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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 XXXIII

"Really, Blanche, to see you pleading in that way, one would almost think your life depended upon your keeping your strange engagement, whatever it may be."

"More than my life, far more, depends upon it," she replied. "If you insist upon going I will call the carriage for you."

Blanche would have preferred walking out alone but there was no alternate but to accept the carriage so she sat down to wait and to turn the thoughts of her companions from herself to the baby.

To their surprise when she was going out she said: "Please say a prayer for me while I am away."

"They promised they would, and as soon as the door had closed after her, husband and wife knelt together to commence their novena."

In little over an hour she was back and they saw at once the troubled expression had given place to one of glowing happiness. A light, such as they had never before seen, gleamed in her eyes and she smiled sweetly as she was about to bid them good night.

"Evidently your visit has been a success," said Beatrice. "For you certainly look very happy."

"Yes, a great success and I can look forward to only one happier hour than this, then I will be ready to go."

"To go where, sister?"

"To Heaven if I am worthy, though I am sure Heaven itself can hold no brighter happiness."

"Your words greatly puzzle me, I wish you would explain."

"Not to night, but to-morrow, to-morrow as I have told you shall know and then you will rejoice with me."

Blanche kissed her sister, then kissed the baby sleeping in her arms, and hastened to her room. She locked the door, threw herself on her knees and burst into tears but they were tears of joy.

"If I could only tell them," she thought, "so that they could rejoice with us to-night but I have resolved to keep my secret until the last and I must do it. They cannot blame me when they know why I have kept it from them."

Eugene, in the mean time, was in the kitchen with the coachman, for if Blanche had been making any clandestine visits he felt it his duty to earn where she had been, not that he suspected her of any wrong, but the city was so full of dangers for the young and inexperienced. In his curiosity he had almost forgotten that she had promised to explain all to-morrow. The coachman was an old colored man who had long been in the employ of the family and he knew that he could be trusted. In answer to the doctor's question the man looked at him, shook his head and replied:

"Sorry, Master Eugene, but I can't tell you where I took her."

"Why not? It was no place you are ashamed of I hope."

"No indeed, it was a place I am always proud to go."

"Then why do you not tell me?"

"Because Miss Blanche told me I mustn't tell and I can't, not even to please you, Master Eugene."

"But I have a right to know and you should tell me."

"You've always taught me never to betray anyone's confidence and I can't do it now. Miss Blanche went to a good place where you like to go, so do not ask me any more questions."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"I would if I could but I do not dare."

sun shone out clear and bright, but the intense heat of the day before was gone and the air was refreshing, just the proper kind of a day to mark the event which was to take place in Blanche's life.

In the morning Beatrice and Eugene were of one mind. They did not for one instant forget the baby on whose soul was to be poured the cleansing waters, but their thoughts were more with Blanche. Many acts of hers which had seemed a little mysterious but had been overlooked, were now recalled as having had some connection with her secret. Strange they had not thought of it before but the carelessness of the young parents could be overlooked in consideration that baby had taken their whole attention.

One thing had seemed rather peculiar to Beatrice although she had never mentioned it even to her husband. From her earliest childhood she had known that Blanche had always had a most tender affection for her mother and never cared to be long away from home without her.

True, the love existing between the sisters had been very strong, but the maternal tie had been the strongest. To Blanche's eagerness to accompany her on her western trip she had paid little heed, but she had naturally supposed that the girl would be glad to go back to her mother on her return, but on the contrary, after only a few days at home she came with her mother and sisters to visit her, and when Mrs. Snow was ready to go home Miss Blanche begged to be allowed to remain with Beatrice.

Mrs. Mayburn took no less kindly to the invalid than she had to her son's wife, and when she told the girl that she would be glad to have her remain as long as she wished, she was very happy. It was soon understood that the young lady intended to make her home, for the time at least, with the Mayburns. This was anything but pleasing to Mrs. Snow, but Blanche would not go home excepting for short visits, and considering her poor health her mother would not insist too strongly in trying to break her will.

