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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 XXVII.

Seeing you kneel at the altar reminded me of the many times when I pretended to others, although I found it hard to believe it myself, that I was really consecrating and distributing the Body of Christ. How many times have I deeply lamented that sacrifice and asked God's forgiveness for it; but I was so happy I believe I would have forgotten it had you not knelt before me to remind me of the past."

"Turning to Eugene he said, "I have received orders to go to the United States and will be ready to sail with you, so if you do not delay your marriage too long I would like to perform the ceremony."

"The happy event will not be delayed, Father, and I know Beatrice will join me in thanking you most heartily for your kind offer."

Beatrice blushed, and smilingly bowed her reply.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Ex-Senator Mayburn, lady and companion, Dr. Eugene Mayburn, Rev. George Lenton, S. J., all of Philadelphia."

This is what Mrs. Snow read from a list of steamship arrivals which one of her girls had brought home a few days before and which had only just fallen into her hands. The name of Mayburn had no interest whatever for her but she fairly hissed when she came to the S. J. of the last.

"Can it possibly be he? Yes, it must be for he went to Europe seven years ago to become a Catholic priest and now he has returned an S. J. S.—whatever that stands for I do not know but J. certainly means Jesuit. They always put that after their name, but who would have thought it of so brilliant a young man."

"What is it, mother?" asked Blanche who reclined in an easy chair.
"What is it, Blanche? you may well ask, I hardly know what this world is coming to or rather some of the people in it. Rev. George Lenton S. J.—Jesuit. How does that sound—has returned from Rome and gone to Philadelphia. That's all."

"You are not surprised are you, mother, you knew when he left here he went to Rome to become a Jesuit," said Blanche calmly.

"Surprised, yes, I am surprised that a man of his apparent intelligence, and with such bright promises could persist thus far in such a mad folly."

"Just like our poor Beatrice," sighed Blanche who still sadly mourned the loss of her sister.

"That is no comparison, for as carefully as I tried to bring up your poor unfortunate sister she was young and easily fell into bad influence which proved to be her ruin, but with him it was different, he was a man of strong mental power who should have known better."

"It is hard, very hard, mother, to believe that either Father Lenton or Beatrice could do wrong, and I wish that I could see them both and have a long talk with them to learn their motives."

"Better never see either of them again, Blanche, for hard as it is to be kept from my own child by a barrier far greater than death, I would not wish her to come in contact with her sisters for fear she might exercise over them the bad influence in which she herself, poor girl, has enthrallled. As for him, when he preached that scandalous sermon in which he dared to tell right in his own pulpit, in the presence of those on whom he was depending for support, his reasons for becoming a Jesuit—he became my sworn enemy forever and I would not wish you or your sister the ill luck to ever meet him again."

"Mother, you are cruel to speak so of your own child."

"I cannot help it, and if you ever live to become a mother and have one of your children desert you after having done as much for her as I did for Beatrice, you may realize what I suffer. It would be a pleasure to me to know that she were in her grave, for then I could go to her resting place with flowers; I would not have to be acting a lie as I do now by saying that she is in Europe, where she is, God only knows where, shut up in some convent I suppose or turned on the streets to work as she deserved. The story about being in Europe sounded very well at first and people believed it then, but it is getting worn out now, for after being gone four years

they think it is time for her to return."

"I sometimes think, mother, it would have been better had we told the truth at first and quieted people's suspicion."

"And brought disgrace upon ourselves by letting the world know our private affairs. No, it is better as it is."

"True, the affair might have excited a little comment at first, but you know yourself that many wealthy young ladies of good respectable families enter the convent and are thought no less of for it, and it is not an unusual thing for Protestants in the highest circles to join the Catholic church."

"I know, Blanche, that fools are found in every station of life, but I hope that what you have just heard about Mr. Lenton has not turned your head too so that you would be willing to follow your sister's bad example and go over to Rome."

"Never, mother, Heaven forbid that I should so far get your teachings and wishes as to do such a thing, but I cannot believe that the Catholics are really as bad as some people say."

"And if they are not we wish to have nothing whatever to do with their superstitious belief."

