

# The Catholic Journal.

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## A WORN ROSARY.

All heads were bowed in adoration before Him, who had deigned to bestow His blessing upon them in the benediction.

Bye and bye the organ played softly and the congregation passed out with the exception of two or three who had remained for a silent prayer. Among these was an old woman in the last pew, who still knelt with bowed head and clasped hands, upon which hung a worn rosewood rosary. On closer inspection one could see that it was a rare piece of workmanship, each bead being delicately carved and the cross of solid gold.

The sexton noiselessly closed the church, not wishing to disturb the aged woman's prayers. At last going to her, he took her by the arm and said, "My good woman, do you not know that the services for this evening are over?" No movement on the part of the quiet figure caused him to speak again. The old lady giving no answer, old Michael hastened to Father Bergan, who followed him to the side of the kneeling figure.

The reverend father spoke to her repeatedly, but getting no answer, he sent the sexton for Dr. Boston, meanwhile giving the housemaid, Nora, directions concerning a room and bed for the stranger.

Dr. Boston arrived, and after examining the patient, pronounced it a case of exhaustion brought on by lack of food and nourishment. With the help of Nora the old lady was soon established in bed, given hot drinks, and restoratives applied to her.

Carl von Bergan was the only child and heir of Graf and Gräfin von Bergan, the principal land owners for miles around Hohenlohe. When about twenty-three years of age he met and became infatuated with Clothilde, the youngest daughter of the Baron and Baroness Vedderson. The marriage seemed desirable in every instance with the exception that the Baron and Baroness were ardent Catholics, while the von Bergans were bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion.

On no marriage day did the sun shine more gloriously or the birds sing more joyously. With wealth and beauty, love and devotion, everything boded well for the happy pair.

All went well until the birth of their son, when a bitter controversy arose, over which religion the child should be educated in. Clothilde said little but the constant grieving had worn her almost to a shadow. The Graf stormed about the house, the mere mention of the child causing him to command the offender never to utter the name in his presence again. In such manner months rolled by, and the child remained unchristened. Hildegarde, with her sister daily, felt for her, and knew her every thought. She had promised, in case anything should transpire, she would do all in her power to bring the little one to the church.

Upon her first arrival at her husband's estates, Clothilde had brought with her an old servant, who was so firmly attached to her mistress that she would gladly face death to serve her. Now, during her bitter trials, Lizette had served her mistress in so many diverse ways that Clothilde could not be but touched by the faithful creature's devotion.

When the hair had grown to two years old his mother, after a short illness, died, having received the last rites of the church. At her death the Graf seemed to have repented, and had even condescended to accompany the remains to the requiem mass.

Lizette's grief at the death of her mistress was pitiful to see, her one consolation being the rosary which Clothilde had given her just before her death, telling her to cherish it, and when the little one had grown up to give it to him and tell him of his mother.

The Graf entrusting his son to Hildegarde, and putting his estates in the hands of a worthy superintendent, set sail for Australia. He had grown to hate the child with all the power of his will, and in tendering Ralph to Hildegarde had rid himself of a disagreeable duty.

When Ralph had reached the age of ten, reverses came to the ancient family of Vedderson, and the estates of the von Bergans had been swallowed up in the Franco-Prussian war. In the years 1872-75 the religious persecution in Germany drove many families to America. The Baron and Baroness had lived only a few years after their daughter's death, and at the time of the religious agitation Hildegarde had come to America. Lizette, who had looked upon Ralph as her special charge, told him time

and again about the carved rosary, and that some day he should have it.

Hildegarde had been obliged to part with Lizette on her departure for the United States, and Ralph, who had grown up to be a manly little fellow, tried hard to keep back the tears that would come. He clung to Lizette and begged for the rosary, but the faithful servant vowed she would bring it to them, even though it would be years from then.

The child had given up the cherished hope of seeing, much less possessing it, and had not his aunt Hildegarde said that she feared the good woman's life was fast drawing to a close?

After many years of hard study, Ralph became the Rev. Ralph Bergan, the very priest we see in the beginning of this story. His Aunt Hildegarde had been married, a short time after his ordination, to a worthy merchant. Many times had she and Ralph spoke of Lizette and the carved rosary, and Ralph, almost certain of her death, had read masses for the repose of her soul.

Let us now take up the thread of our story. The rosary was clasped so tightly in the old lady's hands that it remained there until she returned to consciousness. When Lizette, for it was she, opened her eyes, her first words were: "Tell me, is it true? It was little Ralph I saw at the altar. After that all grew black to me."

Father Bergan had left the room, but when he returned, saw the rosary, and speaking to the patient, found to his joy that it was indeed his old nurse. She had fulfilled her vow, and had come to give Ralph the precious rosary. As soon as possible he went for his Aunt Hildegarde, who could hardly trust her eyes.

