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The Catholic Journal.

Twelfth Year. No. 47.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, August 24, 1901.

\$1.00 per Year. 5c per Copy.

PETER DWIGHT'S ISOLATION.

By John Austin Schetty.

When Peter Dwight married Cecil Hale, he thought he had found and attained all that was attainable in this life. Not that he expected too much, that is to say not that he expected Cecil Hale to be the embodiment of perfection, which no one ever was, but that it seemed to him life, from this onward, was to be set in certain strict lines which would not deviate to the commonplace of the heretofore, but which, while bringing upon him new responsibilities would also reward him with greater joys. And in a measure he had not been deceived. His wife was all that man commonly gets here below, more, in fact, than the many ever attain to, in that she supplied all that made his life complete. While she lived he had been supremely happy, with that joy that comes of a comfortable home and growing family. It seemed to him that his life's purpose was quite fulfilled. And then Cecil died.

Perhaps it was the greatest shock of his life, this sudden separation from one who had come as it were indispensable to him. For weeks his heart bled silently as something which had been fearfully wrenched and bruised.

His children were still about him. It was a short time before they could laugh gaily and long; and their laughter, while it rejoiced him, chilled his heart. But he was just. They were young, he was old. It was not to be expected they were to mope, he knew in his heart they had loved their mother as dearly as children might. Their laughter now was but the sequence of youth—the result of ardent animal spirits nearing their zenith. With him such things, if not dead, were dying, and he, too, had lived after his mother's death, though God knows he had loved her dearly. It was but the nature of things that they should laugh in their proud youth while he grew accustomed to it. There was his boy, Edmund had been his mother's pride; she had loved her daughters, but even more her son, and when she had gone Edmund sorrowed deeply. Yet now he could laugh as though there was no empty place at their table—no absent voice to move his heart—and yet he was a good son, that type of young man who speedily begins to make a name for himself. Already he was favorably known in legal matters, his opinion was sometimes asked by older men who seemed to wait upon his advice. All of which was very conducive to a father's pride. Sometimes he found pleasure in it; more frequently it brought a pang of pain. He himself was not a celebrity nor was he ever likely to become one, yet often he found himself longing in a vague undefinable way for something that seemed to be lacking. Edmund with all his undoubted affection was absorbed in his profession. Night after night he came home but to ruminate in silence over the matters of the day; it was hard to get a word from him. His father coming in quite joyous with some sprightly happening would have his ardent chilled speedily, for Edmund looking up from his brief or some volume of learned opinions would answer in monosyllables or disjointed sentences which said as plain as could be, "I am not interested," whereupon Peter would subside with a sudden dull pain at his heart—a sudden realization that he was becoming isolated.

Then there were his daughters, one with the face of her dead mother, the other with a resemblance to himself. Both were dutiful and loving, but even they were growing away from him; it was the inevitable, he knew, but even so it was fraught with pain. Cecil, the eldest, was already engaged. But the thought of her marriage he always put from him, not that he objected to her future husband, who was in every way worthy of her, but that he feared the isolation, that he would if he could avoid the parting with her. As for Clare, the younger, he preferred to ignore such a contingency as marriage even though his inner consciousness made him aware that she too was likely soon to leave him.

"Papa," said Cecil one evening, "do you know Edmund won his case to-day—everybody says it is so clever of him."

"He is talented," said her father. "Papa!—why don't you take some interest in what he does?" exclaimed the girl reproachfully. He started—he took interest! Were they so blind that they could not mark his pride in his son.

"Why, surely I take the greatest possible interest."

"You don't seem to. He tells you all about the difficulties of it—the hard work and all that, and grows so enthusiastic—while you sit there with

never a word, or at most—a yes—or no."

"But I understand nothing of law, child, nothing whatever; you know that!"

"But neither do I," exclaimed Cecil, "yet I love to hear him tell about it—just because he is so wrapped up in it."

