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# The Catholic Journal

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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 XXXI.

"What is the trouble with my sister?" asked Beatrice.

"Nothing much, only—I am a coward to cry because I am lonely."

"Lonely, Blanche, for what; you are at home with all of your family."

"I know it, sister, but I was thinking of the time when you will be gone. I almost feel that if you leave to go so far away we may never meet again."

"You should not feel so, we will not be long gone and when we return you are to come and make me a long visit in our own home."

"Yes, I know, but we have been separated so long I dread to have you leave me, even for a short time."

This made Beatrice feel sad and she told her husband about it, adding that Blanche had expressed a desire to visit California and that she wished they could take her with them.

The young husband would have preferred to have had his wife all to himself during their bridal trip, but his life, like that of his sister, seemed to be destined to be one of voluntary sacrifices for others. He had already learned to dearly love his wife's invalid sister and when he looked forward to the long years of separation which he knew must soon begin, he had not the heart to think of leaving her behind. He had carefully studied her case, holding consultation with the old family physician, so he felt confident that under his care there would be no danger in her taking the long trip. It might benefit her, perhaps lengthen her life, but the dread disease was too firmly seated for him to hope for any cure.

"Would you really like to take her with us, Beatrice," he asked.

"Yes, Eugene, I would if you are willing, and you think she is strong enough to endure the journey."

"I have no fear but what she can. I think the change of climate may benefit her, so if your mother is willing she shall go."

The look of gratitude on the face of his wife rewarded him far more than words could have done.

As might be expected Mrs. Snow strongly objected at first to her invalid daughter going so far from home without her. "It would be perfectly absurd," she said, "for one who has had so many attacks which we sometimes marvel that she survives."

"Can you not trust her in the hands of a physician who has spent two years in the best hospital in Europe and seen hundreds of such cases?"

"I suppose I ought to be willing to, but it is hard to let her go among strangers without me."

"Fear not, for her sister and myself will take the best of care of her."

After much persuasion, combined with the cooperation of the old doctor, Mrs. Snow finally consented to let Blanche go. When the girl was told of the decision a new strength seemed to be given her and it was with difficulty she was kept from exhausting herself by entering in the preparations for the journey.

In one way the few days of her daughter's sojourn at home had been days of triumph for the proud woman. To her fashionable friends the lie she had told in regard to the long absence of her daughter had been turned to a truth, and even those who had looked suspiciously upon the matter were now easily made to believe that she had gone directly from school to Europe. How the mother's pride would have smarted had it been told that her beautiful Beatrice had been first a country school teacher, then a teacher in the convent and lastly a hired companion in which capacity she had remained until the time of her brilliant marriage.

Fortunately for the pride of the family none of this got out. The only thing that excited any amount of comment was the conversion of the girl to the Catholic religion, but only a few narrow minded people looked down upon her for that. Such things were too common even in the highest circles and the general verdict soon went out that she had changed her religion to please her husband.

Before Beatrice reached home the story of her wholly unexpected marriage had been told among her old friends, and the pleasant surprise after her long absence added greatly to the novelty of the affair, so they were all eager to see her. Some thought it strange that she should be married away from home, but others hushed them by saying that it was because

the Snows would not wish their daughter to come home to be married in the Catholic church.

So the affair was discussed over and over again by her friends until they found a new factor of interest on learning that their old pastor, now a Jesuit, had performed the marriage ceremony. Of what was said in regard to herself Beatrice heard but little but she was called upon to answer many questions in regard to Father Lenton. The many calls she daily received tired her so that she glad when it was time for her to go away.

Mrs. Snow, not content with having the house almost daily thronged with callers, all unknown to Beatrice and the doctor, prepared a grand wedding reception and the first hint they received of it was late in the afternoon of the day when the bride was informed just in time to have an hour's rest before dressing to receive her guests. For herself it was a matter of indifference, but she dreaded the evening as she feared the effect upon Blanche whom she knew would be unwilling to leave the parlor while she remained. Fortunately long hours of perfect rest beforehand had prepared the sick girl for the ordeal so she was able to do her part of the honors.

The triumph of Mrs. Snow was complete when under the glare of the gas light she presented her son and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Mayburn. The admiring glances cast upon the young physician pleased her even more than those her daughter received, and how proud she was when she heard the remarks made in regard to the good fortune of Beatrice in securing such a husband.

