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# The Catholic Journal

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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 VI.

Beatrice unfolded her arms, looked once more into that sweet face which still shone with such holy light and then departed. When she was gone Helen turned to the window and watched the haughty Mrs. Snow and her five daughters as they entered the carriage and were driven away. Beatrice waved a farewell, threw her a kiss and that was the last, for the mother who had promised but a short drive purposely went many miles into the country. Thinking that the easiest way to rid herself of the Lee's, who had tried to instill Popish ideas into her daughter's mind, was the best, she would not return until she knew they were gone, and she rejoiced over having done her duty so well.

The disappointment of Beatrice was so great that she scarcely tasted the supper, which her mother and sisters greatly enjoyed after their long drive, and that night she slept but little. Helen seemed like a spirit to hover over her bed and she resolved to write to her next day telling her how sorry she was not to have seen her before she left. Morning dawned but she who had spent a restless night had fallen into a sound slumber from which her mother, for good reason, was careful not to awake her until noon. Then when she appeared at the dinner table she found all excitement for everyone was talking about a terrible wreck on the railroad which had occurred late the evening before. A freight had rushed into the rear end of the train on which the Lee's had departed, completely demolishing the sleeper and next car ahead and injuring many. The list of the unfortunate was not received until noon when it was read at the table. Helen Lee was among the dead, while her Aunt Grace, it was feared could not survive. At this announcement a cry rang through the room and Beatrice fell almost lifeless into the arms of her mother.

### CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Snow had planned a most delightful vacation at the cottage after being rid of the obnoxious Catholic Lee's, but much as she had rejoiced over their departure the evening before, she was not hard-hearted now. Remorse on account of the bitterness she had borne for Helen for the time filled her mind but it was of short duration. Beatrice's first words on regaining consciousness had been, "Mother, Helen, is dead, poor Helen and I broke my promise to be home in time to bid her good-bye and now I will never, never see her again," and she broke into a passionate outburst of weeping which only grew more intense as her mother tried to soothe her. "Leave me mamma dear, please leave me alone and I will try to rest," she said at last, and Mrs. Snow obeyed.

Life at the cottage was now anything but pleasant to Beatrice, who dreamed to look upon the scenes where she and Helen had been so happy together, and she was impatient to return home. Accordingly on the second day the party started back to New York. In the morning Beatrice had asked permission to call at the convent and bid the Sisters good-bye, but this privilege was firmly denied by her mother who resolved to begin at once to try to counteract the bad influence under which her favorite had fallen.

Arrived at home Mrs. Snow not only told her husband how her timely interference had saved her darling from great danger of falling into the errors of Popery, but she went at the first opportunity to inform Father Lenton and asked him to try to show her the folly of having chosen such company as the nuns whom she deemed unfit associates for her. After having exhausted her subject without having received a word of sympathy from him, she said:

"Is it not really too bad after I have been so careful in the home training of my daughter? Such is the result of allowing her to go alone in the company of strangers."

The young clergyman's face for a time was a study, but from his deep lines Mrs. Snow could read nothing. At length he said:

"Beatrice, I am sure is old enough to take care of herself among strangers so I have no fear for her falling into any error."

"I fear you do not understand my daughter as well as a pastor should."

"I understand her better than you think."

She had too much respect for her minister to think of contradicting or arguing with him, so with a feeling bordering on dissatisfaction she arose to go.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Snow, that you feel as you do in regard to your daughter and I hope you will not be offended if I say that religious prejudice causes far too much ill feeling between people of different denominations. Are we not the children of the same Heaven and would it not be far better if this feeling could be done away with and a true Christian charity take its place?"

"I suppose so," said the worldly woman who would not disagree with him.

"Tell Beatrice to call to-morrow forenoon and I will talk with her." Well satisfied that in spite of his apparent indifference Mr. Lenton to do what she considered his duty toward her daughter, Mrs. Snow delivered his message in a manner which conveyed no hint whatever as to the object of her visit to him, and unexpectingly Beatrice went to see him.

A most cordial reception which ever put her perfectly at ease in his presence greeted the young lady, and the first inquiries were for her health and the success of her visit to the country which he hoped had been a most pleasant one.

"I had a most delightful visit but it came to a very sad end."

"How so?"

With more seriousness than he had ever expected to see in her she told him of her friendship with Helen Lee and of its sad end.

"Poor Beatrice, you mourn for your friend, and that is natural, but no doubt she was a good Christian so you have hopes of meeting her again in Heaven."

