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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 XI.

"You have no need to accuse yourself," said the angry woman, "for I have caught you myself. In my blind confidence in you whom I had always believed to be an honorable young woman I could not even suspect you of making those clandestine visits until I saw you go to the convent myself. I have been informed that this has been going on for nearly a year but I hope that is false."

"It is true," said Beatrice firmly and on her face beamed a light such as might have been seen on the faces of the martyrs when called upon to sacrifice all for their Redeemer.

This bold avowal was more than Miss Van Horn had expected from one who has ever been a model of respect and obedience in the school, and for the time she knew not what to say.

In the awful stillness of the moment Beatrice could hear the throbbing of her own heart and in oblivion of all else she fixed her eyes on the sign of salvation which glittered like gold in the sunlight. At length she was startled by the question.

"Beatrice, how have you turned Catholic?"

"No," was the reply; a moment's pause, then in a voice trembling from emotion, she added, "Not yet."

"Then you intend to be a Catholic?"

"I do."

"Can it be possible that you have lost your reason entirely or what has led you to such mad folly as this?"

"It is not mad folly. On the contrary, my mind was never clearer than now when I am firmly convinced that in the Catholic church alone can truth be found."

"I see it all now," said the angry woman bitterly, "you have been deluded by those wily nuns until you are ready to turn traitor to the pure faith in which your dear mother brought you up, poor child! poor child!"

"I have not been deluded. What I am doing is done only of my own free will. True, the good sisters have been very kind to me and have helped me in my researches after truth, but none of them have ever influenced me in any way whatever."

"They did entirely wrong in encouraging your secret visits to the convent, especially as they were aware that I would not approve it."

"They did not try to encourage me as you say, but as I told you before I have been following only my own free will."

"You think so, my child, but what you call your own free will has for once threatened to lead you into serious trouble if it has not already done so."

"As long as I feel that I am doing right I have no fear of the trouble of which you speak."

"You may fear it when it is too late."

Beatrice did not answer, but breathed a mental prayer that God might help her to face the bitter trial which she felt was already upon her.

"What would your mother say if she knew what you have been doing?" Beatrice bravely struggled to hide the emotion the mention of her mother's name caused her, for, true loving daughter that she was, her tender devotion to all of her own, especially her mother, had not been decreased by her absence from home.

On the contrary she loved her dear mother more tenderly now than ever before, and longed to be with her, so it was with a heavy heart she thought of breaking the news which must pain her, but had not that same loving mother herself taught her always to do what was right in spite of the opinion of the whole world, and she would do it now.

Madam Van Horn saw the look of pain on the fair face at the mention of her mother and she felt that her triumph was at hand, so she was unprepared for the answer spoken in firm even tones. "My mother shall soon know all, and as to what she will say, please leave that to be settled between herself and her own daughter."

"Since you refuse to listen to the kind advice of one who loves you, and has tried to be a mother to you, I fear that I must do as you say, but take one word of warning from me, the nuns whom you say have been so kind to you wish you no good. They have treated you well because the

know you belong to a family of wealth and position, and they wish to entrap you into the convent in order to get your money to spend as they see fit."

"Pardon me Miss Van Horn," said Beatrice in as respectful tones as possible, "but I think you sadly misjudge the good Sisters."

"Deceived! deceived! I am older than you, child, and have seen a great deal of the world of which you are ignorant. You know not that even at this moment the artful superior of that convent on the hill yonder is rejoicing because she believes that she is stealing one of the brightest flowers from our seminary, but I will foil her designs."

"With God's help, never," was the mental ejaculation of the brave young girl as she watched the woman, who without another word left the room.

The brain of our heroine throbbed with nervous excitement, and heedless of the dress she still had on, she threw herself on the bed and burying her face in her pillows, broke into tears.

It was thus her room-mate found her fifteen minutes later, when, having seen Miss Van Horn out on the grounds, she felt at liberty to return.

She stood looking at the silent prostrated figure, little dreaming that there had been any more cause for grief than an ordinary cooling which school girls are apt to receive from their teachers at any time. But what she asked herself, could Beatrice, the girl who had ever been looked upon as a model student have done to merit a scolding? Never had she known her to be guilty of anything which could merit the censure of her teachers since the time she persisted in riding her bicycle; but the wheel that had been destroyed in the accident had never been replaced, and she felt that the lesson her room-mate had so severely learned on that occasion would not be forgotten.

A sob broke from the lips of the suffering girl which gave her companion courage to speak. Bending over her and lifting her face from the pillow she said:

"What is the trouble, Beatrice?"

