

Send us  
your  
Book and Job  
Printing.

# The Catholic Journal

Fourteenth Year. No. 26.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, March 28, 1903.

5100 511

## A BRILLIANT CAREER.

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

(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER III.

"It was a Latin hymn, the Ave Maria."  
"I never heard of it before but do not think I can ever forget it after having heard it this once."

The young lady smiled and wishing to turn the subject as well as learn who her companion was, said, "Are you not one of the guests at the Cottage, Miss? I believe I saw you at dinner."

"Yes, I am Beatrice Snow."

"And my name is Helen Lee."

During the short conversation each had been studying the other closely and it would be hard to say which made the more favorable impression on the other. Suffice it to say that they became friends at once and sat down to spend a pleasant afternoon. While Helen learned much about Beatrice, our young heroine was informed that her new friend, like herself, was one of this year's graduates, but from boarding school, and that she was here in company with two aunts whom she had left directly after dinner in order to enjoy a quiet hour or two all alone in the cool forest.

"And I came here and interrupted you."

"A most pleasant interruption it was indeed, for I know we shall be friends."

The girls heeded not the passing hours, until the lengthening shadows warned them that the sun was sinking low in the west, then arm in arm as if they had been old friends they returned to the cottage.

Mr. Snow who had returned two hours earlier, had been filled with anxiety in regard to his daughter's prolonged absence, while the two Misses Lee were trying to organize a searching party to go in quest of Miss Helen whom they knew had lost her way in the great forest. Their surprise was great on seeing the truants return together, but in the pleasant evening which followed, after being introduced to Mr. Snow and his daughter, the anxious care of an hour ago was entirely forgotten, and thus began a friendship which the gentleman looked upon as most providential when he was obliged to go home and leave his daughter alone among strangers.

Two kindred spirits had met, but as a result of their early training how vastly different in many respects were their tastes. Each looked upon life without education as devoid of much that goes to make up the brightness of our existence, and each had sacrificed many hours in toiling to acquire knowledge. Music, arts and literature were fully appreciated by both but here their tastes most widely differed. Beatrice enjoyed most the gay, fashionable songs of the day and the spirited waltzes which thrilled her young heart with wild emotion brought nearer the time when in a brilliant ball room, she hoped to shine as a belle, while Helen, on the other hand preferred the sweet low melodies which lull the tired soul into a peaceful rest, and she would sit quietly and listen, tears, not of sorrow, trembling on her long lashes and her face illuminated by an almost heavenly light, which contrasted greatly with the wild unrest in the eyes of her young friend, who found it difficult to keep quiet while listening to her favorite themes. The girls had an equal admiration for the beauties of nature as pictured on canvases; but the gods and goddesses of Paganism and the gallily attired jewel-decked queen of the ball-room found more favor in the eyes of Beatrice than Helen's picture of scenes from the life of our Lord and His holy servants. Despite her superior love of learning, the society novel had dulled the mind of the younger girl to the appreciation of many of the beauties the other found in classical stories where the heroes and heroines were often chosen from the holy ones of the early ages. Poetry had been one of Beatrice's chief home studies. With her mother she had read volume after volume and prided herself on her superior knowledge, but when Helen quoted to her several soul inspiring lines from Father Ryan, Adelaide Proctor and other sublime writers whose only fault seems to be their religion, which has obscured them from the Protestant world, no less than, alas, too many of their own faith who have been educated in our public schools, she listened first in admiration, then asked in amazement who the authors were. When informed she said that she had never heard of them before and asked if

they were not new or obscure writers. When informed to the contrary her reply was, "How very strange, mamma never told me of any of them."

Unconsciously as the days passed the mind of the younger girl was conforming itself to the gentle influence of her new friend, but Mr. Snow himself was as blind to the fact as his daughter, and when he was about to leave her he felt no anxiety whatever in regard to her safety in such company.

Early Monday morning Mr. Snow took his departure but Beatrice accompanied him to the depot and as she bade him good-bye, she said, "I am very sorry, papa, that you cannot remain a few days longer as Wednesday, you know, will be my birthday and I am so sorry to be obliged to spend it alone among strangers."

"Do not fear my dear girl, for in leaving you with the Lees, strangers though they were until within the past few days, I feel that you are with true friends; but I would not go, however, were it not on account of urgent business which calls me home."

"I know it, papa, and I will try to be as happy as I could until mamma and my sisters arrive which I hope will be very soon."

"I hope so too, Beatrice, and I think they will as Blanche is now better. And now since you have promised to be a good girl, I will tell you of a little surprise I had in store for you."

"What is it, papa? Are they coming this week?"

"I wish they were, but it will be impossible. We have arranged for a little reception in your honor on Wednesday evening which is to be presided over by Miss Helen and her aunts."

