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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 XIV.

The woman who had promised to be a mother to her would not permit her to speak on the subject again and she rightly guessed that after the girl's mind had become clearer she would know herself better and would have more courage to go forth and battle with the world when her time came to leave her new found peaceful home.

For a few minutes she prayed in silence for the girl, then thinking that it would not be best for her to remain here on her knees longer she touched her gently on the arm saying:

"You had better come now and take a walk with me in the grounds."

Beatrice started in surprise for she had believed herself entirely alone with her God, but the light did not fade from her face. Without a word she arose, made a profound genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament and followed the nun from the chapel. When the door was closed after them she said softly:

"Dear Sister, I am so happy, and as I knelt there it seemed that I could wait for years and suffer everything if in the end I could enjoy the blessed privileges of receiving our dear Lord just once in Holy Communion before I die."

"Then you really believe that He is present in the Holy Eucharist?" asked the sister to try her faith.

"Believe it, why shouldn't I when He has promised so emphatically to give His own body and blood for the life of the world and have I not many strong proofs of it even in my own Bible which I have studied from childhood. That was one of the first things that helped to convince me of the truth of the Catholic faith when I commenced to study your books. I have often wondered since when I took my Protestant Bible (for I had no other) to look up the texts referred to in establishing the authenticity of the sacraments that I had been so blind; but I suppose that it was because like the Jews of old I had not the light of faith to believe so hard a doctrine even if I had taken the trouble to look it up."

"True, child, for the light of faith is not given to all, indeed comparatively few brought up outside our fold ever receive it, so you should humbly consider yourself greatly favored by a good God who will expect your purest love in return."

"And with His help I will try to give it."

"That is right, dear child."

"And now when can I be received into the church? I hope the happy hour will not be long delayed."

"I do not think it will; I will speak to our chaplain and give you an introduction to him after Mass to-morrow."

"I am so glad," was the girl's only reply and her face glowed with pleasure.

The next morning Beatrice occupied once more her accustomed place in the chapel.

The extent of our lives is not always measured by the flight of years for to some the events crowded into even a single day are of far greater consequence and teach deeper lessons than others might learn in years. So it was with Beatrice and it seemed this morning that it had been a long time instead of a few short days since she had enjoyed the blessed privilege of hearing Mass—short days I said—to many they had been short but to her they had been very long for each morning it had almost seemed as if the evening would never come.

After Mass Beatrice accompanied the boarders down to breakfast and as soon as the meal was finished the superior called for her, saying that the chaplain was waiting for her in the parlor. She had never before met a Catholic priest and the quiet dignity he had shown in the chapel, combined with lingering memories of the bitter poison instilled into her heart in early youth made her fear the meeting; but his smiling face and kind welcome overcame her scruples at once and during their conversation she was almost unconsciously drawn to give her perfect confidence to him.

The priest questioned Beatrice closely, drawing out her ideas on many of the fundamental principles of the Catholic faith and was surprised at her knowledge. The conclusion he drew was that many Catholics who

had grown up in the church from infancy knew far less of its teachings than this Protestant girl; but he would try her for a few days longer, not that he feared any relapse from her, but he hoped to strengthen her faith the more by making her wait for the blessing she so ardently desired.

"Your dispositions appear very good, Miss Snow," said the priest at the close of the interview, "and I think with the help of God's grace you will succeed. Continue to pray fervently for light and in a few days I will see you again. Kneel down now and I will give you my blessing."

Beatrice obeyed and then left the room with a changed heart. She had expected that the priest would receive her with eager joy and would be ready to take her into the church at once, but in this she had been disappointed and felt that she must still work harder ere she won her glorious prize. He had kindly given her encouragement and when she stopped to consider for a moment how great was the blessing she craved she felt that she must be content to wait.

These were the first reflections of the young convert; but such is the treachery of weak human nature that before the day was over bitter temptations assailed her and for a time it seemed that all must be lost. Home, friends and everything had been sacrificed for a religion which just as it seemed to be within her grasp had been snatched from her and deferred, for only a few days the priest had said, but if those few days were to bring as much suffering as the days just past would she have strength to persevere? She had thought that once safe within the convent walls such feelings would be known no more; but the same loving God who had given her strength to persevere when among her enemies now saw fit to try her by permitting her to be afflicted with new temptations.

