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The Catholic Journal.

Fifteenth Year. No. 11.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, December 12, 1903.

\$1.00 per Year, 3c per Copy.

A BRILLIANT CAREER.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written For The Catholic Journal.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I cannot," she paused, "I believe that was the name of the family who once lived here and if you will wait I will ask Mrs. Sanford."

Out of respect for his priestly office the girl ushered him into the reception hall and went to call her mistress. Soon a light footstep and the rustle of silks was heard and he found himself in the presence of a dignified lady who stood for a moment scanning his face.

"Are you George Lenton?"

"I am," was the reply, "and I think I ought to know you but I cannot recall your name. It has been so long since I left home and people change."

She told him who she was, an old schoolmate whom he had known well as a child, then she added, "You are looking for your mother?"

"Yes, where is she? Is she still living?"

"Yes, but I regret to be the one to inform you that she is living alone and in comparative poverty."

"Where is father?"

"Dead several years ago."

He sank back into the chair from which he had arisen at her entrance, and gazed vacantly at the floor, for this was so different from what he had expected. If he had found his parents here where he had left them and been even turned from the door as he had been years ago, it would have been much easier, but to be told that his lady mother was living in poverty, while his father was dead was too much. At last when he could speak, he said:

"This is truly a surprise to me, but please tell me all about it. I must go to my mother but it will be easier if I know all before I meet her."

As kindly as possible the woman told him the sad story; keeping back only that part of the blame which the father had laid on the son whose departure from home he had said had caused his ill-luck.

For a few years after George went away, the firm which in his absence still bore the name of Lenton & Son, prospered. The father had vainly hoped that his boy would soon tire of what he called his mad course in taking upon himself so hard a method of life, and he thought that it would not be long, until, having sown what he chose to call his wild oats, he would be glad to come home and settle down to business. The firm in the meantime was slowly but surely on the decline until at last the fatal crash came and in a short time everything was swept away and the beautiful home had to be sold to pay the debts. Mr. Lenton died shortly after settling in a small house in the suburbs of the city, leaving his widow only a small income on the suburb of the city, leaving his widow only a small income on which, with the strictest economy, she managed to live.

The priest was deeply affected by the story and he felt that he had scarcely strength to go farther, but having obtained his mother's address he hastened to find her.

The cottage in which Mrs. Lenton lived in obscurity was very poor, but neat. The friends she had associated with in better days were all gone now for her pride would not allow her to trouble them and few knew where she was. Those few often helped her by buying her fine needlework and she was expecting one of them to call for a piece of work just completed when a rap came to the door. She hastened to open it but stepped back and stood gazing silently on the gentleman in the clerical suit before her.

"Mother," he managed to say in a tone of unutterable tenderness, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the effect of the change in her as to be able to speak, "Mother, do you not recognize me?"

For years a feeling of bitterness toward her traitor son had been buried in her heart, but his kind tone and the tender expression on his face caused it to melt away and she saw before her only her own dear child.

"George, is it you, come back at me at last?"

"Yes, mother, it is," and before she could say another word she was fondly clasped in his arms.

For a time the past was all forgotten and the loving words spoken between them were too sacred to be recorded. The lonely widow was once more in the presence of the child whom she had mourned as worse than dead and she was happy, then when

the remembrance of her own poverty returned to her she thought that undoubtedly a minister like her son, would be able to command a large salary and could help her in her old age, perhaps give her a home with himself if he were not married.

At last after gazing critically at his outfit, especially his collar, she said: "Really, George, you have become very high church, indeed; one would almost mistake you for a Catholic priest."

"That is what I am, mother."

She started back in horror. "You my son, you a Roman Catholic priest, you do not mean it, I will not believe it."

"Yes, mother, it is true."

"Have you thus deceived us? I thought when you left home you went to be an Episcopal minister."

"So I did, mother, and I remained one until I proved to myself that I was not in the true fold, then I gave it up, went to Rome and a few weeks ago was ordained to the Catholic priesthood."

"Oh, George, how could you ever do such a thing. It was bad enough to turn your back on the religion your parents had taught you, to become an Episcopal minister. I could forgive you for that now, but to find my son a Roman priest, this is too much."

"Mother, I only did what I knew to be right, and I do not regret it."

