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BETWEEN A BROTHER'S LOVE.

The Seal of the Confessional.
(From the German for the JOURNAL.)
By J. A. S.

[CONTINUED.]

The catastrophe had taken place upon the day upon which our tale begins. Helene had shown that she favored de Soubeyran. The major lost his temper, and forgetting everything but the fact that he was in company with his detested rival, he spoke to de Soubeyran in the most insolent manner. The latter had, it is true, preserved his dignity in Helene's presence, but the girl, nevertheless, saw that he had conquered his passion with the greatest difficulty. The day after the two men quarreled, Magzuer had been found dead. Despite Helene's utmost efforts she could not banish the thought; the enraged expression of her lover's countenance, and the memory of the scene of the day before always returned to her. She would gladly have submitted to the reasoning of her mother, but the fearful thought had already taken possession of her too firmly. Like an incubus it bore her down. She could make the greatest possible effort, it was impossible to free herself from its influence. She did not believe it, her faith in her lover was too deep for this—but she feared it might be so.

The poor girl was still tortured by these fearful thoughts as Monsieur Lapeyre stepped into the room. Upon hearing of the murder he had immediately made inquiries about the affair, so as to be informed in all the details attached to it. His first words were, as he entered and observed his wife and daughter, "He is not dead."

"Not dead!" both ladies repeated, and Madame Lapeyre added "Thanks be to God."

"No, not up to the present time. It was only a state of the deepest unconsciousness. But there is little hope of saving his life. The knife of the murderer has stricken him too well. What the surgeon cannot understand is that Magnier remains unconscious so long. He had no loss of blood worth mentioning—that is, externally. Dr. Edmund believes the knife was poisoned. Is this not a most remarkable case?"

"Is it thought possible that he will regain consciousness?" asked Madame Lapeyre.

"Yes. The physicians say that a man is such a state generally regains consciousness once more, but this is always shortly before death. We will hope that this will be the case so that the murderer will not escape punishment."

"Is there no clue to be found?" asked Madame Lapeyre.

"Yes, one. At least, the knife still stuck in the breast of the poor victim. It was a most peculiar weapon, with a handle inlaid with silver, and a long, thin blade with three edges. But what is it with Helene?"

The girl had suddenly fainted.

At about the same hour the pastor of the village, from which the forest of Fontenay-aux-Roses derives its name, was called into the confessional. The outward appearance of the confessor differed in a striking manner from those who, as a rule, came to the good priest for spiritual advice and consolation. It was impossible to describe the manner in which the man was dressed; his bloodshot eyes, unkempt hair and bushy beard, and sunken cheeks served to make him appear most repulsive and dismal. Everything considered, he made the impression as if he belonged to that detestable class of men for which certain quarters of the larger cities are notorious.

[CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF FATHER LAURENT.

The Venerable Vicar-General Suddenly Stricken with Heart Disease.

The Roman Catholic Church in Toronto has sustained a serious loss in the sudden death of Very Reverend Joseph M. Laurent, vicar-general of the archdiocese of Toronto, which occurred about half-past 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, December 19th last. He left St. Michael's Palace about 3 o'clock with the intention of visiting the Sunnyside Orphanage. While passing along Jameson avenue he was noticed by a stranger to be gasping and very pale. The gentleman assisted him to the residence of Mr. Gianelli, and immediately sent for Rev. Father McCann and a physician, but before either of those gentlemen arrived Vicar-General Laurent had expired. For the past two or three days he had been at times troubled with the same smothering feeling which immediately preceded his death. His friends at the palace had urged him to consult a doctor, but he thought that the trouble was only a temporary one. There is now no doubt it was heart disease. The body was removed to St. Michael's Palace early in the evening, where many sorrowing friends and acquaintances of the deceased called and remained until a late hour. The reverend gentleman was, born in L'Anjou Main et Loire, France in 1822. His parents belonged to the old families of La Vendee Militaire, and took prominent parts in the war of La Vendee. He came to Canada in 1858 with Bishop de Charbonnel, and was ordained in 1860. The first five years of his priesthood was spent in St. Michael's Palace, after which he removed to Newmarket, and was subsequently transferred to St. Patrick's parish in Toronto, where he labored for sixteen years. In the year 1881 he was appointed rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, which position he filled until his death. Father Laurent, before coming to Canada, spent many years in the best conservatories of music in Europe, where he acquired a knowledge that made him one of the foremost leaders of church choirs in Canada. While connected with St. Patrick's, Father Laurent by his energetic zeal and perseverance built up a grand church, a beautiful presbytery and commodious grounds, and his parishioners, who were much attached to him learned with deep sorrow that he intended transferring his labors to the wider charge of St. Michael's Cathedral.

