

The Catholic Journal.

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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.

A Dutch Catholic pilgrimage will visit Rome between the 9th and 26th of April.

The consecration of Mgr. Brindle as Bishop Assistant of Westminster will, it is expected, take place on March 24.

There is some speculation in Paris as to the possibility of the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, being a Catholic. The Princess is now in Rome for the rest of the winter and it is recalled that her relatives, the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen and the Duchess Julia Anna, were received into the Roman Communion in 1824, in the church of St. Paul, St. Louis, Rue St. Antoine, Paris.

Two pheasants, man and wife, says the "Westminster Gazette," lately made their appearance at the Vatican bearing a letter of introduction to an official. They brought with them £3,200 as an offering from a donor who did not wish to be known and distrusted ordinary means of conveying cash. It was delivered into His Holiness' own hands.

Very Rev. A. Magnien, D. D., president of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and Rev. H. Granjon, Missionary Apostolic, who are delegates of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States, have submitted to the presidents of the central councils of the associations a report covering the labors and fruits of 1898. After describing the methods adopted to make known the needs and claims of the association the report says: "Thus throughout the length and breadth of the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes of Canada down to the borders of Mexico, we have succeeded in sounding our appeal; our voice did not sound in vain and it gives us great pleasure to present you, as the fruits of our labors in 1898, with an amount exceeding by \$20,000 the receipts of the present year."

The mammoth task of lighting the Vatican palaces and gardens with electricity has just been completed under the able direction of Father Cabella, a Milanese priest, who is also one of the greatest authorities on electric engineering in Italy. Father Cabella has been warmly congratulated by the Pontiff on the very successful manner in which the complicated plant was installed. When we remember that there are over one thousand rooms in the Vatican, all of which are now lighted by electricity, it is easy to understand why the preparations occupied several months, a delay for which the Rev. Father Cabella has been most unjustly criticized. The ceremony of blessing the powerful dynamos and other apparatus was performed by Mgr. Pifferr, sacristan and parish priest of the apostolic palaces. The Holy Father, who is a great admirer of modern science and of its marvelous applications, is now engaged in writing at Latin "Ode on electricity," which is nearly completed, and will be published very shortly. A distinguished prelate, who has had the privilege of seeing the work, says it is a veritable jewel of poetical inspiration and elegance.

The Catholics of Belgium follow with especial interest the steps that are being taken to procure the canonization of their renowned fellow-countryman, Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers. To the committee which has been constituted to promote the introduction of the cause Leo XIII. has recently addressed the telegram, in which His Holiness expresses his desire to see in Belgium and other Catholic countries an increase in the veneration entertained for the heroic martyr of Molokai. It appears that Cardinal Parocchi, Prefect of the Congregation charged with the process of the canonization of saints, is very favorable to the introduction of Father Damien's cause. His Eminence has given every encouragement to the superior general of the order of which the saintly priest was a member, assuring him that the cause fulfilled all the necessary conditions. Cardinal Parocchi does not hesitate to compare the zeal and devotion Father Damien displayed towards the lepers of Molokai to the sublime charity of St. Peter Claver for the Negroes.

The best medicine money can buy for impure blood, nervousness and all stomach and kidney troubles is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE BROWN CURL.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

Author of the "Two Cousins," "A Heroine of Charity," and "Farm-er Carson's Sons."

CHAPTER I.

[Continued from last week.]

"An answer soon came, and for the next two years, until I graduated, we kept up a regular correspondence, but did not see each other during that time. Some of Melissa's letters were long and affectionate, while others were only short notes, and in these, which were not less friendly, she said that she was kept so busy with her studies that she found little time to devote to her correspondents. I imagined there was a touch of sadness in many of her missives. Although she liked her new school very much, she did not seem contented there, as she had at our academy, but she would not mention this to her mother, who thought that she was now in a school that was better fitted to her than ours. More than once she had told me in her letters that it seemed more like home to her in Detroit and she would like to return to finish her education in the school where she had commenced it.