Once she tried to use Beatrice as a mediator by which to bring her daughter home but received the decisive answer:

"Mother, as long as I have a home my sister is welcome to share it with me, and if she prefers to remain here under the care of my husband, who will leave nothing undone in his efforts to restore her health, I would not be the one to wish to turn her away."

In writing to Sister Cecilia a few weeks later Mrs. Mayburn said:

"You promised that God would give me a daughter but He has sent me two and I can hardly tell which I love the more." Then followed a lengthy description of Blanche, given in words which could convey no misunderstanding as to the place which she had won in the woman's affections. "But, please pray," she wrote in conclusion, "that she may long be spared to us for our home would indeed be sad without her."

Shortly after the reception of the letter Sister Cecilia was visited by the two sisters and when she saw Blanche she was not surprised by her mother's attachment to her. The girl was so pleased with the convent that she remained a few days after Beatrice went home; she had visited it several times since and had always returned home brighter in spirits and health.

"I almost wish sometimes," she said to Beatrice, "that I could remain at the convent forever; it is such a beautiful place, the scenery around it is grand and everything is so quiet and peaceful there. It is such a relief to find such rest after the gay, fashionable life mother insisted upon my living at home."

"Blanche," she said playfully, "would you wish to go there and leave me?"

"No, indeed, Beatrice, we were parted too long and I never want to leave you again, never as long as I live."

Another very dear friend whose heart Blanche had completely captivated was Katie Curran, and when in Philadelphia the girls could not be kept apart for more than a day or two at a time. It was no unusual thing for Blanche to remain at the home of her friend for two or three days, but among the gay worldlings whom fashion brought to the home of the Mayburns, and who would gladly have taken into their most select circles the beautiful sister of Mrs. Mayburn, she made few friends. They tried her exceedingly by their light conversation and airy manners, she said, and she preferred the quiet of Mr. Curran's home.

Blanche's habits and the choice of her friends caused Beatrice often to marvel that her sister, who had entire-

ly given up attending her own church, seemed to show no preference for the Catholic religion. As far as the church was concerned she appeared to live more like one with no belief whatever in a hereafter, and this caused the dear ones many a bitter pang when they thought of the end which must come to her.

"It is too bad," Beatrice would sometimes say to her husband, "that one with such bright virtues as my dear sister cannot sanctify them and make them a blessing for eternity by the light of faith."

Once she mentioned this in confidence to a priest who was a friend of the family and had often met Blanche in their home. His reply was:

"Say nothing to your sister on the matter but continue to pray and perhaps when you least expect it you may find that her heart has been touched. Surely such prayers as yours for one of her noble character cannot go unrewarded."

Mrs. Snow had come to see her first grandchild when it was three days old, bringing with her an elegant baptismal robe of the finest Irish linen trimmed with real point lace, and at that time she begged Blanche to come home, telling her how lonely they were without her and that now that Beatrice had the baby to take her attention she could easily spare her.

Blanche's reply was:

"Not now, mother, please do not ask me to go now, for I could not think of leaving my own darling little niece."

"But consider how we miss you at home."

"You have three other girls at home, mother, and Beatrice has only me, besides if I do go I may not be able to remain long with you, so you should learn to live without me as you must when I am dead."

"Useless," thought the sad hearted mother, "it is useless, for weak as her poor body is, her will is as strong as her sister's and I, her own mother have no power to bend it."

The woman keenly felt that she was being punished for her injustice to her eldest daughter, but she was too proud to admit it. With a heavy heart she returned home feeling that Blanche was lost to her forever. One thing alone consoled her; namely, the fact of Blanche's apparently strong resistance of Popery to which poor foolish Beatrice had so easily fallen prey.

But we have been wandering on the past so let us return to the present day.