"Please do not ask me, for I cannot tell you."

"The ugly old thing has been giving her an unmerited lecture," thought the girl who had never fostered any very deep affection for Miss Van Horn, "and I think she might tell me what it is, but I will not trouble her if she wishes to keep it secret."

"Do get up, Beatrice," she said tenderly, "can you not see that you are spoiling your beautiful graduating dress, and just look at that chiffon on the sleeve. It is perfectly soaked with tears."

Forgetting her grief for the time, Beatrice turned her attention to the delicate frill she had ruined and allowed her friend to assist her in changing her attire. Alas, what sad changes a few short minutes can bring, and it would have hardly seemed possible that the tear-stained face of the girl who quietly allowed herself to be disrobed of her graduating dress was the same that had been wreathed in such bright smile when she donned it less than an hour before.

"I cannot help envying you the possession of such a pretty dress," said Jessie, as she brushed on the wrinkles on the silk. "How I wish mine were to be half as pretty."

"You need not envy me my possession, for I may never wear it," dropped from her lips before she hardly realized what she was saying.

"Why not wear it, of course you will, for there is now only one week more and then you are to graduate."

"I hope so."

"You hope so, don't you know you are. If every one were only as certain of graduating as yourself and it is a settled thing too, that the gold medal for which we have all worked so hard is to be yours. I will not say that I envy you that because all know that you have justly merited it."

"But, Jessie dear, so many things might happen in one short week. I am really beginning to feel that we are certain of nothing in this life. One short week, I said, let me make it instead, one day or hour."

"True, Beatrice, but it is well enough to let the old and those whose hearts are heavy, talk in that way but not us; oh no, we are to young for such stern logic."

"Jessie, who was the happy possessor of a bright, sunny disposition, talked on merrily to her companion hoping thus to charm away the evil effect of the principal's unkind words, but for once her winning smile failed to make the desired impression. When the tea bell rang she was obliged to go down alone and make apologies for the absence of her room-mate. A few

enquiries were made from her companions which Jessie eluded as best she could. A faint suspicion that something might be wrong passed through the minds of those whom Miss Van Horn had dismissed from Beatrice's room but only Belle Birmingham, who condescended to make no remark, felt any certainty as to the fact and she was already beginning to rejoice in her triumph.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a relief to Beatrice to be alone, only for one short half hour alone to think over the events in her position and so unlooked for had they been. Who would have thought that one brought up as she had been, and educated in a school where the very air she breathed was hostile to the Catholic faith could have been brought to the crises she had reached? For she stood ready to sacrifice anything and everything for what she knew to be right; but, still, she trembled at the thought of the ordeal which was just beginning. The dread of meeting her mother whom she knew had centered so many bright hopes for her future was hard of all to bear, but she must and would face the worst and now she felt the sooner all was over the better for herself.

Like a ray of bright sunshine, that suddenly crosses our path, then disappears as suddenly, leaving behind it a warm glow which may remain long after it has vanished are some of the short but sweet friendships we meet in this life. So was the memory of the few brief weeks our young friend had spent with Helen Lee. It was now nearly five years since the fair young face had been hidden in the grave, but Beatrice had not forgotten her and she seemed very near to her now. Who can doubt that among the number of the blessed redeemed she was still interceding for her before the Throne of the most High.

It was not without a feeling of deep regret that Beatrice had permitted herself to be removed from the convent when the physician had deemed it safe to take her away. Something which she could not understand seemed lacking in the care she received at Madam Van Horn's; the coldness which she never before felt seemed to fill the very atmosphere, and the utmost kindness of her nurse and her teacher, who did everything in their power for her, was not worth as much to her as a single smile or kind word from one of the Sisters. How she had missed the sound of their sweet voices as they reached her ears from the chapel where they daily sang the praises of God, and she had felt grieved because they did not call on her now for she was not aware that they had come and been refused admittance to her presence. She had been just able to be taken home at Christmas, but was not allowed to return to school for many weeks until she had fully recovered from her injuries. It was then at the first opportunity, she went to call on her friends and borrowed from them works on the Catholic religion which she began to study in earnest, her chief reason for this being the fact that she had learned while at home that her old pastor, Father Lenten, was in Rome studying for the Catholic priesthood and she had resolved to learn all she could of the Faith for which he had sacrificed so much. It was not until spring that she obtained permission from the superior to attend the daily Mass, which she could easily do on account of the lateness of the hour when the Van Horn pupils arose.