"Oh, papa, how kind of you," and after a moment's reflection she added "I wish you would have mamma send my graduating dress right away as I have nothing fit to wear with me and I am growing so fleshy since I came here that it may have to be made a little larger."

"I will, dear, and I know she will be pleased to learn you are improving but here is the train and I must bid you good-bye."

### CHAPTER IV.

Tuesday evening a large express package was brought to Beatrice's room. She knew it to be filled with happy surprises from the dear ones at home, but unaccustomed to enjoying such pleasures alone, she would not open it until she had called in Helen. First came the dainty graduating gown which she shook out and threw upon her bed until she saw what her treasures were. There were pretty gifts accompanied by loving messages from each member of the family, but what pleased her most were the presents from her mother and Blanche, a small but beautiful engraving of Guido's Beatrice Cenci and a handsome copy of Scott's Marmion, bound in white and gold. The happy girl went into raptures over the first, telling her friend how she had been named for this Roman maiden whom she considered one of the most beautiful characters in history and she described at the same time the elegant oil painting of the same hanging in her mother's own room.

So enthusiastic was Beatrice that she did not notice the sorrowful expression of disapproval on the face of Helen who was grieved to see one so young and good so deeply interested in such a character. Having exhausted her subject she went on to laud the praises of her new book, dwelling longest on the sad fate of Constance de Brevel for whom she always felt the deepest sympathy. Her companion, it is needless to say was anything but edified by her glowing words but would make no comment, so as soon as she found an opportunity she took up the dress and said:

"This is your graduating dress, Beatrice?"

"Yes," was the reply and laying her treasures on the table added, "I will try it on now that you are here to assist me."

The next hour was spent on the dress which proved to be too tight for the comfort of the wearer and Cenci and Marmion were happily forgotten in plans for alteration which Helen volunteered to make next day, but before Beatrice retired she read again the entire poem she had nearly learned long before and fell asleep to dream of the young nun whose sad and disgraceful story she believed to be true.

The next forenoon, Beatrice having several purchases to make, the girls went to the village. Helen also wished to buy some little token to add to the pretty presents her friend had received. In an art store they were admiring a collection of beautiful pictures

when Helen's eyes rested upon one of St. Cecilia and she could not help drawing in her mind a contrast between the sweet holy face of the patroness of music and the one her friend held in such high esteem.

"Isn't it beautiful," she asked, "and how sweet those angels are who are straying roses on the organ. One would almost believe from the heavenly look on her face that she really beheld those bright spirits."

"Very," said Beatrice, then added in a tone which meant reverence rather than the contrary, "almost as beautiful as my Cenci. Who is she or is she only an imaginary personage?"

"It is St. Cecilia. Have you never heard of her who is the patroness of music?"

"Never," was the reply, "but I would like to," and Beatrice turned her attention to a picture of Psyche, saying, "Here is another gem of art. I know all about her, but it is really hard to decide which of these is the most beautiful."

On their way home Helen turned out of their usual route and when asked where she was going, she said that she wished to call on a friend, adding, "We have plenty of time here we not?"

"Yes, two whole hours before dinner time."

Beatrice chatted gaily showing how light her heart was as they walked on until they reached a pretty house standing quite a distance back from the street and surrounded by a velvety lawn dotted with flower beds and shrubbery. Here Helen stopped and as they were going up the walk her companion remarked:

"Your friend has a pleasant home but you did not tell me who she is."

"This is the convent," was the reply.

Beatrice, although almost at the door, stopped and was half tempted to turn back. In an instant the beauty of the place had vanished from view; in spirit she saw before her a vision of dungeons and tortures of which she had heard so much from her mother, and uppermost in her mind was the ill fated Constance warning her to flee.

"What is it, Beatrice?" asked Helen.

"Why did you not tell me where you were bringing me?" and her voice trembled while a half frightened look overpread her face.

"Because I did not think it would matter much to you."

"I have never been inside a convent ground before."

Helen smiled and said, "Then this will be a little treat to you on your birthday and I will ask one of the Sisters to show us through the building if you wish."

Curiosity almost gained the ascendancy over fear, and had her mother been with her as a protector, Beatrice would gladly have accepted the offer but after a little hesitation she replied:

"No, thank you, Helen, not to-day please, and if you have no objections I will wait for you outside. I hope you will not remain long."

"Do as you like, I have only to deliver a message from Aunt Grace and it will take but a few minutes."

Beatrice sank into a rustic seat and looked after her friend as she was admitted by a black-robed lady who smilingly welcomed her. Nearly half an hour elapsed and she was beginning to think that something must have befallen Helen when she saw her approaching her with one of the Sisters.