At breakfast Blanche was unusually bright, but she talked only on the one all absorbing topic; baby was all she seemed to think of and could the little one have understood, Beatrice would have been almost jealous for she would have feared that her sister might be stealing the childish love which rightfully belonged to her. As it was it served the desired effect of making her forget that Blanche had a secret.

As soon as the meal was finished Eugene and Beatrice were driven away to attend an early mass, and on their return found Blanche dressed in a pretty costume of spotless white nun's veiling.

"I am going to mass with Katie Curran," she said just as the door bell rang and that young lady was admitted.

Husband and wife looked at each other in amazement when she was gone, for this was the first time Blanche had shown any desire to attend the Catholic church. They then went to their own room and with renewed fervor recited the prayers of the second day of their novena.

They had not reached the street when Katie said:

"Did you go to confession last evening Blanche?"

"I did, and I cannot find words to tell you how happy I have been since."

"Does Beatrice know?"

"Not yet, I made a firm resolution to keep my secret until the last. It was very hard when I knew how it would have pleased them all to know what I was doing, but I held my council and I do not regret it."

"You have been a brave girl though I think such precautions were almost unnecessary."

Five Minute Sermon

New Year's Day.

GOSPEL: St. Luke ii 21.—"And after eight days were accomplished that the Child should be circumcised, His name was called Jesus, which was called by an angel, before He was conceived in the womb."

Nothing that is earthly can satisfy the soul of man. No matter how great his possessions, he can never be contented. But the just soul finds all in Jesus Christ. The intellect, the will, and the heart find in this name satiety, sweetness, and happiness. Be holy and you will experience the force, the value, and the truth of these words.

Book Notes.

A new edition of Barnes' School History has just been issued by the American Book Company. In this book the distinctive features of the original volume have been retained, and greater prominence has been given to industrial and social development. Many references and footnotes have been introduced making the book very valuable to the student. The price of the book is \$1.00.

Doubleday Page & Co. have issued a new novel by Thomas Dixon Jr., the author of "The Leopard's Spots," "The One Woman," as regards this story is bright and readable. W. Catholics, however, cannot agree with Mr. Dixon's ideas regarding divorce. The book costs \$1.50.

That extremely versatile author, Marion Ames Leggart has written an extremely interesting story called "The Unraveling of a Tangle." The story deals with the adventures of a young lady who goes to Paris to claim a legacy and falls into the hands of unprincipled adventurers. The book is published by Benziger Bros. and costs \$1.25.

Benziger Bros. have just published a new volume by Anna T. Sadlier "The Piquing Heir" is a story of 1815. The scenes are laid partly in New York state and partly in Paris. The book is filled with those beautiful bits of description for which its author is justly famous. The price of the book is \$1.25.

Benziger Bros. have put on the market a volume that should be of interest to all Shakespearean students. W. J. Rolfe has thoroughly revised his former edition of "The Merchant of Venice" and brought it up to date. To this he has added a biography of Shakespeare, critical comments on the play, notes and appendices. The price of this book which ought to be in every student's library is 60 cents.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday January 3—Gospel, St. Matt. ii, 13-18—St. Genevieve, virgin.
Monday 4—St. Titus, Disc. of St. Paul.
Tuesday 5—St. Telesphorus, pope and martyr.
Wednesday 6—The Epiphany.
Thursday 7—St. Lucian, pope and martyr.
Friday 8—St. Severinus, abbot and confessor.
Saturday 9—St. Julian and Basilissa, martyrs.

Special home-seekers' excursions via the Nickel Plate Road. Extremely low rates to all points in the West and Southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y.

Man's Inheritance.

There are three things to which man is born—labor, sorrow and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labor and noble labor. There is base sorrow and noble sorrow. There is base joy and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labor without joy is base. Sorrow without joy is base. Joy without labor is base. State of Ohio, City of Toledo, I ss.

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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Sold by druggists, Price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DR. DE COSTA A PRIEST.

Former Episcopal Minister Ordained by the Bishop of Fiesole.

