

# The Catholic Journal.

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## THE BROWN CURL.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.  
Author of the "Two Cousins," "A Heroine of Charity," and "Farmers' Sons."

### CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

"It was early in the spring when I received a letter from one of the Sisters at the hospital, saying that Melissa had been brought there about two weeks before, and would like to see me. Two days later I was at her bedside. She was overjoyed to see me, and she had told me she had feared we would never meet again. But what a great change had come over her, and who would have believed that this white faced invalid, whose only color was a deep hectic flush on each cheek, was the same bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked society belle, who so short a time ago had been noted for her great beauty. It was with difficulty that I suppressed my tears when I saw her, but I would not add to her sufferings by letting her know how grieved I was to see her thus.

"As she lay there, how much she reminded me of the little girl by whose bedside I had watched a few years before, and yet I could hardly believe that she was the same. To-day, as on that day, she had fallen into a restless slumber, but my entrance into her room awoke her, and her greeting was much as it had been then, a most affectionate one. She pressed my hand to her almost colorless lips and said, 'Laura, my dearest friend, I am glad that you have come, and you will remain with me until I am better, won't you?' I promised her I would remain in the city for a few weeks, and would see her every day. She seemed pleased, for although she spoke of getting well, I know she felt then, that at the end of those few weeks, she would probably be gone.

"The days passed slowly, and as I boarded near the hospital, I was with her the greater part of the time. At times she seemed quite well and was able to go with me for short drives, or to be wheeled about the park in an invalid's chair; then, at other times she would sink so low that it seemed as if the day of her death had come. I dared not speak to her of coming home, for she often told me I was the only one in the world she had to care for her now, and she did not want me to leave her.

"One day when I was alone with her she said: 'Laura do you remember how, when a child, I always said I would like to be a Sister?' I told her that I did, and she continued, 'That was my intention while in school, and it was with that one object in view that I studied so hard while in school. It was only to please my mother that I ever had any thoughts of entering society, for the idea always seemed very distasteful to me. After mother's death, I was more than ever attached to the convent, but when I received an invitation to spend the winter in Brooklyn, I would not have gone had not the Sisters advised me to say that it would be better for me to see a little of the world's ways ere I bid it adieu, and if I had a true vocation it would lead me back to them before long. They were blind, however, to that one great fault, vanity, which was so strong within me, and was destined to bring me to sorrow.

"Melissa paused here, and I shuddered when I thought how some time ago I had had misgivings of this, and now had they indeed become a reality? Melissa went on: 'The gay life into which I was plunged on my entrance into the social world, was such a contrast to the blissful quietness of the convent, that I did not like it at first, but was too proud to let any one know it; however, I too soon grew accustomed to it and learned to enjoy it. The flatteries I received pleased me too much to give them up, and like the gay friends I had made I began to think that my face was too pretty to hide under the black veil of a nun; so I gave up the thought of ever returning to my peaceful home, as the convent had been for so many years.

"Often during my visit to you, while away from my gay city friends, the thought would come to me that the convent was the right place for me, and it would be best for me to break my engagement and return to it, but I would try to banish it from my mind and try to think instead of the beautiful home across the sea where I would reign as queen, enjoying the affections of one of the truest of husbands and the company of some of England's noblest people. As these enchanting ideas passed through my

mind, it would occur to me that it had only been a foolish childish whim to think of shutting myself up in the convent.

"When I heard that sad news, which I can hardly mention now, and which I believe was a just punishment for my pride, the memories of my happy school days returned to me with new vividness, and I resolved to carry out those old resolutions, but it was too late. God would not accept my second love which I had so willfully taken from him to bestow upon another, who is now sleeping in a watery grave, all though my fault, and cannot help me to face the doom which awaits me. All I can do now is to wait patiently for the time when I shall see fit to take me from home, which I do not think is far off.