"Immediately after I graduated I went to Europe with my parents, and remained there a year and a half. While in New York, before we sailed, I called at the academy where Melissa had been, but the Sisters had told me that at the close of the school she had left the city with her mother. They did not know where they were gone, but they gave me the address of some of her mother's friends, who they thought could tell me. I called on them, but received no definite information, the only thing I could learn, being that they had gone west to spend the summer. They were expecting a letter from her mother and promised to send me her address as soon as they received it, but they failed to do so. On my return to New York I again tried to find my friend, but fate seemed to have separated us. I learned from the Sisters that she had returned to their Academy a short time after my departure, but had remained there only a year, and leaving at the close of school, nearly six months before, had left the city and had not been heard from since. All inquiries made of her friends proved almost as fruitless, for no one seemed to know of her whereabouts. I watched each mail for several months, hoping that I might hear from her, but it seemed as if I, whom she had once loved so much, had been forgotten, and perhaps new friends shared my place in her affections.

CHAPTER II.

"After my European visit I remained at home four years, until I accepted an invitation from an old schoolmate, who was married to a wealthy lawyer and now lived in Brooklyn to spend the winter at her home. The lady moved in the most fashionable circles in the city, received a great deal of company and went a great deal. As her guest I was always with her whenever society called upon her for homage, so I naturally became well acquainted with its whims and the names of its greatest favorites. It was from one of my friend's callers, whom I met the day after my arrival at her home, that I heard of a Miss Chambers, a young lady from the west, who was visiting in the city and was about to make her first appearance in society that season. They did not know the name of the place she came from. By their conversation I saw at once that she was to be a great favorite. They said that she was an orphan with no near relatives and was very beautiful.

"Can it be Melissa? I thought. She was about the same age as the one they had mentioned, and if she were beautiful when a child she must be much more so now, for her beauty had been of the kind that promised to increase with the approach of womanhood, but was her mother dead? This I resolved to find out, and if she were only my dear old friend, how much would I not give to see her once more. Then I thought, had that conceit which had been so strong in her on account of her beauty when a child, been increased by the flatteries I knew she must be receiving, so that she would no longer care for her old school friends? True, she had neglected even sending me a line of friendship for several years, but I could not believe that my Melissa had entirely forgotten me. The opportunity for me to see her presented itself sooner than I had expected.

"About an hour after the callers departed, I was in my room, thinking of Melissa, when the tea bell rang, and I went down to join the family. After tea they told me that they wished me to be ready in an hour to go to the theatre. It was the first play I attended in the city, and also a great European actress' first appearance on the American stage. So interested in it was I that I entirely forgot my old friend.

"Just before the play commenced a party of young people entered the box directly opposite us. My attention was particularly attracted by one of them, a girl about nineteen or twenty. She seemed to bear a resemblance to someone I had seen before, but I could not then recall who. All I knew was that she was exceedingly beautiful, and by the occasional admiring glances of the party, especially the young gentlemen at her side, who appeared to be a foreigner and who was probably her escort, I soon became aware that I was not alone in my belief. Her's was a face of the most striking beauty, and one when once seen not easily to be forgotten. Her complexion was very fair and her cheeks rosy, but I could not distinguish whether her eyes were light or dark, but in the brilliant light of the hall I thought they were dark. Her luxuriant brown hair was done up quite high to meet a small turban; a deep red opera cloak, trimmed with ermine, was thrown over the back of her chair, and she wore a dress of the same deep hue, which added greatly to her personal charms.

"I watched her for a few minutes, then asked one of my companions who she was, but they said she must be a stranger, as they had never seen her before. The curtain rose at that moment and I soon became so absorbed in the play that I forgot the young lady until, alone in my room that night, I found myself wondering who she was and whether I would ever have the good fortune to see her again, which I hoped I would. I fell asleep thinking of her, and her sweet face appeared in my dreams many times during the night.

"Four days passed and I learned nothing of the young lady, neither did I hear anything more of Melissa. Strange to say, I had never once thought of associating these two until the evening of the fourth day I attended a grand ball given in honor of a young English nobleman who, after spending the autumn traveling in the south and west, had come to New York for a few months before returning home. I had never met him and was, therefore, much surprised when, on being introduced to him, I saw that he was the same one who had been at the theatre with the heroine of my thoughts. She was here, of course, and how fair she looked. She wore a plain white silk and not a single jewel but, despite the plainness of her apparel, there was not one of the beautifully dressed belles with their glittering jewels who could compete with her. I noticed that the young nobleman, to-night, as when I saw them before, seemed to notice none of those gay ladies who were trying to be as agreeable as possible when he was in sight, but his eyes seemed to follow her wherever she went, while she, like an innocent child, paid no more heed to him than courtesy demanded, for she was blind to his admiration. Others also tried to pay her homage, but I could plainly see that she cared little for any of them.