Father Laurent was known and respected all over Canada. By his own people he was greatly loved and will be sorely missed. His face and manner were peculiarly winning and irresistibly attracted all who were brought into contact with him. The Protestant clergy of Toronto who became associated with Father Laurent in charitable and other work always became possessed of a feeling amounting almost to affection for him. His goodness of heart and gentleness of demeanor impressed themselves on all. He was an earnest worker among the poor of his own church, but aided also many movements tending to promote the welfare of the poor of all denominations. His intellectual attainments were of the highest order, and his interest in art and literature very keen. There were probably few riper or accomplished scholars in the city than the deceased priest, who yet lived most simply and in as retired a manner as was consistent with the performance of the heavy parochial work which he faithfully performed to the last. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, December 23d, from the palace to St. Michael's Cemetery.

TWO HANDSOME WINDOWS.

Beautiful Examples of Stained Glass Art in St. Michael's.

The people of St. Michael's congregation were most pleasantly surprised on Christmas morning. The two stained glass windows at both ends of the transept of this grand church, for which the pastor and the congregation had been waiting since the dedication of the church, had been placed in position a few days previous and were exposed to view for the first time upon this occasion. The pastor had announced at the time the windows were ordered by him that they were to be most beautiful specimens of the art of painting in glass, and, therefore, everyone interested was full of expectation, but at the sight of such grandeur of conception, beauty of design and perfect execution all were compelled to declare that they never would have dreamed that anything half so beautiful would adorn their church.

The two windows are presents, donated respectively by the pupils of St. Michael's Parochial School and the three benevolent societies connected with the church, viz: the Knights of St. George, St. Leo's Society and St. Anthony's Society. We will endeavor to give a description of the windows in the following, beginning with the one in the south end of the transept, donated by the pupils:

This window represents the birth of our Divine Lord and Savior, the adoration of the Magi, and Christ, the Divine friend of childhood, blessing little children. The uppermost part is a representation of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, surrounded by angels. Just below are angels on the wing, singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." Below this the straw-thatched roof of the stable of Bethlehem appears, in which is seen the child Jesus with His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. The stable is open on all sides and beyond can be seen the shepherds, who are watching their flocks, beholding the apparition of the angels who announce to them the glorious tidings of the birth of the Savior of all mankind. Above the stable is seen the star which guided the wise men to the place where the new-born king of the Jews was to be found. To the right of the child Jesus and Mary and Joseph are the Three Wise Men of the East, in the act of adoration and making their offerings of gold, incense, and myrrh. Immediately before the Divine Child kneels one of the Magi offering the child his treasure of gold. At the first glance everyone must recognize the features of him who is kneeling there. They are those of our beloved Bishop, as plainly as they can be portrayed by the artist. This representation, we are assured, is designed as a memorial of our good Bishop, having given all his earthly possessions to the proposed St. Bernard's Theological Seminary, so that he has scarcely anything left which he may call his own. Such a memorial is most fitting and appropriate. At the right are seen the shepherds who have come to pay the new-born King their homage. In the foreground a shepherd kneels whose features the members of the congregation, as well as many others, at the first glance, recognized as those of their beloved pastor, Father Pascalar, to whose untiring, self-sacrificing zeal and energy the remarkable success of St. Michael's congregation is due in so high a degree. He brings as his offering a lamb, an emblem of the school and its pupils, entrusted to him, upon which he devotes so much care and interest. At the bottom of the window Christ blesses little children. To the right and left are vases

with flowers, lilies, narcissus, lilies of the valley, etc., with the inscription in German: "Let little children come unto Me, and hinder them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The window at the north end of the transept, donated by the societies, represents the last judgment. Above is seen an angel, holding on high the cross, the emblem of salvation. Below this is a representation of Christ, the Most High Judge of the living and dead, seated upon a rainbow, with the earth for his footstool. At his right is the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, at his left St. Paul and St. John the Baptist. Just below this in the middle is the Archangel St. Michael, holding in his right hand a sword and balance, in his left the Book of Life and Death, upon the right side of which we read *Liber Vite*, upon the left *Liber Mortis*. To the right of this representation are seen the blessed, to the left the damned. The blessed are beckoned heavenward by an angel of light, while the damned are driven downward to hell by the avenging angel with a flaming sword. Below are the flames of hell in which Satan is chained. Prominent among the blessed can be recognized the three patron saints of the societies who donated this magnificent window, viz: above, St. Leo, in the middle, St. Anthony, and at the bottom the valiant and holy knight St. George kneeling upon the dragon he has slain. Just below St. Michael is a representation of the tree of life, upon the trunk of which is the legend in German: "Whoever ye have done to the least of my brethren ye have done unto me." To the right of this, just below the blessed ascending to heaven, is a panel with lilies and other beautiful flowers, at the left, below the representation of hell and the damned, are poisonous flowers, such as the digitalis purpurea, the datura stramonium, etc. Over these are respectively the inscriptions in German "Come, ye Blessed of My Father," and "Depart from Me, ye Damned." Below all is a representation of the faithful resisting sin and the devil.

