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## CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER VII

Helen, in a fright, kept as much as possible out of sight. Towards her, Mr. Stillinghast's manner was inconsistent, and variable in the extreme. At one time almost kind, at another, captious and surly. Sometimes he called on her for every thing, and perhaps the next moment threatened to throw whatever he had ordered, at her head. Once he told her, in bitter tones and language, that "but for wishing to make use of her to effect certain ends, he would turn her into the street." He had a new look and key, of a peculiar construction, fitted on his chamber door, which he looked every morning carefully, and carried the key away with him.

"This is awful, May. How can you bear it as you do, for you do not seem the least afraid of him?" said Helen, one morning.

"I am afraid of offending our Lord by spitefulness, and returning injuries to one who is my benefactor," replied May.

"You do feel spiteful, then, sometimes? Really, it is quite refreshing to know that you are not perfect," said Helen, in her sneering way.

"Yes I feel so very often. I am full of imperfections. I am not patient, or humble, or even forgiving. I am only outwardly—outwardly calm and silent, because I do not think it right to fan up resentments, and malice, and bitterness, all so antagonistic to the love of God. I hope, oh, I hope my motive is, singly and purely to avoid offending Him," said May, humbly and earnestly.

"I heartily wish the old wretch would die!" exclaimed Helen.

"Oh, Helen! so unprovoked as he is for another world! 'Unsay that, won't you?' cried May, clasping her hands together.

"No, May; I mean it. I think he is as much fit to die now as he ever will be. He has doubtless spent his life in tormenting others, and it will only be fair when he is tormented in his turn. But, spare those looks of horror, and tell me, who do you think passed by here this morning, and looked in, and bowed?"

"I cannot tell," said May, sadly.

"That handsome Jerrold. I hope he may prove a knight-errant, and deliver me from Giant Despair's castle," said the frivolous girl, while she twisted her long, shining curls around her fingers.

"Take care, Helen. Romance does very well in books, but it is a mischievous thing to mix up in the real concerns of life."

"My dearest May, I shall never want a skull to grin ghastly lessons of morality at me, while I have you," replied Helen, with a scornful laugh.

"Pardon me, Helen; I fear that I do say too much; but let my good intention be my excuse," said May.

"Yes, it is intolerable. My old Tartar of an uncle swearing and scolding downstairs, and you preaching and praying, up. It is more than human nature can bear.—Where are you going?"

"To confession," replied May, in a low tone.

"Very well; but, my dear 'wee wee woman,' don't stay long, for I believe this rambling, musty old house is haunted."

"Come with me, then?"

"Not to-day; I have an idea of exploring it, and should like, of all things, to get into the very room which Blue Beard keeps locked up. Is there any possible way of getting in?"

"Yes."

"How? tell me, quick!"

"Ask Uncle Stillinghast for the key," said May, while a flash of merriment lit up her eyes.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Helen, curtseying.

"I leave all such exploits to people who are anxious to become martyrs. I have no such ambition."

### CHAPTER VIII

"Where are you gadding to now?" said Mr. Stillinghast, who had encountered May and Helen at the hall-door, on their way out to church.

"Where are you both going?"

"We are going to mass, sir," said May, in her usual quiet, pleasant way.

"One of you stay in. I won't have

the house left so; do you stay, for you are for ever gadding," he said sharply to May.

"I will remain at home, Uncle Stillinghast," said Helen, quickly; "do you go, May."

"Do you go, miss, and let her stay at home; 'd'ye hear me?" he exclaimed.

"Indeed, sir, I wish to remain at home. I have no desire at all to go this morning," expostulated Helen.

"Ar'n't you a papist?" he inquired, turning suddenly, and confronting her.

"I am a Catholic, sir, but—but," she stammered.

"But what?" he asked, sharply.

"I do not care so much about going to church as May does," she replied, lifting her handsome brown eyes to his angry countenance.

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed May, with an imploring look.

"This is quite my affair," said Helen, with a haughty air.

"You've got more sense than I gave you credit for," said Mr. Stillinghast, with a low, peculiar laugh.

"Don't go any more useless way choose."