"Yes, I firmly believe she was a true Christian although a Catholic."

"Cannot a Catholic be as true a Christian as anyone else?"

"Yes, I believe so now since I have known her and her good friends, the nuns, to whom she introduced me."

"The nuns," he repeated, "as our Beatrice has been visiting a convent."

"Yes, I hope there was no harm in it."

He did not reply to this but made several inquiries as to the Sisters' mode of life as he had observed it, and also in regard to what she had learned of the Catholic religion. Frankly and unhesitatingly she told him all until he touched upon her own feelings in regard to the Roman Catholic faith, which were deeply buried in the secret recesses of her heart, then she hesitated.

"Beatrice," he said in a tender, fatherly tone, "in our church, I almost regret for the good of some of its weak members, to say that we have not the confessional where the ministers are permitted to penetrate and apply a healing balm to the sorrowing and sin-laden souls of their flock, but we are ever ready to listen to your sorrows and doubts, so fear not, child, but tell me all and rest assured that I will not scold, and your secret will be as safe as in the Roman confessional where the priests are bound to eternal silence."

No deeply rooted belief in a single practice of the Catholic church of which she in reality knew so little, had as yet found its way into her mind, but the brilliant example of the Sisters and of her who now rested in her grave had left a deep impression which she had dared not hint in her home, but to him she told everything to which he listened with the deepest interest. When she had finished he walked to the window and stood with his back to her gazing blankly into space. So deeply absorbed was he that a man passing almost in front of him he would scarcely have seen, and his own face was a study, but when he returned to Beatrice it was calm as a clear lake on a still summer's day, and none would have dreamed of the terrible struggle which had taken place within.

"Beatrice, my child," he said, "would you be willing to become a Catholic if you were convinced of the truth of the Faith?"

"Certainly, I would."

"And brave the danger of being ignored by your own?"

"I would, but I have no fear of such a thing happening. I firmly believe that though the Roman Catholic church may be right in many things, still we have the true religion Christ taught His Apostles."

"I do not blame you, Beatrice, for so you were brought up, not only by my predecessor and your parents, but myself have taught you the same," and he might have added: "Never again will you hear such teachings from my lips," but silence must be

kept, so he said tenderly:

"Thank you child for the confidence you have given me, I think no less of you for it. On the contrary I respect you more for your truth, and may God assist you in every undertaking all through life and guide you safely to Heaven."

"Thank you, Father Lenton," and she arose to go, her mind quickened by a sweet, calm feeling so unlike that which had disturbed her proud mother on leaving the house the day previous.

"God bless you again, Beatrice," he repeated laying his hand in benediction upon her head, "and now, good-bye, as I may not see you again before you go to school. I assure you of my earnest prayers and ask yours in return."

He stood in the open door-way and watched her as she disappeared down the street, then he went to his private oratory and falling on his knees before a life size crucifix, kept from the eyes of all outside his own home, he prayed long and earnestly. The sculptured face of Him who had died for the redemption of all mankind seemed to grow sadder and sadder. "Why delay longer," but strong doubts won the victory over grace, and he arose from his knees still unconvinced.

During the Autumn months strange and to some unsatisfactory rumors were set afloat in regard to Father Lenton. He was daily becoming more high church, much to the displeasure of many of his parishioners, while others admired the ceremonies they could not understand. He had long since asserted his firm belief in the real Presence of Our Lord in the Eucharist; a statue of the Blessed Virgin stood on a side Altar and he had vainly tried to introduce the confessional where his flock were obliged, not to tell all of their sins, but such as troubled them most, and about which they needed the advice and consolation of a true friend who would not betray them. Worse than all he was not only on friendly terms with many of the leading priests of the city, but it had been reported that he was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Paulist fathers and often spent many hours in secret intercourse with them in their own house.

These rumors were not slow in reaching the ears of his bishop, who for some time watched him vigilantly learning that they were not altogether false. It was about the middle of December when he became firmly convinced that something must be done or his young spiritual son might be going over to Rome and taking many of his parishioners with him, as some one had laughingly remarked that he intended doing. Accordingly he called on him in company with one of his most intimate friends, a minister whose bigotry was very bitter and demanded an account of his actions, threatening to close his church and take his office from him unless he discontinued his present course which was anything but becoming to an Anglican minister. The threats strengthened rather than weakened the resolutions of the young man, and at the close of a long interview he was informed by his bishop that he would be given until the first Sunday in January to make his choice between Romanism and Anglicanism. For the present the matter was to be kept quiet.