"—And you think me unappreciative," he asked almost wistfully. Perhaps Cecil dimly guessed the reproach, for bending over him suddenly she twined her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Dear, good papa," she murmured, "we know you love us. I didn't mean that—did I?"

"I suppose not, Cecil," he replied vaguely. He drew her head down on a level with his own and gazed earnestly into her eyes; and in the space of a few magic seconds she was her mother again! The same truthful eyes, the same noble mouth and chin.

"You are very like your mother, dear," he murmured, softly; she guessed now partly what he was thinking of and kissed him again, while her dark hair mingled with the gray as he sat silent for a few moments. After a time Cecil spoke again:

"Dearest papa," she whispered, "there is something else—I—I wanted to ask you—can't you guess?"

"No," he said, though he thought he might.

"Well," she continued, "it's about my—about Henry."

"About Henry?" he repeated.

"Yes—he wants to know if—that is—when we can be married! You know he has waited a long time—and oh, dear papa!" her arms closed about him again, "don't think I want to leave you, but—but we would like to be married in three months!"

"In three months!" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes!" whispered the girl. "He wants it so much, and—"

"—And you are ready to go, Cecil," asked the father.

"Well, I suppose I've got to be some time, papa," she said with a short little laugh.

"But is a serious matter—this marrying—does my Cecil know there is often more sorrow than joy to it?"

"But were you very happy with my mother," she said.

"Very happy."

"And perhaps I will be as happy," she continued.

"Let us hope so," he said with great earnestness.

"Then you consent?" she cried, bending before him with dancing eyes.

"I suppose so, child," he answered. "It must come sooner or later—I only wish for your happiness. Let it be three months then."

And three months it was. Cecil, all joy and happiness, made her preparations and the day came at last. Her father walked up the aisle of the church with her on his arm, no quiver on his face, no moisture in his eye, and again he stepped down its length, but now she leaned on the arm of another who could claim her more irrevocably than he. There were felicitations from everybody. He was congratulated a hundred times on the possession of such a charming daughter, and it was doubtless supposed by everyone that he was supremely happy. Then came the bustle, the farewell, a kiss, and Cecil was gone!

Next morning when they breakfasted together the room seemed suddenly grown large and empty, not to him merely, for Edmund observed, "Jove! how strange it seems without her."

Yet in a very few days for all one could see things were as before; weddings are not supposed to be tearful affairs. Edmund daily grew more absorbed in his work. After dinner he always betook himself to his room where his father knew he often remained at work until far in the morning. The elder man, silent and thoughtful, sat upstairs with Clare—or alone. When Edmund was about it seemed as if a strange constraint held the father's tongue even when he would have spoken. Their conversation speedily withered and died. It was true that Edmund cared for none of those things the elder man deemed interesting, just as he himself cared nothing for legal matters and things of the kind his son was always talking about. Yet the younger man never deliberately neglected his father; with the blindness that comes to many of us, at times he failed to note how the other longed, fairly longed, to speak of the years gone by in the old companionable way.

"Great boy, that son of yours," old friends would say admiringly, meeting Peter Dwight on the street; "getting on at an amazing pace—you ought to be proud, sir, proud indeed!" Others would remark, "you must be a happy man with such children, creditable in

every way." Meantime Clare, twining her arms about his neck one day asked him as Cecil had done, to let her go away. And again he walked up the aisle of the self same church and came down without his child. He had thought he could never feel drearily bereft again after Cecil's marriage, but now it seemed he suffered more. But the world saw none of it. In his pallid face, and of course his children guessed none of it. The growing sense of the needlessness of his life was being daily borne in upon him; the conviction that at last his children could live without him, made his heart grow colder. Was it weakness that remembered so strongly the time when they could not do without him! Was it maudlin sentimentality that brought back so vividly the clasp of their soft baby fingers about his neck? Ah! that precious, golden time, when they cried for him!

