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AROUND THE GLOBE.

WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING IN THIS AND OTHER CONTINENTS.

Many Items of General Interest That Will be Appreciated by Our Readers.

The late Madame Carnot, notwithstanding that she was a daughter of M. Dupont White, the political economist, who saw little hope for the intellect of man if it were not pegged down to the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, was all her life a sincere and quietly fervent Catholic. It can hardly be doubted that her influence saved her husband from becoming altogether absolute in his "anti-clericalism" and prepared the way for the Christian like death that he died when the assassin's steel made him realize all the vanity of politics. But for some years M. Carnot went with the current of the anti-Catholic movement. In his excuse may be urged that fatal drift of things which makes it so hard for men in any way connected with public life in France not to become partisans of some kind of excess or exaggeration. Since her husband's death Madame Carnot lived a life the religious seclusion of which was little varied except by works of practical charity. The respect in which she was held was shown by the extraordinary gathering of eminent and notable persons at her funeral which took place at the Madeleine. The ceremony reached the same of that funeral grandeur and solemnity which is so well understood in Paris. The organist was a celebrated composer—M. Saint-Saens. The burial took place in the Passy cemetery and in the family tomb bearing the inscription, "Sepulture Carnot."

Few Catholic visitors to the Holy Land failed to meet Frere Lievin, who during many years was one of the best guides to holy places. This worthy Franciscan Brother was a native of Flanders, but the last forty years he spent in Palestine, acquiring in the course of his long stay an intimate knowledge of the history and local traditions, connected with the holy places which he embodied in a volume entitled "Guide Indicateur de la Terre Sainte." His services were constantly in request by visitors, and the annual French pilgrimage to Palestine was always personally conducted by Frere Lievin. Deeply regretted by his religious brethren, this saintly Franciscan passed away in his 80th year at the convent of his order in Jerusalem.

The parish church of Argenteuil, dedicated to St. Denys, has just been raised by Leo XIII. to the dignity of minor basilica of the Eternal City. The parish of Argenteuil is famed for more than a thousand years of history and also for its relics. First in importance among these relics is the garment reputed to be the seamless garment of our Lord which was given to the Abbey of Argenteuil by Charlemagne. The sainte tunique, as it is called, was exposed to view recently in a shrine under glass. The dark drops of coagulated blood could be distinctly seen. Mgr. Goux expressed from the altar steps his personal conviction of the authenticity of the robe.

A Benedictine priory has been founded in the well-known Parisian suburb, Auteuil, under the name of the Priory of St. Mary, and Cardinal Richard proceeded a few days since to the ceremony of inauguration. The foundation is due to the energy of Dom Bourigard, abbot of Ligeux, and the generosity of a lady who does not wish her name to be published.

The Western Catholic Summer school has found Madison a non-paying place and the consequence is that the management is now in debt nearly \$1,000. It is now suggested that the school hold its future sessions at some place near Chicago, in the expectation, doubtless, that its proximity to that city would attract an increased attendance.

It is stated that Archbishop Ireland has been chosen as orator of the day at the great celebration to be held at Orleans, France, next May, in honor of Jeanne d'Arc. The Bishop of Orleans specially requested the St. Paul prelate to deliver the eulogy. No greater tribute could be paid to Archbishop Ireland's oratorical power, for the celebration will be a national one.

Archbishop Von Stein gave confirmation a few days ago at Munich to thirty converts from Protestantism.

HEROINE OF CHARITY

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.
Author of "The Two Countess."

CHAPTER V.

"Yes," she answered coldly, but what is your business here?" "I have come," he answered, "to ask you to leave this place of confinement and go with me where you will be happy." She motioned him to stop, but he went on. "You know, Inez, that I have always loved you, loved you more than any one else ever could," even Walter Tracy he would have said, but he dared not utter his name, "and I love you still, although you have treated me so cruelly, and will forgive and forget the past if you will but leave this place and come with me."

"Sir Edward," she said, advancing toward the door and making a motion to open it, "leave me immediately, or I shall be obliged to call the superior and have you put out. You know you have no business intruding upon me in this way."