After a rest, Lizette was able to tell her story. She had toiled and saved to earn her passage to this country, but on her arrival here, not being able to speak English, and unaccustomed to the ways of the country, her little store of money gave out without her having found a trace of either Ralph nor Hildegarde. Worn out with the cold, she had found her way into the church and had fainted from exhaustion. Many thankful prayers rose to Heaven from that house that night, and ever after the most precious and sacred keepsake in Father Bergan's possession was a worn rosewood rosary with a gold cross, the only remembrance of his mother.

## HOLY MEDALLIONS.

There is on exhibition at our office a sample of a new idea in portrait miniature, which is so close an imitation to the original French porcelain miniature costing from \$25 to \$100 that they baffle the skilled expert. The Holy Medallion that we are handling is the handsome one of St. Cecilia, and they are in four finishes viz.: plain silk, plain glass, colored silk, colored glass. These medallions are copyrighted and have never before been offered on the market and are something absolutely new. They will be furnished to subscribers only at 75c for the plain and \$1.00 for the colored finish. Each medallion is fitted with an easel so you have no framing to do. It is ready for the center table, piano or other place the minute you receive it. If a picture of a relative or friend is desired instead of the one we offer, all you have to do is to furnish us with a cabinet photograph. Now that the holidays are coming this new idea would be just the thing to give a friend. If you are not a subscriber send in your subscription right away and secure one of these beautiful French water color pictures.

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## GOLDEN JUBILEE.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
CHURCH.

Solemn Pontifical Mass Celebrated by  
Bishop McQuaid-Sermons Delivered  
by Rev. T. F. Hickey and Simon  
Fitzsimons.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception church was opened last Sunday with a solemn pontifical high mass celebrated by Rt. Rev. S. J. McQuaid, D. D., assisted by Very Rev. J. P. Kiernan, V. G. M. R., assistant priest; Rev. J. J. Hartley, and Rev. L. Schwalb, C. S. R., as deacons of honor; Rev. M. J. Har- gher and Rev. William Gleeson as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively; Rev. A. A. Hughes and Rev. H. P. Hyland as masters of ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas F. Hickey of the cathedral. He detailed the history of the parish, and then dwelt upon the history of the church from its inception to the present day. He also spoke very strongly on the position of the Catholic church regarding the sacredness of the marriage tie and asserted that divorce should not be permitted.

At 3.30 p. m. Bishop McQuaid confirmed a class of 111 children and 14 fourteen adults. He was assisted by Revs. Thomas A. Hendrick, A. A. Hughes, A. M. O'Neil, William Gleeson and E. J. Hanna, D. D. Before the sacrament was administered the bishop addressed the class in his usually impressive way on the importance of the day's services. After confirmation those of the class who were under 21 years old took the pledge not to drink intoxicating liquors, at least, before they reached that age.

Solemn vespers were celebrated in the evening by priests who are graduates of the parochial school of that church. Rev. A. A. Hughes was the celebrant; Rev. B. W. Gommenginger, deacon; Rev. S. McPadden, sub-deacon, and Rev. Thomas F. Connors, master of ceremonies. A number of priests occupied seats in the sanctuary and assisted in the services. Rev. Simon Fitzsimons, M. R., of St. Rose church, Lima, delivered the sermon in the evening. In an interesting manner he discussed the history of the church.

The parish was formed in 1849. The Rev. John Fitzpatrick acted as pastor of this church for the first three years of its existence. In the next eight years the church had four pastors, namely, Rev. Patrick Bradley, Rev. Thomas O'Brien, Rev. Francis McKeon and Rev. W. C. Stephens.

In 1860 Rev. Peter Bede was appointed pastor, and he was succeeded in 1866 by Rev. Patrick Byrnes, both of whom did much for the enlargement of the church; the school and pastoral residence being built while the latter was pastor of the church. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid was consecrated the first bishop of the Rochester diocese on July 12, 1868, and he has always urged the necessity of Christian education. Father Byrnes remained the pastor until his death in 1876, and Rev. Michael Meagher was his successor and continued to be the church's pastor until his death in 1888. The late Very Rev. J. F. O'Hare, D. D., V. G., was the next pastor, and he also served until the day of his death, August 5, 1898. Father O'Hare was a zealous pastor, and was much beloved by his congregation, which had grown considerably under him.

The present pastor of the church, Rev. A. M. O'Neil, was appointed by Bishop McQuaid to succeed Father O'Hare. Father O'Neil is a most conscientious worker and seeker after the best interests of the members of his congregation. He was ordained a priest by Bishop McQuaid in St. Patrick's cathedral in this city, March 25, 1884, and filled a position in St. Andrew's preparatory seminary for a short time. After returning from Colorado, where he went in quest of health, he went to the Scotsville church and afterwards to the Seneca Falls church, and from there to Phelps, in which latter place he remained several years till his appointment to his present pastorate.