At this point Blanche sank languidly back in her chair, closing her eyes and the conversation was dropped. To a close observer a look of pain might be seen on her pale face but her proud mother saw it not.

Warily had the long years dragged on for the poor girl since last we saw her. The attack brought on by her first party had caused many weeks of suffering so that at times her life was almost despaired of, then in the spring she appeared to regain almost perfect health only to be seized with another attack later on. Thus from sickness, sometimes almost at the portals of death, to apparent health; from health to sickness had the time passed for her. But harder than the pains of disease for her to bear had been that empty void in her heart caused by separation from her sister. To all outward appearance she was a most loving and devoted daughter, but still in the secret recesses of her heart lingered a feeling that her mother had been cruelly unjust to Beatrice, and had she known the whereabouts of the wanderer there were times when she would have braved everything to have gone to her. The old physician alone, to whom the whole truth had been told, was in possession of her secret, and he often thought that her sister's return might prolong her life for many years, but there were no hopes of her permanent recovery.

The absent one was seldom mentioned in the home circle, and if she were it was usually as one would speak of the dead; excepting to Blanche who was her mother's sole confidant, and even with her it was an unusual thing to have as much said as the foregoing conversation. She was glad now that her mother soon left the room, for her words had jarred so cruelly on her weak nerves that she wished to be alone.

Had it not been for the humility of Beatrice the list which conveyed to Mrs. Snow the first unpleasant news concerning her old pastor would have told her the whereabouts of her daughter. Mrs. Mayburn had almost insisted upon the name of her who was soon to be her son's wife being registered among the passengers, but Beatrice firmly refused for she would return as she came, simply as Mrs. Mayburn's companion. She dreaded to have the name of Mr. Snow's discarded daughter thus brought before public notice and it would be time enough for people to hear of her when she became Mrs. Dr. Mayburn. Even Eugene was a little displeased but she would have her own way. The first mention made of her name was when the announcement of her coming marriage appeared.

It was about two weeks after the conversation recorded that Blanche and her mother were together again and this time Lillie, the youngest girl was with them, reading one of the latest society papers. Blanche was watching her intently. Her face was a study for a minute then her eyes lit up and turning to her companion, she exclaimed:

"Mamma, Blanche, you can't guess what."

"No, dear," said Mrs. Snow, "what is it?"

"Beatrice is in Philadelphia and is to be married Wednesday."

"Beatrice! who told you so?"

"I have the announcement here in the paper, read it for yourself."

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES OF GERMANY

Written for The Catholic Journal
By Die Schwalbe.
(Continued from last week.)

From Bremen to Strasburg among the "Blue Alsatian Mountains" is a far cry, but it is in this way reader I purpose transporting you about the beautiful German Empire, introducing you to, or renewing your acquaintance with some of its beauty spots, just in that order—or disorder—as it may occur to my fancy from week to week. Pardon this bit of arbitrariness, but our voyaging may prove none the less interesting on that account—indeed this departure from out and dry methods may be as pleasing to you as it is convenient to me.

The principal reason why I have selected Strasburg for this article is because I love the dear old home of "pattes de fois gras" with all its quaint and picturesque sights and above all, for its superb Cathedral. Before however speaking in detail of this last, let me say a few words about Alsacia and its capital in a general way. As many if not most of you know, the province of Alsacia was for many years alienated from its rightful rulers, the Germans, and only returned to its old allegiance after the close of the Franco-German war in 1870. During their connection with France, the Alsatians had become more French than the French themselves and when the surrender of their province to Germany was agreed upon, no one deplored it more bitterly than they. Now however the sores are healed over, the German language is rapidly supplanting the French among the people, every trace of their subjection has lately been wiped out by an edict of the brilliant, if impulsive young ruler of Germany and a few more years will find Alsacia and Lorraine as loyal to their present as they were to their late masters.

Alsacia generally and particularly in the neighborhood of Strasburg, is devoted to agriculture and much of its surface is given over to cultivation of the grape. Thousands of geese are reared in this district and driven into Strasburg to be fattened and treated for the production of that famous delicacy "pattes de fois gras" or in plain English, diseased goose liver. What would Paris and the other thousand and one rendezvous of epicureans do, without this morsel on the menu? The geese are reared in the city as well, but principally the farmers bring them in from the country round about, the gabbling crowd often having to "foot" every inch of the road between the farms on which they are reared and their destination in Strasburg. Their feet are hardened in tar for the journey. In many a house in that city and throughout Alsacia opportunities frequently occur to observe the ghastly method adopted to manufacture the above named delicacy—which is nothing short of slowly roasting the poor birds to death. They are placed close to fires with their breasts facing the heat and often kept in position by having nails driven through their feet into the floor. The wretched bird stands there; the fire slowly does the rest, which is to disease and enlarge the liver. Such a sight is enough to disgust one for ever with creatures who can demand such a "delicacy" and even more with those whose willing taste to cater to it. And if any dumb creature in the world can look pathetic under suffering, most assuredly it is a goose—it has such beautiful eyes and is so knowing.

But it is for its Cathedral that Strasburg is so famous—and justly so. This is the peerless structure which elicited alike the concern of the first Napoleon and old Emperor William when laying siege to the city. The gunners had the strictest of strict instructions not to cast a shell anywhere in its neighborhood—which fact redounds greatly to the credit of all concerned.

It is a colossal oblong structure, 343 feet long, 114 feet wide, with three naves, an imposing, solitary spire, and built of a pale red sand-stone. Its total area of 48,052 square feet bears a proportion to the largest churches in the United States as four to one. The lofty pillars of the middle nave support two rows of arches and through these the light enters from fourteen immense pointed arched windows filled with exquisite stained glass. A circular window of the most wonderful workmanship and of a size without parallel on earth is pierced above the middle doorway. Beneath the choir is a crypt in pure gothic style, called the chapel of the "sacred grave." Under this again, forty feet, is the treasury, in which the sacred objects and relics

of the Cathedral are stored.

The front is pierced by three vast, deeply-recessed doorways, decorated with a profusion of sculpture, and of such colossal proportions that men standing near appear like emmetts. The middle archway is 24 feet wide, and nearly 40 feet high. No less than seventy statues of saints adorn the niches about the doorways. An immense statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child stands before the middle shaft. The carved work over the middle entrance is in a state of perfect preservation and represents the Last Supper, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord. Ornaments in the Arabesque style of the middle ages twine and shoot up along the facade of the tower, enclosing niches in which stand stone figures of apostles, saints and Christian warriors. A masterpiece of the architect, a winding stone staircase of 329 steps, leads to the platform of the tower, where the watchman has his lodge. The great cross once surmounting the spire, was originally crowned with a golden statue of Our Lady.

The structure dates back to Charlemagne, though a basilica existed there as early as A. D. 564. For fourteen centuries despite the changes effected by fire, war and elements, the same building has been substantially preserved. In the year 1002 it was fired with the rest of the city by Herrmann, Duke of Alsatia. Bishop Werner rebuilt it, but the task was scarcely completed before the lightning played the part of incendiary and again the glorious temple was again almost burnt to the ground. The same indefatigable Bishop Werner commenced its reconstruction and on a more magnificent scale, but he died in 1028 long before its completion. It was not till 1269 that this was effected, but even then, the crown to it, the glorious tower, the triumph of Erwin von Steinbach, had not even been commenced. Another ten years elapsed before the first stone of the tower was laid and work on this went on without interruption for a century and a half. Money and materials and workmen flowed into Strasburg from all over Germany to forward this good work and it was a proud day for the grand old city when she saw the great cross raised to its position at the pinnacle of the spire, thus completing the stupendous work.

Since then, embracing a period of four centuries, wind, rain, storm and thunderbolts have assailed this wonderful structure, but in vain. Five earthquakes have left it unmoved, sixty thunderbolts have been hurled against its spire, but all to no purpose—it towers to heaven to-day as it has done for ages, a glorious tribute both to God and man.

I have devoted so much space to the Cathedral simply because it is one of the glories of the world and certainly the finest thing Strasburg has to show. If the so-called "dark ages" had no other redeeming feature than the erection of such triumphs of architecture as this beautiful house of God, they have placed humanity under a lasting obligation to them. The Catholic church has ever shown herself the shrine, the very mother of true art.

Before quitting Strasburg it should be said that under German domination the city is literally bounding forward under the head of "modern improvements" and trade. Before the last bombardment it was still a network of rambling narrow streets, but many of these have been replaced by handsome thoroughfares and squares. The situation of the city is excellent, in a vast watered plain and from it many places of world wide interest are easily reached. Not the least of the changes or "improvements" introduced by the new rulers is the new system of fortifications between the outer and inner forts of which a huge army could encamp. Handsome villas stud the fertile plain on every hand and a panorama not easily to be forgotten is to be seen from the platform of the Cathedral tower, when the eye can in turn wander from the lofty summits of the Vosges mountains to miles of fertile valleys and plains watered by the silver Rhine.

To be continued.

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Here and There

Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By The Shaughraun.
(Continued from last week.)

To tear myself away from Killarney was a much harder matter than I can convey to you in weak language. It is a piece of a myriad of beauties and almost as many moods. I got to love it in its gloom and rain—and it knows how to rain at Killarney—as well as its sunshine. Notwithstanding its army of tourists during the busy season (the time I was there) I know of few places in our lonely native country, where one could be so entirely alone, if he so chooses, as at Killarney. I have rambled through the rocky fastnesses in and around the Gap of Dunloe for hours without meeting or seeing any other living thing than some adventurous goat prospecting far from the cabin homestead of whose stock in trade it formed no inconsiderable part. I have wandered too down paths along the side of the lakes the wall beaten character of which used to puzzle me for I rarely encountered anyone else upon them. Generations of tourists must of course have trod these byways through the woods—not forgetting either more generations of Kate Kearneys and their swains who doubtless chose these romantic paths for the murmurings of their sweet nothings—far from the maddening crowd. There together they could plot and plan as to the furnishing of their humble home "up in Killarney" or maybe in some hillside shieling, or again maybe make all the sad and exultant arrangements to "seek their fortune in the west," their secrets falling on no other ears than that of the little linnet or wren in the leafy branches over their heads. O Killarney what a paradise to lovers you must be! I cannot imagine a troth plighted in this Elysium ever being broken. But, who shall say so fickle is man.

However, leave Killarney I must, or—does it not sound like a bull?—I'll never reach Limerick. So, adieu—not good-bye—beloved hills, clothed in your rich vestures of green, and purple and gold—adieu to your lakes and emerald isles—adieu to your mountain stream and snow-white waterfalls—adieu sweet Innisfallen—adieu to your sparkling trout that glide and sport where the crystal waters meet at the bridge—adieu to your Mike and Tim, and Thady, and your poor old "Moya" with your crooked stick and depleted wallet—and last of all (though you should be first) you "Kate" and "Peggy," the glances of whose blue eyes—"knock men down" in the market town, as right and left they fly—till we meet again, farewell!

The route taken by the railroad between Killarney and Limerick is thoroughly characteristic of picturesque County Kerry. It winds round mountains and through verdant valleys and plains, with the homes of the peasantry and "ginny" dotted here and there to remind you that the country is not quite deserted or yet converted into the bullock run into which, up to recent times, the Anglo-Saxon rulers seemed bent on converting it. A familiar figure in the landscape is the compact and frisky little Kerry cow, often enough attended by some pretty dairymaid expending on it, for the sake of a pail of milk, all the known of "coo-ee" and "delutherin'." As these southern western counties go Kerry seems "comfortably off" and has not got a tinge of the dire poverty to complain of that have say Galway or Mayo farther up the coast. The inhabitants are among the brightest in the land, mercury from head to heel. The same remark applies to their next door neighbors in County Limerick, who reckon amongst themselves the "boys" from "Garryowen in glory."

