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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 IX

"I declare, May, you are a perfect little mouse. I did not know you were up. Yes; I am ready now. I had quite forgotten that it was my morning to make breakfast," she replied, returning the things to the trunk without the least possible hurry.

"If you have anything else to do, dear Helen; I mean—if you have not said your prayers yet, I will go down and get things in train for you," said May, timidly.

"Thank you, May, but I keep my own conscience. I have no time for my prayers now—after breakfast will do," she replied, carelessly.

"Dear Helen, consider—"

"Dear May, I won't consider," she interrupted her, "for I am in such a ferment of delight, what with the idea of company, and having a harp once more, I am really half wild, and could not pray for the life of me—at least, as people ought to pray. Oh, what different times we shall have! Really, May, I have an idea that I shall have our old savage dancing the Tarantula before tomorrow night," she exclaimed, "almost shrieking with laughter."

"Helen," began May, but checked herself, and burst into tears, which she endeavored to conceal—such tears as angels shed over the derelictions of the souls they are appointed to guard. Helen did not observe them; giddy and selfish, she derived amusement from that which was luring her soul further away from God; and, while May wept over her peril, she thought only of the transient and fleeting enjoyments of the present. Gayly humming the Tarantula, she ran down to the kitchen, where she got breakfast, or, rather claimed the reputation of getting it, by assisting May, who was really the practical cause of its being made at all tolerably.

"What sort of gimcracks must one have for supper? I have invited a friend with whom I have business relations of some importance, to tea, and I wish to know what is usual," said Mr. Stillingham, addressing Helen, after breakfast.

"I don't know, sir," she said, looking down, with the half-frightened expression her face always wore when he addressed her; "people generally have cake, and other nice things."

"Very well, make a supper to suit yourself," said Mr. Stillingham, tossing her a five dollar note.

"We ought to have silver forks, sir," she suggested.

"Silver forks! well, wait—" He went up to his chamber, and returned with a package, which he laid carefully on the table, saying, "There they are—be careful with them," and went out without noticing May even by a look, who felt the neglect more keenly than any trial he had ever caused her. To find that Helen who hated as much as she feared him—whose life was so aimless and useless—preferred before her, caused sharp and bitter emotions. The flagrant injustice of his treatment galled, as much as his unmerited contempt humiliated her. For a little while her feelings bore her along on their rough but silent torrent, while the hot winds of evil heated her veins with fire, and caused a hot flush to burn on either cheek. Ho! how exulted the tempter now; he had long laid in wait for her soul, and now, while it oscillated and wavered, how defiantly he lifted his lurid brow towards the Almighty, while he spread out the snare for that tempted, trembling one! But let us listen—for angels guard her, and watch, with sorrowful eyes, the dread conflict, while they pray for heavenly strength to sustain her—let us listen to the words which go up from that heart, so stillly and whispered that they scarcely reach our ears, while in Heaven they ring out clear, and sweet, and sorrowful—"Sweet Jesus! merciful Jesus! suffering, calumnniated dying Jesus, pity me—rescue me," she murmured, folding her cold hands together. Far away fled the powers of darkness, and left only the sweetness and peace of that potent deliverer, Jesus, in her soul. Once more the angels of her life looked up rejoicing, and spread their wings of light about her way. Without, there had been an exterior calm; but it was like that gray, sad stillness, which

mantles the storm. Now there was sunshine as well as calm.

"What shall I do, May?" said Helen, who had been reading the paper.

"We must try and make a nice supper, as my uncle wishes, Helen. I will make waffles and tea-biscuits, if you wish it, and we can order cake from Delaro's. I think this, with chipped ham, tea and coffee, will be sufficient."

"Thank you, May. I am so ignorant; if you will only do it all for me, I shall be so obliged to you. You know I shall have to dress, and it takes me so long to arrange my hair gracefully. I wish, sometimes, that I had none—it is so troublesome," said the selfish girl.

"Yes," said May, after a little while, "I will attend to it. My dress is such an every day affair, that I shall be able to have every thing ready, to take the head of the table in time."