So there were only he and Edmund left. The young man gave no sign of marrying. Perhaps he was too busy to fall in love. He was intensely interested in his profession; it was in his thoughts always—at home as well as in the office. Perhaps it was selfishness, for after all self is at the bottom of most successes. In all sincerity he thought his father quite content with his quiet life. He would have been immeasurably surprised to find it otherwise. Meantime Peter Dwight went to see his daughters and they came regularly to see him; yet though their presence rejoiced him and the laughter of their children warmed his heart, it was not the sameness of the long ago, the same tenderness that would never come again. The two young mothers while they talked to him, could not keep their eyes from wandering to the children. Their hearts were there! He knew it!

One evening he and Edmund sat together as they often did after dinner. The younger man had been telling of some notable work of the day which promised great results; his eyes shone, his cheeks burned with the vital enthusiasm of his young manhood. Life no doubt seemed a glorious thing to him, and yet in thirty years, Peter reflected, gray twilights would have come to this radiant prospect too.

"Yes, father, I have been very successful when one comes to think of it—and I arrived at the successful stage earlier than I expected. Thank Heaven! I can marry now and feel that I have nothing to fear in the prospect."

"You are going to marry?" asked the other one, with something tightening about his heart.

"Yes," said Edmund—"don't you think," he added laughingly, "that it's high time I should? Just think how dangerously near becoming a bachelor I was—and you could never approve of that—you were not one yourself, you know." He walked over and laid his hand tenderly on the older man's shoulder. "It's the way of the world, father, you know that! And I could no more resist than better men have done. She's a lovely girl," he continued, proudly, "and will make you a charming daughter. By Jove! I never thought I'd be so lucky."

The other smiled a wan smile of approval which Edmund seemed to think quite sufficient, for with a smile of serene content he stepped lightly from the room. If there was any realization of what his words meant to his father there was nothing to show it. He sprang lightly up the steps whistling gaily—thinking perhaps of his would-be bride as lovers are apt to think, while below his father listened intently to the departing footsteps. So they were out of his life—these, his children! Ah, well! Life is fraught with much pain after all. He looked about him. The room was empty of all save himself. The fire in the grate had burned well nigh out. With a great sense of loneliness he stepped to the window, and leaning his forehead against the cold glass, gazed out into the starlight night. And none but the pitying angels understood.—[From Donahoe's Magazine.]

A Change of Firm.

Assemblyman Gardiner has succeeded to the merchant tailoring firm of Gardiner & Fellman at 232 State street. He is now opening up a line of fall goods, including some fine fancy vestings and trousers, also new styles in overcoats and suitings. Mr. Kerrigan has been engaged to take charge of the cutting. He has a reputation second to none as a cutter, and he feels confident of pleasing his customers. Mr. Kerrigan is the pioneer of easock making in Rochester, and he expects to do a large business in this line.

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CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

The convening of the National Council of the Knights of Columbus was the chief event of the sixth week of the present session of the Catholic Summer school. Seventy-three delegates, comprising some of the leading and influential Catholics of the country, were in attendance. Besides these there was also a large gathering of knights and their families, who were attracted here by the council, although having no active part in it. Among the men prominent in the order who were here for the council were: Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn of Boston; National Secretary Daniel Colwell of New Haven, Conn.; National Treasurer P. J. Brady of Cleveland, Ohio; National Chaplain Rev. P. J. McGivney of Middletown, Conn.; National Advocate James E. McConnell, Fitchburg, Mass.; National Physician Dr. W. T. McManis, New York; State Deputy for New York, John W. Hogan, Syracuse; for Illinois, P. L. McArdle, Chicago; for New Jersey, W. J. Matack, Elizabeth; for Massachusetts, J. C. Pelletier, Boston, and District Supreme Knights Charles A. Wibber of Brooklyn and John W. Ward of New York. Other prominent men of the order at present at Cliff Haven are John J. Delaney of New York, M. J. Winn of Louisville, Ky., Dr. Thomas R. Hart, Cincinnati, and James A. Burns, East Orange, N. J.