These windows have been pronounced by judges to be among the best in the United States. The colors are magnificent, the different shades and tones show the most perfect harmony and the whole must be pronounced as unsurpassably beautiful. A visit to St. Michael's will well repay the lover of the beautiful in ecclesiastical art.

SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS.

For the Repose of the Soul of Rev. James H. Corrigan.

Rev. James H. Corrigan of St. Mary's church, Elizabeth, N. J., and brother of Archbishop Corrigan of New York and Father Corrigan of Patterson, N. J., died at the parochial residence in Elizabeth on the 25th of November last. He was for several years president of Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., and professor of logic and metaphysics. Among his pupils were the Rev. John H. Hopkins, of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Rev. John J. Donnelly, of Victor, N. Y. Y.; Rev. William Morrin, of Cato, N. Y.; Rev. M. T. Madden, of Trumansburg, N. Y.; and Rev. T. A. Hendrick, of this village. A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at St. Michael's church in this village Tuesday morning, Rev. T. A. Hendrick being celebrant; Rev. John J. Donnelly, deacon, and Rev. William Morrin, sub-deacon.

The deceased priest was a gentle man of fine education, courteous manners, and devoted to his life-work. He inherited from his parents a considerable fortune all of which he ex-

pendent in works of charity; the proceeds of a life insurance policy has been willed to the same cause. He was a model clergyman, and he died beloved and respected by all who knew him.—Union Springs Advertiser.

JACK AND TOM.

(Written for THE JOURNAL by NAWM.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

"As an illustration I might say: Suppose I held an orange in my hand and pronounced certain word over it, afterward announcing to you that what I held in my hand, while it retained the outward accidents or appearances of an orange, was in reality such no longer, but had been changed into an apple. You would not believe me, of course. But suppose I had been performing many miracles and other seemingly impossible things and your mind was in such a state that you trusted me implicitly. Would you not be apt to credit my statement no matter how seemingly absurd or contradictory it might be? Suppose still further, that you had promised implicit obedience to my commands and unqualified belief in my doctrines, would you not be in duty bound to obey me and believe anything I might say?"

"I suppose I should."

"Well, apply that argument to the Eucharist. You say it is a sacrifice to talk or think of receiving Christ into our sinful bodies; that it is absurd to think of Christ's body supplying all the faithful for ages, etc. Is it any more absurd or mysterious than the Redemption, the Incarnation, Christ's life on earth, His Passion, His Resurrection? You cannot explain these mysteries, yet you believe them. Then why cannot you believe an implicit command of His? He says "Do this." Do what? By His priests, the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; by the faithful laity, the reception of His sacred body. Then are we who believe in Christ not in the same position that I cited a moment ago? Let me say a word or two more. In the case I supposed, were I to say "This orange is an apple," you would laugh at me, because there would be a downright contradiction, as an orange is one substance and an apple is another substance. Were I to go further and say "In this orange is an apple," you would say I was crazy. And my utterances would furnish palpable proof. But if I say "This is an apple," presupposing the existing conditions I mentioned, you could have faith and believe me. I fail to see a material difference between the instance I supposed and Christ's institution of the Holy Eucharist. Do you?"

"No, but I cannot grasp it yet."

"My dear fellow, it is simply a matter of faith. You have been brought up by people whose spiritual leaders taught them to believe part of Christ's teaching and rejected the rest, either through a lack of faith or rebellious intellect. We are commanded to believe in the Holy Trinity; we do, although we do not comprehend it. We accept Christ's resurrection, although it is contrary to all laws of nature. We do not reject the Incarnation, although we cannot understand it. In fact our religion, both Catholic and non-Catholic, is filled with mysteries. Why should we not believe in the Real Presence? Removing Christ's own words, we have a million times more authority for our belief than you have for your rejection of it. We have the testimony of all the Fathers of the Church, from the time of Christ to the present day. What better evidence could we have?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)