"This was the first time she had ever spoken of death, and after she had finished she drew from her bosom a small silken case, which was held by a cord around her neck, and said she wished me to do her a favor. The case contained her engagement ring, and handing it to me, she said, 'Laura, the stone in that ring is very valuable, and I wish to sell it and have a new altar put in the chapel at St. Academy in Detroit as a tribute to my memory. I have never been a moment without it since he placed it on my finger, but I will not want it much longer, so take it now to some reliable jeweler and see what you can get for it. Do not delay, for I want to know that the altar has been ordered before I die, and I can think then that some day the Holy Sacrifice may be offered on it for me.'

"I did not wish to take such a responsibility upon myself, but Melissa's mind was so set on it that I had to obey, and it was with the greatest reluctance that I took the ring from her. I think that I never saw her so happy, when the next day I told her that the price of it would buy a very handsome, though quite small, marble altar.

"After this she failed so rapidly that she received the last rites of the church the same week, and she began to long for death now rather than fear it, as she had at the beginning of her illness. Another week she lingered on between life and death, suffering intensely, but patiently, until the last evening in May.

"The Sisters had all gone to the chapel for the closing of the May devotions, and I was alone with her. We had been listening to their sweet voices as they sang a May hymn, the last notes of which were just dying upon the air when Melissa said, 'Laura, how sweet the voices of the Sisters sound to night.'

"Yes, Melissa, I answered, But no sweeter than they always do.'

"She looked at me with an expression that I shall never forget—half of joy, half of sadness and said, 'I may not sound any sweeter to you, Laura—her voice was sad and low, she spoke, but to me they do, for she paused for a moment to catch her fleeting breath—I can almost hear other far sweeter voices mingled with theirs. I am not afraid to die now and, oh! I shall be so happy.'

"I knew that she was lying and I grasped the knob of the bell at her bedside to ring it, but while she was speaking, one of the Sisters had stepped into the room, followed by the chaplain of the hospital, who was just coming from the chapel. Her words had been overheard by both, and one glance at her pale face told them the end had come. At a signal from the priest we fell upon our knees and commenced the prayers for the dying, but they were not half finished when, at a motion from the sister, he changed to the recitation of the De Profundis for the soul that had just departed.

"The next morning I dispatched a messenger with the sad news to Melissa's friend in Brooklyn, whom she had refused to see during her illness, but whom she wished to be informed of her death. The lady came that afternoon and she shed many bitter tears over her young friend who had died in a hospital so near her, when she might have spent her days amid the luxuries of her home. She wished to have the body removed to her own home now, but it had been Melissa's request to be buried from the hospital, and the Superior would not not disrespect her wishes by permitting her to be taken away.

"On the morning of the second day her funeral was held at the hospital chapel, and she was sent that afternoon to Detroit where she was buried beside her parents.

"Melissa's old friend and myself were the only mourners, and of all that gay throng, who in the city across the river had so greatly admired her beauty and showered so many flatteries upon her only a little

over a year before, not one come to pay a last tribute of respect to her before being taken away to her grave. The beauty of their idle had faded and she was forgotten by all."

Aunt Laura ceased speaking and a tear fell upon the brown curl as she tenderly replaced it in the box. Clara, too, was in tears when she heard the end of the story of this beautiful girl, and she asked her aunt to show her Melissa's grave when she took her to Detroit the next fall to commence her studies at St. Academy.

Aunt Laura promised she would, and when she went to Detroit with her niece the cemetery was one of the first places they visited. She had once known the location of the graves well, but now it was with the greatest difficulty that she found them, for they were overgrown with weeds and bushes, and only the stone that marked her father's grave could be found, while down among the weeds could be discerned the mound where rested the once beautiful Melissa. Her only monument is the marble altar in the chapel, and Clara, who knows her story, always thinks of her, when after a day spent among her books she enters the chapel for her evening prayers.

Melissa had given up her vocation for the flatteries of the world, thinking that her face was too pretty to hide in the convent, but her cooquets in society lasted only two brief seasons, then in the bloom and beauty of youth she had been forgotten by her admirers and laid away where:

The mighty caravan of life  
Above her just might sweep,  
Nor about, nor trampling foot should break,  
The rest of her last sleep."