"It pays well to let your daughters go abroad," one truly American woman said, "especially when they have the good fortune to secure a wealthy husband from their own country rather than a titled foreigner which many of our girls do, only to regret it afterwards."

Mrs. Snow, smiling, replied that although it had been hard for her to part with her dear Beatrice, she did not now regret having sent her to Europe to complete her education.

The next day, amid showers of rice, and followed by the best wishes of many friends, the happy pair, who had been two weeks married, started on their honeymoon accompanied by Blanche. As far as Buffalo the party had a pleasant state room where a bed was kept ready for the invalid and they were alone, but when they were changing trains there they met Father Lenton who gladly accepted their company to his destination which was Chicago. He had received orders to go back for a time to work among the people in his native city. His pleasant company greatly brightened the first part of the long journey, especially for Blanche, who now free from the watchful eye of her mother found ample opportunity to visit as much as she liked with her old friend.

The fact that he had been transformed into a Jesuit found little weight with her after the kindness he had shown them all on the day of her sister's marriage, and she felt no less free to talk with him than she had as a child. Many were the questions she asked him concerning the religion he and her sister embraced at such great sacrifices.

"I hope Father," she said, "that you will not consider me over inquisitive in asking you so many questions, but it has all been such a mystery to me since you, too, joined the Catholic church that I have wished, oh, so often that I had some one explain it all to me. I do not think I could ever become a Catholic myself, for the religion seems too hard and I do not believe in it, but what you have done makes me believe there must be something good in it."

"The gift of perfect faith, my child, is a special grace from God which comparatively few possess, but you may trust me now as you did long ago, ask what you wish and I will be only too happy to answer you and explain what may seem strange."

Seeing how interested her sister was in the company of the priest, Beatrice went away with her husband so as not to disturb their visits, but she never knew until several months afterwards the all important subject of many of their conversations.

At Chicago they bade their friend farewell and continued their journey, followed by his blessing, while he went to face one more sad ordeal for the love of Him for whom he had given up everything.

To be continued.

Our city collectors will call on subscribers next week. Please have money ready when he calls.

## Here and Where Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal  
By The Shaughraun.

(Continued from last week.)

From Woodlawn to Galway is but a short cry of some twenty miles or under. The "City of the Tribes" is a place of the past more than the present, though its inhabitants have sense enough to look forward to a great future for their city. If ever the great scheme foreshadowed by the late Sir Edward Watkin, the English railway magnate with respect to it be realized, Liverpool would have need to look to its laurels—for that scheme figured on Galway, with its magnificent bay, being the great port of departure for all Atlantic liners. Sir Edward simply intended to cut Ireland in two by an immense ship canal, placing Dublin and Galway in direct water communication. He calculated on shortening the journey between England and America by fully twenty four hours. Now that he is dead, who shall say when the dream will be realized? At all events Galway with the rest of the country is now progressing instead of retrogressing, and this all counts to the good. I have no space to speak of the city's manufactures, nor do I know that they call for special mention, only it is satisfactory to learn that the tonnage of the port is gradually but surely creeping up.

Many of the streets of old Galway, carry the traveller back to sunny Spain, for they are narrow and cluttered with fine old houses which are entered by gateways leading into spacious courtyards. Here doubtless the twang of the guitar and castanets was often heard in bygone days, but now music hereabouts finds its outlet in the humble accordion, or Jew's harp. Who the "Tribes of Galway" are or were, is beyond me to say, but I was told they consisted of some fourteen families of mixed Norman, Anglo-Saxon and Welsh origin. Many of Cromwell's Ironsides are supposed to have taken a fancy to Galway and settled there. Certain it is the Galwaylians are a mixed family—a magnificent compound of Irish, Spanish, and (Heaven forgive me) English. The Claddagh the maritime suburb of Galway, is Irish only in language. In its humble cabins sit the descendants of Spanish hidalgos and senoritas, as is evidenced by the coal-black hair and eyes and stately carriage of its inhabitants. The Spaniards in by gone days had more than a say in Galway's affairs. Speaking of this Spanish strain in the Galway people, I was amused the other day to hear a bitter old Scotchman now resident in Rochester, account for the "perversity of the Southern and Western Irish, by reason of the Moorish blood in their veins—egad though it must be admitted the women are peaches." So kind of the old cormorant to concede that much.