Yesterday, only yesterday, Beatrice had gone to the chapel to lay all of the sorrows at the feet of our dear Lord on the altar, but to-day she sought a secluded nook on the ground where in bitter tears she gave full vent to her grief. She did not wish to meet any one and had felt that here she would be unmolested but she was mistaken.

Sister Cecilia who had not yet seen her to speak with her had taken the first opportunity on leaving her class room to go in search of her. Some one had seen her walking through the grounds but just where she was now no one could quite tell. From one shady nook or summer house to another the young Sister went and she was about to give up her search when she was attracted by the sound of stifled sobs.

"What can this mean," she thought and was surprised to find that they proceeded from the object of her search.

Putting her arm gently around her neck as she sat down beside her said in tones of the utmost tenderness:

"Beatrice dear, why do I find you here in tears? I hope nothing has gone wrong to cause this grief."

Partly subdued at once by the gentle voice she had always loved so well Beatrice replied, "Sister Cecilia, is it you? No, nothing has gone wrong excepting with myself and my own ungrateful nature."

"What has happened, Beatrice?" asked the voice even more gently than before. "Do not be afraid to tell me about it."

"Afraid, Sister, no, I am not afraid but ashamed to let you know what a weak, miserable coward I am with the kindness I am receiving here."

"Please tell me about it and then perhaps I can help you."

Without omitting a detail or excusing herself in the least Beatrice revealed her most secret feeling to her friend. It was a relief to her troubled mind and would have been the same even had she known that she would have been severely reprimanded as she felt she deserved, but she knew that Sister Cecilia was too kind and gentle for this.

The young nun was silent, for in spirit she was back again to the time when she herself, a child of wealth and fortune, had laid all that was dear to her on the altar of the most High and had exchanged her silken robes for the coarse garb of the religious. True, the blessing of a good pious mother had followed her; when, after a bitter struggle against the opposition of the loved ones at home it had finally been decided that she was to go, but the knowledge that still she had left her mother in tears had caused her many a bitter pang. What she found in Beatrice was no more than she had reason to expect and she could truly

DEDICATION OF CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH.

Handsome New Edifice Blessed by Bishop McQuaid Last Sunday Morning.



sympathize with her. Beatrice kept her eyes cast down during the recital but she raised them now to look on the serious face of her silent companion.

"Now I have told you all, Sister and I cannot blame you if you despise me for my ingratitude."

"Do you really from your heart wish that you were home again as you were before you knew anything of the Catholic religion, or did you regret the step you have taken?"

"No, not that, but I felt so sad when I thought how I am alone in the world and depending on strangers for support."

"That is but natural, but I could not accuse you of any wrong."

"Sister you do not mean it, how can you after all I have told you?"

Sister Cecilia smiled sweetly and said, "Would you be surprised if I told you that I too suffered like temptations?"

"You," she said, "it cannot be so."

"It is. When you are older and more experienced you will learn many things which you know not now and then you will see that human nature is not as strong to resist temptations as you believed."

"Sister how have you been able to overcome these difficulties?"

"By prayer and confidence in God, but first of all I have tried to carefully follow the directions of my confessor."

"How I wish I might go to confession to-day, it is such a relief to be able to unburden one's mind to one who can truly sympathize with you; still, it seems so hard I dread the thoughts of it."

"It is hard for the best of us but Heaven is not to be won without some effort on our part and when we think of the abundant graces and blessings in store for those who confess their sins sincerely to God's minister we should not fear but rather thank God who has given us so easy a means of purifying our souls of the sins committed after baptism." Sister Cecilia said much more to our young friend and when the two returned to the convent, the face which had been wet with tears so short a time ago, glowed with a light which told that all was peace within.

CHAPTER XV.

"And now, Father, what do you think of our young convert?" the superior had asked of the priest as Beatrice had left them after the first interview.

"I think she is really sincere, for one who has made the sacrifices you tell me she has for the Faith, it seems could not be otherwise."

"I could see that myself, Father,

and would you not advise a rest for her until her mind becomes a little more settled?"

"It would be a most excellent thing if she could take it, but I fear she can not while she remains here and I understand that there is no place else for her to go." Her mind is evidently too active and surrounded by the scenes which have so many memories for her I fear the only recourse is to devise some means for diverting her mind."

"Have you anything to suggest, Father?"

"Nothing at present unless you put her in school and let her prepare to take the examinations with your pupils."