On Christmas day Father Lenton moved many to tears by his beautiful and touching sermon on the birth of Christ, who though King of the entire universe had humbled Himself to be born in the utmost poverty, and in words too strong to be misunderstood he touchingly referred to the part which the Virgin Mary had taken in helping to bring about the Incarnation of the Son of God. Not only the beautiful language with which the gifted speaker had clothed his subject but the newness of many things he related, won the admiration of his hearers, but they knew not that from that Protestant pulpit they had listened to a purely Catholic sermon prepared from Catholic works.

Like a bright star which in glowing brilliancy shines for a time above the horizon, then suddenly vanishes from view was the life of the minister, for to-day he was in the zenith of his glory and to-morrow his glory would be seen no more until he appeared before his friends in a far different but holier light.

On New Year's day the sermon was very short and at the close Father Lenton announced his intention of preaching his farewell on the following Sunday. Some thought he was to be called to a larger and grander church where his oratory would be more appreciated and his coming departure was greatly lamented. If it were a

question of salary, that would be decided, but when the subject was referred to him by some of the leading men he said money had nothing whatever to do with the change. "What is it then and where do you intend to go?" was asked, to which he had replied that he had not yet decided where to go, and as for his reasons for leaving his present post of duty, they would know all on Sunday.

The first Sunday of January was clear and bright like a day in early spring, and long before the usual time for morning service the church was crowded to its utmost capacity and later many had to be refused admittance. With a smiling face, glowing with holy enthusiasm the young clergyman stood for the last time before the congregation whose love and reverence had been his for two years and a half. He knew well that he was about to change many of his most ardent admirers and friends to enemies but he cared little for that for Heaven was on his side. He was firmly convinced that the step he was about to take, in publicly denouncing the religion he had hitherto professed, to become a Catholic, was right, and he feared no man, as with open Bible he explained text after text by which he sought to prove to his hearers as he had done to himself, the truths of the Catholic church. When he had finished, he left the pulpit as composedly as if he had only preached an ordinary sermon.

The shock that had fallen upon the congregation was intense. Some said they had known it would and thus others said he had been over-influenced by the wily Paulists, who were ever seeking to rob the Protestant church of its brightest lights; while still others declared him to be insane. In the first they were right, for the minister had long contemplated this step, but in the rest they were entirely wrong. Influenced far from it according to their ideas, for the good fathers had used no influence, only Heaven had been besieged with prayers, far more powerful than words could have been, and as for his mind being weak or clouded it had never been clearer or stronger than now, when illuminated by the brilliant light of the true Faith which he was about to embrace, he stood ready to sacrifice all on the immaculate altar of truth.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Nature with the fairest of her gifts could scarcely have endowed a more beautiful spot for the education of youth than that which Julia Van Horn had chosen for her young ladies' seminary. It was situated in a pleasant little valley among the foothills of the Blue Ridge and the prettily laid out grounds together with the beautiful natural scenery made it a most charming place and one that could easily have enchanted the heart of youth.

Miss Van Horn, the foundress as well as present mistress of this school had been the only and idolized daughter of a wealthy Southern planter, who in her infancy had come from England, bringing besides herself her fair young mother and one older brother. Early in life, she had lost her mother and had been placed in a boarding school where she attained a superior education which was completed less than a year before the beginning of the dread conflict between North and South. Brilliant hopes lay before her, made all the more bright by the over-indulgence of a fond father who saw in his daughter only the brightest of virtues, and with her at home the happiness of the family circle would have been complete, were it not that among her other demands which were many and extravagant, the wilful Julia almost compelled her father to submit at once to her engagement to the brother of one of her school mates.

She was little over nineteen at the time, and would like to have had a hasty marriage, but her father prevailed on her to promise to wait until twenty-one. The sound of the guns from Fort Sumpter aroused her lover to fight for his country, but no sooner had he enlisted than he came to claim his bride before his departure for the scenes of carnage, but her father insisted more than ever upon her waiting, which brought from her many a sullen tear. When obliged to bid him good-bye she solemnly promised fidelity to death, declaring that no misfortune which he might suffer could ever separate her from him. Soon after her father and brother followed him to the battle field and the close of the war found the spoiled child of fortune mourning the death of her two loving relatives, while her princely fortune was a mere wreck.