"No, sir."

"Oh, uncle!" cried May, losing all dread of her uncle's displeasure, and laying her hand on his arm; "you are tampering with her soul! Helen! Helen, you are trampling under foot your birthright in the Church of Christ!"

"Fool!" exclaimed Mr. Stillinghast, shaking her off. "Be silent. Go your ways, but dare not interfere with her."

"I can only pray, sir, for you and for her," said May, after her first wild and indignant emotions had subsided.

Another low mocking laugh sounded in her ears, then she found herself alone. "This is dreadful, and hard to bear," she murmured, as she went out; "but Father Fabian says, that trials are divine and royal gifts! If I lived only for this life I would never—I could not bear it, but living for eternity, I cannot afford to lose a single lesson of the rudiments of perfection."

"That girl," thought Mr. Stillinghast, "is a mystery. She is either a profound hypocrite, or an honest Christian. This scene, however, has fixed my resolves. That Helen may be a fool, but she's not much of a papist. Odds, it will hardly require the temptation of a handsome husband, and a splendid settlement, to make her forswear her creed. I will see Jerrold this very day." When he arrived at his counting-house, he went directly to his desk, and penned a note, which he directed and sealed, then handed it to his porter to take to Mr. Jerrold. Then he perched himself on his high writing-stool, and opening his books, attempted to go on as usual with the business of the day. But there was something unquiet tugging at his conscience, which did not allow him to do so. He paused frequently, with his pen poised over his inkstand, or paper, and fell into reveries, which ended with expressions which burst out like shots from a revolver. It was now "Pshaw!" then, "I hate it worse than I do the synagogue," or, "it is not injustice! Have I not a right to do as I please with my own property?" and "I'll do it as sure as my name is Mark Stillinghast."

"Mr. Jerrold was away at bank, sir," said the porter, who had returned "and, sir, I left the note."

"All right, Michael. Business is the master we must serve first, and best. Hoist out those bales there ready to ship."

"The devil'll fly away wid that ould haythen some of these days! I should like to know intirely if he ever hard of the day of judgment and the Master that's to take an account of how he's been served. I reckon, bedad, he'll find out thin, if not sooner, that he's the one that ought to had a little waitin' on," muttered Michael rolling out a heavy bale of cotton.

Ere long Mr. Jerrold, anxious to conciliate the millionaire, and full of curiosity, did not lose a minute after he read the note in going to him.

"Good morning sir, I hope I have not kept you waiting," he said, holding out his hand to Mr. Stillinghast.

"No, sir; you are in very good time," he replied, shaking hands, and offering his guest a chair. "I see that you are not one who will let grass grow under your feet."

"I have my fortune to make, sir," replied the young man, laughing; "but can I serve you in any way, Mr. Stillinghast?"

"Michael! No, sir—no—Here Michael!" cried Mr. Stillinghast.

[To be continued.]

## FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs, By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XXIX

THE SAME DAY: ITS SECOND PART

"Speak not thus to me, dearest Agnes; you must not request; you command me now."

"Then promise me, that you will immediately apply your mind to master the doctrines of Christianity. I know you will embrace them; and then you will no longer be to me what you are now."

"And what is that?"

"Dark, dark, dearest Fabiola. When I look upon you thus, I see in you a noble intellect, a generous disposition, an affectionate heart, a cultivated mind, a fine moral feeling, and a virtuous life. What can be desired more in woman? and yet over all these splendid gifts there hangs a cloud, to my eyes, of gloomy shadow, the shade of death. Drive it away, and all will be lightsome and bright."

"I feel it, dear Agnes—I feel it. Standing before you, I seem to be as a black spot compared to your brightness. And how, embracing Christianity, shall I become light like you?"

"You must pass, Fabiola, through the torrent that sunders us" (Fabiola started, recollecting her dream).

"Waters of refreshment shall flow over your body, and oil of gladness shall embalm your flesh; and the soul shall be washed clean as driven snow, and the heart be softened as the babe's. From that bath you will come forth a new creature, born again to a new and immortal life."

"And shall I lose all that you have but just now prized in me?" asked Fabiola, somewhat downcast.