The End

### THE POPE AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The following anecdote of Pope Leo XIII, which occurs in an article in the New York Herald, is good enough to be true.

All persons are required to kneel before the Pope. Catholics are expected to kiss the Papal ring, and it is left optional with them whether or not to kiss the Pope's foot.

Protestants are of course required to do neither. Many of them, however, voluntarily kiss the ring, for the gentle bearing and simple dignity of the old man impress everyone with respect. The occasions were rare, indeed, when Americans showed themselves lacking in the amenities of the place; and even these rare exceptions were of trivial importance.

One such episode occurred at a reception. When the Pope approached the American group, several Catholic women prostrated themselves before him and kissed his slipper. When he had given his blessing he passed on to several others who were not Catholics and extended his hand. Two of the women kissed his ring, but a young girl who was with them, although kneeling, very plainly manifested her determination not to do as the others had done and, ignoring the outstretched hand, contented herself with inclining her head as the aged man stood before her.

There was something very like a smothered murmur of consternation throughout the hall. The Pope could not have helped noticing the girl's attitude. An amused smile passed over his face, and he said to the young woman in Italian, 'You are one of my children, just like the others, even if you do not like me.' Then the gentleness and tenderness of his face increased as he looked down at the girl and gave her his blessing. When he had passed on to the next group somebody translated to the rebellious young woman what the Pope had said. She knelt there for a minute or so, looking at the aged man's face; then she rose hastily, and rushing over to where he was standing, threw herself impulsively on her knees before him and said: 'I am ashamed, I am sorry. Please let me kiss your hand.'

The Pope, of course, could not understand the words, but the girl's meaning was clear from her manner, and the little, thin, trembling hand of the Pontiff was raised to bless her again when the girl bent over and reverently kissed it. 'Everything is well when the heart is right,' said the Pope, tenderly; and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eye as he moved on to the next kneeling figure.

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## TOOK THE VEIL.

### SIX NOVICES RECEIVED INTO THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. JOSEPH.

Impressive Ceremony at Nazareth Convent Largely Attended - Bishop McQuaid Addressed the Young Sisters.

Six novices were received into the order of St. Joseph at Nazareth Convent at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, and six others made their first vows. The services were conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, assisted by a number of the priests of the diocese. When the first part of the services had been concluded and the first vows had been taken by the young sisters, they retired and returned shortly afterwards robed in the garments of their order. After the vows the bishop delivered a short address to the young sisters who stood before him. He spoke in part as follows:

"My dear children, you all have left behind you the wickedness of the world when you joined the noble Sisterhood of St. Joseph. The world scarcely comprehends what is meant by your devoting your lives to the service of God. There is in your act an absence of selfishness which the world—that is devoted to selfishness—cannot appreciate. Many cannot understand the divine motives which are attached to the ceremony. They do not know what the life of the religious is, the sacrifices which it contains, the demands that are made upon one that is entering it.

"Your parents, relatives and friends know the plans and the ambitions which you have given up for the service of God. They rejoice at the step that you have just made, although it severs many a dear tie. They make a sacrifice also. They understand that you are called to a life that is holy, exalted and meritorious. Another reason that causes them to be glad is that your lives will not be wasted.

"After the priesthood, I think, that the sisterhood is the most holy life that any one can lead. It is a higher and holier sphere. Many sacrifices and conquering of human nature will have to be made by you. It is like the life of a soldier who goes into battle, carrying his life in his hands ready to die for the cause that he is fighting for. You came to God this morning to offer him all you have, and he is pleased to accept it. The battle that you make for life will be for him. In the end he will reward you for the life which you have just consecrated to his service. It will be solely for him and he will not forget your work.