Galway was the birthplace of the famous Dominican orator, the late Father "Tom" Burke. He used to tell a story of his father, who was a baker, following every ballad-singer through the streets hungrily drinking in the songs and then rewarding the singer with a warm new loaf which he would hold behind his back till the last song was given. It was too at Lough Corrib hard by that the same light-hearted Father "Tom" outraged a staid cleric's sense of propriety, by picking up his habit and "taking the floor" on the excursion boat's deck and footing a rattling jig with his sister. Needless to say the staid cleric had not met the great Dominican before, nor was he at the time aware of the identity of his partner in the dance. Father Tom had the genius of Irish unconventionality highly developed. The most unique demonstration he ever gave of this was perhaps when he hoisted the British flag over his head and paraded the corridors of one of the houses of his order in Italy, and defied the Italian government troops to touch the "sacred person of a British subject." All the rest of the friars had quitted, so the troops left the erratic Irishman in possession of the monastery. He gave out that he was afraid to return to Ireland after this pro-British display, but since it was done in a good cause, and more in the spirit of devilment, this lapse was not regarded seriously by his countrymen. He and Pere Monsabre of Notre Dame (Paris) fame, used to amuse the Cardinals and Bishops at private parties in Rome during the sitting of the Vatican Council. One of his favorite tricks while the Cardinals would be indulging in a hearty laugh over his own or Monsabre's fun-making, was to imitate the buzz of a bee which he would throw behind the ear of first one dignitary and then another who in great alarm would cease laughing and begin flicking their ears to smite the ghostly bee. Once at the Irish college an Eastern ecclesiastical dignitary was staying. He had piles of gorgeous robes, and used to squat on a divan to receive his guests. He went out for a walk one day and left the robes strewn about the apartment. When he returned he found the Dominican sprig from old Galway seated on the divan clad in his fine feathers, and holding forth to an admiring circle of hilarious Irish students. He never forgave the culprit.

One of, if not the most important buildings in Galway, is the Queen's college, an extensive and elegant quadrangular structure in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture. Another fine building is St. Augustine's Catholic church. I should say the population of Galway is not over twenty thousand (I have not verified it) and is overwhelmingly Catholic. The old walls of Galway are practically demolished and on their site the city has extended itself. During the great famine dreadful scenes were witnessed in its streets, such as the eating of the grass growing up between the stones and others too sickening to detail.

On quitting Galway I used my bicycle to get to Sligo town and the route I chose was via Ballinaloe (famous for its great horse fair) Ballygar, Roscommon, Elphin, Boyle, Ballymote, etc. I regret I cannot refer in the detail I ought to these places, but the editor's fiat is inexorable.

I recall Ballinaloe for the most villainous shave I have ever had in the course of my life. The barber was a big gaunt fellow who sat me bolt upright on a backless chair, shaved cold water over my face and rubbed it in with a piece of solid grit covered soap. He impressed on me that he was usually away from home "shaving the ginty" and that I was "the lucky boy" to find him in. Before the end of that shave I had my own ideas as to the luck. The only luck I could see was in my getting out of his murderous grasp with my life. He went into ecstasies over the "jewel of a razor" with which he slashed me right and left, dodging every other hair on my face. On regaining the center of the town I thanked the two members of the R. I. O. who had recommended me to the "only decent barber in the town."

I presume his "decency" applied only to his morals. It certainly had no bearing on his professional skill. The lanky ghoul I can see him this minute leaning over me, scimitar in hand with a glint in his eye which bespoke absolute indifference as to my fate. He must have taken me for a "B. B."—or to put it more politely (at any rate less forcibly)—sanguinary Anglo-Saxon. Of one thing I am certain, he was a sanguinary celt.

Ballygar was the first place I ever saw men have the vile taste to spit on the floor in the House of God. I have seen it often enough since unfortunately, and in this city.

Roscommon town is engraved on my memory from the fact, that it has a fine old ruin, but more particularly because, being as size day I could get nothing to eat there the day of my visit. Probably the judges, lawyers and litigants took precedent over the tourist. In fact I know they did.