"As the gardener," answered the martyr, "selects some hardy and robust, but unprofitable plant, and on it engrafs but a small shoot of one that is sweet and tender, and the flowers and fruits of this belong to the first, and yet deprive it of no grace, no grandeur, no strength that it had before, so will the new life you shall receive ennoble, elevate, and sanctify (you can scarcely understand this word) the valuable gifts of nature and education which you already possess. What a glorious being Christianity will make you, Fabiola!"

"What a new world you are leading me to, dear Agnes! Oh, that you were not leaving me outside its very threshold!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Agnes, in an ecstasy of joy. "They come, they come! You hear the measured tramp of the soldiers in the gallery. They are the bridesmen coming to summon me. But I see on high the white-robed bridesmaids borne on the bright clouds of morning, and beckoning me forward. Yes, my lamp is trimmed, and I go forth to meet the Bridegroom. Farewell, Fabiola, weep not for me. Oh, that I could make you feel, as I do, the happiness of dying for Christ! And now I will speak a word to you which I never have addressed to you before—God bless you!" And she made the sign of the Cross on Fabiola's forehead. An embrace, convulsive on Fabiola's part, calm and tender on Agnes's, was their last earthly greeting. The one hastened home, filled with a new and generous purpose; the other resigned herself to the shame-stricken guard.

Over the first part of the martyr's trials we cast a veil of silence, though ancient Fathers, and the Church in her offices, dwell upon it, as doubling her crown. Suffice it to say, that her angel protected her from harm; and that the purity of her presence converted a den of infamy into a holy and lovely sanctuary. It was still early in the morning when she stood again before the tribunal of the Prefect, in the Roman Forum; unchanged and unscathed, without a blush upon her smiling countenance, or a pang of sorrow in her innocent heart. Only her unshorn hair, the symbol of virginity, which had been let loose, flowed down, in golden waves, upon her snow-white dress.

It was a lovely morning. Many will remember it to have been a beautiful day on its anniversary, as they have walked out of the Nomen-tan Gate, now the Porta Pia, towards the church which bears our virgin-martyr's name, to see blessed upon her altar the two lambs, from whose

wool are made the palliums sent by the Pope to the archbishops of his communion. Already the almond-trees are hoary, not with frost, but with blossoms; the earth is being loosened round the vines, and spring seems latent in the swelling buds, which are watching for the signal from the southern breeze to burst, and expand. The atmosphere, rising into a cloudless sky, has just that temperature that one loves, of a sun, already vigorous, not heating, but softening, the slightly frosty air. Such we have frequently experienced St. Agnes's day, together with joyful thousands, hastening to her shrine.

The judge was sitting in the open Forum, and a sufficient crowd formed a circle round the charmed space, which few, save Christians, love to enter. Among the spectators were two whose appearance attracted general attention; they stood opposite each other, at the ends of the semicircle formed by the multitude. One was a youth, enveloped in his toga, with a slouching hat over his eyes, so that his features could not be distinguished. The other was a lady of aristocratic mien, tall and erect, such as one does not expect to meet on such an occasion. Wrapped close about her, and so simple as to veil her from head to foot, like the beautiful ancient statue, known among artists by the name of Modesty, she had a scarf or mantle of Indian workmanship, woven in richest pattern of crimson, purple, and gold, a garment truly imperial, and less suitable than even female presence to this place of doom and blood. A slave or servant of superior class attended her, carefully veiled also, like her mistress. The lady's mind seemed intent on one only object, as she stood immovable, leaning with her elbow on a marble post.

Agnes was introduced by her guards into the open space, and stood intrepid, facing the tribunal. Her thoughts seemed to be far away; and she took no notice even of those two who, till she appeared, had been objects of universal observation.

"Why is she unfettered?" asked the Prefect angrily.

"She does not need it, she walks so readily," answered Catulus; "and she is so young."

But she is obstinate as the oldest. Put manacles on her hands at once."

The executioner turned over a quantity of such prison ornaments, and at length selected a pair as light and small as he could find, and placed them around her wrists. Agnes playfully, and with a smile, shook her hands, and they fell, like St. Paul's viper, clattering at her feet.