"So, therefore, dear children, do not trouble yourselves about what the people of this world will say about your act. Not many of them understand, as I said before, the life that is before you. If they had heard the voice of God calling them as you have, then they would be able to understand it. It is a blessing which you have received to be called to a religious life. See that you live according to the requirements of your institution, and receive the rewards which will be awaiting you all when you leave this world."

The young novices who were received into the sisterhood and the names which they received are as follows: Miss Margaret Ryan, Sister Mary Carmelita; Miss Josephine Konath, Sister M. Lauretine; Miss Sarah Fagan, Sister M. Agnetia; Miss Elizabeth Redington, Sister M. Philia; Miss Elizabeth Lawler, Sister Mary Erma; Miss Bridget Brady, Sister M. Thomasina. The first six novices are to be teachers while the last one will be a lay sister.

One of the candidates who were received into the sisterhood, Miss Elizabeth Lawler, is the grand niece of George Town Visitation Convent.

During the services several preliminary vows were made by the following sisters who have been members of the order for the past two years: Sisters Agnes Josephine Edelman, Josephine Marie Long, Cecelia Marie Manning, Gonzaga McDonough, Clarissa Raymond and Terresia Dowd.

After the services had been concluded mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid, assisted by Fathers James P. Kiernan and Joseph Miller.

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## AN HONORABLE CAREER.

### The Inspiring Story of Hon. James K. McGuire, The Young Mayor of Syracuse.

There is something positively inspiring in the life of James K. McGuire, the young mayor of Syracuse, New York, says a writer in "Success." It is the story of a young man not afraid of hard work, who never repined at his humble lot, but who, from surroundings of poverty and toil, fought his way to a place of power and prominence. He was born on the east side of New York city July 19, 1869, almost under the shadow of Cooper Union. He is therefore only in his thirtieth year, yet he has thrice been elected chief magistrate of that city of one hundred and thirty-three thousand inhabitants. With his parents he removed to Syracuse when a child. He went to school until necessity summoned him to be a bread winner. This was a critical period in the life of a studious boy who had just awakened to the value of an education, and who already cherished a high ambition. He was thirteen years of age when he was put to work in a shoe-shop. How many a lad before him, and since, has had the same experience, that pathetic transition from the joyous brightness of school-life to the bitter knowledge of toil!

James McGuire resolved to keep alive his aspirations. He refused to abandon his ideals, and studied. He sought and found work in a printing office. There he obtained access to books and magazines, and his very labor was instructive. His evenings were spent in reading and writing. Next he entered a machine shop, working ten hours a day. His spare time he gave to study and wholesome recreation. At fifteen, he was a clerk in the hardware store in which he is now a partner and treasurer.

Young McGuire retained his studious habits, and things began to improve. The boy became a young man, and before he fully realized it, his business reputation was made. It was a good reputation, too, one made up of hard work coupled with common sense, of a faithful attention to detail, and of an alertness made possible only by exemplary conduct. In 1893, his business affairs were in such a satisfactory condition that he could afford to give time to the service of the city, so, when the office of library commissioner was offered, he felt it his duty to accept and did so. He served two years.

Then came a most remarkable campaign. A mayor of the city was to be chosen. The dominant party named as its standard bearer a trained campaigner. The minority party named the youthful hardware merchant. Some of the newspapers derided the new aspirant for the mayoralty as a "boy candidate." Like Pitt, Mr. McGuire did not deny the crime of youthfulness, but he challenged his opponent to a series of joint debates. The challenge was declined. A rigid inquiry into the character and habits of Mr. McGuire failed to develop anything discreditable. His triumph came in due time when the votes were counted. It was found that the serious young man of twenty-six had defeated the veteran leader of the opposition by several thousand votes. Syracuse does not seem to have regretted the choice, for he was twice re-elected and is now serving his third term as chief magistrate of the twenty-second city of the United States in the order of population. His voice is often heard in the lecture room, and he takes an intense interest in educational problems, social reforms, and the organization of labor.