During the summer vacation she was deprived of the privilege of attending Mass and there was little or no time for study. She attended church regularly with her parents and sisters and to all outward appearance was still a strict Anglican, but her heart took no part in the services and she enjoyed far more the peaceful hours when, undisturbed, she would steal away for a time and pour forth earnest prayers before the altar of some Catholic church in the city. Only once had she attended any of the services, and that was on the glorious feast of the Assumption when she had accidentally happened to be passing the Cathedral just as the bells were ringing for high mass and she followed the crowd in. True lover that she was of all that was grand and majestic she was perfectly enraptured with the solemn music and beauty of the scene before her. Palms and flowers in great profusion covered the altars on which burned scores of candles and the bright summer sunlight falling through the stained windows rested on the white and gold vestments of the celebrants. Could heaven itself be any more beautiful she thought,

and she would have been content to have remained there for hours in silent admiration. Then the grand sermon on the glories of the Mother of Christ sank deep into her heart leaving a beautiful impression which never entirely left her.

(To be continued.)

Mother's Beauty.

(Written for The Catholic Journal.)
In the triumph of her life when the struggle

Had won her the glory at last,
And time with its frost touched fingers
Silenced her looks thick and fast,
You should cherish her snowy white

For they show what her struggle has been,
Then point to her white crown of glory
And bless her from your heart within.
Though wrinkles come with the silver
And faltering steps with old age,
There is many a fond recollection

Written plain on her memory's page
That will cheer her old age downward
To the great peaceful rest that will last,
While her aged palmed heart beats much faster,
As her thoughts turn to days of the past.

Then no longer stand scolding with
Her wrinkles and tracks of often care
For they prove there's a heart soft and tender,
While the silvery locks old and fair
Are telling of struggles of wifehood,
That glory is coming at last,
And crowned with a wreath of glory
In return for the toil of the past.

Mrs. Gash.

Main's Circus Here Monday Next.

What comprises the charm of a circus, which will, in most every civilized locality, draw nine-tenths of the inhabitants under its capacious shelter?

It cannot be the animals alone, strange and curious as they may be. When exhibited in a hall the interest manifested is mild.

Nor clown, no matter how funny. The clown in a variety show is not a drawing-card. Athletic feats, performing horses and acts of agility when shown in a theatre are only passing successful in a drawing way.

One explanation of the popularity of the circus may be in the combination of all these attraction into a perfect whole under the fascinations of a tent in the open. Then the presence of crowds of people who are sure to attend. The average man or woman likes to be present where there are multitudes of his or her kind. They enjoy the double pleasure of "seeing the show" and coming in touch with other pleasure seekers on amusement bent.

Then there is the element of anticipation derived from boy's memories of the circus glories of which have always lingered in memory as the one glimpse of paradisaical glories of glitter and sparkle set to music.

In this connection it may be said that the Walter L. Main circus, menagerie and Savage South Africa this year is taking possession of the plaudits of the country as show never did before. Wherever the tents have been pitched thus far the proposition has been standing room only, a sure criterion of the unusual merit of the show.

The Main show will exhibit in Rochester, Monday, May 25th, at the Driving Park.

BAKER THEATRE.

Unusual interest is being manifested in the forth coming production at the Baker Theatre, starting Monday matinee, May 25th, when the great English Military drama, the first of all modern war plays entitled "Yorub" will be presented. This famous prodigious production was seen some years ago on the road, but as the play required so many thorough artists and so much heavy spectacular scenery, paraphernalia and the expense being so great it was deemed advisable to place the play in stock, which was done, and Manager Davis, not wishing to be outdone has secured this might production for next week.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

The famous comedy drama "The Wife" is announced for next week's play to be presented by the Cook Opera House Stock Company. This is a delightful society drama that is so well known here that it does not need extended description. It is a play that demands the very best acting, and it is safe to predict that the company will do it full justice. Jessie Bonstelle will of course have leading feminine part and James Durkin can be depended upon to give a first class performance. Matinees are given at the Cook on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at an admission price of 10 cents.

Presented With a Loving Cup

Grand Knight Edward S. Gurry, of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, was highly honored by the members of the council on Sunday night last.

Mr. Gurry had, as head of the committee for the entertainment of the visiting knights during the state council, held here, served in so satisfactory and creditable a manner that the local knights decided to present to him some tangible token of their appreciation of the good work done by him on this occasion.

Accordingly a large number of members of the council surprised him at his home on Lawn St., last Sunday night and presented him with a magnificent loving cup. The presentation was made by Past Grand Knight Edward M. Sweeney.

The New National Theatre.