And now let me take you into Limerick, the city of the "broken treaty" and the loveliest girl in all Europe. This last is no empty flattery for in the beauty show held last year at Earl's Court Exhibition, London, the Limerick girls carried off the palm for beauty against all comers—and they came as far as from Gloucestershire, hitherto supposed to be the shrine of female comeliness. The award was given to Limerick with acclamations, which showed the sound judgment of the arbiters. As a matter of fact too the general public awarded the prize in that quarter long before the judges announced their decision. Take my word for it the girls and women of Limerick to-day are in every sense worthy successors of the beautiful devoted creatures who stood on the battlements of their historic city side

by side with their husbands and lovers to help to repel "the broken treaty"—and who did see their husbands' sacrifice their lives to help their ambition. A Limerick girl who is known in Ireland as a "high stepper"—blood and character in every tone of her well-possessed head.

And now to this city across the Shannon. It stands well in the mouth of the Shannon, the noble river as the "British Isles." In fact it stands fourth in Ireland and owing to its unrivalled situation on this great waterway, it is also one of the most prosperous places in the country. It has fine docks, factories, warehouses, stores and public buildings. As may be supposed too, it is rich in churches of many denominations, though over 90 per cent of the population is Catholic. Limerick lies spread to an island in the middle of the Shannon, and even over to the Clonsilla. It is divided broadly into English Town, Irish Town and Newtown. The last named being the most modern and elegant portion. Fine bridges span the river at various points and from these glorious views up and down the Shannon may be obtained. It is rare, day or night not to see a small fleet of white sailed skiffs skimming over the river's broad bosom. In the summer time some very delightful sea and river trips are to be made at popular prices—and of these the inhabitants are very appreciative. Limerick is of course a garrison town and soldiers regard it as an ideal spot to be sent to—it's infinitely better than "Cromarty" anyway. Speaking of soldiers, Limerick in her time, has had a "home-ful" of them—from the Danes down to the modern Britons; and let it be said, the same soldiers had a "home-ful" of Limerick, which has ever had an awkward habit of drinking men who come before her walls with arms in their hands. This Master General, the Lieutenant of "Saint William" (John William) found out with an overabundant force he had siege to the city, but after six weeks investment he deemed it advisable to negotiate honorable terms of surrender with these obstinate patriots. How those "terms" were observed by the nation who authorized them, history tells, is the tale of "the broken treaty." The rotten link in the rotten chain binding Ireland to England. Barred from the kind of place he was depending upon when he chose to make Limerick the "last stand" of his gallant army. Of all the heart stirring military scenes and passages of which this grand old city has been witness, she has never seen so ripe the opportunity enacted within her walls when the flower of Barfield's army chose to wheel under the flag of France rather than under that of the Dutch invaders. She saw the activity of the Irish Brigade, which in exile during subsequent years was to cover itself with glory on foreign battle fields, especially when pitted before their old foe, the famed Fontenoy. The "Irish stand" stands at Thomond Bridge to-day, in sad remembrance of the fact that "when men with the devil, he needs a long spoon."

The handsome churches in the city are the Catholic Cathedral and the Redemptorist church. I believe the Redemptorist is the somewhat celebrated Bishop O'Dwyer, who almost alone among the bishops, actively opposed the "Plan of Campaign" at the time of the famous "Rescript" issued by the late sovereign, Pontiff. He has lived to see improved times and is quite restored to the love and veneration of his people, which for some time he had distinctly estranged. It may not be out of place here to call attention and pay a tribute to the magnificent and controlled respect ever shown by the Irish people to their spiritual pastors, even when they have found themselves unable to see eye to eye with them. They do not flout in their pastorate, as some Catholic nations have shown a proneness to do, the time worn dictum "For religion only from Rome, not our politics," but give every attention to the advice and warnings extended to them and are thus able in the end to do for the best. They have never been known to act with blind passion against the well-considered advice of their clergy. They recognize in them their truest and oldest friends and if "Father Peter" (God bless him) does "Jays, Jays, Jays" sometimes on his feet, they know he means it all for the best. There is no Catholic country in Europe or elsewhere where the priest wields such influence as he does in the word as in Ireland. And rightly too, for he has established and proved his title as a true and devoted creature, who stood on the battlements of their historic city side