On Tuesday morning the council assembled in the Auditorium and was in session both morning and afternoon, and continued meeting for the next few days. On this account all the lectures of that time were delivered in the assembly room of the Champlain club, thus leaving the lecture hall at the sole disposal of the knights.

Festivities of an elaborate character were arranged and carried out in honor of the knights. On Monday night there was a progressive euchre at the Curtis Pine villa; on Tuesday a dance at the New York; on Wednesday the usual hop at the Club; on Thursday a camp fire and on Friday an entertainment at the Boston. Several excursions to Ausable Chautau, Lake Placid and other nearby places filled up the week that was marked by a continuous round of pleasures, both intellectual and social.

Another notable event of the week was the rendering of that magnificent oratorio of Rossini, the "Stabat Mater," by a full chorus made up largely from the Champlain Choral Union, a musical organization from Plattsburg, and by four magnificent soloists, three of whom were guests at Cliff Haven. The event signified in a most striking manner the closeness of the interests of school and town, the one encouraging and promoting all artistic endeavor and the other making much possible by the offering of a suitable basis for beginning the work. The singing of the oratorio was an event which has long been most anxiously awaited at Cliff Haven.

On the whole it was a magnificent production, the like of which the people of few summer places are either capable of getting up or fitted to appreciate. Its success is a tribute to the school as well as to the performers.

At no time since the beginning of the present session has there been such manifestations of interest and delight in the lectures being given as there was during the past week.

The class devoted to the work in Logic was last week under the direction of Rev. Mortimer Twomey of Malden, Mass., a well known friend of and lecturer in the Summer school. Father Twomey's lectures were exceedingly able and scholarly discourses that merited the high praise that they received.

Dr. Conde-Pallon has on two former occasions during the present session proved to an audience his talents as a lecturer, and so it was with great pleasure that there again gathered in the Auditorium a large number of people to hear the first of his talks on "Theme Writing" in the last two weeks of the English course.

The evening lectures were delivered by a man well known at Cliff Haven, Rev. P. J. Mahoney, D. D., of New York city. Dante's "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" were treated in his talks in such a manner as to thoroughly satisfy both the old and the new friends who had gathered in such large numbers to hear him. His reputation as a Dante scholar of the first rank was certainly strengthened greatly and widened by his lectures.

On the whole there has been no week since the commencement of the school that can equal the just closing period for attendance, for enthusiasm and for successiveness of results.

A. O. H. PICNIC.

ONE OF THE LARGEST GATHERINGS THIS SEASON.

A Long List of Sports Enjoyed by Over 4,000 People.

The annual picnic of the Hibernians of took place at Six Breezes last Saturday afternoon. There were many politicians present, among whom were noticed George W. Aldridge, Judge Murphy, Richard Gardiner, Judge Ernst, Aldermen Reddington and Casey, ex-Judge Kinney, Dr. J. J. Evans, Daniel W. Egan, James W. Callaghan, Sheriff Ford, John H. Gilmore, and they exercised the glad hand privilege to a large extent.

Mayor Carnahan and ex-Speaker James M. E. O'Grady were introduced to the large audience, and both gentlemen delivered addresses that pleased those present.

P. H. Murphy, an attorney of this city, and who for eight years was county president of the A. O. H. in Herkimer county, followed Mr. O'Grady in a very interesting and scholarly address, in which he went back to the order of knighthood and chivalry which existed in Ireland prior to the reign of King Brian, and traced them on under the leadership of Ireland's illustrious chieftains to the time of the enactment of the penal laws, and showed how in consequence of British penal legislation the order took root in this and other lands.

Mr. Murphy contrasted in a very forcible manner the dark career of the Irish people through centuries of oppression and misrule in Ireland with their present surroundings in this country, where they are permitted to enjoy American freedom; to stand in the light of God's liberty, citizens of the greatest and most enlightened government with which mankind has ever been blessed.