"The head of the table! I rather expect Mr. Stillingham intends me to preside."

"Possibly. If my uncle wishes it, Helen, I will certainly resign it to you; but, as I have always sat there, I shall continue to do so until he requests me to do otherwise," said May, with becoming firmness.

"Oh, of course! It is quite indifferent to me, my dear;—but what have we here?" said Helen, taking up the bundle which Mr. Stillingham had laid on the table. "See, May, what splendidly chased silver forks! How heavy they are; and see! here is a crest on them."

"They are very old, I presume," said May, examining them with interest.

"As old as the hills! Where on earth has the old curmudgeon kept them all this time?" exclaimed Helen. "Do you think he bought, or inherited them?"

"Inherited them, doubtless. My mother had the same crest on her silver. Our grandfather was an Englishman of good lineage; but see, Helen, they require a good cleansing and rubbing. I will go to mass now, after which I will attend to your commissions. While I am out, you had better get down the old china, which you will find on that closet shelf, with some cut glass goblets. You can wash them up with the breakfast things; or, if you would rather wait until I return, I will assist you," said May.

"Oh, no! I like such work; but, May, could we not hunt up your old mummy, if she is not too old, to come and wait?" asked Helen.

"She died two years ago, Helen," said May, turning away her head with a quivering lip.

"How unfortunate! But, May, have you any fine table linen?"

"Yes; a number of fine damask tablecloths."

"And napkins?"

"None."

"Thank fortune, I have some four dozen East India napkins; they will look quite splendid on the table this evening. But hurry on, May, I wish to clear up to make room for my harp; I expect it every moment."

That evening, if Mr. Stillingham had looked around him, he would scarcely have recognized the sitting-room as the one he had left in the morning. The round table, just large enough to seat four comfortably was elegantly spread with fine white damask, and crimson and old gold china, of an antique and elegant pattern; sparkling cut glass, and silver. Two wax candles burned in the old-fashioned silver candelabra in the centre, on each side of which stood two clusters of geranium leaves and winter roses, arranged in small rich vases. The grate looked resplendent, and a harp, of a magnificent pattern, heavily carved and gilded, stood in a conspicuous place. Helen looked exquisitely lovely. Her dress was the perfection of good taste, and well did its elaborate simplicity suit her style of beauty. A single white rose, and a few geranium leaves in her hair, with a pearl and jet brooch, which fastened the velvet around her throat, were the only ornaments she wore. But Mr. Stillingham came in growling and lowering as usual, and without noticing any one, or any thing, threw himself in his arm-chair, which May had taken care should be in its place; drew off his boots, and replaced them with the soft warm slippers she had worked for him some months before; then called for the evening paper, and was soon immersed in the news from Europe, and the rise and fall of stocks. About a quarter of an hour afterwards the front door-bell rung, and May, who happened to be in the hall, went to admit the visitor, who

was no other than Mr. Jerrold. He bowed courteously, and "presumed he had the pleasure of speaking to Miss Stillingham?"

"My name is May Brooke," said May, with one of her clear smiles.

[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

While Fabiola was alone and desolate, she was disturbed by the entrance of a stranger, introduced under the ominous title of "A messenger from the emperor." The porter had at first denied him admittance; but upon being assured that he bore an important embassy from the sovereign, he felt obliged to inquire from the steward what to do; when he was informed that no one with such a claim could be refused entrance.

Fabiola was amazed, and her displeasure was somewhat mitigated by the ridiculous appearance of the person deputed in such a solemn character. It was Corvinus, who with clownish grace approached her, and in a studied speech, evidently got up very floridly, and intrusted to a bad memory, laid at her feet an imperial rescript, and his own sincere affection the Lady Agnes's estates, and his clumsy hand. Fabiola could not at all comprehend the connection between the two combined presents, and never imagined that the one was a bribe for the other. So she desired him to return her humble thanks to the emperor for his gracious act, adding, "Say that I am too ill to-day to present myself, and do him homage."