Dr. B. F. De Costa, formerly an Episcopal clergyman of New York, who was ordained a subdeacon in the Roman Catholic priesthood Nov. 15 and a deacon Nov. 22, was ordained a priest on Nov. 29 by the bishop of Fiesole, near Florence, Italy. Afterward he received many congratulations, coupled with regret that his health does not yet allow him to perform his priestly functions. The condition of Dr. De Costa's health, which has been regarded as serious, is slightly improved.

Dr. De Costa was for thirty-six years a prominent Episcopal minister in New York. In the fall of 1880, during the Briggs controversy, which at one time threatened to shake the very foundation of the Episcopal church, Dr. De Costa was very active in his fight against recognizing Dr. Briggs and wrote a number of letters to Bishop Potter demanding that the charges against Dr. Briggs be proved. Failing to move the bishop to action, he threatened to have him impeached and preached a number of sermons in which he denounced his superior in scathing terms.

When Dr. Briggs was finally admitted to the Episcopal ministry Dr. De Costa resigned. His written resignation, sent to Bishop Potter, contained 4,500 words, and in it he accused the bishop roundly, declaring that he did not have the interest of the church at heart and that the Episcopal church was crumbling on its last foundation. Bishop Potter accepted the resignation and at a service in Poughkeepsie deposed the minister from office.

Dr. De Costa immediately embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and upon the death of his wife, which occurred shortly after his resignation, he entered the Catholic priesthood. His first sermon delivered in a Catholic church was preached at Hempstead, N. Y. He took occasion to again denounce Bishop Potter and attack the Episcopal faith.

Rev. Father De Costa was born at Charlestown, Mass., July 10, 1831, and was graduated from Wilbraham Seminary and Biblical Institute, afterward receiving the degree of doctor of divinity from William and Mary college. He was chaplain of the Fifth and Eighteenth Massachusetts volunteer infantry during the civil war.

The Ties That Bind.

The ties that bind nearly 285,000,000 human beings into a compact organization, living an active, vigorous life, must ever command the consideration of intelligent observers. What are the links which so effectively unite the Catholic body that neither persecution from without nor treachery from within has ever been able to break them? We may, for the sake of brevity, reduce them to four: the existence of a Supreme Being as made known by the light of reason, the unfolding of religious truth as made by this Supreme Being, that this revelation has been made through Christ and through those messengers who either prepared the way for Christ or received their commissions from him, and finally this revelation finds its direct and adequate exposition in the teachings of the church catholic. The church claims to be not merely the depository of revealed truth, but the authoritative moral teacher and guide of humanity. She holds that the Divine Spirit has not suspended its action; that true religious life is not a meshwork of accident and of human motives, but the harmonious development, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of man's higher faculties along the lines of the loftiest spiritual perfection.—Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.

Three Good Resolutions.

There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others, says a Paulist father—first, the practice of prayer; second, going to confession and communion; third, avoiding occasions of sin.

The first two fill our souls with God's grace, and the third keeps us out of danger. Put your good resolutions into company with prayer and weekly or at least monthly communion, and you have no great difficulty in pulling through. From month to month is not so long to keep straight, and a good confession and a worthy communion are God's best help. Morning and night prayers are a mark of predestination to eternal life. Keeping away from bad company and dangerous places and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions have very much to do with an innocent life and a happy death.

Polish Parishos.

A recent press dispatch from Rome, which may or may not be authentic, says that it has been decided by the propoganda, which has been considering the claims of the American Polish parishos for bishops who speak their language, that such a concession cannot be granted because it is contrary to the organization of the church in dioceses irrespective of the nationality of the flock. However, the archbishop of Chicago and bishops in other Polish centers will be requested to appoint special vicar generals without episcopal functions for ministration to Poles.

A FAMOUS LIBRARY.

THE SCENE OF THE RECENT BLAZE IN THE VATICAN.

A Model of Architectural Grandeur and Beauty Which Shelters a Collection of Rare and Precious Works of Literature and Art.