"It seems rather hard to bring her again into the class room and among strangers after the hard work she has already done this year at Madame Van Horn's, but I will try."

"And I trust you will succeed for it will be better for her to have something like that to interest her for the present than to allow her to waste her time in worry as I fear she is in danger of doing."

Madam Van Horn's Seminary had closed the first Tuesday in June so there were still three weeks more before the end of the school year at St. Agnes' Academy. Beatrice could hardly believe that she understood aright when the superior asked her if she would like to prepare to take the examinations with the under-graduating class.

"I would like to so much, but dear Sister, you are too kind to me and I could not ask such a favor."

"It is my wish that you should do it. You are to see the mistresses of studies in her room at half past four and make arrangements to go in class in the morning."

"So soon?"

"Yes, why not? We are nearing the end of the year and as the classes are already beginning their review, every day counts. If you commence to-morrow it will be a little easier for you next week."

(To be continued.)

Personal.

The Rev. William C. Reilly of Brooklyn, N. Y., is recovering from a most severe attack of appendicitis. He is now lying at St. Mary's hospital, this city. He was operated on last week.

Miss Alma A. Maher and Miss Katherine E. Driscoll entertained a number of guests at the former's residence, 100 Frost Avenue, Friday evening, June 12th. At eleven o'clock an elegant luncheon was served which all thoroughly enjoyed.

Funeral of Mrs. Patrick Hickey.

Woodsport, N. Y., June 10.—One of the largest funerals ever held in this village took place yesterday from St. Joseph's church, when the remains of Mrs. Patrick Hickey were laid to rest in the family plot in St. Joseph's cemetery. The edifice was completely filled and the large number of carriages in the procession showed in what high esteem the deceased was held. Friends and relatives were present from Sayre, Pa., Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, New York city and other places. The solemn requiem mass was celebrated by her son, Rev. James A. Hickey, rector of Holy Apostles church, Rochester, with Rev. Dr. Hanna, deacon; Rev. J. J. O'Hanlon, sub-deacon and Rev. J. J. Donnelly, master of ceremonies. The last absolution was given by Rev. J. J. Hickey of Holy Family church, Auburn. The choir was assisted by Miss Burns, organist of Holy Apostles church, Rochester, and by Miss Reynolds and Mr. Clark, also of Rochester. The floral offerings were many and beautiful and consisted of many set pieces. The pall bearers were John Leola, Gnaeco, N. Y., J. D. Kanally, Jeremiah Graney, Michael Benight, Daniel O'Connell and John Hickey of this place. The following were in the sanctuary: Rev. J. W. Hendrick of Ovid, N. Y.; Rev. J. E. Day of Mt. Morris; Rev. A. A. Hughes of Geneva; Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh of Lyons; Rev. Rev. J. J. Gleason, Clyde; Rev. J. T. Maley, Sonoma; Rev. H. Regenbogen, Rev. Father Kelly, Rev. J. J. McGrath, Rev. Father Silke, all of Auburn, and Rev. D. M. O'Donnell of this place.

C. R. & B. A.

The annual reunion and basket picnic of the C. R. & B. A. of this city, will be held under the auspices of the Central Council at Sea Breeze, Tuesday, July 28th. Tickets are being issued which provide for transportation, from any part of the city to Sea Breeze and return forty-five cents. Children 15 cents. It is the wish of the committee to have every member present this year with their friends, thereby making the attendance as large as possible. Many games and sports will be provided, a list of which will be published later.

Catholic Base Ball League.

Schedule for next week:
Cor. Christi vs. St. Mary, Tuesday
Imm. Con. vs. St. Bridget, Thursday
Holy Apostles vs. St. Boniface, Saturday
Standing of the Clubs to Friday A. M.
Imm. Con. 4 Won 0 Lost 1,000
Holy Apostles 3 2 2 400
St. Bridget 3 3 2 400
St. Mary's 3 3 2 400
Corpus Christi 3 3 2 400
St. Boniface 3 3 2 400

CHURCH NEWS.

The Rev. Father Kelly, rector of Holy Apostles church, Rochester, has been elected rector of the new church at Sea Breeze, N. Y., for the coming year.

Upon re-entering the church the procession moved to the altar where prayers were then offered for the souls of the departed. The choir then sang a beautiful setting of the Mass, which was followed by a reading from the Gospel. The service was concluded with a benediction.

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