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A BRILLIANT CAREER.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written
For The Catholic Journal.
BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, certainly not," and the proud mother smiled another smiling smile. Lawdardy only she sighed at the thought of Beatrice being sixteen with a long term of school years yet before her, but it was consoling to think that Mr. Lenton had shown no preference for any other and he would undoubtedly be free when she had finished her education. True she would have been pleased to have seen her daughter married to a wealthy man, but her victory in seeing Beatrice win a prize so greatly coveted would fully recompense her; besides if he married well she thought his rich parents might forgive him and restore him to his former place. With this view which she kept locked in the most secret recesses of her heart, Mrs. Snow redoubled her attentions to the young pastor, becoming at the same time a more fervent church member than ever.

CHAPTER II.

Little over a week has passed and we find the sweet young graduate who only a few days ago won such high honors in her class languidly reclining in a big arm chair in her own room. Her frail form is encased in a pale blue wrapper elaborately trimmed with creamy lace, giving her an appearance little less beautiful than what she presented on the stage, but the color has all faded from her face and left a wearied expression. On one side of her sits her mother and on the other the old family physician who is looking attentively into her face, but few words are spoken until out of her presence, for Mrs. Snow believes her daughter, whom she could not prevail upon to remain in bed to be dangerously ill, and she does not wish to frighten her. "Tell me doctor, what is the trouble?" the mother asks when they are alone.

"Nothing very serious, only she has overtaxed her nerves by over study and needs a complete rest."

Mrs. Snow looked disappointed as if she thought he was deceiving her and said, "But, doctor this has come upon her so suddenly, I am sure there is something more and I beg of you not to deceive me."

"Decide you, my dear friend, did you ever know me to tell you a falsehood during the several years I have attended your family."

"No, but as I have said this so sudden."

"Not at all, I have noticed myself that Beatrice has not appeared to be in the best of health for some time past, though excitement and interest in her lessons has kept her up, but now a little rest with the aid of a good tonic will soon fully restore her. I would advise country air as most beneficial in her case."

"If that is all you have relieved my mind of a great care but, where would you advise us to go, to Saratoga or Newport? We have been preparing to go for the summer to either of those places but had not decided which."

"Neither," was the quick reply.

"And why not? Beatrice surely ought to improve at either place if as you say she needs rest and country air."

"There is too much fashion at both places, too much excitement, with their many balls and parties, and she might fail to get the required rest."

"Where then would you advise us to send her?"

"To the quiet country where she will be entirely free from the environments of fashion and city life and can roam at leisure through the forest and fields."

"I have no friends in the country to whom I could send her," said Mrs. Snow, "and if I had it is so dull that I fear she would die of loneliness in a few weeks," and the lady sighed as she thought of the pleasures she had anticipated in seeing her brilliant daughter admired at a fashionable resort during the summer.

After a few moments' reflection the old physician said, "I have friends living within two miles of a pretty little lake in the central part of the state. I have been there myself and found it a most delightful and healthful place, and I understand that about a year ago a hotel was built on the beach for the accommodation of those who wished to go there for a few weeks' rest during the summer. I have been informed that the boarders consist of only a limited number of the best class of people, so you need not be afraid to go there with your daughter. If you wish I will write

today and enquire for you in regard to the place."

"If you will be so kind I will be very thankful," and she bade the doctor, "Good morning," feeling that she had been called upon to make a great sacrifice for withdrawing for a few weeks from society.

"Sunny Side Cottage," was the name of the pretty hotel built on a bluff, rising almost directly out of Lake L. In front of the hotel was a pretty lawn dotted with brilliant flower beds and back of it a dense forest from which only the undergrowth had been cleared away. Several swings had been hung from the trees and underneath them long tables. The woods extended for several acres on one side of the building, while on the other, which had been cleared, were two paths, one extending to a long flight of stone steps which led down to the boat-landing and the other to a pretty road running for miles into the country through picturesque hills and valleys. The hotel itself was one of the enterprises of a wealthy speculator, who sought to add to his already well filled purse by making this a pleasant resort where those of his own class might retire for a time from the burden of their labors in the city. His original intention had been to make it a sort of a club home for men, but on its completion the pretty rooms had been thrown open to admit the wives and daughters of the men who wished their families to enjoy the pleasant and refreshing air with them. No one, however, was admitted to this exclusive circle excepting those who came highly recommended as belonging to the best families, so it was considered an honor to spend even a few days at "Sunny Side Cottage." Knowing this Mrs. Snow was well pleased, when, through the influence of her husband and the family physician, a handsome suite of rooms was procured for herself and five daughters, but disappointment awaited her.