He went over the history of the order in this country, showing its aims and objects and the mighty good it has accomplished, and the object lesson it has taught the world of the power of Gaelic endurance and the mighty strength of organized manhood, by the establishing and endowing at a cost of \$50,000, the Gaelic chair in the Catholic University at Washington for the perpetual teaching of the language, literature and history of the Irish race.

Mr. Murphy spoke earnestly and eloquently, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

The base ball game was won by the Holy Apostles team by a score of 9 to 2. As it was for points in the league championship it was sharply played and warmly applauded. The battery work was done by Kinney and McNamara for the Immaculate Conceptions and Lyon and Regalbe for the Holy Apostles. The football contest was won by the Hibernian Rifles, who easily swamped the twelve players from Division No. 2 by a score of 8 to 0.

The other sports and games were successfully run off. The following were the winners:

Running high jump, Timothy Maloney first, J. McElligott second; running long jump, J. McElligott, James Barrett; standing long, skip and jump, James Cleary, Cornelius Curry; running hop, skip and jump, J. Keane, J. Schuler; standing long jump, W. Dreier, James Barrett; 100-yard dash, Patrick Boland, Charles Burke; men's race, Henry Doyle, John Hogan; three-legged race, George Armstrong and Charles Burke and Martin Burke and James Murray; married women's race, Mrs. W. J. McGraw, Mrs. McKay; ladies' race, Miss Kate Kananan, Miss N. Elliot; girls' 50-yard dash, Kittie MacCarthy, M. Jackson; girls' race, Helen Dixon, Gertrude Carroll; 100-yard dash for boys, James Hayes, Thomas Callahan; 50-yard dash, Anthony Callahan, Thomas Maloney; 50-yard race for boys between 7 and 10 years, H. Robey.

The following acted as vice-presidents at the picnic: W. H. McDonald, State Director, Patrick Casey, County President, W. H. McCarthy, president of Division 1, Martin O'Neill, president of Division 2, John W. Guinan, president of Division 3, John H. Wary, president of Division 4, John S. Burns, president of Division 5, John Doyle, president of Division 6, John S. C. president of Division 7, James J. Burns, president of Division 8, Michael Quinn, captain of the Hibernian Rifles, Cornelius O'Neill and John J. McEgan. The committee of arrangements consisted of Patrick O'Neill, J. J. Callahan, Thomas Francis, James J. W. H. Callahan, Thomas Kinney, James E. Gora, James McElligott and J. J. Morrissey.

The dancing committee, made up of William O'Brien, Thomas O'Neill, William Rowan, M. J. O'Connor, Thomas Conway and J. J. Hammill. The sports and games were made up of Thomas Francis, Patrick Maloney, James McElligott, John O'Brien, Edward Moriarty and J. E. O'Neill.

A RELIGIOUS PROGRAMME.

A very pretty ceremony took place at St. Mary's Convent chapel, N. Y., on August 18th, at which time eighteen novices of the Holy Cross order made their religious profession. Among the happy number was Sister M. Oswald. Miss Margaret Kinney of Chautauque, more recently of Rochester, was her mother and sister Julia, and her cousin, Rev. Father Kinney of Holy Cross, N. Y., were in attendance. The last named was officiating at the mass, of which Dr. J. J. Evans, of Notre Dame was celebrant and Venerable, chaplain of St. Mary's, and Fr. O'Connor of Holy Cross, were co-celebrants. The ceremony was presided by Fr. O'Connor.

The novices started from the front entrance of the novitiate, following order: Cross bearing novices, the postulants, white novices, long ranks of professed novices, followed by the superior, followed by the sisters in the rich vestments of the order.

The novices entered the church from the front entrance of the novitiate, following order: Cross bearing novices, the postulants, white novices, long ranks of professed novices, followed by the superior, followed by the sisters in the rich vestments of the order.

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