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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 XXI.

The good books which had been of such valuable assistance to her while at the seminary were re-read now with her young pupil and while explaining to him the things which had so recently been wholly unknown to herself, she found many beauties in the religion.

At first Mrs. Snell, meaning only kindness, had urged her to attend church with them, and on her polite refusal felt quite hurt, more because she was proud of her and wished to show her off to the minister and her friends than through any religious motives.

"I do not see what harm there could be in it," she said, "I do not pretend to be a strict church member myself because the church is too far away and the horses are so tired after working hard all the week, but I am glad to go and hear the word of God when I can. I would like so much to have you go with us."

"I am sorry to refuse you, Mrs. Snell, but being unable to attend my own church I cannot go to another."

"I think one church is as good as another and cannot understand why you should refuse."

"Because I have been taught differently," was the calm reply.

"I cannot blame you because that is the way you were brought up. Young as he was when he came, Willie was the same and it seems that nothing can change him, but since he is happy in his belief and is a good boy we will not trouble him. I do not wish to offend you, but really I think you Catholics are the queerest people I ever met."

Beatrice did not enlighten her as to how she had been brought up; for, kind as these people were, she thought that the less they knew of her past the better it would be; but to Willie in whom she knew she could repose perfect confidence she told the story of her conversion, omitting only those parts which could throw any blame on her mother or shed a ray of light on the position she had once occupied as the daughter of a millionaire.

While he faithfully kept her secrets, never alluding to the matter in the presence of others he loved to talk to Beatrice of her wonderful conversion and keeping in mind a loving remembrance of the days spent at the asylum, he enjoyed most of all to hear her tell of the Sisters and the convent where she had spent the summer. Sister Cecilia's letters, which formed a golden connecting link between her present position and the great world which seemed so far distant, were looked for no less eagerly by the boy than by Beatrice herself. They were always so long and full of bright encouraging words fit to revive the most drooping spirits. Every event of importance which took place at the convent was fully described and many were the loving messages from the other Sisters and the girls whose acquaintance she had made in the spring. She had told the Sisters in her letters of her young friend, and Willie was overjoyed when in return kind messages and little remembrances in the form of religious cards and medals came to him.

I have wandered from the subject with which this chapter was commenced. It was, as I have said, Beatrice's birthday and when Beatrice awoke in the morning her thoughts were with her sister, and in fancy she tried to picture the various attentions she would receive that day; then came that ever torturing thought which made the cross of separation so much harder for her to bear, fears for the invalid's health. "I cannot send her a present or even a line of remembrance to-day, but thank God I can give what is better still, my sincere and earnest prayers," was her one consoling thought as she started for school.

The morning was quite cold but the storm not having yet reached that part of the country, there were only little furies of snow in the air and not more than four inches of snow on the ground. Willie had intended to drive to the school, but she was learning to quite enjoy the walk, so she declined the offer, besides he was suffering from a cold and she did not consider it prudent for him to be out any more than was necessary. When she told him so, boy like, he laughed at her and said a cold was

nothing. Alice was also kept at home that day for the same reason so Beatrice went alone.

Scarcely had the forenoon session been opened when the snow flakes began to grow large and thick, but the teacher was too interested in her work to notice it until noon, when she saw that a great amount of snow had fallen. Her first thought was to dismiss the school at once, but she thought the snow was too deep for the little ones to try to walk home. She did not believe the storm could last much longer and in the afternoon she expected some one to help them all home. Instead of abating, the storm continued with still greater fury, and before four o'clock great drifts were piled on every side while the flakes fell so thickly that it was impossible to see the large trees across the road. The larger boys had asked and received permission to start out for home, so Beatrice was now left alone with about twenty children, mostly girls varying from six to fifteen years of age.

The early night came rapidly on and darkness soon filled the room, the only ray of light coming from the burning wood she kept piled in the stove. Hour after hour passed and still no assistance came. A poor supper was made of the fragments left in the dinner pails, and almost in despair the children gathered around their teacher. She had not dared to let even the strongest venture out to the nearest house in such a blinding storm. She tried to interest them by telling stories and having them sing the songs they had learned in school while she herself favored them with some of her own sweet songs, and what they had never heard before, the hymns learned in the convent. Until late at night they arose as prayers mingled with the fierce howling of the winds without. One little girl slept soundly in her arms where she had flown in fear at the sound of one terrific gust which had threatened to overthrow the building, and most of the other children were asleep on the seats. Still, in bitter loneliness and sorrow, she kept her vigil, watching her young charges and piling wood on the stove. While they slept she bowed her tired head on the desk, and try as she might to keep up her spirits, she could think of nothing but Blanche and home. How consoling to her sad heart would have been one of the kind words spoken to her beloved sister, and how refreshing would have been some of the costly viands so richly lavished upon her own table.

"Will morning ever come?" she sighed. "Will we ever be free from this place where we are imprisoned?"

Many times by the light of the fire she glanced at her watch, but how wearily the hours dragged by and even the sight of the little timepiece made her sad, for it was only another connecting link to bind her with the past. Five o'clock at last and her heart throbbed with joy that day break would soon appear, and then help must surely come. As if in answer to her expectations the door was fiercely shaken, filling her for the moment with an indescribable dread, for surely the wind did not do that, and it was too early for any living creature to be out in the storm. She clasped her hands to her heart trembling with fear, but the next minute recommending herself to the protection of her heavenly Father, she advanced toward the door and was about to open it when it burst open and Willie fell prostrated at her feet. Completely exhausted from his long, tiresome walk in the blinding storm, he had fainted, and it was nearly an hour before he could be revived. He smiled as he opened his eyes and looked in her face, but he did not speak.

"Why did you come out in such a storm?" she asked.

His voice was almost gone but he managed to whisper: "Because I knew you were here and could not get home. The drifts outside are terrible. I wanted to come last night but Mr. Snell wouldn't let me because he said he knew you would be taken care of by some family near the school, but I knew better. I was thinking of you all night and never slept a bit. I was almost afraid you had started to walk home and had been lost, so when the clock struck three I got up and stole out of the house to come to look for you."

Beatrice was deeply touched by the devotion of the boy who had thus endangered his own life for her, and passing to her lips the benumbed fingers into which she had been trying to infuse some life and warmth, she said:

Willie, for someone will certainly be here early this morning to take us away."

"I hope so," he said, "for I feel sick and so queer." She would gladly have offered him some food and stimulants, but there was nothing left to eat, and only a little water, which had been in the heated school room for over twenty hours, remained in the bottom of the pail. She put a little of this to his lips but she saw that it was with a great effort he tried to swallow it.

When Mrs. Snell had her early breakfast ready she was surprised that Willie was not down as usual; but still more surprised when, having failed to get an answer to her call, she went to his room and found him gone while his bed indicated that he had slept there. She called her husband and the house was searched for him, then she found that the front door was unlocked and he had probably gone out, but not a track could be found, for the storm still raged. No explanation was needed for they knew too well where he had gone.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Snell.

"Do," said her husband, "I suppose the only thing is for me to start after him immediately after breakfast. He may be frozen to death on the road before this but he must be found at any risk."

"How imprudent of him to start out in such a storm."

"You are right, wife, but his love for our teacher is so strong that it is not surprising he has risked his life for her."

"Too bad," said Mrs. Snell with a meaning smile, "that there is so much difference in their ages for that is what I call true love."

"Oh, woman, ever full of sentiment and thoughts of match making," said her husband, "even when there is a life at stake. Come, pour my coffee now and let me have my breakfast for I must be off."

It was with no small difficulty he reached the barn which was over thirty yards from the house and this made him fear more than ever that Willie might have been lost out in the drifts. Day was just beginning to break and saddling one of his best horses he started to wade through the drifts, amid the blinding flakes that were falling furiously. By the time he had gone only about a third of the way his horse, which at first had been almost uncontrollable, began to show signs of exhaustion, so he stopped at the first house, that of a man who had two children in school. Taking two fresh horses the men started out together and when after great difficulty they reached the school they found Beatrice bending in tears over the prostrate form of Willie who was unable to rise. When he saw his master he smiled and whispered:

"I knew I would find her here."

It was not long before others arrived, some of them bringing food and extra wraps for the children, who were removed about noon, some to their homes, but some of them who lived farthest away to the nearest farm houses where they were cared for until they could be taken home. Beatrice and Willie were left at the first house and it was four weeks before they returned to Mr. Snell's. The storm continued to rage for three days, but after it had subsided the roads were soon broken so that all could go home, but Willie was too ill to be removed and Beatrice would not leave him. First, because she felt it her duty to remain with her friend and care for him; and, secondly, because during his illness it seemed that none but she could do anything to please him, and he was never at rest when she was out of his sight.

They are so kind to me," he once whispered to her, "and I do appreciate it so much, but you are the only one of my own faith I have near me and want you to be with me if I should die."

"You will not die," said Beatrice cheerfully. "You must live to go with me and receive your First Communion in the spring as I promised you, so try to keep up your courage and get well."

"If I only might live just long enough for that I could be happy, but I am afraid, oh, so much afraid I will not."

"Yes you will, dear, you must live and we will pray together for your recovery."

(To be continued.)

Mgr. DeRegge, chancellor of the diocese, called for Europe on Saturday last. He will visit his native city, Ghent, Belgium, and will be absent for some time.

INVESTED WITH TIARA

Solemn Ceremonies Connected
With Coronation of Pius X.

70,000 GATHERED IN CATHEDRAL.

Fifty Years Since a Similar Function Occurred at St. Peter's—Immense Basilica Crowded With Humanity. Pope Pius Greatly Fatigued by the Ceremony, Which Lasted Five Hours.

Rome, Aug. 10.—The ceremony of the coronation of Pope Pius X took place Sunday in the basilica of St. Peter's in the presence of the princes and high dignitaries of the church, diplomats and Roman nobles and with all the solemnity and splendor associated with this the most magnificent rite in the Roman Catholic church.

As Cardinal Macchi, the dean of the cardinal deacons, placed the triple crown on the head of the venerable pontiff the throng of 70,000 persons gathered within the cathedral burst into unrestrained acclamations; the choir intoned a hymn of triumph and the bells of Rome rang out a joyful peal.

It is 57 years since the Romans and Europe assisted at such a function in St. Peter's. The great basilica, popularly supposed never to have been quite full, was overflowing with humanity. The papal throne, a bewildering mixture of gold, red and silver, was erected in front of the high altar. As, contrary to custom on these ceremonial occasions, there were no galleries, the basilica bore more of its normal aspect.

On the altar which was dressed in white stood the famous silver gilt candelsticks and a magnificent crucifix. All the available standing space within the cathedral was divided into sections by wooden barriers, which to a certain extent kept the vast crowd in order.

In the early hours after sunrise a thick fog hung over Rome. The effect was especially magnificent on entering the piazza of St. Peter's. At times Michael Angelo's great dome disappeared completely from view while at others it appeared through the flowing golden mist. As the morning wore on the fog disappeared and the sun shone with all its southern intensity until it became unbearably hot.

Immense Crowds Gathered Early.

At 6 a. m. the ringing of bells announced the imminent opening of the doors. A gigantic crowd had waited for hours and the police and Italian soldiers had a difficult task to maintain order as the crushing and fatigue had begun to tell on the patience of the people.

When the doors were opened the thrush was terrific; many who started from the bottom of the steps outside were lifted off their feet and carried into the cathedral. It was a great human torrent let loose, thousands of people rushing, crushing and squashing amid screams, protests, gesticulations and cries for help. Women fainted in comparatively large numbers and even men were overcome by the heat, but no serious accidents were reported. After their entrance the people had further long hours of waiting and it is computed that the majority were on their feet altogether 10 hours, five hours before the ceremony and five hours while it lasted.

Those who had received special invitations, including the high ecclesiastics who were not participating in the procession, the diplomats and Roman aristocracy, had a reserved entrance through the sacristy of St. Peter's. Prince Massimo accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Princess Beatrice, the daughter of Don Carlos, and Duke Robert of Parma, were the only members of a royal family to attend.

Among the aristocracy there was a great mixture of those Roman nobles who remain faithful to the papacy and those adhering to the Quirinal.

Inside the Vatican palace there was no less movement and bustle as the papal procession, composed of about 500 people, was formed. The pope seemed to be the only tranquil one among them all. He rose unusually early and took a few turns in the Vatican garden. Then he allowed himself to be dressed by the cardinals. He showed no nervousness and even said jokingly to the master of the ceremonies, who the other day suggested that he should use the plural form in speaking of himself, "we feel very well this morning but we may be disturbed on returning from our coronation."

Pope Entered the Sedia Gestatoria. Just before entering the sedia gestatoria, he asked for his spectacles and when the master of ceremonies distinctly stated that his holiness would look better without them he said: "I have no desire to appear what I am not," and in fact he wore them during the ceremony.

He was Pius X borne in the sedia gestatoria. His heavy white robes and the red and gold mitre were worn without an effort. Over the pontiff's head a canopy was held by eight men while the historic scarlet leather case with peacock tips gave a touch of barbaric splendor to western eyes.

Surrounding Pope Pius were the Noble Guard in new red uniforms and gleaming helmets and carrying drawn swords, while in front marched the cardinals, the cardinal bishops, the cardinal priests and the cardinal deacons. The chaplain bore the cushion on which reposed the famous triple crown. He was accompanied by the pontifical jeweller and by a special guard composed of Swiss and was followed by the choir of the Sistine chapel in white, which sang as it went along.

Before leaving the Vatican the pope went to the Sistine chapel to worship before the sacrament exposed therein and thence passed through the salt regis and the Constantinian staircase into the portico of the basilica. He there seated himself on a throne erected directly before the holy door. At the right of the throne stood Filippo Orsini, the assistant to the pope, the throne who withdrew his recent resignation of the post in order to participate at the function. Immediately beside the pope were the majordomo Monsignor Casanova, the master of the chamber, Mgr. Biletti, the master of ceremonies, Mgr. Ratti, and Dr. Lapponi.

The pontiff was exceedingly pale but composed his emotion. The low ceiling sent back an exquisite echo of the "in es petrus" sung by the Sistine choir, whose voices were heard on side in the piazza of St. Peter's. Cardinal Rampolla advanced with dignity, knelt and kissed the foot of the pontiff. He then presented in a firm voice the wishes and greetings of the chapter of St. Peter.

The pontiff answering in a trembling voice, warmly thanked the chapter for their well wishes.

The procession then returned and proceeded to the door of the basilica through which Pius X cast an almost terror-stricken glance, whispering to Dr. Lapponi: "Shall I ever be able to go through with it?"

Pope Blessed the Multitude.

The people on the basilica had in the meantime become very impatient and when the gleaming cross which preceded the cortege was seen it was greeted with great applause. On the appearance of the pontiff himself it seemed as though the people would seek to carry him in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm. Cries of "Pius, our Pope, our Father," and "Long live Pius X." were raised not withstanding the large placards posted all over the basilica saying: "Acclamations are forbidden."

The cries continued until the pontiff was compelled to rise and bless the multitude, and at the same time he made a sign for more reverential behavior. Silence was obtained when the choir announced its entrance with the resounding notes of the "Gloria sacerdotum," which were accompanied by the sweet notes of the silver trumpets.

A quiet ceremony was then carried out. The master of ceremonies knelt three times before the pontiff, each time lighting a handful of incense which surrounded a silver torch, and as the flame flashed and then died out he chanted in Latin "Holy Father, this passeth away, the world's glory."

The procession then proceeded, the pope's face meanwhile illuminated by a smile. At the chapel of the Sacrament there was another halt and his holiness left the sedia gestatoria and prayed a while at the altar. On re-entering the chair he was carried to the chapel of St. Gregory, where he officiated at a mass. Then all the cardinals donned their silver cases and white mitres and the pope was borne to the throne amid renewed acclamations and waving of handkerchiefs, fans and hats. The scene presented on his mounting the throne formed a magnificent picture to which no pen could do justice.

From the throne Pius X, surrounded by his suite, walked to the high altar, standing over the crypt of St. Peter, into which meanwhile Cardinal Macchi descended to pray. The appearance of the pope in that elevated position called forth another burst of enthusiasm. The pope then blessed the altar and after saying the "In nomine domini" the maniples, a symbol of the cross with which Christ was bound, was placed with great ceremony on the pope's arm. At the same time prayers for the coronation were recited by Cardinals Vannutelli, Mocenni, Agliardi and Bassoli. Returning from the crypt, Cardinal Macchi placed upon the shoulders of the pope the pontifical pallium and attached it with three golden jeweled pins, saying:

"Receive this sacred pallium as a symbol of the fullness of the pontifical office, in honor of Almighty God, the most glorious Virgin Mary, his mother, the blessed apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Holy Roman Catholic church."

Pope's Voice Firm and Sober. When the pontiff was seated on the throne, his voice was firm and sober. He then turned to the people and said: "I am very well this morning but we may be disturbed on returning from our coronation."



Some from the pope becoming gradually more and more anxious until it was almost unbearable in the most distant corner of the immense church.

Following this Cardinal Macchi, the master of ceremonies, placed the triple crown on the head of the pontiff.

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