Elphin was sitting on the doorstep the night I arrived there, and believe me an Irish crowd can cast a critical eye over a dust stained stranger. A policeman volunteered to conduct me to the "hotel" which divided its energies between that of a store and a "place of rest." I slept in a bed divinely soft, mountains of feathers rose up on each side of me, till next morning when I wished to rise the question was how to extricate myself from the pulpy mass.

I rose betime and sped along to Boyle finding that place in the throes of a fair, I stayed half a day here and to say I enjoyed myself is to state the case tamely. The town was full of old men, young men, blue eyed "Vanuses", toothless old women, and the drollest collection of donkeys, cows, calves and pigs I ever "clapped eyes on." I declared not a four-legged "craythur" in Ireland, but what has the "map" in its face. No animals in the world like them.

I will not attempt to describe an Irish fair to you, for you probably know more about it than I do, but I shall not readily forget the shouting and hallowing at the cattle as they strayed about, or were trotted out to show their paces. Such bargaining, cursing, "deluthering" and drinking. I mixed with the bargainers in the streets and "drinking shops" so I saw them in all phases.

## THE CHURCH OF GOD

IT WAS NOT FOUNDED BY MAN, BUT  
BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

Upon It Have Been Stamped Certain Marks Which Time Has Not and Cannot Efface—Some Fundamental Facts Which the World Overlooks.

All Christians, no matter under what particular name they worship God, agree upon the common ground that our Lord established a church. This was necessary in order that his doctrines might be prepared for future generations. To conclude otherwise would be to confess that he came only to save those who lived during his own time. Such a view implies that his mission of opening the way to heaven for all mankind was a failure. In as far therefore as the scheme of redemption was thus not universal it was fruitless and without merit. Admissions of this character, however, are destructive of all Christianity.

Again, our Lord established but one institution, not many—that is, one church, not a number of churches with diverse doctrines. This we learn from St. Paul, who speaks of one Lord, one faith and one baptism. Such an institution was necessary in order that the doctrine taught by our Lord might continue to be taught free from error.

To this end he commissioned certain men to teach. These he taught himself, first, that there would be no error and, secondly, that they might transmit faithful his sacred truths to others. Furthermore, it is a holy institution, first, because its founder was all holiness and could not be the author of anything unholy; secondly, it is holy in its purpose—namely, the salvation of souls.

These are fundamental facts. Unfortunately, however, the Christian world is not in harmony with them. To cast one's gaze over this field is to meet with the spectacle of a confused Christianity, a multiplication of churches and creeds with little or nothing in common and each claiming to be the institution established by Christ and the custodian of his holy truths. All cannot be true, because a diversity of doctrine is taught. Some therefore are teaching the very thing which our Lord sought to guard against in founding his church—namely, error.

This, then, brings us to the all important consideration which is the duty of discovering which is the church established by our Lord. In other words, which is the true church. This is a duty every Christian is under penalties to satisfy. Nor should he be discouraged by the confusion. The task is by no means as difficult as it may appear. He who seeks the solution under the prayerful guidance of God will find it.

All save one are man made. Each has its history, which is easy to trace. Upon that founded by our Lord have been stamped certain marks, which time has not and cannot efface. He himself placed them thereon, and there they must remain. These we have already hinted at—namely, oneness, holiness, catholicity and apostolicity. The church which does not possess them is not the church of God.—Church Progress.

**Catholic Total Abstinence.**

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has added 4,200 to its membership during the past year. The most remarkable feature is the work done by Father Siebenfoercher in the seminaries of the country. During the past year in a large number of seminaries he presented to the young Levites the principles on which the total abstinence cause rests and enlisted in the service of this cause many hundreds of ecclesiastical students. This movement has now become thoroughly established. This year it has joined in the organization of a sacerdotal total abstinence league. There is a like movement on foot in Ireland. A vigorous propaganda is carried on in Maynooth, and already the Father Mathew union numbers over 200 members, representing sixteen dioceses. Fifty young priests left Maynooth within the past two years promising a life service in the total abstinence cause, and at least 800 are to follow in the next few years. Many who have reason to know the vastly superior influence of the total abstaining priest in promoting temperance see in this new development the first sure signs of a widespread and thorough temperance reform.—Catholic World.