Replying to a question as to what he considers the mainspring of his successful career, Mr. McGuire said: "I wish to say most earnestly that I am indebted to the humble measures of success with which fortune has favored me thus far to the intelligent care and devotion of a good mother, who passed from this mortal life last January 19. To her I owe my love of study, my patience, in times of trial, and the spirit of energy which has enabled me to persevere. These she instilled into my mind at every opportunity. I think good habits and good company have contributed to the rest."

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## ROUND THE GLOBE.

### WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING IN THE AND OTHER CONTINENTS.

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

There is a rumor that Mademoiselle Faure, daughter of the late President, evinced a desire to enter a convent after the death of her father, to whom she was deeply attached. Her friends, however, have persuaded her that for the present at least, she should remain in the world controlling the admirable work of the "League of the Children of France," which she founded.

The Lenten pastoral letters of the Spanish episcopacy, as if by one unanimous accord, wage a universal crusade against the immoral literature that floods the bookshops and newspaper stalls of the cities and towns of the Peninsula. Not even in London—aye, not even in Paris—does one find such filthy production, pictures and periodicals utterly revolting to Christian modesty as are all day and into the small hours of the morning exhibited for sale.

Catholic Scotland mourns to-day the loss of one of its most promising and brilliant sons in the person of the late Rev. Donald Eason, vice rector of the Scots College, Valladolid, Spain, whose death at the latter place occurred on Tuesday, March 7th.

Mgr. Anzino, late chaplain to King Humbert, was a prominent figure in Roman aristocratic life. In a position of much delicacy, that of confessor at the court of the "Usurper" he displayed such tact and firmness as to be loved at the Quirinal and respected at the Vatican. In many cases in which the Vatican was obliged to communicate with the Quirinal or vice versa, he conducted the mission with great ability, taking neither side and presenting the affair with fairness and eloquence. When the Prince of Naples became engaged to the Princess Helene of Montenegro and turned Catholic it was Mgr. Anzino who passed between the church and State. Holding himself aloof from politics and fulfilling his calling of spiritual director to Queen Margherita, he was that best of all prelates, a man of the world without being worldly. The deceased prelate, who succeeded his uncle (of the same name) as chaplain to the Royal House of Savoy, assisted Victor Emmanuel in his last moments. The dangerous state in which Victor Emmanuel was being made known to Pius IX. His Holiness sent Mgr. Marinelli to the Quirinal to visit the King and to speak with him alone, but Mgr. Marinelli was refused admission and could only return as he came. Some hours later the state of the King growing more serious, Canon Anzino, having been for some minutes alone with him, repaired to the church of St. Vincenzo and Anastasia, there not being at the time, on account of the interdict, any chapel in the Quirinal Palace, and brought from thence the Blessed Sacrament in private form and communicated the dying man. As may be supposed and easily remembered by many, the colloquy between the King and Canon Anzino roused a long and bitter dispute in the press. The "Osservatore Romano" and the "Voce della Verita" affirmed that Victor Emmanuel had died, repenting of the wrong done to the church and to the pontificate. This drew down upon them from the adverse press every kind of abuse, and the Italian Ministry itself, by means of an official communication through the Stefani agency, denied the fact, declaring that "Victor Emmanuel had made no declaration denying his glorious life of Italian King." The most eloquent contradiction to this denial was given by the superior ecclesiastical authorities, who upon the explanation of matters by Mgr. Anzino gave full permission for all religious at the funeral. Mgr. Anzino held a difficult and painful position from which, during late years at least, he would willingly have retired, but the king would not hear of his resignation. The papers (official) of the deceased which as the collection of the last thirty years, must be of no little importance have been placed in the royal archives as belonging to the House of Savoy. We understand that Humbert intends to confer a pension on the sister of Mgr. Anzino in recognition of the services rendered by her brother.

The Duc D'Alencon has visited Lourdes for the purpose of presenting a banner made out of one of the dresses of the Duchesse, who perished in the Paris charity bazaar fire.