The summer stock season of the National Theatre will begin next Monday night with "The Mock and the Flame." A special feature of the season at this theatre will be the serving of all meals in the house for every performance. The company will be headed by Mr. Alton and Miss Dean. The critics in Toledo, where the company is now ending its engagement, are loud in the praise of the company's work.

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will send in their letters not later than Wednesday noon next week as we intend to go to press a day earlier than usual on account of delivery by mail carriers on Decoration Day and in order to give our employees a holiday on Saturday.

Deaths.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary B. Waters, was held Wednesday morning from Immaculate Conception Church. Solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. J. J. Donnelly of Victor, assisted by Rev. A. M. O'Neil, as deacon, and Rev. George Eckel as subdeacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Mr. A. F. Holmes of Macedon and Rev. J. J. Quinn of Mt. Read. Interment was at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

James Post died suddenly Tuesday evening. He resided at 38 Concord St., and was 40 years of age. He is survived by his mother, three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Monteghan, Mary and Josephine Post, and three brothers, Michael and John Post of this city and Dennis Post of Syracuse.

Railroad Notes.

The Four-Track News for May is full of bright, newsy articles of interest just the thing for this season of the year. 5 cents at news stands.

San Francisco and return \$62.00; Los Angeles and return \$62.00 via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale May 2 and 11 to 17, good return limits. Local Agents or R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is offering special round-trip Homeseekers' 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 Colonists' 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.

Tourist cars 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.

The May number of The Four-Track News is just out and is the best magazine of its kind ever printed. Only 5 cents at news stands.

Small Sport For Bathing.

Two lads of the street, a west side street, wandered across the Bowery a few days ago on a tour of exploration of the crowded east side. They discovered, among other things, the city's bathing establishment in Livingston street. They read the signs with as much difficulty as interest, both being great.

"You ever had a bath, Billy?" asked the taller one.

"No, but I had me back washed once" was the answer. — New York Tribune.

At the Holy Family church, Sunday evening, a very interesting program was presented. The Holy Family church choir, a very fine musical program at the time and women's prison last Sunday evening.

Friends of Rev. Father Charles Collins in this city were pleased to learn that he would accept the bishopric of Buffalo, N. Y., in the place of the late Bishop Glynn during the vacancy.

Devotions for May are well advanced morning and evening in all the Catholic churches.

High mass was celebrated by Father Griffin at St. Mary's church, Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, the feast of the Ascension.

Mass at St. Mary's church last Sunday will begin at 9:15 o'clock.

The Forty Hours devotion will begin at St. Mary's church Sunday May 24th with the mass and last until the following Wednesday morning.

Persons owing jobs in the cemetery are requested to look after them, as order that all the lots should be uniformly maintained free from weeds.

With sadness we announce the death of Mrs. M. Kinsella which occurred at her home in this village Monday morning. Mrs. Kinsella had been a resident of this village for many years.

John Moloughlin of Piquette, guest of his parents here, was killed Saturday morning for the second time. A month's mind mass was celebrated at St. Mary's church, next Sunday.

Mrs. Moloughlin of New York City, at the home of her daughter, died Monday morning at 10 o'clock. The funeral was held Wednesday at 10 o'clock. Interment at Calvary.

A vigil mass for the repose of the soul of Julia Kennedy was celebrated Friday morning at the rectory of the Children of Mary, of which she was a member.

Mass will commence at 10 o'clock in St. Rose's church, next Sunday.

An anniversary high mass will be celebrated Saturday morning for the soul of James Tibbels.

May devotions are held Wednesday and Saturday evenings in St. Peter's church, during the month.

The Children of Mary Society will be reorganized. At present the members are to the society number about twenty.

Last Sunday afternoon the candidates were addressed by our pastor, Rev. St. Fitzsimmons. His remarks dealt chiefly with the duties and rules governing the child of Mary.

A reception of the candidates will be held on the last Sunday of May, and a three days retreat by a Redemptorist father will be given the members and candidates on the days preceding the reception.

One more statue has been placed in the already large number in St. Peter's church. The last one is a representation of St. Expedite, the patron of urgent cases.

News of Outcomes for Catholics.

As mercury will surely destroy the system of small and completely change the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, that persons should be sure to get their blood clean from all impurities and avoid the danger they do to the system.

Good you can possibly do for them. Hall's Cathartic Cure, made by F. J. Cheney & Co., Rochester, N. Y., is a safe and reliable remedy, acting directly upon the bowels, purifying the system, and getting rid of the impurities.

Testimonials from Sufferers. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills.