

## A BRILLIANT CAREER.

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

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XXV.

"I understand all that well, but you as a young society, should consider more carefully your associates and if the other churches are too far you have a carriage to drive to them."

"I prefer walking to Mass. The little exercise is so refreshing. The chapel pleases me, and as for the dear old priest who celebrates Mass there, the very sight of his holy fervor is enough to make one feel better all through the day."

This is only an example of the comments the girl's Washington friends passed upon her actions; but as long as her mother did not interfere with her she did not care; but on the advice of others her mother did at last interfere, telling her that her convent school days were now over, and as a young lady of the world, she should take more interest in society and less in the church.

"But mother," was her reply, "I care nothing for the foolishness of the world; everything is but a vain show which will soon pass away, and I want to go back to the convent where I can do something to save my soul."

"Child, your mind is still too full of the ideas which your education has instilled into you. You have formed a false idea of the world in which there is to be found much good, and when you are a little older you will find that you can save your soul outside as well as in the convent."

"I fear not, mother, there is too much deceit and vanity to be found everywhere in the world and I really want to go back."

Mrs. Mayburn looked sadly at the beautiful girl whom she was proud to know was already greatly admired; but being a woman of great faith she dared not too strongly oppose God's will as manifested in her children. Sadly she thought:

"God has taken one of my girls and if it be His will to take the other I must submit to it; but it will be hard to part with her. I will not give her up, however, without a struggle, and if she is really called to a religious life the trial will do her no harm."

"Magdelene, you are far too young to know your own mind."

"I think not, mother, for I am almost nineteen and can understand how shallow are the vanities of this world."

"You will have time enough to think of that when you are a little older. I want you to see something more of the world, and then in two years, if your mind is still unchanged you may go; but one condition I impose upon you is that you will never mention that to me again in the mean time."

Two years seemed a long time to her to wait and be exposed to the dangers of a wicked world, and in the impetuosity of her youth she felt like begging her mother to shorten the time; but she had never known her mother to break a promise, and since she had so easily won this much she thought best to leave well enough alone.

"Yes, mother I promise you what you ask, but I firmly believe that my mind will be unchanged."

The two years passed quickly enough for mother and daughter, and two eventful years they were to the latter. Both in Washington and Philadelphia where the senator retired on the close of his term of office, Magdelene found herself an adored queen of society. Ardent admirers of both sexes constantly hovered around her and commented upon her beauty and accomplishments, but she held herself as much as possible aloof from them all, often suffering mental agony from what was intended to give her pleasure. Her very dignity won for her admiration from some, while others called her proud and cold. Her release was found in the hope that she would still be young when the two years of probation had passed.

On her twenty-first birthday she reminded her mother of her promise, telling her that her mind was still unchanged, and with a heavy heart the woman bowed her head to the will of the Almighty as she had done when the other daughter was taken away. In this case the cherished one fond hope; there is no return from the grave and Agnes was gone from her forever, but Magdelene after a

trial of the religious life might find as many others did, that it was not her vocation and come back.

The choice which society looked upon as the height of folly in one so young and accomplished, much more so because here they could find no story of disappointed love to make a romance of the affair, was much commented upon. It went from the gossips to the papers and it was one of these which had fallen into the hands of Beatrice Snow in an isolated little summer resort many miles away in New York. Fortunately in the seclusion of the convent none of these ever came to disturb the perfect peace of the young postulant. The first time her mother called on her the Reverend Mother said:

"Mrs. Mayburn, your daughter is very happy here, and I think her mother cannot receive too much praise for giving back so willingly her child and treasure to God. You shall have your reward a hundred fold and I hope that God will send you another true and loving daughter to be your comfort in your old age."

These words seemed to mean but little to her then, but as her son grew to manhood she began to hope that through him the promise of having a good daughter might be fulfilled. She hoped that after he graduated he would remain at home and marry soon some good, pious girl who would bring back life and mirth to her home; but here, too, she was doomed to a little disappointment. No sooner had Eugene returned from college than he declared his intention of going to Europe to study medicine. She suggested that if he wished to become a physician he could study near home, but his mind was set on going to Europe, so after much reluctance his parents consented.

It was very lonely with both children gone and the great house was not so often open to entertain guests as formerly; but at the time we are introduced to Mrs. Mayburn she is entertaining bright hopes that her son will soon be home, for in a few weeks he is to graduate. Her husband and herself are preparing to go to Europe to be present at the event, and with one important exception, most of the preparations for the journey have been made. Mrs. Mayburn wishes a lady traveling companion and as yet has been wholly unable to secure one according to her own tastes. She glances sadly at the picture of her darling daughter who had so willingly thrown aside her robe of silk and costly lace to don the coarse dark habit of the religious and a sigh escapes her lips.

"My dear child, if you had but remained with me I would care for no other companion but—" she paused as she gazed steadily upon the sweet Madonna face, "perhaps it is better for you as it is. God knows best and you may have escaped many a bitter care."

She then bowed her head in silence and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Magdelene might be able to secure a suitable companion for her. She wanted some one who was educated and refined, and knew well that in our convent boarding schools are to be found not only the daughters of the rich, but comparatively poor girls who are obliged to go out into the world and seek a means of support. Such a young lady would be just what she wanted, and Magdelene would be the best one to find a companion for her after her own heart, for no one knew her tastes better than her own child. She intended to make a short visit to the convent before her departure, but thought best to write at once in hopes that before her arrival the proper person might be found.

It was a long and loving letter, as her messages to the loved one always were, but what gave the young sister most pleasure, was the favor she had asked, for she felt that she could easily grant it by giving her dear mother a fit companion who would be all she wished, and at the same time accomplish a desire she had never dared put into words.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

"Who was Sister Cecilia?" This was a question which many times had arisen in the mind of Beatrice, and her eager curiosity could not be subdued. Among the boarders no one seemed to know, or if they did, the secret was safe, and she felt tempted sometimes to ask the young nun herself, but she knew that it was too delicate a question and perhaps if she might as well have inquired of one of the silent statues in the halls. For Sister Cecilia, had gladly given up her place in the world, and with it

given up that noble name of which she would have had reason to be proud. To the love of Christ she had sacrificed far more than many of her friends suspected. Of one thing Beatrice was certain, that Sister Cecilia had once belonged to the higher class of society, for in spite of her humility she betrayed the fact in many unconscious ways. It was not at all strange that Magdelene Mayburn had often stood as a vision before the mental gaze of our heroine when thinking about her friend's family; for the account she had read so long ago of the young lady's renouncing the world had left a lasting impression upon her memory. She believed that her friend must have belonged to a good family, but she never dreamed that her two ideals were the same person. On one occasion she had even brought from the secret recesses of her trunk the article out from the paper and showed it to her. The Sister had blushed deeply as she read the account for the first time, and changed the subject as quickly as possible. The marked embarrassment had not been lost on Beatrice who was surprised by it at the time, but it was soon forgotten.

If the two friends had been dear to each other from the beginning of their acquaintance, they were far more so this year, when they were so closely associated in their work. As a teacher of music Beatrice proved most efficient and many were the hours of toil and anxiety her talent helped her save the hard working nun. After the lonely year in the country she felt like a returned exile, and had been so happy in the perfect enjoyment of religious freedom among those of her own class, that the months had glided rapidly away until it was now almost the close of school. Her old ambitions to be great as a lady in society were gone forever, and now she only lived for the present, with little thought of the future, while memories of the past were too sad to entertain. Her first wild ambition to become a religious, which had seized her in a moment of sorrow, when forsaken by her mother, had long since passed away; for much as she admired the holy life of her friends, she felt that such a blessing was not for her.

There remained but little over two weeks more of school when one afternoon during rehearsal for the closing exercises, a work which was left mostly in the hands of the two friends, Sister Cecilia was called to the parlor by the announcement that her mother was there.

"Please tell mother that I am engaged, and if she will excuse me I will be down in a few minutes," she said gazing at the clock which told that her work would occupy another half hour.

As soon as the rehearsal was over Beatrice was sent for to join Sister Cecilia in the parlor, and her surprise was great when the handsomely dressed lady was introduced to her as, "My mother, Mrs. Mayburn," and still more so when she heard the daughter addressed by the old familiar name of Magdelene. Sister Cecilia was soon called to attend to pressing duties and Beatrice was left to entertain the lady mother with whom she was most favorably impressed.

"Magdelene Mayburn," repeated Beatrice to herself when she was alone that evening, and she brought again from her trunk the newspaper clipping she had strangely treasured so long, "Magdelene Mayburn, and how strange I never suspected it before," but how would she feel when her friend's identity had been so closely covered?

The religious in the meantime, after having made many enquiries about her own family, of interest only to herself, had turned the subject, first to her mother's proposed trip, then to Beatrice, of whom she spoke in the most glowing terms, finally asking how she would like her as a companion.

"The young lady impressed me very favorably at first. Little as I have seen of her I think she would be just the person I would like, and what you have told me of her noble sacrifices makes me like her better still."

"I am glad to hear you say so, mother, both for her own sake and yours, for to know Beatrice Snow is to love her, and if you can secure her as a companion you will never have cause to regret it."

"Have you spoken to Miss Snow about my wish?"

"No mother, I have not, as I thought best to wait and see if you were favorably impressed with her."

(To be continued.)

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## Here and Where Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By The Shaughraun.

The late Earl of Kimberley at a banquet given shortly before his death at the Hotel Cecil, London, in honor of the Irish generals who had stood England in such heroic stead during the great Boer war said: "No one can have lived in Ireland or come in touch with her brilliant sons, without being infected with the magnetism of her soil and race." The sardonic Kitchener, one of the guests of honor at that banquet, a Kerry man by birth, though an Englishman by blood, confessed that "No place on earth seemed so largely in his heart's affections as that little spot in Kerry where he first saw the light."

And so it is with all who hail from the green isle, or whose fathers hailed therefrom, or who have ever visited its shores with an open mind. To know her is to love her. For ages her sons have sacrificed everything for her they held dear, family ties, worldly prospects and even life. She can challenge any country in the world to produce so long, so glorious, so immortal a roll of patriots, as is her privilege to possess. She has the faculty of attaching to her with bonds of iron all in whose veins course a drop of Irish blood, and even enlisting the admiration of the "stranger" if he will but invoke that spell of touching with his feet her "holy sod."

In this great country of ours they are to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands whose dearest and proudest recollection is the scene of their early childhood in "the Green Isle of Erin" and whose bitterest is that when standing on the deck of the great "liner" which was carrying them to the great Republic of the West they watched the beloved shores of their native land fade from sight. There are still a more numerous class who though perhaps "more Irish" than their Irish fathers themselves, have not set eyes on the land which even at this distance has so powerful a fascination for them. All that is beautiful in the land they live in they transplant in mind to Ireland; but if they only knew the utter futility of comparing Ireland to anything else but herself. Hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, abound the world over, but Killarney is Ireland's own, so is the Blackwater, so again are the Golden Spear of Wicklow, the "Meeting of the Waters," Holy Cross Abbey, the Hill of Tara and "Lough Meagh" banks where the fisherman strays, when the clear, cold eye's declining.

"Great is the land we tread, but yet far greater is our own."

says the poet, and in the sense we accept the term this is true. She is "great" to us in her historic past, her martyred dead, her ruined shrines, aye, and "great" in her shamrock strewn hillsides, her shielings and cabins, her "forts" and her fairies, her banquets and leprechauns, her dances, her wakes and her fairs. In a word she is

"Dear old Ireland, grand old Ireland  
Ireland boys, hurrah!"

Well now the writer is back in Rochester fresh from a trip to the "old land"—indeed reader, were you near me as I write, I verily believe you would be overcome by the shamrock, cum-turf, cum-kelp aroma permeating my whole person. The breezes of the Atlantic did not dispel half of it. Could I only retain it forever.

The editor of "The Journal" is good enough to ask me to go back again over this trip "through Erin's Isle," and to take you with me "to sport awhile." I am sure it will be a keen delight for me to do so, and I hope such things and places as I have seen and how I've seen them, will also interest you. The course I mapped out for myself was a rather zig-zag one, beginning with Queenstown; possibly I may have missed the town where you first breathed the pure air of "Holy Ireland"—and maybe I touched it—but in any event you will be happy to learn "how is poor old Ireland and how does she stand." To give an answer to this question right now, let me say that the political and economic clouds are lifting, after all these centuries of senseless oppression and the time does not seem far distant when from every standpoint Irishmen will find it as much to their interest, as to their desire, to remain at home. Even now the emigration figures are appalling, and were they to be maintained at this rate, to conjure up Ireland 100 years from now, a "deserted Eden" would be no difficult

feat for the imagination. Happily however a serious, bona fide effort, is being made to stem the tide, and we may await developments with confidence. New to the journey.

On the third morning after leaving New York the last pair of American gulls took their departure back to the land of the Stars and Stripes and two days before sighting the green hills of County Cork we had the advance guard of the Irish gulls with us. To me these elegant birds were harbingers of good times ahead and they looked Irish from their head crests to their tail feathers. I did not fail to note the distinctly Hibernian twinkle in their bright eyes. My heart went out to them and it was a matter of regret to me that they had not hands that I could shake or that they did not know a word or two of Gaelic or even the unmelodious Anglo-Saxon tongue, so that they could have whispered to me the state of that "dear land of Shamrocks" towards which our huge modern "bark" was rapidly heading.

At last however through the haze it rose up out of the ocean—"the Emerald gem of the western world." Shall I readily forget the emotions which swept over me? Seven years had passed over my head since I quitted her shores and memories of that leaving and coming anterior, crowded in upon me, till I felt a suspicious sensation in the lachrymal glands.

It was early morning and the "king of day" was darting out his first shafts of light and warmth over the scene, dispelling the gauzy mantle of mist with which Erin is wont to clothe herself. I called to mind those words of Tom Moore when describing such a scene:

"Thy sun with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise."

The nearer we approached the land the denser grew the flock of gulls which hovered all about the ship, until when we anchored in Queenstown harbor, they flew and swam around us literally in battalions, some screaming, others fighting, and others again floating gracefully on the water preening their feathers after their long flight. They were the first creatures Irish to greet me as I boarded the tender to make the landing. I took my farewell of them with some regret.

I had plenty of time to take in all the beauties of Queenstown harbor as viewed from the decks of the liner and the small tender, and the panorama must be voted a charming one, even to other than Irish eyes. In the brilliant morning sun with its white buildings and glittering window panes, Queenstown resembled nothing so much as a lustrous diamond with a sea of sapphires before her, and hills of emerald behind her. Handsome residences were to be discovered here and there among the trees on the hillside, and the usual concomitants of seaside resorts, bathhouses of all patterns and sizes, nestled under the bluff close to the water's edge. I must not forget to mention that the mouth of the harbor has a couple of watch dogs in the shape of forts. They are eloquent evidence of the power of "the man in possession." They lie there as it were sleeping, but the eye of Cork is under their protection, and in the case of trouble they would be found very much awake. The Catholic Cathedral, one of the finest in Ireland, is the most conspicuous feature in the bird's eye view of Queenstown as seen from the water. Next week we will get into "Rebel Cork" and away up country, sometimes by bicycle and at others by railroad.

To be continued.

### A Tribute.

Written for The Journal.  
At last the fight is over,  
Pope Leo is no more,  
His earthly work is finished,  
His long pilgrimage is o'er.  
All sovereigns esteemed him  
A true and noble friend,  
And to his gentle counsel  
A listening ear would lend.

### He Is Sleeping.

It was a fast farewell, we thought as we knew it now for he has gone to sleep.  
This loving, noble fisherman of men,  
This gentle shepherd of the lambs and sheep,  
But dead, not so, for in immortal youth  
Our Leo lives with his Master now.  
While Peter here still guides the bark  
Of Truth.

—Mrs. Ghebren.

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## HE GAVE UP HIS ALL.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE  
REV. FATHER FUETS.

The story of a humble priest, a cheerful self sacrifice in the cause of Stricken Humanity in the name of Christ. Written by Rev. Father Fuets.

Father Fuets is the only Catholic priest on the island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies. When the terrible explosion of the Southern volcano occurred last May this clergyman was at Kingstown, at the southern end of the island, beyond the zone of devastation by steam and mud and blizzards. Many were killed in that eruption, scores survived only to suffer from burns and blows of falling stones while hundreds were made homeless and driven to distant settlements for shelter and food; their cabins burned, their little gardens blighted in the risk of scalding sulphurous vapor, the mills and plantations where they had worked buried under a million tons of ash and scoria. The poor blacks were dazed with grief and pain, and they were in sorry need. The land was filled with the cry of the children.

Now, Father Fuets is a quiet, modest, sunny man, who is pastor of so small a church that he has a task to keep his people together. The money received for his service was little, for the aid of the Antilles, St. Vincent is poor, the people in few instances earning more than 25 cents a day for mechanic labor and but 10 or 15 cents for work in the fields. Yet he had managed to save a penny here and a twopenny there, because it was the hope of his life to go back to Germany, his old home, and see his friends and kin before he died. He had been separated from them for years, and as the pennies increased to shillings and the shillings to pounds, intervals grew to pounds he began to dream glad dreams of the day when he would actually set sail for the old country. His joy was near, for he had enough now for his steamer passage and lacking a few shillings for the expenses of the trip. In a few weeks he would be in Germany; he would sit at meat with his old friends; he would hear his native speech; he would see smiles of welcome on the remembered faces; he would breathe the air of freedom; he would throw care aside, and for the first time in years he would have rest.

In the day of shaking and thunder and darkness he learned that 1,500 of the natives of the island had been slain; that the northern third of St. Vincent was a smoking desert; that thousands of survivors, some barely able to move or be moved, were retreating upon the hills; a hungry, frightened army. Father Fuets went to the bank, drew out every penny of his savings and placed the sum in the hands of the officials. "Give this to the people who need it," said he.

The ship that had so often taken him to Germany in his imagination slipped away in the night. The sun that should have risen among the flames still rose above the palms. It was only the slight birds of the tropics that stirred in the leaves, not the singing lark and the blue throated starling. Instead of happy days, days of friendship and cheer, the priest saw before him months of duty, months of hardship, years perhaps, a lifetime of imprisonment in his exile, the final cruel disappointment of his hope. But there was no repining, no complaint. He went about his work with a smiling face. He forgot his own. His dreams had faded, the clouds had fallen, but a ray from heaven pierced the darkness on that day and lighted a halo on the head of Father Fuets.—Independent.

### The Church in Scotland.

The bishops, priests and laity of Scotland have been celebrating the silver jubilee of the re-establishment of the Scottish hierarchy in the manner worthy of the event. The statistics set forth in the discourse delivered at Edinburgh by Father Gerard Brock at Ford most gratifying evidence of the progress made by the church in Scotland during the past twenty-five years. It was estimated that the Catholic of the country at the restoration of the hierarchy numbered 800,000. It was certain that the number at present exceeded 510,000, showing an increase of 150,000 in a quarter of a century. From these figures it is clear that the increase in the church is keeping pace with the growth of population and we believe it would be correct to state that there is not another denomination of any size in Scotland of which the same can be said. There are now 323 missions giving an increase of 60 per cent, and 370 churches and chapels, showing an increase of 16 per cent, or more than one-third. The priests have increased from 270 to 425, or 50 per cent, and the number of schools their parishes have increased or to 10 per cent. Half a century ago it was thought by many that Scotland and Ireland were an unbroken opposed to Catholic mission work. It is now the prospect of the future almost hopeless, but now the church in Scotland is a reality.

—Mrs. Ghebren.

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