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## CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

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(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER VIII

"I'm very glad, Aunt Mabel, that you are comforted by Father Fabian's visits," said May, smiling at her unsophisticated statement.

"Yes, he comforts me mightily, Miss May; and he talks so simple and beautiful, that I understand every word he says."

"What does Father Fabian tell you, Aunt Mabel?"

"He read one thing to me out of my old Bible. You know I can't read myself, Miss May, but I keep it 'cause it belonged to my missis. He asked me if 'I ever been baptized?' I told him, 'No, sir.' Then he read what Jesus Christ said, 'Unless you be born again, of water and the Holy Ghost, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;' and, honey, it was enough for me to know he said it. And then he told me about the power our Lord left with his Church to forgive sins, and I didn't dar doubt it, 'cause who can be so presumptuous as to contradict Jesus Christ when he lays down the way and the truth? But oh, Miss May, when the day comes for me to receive in my ole heart the dear Lord hisself—my poor ole tired, aching heart—then I lived long enough, 'cause the glory of God will be with me."

"It will be a most happy day, Aunt Mabel," said May, dashing a tear from her cheek. "Now tell me something about our Immaculate Mother. Do you ever think of her?"

"Oh, Miss May, how can I think of Jesus Christ—how can I love him without thinking of, and loving her? If I go down to the manager, that she is, watching over him, or holding him on her bosom; if I go through Salem's marble city, honey, that she is, close by her divine Son; if I go to Calvary, what do I see?" said old Mabel, lifting her shrivelled hand, and dim eyes to heaven, while tears flowed over her swarthy cheeks; "I see the Son of God, and the Son of Mary—Jesus Christ, hanging on the rough wood; his head, his hands, his feet, his side, dropping blood from the torn flesh. I see him dying for me; and down at his feet, his mother suffering with him. Ah, honey, it was a heavy burden she bore that dark day! The suffering of her son—her own pangs—the sins of the world, for which both suffered, as it 'pears to me, was too much for one human heart. Oh, don't any body talk to me 'bout not loving the Blessed Virgin! With one breath, I say, 'Have mercy on me, sweet Jesus!' with the other, I say, 'Pray for me, Virgin mother, without sin!' It's the last thing I say at night, and the first I say in the morning."

"But you don't worship the Blessed Virgin, Aunt Mabel?" said May, with a smile.

"Worship her honey? No! but God honored and loved her. She was the mother of the dear Jesus; the 'mount of her sufferings' was for him and us, and I love her—I honor her, and I go to her like a little child, and ask her to pray for me, and ask Him, who never refused her any thing, for what I want."

"She is a tender friend—the refuge of sinners—the health of the weak—the help of Christians!" said May, astonished at old Mabel's language; "and I am glad you have recourse to her. She will lead you along until all is well with you. Shall I read to you now? Father Fabian requested me to read over the catechism to you. To-day I will read the instructions on Confession and Baptism."

"I can't hear too much, Miss May," said the old woman, leaning forward to listen, with an eager and anxious expression. May read, and explained, until she heard the cathedral bell toll the Angelus. It was time for her to go; so kneeling down, she said with heartfelt devotion the beautiful prayer, which celebrates so worthily and continually the wondrous mystery of the Incarnation. After which she left her purse with old Mabel, containing the amount of her rent, which would be due the next day, and promising to send her tea, sugar, and other necessities, called Nellie in, and telling her to sit with her grandmother, hurried away with a lighter heart than when she came out. She made her purchases on her way home, and left directions where they were to be sent. After assuring

herself that there would be no mistake, and obtaining a promise from the clerk who weighed the groceries that they should be delivered in the course of an hour, she proceeded homewards. She found Helen haughty and silent, evidently determined to avoid all conversation on the event of the morning. Two or three times May endeavored to expostulate with her, but found herself rudely repulsed.

That night, when Mr. Stillinghast came in, Helen officiously placed his chair in its usual corner, and handed him his slippers. May made two or three observations to him in her own cheerful way, but he barely replied, and desired her not to interrupt him again. Her heart swelled, and her cheeks flushed, but she remembered the aim of her life, and was silent.

"Do you play on the piano?" said Mr. Stillinghast, abruptly, to Helen.

"No, sir; I play on the harp," she replied, amazed.

"Do you play well?"

"My master thought so, sir."