After some little time he succeeded in pacifying her, and she was pleased when he informed her that for the present his field of labor was to be in the city.

At length she said, "I hope George that it will not be long ere we can have a home together. I will be so glad to keep house for you although I would like it much better if you were not a priest. It is consoling to know, though, that in your present position no wife of yours can ever come to take your mother's place."

"Mother, if I were to have a home of my own, I would ask no greater happiness than to have you preside over it, but home is in the community with the other priests of our order, and I will never have another."

She looked at him in amazement. "To what society do you belong that you will never have a home of your own?"

"The Society of Jesus," was the reply, "or perhaps you will understand better if I tell you I am a Jesuit."

At this announcement she recoiled from him in a horrified manner which would have done credit to Mrs. Snow, and she wished he had remained away and left the void in her heart which had been nearly closed after years of separation. It was to her like one from the dead coming back, not to console but to wound anew the heart which had loved him.

"A Jesuit, and was it for this I so carefully brought up my son?"

With another mighty effort she tried to calm her troubled heart, but there was a barrier between them which each keenly felt, and only a wonderful effect of God's grace could ever bridge it over.

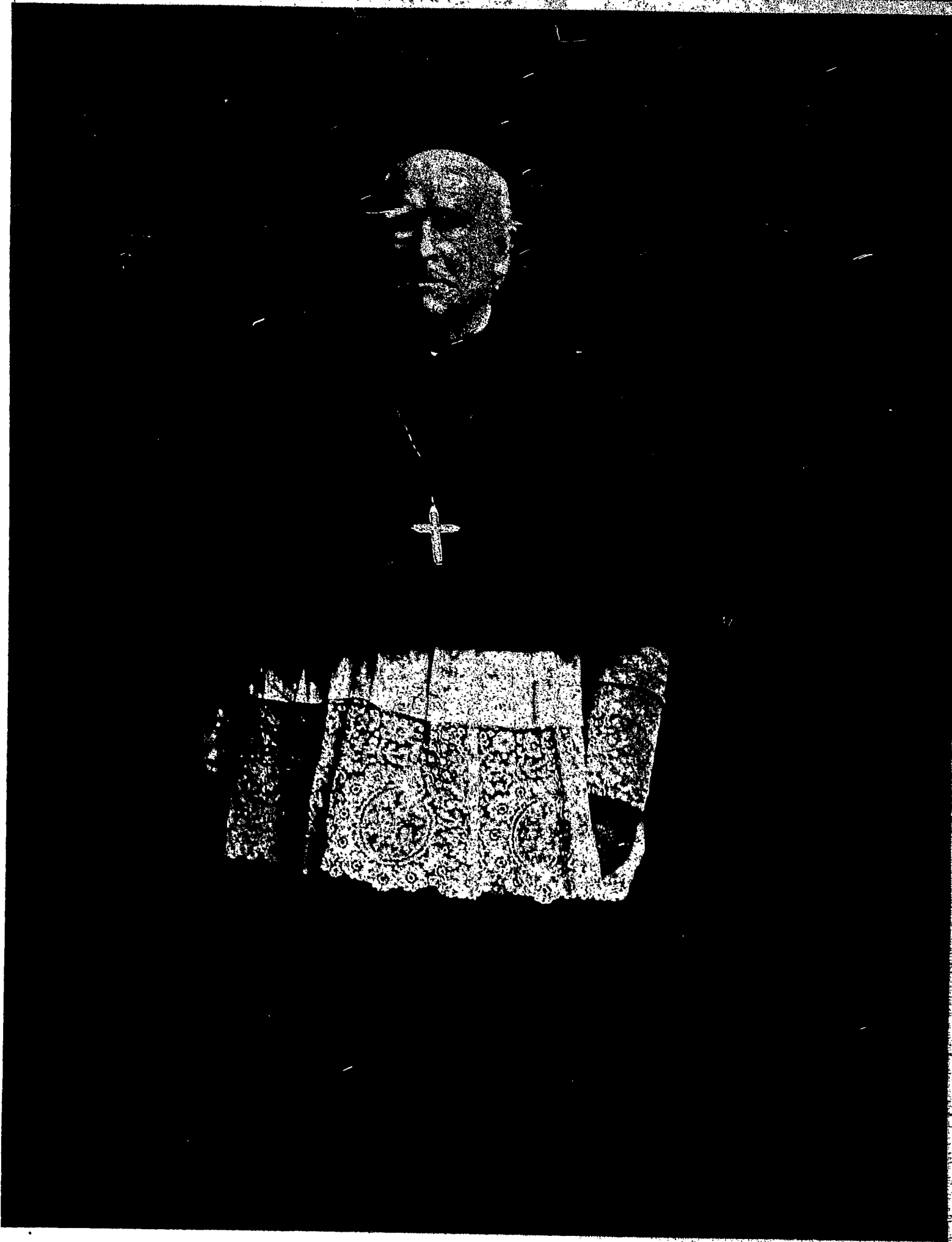
In tones of deep sorrow, Mrs. Lenton told again only in a far more detailed manner, the sad story the priest had heard from Mrs. Sanford. He was deeply touched to see his own dear mother reduced from luxury to such want, and for her sake alone he regretted that he had not the means to assist her; but it was hardest when she suggested such a thing to him on the plea that she was growing old and would not be able to help herself much longer. Then he was compelled to let her know how he had given his life as a complete sacrifice, and only the necessities of life would ever be allowed him. This made her angry for she felt that in giving up everything he had gone much too far, and she was not in a very amiable state of mind when he left her.