"I watched her for some time vainly hoping for an introduction to her, and would have asked the hostess for one but surrounded as she was by so many admirers who would claim her now for a dance and then for a little conversation, it seemed impossible for a stranger to even hope for a word with her. Once I passed near enough to her to see that there was an almost fearful sadness in her soft blue eyes, and I stopped for a moment to look at her, for that face seemed a little familiar, but the next I was hurried away to take my place in a set that was just forming on. As my friend with whom I came was not feeling very well that evening, we went home quite early, and I was very much disappointed to think that I had not met her, who above all the others, I wished most to receive an introduction to, and had not even heard her name mentioned.

"My friend was quite ill for the next three or four days and in my thoughts of her I again forgot that mysterious beauty, until about a week and a half after the ball when we went out together for the first time to attend an afternoon tea.

To be continued.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two of Hood's Pills. They don't gripe.

POPE LEO AS A CHILD.

NEW STORIES OF THE HOLY FATHER'S BOYHOOD.

His Earliest Tastes Seemed to Run Toward The Church—Kindness to a Little Peasant Lad.

It is a long time since Pope Leo XIII. was a little boy, for it was 89 years ago that he came into the family of Colonel Ludovico Pecci. The colonel and his beautiful wife lived in a palace situated in the little village of Carpineto, and had already been blessed with five sons and two daughters before little Joachim Vincenzo was born. For more than 20 years the Pecci family had resided in Carpineto, fighting hard for Italy, whenever called upon, but by no means rich, though their palace was comfortable. Their fare was simple—for dinner, soup, roast of beef or fowl and fruit. The children ate nothing but eggs and milk.

Little Vincenzo, or Nino, as he was called, had for his playmate an elder brother, John Baptista called Tita for short—who was always building altars and playing at church, while Nino was most fond of horses. Yet the wild Nino was to become pope, while Tita was to marry and take his father's place in Carpineto. The boys soon found the palace too small for them, and often with father or mother they ran over the hills near their home. One day Nino and his father were walking on one of the mountains, and the father was pointing out the beauties of nature to the boy. "There is Aquino in the distance, and there Montecassino," said the count, for he had been raised to this rank.

Here Nino broke in: "Aquino, where the father of the church, St. Thomas was born; Montecassino, where he learned to read and write. Babbo, can't I go there to learn as he did—how a man should read and write?"

The count questioned the child further and learned that the child then 7 years old, knew the story of St. Thomas Aquinas as well as he did that of Napoleon, who was then the scourge of Europe. When the count told his wife about it, he said: "I am disappointed. 'I wanted to make a soldier of him, a general at least."

"Well, what is the difference? You may make a pope of him instead," his mother answered.

It was a little before this that an incident occurred showing the kind-heartedness of the future pope. He had been at Anagnina, a neighboring village, with his tutor. While they were driving back home he saw a poor boy with torn and dirty clothes lying on a stone by the road side. Nino stopped the carriage, jumped out and ran up to the poor boy, saying: "What is the matter with you? Is your leg broken?"

"I don't know," the shepherd lad replied as the tears ran down his dirty cheeks. "Ten minutes ago one of the shepherds was driving his cart fast through the street, and before I could jump out of the way it knocked me down, and the wheel ran over my ankle. The man didn't listen to my cries but drove right on. Oh, how it hurts!"

Joachim ran to a hollow, where there was a small brook, filled his cap with its clear waters and gave it to the boy to drink. Then he washed his foot and tied it up with his white linen handkerchief. "Where do you live?" said Nino.

"You can't get there like this. Come to Carpineto with me, and we will help you." The poor boy smiled and limped to the carriage, leading on the arm of his benefactor.

"What are you doing now, Joachim?" said his tutor.