Rev. William Gleeson, one of the assistant priests at this church, was ordained in 1888, and has charge of the parochial school of the church, which has nearly 1,000 pupils. Rev. H. P. Hyland, the other assistant, has proved an able worker in the church since his ordination.

## Fine Wedding Invitations.

Invitations at this office at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

## SOLENN HOMAGE TO JESUS CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

Midnight Mass on December 31st, 1899-1900.

In order to sanctify the night of December 31st, 1900, the International Committee for the Solemn Homage, asked the Holy Father to grant permission for the celebration of midnight mass in all the churches of the world, and for the faithful the privilege of receiving Holy Communion at that time. The Holy Father not only graciously acceded to the request, but in order that the faithful might at the beginning of the holy year greet the Author of time, he extended the concession so that the midnight mass may be said on the 31st of December, 1899, as well as on December 31st, 1900. During this mass the Blessed Sacrament may be solemnly exposed, with the prudent permission of the Ordinary, and the faithful may receive Holy Communion. This is the most extraordinary permission of the reign of Leo XIII, and it shows how intently his wishes are fixed on the celebration of the Holy Year as well as on the International Homage to the Redeemer of mankind.

## UNIVERSAL DECREE.

It is most becoming that we who are about to celebrate the commencement of the Holy Year, happily proclaimed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, should, in the depth of night, rise to greet the Author of time, and, prostrate before His altars, to offer the most acceptable Victim, who is the Immaculate Lamb, assisting at the sacred banquet, so that at this most opportune time we may find the assistance of His grace and mercy; for our salvation is nearer. Behold now is the acceptable time; behold now is the day of salvation. And, if the Kingdom of Heaven, which is the Church on earth, is likened to the ten virgins going forth in the night to meet the bridegroom, each one of us may, on the occasion of this solemn festivity, consider more attentively these sacred words: trim your lamps; for behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him.

Since, moreover, at midnight of the last day of December of the coming year, the present century will come to an end, and a new one begin, it is very appropriate that thanks be given to God by some pious and solemn ceremony for the benefits received during the course of the present century; and owing to the urgent necessities of the times, that greater favors be implored in order to begin auspiciously the new era.

Therefore, in order that the approaching year, 1900, may begin happily through the application of the assistance of God and His Only Begotten Son, our Redeemer, and that it may end, after a prosperous course, by ushering in a still more happy century, as it is right for us to expect, Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII, graciously concedes that, with the prudent consent of the Ordinary of every place, at midnight on the 31st day of December, both of the closing and of the coming year, in all churches and chapels where the Most Blessed Sacrament is rightfully kept, the same Most August Sacrament may be exposed to adoration; and permission is given to read or to sing at the same hour "Coram Sanctissimo," a mass of the Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord and the Octave of the Nativity; and permission is given, by special favor, to the faithful to receive Holy Communion either during the mass or after it; all necessary conditions to be observed.

All things to the contrary, notwithstanding. 13th day of November, 1899.

[Signed] C. Bishop of Francisco  
Card. Mazzella, Prefect.  
Sacred Congregation of Rites.  
B. PATRISI, Secretary.

## A NIGHT IN ROME.

Rev. T. Hickey, rector of the Cathedral, will give an illustrated lecture on "Rome," next Tuesday evening, Dec. 19th. The fascinating title of the lecture, the speaker's intimate knowledge of the subject and his superlative powers of description give guaranty of a highly interesting and instructive entertainment. The reading circles of the city and all who wish to share in the excellent presentation of what is best in the "eternal city" are invited to come to Cathedral Hall on Tuesday evening. The lecture will be followed by a short musical programme.

## The Famous Singer Chollet.

(A Conspiracy Under Louis XVIII.)

It was during the first years of the restoration of the Bourbons. Louis XVIII. was not a pious man, but it entered into his political principles to be so considered, hence he made it great occasion of displaying Christian humility by solemnly going every year to fulfill his Easter duties in the parish church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The April morning was charming, and, at an early hour, the troops were in line along the short distance which separates the palace of the Tuilleries from the ancient church. An immense crowd filled the place of the Carroussel and in front of the Louvre where now rest the remains of the victims of July. The king rode in a large open carriage, with his family, bowing respectfully, as he passed with his sharp blue eyes at the crowds who shouted "Long live the royal family! Long live the Bourbons!"

When the cortège reached the church the front of which was nearly covered with magnificent Gobelin tapestries, the bands played some popular airs, as the king slowly descended from his carriage. An address from the parish priest, who now appeared accompanied by his assistants, was here received, and the king, obliged to remain standing, submitted for a while with a very fair grace. But as the address proved rather tedious, Louis became restless, changing his position, resting first on one leg and then on the other, until it seemed as if his patience was exhausted. At last he caught sight of the Duke of Berri, who looked as little interested as himself, and quickly signalling him:

"Berri, this is longer too long."