For over a week she heard no more of her son, and though he was never absent from her troubled mind she did not mention him or his visit to even her most intimate acquaintances. She hoped that he would visit her soon again but still she dreaded to meet him. One afternoon one of the neighbor came in and said:

"I have just been reading in the paper that a namesake of yours, Rev. George Lenton, who was once an Episcopal minister and was recently ordained a priest in Rome is to lecture this evening at ——— Church. He is to give his reasons for becoming a Catholic and I am going to her what he has to say for himself."

"No doubt it will be quite interesting," said the woman who knew not what else to say, then tried to change the subject.

(To be continued.)



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RT. REV. B. J. McQUAID.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Ralph J. Bendon Chosen Grand Knight By Rochester Council.

The Knights of Columbus held its annual election of officers last Friday. Grand Knight Edward S. Gurry, who has been at the head of the order for two years, declined to serve another term on account of the press of private business. Ralph J. Bendon, who has been deputy grand knight for three years, was nominated in Mr. Gurry's place and elected to the office

Kavanaugh; recording secretary, Jan. P. Jones; treasurer, E. J. Esser. The club will give its usual winter series of dancing parties, card parties, smokers, musicals and lectures at the following intervals:

Thursday, Dec. 31st—Reception and dancing.
Friday, Jan. 8th, 1904—Pedro party.
Friday, Jan. 22d—Smoker.
Thursday, March 3rd—Musical and lecture.
Thursday, March 24th—Musical and lecture.
Monday, April 4th—Masquerade party for members only.
Friday, April 22nd—Pedro party.

Bishop Hendrick.
Composed by Bishop Hendrick's little pupil, Agnes McGraw.
Father you know not how we'll miss you,
Miss that bright and smiling face,
Which to us is a sunbeam from the heavens,
With its calm and holy grace.
We will miss that smiling visage
—As a bird will miss the sun,
But in all world of battle
Our motto is "God's will be done."
Oh our true and honest father,
The time is drawing nigh,
When friends will gather round,
To bid their last good-bye.
Once a Father, now a Bishop,
If with us you could dwell,
Our hearts would beat with gladness,
Our joy no tongue could tell.
Faithful Father, noble Bishop,
Far away to distant land,
All the work which lies before you
Will be guided by God's hand.
May God's strength be always with you
And a faithful watch he'll keep,
Of our true and noble Father,
Till he sleeps his last deep sleep.

Weekly Church Calendar.
Sunday December 13—Gospel, St. John, 19-28—St. Lucy, virgin and martyr.
Monday 14—St. Nicasius and Comp., martyrs.
Tuesday 15—St. Florence, abbess.
Wednesday 16—St. Eusebius, bishop and martyr.
Thursday 17—St. Olympias, widow.
Friday 18—Expectation of Blessed Virgin Mary.
Saturday 19—St. Nemesion and Comp., martyrs.