"What am I doing? What every true Christian ought to do. I am helping the unfortunate. Could we leave this poor little wounded boy here helpless on the road?"

"Do you want to take him home? What will father and mother say?" "They will say that I have acted rightly. It is so extraordinary to succor a wounded child? Would at anyone do the same thing in my place?"

The teacher slapped him kindly on the shoulder, and all rode on to Carpineto. Joachim's mother was angry at her son at first when she saw a stranger in the carriage, but when she had heard the story she sent for the family physician and had him attend to the suffering boy. Joachim had tears of joy in his eyes while the ankle was being properly cared for.

"Did I do right, mother?" said he. "Yes, my dear child, your act was a noble one," and proudly and joyfully she folded him to her motherly heart.

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TO ST. JOSEPH.

[For The Catholic Journal.]

Dear St. Joseph, heavenly Father, We the children come today To render thee our heart's full homage As before thy shrine we pray:

Thou who wast so kind and tender To the Saviour when a child, Surely will protect his servants Keeping them from every guile.

Thou who wast the Spouse of Mary The Virgin Mother, free from sin, Keep our hearts so pure and humble That we our loving care may win.

Thou whose death was calm and peaceful With Jesus, Mary, by thy side, Pray, that when death's Angel calls us The golden gate may open wide.

And within its shining portals May we find thee standing near To take us by the hand and lead us To Jesus and to Mary dear.

Eyes of the Feast of St. Joseph. S. R. O.

ARMED PERIOD.

Italy's Great Priest Composer to Visit England in a Few Weeks.

News comes from Rome that Lorenzo Perosi, the great Italian priest-composer, is to go to England in the spring for the first time since his newly-acquired fame suddenly made him one of the men everywhere talked about. No foreign visitor has in recent years been awaited with greater interest. He is said to be small and insignificant in appearance except when seated at the organ, or conducting the performance of one of his oratorios. Then his face lights up, and one sees the indications of the genius which has lately made him prominent in Italy.

His own country looks now to him, as it once did to Mendelssohn, for his renascence as a musical land. Perosi is 28 years old and was born at Turin, where his father led the choir in the principal church. He studied music along with, and for the sake of, music went to Rome. It is said that he also studied for a while in Germany. He was selected for the choir of the cathedral at Milan, and while there composed his oratorio. He still lives in quarters situated in the cathedral house, although he is now to go to Rome to undertake the duties of the Sacred Chapel, to which the Pope has assigned him.

Perosi is short, and combed in ways in the long black, somewhat wavy, in the streets by Italian priests.

COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

By a Bull issued by Pope Sixtus V. in 1586 the Sacred College of Cardinals consists of 70 members, in memory of the 70 elders who, with Moses, governed the people of Israel, and in commemoration of the 70 disciples of Christ who were divided into three orders: six cardinals bishops, six cardinals priests, and six cardinals deacons. The 6 cardinals bishops occupy the episcopal sees of the Provinces of Rome, called suburbicarian sees. These are Ostia and Velletri, Porto and Anagnina, Albano, Frascati, Tivoli, and Sabina. The bishop of Ostia is on account of the greater proximity to the see—in the dean of the college. The cardinal priests and cardinal deacons take their titles from the more ancient churches of Rome. Thus, the titular church of Cardinal Gibbons is Santa Maria Trastevere.

Cardinals are created only by the pope, who sometimes reserves them "in petto," that is, he creates them, but does not name them. Until named they do not assume the dignity of cardinals. The required age is thirty years, the same age is required to be a member of the United States Senate. The dignity of cardinal includes all other titles of Duke, Marquis, Count, etc. Precedence among the cardinals is regulated according to the order to which they belong, that is, a cardinal bishop takes precedence of a cardinal priest, and a cardinal priest of a cardinal deacon. They are of the same other precedence, regulated by the date of their creation. There are at present but 70 cardinals.

THE HOD'S PILLS.

I was afflicted with the most all gone feeling. I had Hood's Sarsaparilla and it was wonderfully effective. I have also used it for indigestion and it has done me good. After having the pills Hood's and it restored me to health. Mrs. Wilson Perkins, P. O. Box, Lakeville, N. Y.

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