"I suppose it is against the rules of this house where you are shut away from every enjoyment, and buried as it were in a tomb for the living; but it was only my uninterested love for you that has prompted this act which you call intruding upon you, and you should not treat me thus. I have sought you everywhere during these past seven years, and for your sake I have scorned many a fair and queenly maiden who would have been glad of a place in my heart and home which only you could fill, and now that I have found you, I cannot give you up. Will you not break the bars of your cage, my pretty bird, and flee with me to freedom and happiness?"

"I have told you to leave me," said Sister Agnes, "and I wish you to go at once, for I seek no other happiness than what I enjoy in this blissful home, and I shall never leave it. She pointed to the door, but he did not move."

"You shall regret this," he said in a low angry tone, at the same time putting his hand in his breast pocket and drawing out a stiletto, while with the other hand he seized her arm. "Now throw off that dark habit and flee with me or die."

"Death rather than leave here," she murmured, then almost involuntarily the words fell from her lips, "Oh, my God, let not my blood be on the same hands that caused the death of Walter Tracy." She had hardly intended that he should hear this prayer but he heard it, and one glance at her face told him that she knew his secret; but this only increased his anger, and she must die or she might betray him.

A cry broke from her lips as he made a motion to plunge the blade in her heart. He let go of her arm, at the same time letting her fall senseless to the floor, and fled. Her cry brought some of the sisters to the room, and they found her lying motionless as though she were dead; but she was still breathing. She raised her left arm, which was free to ward off the blow, and had received a fearful wound, which caused her many weeks of suffering and paralysis of the arm, which was never of any use to her afterwards.

One afternoon, five years later, Lord Ashleigh was sitting by the window of his room when he saw a man enter the cemetery. He was dressed as a pilgrim, but there was something familiar about him that reminded the lord of some one he had seen before, but he could not recall who. The man never turned his face toward the mansion, but walked slowly to the "rasy lot." Prostrating himself at the foot of Walter's grave he knelt there for a long time, apparently overcome with grief. He arose at last, but instead of leaving the cemetery, advanced toward a group of three graves, at the head of the smallest of these was a stone marked "Bessie, aged 11." He knelt for a while at the grave at the right; then with bowed head left the cemetery and walked down the street. Lord Ashleigh was amazed at what he saw for this stranger had visited the same two graves that Inez had twelve years before, and his movements were almost the same as her's had been.

The next day the Lord received a letter written in the old familiar hand of Sir Edward, from whom he had not heard for several years. The letter which had been written the previous evening contained an entire confession of the crime. Nothing was omitted in the details from the time that, becoming jealous of Walter Tracy, he had been tempted to have him put out of the way until he had so boldly intruded upon Inez, and tried to murder her. He told, too, how, after-

wards being jealous of Count C——, whom he feared Inez might marry if she ever met him again, which he believed she would, as he contemplated visiting Torrence the summer she went away, he had made him believe that she was soon to become his own bride, while to Lord Ashleigh he told the story of his sad death. Count C——, he wrote, bearing bravely the disappointment of being rejected by Inez, had returned home with a faint hope that she might some time change her mind, and had never given up to drink, as he accused him of doing. Three years ago he had married a beautiful American heiress, and with her and one lovely child who bore the name of Inez, was now living happily in his grand castle on the banks of the Rhine.

In conclusion he wrote: "I came to Torrence this afternoon with the intention of calling on you and telling you what I have written. When I reached the cemetery and saw the graves of my victims then thought of the sorrow I had caused in your family, I had not the courage to meet you and could not go farther. I hardly dare ask your forgiveness after having done you so great an injury but I do ask that for the sake of my mother who does not suspect her son's crime and my honored brothers and sisters that you will keep what I have told you a secret. In a few days I will bid farewell to all who have ever known me and go where I can spend the remainder of my life in repentance for my folly and none of them will ever hear from me again."