**The Physical Plus X.**

Plus X has always been proud of his strength and has always believed in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," so that while charitable his strong right arm was in requisition. Once at Mantua when bishop he and his secretary are said to have been strolling along on a hot summer's night when they met several men who pretended to be drunk and let fall some words disparaging the cloth. Bishop Sarto walked directly up to them and made such trenchant remarks that the men stunk off without a word. When remonstrated with because of the hour and the neighborhood he replied: "Do you think I am afraid? I have two good arms, and I will give them something to spall their next ribs."

## THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

Pages and Columns are devoted to the Church Hierarchy in the present issue.

In no other government in the world does the passing of a ruler cause so little in its influence over the people as in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. A ruler dies, and the next succeeds him may exert an influence that five generations of monarchs have laboriously created. Kaiser comes to the throne, and the world shakes its head and wonders while it speculates whether his grandfather or the predecessor of his father. A new king is crowned, and Europe moves restlessly as it wonders whether he will display the common sense and patience of his mother. A president is assassinated, and the party leaders immediately implore the new president to make a public announcement that he will try to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor.

There is no such speculation when a pope dies and the college of cardinals proceeds to elect a new pontiff maximum. So far as the destiny of the church is concerned, it is a matter of little consequence who the head of the hierarchy is. The great machine goes along without a jar. A hundred popes may pass away and a hundred popes may take their place without the least disturbance of the machinery. Not a priest is displaced in his parish, not a missionary is recalled, not a bishop is deposed or an archbishop elevated or degraded. There is not a cardinal the more or the fewer for it all. The church runs along in its groove without a tremor. There is no shifting or alteration of policy, because there is no policy to be shifted or altered. The policy of one pope is the policy of his predecessor and of his successor. There may be new conditions to meet and new problems to solve, but the method of solving them is already in existence. There is nothing to create and nothing to destroy.

This is not to say that one man might do quite as well as another in St. Peter's chair. Even with the best of engines, something depends on the engineer. But perhaps less depends on the engineer in the Roman Catholic hierarchy than in any other governmental organization. Even the strongest and greatest of pontiffs may not cut himself free from the traditions of the church. Even the weakest of them is sustained and buoyed by the united intellect and conscience of the hierarchy. The mechanism is too powerful to put together for any man to disassemble, and it is too massive for any man greatly to modify.—Detroit Free Press.

**The Austrian Vote.**

During the vacancy of the apostolic chair French Catholics had not time to note the progress of M. Combes on his way of persecution. And now that a pope is elected they are occupied in fingering anathemas at the emperor of Austria. They are shocked at the spectacle of such a peculiar Catholic venturing to intrude into the sacred conclave and through the medium of one of the cardinals, attempting the liberties of ecclesiastical election. Not unnaturally, too, they find in his act an evidence that he was not as a cat's paw by his brothers, the emperor of Germany and the king of Italy. Evidently so. Very likely the French are near the truth in their guesses. But one thing has certainly resulted from the impudent maneuver of Kaiser Francis Joseph—it will prove to be the last of its kind. For this we may all be thankful, and in the future, no crowned head dare intervene in papal elections the church will be the gainer. The political world expresses grave concern at any appearance of temporal policy in the actions of a reigning pope. It might wisely begin to see the folly of such complaints so long as it tries to bring worldly policy as a controlling factor in papal elections. Let the world and its rulers keep their place, and the pope will keep his.—London Catholic Opinion.

**Age of the Popes.**

Leo XIII was the second in length of pontificate and the third in point of age of the popes. The only pope who reigned longer than he was his immediate predecessor, Pius IX, whose reign of thirty-one years and seven months was considerably longer than his twenty-five years and four months. The two popes who surpassed the ninety-three years to which Leo XIII attained last March were St. Agathus, who died in 682 at the great age of 107, and Gregory IX, who succumbed in 1241 at that of ninety-nine.

**Keep Out of the Mine.**

Keep your heart pure. Only the clean of heart shall see God. Sensuality dims the eyes of the soul and at last puts them out. Value too highly the purity of your mind to death it with lascivious reading. Shun the impure magazine as you would a scorpion. Pick your steps through life, keep out of the mine.

**SHORT SERMONS**

Never despair; the darkest night reveals the brightest stars.

Let us abandon everything with confidence to the merciful hands of God.

The night is dark, but the stars are in our hearts.

When we are in the dark, let us look to the light.