"But these estates, you are aware, were forfeited and confiscated," he gasped out, in great confusion, "and my father has obtained them for you."

"That was unnecessary," said Fabiola, "for they were settled on me long ago, and became mine the moment"—she faltered, and after a strong effort at self-mastery, she continued—"the moment they ceased to be another's; they did not fall under confiscation."

Corvinus was dumfounded: at last he stumbled into something, meant for an humble petition to be admitted as an aspirant after her hand, but understood by Fabiola to be a demand of recompense, for procuring or bringing so important a document. She assured him that every claim he might have on her should be fully and honourably considered at a more favourable moment; but as she was exceedingly wearied and unwell, she must beg him to leave her at present. He did so quite elated, fancying that he had secured his prize.

After he was gone, she hardly looked at the parchment, which he had left open on a small table by her couch, but sat musing on the sorrowful scenes she had witnessed; till it wanted about an hour to sunset. Sometimes her reveries turned to one point, sometimes to another of the late events; and at last she was dwelling on her being confronted with Fulvius that morning in the Forum. Her memory vividly replaced the entire scene before her, and her mind gradually worked itself into a state of painful excitement which she at length checked by saying aloud to herself: "Thank heaven I shall never behold that villain's face again."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when she shaded her eyes with her hand, as she raised herself up on her couch, and looked towards the door. Was it her overheated fancy which beguiled her, or did her wakeful eyes show her a reality? Her ears decided the question, by these words which they heard.

"Pray, madam, who is the man whom you honour by that gracious speech?"

"You, Fulvius," she said, rising with dignity. "A further intruder still; not only into the house, the villa, and the dungeon, but into the most secret apartments of a lady's residence; and what is worse, into the house of sorrow of one whom you have bereaved. Begone at once or I will have you ignominiously expelled hence."

"Sit down and compose yourself, lady," rejoined the intruder; "this is my last visit to you; but we have a

reckoning to make together of some weight. As to crying out, or bringing help, you need not trouble yourself; your orders to your servants, to keep aloof have been too well obeyed. There is no one within call."

It was true. Fulvius found the way prepared unwittingly for him by Corvinus; for upon presenting himself at the door, the porter, who had seen him twice dine at the house, told him of the strict orders given, and assured him that he could not be admitted unless he came from the emperor, for such were his instructions. That, Fulvius said, was exactly his case; and the porter, wondering that so many imperial messengers should come in one day, let him pass. He begged that the door might be left unfastened, in case the porter should not be at his post when he retired; for he was in a hurry, and should not like to disturb the house, in such a state of grief. He added, that he required no guide, for he knew the way to Fabiola's apartment.

Fulvius seated himself opposite to the lady, and continued—

"You ought not to be offended, madam, with my unexpectedly coming upon you, and overhearing your amiable soliloquies about myself; it is a lesson I learnt from yourself in the Tullian prison. But I must begin my scores from an earlier date. When, for the first time, I was invited by your worthy father to his table, I met one, whose looks and words at once gained my affections,—I need not now mention her name,—and whose heart, with instinctive sympathy, returned them."

"Insolent man!" Fabiola exclaimed "to allude to such a topic here; it is false, that any such affection ever existed on either side."

"As to the Lady Agnes," resumed Fulvius, "I have the best authority, that of your lamented parent, who more than once encouraged me to persevere in my suit; by assuring me that his cousin had confided to him her reciprocating love."

Fabiola was mortified; for she now remembered that this was too true, from the hints which Fabius had given her, of his stupid misunderstanding.

"I know well that my dear father was under a delusion upon this subject; but I, from whom that dear child concealed nothing—"

"Except her religion," interrupted Fulvius, with bitter irony.

"Peace!" Fabiola went on; "that word sound like a blasphemy on your lips—I knew that you were but an object of loathing and abhorrence to her."

"Yes, after you had made me such. From that hour of our first meeting, you became my bitter and unrelenting foe, in conspiracy with that treacherous officer, who has received his reward, and whom you had destined for the place I courted. Repress your indignation, lady, for I will be heard out,—you undermined my character, you poisoned her feelings, and you turned my love into necessary enmity."