"They are the smallest we have, sir," said the softened executioner; "one so young ought to wear other bracelets."

"Silence, man!" rejoined the exasperated judge, who, turning to the prisoner, said, in a blander tone—

"Agnes, I pity thy youth, thy station, and the bad education thou hast received. I desire, if possible, to save thee. Think better while thou hast time. Renounce the false and pernicious maxims of Christianity, obey the Imperial Edicts, and sacrifice to the gods."

"It is useless," she replied, "to tempt me longer. My resolution is unalterable. I despise thy false divinities, and can only love and serve the one living God. Eternal Ruler, open wide the heavenly gates, until lately closed to man. Blessed Christ, call to Thee the soul that cleaveth unto Thee; victim first to Thee by virginal consecration; now to Thy Father by martyrdom's immolation."

"I waste time, I see," said the impatient Prefect, who saw symptoms of compassion rising in the multitude. "Secretary, write the sentence. We condemn Agnes, for contempt of the Imperial Edicts, to be punished by the sword."

"On what road, and at what milestone, shall the judgment be executed?" asked the headsman.

"Let it be carried into effect at once," was the reply.

Agnes raised for one moment her hands and eyes to heaven, then calmly knelt down. With her own hands she drew forward her silken hair over her head, and exposed her neck to the blow. A pause ensued, for the executioner was trembling with emotion, and could not wield his sword. As the child knelt alone, in her white robe, with her inclined, her arms modestly crossed upon her bosom, and her amber locks hanging almost to the ground, and veiling her features, she might not unaptly have been compared to some rare plant, of which the slender stalk, white as the lily, bent with the luxuriance of its

golden blossom.

To be continued.

## Five Minute Sermon

The Jews Try To Stone Jesus.

That Jesus Christ affirmed His innocence and defied any one to convict Him of sin. This He did to convince the Jews of their injustice in refusing to believe His words and His doctrine. When a teacher combines profound learning with a spotless life he has a right to the confidence of those who hear him, for as a learned man there is no probability of his being deceived, and as an honest man no one should suspect that he would deceive. Let us also learn to live up to our teaching, our advice, and our corrections; so that when we reproach others, they cannot reproach us with inconsistency. Insulted and calumniated as a schismatic, an apostate, and one possessed by a devil, Christ could, like Elias, have called fire from heaven to destroy His enemies, but He preferred to give us an example of divine patience and meekness, and refrained from saying any more to them than what the glory of God required. The charity of Jesus towards His enemies was seen on this occasion in all its greatness, and it teaches us how we should act when assailed by calumny and abuse.

The Divine Master, who had worked so many miracles, could in a moment have felled the impious Jews to the ground as He afterward did the crowd in the Garden of Gethsemani, or could He not have treated them worse? Yet He preferred to hide Himself, and by so doing He taught us to be meek.

### Forty Hours.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours," will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows: April 9—Holy Apostles, Rochester; East Bloomfield; Spencerport; St. Stephen's, Geneva.

### Set a Good Example.

Every Catholic who has entered politics, and especially those who have been elected to public office, should feel that the good name of their Church depends upon their conduct to a great extent. If a Catholic engages in corrupt political practices and condones fraud or takes part in false dealing, he to some extent brings his own Church into the mire.—Church Calendar of West Virginia.

### SHORT SERMONS.

We carve character out of crosses. A quiet heart makes a quiet tongue. It is difficult for truth to fly on the wings of suspicion. We like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark. There is nothing true or good or beautiful which, if contemplated or done in the right spirit, is not also religious. There is not anything that does more mischief to mankind than mercenary masters of philosophy that do not live as they preach.

### Men and Women

Read our great offer on another page.