"I will order one for you to-morrow. I expect company to tea to-morrow evening, so put on any fandangos you have got."

"Yes, sir," she replied, while her face sparkled with delight; "I can never thank you, sir."

"I don't want you to, so be quiet, and do as I bid you," he replied, roughly.

"Poor Helen!" thought May; "poor—poor Helen! they seek after her soul, and she, oh, weak one; how will she resist without the sacraments?"

After Mr. Stillinghast retired, and they were left alone, Helen again opened a French novel to resume her reading, without exchanging a word with her cousin. Thoughts and emotions were flooding May's soul with impulses she dared not resist. She must warn her. She must stretch out her arm, weak though it was, to save her.

"Helen! dear Helen, listen to me!" she said, kneeling before her, and throwing an arm around her neck, while she laid her hand on her cousin's. Helen, astonished, dropped her book, and remained passive, while May besought her by her hopes of heaven to accompany her the next morning to confession, or go alone, as both could not leave home together; then set before her in eloquent and soul-touching language the peril into which her prevarications were leading her.

"You are mad, May—decidedly mad; I intend to better my condition if I can, and be a Catholic too. I am only conciliating this crusty old wretch, who has us both in his power; then, you know, we may bring him around after a while," she said, carelessly.

"Oh, Helen! we cannot serve two masters, even for a season; nor can we handle pitch without becoming defiled. Believe me, this kind of conciliation, as it is called, is fraught with evil," said May, earnestly.

"You are right about the pitch, May. He is truly as disagreeable as pitch; but, indeed, I will endeavor to handle him with gloves on!" said Helen, laughing; "and I won't go to confession until I am ready."

"I alluded to my uncle's opinions and principles, for, Helen, he is an unbeliever!" said May, sighing, as she turned away to go up to bed.

"Don't make any more scenes, little dear; really, you startle one almost into spasms!" continued the heartless and beautiful one. "I have a very strong, high spirit, and a will; no iron or rock is harder."

"Be warned, Helen! I have a will, too, and shall not cease to admonish you—to warn you—to pray for you, until life ceases."

"Pshaw! you are fanatic. Good night, my dear."

### CHAPTER IX

When May awoke the next morning at her usual hour, she discovered, to her great surprise, that Helen was up and dressed; but how occupied she could not conceive, until rising, she saw her sitting beside her open trunk, with a lighted candle on a chair near her, looking over various ornaments and articles of dress which it contained. With a small hand-glass she tried the effect of jet and pearls in her ears; of black velvet, or satin rosettes, in her soft wavy brown hair; of white crape and illusion on her throat and wrists—glancing all the time with an expression of pleased triumph at the reflection on her faultlessly beautiful face.

"Thank God, I am not beautiful," thought May, without a dash of envy. "I might—yes, I am so weak—I might worship myself instead of God." But she said nothing, and performed her morning devotions, and

made her meditations as usual; then dressed quickly and neatly, and asked Helen if she was ready to go down.

[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 XXX

THE SAME DAY: ITS THIRD PART

Scarcely had he left the palace, when Fulvius entered. He had been home to put on a proper court attire, and remove from his features, by the bath and the perfumer's art, the traces of his morning's passion. He felt a keen presentiment that he should be disappointed. Eurotas's cool discussion of the "proceeding evening had prepared him; the cross of all his designs, and his multiplied disappointments that day, had strengthened this instinctive conviction. One woman, indeed, seemed born to meet and baffle him which ever way he turned; but, "thank the gods," he thought, "she cannot be in my way here. She has this morning blasted my character for ever; she cannot claim my rightful reward; she has made me an outcast; it is not in her power to make me a beggar." This seemed his only ground of hope. Despair, indeed, urged him forward; and he determined to argue out his claims to the confiscated property of Agnes with the only competitor he could fear, the rapacious emperor himself. He might as well risk his life over it, for if he failed, he was utterly ruined. After waiting some time, he entered the audience-hall, and advanced with the blandest smile that he could muster to the imperial feet.

"What want you here?" was the first greeting.

"Sire," he replied, "I have come humbly to pray your royal justice to order my being put into immediate possession of my share of the Lady Agnes's property. She has been convicted of being a Christian upon my accusation, and she has just suffered the merited penalty of all who disobey the Imperial Edicts."