"Your love!" now broke in the indignant lady; "even if all that you have said were not basely false; what love could you have for her? How could you appreciate her artless simplicity, her genuine honesty, her rare understanding, her candid innocence, any more than the wolf can value the lamb's gentleness, or the vulture the dove's mildness? No, it was her wealth, her family connection, her nobility, that you grasped at, and nothing more; read it in the very flash of your eye, when first it fixed itself, as a basilisk's, upon her."

"It is false!" he rejoined; "had I obtained my request, had I been thus worthily mated, I should have been found equal to my position, domestic, contented, and affectionate; as worthy of possessing her as—"

"As any one can be," struck in Fabiola, "who, in offering his hand, expresses himself equally ready, in three hours, to espouse or to murder the object of his affection. And she prefers the latter, and he keeps his word. Begone from my presence; you taint the very atmosphere in which you move."

"I will leave when I have accomplished my task, and you will have little reason to rejoice when I do. You have then purposely, and unprovoked, blighted and destroyed in me every honourable purpose of life, withered my only hope, cut me off from rank, society, respectable ease, and domestic happiness."

"That was not enough. After acting in that character, with which you summed up my condemnation, of a spy, and listened to my conversation, you this morning threw off all sense of female propriety, and stood

forward prominently in the Forum, to complete in public what you had begun in private, excite against me the supreme tribunal, and through it the emperor, and arouse an unjust popular outcry and vengeance; such as, but for a feeling stronger than fear, which brings me hither, would make me now skulk, like a hunted wolf, till I could steal out of the nearest gate."

To be continued.

NEW FATHER DAMIEN

BELGIAN MISSIONARY AT MOLOKAI BECOMES A LEPER.

Rev. Brother Serapion, a Young Nobleman, a Living Martyr to His Zeal Among the Afflicted Unfortunates on the Famous Plague Island.

Another Father Damien has risen in the leper island of Molokai, where that missionary died sixteen years ago. This time the victim is a young Belgian nobleman, the Rev. Brother Serapion, whose family name is Van Koop. Brother Serapion, according to an official communication received a few days ago by the Rev. Father John J. Dunn, head of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in New York, became a leper six weeks ago and at the time of the writing was on his way to the lazaretto, a stone's throw from the hut where Father Damien died.

This is the first missionary to be attacked by the dread disease since Father Damien's time; but, according to Father Dunn, the news was not unexpected, as the young missionary had not spared himself since he went to the leper colony two years ago. Like Father Damien, Brother Serapion will be segregated from the outside world until relieved by death. He will be confined in a hut and doted by a system which is believed to prevent the disease from spreading.

Before going into his solitary life confinement the young missionary wrote a long letter to his family in Belgium and another addressed to the Rev. Father Maxime, director general of the missionaries there. It was a copy of this letter that was made public by Father Dunn. It is dated at Kalluppa, twenty miles from the lazaretto, and in it Brother Serapion writes:

I have at last summoned sufficient courage today to write you a few words, the writing of which will not be without an effort and with no small amount of grief. Even today it is very hard for me to tell you the sad news. Will you kindly break the news to my brothers and sisters?

A little while after your letter came I discovered that I had no feeling in my right arm. I remarked the fact to Rev. Father Maxime, who commanded me to go to my physician. After he had examined me he declared that the want of feeling appeared to him to be a symptom of leprosy. Our very kind and provincial had been stopping with us, and on his return to Honolulu I accompanied him. I was examined by Dr. Herbert.

Two days later there was a new operation. The following day I was examined by another doctor in the hospital, who brought in consultation the physician in charge of the board of health. This time a small piece of skin was taken from a red patch which had appeared on my chest, as well as a piece from my forearm. In both these cultures they found the microbes of leprosy. There is no doubt of it, I am a leper!

I left Honolulu to return to Molokai, where I will be compelled to remain for the rest of my days. I took up my residence in a hut, where I will live absolutely alone until my superiors decide otherwise. It is certainly a very great trial for me, but I am sure that God will not forsake me. (This is why I ask you my dear friends to remember me often, but especially in your prayers.)