(To be continued.)

## KING EDWARD TO SEE THE POPE.

A cable dispatch announces that King Edward will call on the Pope next Wednesday. After taking luncheon with Sir Francis Bertie, the British ambassador to Italy, the King will go from the embassy to the Vatican in the ambassador's carriage.

### Railroad Notes.

On Thursday, May 7th, the New York Central will sell excursion tickets to New York and return at low rates of \$1.70 from Rochester. Tickets good returning on or before Tuesday, May 12th. Tickets are good going and returning on all regular trains except limited trains. Children between five and twelve years half fare. New York is especially attractive in the spring time. Some of the points of interest are: Central Park, Bronx Park, Aquarium, "Battery Park," The Hall of Fame, Metropolitan Museum, Grant's Tomb, the Theatre, Mammoth hotel's Callon New York Central ticket agents for tickets, rates in parcel or sleeping cars, time of trains and all information.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is offering special round-trip Homesteaders' rates to points all through the west. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month, good return limits, also selling special one-way Colonist tickets to Pacific Coast and intermediate points. See local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Decidedly fascinating is a trip to New Orleans, La. The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special excursion tickets at one fare for round trip, good return limits. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

An historic event, dedication of St. Louis World's Fair, April 30 to May 2. The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special excursion tickets from Buffalo at one fare for round trip to St. Louis, good limits returning. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tourists via West Shore Nickel Plate Rd. are justly famous for their completeness and luxurious comfort, are positively unexcelled. Second class tickets available. Tri-weekly. Get folder and full information from local agent, or R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

### BAKER THEATRE.

"A Great Temptation" is the title of Mr. Owen Davis' latest four act romantic and stirring melodrama, which will have its premier presentation at Baker Theatre, commencing next Monday matinee, April 27th, and will continue for the entire week. During the past fortnight an army of scenic artists and various mechanics of stagecraft have made an extraordinary and extensive preparation in staging this big, picturesque powerful production and great care has been exercised in every particular in mounting this new play from beginning to end.

The attraction for week May 1th is the great naval production "The Ensign."

The Jesuits in Rhodania. The Tablet announces that the first two scholarships at Oxford granted under the terms of Mr. Rhodes will have just been awarded by the government of Rhodania. Both the new scholars are Roman Catholics and students of the Jesuit college in Bulawayo. In a letter announcing the nomination Lord Grey pays a high tribute to the importance of the work which the Jesuits have done in Rhodania among both whites and blacks.

### Judgment Day.

If we should not fear the terrors of the judgment seat on Judgment day let us regulate our lives, be faithful in the service of God, so that when our time comes we may approach the God of justice with joy, knowing that we have ever striven to be his faithful children.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is estimated that there are 10,500,000 Roman Catholics in the British empire.

Rev. Father Thomas Boquillon, who has just died in Washington, will be valuable library to the Catholic university in that city.

There is now left only one cardinal who is the appointee of Pope Pius IX. Leo has outlived all save Cardinal Oreglia, and he is seventy-four and in poor health.

Students of Seion Hall college, South Orange, N. J., have presented to Bishop J. J. O'Connor of Newark, N. J., statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia will have been a member of the Roman Catholic clergy fifty years on May 1 next, and that golden jubilee is being fittingly celebrated by the Catholics in the archdiocese.

## UNIQUE TRIP.

JULIUS C. COTTER  
TO THE POPE.

The Golden rule of life is to be kind to all, which is the only way to be happy.

A remarkable journey which is being made by the Pope, the Angelus, a Frenchman, and a German.

The small number of Catholics in the United States is a fact which is being corrected by the number of young men who are coming to the United States to study in the Catholic universities. The number of young men who are coming to the United States to study in the Catholic universities is increasing.

The annual meeting of the National American Catholic Conference, which is being held in New York, is a most interesting event. The conference is being held in New York, and is a most interesting event.

This pamphlet, folding sheet, is a most interesting and useful work. It is a most interesting and useful work, and is a most interesting and useful work.

The management of the Theatre, which is being managed by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work. The management of the Theatre, which is being managed by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work.

A first class bill of fare, which is being offered by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work. A first class bill of fare, which is being offered by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert, who are being married by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work. Mr. and Mrs. Robert, who are being married by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work.

On account of the Theatre, which is being managed by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work. On account of the Theatre, which is being managed by the Theatre, is a most interesting and useful work.