On the eve of the departure, and in the midst of great preparations, Beatrice, the second daughter was taken suddenly ill, and although her malady was not considered serious, the physician forbade her leaving home for several days and at the same time he urged the immediate departure of Beatrice, who was daily growing thinner and paler. The mother's anxiety was intense and she at first refused to allow her daughter to go alone among strangers, but the doctor was firm, so Mr. Snow accompanied her, promising to remain for a few days until Beatrice would be able to join them. When the travelers were ready to go the mother, who had never before been separated for even a day from one of her girls, threw her arms around Beatrice's neck and broke into a torrent of tears.

"My poor daughter," she said, "it is so hard to let you go alone among strangers, I cannot bear to be separated from you."

"Had I known that you felt thus, mother, I would not have thought of leaving you, and, even now, if you wish I will wait."

"No, dear, I would not disappoint you thus, now that you are ready to go," said Mrs. Snow stifling a sob.

"It would be more of a disappointment to leave you, mother, knowing that you feel as you do, I wish you had told me before."

"The carriage is already at the door and we have but a few minutes now to reach our train," said Mr. Snow interposing.

Just let me see Beatrice once more," said Beatrice tearing herself from her mother's embrace and rushing up to her sister's room.

"I am sorry I cannot go with you, dear sister," said the invalid with a smile, "but I know I will soon be able to join you. Please do not worry about me for I am not very ill, but try to enjoy yourself all you can."

"Thank you, Beatrice," and imprinting a loving kiss on her sister's cheek, Beatrice hastened down to join her father.

Mr. Snow, in the meantime, had taken the moments of his daughter's absence to chide his wife for making such a foolish show of her feelings when he knew it was hard enough for Beatrice to have to leave home without her mother and sisters.

"Husband," she said, "you know not what it is to have a mother's heart, so you cannot feel for me. If it were one of the other girls, but my darling Beatrice, she is dearest to me, and much as I love them I could be much more easily separated from them."

"And still you are thinking of sending her away to boarding school in the fall?"

"Yes, husband, but this is different

her education must be attended to. Indeed I dread the thoughts of letting her go even then, for nothing in this world can ever lessen the deep love I feel for my eldest child."

The conversation was now interrupted by Beatrice who entered just in time to catch the last words which sank deep into her heart and recoiled to her many times in after years.

A tear called forth by her sister's pale face lingered on her eyelids but she brushed it away and smiling said, "Good-bye, mamma dear, I hope it will not be many days until you are all with me," and she hastened away to join the two younger girls who were already in the carriage waiting to accompany them to the depot.

Two weeks passed and each day Mrs. Snow patiently watched for improvement in her daughter, but as yet Beatrice was far from being able to be removed from home. Almost daily, long loving letters, full of cheerful words and glowing accounts of the country and the friends they had made, came from the absent ones, and many times did Beatrice mention in most glowing terms a certain Helen Lee of Chicago, in whom she found a most charming companion. Urgent business affairs now called Mr. Snow home and he would have brought Beatrice with him but he did not wish to take her so soon from the place where she was so rapidly regaining her strength, and besides he felt safe in leaving her in care of Helen Lee and her two maiden aunts whom he had learned belonged to a very good family with whose social position his fastidious wife could not be otherwise than pleased.

CHAPTER III.

During the first three days Beatrice fought bravely to overcome a terrible attack of homesickness increased by the thoughts of her mother's grief and her invalid sister. True, her father did all in his power to entertain her, but she knew that he needed recreation and rest as well as herself and she did not wish to continually burden him with her presence when they were so many agreeable gentlemen at the cottage in whose company he could find much more pleasure than remaining with a half invalid young lady like herself. She had as yet scarcely left the building alone; but on the afternoon of the third day, her father having gone on a fishing tour with some of the guests, though not without her heartiest approval, she resolved to explore the woods. Taking a book of poems she went out the back way to avoid a group of ladies who had assembled on the veranda around two middle-aged ladies who had arrived that morning.