BISHOP'S ANNIVERSARY.
Bishop McQuaid will celebrate the eightieth anniversary of his birth on the 15th of this month.

The bishop was ordained a priest forty-five years ago for Newark, N. J., diocese and remained there for ten years, being at one time president of Seaton Hall Seminary, at South Orange, N. J. He also established normal schools for religious teachers in that diocese. On July 12, 1888, Father McQuaid was consecrated Bishop of the Rochester diocese, being its first bishop. He has had charge over the destiny of this diocese for over thirty-five years. The greatest achievements of the bishop were building and equipping of St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's seminaries, the latter institution being one of three seminaries in America entitled to confer degrees in theology and philosophy.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to our Right Rev. Bishop on the completion of his eightieth anniversary. May he be spared to us for a long time to come is the wish of the Catholics of the diocese of Rochester.

December 17th will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Mgr. De Regge. Father De Regge is now at Ghent, Belgium, in failing health. His condition is such that he was prayed for at the Church of Our Lady of Victory in this city Sunday Arrangements have been made for the solemn high mass at the cathedral in thanksgiving for Father De Regge's jubilee. During the mass the Right Reverend Bishop will occupy his throne. Very Rev. T. F. Hickey, V.G., will sing the solemn mass, assisted by the Rev. M. J. No'au, D.D., as deacon, and the Rev. Charles V. Fisher as sub-deacon. All the priests of the cathedral and of St. Andrew's Seminary will be present in the sanctuary.

On November 10th, at Ghent, in Belgium, formal celebration of Mgr. De Regge's jubilee was enacted. Church services in the morning were followed by a great banquet in the afternoon attended by all the prominent families in the place.

At the annual meeting of the Nazareth Alumnae Association, held at Nazareth Academy Sunday, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Honorary president, Sister M. B. Keane; president, Miss Margaret M. Leary; vice presidents, Misses Marie C. Gausman, Mary F. Prandrup; out-of-town vice presidents, Misses Laura Cunningham, Geneva, N. Y.; Helen Cook, Muncie, Ill.; Kathryn Maloney, Du Bois, Pa.; Alice L. Sullivan, New York City; secretary, Miss Grace M. Neilligan; treasurer, Miss Adelaide J. Healy; executive committee, Misses Teresa E. Kane, Minnie F. O'Leary, Minnie Stapleton, Elizabeth G. Maher, Mary A. O'Connor, Rose Konath, Julia C. Meagher, Alice E. Donnelly, Miss A. Stupp, Laura A. Heubner, Cecelia O'Brien; press committee, Miss Cecilia I. Hughes; sanitist, Miss Kathryn F. Hogan; visiting committee, Misses Bessie Fee, Alice Higgins, Madeline Maloy, Emma Staud.

National Theatre.
"The Good, Old Summer Time" will be the attraction at the National Theatre all next week, with matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The attraction is a musical comedy, full of the latest popular music. The company numbers sixty people, headed by George "Hokey Boy" Evans, who has long been a popular vaudeville and minstrel star. The success of the musical comedy has been continuous since it was first put out.

At the last regular meeting of Council A. C. R. & B. A. the following officers were elected for the year beginning Jan. 1, 1904: Chancellor, James Clancy; president, J. Ryan; 1st vice-pres., P. O'Brien; vice-pres., Miss McCullen; rec. sec., Mrs. M. B. Sharpe; 2nd vice-pres., Miss R. M. Sharpe; fin. sec., Mrs. M. P. Brennan; reporter, Miss E. M. Claffey; marshal, Mrs. E. M. Claffey; Edward M. McMenamy, grand master; Miss E. M. Claffey, grand warden.



RALPH J. BENDON of grand knight.

Other officers elected are as follows: Thos. F. Sharkey, deputy grand knight; M. D. Kavanaugh, financial secretary; E. J. Esser, treasurer; James P. Jones, recording secretary; James Kelly, chancellor; Ray O'Neill, warden; Michael Claffey, inside guard; P. Haley, outside guard; P. Canley, advocate; Chas. E. Callahan, lecturer; Edward S. Gurry, trustee for three years.

The social adjunct to the organization, the Union Club, held a meeting later in the evening and elected the following officers: President, Ralph J. Bendon; vice president, Thomas F. Sharkey; financial secretary, M. D.