Lord Ashleigh after reading the letter sat like one spellbound unable to move or speak. For this tyrant and murderer had caused his loving, his only daughter many months of suffering by participating in his wicked plans against her, and then, because he had met with failure, he had rashly disowned her and driven her from home. Inez's parting words came back to him now with new vividness now. "Father if you only knew all you would not blame me." He knew all now and how he regretted his unkindness to her. Inez had in all probability known Sir Edward's secret before she went away, but in her charity that sweet girl had submitted to every torture which his presence in her home had caused her and lastly given up her home and all that was dear to her rather than to betray one of her father's trusted friends by betraying her secret.

There was sorrow in Sarsdale hall in London when a few days later the oldest son made it known to the family that he was about to leave home soon to return no more. From his youth he had been very reckless and had caused his widowed mother many bitter tears but despite of this she loved her oldest child most tenderly and was very happy to see him repent his youthful folly but did not wish him to leave her in her old age. He answered her that he did not feel worthy of his place in the family and that he intended spending the remainder of his life away from the world in some religious order but refused to tell where. The next day after signing his property over to his brothers and sisters he bade farewell to all and left home. The name of Sir Edward Sarsdale soon became only as a memory of the past to his friends and might as well have slept in the grave for he was never seen or heard from again.

Many years have passed and in a monastery of the L'Alapists in southern France is an aged gray-haired monk. He has been in the order for years but who he is or whence he came nobody knows. Although his life is most humble, he cannot hide the fact from a close observer that he once belonged to the higher class of society. He is noted for his great piety and the austere spirit of penance which he practices, but never is he more devout than on Christmas eve when he spends the whole night praying for the souls of his two victims silently resting under the snows of a beautiful cemetery in Southern England. Nor does Sir Edward—for it is he—forget to offer an occasional prayer for the dear little sister who now sweetly sleeps under the blue Italian skies on the brow of the hill near the convent.

Inez's death had been as beautiful as her life. For many weeks she had been lingering almost between life and death. Each day was thought to be her last but she would tell the sister who was her most faithful attendant that her time had not yet come as she felt that her mission was not yet accomplished but she hoped it would be soon. What that mission was no one knew until one evening only a few days after Lord Ashleigh had learned Sir Edward's secret a letter came from Sister Agnes. "Time need it for

me," she said to the Mother Superior who brought it to her. It was from her father and told her that her prayer had been answered at last for Sir Edward had repented and confessed his crime. Her eyes filled with tears of gladness for since the night of Walter Tracy's death her one prayer had been that she might not die until she learned that his murderer had repented and now that the glad tidings had come she felt that she was freed. That night she died thanking God for Sir Edward's conversion.

Lord and Lady Ashleigh have joined their daughter and their names stand beside hers on the family monument. The mansion is now occupied by their son while their only grandchild, Inez, is married and occupies the old Tracy homestead near Torrence.

In the Tracy mansion in London whose rooms had on so many brilliant occasions in years gone by been filled with noblemen and ladies of the first families of England, may be seen throngs of orphan children who in this peaceful abode are cared for as tenderly by the nuns as if they were in the homes of their own parents. The grand hall room no more resounds with brilliant music keeping time with the dancer's step, only a sweet toned organ stands where the piano and other musical instruments were while in the other end of the hall is a beautiful little altar where the Holy Sacrifice of the mass is celebrated each morning. Inez had given this pleasant home to the orphans and many a homeless waif had been made happy.

THE END.

Read "Farmer Carson's Sons" to commence in our next issue.

NEW ST. BRIDGET'S.

THE HOUSE OF GOD BEAUTIFIED BY MANY IMPROVEMENTS.

St. Rev. Bishop McQuaid Speaks of the Faithful Services of Rev. T. A. Hendrick.

The formal opening of St. Bridget's church, which has been undergoing extensive repairs and improvements, took place last Sunday evening.

Since the middle of the summer the work of renovating and beautifying the big church has been in progress. The work was the testimonial of the parishioners to Father Hendrick, as he would not allow any observance of his twenty-fifth anniversary to the priesthood that would give him any personal prominence. The services were specially arranged to mark the fulfillment of the plans of the parishioners.