It was a sultry July day but a cooling breeze from the lake swept through the forest making the air delightful. In exuberant spirits the young girl strolled on, stopping here and there to pick a few berries or a pretty fern and she heeded not where she was going until she found herself deep in the woods. Believing herself entirely alone she sat down on a mound to enjoy her book, but she had not finished the first poem when the sound of a sweet girlish voice fell upon her ears. The words, at first unintelligible to her, she soon discovered were Latin, but although she had acquired a fair knowledge of that language in school, she still failed to comprehend their meaning. It mattered little what the words were as far as she was concerned for the air sung by that melodious voice filled her with rapture and she did not move but gazed around to see who the singer was. To her surprise she saw reclining on the ground very near her a young lady, little older than herself, with a face lit up with a heavenly light which added new beauty to her sweet voice. The song was finished and Beatrice, who wished very much to address the stranger, arose and stood deliberating the propriety of a self-introduction when the girl glanced up and their eyes met in a look which melted all formalities.

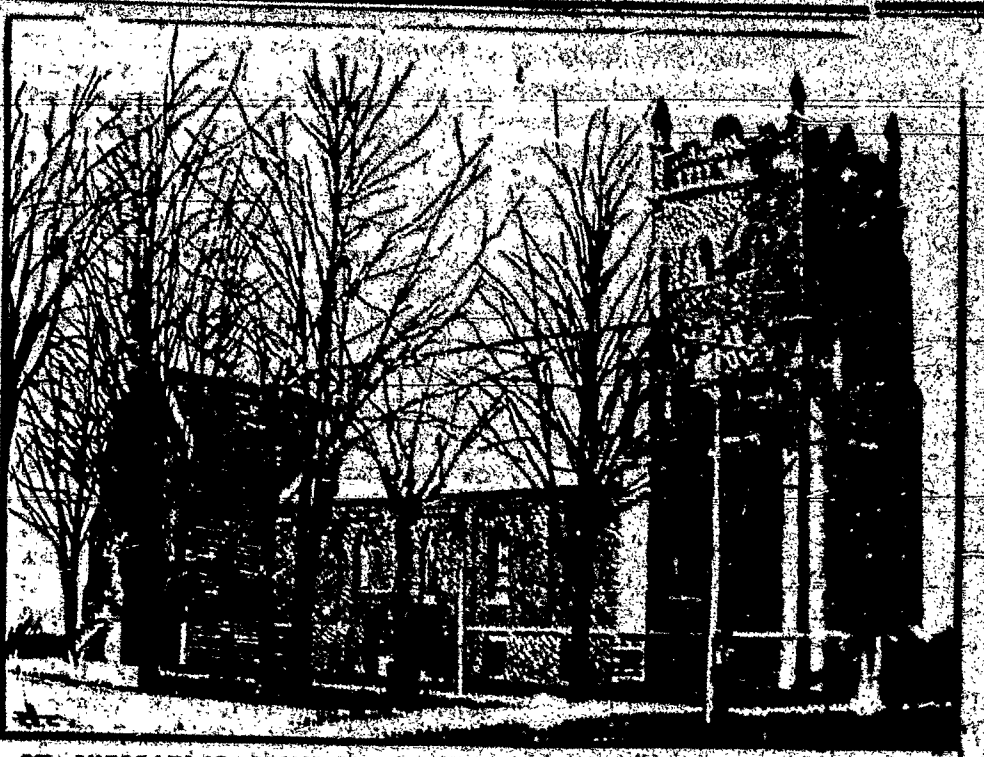
Advancing Beatrice said, "Please pardon me, Miss, for my interruption but I enjoyed your song so much that I could not help listening and now I wish to thank you for the pleasure you have given me."

The young lady arose and smiling said, "I was not aware that I had any other audience than the birds and the squirrels, but if I have afforded you any pleasure certainly I will pardon you."

"Oh, thank you, I did really enjoy it so much, but may I ask what the song was. It was unfamiliar to me but so beautiful."

(To be continued.)

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ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NEWARK, DEDICATED LAST SUNDAY.

Last Sunday was a notable day in the history of St. Michael's Church of Newark, as it witnessed the culmination of long-cherished plans, the dedication of the handsome new church building at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, which has been erected at a cost of about \$20,000. The church was opened at 10 o'clock Sunday morning for the first time. The services began at 10:30 o'clock, when the procession began at the front door, going to the corner stone and around the outside, returning to the church and blessing the inside from the tower to the basement. The litany and appropriate psalms were rendered and sung during the procession, after which Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, delivered an able sermon, followed which the Mass of the day was celebrated in the order prescribed for the third Sunday in Lent. The bishop and clergy returned to Lyons after the services.