"I hope you will pardon me for keeping you so long waiting, but Sister has been showing me some new books just received from the publishers." She did not tell her the package she held was one of them which she had just purchased for her, but introduced her to Sister Martha.

With a cold bow the girl returned the pleasant, "I am very happy to meet you, Miss Snow," and she was anxious to hasten away at once, but the kind cheerful manner of Sister Martha soon dispelled her fears and almost before she was aware of it she felt perfectly at ease in her company and the Catholic nuns she thought, might not all be as bad as she had been led to believe.

"I have the best news," said Helen as soon as they were again alone.

"What is it?"

"One of the best vocal music teachers in the order is expected here this afternoon to spend the remainder of the summer and I have made arrangements to take lessons twice a week."

"That will be delightful," said Beatrice, "though your voice scarcely needs much cultivating."

(To be continued.)

Subscribe for The Catholic Journal.

## HE IS WAITING.

(Written for The Catholic Journal.)  
When day is breaking o'er the hills  
And the stars have left the sky,  
When the sun is rising in the splendor  
And the lark is heard on high,  
And when shadows deepen round the altar

In gloom of darkest night,  
Save the little flickering ray  
Of the sanctuary light.

He is dwelling in the tabernacle  
Off forsaken by His own,  
Keeping there His lonely vigil  
Upon His earthly throne.

Do we forget that He is waiting,  
Our Saviour from above,  
In the Sacrament of the altar,  
For just a word of love?

Do we comprehend His greatness  
When we pass the church door,  
And we have no time to enter,  
His mercy to implore?

Through the turmoil of our lives  
As we hasten on our way,  
Can we spare no time for Jesus  
Just a little while to pray?

Do you know, O hardened sinner,  
That His love for you and I,  
That brought Him down from heaven,  
On Calvary's cross to die?

What detains Him on our altars  
In the Sacrament of love,  
Off with no one to adore Him,  
But the angels from above?

For your sins and mine He suffered  
And died on Calvary hill,  
And now He remains amongst us  
Because He loves us still.

When the heart is bowed with sorrow  
And life is burdened hard to bear,  
He is waiting on the altar,  
And will all your trouble share.

Then enter in and He will bless you  
When you pass the church's door,  
And ask Him to receive you  
When life's pilgrimage is o'er.

M. O. W.

## NAZARETH ACADEMY.

Last Thursday evening an Ensemble Recital was held at Nazareth Academy, Jay street. The following is the program:

1. Ascher-Concordia, three pianos.  
Rosella Griffin, Emma Roth, Maud Edelman, Madeline Maloy, Mary Quigley and Mary Stafford.

2. Heller-Tarantelle, Mary Feldinger and Rosella M. Hirsch.

3. Shakespeare, scene from Henry VIII, at "Black Friars".  
King Henry, Helen E. Flanagan, Katherine of Aragon, Anna May Murphy, Cardinal Wolsey, Florence A. O'Connor.

4. Beethoven, Adagio Cantabile, from "Grand Sonata" op. 20.  
Angela M. Burns, Maud P. Edelman.

5. Grey—"The Heavenly Song," vocal.  
Mary Stafford, Gertrude Mahoney, Rhea Powers, and Anna McQuibney.

6. Rossini—Overture to "St. George of Corinth," three pianos.  
Rosella Griffin, Mary Quigley, Angela Burns, Maud Edelman, Ella McGreal, Marie Feldinger, organ, Mary McCormick, triangle, Little May.

7. Cronch—"Kathleen Mavourneen," vocal.  
Helen E. Flanagan.

8. Wagner—Singing Song, from "Flying Dutchman".  
Gertrude M. Kohler, M. Grace Neilligan.

9. Lynde—"Shadowtown," vocal.  
Anna McQuibney, Helen E. Flanagan.

10. Mendelssohn Concerto, op. 25 (G minor), Allegro, vivace.  
Rosella F. Griffin, orchestral part on second piano, Mary A. Quigley.

11. Rossini Overture to "William Tell".  
Pianos, Rosella Griffin, Florence A. O'Connor, Angela Burns, Grace Neilligan, violins, Beth Rogers, Mary Howland, Elizabeth Fee, Emily Higgins, Maud Edelman.

We will not mention any number in particular, as the entire performance was a most enjoyable one; the technique and expression of the pupils being excellent. All the numbers were well rendered and reflected much credit on the participants.