"That is all quite right; but we have heard how stupidly you mismanaged the whole business as usual and have raised murmurings and discontent in the people against us. So, now, the sooner you quit our presence, palace, and city, the better for yourself. Do you understand? We don't usually give such warnings twice."

"I will obey instantly every intimation of the supreme will. But I am almost destitute. Command what of right is mine to be delivered over to me, and I part immediately."

"No more words," replied the tyrant, "but go at once. As to the property which you demand with so much pertinacity, you cannot have it. We have made over the whole of it, by an irrevocable rescript, to an excellent and deserving person, the Lady Fabiola."

Fulvius did not speak another word; but kissed the emperor's hand and slowly retired. He looked a ruined, broken man. He was only heard to say, as he passed out of the gate: "Then, after all, she has made me a beggar too." When he reached home, Eurotas, who read his answer in his nephew's eye, was amazed at his calmness.

"I see," he drily remarked, "it is all over."

"Yes; are your preparations made Eurotas?"

"Nearly so. I have sold the jewels, furniture, and slaves, at some loss; but with the trifle I had in hand, we have enough to take us to Asia. I have retained Stabio, as the trusty of our servants; he will carry our small travelling requisites on his horse. Two others are preparing for you and me. I have only one thing more to get for our journey, and then I am ready to start."

"Pray what is that?"

"The poison. I ordered it last night, but it will only be ready at noon."

"What is that for?" asked Fulvius with some alarm.

"Surely you know," rejoined the other, unmoved. "I am willing to make one more trial anywhere else; but our bargain is clear; my father's family must not end in beggary. It must be extinguished in honour."

Fulvius bit his lip, and said, "Well, be it as you like, I am weary of life. Leave the house as soon as possible, for fear of Ephraim, and be with

your horses at the third mile on the Latin gate soon after dusk. I will join you there. For I, too, have an important matter to transact before I start."

"And what is that?" asked Eurotas with a rather keen curiosity.

"I cannot tell even you. But if I am not with you by two hours after sunset, give me up, and save yourself without me."

Eurotas fixed upon him his cold dark eye, with one of those looks which ever read Fulvius through; to see if he could detect any lurking idea of escape from his grips. But his look was cool and unusually open, and the old man asked no more.

While this dialogue was going on, Fulvius had been divesting himself of his court garments, and attiring himself in a travelling suit. So completely did he evidently prepare himself for his journey, without necessity of returning home, that he even took his weapons with him; besides his sword, securing in his girdle but concealed under his cloak, one of those curved daggers, of highest temper and most fatal form, which were only known in the East.

Eurotas proceeded at once to the Numidian quarters in the palace, and asked for Jubala; who entered with two small flasks of different sizes, and was just going to give some explanations, when her husband, half-drunk, half-furious, was seen approaching. Eurotas had just time to conceal the flasks in his belt, and slip a coin into her hand, when Hyphax came up. His wife had mentioned to him the offers which Eurotas had made her before marriage, and had excited in his hot African blood a jealousy that amounted to hatred. The savage rudely thrust his wife out of the apartment, and would have picked a quarrel with the Syrian; had not the latter his purpose being accomplished, acted with forbearance, assured the archer-chief that he should never more see him, and retired.