Read this if you are going west. Now is an excellent time to take a trip to the West, Southwest or Northwest and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations, or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Homeseekers' tickets at extremely low rates on March 7th and 21st and April 4th and 18th, and will sell one-way Settlers' tickets to many points in North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba on each Tuesday during March and April. Also special one-way Colonist tickets to principal California and North Pacific Coast points at rate of \$42.50 from Buffalo and at very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. On sale every day to May 15th. Full information on application to R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Very low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. \$42.50 Buffalo to principal California and North Pacific Coast points. Also very low rates to many other points in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. On sale every day to May 15th. Special one-way Settlers' rates to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba on sale each Tuesday during March and April. For full information write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

THE GOOD OLD S. AND O.

The First Railroad in the United States Founded by a Catholic and Built by Catholics.

(Special to The Journal)

The history of the building of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is a history of the building up of the Catholic Church in the section which this road traverses. The construction of the road, the first railroad of the country, was accompanied by one of the most magnificent processions of military and civil associations, trades and professions ever witnessed in the United States. It was, indeed, a momentous occasion for Baltimore and for the whole country. To a Catholic belongs the honor of laying the "first stone" and of being the first president of the first board of directors of the first railroad in this country, the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was then over ninety years old. And Catholics were actively engaged in building the road, as laborers, section bosses and superintendents. The laborers employed were mainly Irish immigrants, and the bones of 50,000 Irishmen lie buried along that great highway of transportation.

In 1822 the road had been completed to Point of Rocks, a distance of seventy-three miles from Baltimore. Harpers became the terminus on December 1, 1824. On January 1, 1853, the road was finally completed to Wheeling, on the Ohio River.

As the work on the road progressed, Catholic Churches sprang up like magic. Priests, however, were exceedingly scarce, and with the many accidents happening, often on the same day, at different parts of the road, the missionary priests were kept busy attending to their charges.

The first Catholic Church of note is at Harpers Ferry, where the Baltimore and Ohio crosses the Potomac River. It is built on a high cliff, and stands out prominent in the magnificent scenery of that point.

At Keyser, W. Va., a church was built in 1875 by the Rt. Rev. J. O'Sullivan, the late Bishop of Mobile, Ala., then pastor of the Church at Westport, Md., five miles away.

In 1850 Wheeling became an independent diocese. The Rt. Rev. Richard Whelan, who was consecrated second Bishop of Richmond, in 1841, was transferred to the new See of Wheeling in 1840, and became its first Bishop. On coming to take charge of his new diocese, the good Bishop found just two churches. There are now nearly 100 Churches in the diocese and a Catholic population of over 30,000 souls.

E. L. Schaff, Ph. D.

Knights of Columbus

Rochester Council conferred the Second Degree of the order upon twenty-five candidates, on Friday evening, April 7th, 1905, at 8:30 o'clock. Brother John J. Manion of Buffalo, gave the degree.

District Deputy Edw. S. Gurry announces that the Third Degree will be given in Medina, April 11th. Members of Rochester Council cordially invited.

The Fourth Degree will be exemplified in Buffalo, N. Y., on May 8th. All desiring to take this degree should secure applications at once from Financial Secretary, M. D. Kavanagh.

Brother Frank A. Gross of Buffalo, N. Y., Passenger Agent of one of the Western Railroads and chairman of the Los Angeles Excursion Committee was present at the meeting Friday evening.

Excursions to New York

The West Shore R. R. announces that arrangements have been made for an excursion to New York on Saturday, April 8th, at rate of \$3.00 from Rochester; tickets good returning on or before the following Thursday. The New York Central has arranged for an excursion to the same place on Saturday, April 22nd, at rate of \$6.70 for tickets good returning on or before April 27th, the following Thursday.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday April 9—Gospel St. John 1:1-46-50—St. Mary of Egypt, penitent.

Monday 10—St. Macarius, Bishop.

Tuesday 11—St. Leo the Great, Pope, doctor and confessor.

Wednesday 12—St. Julian, confessor.

Thursday 13—St. Herasimus, confessor.

Friday 14—The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Saturday 15—St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary.

Sunday 16—St. John the Evangelist.

Monday 17—St. Basil, Bishop.

Tuesday 18—St. Lawrence, deacon and martyr.

Wednesday 19—St. Peter the Apostle.

Thursday 20—St. Paul the Apostle.

Friday 21—St. Agnes, virgin.

Saturday 22—St. John the Baptist.