## In Memoriam.

Whereas, The members of Genesee Council C. B. L. have learned with the deepest sorrow and regret, the many trials and afflictions which have visited our Chancellor, Dennis O'Brien. The long and severe sickness of himself and his brother, and the long and painful sickness and death of his beloved sister, all within the short space of eight or nine months time, excites our deepest sympathy and sorrow. Therefore, be it Resolved, That we extend to him our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this time of trouble and sorrow, and we earnestly pray that God will give him spiritual strength and courage to bear up cheerfully the load that he has to carry, that he may have the Christian strength and fortitude which so characterized our Christian forefathers of old. We further pray that God will lift from his vision those dark clouds of adversity which appear to hover over him, and let the bright sunlight of hope and love shine on him. "God persecuteth those whom He loveth." We all have our heavy burdens to carry, and we must carry them, and we should do so, for it is the Lord's will that we should, and we should do it with cheerfulness and resignation.

Resolved, That this letter of condolence be spread upon our minutes and that a copy of the same be sent to our comrade, Chancellor Dennis O'Brien.

Committee: George W. Ennis, John J. Meagher, J. C. Hughes.

Send your book and job printing to The Journal office. Prices right.

## ST. PATRICK WAS A

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Rev. A. M. O'Brien, says Protestant Used to Delight in Hanging Him in Effigy.

"St. Patrick's Faith" was the subject of an address delivered by Rev. A. M. O'Brien, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, before the anti-Protestant Sunday night. He said in part:

"No one understands this better than the modern preacher, who contending St. Paul's standard of preaching Christ crucified, is constantly in quest of subjects that should be foreign to a Christian pulpit, or who aims to arrive at conclusions that are contrary to the sacred convictions of mankind. Only a few weeks ago a Protestant minister in New York City claimed that George Washington was more of an Englishman than an American, and every month of March there are a few Protestant ministers maintaining that St. Patrick was an Anglican, or a Baptist, or a Methodist, or a Presbyterian. The very announcement of such a subject is sure to attract attention, and even though no proof deserving of historical credence is advanced to confirm his position, the minister has, at least, brought his name before the public.

"The contention that St. Patrick was a Protestant meets everyone with surprise. If the Protestant will heed the words of my text and will ask his father and elders what were their opinions of St. Patrick, they will answer that it was their chief delight to hang him in effigy and that they mentioned his name only with a sneer, but if the Catholics will question his father and elders regarding Ireland's apostle, how reverential they will reply; were their feelings towards this illustrious saint, and how bitter were the persecutions to which they and their ancestors were subjected because they would not renounce the faith that St. Patrick had taught."

Nickel Plate Tourist Cars to accommodate the demand for accommodations in the famous Nickel Plate Transcontinental tourist sleepers which formerly left Boston every Monday and Wednesday noon, a Tri-Weekly service has now been established leaving Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday noon via B. & N. W. and Nickel Plate Rds. Cars to be joined at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo enroute. Second class and special Colonist's tickets available. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Homesteaders' excursions. The Nickel Plate Road will sell special round trip Homesteaders' excursion tickets first and third Tuesdays each month until April 1903 at exceedingly low rates. These services from New York city and intermediate points via D. L. & W. and W. S. Rds. Three fast thru trains each way daily. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Among the series now running in The Utopopolis may be mentioned "How to Administer a Household"—the April installment deals with the part exercises plays in the preservation of health; "Making a Choice of Profession—Medicine" is discussed in the April number. "Captains of Industry"—the sketches in the current number deal with Jacob Henry Schiff the great financier, and Henry Osborne Havemeyer, the sugar king. "Man-kind in the Making," by H. G. Wells; "The Young Napoleon—the Genesis of a Great Career," by Field-marshal Viscount Wolseley, K. P.; "Romances of the World's Great Mines"—The Calumet and Hecla," by S. E. Moffett, forms the subject of the April article and Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "Baruch of the Guard."

Low rates to Pacific Coast. Climate unsurpassed, business opportunities never better. The Nickel Plate R. R. will sell daily Feb. 15th to April 30th special one way tickets Buffalo, N. Y. to Pacific Coast points at \$42. Good connections at Buffalo with all lines from the east. Splendid transcontinental tourist car service every Monday and Wednesday and Friday noon. Exceeding low rates to other points in far West. Inquire of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Care of Thanks.  
The Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth Academy, extend thanks to Mr. John F. Griffin, of the firm of Mackie & Co., for furnishing a piano for their recital last Thursday evening.

## RECEIVED

Young Women's

Very

Wednesday

first young women

the Church of St.

conducted by

at the

W. J. Higgins

and

at St. Mary's

and

religious

March 28

secretary

pleasant

located on

delighted with

place and

committees in

success. If all

some and

they will also

and will vote

ment over our

Catholic hall

for our

dedicated

effort.

and

March 28

an

scholarship

the school

object of

list of

capacities and

acted as

containing

geographical

The editor

maker a

short

on

On Friday

York Central

Pennsylvania