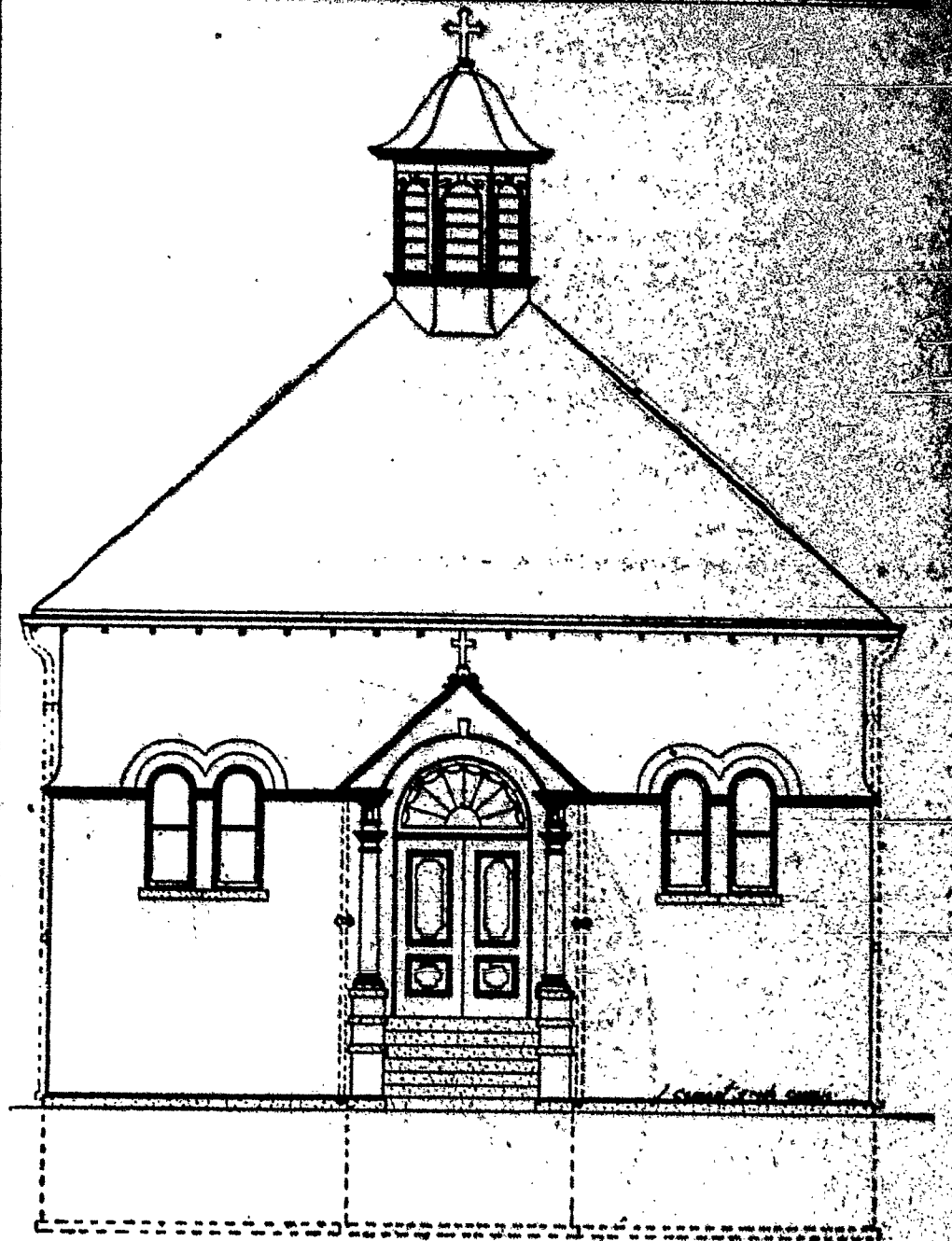
It is time, however, that we return to Fabiola. The reader is probably prepared to hear us say, that she returned home a Christian; and yet it was not so. No; Fabiola returned home, exhausted almost by the preceding day and night, and the sad scenes of the morning, and retired to her own apartment, no longer perhaps even a philosopher, yet not a Christian. She desired all her servants to keep away from the court which she occupied, that she might not be disturbed by the smallest noise; and she forbade any one to have access to her. There she sat in loneliness and silence for several hours, too excited to obtain rest from slumber. She mourned long over Agnes, as a mother might over a child suddenly carried off. Yet, was there not a tinge of light upon the cloud that overshadowed her, more than when it hung over her father's bier? Did it not seem to her an insult to reason, an outrage to humanity to think that she had perished; that she had been permitted to walk forward in her bright robe, and with her smiling countenance, and with her joyous, simple heart, straight on—into nothing; that she had been allured by conscience, and justice, and purity, and truth, on, on, till with arms outstretched to embrace them, she stepped over a precipice, beneath which yawned annihilation? No. Agnes, she felt sure, was happy somehow, somewhere; or justice was a senseless word.

"How strange," she further thought, "that every one whom I have known endowed with superior excellence, men like Sebastian, women like Agnes, should turn out to have belonged to the scorned race of Christians! One only remains, and to-morrow I will interrogate her."

