisting a nubae around her throat she went out, with a bundle in her hand, and walked with a brisk pace down the street. She soon approached a gothic church—a church of the Liguorian Missions, and at the distance of half a square, heard the solemn and heavenly appeals of the organ, rolling in soft aerial billows past her. She quickened her steps, and pushing gently against the massive door went in. A solemn mass was being offered, and a requiem chanted, for the repose of the soul of a member of the arch confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

"I thank thee, dear Jesus, for giving me this opportunity to adore thee," whispered May, kneeling in the crowd, "for all Thy tender mercies, this is the most touching and consoling to me; when Thou dost come, clad in the solemn and teaching robes of propitiation, to offer Thyself for the eternal repose of the souls of Thy departed children."

"The crowd increasing, and finding it impossible to penetrate through the masses in the aisle, she quietly edged her way along, until she came to the steps leading to the side gallery, which she ascended, and happily obtained a place where she had a full view of all that was passing below. On a plain catafalque, covered with black velvet, in front of the sanctuary and altar, rested a coffin. It was made of pine, and painted white. A few white lilies and evergreens were scattered among the lights which burned around it; and May knew that some young virgin had gone to her espousals in the kingdom of the Lamb. Half of the coffin lid was turned back, and she looked more attentively on the marble features, turned to strange and marvellous beauty by

he great mystery—death—she

recognized them. They belonged to a poor cripple girl, who had suffered from her childhood with an incurable disease, and who had been almost dependent on the arms of the faithful for her daily support.

[To be continued.]

LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP DEDICATED BY BISHOP McQUAID.

The new edifice of the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Joseph avenue was dedicated Sunday morning, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid officiating and delivering an appropriate address.

Dedication services consisted of the procession about the walls of the building inside and out during which the bishop blessed the building. Following the dedication proper solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. M. J. Hargather, assisted by Rev. Jacob Staub as deacon, and Rev. Bernard Gefell as sub-deacon. Rev. Dr. Meehan of St. Bernard's seminary acted as master of ceremonies. Other priests in the sanctuary were Rev. Dr. Sinclair, Rev. John M. Peltzer, Rev. J. J. Hartley, Rev. Angelo Lugero and Rev. John Schellhorn, rector of the new church.



REV. J. P. SCHELLHORN.

In his sermon Bishop McQuaid congratulated the good people whose efforts had made possible the erection of the new church and urged a continuance of those same efforts to the building up of the parish. He said:

We should give thanks for the unity and harmony of effort, no fault-finding or opposition, but glorious co-operation. By the church and school we make our Catholic people what they are, because from their younger days we train them in that blessed religion which our Lord Jesus Christ has given us. This ought to be of all countries in the world a Christian country. Here we have liberty; here we have, I may say, almost the pick of Europe coming to our shores; not the titled nobility, but good honest men and women. If we are to hold these people, we are to do so by the multiplication of churches, by our schools and by a thorough Christian training."

Discussing the expressions of regret in many quarters at the increasing number of non-attendants at church the bishop said that the arrival of the New York Sunday papers in the early hours of the morning were instrumental to some extent in keeping people from church, as they were anxious to immediately begin reading the papers which would furnish work for several days.

Rev. Father Schellhorn, rector of the new church, also expressed his gratitude to the people of the congregation and appealed for a continuance of their support for the church. In the evening vespers were sung in the new church and the statue of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was blessed. Special music was provided at both morning and evening services under the direction of Frederick C. Pohl.

COADJUTOR

APPOINTED

VERY REV. THOMAS F. HICKEY, APPOINTED COADJUTOR BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Action taken by the congregation of the propaganda in Rome Tuesday morning needs only the ratification of Pope Pius to make Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, vicar general of the diocese of Rochester, coadjutor bishop of the diocese, with the right of succession.



VERY REV. T. F. HICKEY, V. G.

Very Rev. T. F. Hickey is a native of Rochester, and with the exception of a few years' preparation he obtained his education for the priesthood entirely in Catholic institutions of learning in this city.

Father Hickey was born in Rochester forty-four years ago and is the son of the late Jeremiah and Margaret Hickey, both of whom were long identified with Catholicity in Rochester, and with St. Mary's parish. He attended the Cathedral school and later St. Mary's parochial school and in 1879 was graduated from St. Andrew's Seminary. Then he entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Troy, from which he was graduated in 1882, and on March 25th of that year was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral by Bishop McQuaid.

Father Hickey's first charge was assistant to Vicar General Mulsman in Geneva, where he remained about five years. He was then appointed pastor of the church in Moravia, and later became Catholic chaplain in the State Industrial School, a post which he held for about three years, and which he relinquished to become rector of the Cathedral.

After the death of Rev. Father Kiernan, who had been appointed removable rector of St. Mary's church, Father Hickey was made vicar-general of the diocese. His mother is living, as is a brother, Jeremiah G. Hickey, of Rochester, and two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Lewis of Middleport, and Mrs. Richard Goralline of Rochester.

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LADY PERPETUAL HELP CHURCH