St. Rev. Bishop McQuaid and a number of the priests of the city participated in the services, which were attended by a congregation that taxed the seating capacity of the edifice to the limit.

Bishop McQuaid, who had confirmed a large class in Geneva in the morning, gave a short address, in which he spoke in the highest terms of Father Hendrick, and told the members of the parish that they had done well in honoring him. "I have come this evening," said the bishop, "to join the congregation of St. Bridget's church in showing honor and respect to their reverend pastor. I have come to admire the improvements that have been made in the church. But above all, I have come to join with

to them in their Catholic school churches.

In conclusion, Bishop McQuaid said: "You did right to honor among his people, and I commend to you the work you have done. If I were to do this, I would be proud to do it, and I would spare him."

Nine's vespers was sung by the choir consisting of forty voices under the direction of Miss Moran, the Clark Council president at the time. Vespers was followed by the singing of the large organ, which was a high altar, the altar and statue of Joseph.

The celebrant of vespers was General James F. Kieran, the pastor of the church, the Rev. Thomas J. Hendrick, the Cathedral, the sub-prior, the Rev. Edward J. Hendrick, the St. Bernard's seminary, and the pastor of ceremonies was the Rev. Harphar of St. Michael's.

It was practically a new church in which the services were made are not confined to the building, but to the people, and even the school and the residence. The new church was carrying on the work of nearly \$2,000. The energetic assistant pastor of the church, Rev. John J. Brennan, was enthusiastic in assisting the work of the oldest parishioners.

Probably the most important improvements in the church



COOK'S.

Manager Moore, in announcing the programme for next week, at Cook Opera House, clearly demonstrated that the policy he started at the beginning of the season, to give the people their money's worth at every performance given in his theatre is being kept. The daintiest and most refined act in Vaudeville, Alice Shaw and her twin daughters are the feature of the programme for next week. Others on the bill are, Whitney Brothers, the musical experts; the jolly comedian, Charlie Case whose monologue act is one of the cleverest on the stage. Seymour and LaRose, refined and artistic acrobatic novelty. Nelson Sisters in a choice selection of songs and dances and something entirely new. Louis Geiler, the champion pug puncher of two continents will complete the bill. The ever popular Biograph will show the following new views: "Paris First" showing the working of the Paris fire department, this is said to be the longest film ever shown on a Biograph. "Roosevelt and Staff." "Climb Drill" by French soldiers, "Rough Riders" showing "Home Life of Hungarian Peasants." Manager Moore has a special word to mention to the ladies: the afternoon performance commences at 2.30, and 8.30, so ladies can do their shopping and be in time for the second performance.

The best way to avoid sickness is to keep yourself healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

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you in rendering thanks to your pastor. Nothing comes so near to the bishop's heart as the work of a good and faithful pastor, and when the people co-operate with the priest in his labors, the bishop's heart is gladdened and rejoiced. I might speak many words in praise of your pastor, at the same telling you of the modesty that represses such words of praise whenever possible, but after I had finished you would say, "Not enough."

When the hearts of his people gather around a pastor as they have done on this occasion, with so many evidences of love and respect, his own heart would be callous if he were not moved. You know what it is to have a pastor after God's own heart. You know what it is to have for pastor one whom you can look up to and tell your children to look up to. To say all that might be said upon this occasion, I would first have to tell you of the sublimity of the priestly office, but I will only tell you that this priest who represents your spiritual interests, showing you the way that leads to heaven and showing to you by example as well as by precept, a priest after God's own heart, humble in faith, simple in manner, with little pretension, but it is upon just such priests that the favors of God descend. I am afraid to venture further upon this subject as it is so long a one, and it always moves the heart of the bishop, the father of his priest and the father of his people. The priest that can gather around him his people is truly a man of God. The priest who can gather around him the love and affection of the young of his flock is truly a priest after God's own heart.

The bishop referred to the fact that in the morning he had given confirmation to a large class, and then continued: "We have better hope than no truer friends, none more ready to do their share than the young people, holding to the present."