When she turned from these, and looked round upon the heathen world, Fulvius, Tertullus, the Emperor, Calpurnius—nay, she shuddered as she surprised herself on the point of mentioning her own father's name—it sickened her to see the contrast of baseness with nobleness, vice with virtue, stupidity with wisdom, and the sensual with the spiritual. Her mind was thus being shaped into a mould, which some form of practical excellence must be found to fill, or it must be broken; her soul was craving as a parched soil, which heaven must send its waters to refresh, or it must become an eternal desert.

Agnes, surely, well deserved the glory of gaining, by her death, her kinswoman's conversion; but was there not one, more humble, who had established a prior claim? One who had given up freedom, and offered life, for this unselfish gain.

To be continued.



New Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Elmira Heights, N. Y.

We present to our readers this week a picture of the new church of St. Charles Borromeo which is nearing completion at Elmira Heights, N. Y. and which will be dedicated in a week or so. Rev. Michael O. Wall of Horseheads, N. Y., will be the rector. Joseph H. Oberlies of Rochester, is the architect.

The church is a wooden structure veneered with pressed brick 36 x 62 feet and has a seating capacity of 260 people. The inside decorations will consist of green burlap along side walls three feet high and blend-

ed into a beautiful light green shade for the walls above burlap. The ceiling will be metal and will be painted a cream color. The church will be lighted by electric clusters and a number of extra lights about the sanctuary. The building from an architectural point of view is very substantial and modest and shows what can be done with very little money as we have been informed the cost will not exceed \$4,000. The basement will be used by the C. M. B. A. and other societies to be organized in the near future.

### The Pastoral Character.

During the celebrations in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin the Holy Father delivered an allocution to a large number of bishops from every part of the Church. The Paris Univers has obtained an almost verbatim report of his words from some who heard them. Especially did the Pope urge watchfulness over the seminaries. An atmosphere of independence, he said, not only in matters of obedience, but of doctrine, had penetrated the sanctuary. Certain young priests, animated by that critical spirit which rules today, had come to lose all respect for the science derived from the great masters in theology, the fathers and doctors of the Church, who interpret the revealed deposit of truth. "If ever," he concluded, "you have in your seminaries a savant of this new type get rid of him as soon as possible and do not at any cost impose hands upon him. You will always repent of having ordained one such, even one only, never of having excluded him from Orders." Such words from the Holy Father are a proof of his recognition of the supreme importance of the sincerity which should accompany the pastoral charge.

### Father Dominic.

It is stated by the Catholic Times of London that it is proposed to reproduce at Rome the canonization of Father Dominic, the Passionist priest who received Cardinal Newman into the Roman Catholic Church. In many ways he was a remarkable man, and there was something almost prophetic in his career. Born an Italian, with not the slightest knowledge of or connection with England, he felt throughout his early life that there was great English work for him to do. When he became a priest he was sent to the English mission and in due time became head of the Passionists at their home at St. Joseph's retreat, Highgate, whence he was sent for by the late Cardinal Newman in his spiritual difficulties before he succeeded from the Anglican church.

### The Pope and the Vatican.

A report from Rome states that His Holiness has absolutely denied a report that had gained currency in Rome to the effect that he would pass the coming spring at Castelgandolfo. In conversation with Signor Scala the Pope said that he would deviate in no way from the rules of his predecessor and would not quit the Vatican. The Pontiff said further that perhaps the ground for the rumor was that when his sisters and nephew visited him at the Vatican lately he made the suggestion to them that they should spend some time next spring at Castelgandolfo.

### New York Central's Easter Excursions

Excursion Manager Randolph of the New York Central has made careful arrangements for the Easter-tide excursions this year, and calls particular attention to the excursion to New England points—Boston, South Framingham, Palmer, Worcester and Springfield—on Saturday, April 22nd, and is arranged with a view of giving the people an opportunity to spend Easter Sunday, the greatest of all the year, in New York City. Seeing New York in an automobile is the latest and right up-to-date thing to do; departures are at 10 a. m. and 2 and 4 p. m. from corner 5th avenue and 28th street. The tour takes about two hours and costs only a dollar.

Arrangements have also been made for a \$1.25 rate excursion via the New York Central to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Easter Sunday. The excursion tickets will be good going on morning trains and returning on all but limited trains Sunday afternoon and evening. Surely with such complete arrangements as these Mr. Randolph thinks no one should remain at home.

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 1st. Special one-way Settler's rates to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba on sale each Tuesday during March and April. For full information write to E. Payne, general agent, 281 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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