"Will there soon be an end to it?"

"Sire, I am impatient as you are."

"Not at all, for you have good legs to stand upon, while I can support myself no longer. Is there no means of ending this tiresome thing?"

"Nothing easier, sire, if you authorize me."

"Yes, Berri, but don't let it appear to come from me."

The Duke withdrew quietly and in a few moments found an oddler of the guards to whom he whispered a few words. Just then Louis XVIII. seemed to listen more attentively to the address, the sure, delighted at this, gave fresh impulse to his flow of words and was in the midst of an exceedingly fine passage, when his voice was suddenly drowned in the music of a full band, brass, drum, timbales, triangles and all playing "Vive le roi, vive le France!" Shouts and cheers arose on all sides, added to the bells, which rang their merriest peals. Those surrounding the king stood unmoved, the good priest, gesture and expression unchanged, not knowing what to do.

Louis XVIII., with impassible face, save to the Duke of Berri, who caught the quiet smile, now stopped forward, and accompanied by the whole court, followed the clergy into the church, where he took his place, surrounded by the courtiers who filled nearly the entire nave.

Comfortably seated in his arm-chair with plenty of cushions to protect his royal knees when necessary, the king was ready, the clergy were in their stalls, and the chanters were chanting the office before mass, when a tall thin young man, in coat and breeches, came out of the sanctuary, and passed along the choir towards one of the stalls, stopping to make a respectful bow at the step of the altar. As he did so, a singular noise was heard, that of a sword, which, slipping from beneath his cloak, fell ringing on the marble floor. The young man hastened to pick up the dangerous weapon which he passed beneath his dress, and reaching his place, quietly folded in his waistcoat the blade of the sword. His tranquility was far from being shared by those who surrounded the king. Whispers were heard, faces turned suddenly pale, orders were given, the ring of muskets is heard on the stone floor; officers pace to and fro, and at the word of command the people are turned out of the side of the church which they had filled, and their place is supplied by troops. The king asked the meaning of all this disturbance and the answer of his aid-de-camp, though given in a low voice, was soon passed from mouth to mouth, an echo with a few variations tending to murder the king.

The unwitting occasion of all this commotion was passing away to the top of his fine, tall voice, when two high officers approached him, one of whom said: "You will follow me in once, sire."

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but I cannot. I am needed here, but when the ceremonies are over, I shall be glad to follow you," and he began to rise, when the officers said: "You must follow us at once to the arsenal, and as resistance is useless, do so quietly, so as to avoid scandal. Do not oblige us to use force."

"Since I cannot resist, I will obey, but take notice, I pray you, that I am not quit of my appointed place of my own will, I follow."

The society was full of soldiers, and as the young man entered he was placed between two guards and forbidden to make a single move.

"Am I not here?" he exclaimed, "will some one tell me what all this means?"

"Satisfy yourself by answering the gentleman," he was told by one who at the same time pointed to a man wearing a white coat, and seated at a table with another person, preparing to leave. The man answered: "The king has been shot."

"Arms, no! I have a sword, but not a dagger."

"Put down that he acknowledged being armed. Now, why have you so fully hidden this sword under your cloak?"

"Because it is not customary to carry a sword."

"No nonsense, sire! Remember that the accusation against you is very serious. Your life is in question."

"My life? Ah! what kind of a question is this. Let us at least understand each other."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a musician."

"But why does a musician single himself out as a priest, and hide a sword under a cloak?"

"Why, this cloak is mine as well as the sword. I play the trombone in the national guard band, and am known as a regular chanter in this church. I had to await the end of the address of the curé, to play the trombone and then change my dress to sing the offertory. But they wouldn't let the good music finish, and we were told to play in the midst of his discourse, as when I was in the last time to slip my musket over my shoulder; and now, with your permission, I will slip it off again for service is nearly over and my comrades will expect me."

This changed the whole thing. The judges began to laugh, the procession was torn up, and the accused was none other than the famous singer Chollet, who had been taken for a conspirator, and to destroy the king and upset the government.

The people were again allowed to enter the church, and through the sacred circumstance went the Duke of Berri, who had been so hardy keep a nervous countenance when told of the true state of affairs. As they came out of the church, they immediately interested were immediately seen the dangerous fellow bearing arms in his trombone, with cheeks flushed as an unconsciously at himself.

Chollet, the Duke of Berri, and the half-apology for the Duke of Berri, Chollet had suffered, and to which he often referred in his years.

## A PREMONITION.

Rememberable, the Duke of Berri, a French nobleman.

In the town of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which has many fine old houses, there is a house, the name of which is not known, but which is said to be the house of the Duke of Berri, who was born there in 1791. The Duke of Berri, who was born there in 1791, was a French nobleman, and was the Duke of Berri, who was born there in 1791.

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