Brother Serapion is only thirty years old. The young man joined the order of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and entered the main house of the order in Belgium, where the students receive their training for work in the leper colonies throughout the world. His friends and relatives made unsuccessful efforts to persuade him to enter the priesthood in Belgium, but the young nobleman said Belgium was well provided with priests, while few could be found to do "Christ's work in Molokai."

When the young missionary left his native land for Molokai he said, "I want to follow in the footsteps of Father Damien." He arrived at the plague spot about two years ago and immediately began his work among the outcasts. He worked night and day to alleviate the sufferings of the men and women.

Until death comes to end the tragic tale he will be a life prisoner amid the most fearful conditions. In the one pathetic sentence, "I am a leper," Brother Serapion presents to the world another living martyr.

Father Dunn says that Brother Serapion, with his naturally weak constitution, will live probably two years. Father Damien lived five years after becoming tainted in 1884.

Our Religion.

The peculiar and distinguishing trait of Christianity "is that it is inseparable from its Divine Founder." Between Christianity and Christ there is no distinction—not even mental. Every philosopher can be distinguished from his philosophy, every scientist can be distinguished from his science, and every poet can be distinguished from his poetry, but between Christ and His religion no distinction is possible. So that to accept Christianity is to accept Christ.

WASHINGTON LETTERS

(Special to the Journal)

A Step Backwards

The Presbytery of Washington after an excited discussion over the "Color Line Overture," decided a large majority in favor of a Presbyterian organization on race color lines—in other words, to loose from their colored brethren the Presbyterian faith. This was done by the ministers of Washington Presbytery in the face of a unanimous report against the move, made by a committee composed of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, Dr. Radcliffe, and other sturdy friends of the negro. Division and dissent seem to be the order of the day whenever our Protestant friends meet.

Another Women's Society Here

First the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, then the Mother's Congress; now the National Council of Women is here, and, if I am correctly informed, there are leaders for Washington, among them the National Woman's Suffrage Association, The National Christian League and the Universal Peace Union.

The National Council is here now. Among the speakers are such luminaries as the Rev. Anna Shaw, and the Rev. Amanda Deyo. A Mrs. Swift made an excited speech in the course of which she threatened to go swift pace in California during the next campaign to defeat some of the solons who are opposed to Woman's Suffrage. It is to be hoped that Mr. Swift, during her absence from home will take good care of the children—if any.

The Council also took exception to the President's race suicide "heresy," declaring that quality, rather than quantity, is the true doctrine of motherhood, but the Council did not explain, how, with motherhood running amuck all over the country, either quality or quantity could be obtained.

A resolution, protesting against the use of government funds in sectarian schools among the Indians was introduced, but, to the credit of the Council, was tabled after red-hot discussion.

Another speaker warned the country that a conspiracy was on foot to make this country Roman Catholic by the systematic importation of Catholic foreigners from Italy, Austria and other Catholic countries. Other attacks on the Church followed, all of about the same tenor as the above, but I refrain from quoting further, for none of them were really worth mentioning. I only give clear insight into the character and calibre of the people who meet here in a representative capacity to exploit all kinds of fact and theories.

E. L. Schmitt, Pa. D.

LxI The Hendrick Commercial Training School, 388 Granite Building is very much in evidence now days with the best system, best teachers, best terms, finest business editors and placing stenographers and book keepers at the rate of one at least a day.

NATIONAL THEATRE

"In Old Kentucky" comes to the National Theatre the first half of next week, closing the regular season at that house. The theatre will be dark Thursday and Friday, opening Saturday night, May 6, with the first performance by the National Theatre Stock Company. "Mary of Magdala" will be the play with Jessie Bonstelle in the role originally played by Mrs. Fiske.

COOK OPERA HOUSE

"In Mizouri," one of Augustus Thomas' most popular plays, is announced for next week at the Cook Opera House. Reserved seats are on sale.

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