Plans for the new building were begun by Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh, the priest of the parish, and his congregation several years ago but it was not until last year that sufficient funds were raised to warrant the committee in going ahead with the building, contracts for which were let early last fall. The Building Committee consisted of Rev. Father Kavanaugh, N. L. McDonald, Edward Walsh, with whom co-operated an Advisory Committee consisting of Edward Walsh, T. W. Martin, N. L. McDonald, Michael Meakill, P. S. White, James O'Connell, Thomas McDermott, W. B. Roche, J. B. McDermott, Frank Develer, Mrs. W. H. Miller and Mrs. D. J. Benhkan. The hard labor of the committee have been rewarded by one of the handsomest church edifices in Western New York. It follows a beautiful architectural design and is constructed of handsome Medina sandstone. It has a length of 112 feet, a width of 47 feet, with a tower in front 28 feet square, the building being in the form of a cross. The interior finish is of oak and all the furnishings with the possible exception of the altar, are new, the old altar having been put in place for use temporarily until a new altar can be provided. Provision for the choir has been made in the rear gallery of the church and here will be installed in the near future a new pipe organ.

The windows of the church are one of its special decorative features. They are after the new school of design and coloring of American opalescent glass. They are all in Gothic treatment, in keeping with the building and were donated by individuals or families in the church.

The various emblems of the Catholic faith are represented in the windows until the sacristy is reached, where three figures windows have been placed, one in memory of Ellen Walsh and son Patrick, by the Walsh family, representing the annunciation, showing the angel appearing to Mary. Opposite this window is a beautiful one of the Holy Family, after a celebrated painting, containing three figures, the one with the Christ Child being especially attractive. This was given by Mrs. W. H. Miller. In the sacristy proper is a beautiful figure window of St. John Nepomus, which was donated to the church by the rector, Rev. Father Kavanaugh. All of the windows on the north side of the church were given by Dr. and Mrs. N. L. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walsh, the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association and Stephen McCauley and family. The remaining windows on the south side were gifts of Mrs. and Mrs. T. W. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, the Lally and the Gray family. The windows on the north side of the tower in the main building facing the east, are a memorial

al window in memory of James Phillips and wife, and two windows donated by the Hollasters. On the south side are two memorial windows in memory of Thomas McDonald and deceased children and in memory of Patrick Quinn and wife, and one the gift of M. J. Dowling.

Another principal feature of the church is the placing of a set of stations of the cross that are far above the average. The first, "Jesus is condemned to death," is placed at the front and right side of the church on entering, and is the gift of Mr. John DeWitt and family. Next in order on the left hand side is "Jesus carrying His Cross," gift of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick E. Downing and family; "Jesus falls the first time," in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Murphy and Garrett Murphy; "Jesus meets His blessed mother," in memory of Michael Martin and Michael Hamner; "Jesus assisted in carrying the cross by Simon," gift of Benjamin Fanning and family; "Veronica wipes the face of Jesus," in memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Sr.; "Jesus falls the second time," gift of Loretta McGee; "Jesus meets the holy women," in memory of Thomas, Dorothy and Hugh Crowe; "Jesus falls the third time," in memory of John and Michael Delaney and Michael McCarthy; "Jesus is stripped of His garments," in memory of Hannah Downes, Eugene Walsh and Joseph Bulger; "Jesus is nailed to the cross," in memory of Mrs. J. Crowe and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown and family; "Jesus expires on the cross," gift of Mrs. Kate Bahlken for her father and mother; "Jesus taken from the cross," gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDermott; "Jesus is laid in the sepulchre," in memory of William Manning and family. These beautiful pieces of work cost between \$600 and \$700 and make up an unusually fine collection.

The history of St. Michael's parish has been very interesting. In 1822, Father Gilbride came to Newark and celebrated the mass ever celebrated in Newark. There was no Catholic church in Newark at the time, and services were held in the homes of the Catholic families. Father Gilbride had charge of the Newark and Palmyra congregations until 1855, when he was succeeded by Father Toohy, who remained until 1857. In that year Father O'Donald came to Newark and remained until 1859. Father Clark succeeded Father O'Donald, remaining here until 1860. He was followed by Father Parnell, who remained until 1868, and it was during his pastorate the first Catholic church in Newark was built on the site where the old church on East Miller street now stands. In 1868 Father Lee came to Clifton Springs and took charge of the Clifton Springs and Newark congregations, remaining until 1876. In 1876 Father Ramolla took charge of the Lyons and Newark congregations, remaining until 1878, when he was succeeded by Father Hickey, who remained until 1888. In 1882 and during Father Hickey's pastorate the church that now stands on East Miller street was built. Father Kavanaugh came in 1888.

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