Lovers of art and learning throughout the world had some anxious moments when they learned recently that a fire had raged at the Vatican, that incomparable treasury of books, manuscripts, pictures and statues. Fortunately no documents or works of art were ruined, though the valuable private library of Leo XIII., which Father L'Abbe had been rearranging in accordance with the late pontiff's last wishes, was somewhat damaged by water. The fire was caused, it is supposed, by a spark that fell upon some inflammable material which blazed up with great rapidity. The pope, who was at prayer, went to the promptitude with which his holiness gave instructions to the Vatican firemen and ordered the firemen from the city to be summoned is attributed the success which so soon crowned the efforts to subdue the flames. It was the first time since the entry of the Italian troops into Rome that representatives of the government entered the Vatican in their official capacity, and they were warmly thanked by the Vatican dignitaries for the assistance they rendered. All is well that ends well. Had the flames not been arrested the loss to humanity would have been, as it was in the case of the burning of the Alexandrian library, irreparable.

The Vatican library is a marvel of architectural beauty and a model of grandeur that has for centuries been held in reverence by those to whom architecture is the most vital of the arts. It is the amplest library in the world, the sheltering place of more than 150,000 volumes and more than 25,000 manuscripts, with each book and each manuscript in mosaic and shielded by exquisite marbles. Nothing but beautiful tapestries, the rich paintings to which the hand of Angelos have been applied sparingly; all the richness of Gothic and Romanesque. Here is the Bayetta china basin used for the baptism of the prince imperial of France and presented by Napoleon III. to Pius IX. There is the malachite cross presented to Pius IX. by Prince Demidoff and the candelabra sets presented to Pius VII. by the great Bonaparte—a truly wonderful collection both to the eye that finds rest in beauty and in the significance with which each thing is pregnant. That part of the library which attracts most attention is the Sacred museum founded by Benedict XIV. In it are kept the crosses, lamps and other holy utensils used by the persecuted Christians of pre-Constantine ages in the catacombs under the Holy City. And what attracts most attention in the Sacred museum is the bas-relief of the deposition executed from a design of Michael Angelo. A composition of Cellini representing the triumph of Charles V. matches it, and abundantly scattered about are wood paintings of Greek and prerenaissance masters.

Leading from this room is the magnificent Hall of Ancient Pictures, glorified with paintings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the works of Giotto and the Blessed Angelos. Here the highest real artistic ability is exemplified. Although the style is hard and the figures stiff, the works are full of interest. Such achievements of the artists of today, with all their technique, seem incapable of producing.

The composition of the library itself is on the same stupendous scale as the other features. Almost 200,000 volumes and 50,000 manuscripts are deposited in the great vaults with a precision that is a miracle in detail. Here is found the Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, richly embellished with more than fifty miniatures. Some of the best poems of Petrarca and Tasso in the original are included. What are probably the most popular of the manuscript collections are the love letters which Henry VIII. sent to Anne Boleyn, fifteen in number.

The library itself was established in 1447 by Pope Nicholas V., when his holiness found it necessary to remove the papal collection from the Lateran. In 1588 the present building was erected. It was made necessary by the inadequacy of the original structure, which Leo X. made care of the addition which that time until today the library has been increasing, sometimes through gifts of princes and potentates, sometimes through bequests of generous Catholics. Some collections as that from Heidelberg, were attained through forfeiture, the church during the middle ages and some time later being a powerful feudal possessor, with vassals everywhere.

A recent tabulation records many varied oriental works in the Vatican library. There are 580 Hebrew volumes and manuscripts, 787 Arabic, 203 Greek, 71 Ethiopian, 469 Syriac, 26 Turkish, 66 Persian, 1 Samaritan, 12 Armenian, 2 Tibetan, 23 Indian, 12 Chinese and 18 Slavonic. The Greek, Latin and oriental possessions together aggregate about 25,000 volumes.