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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

"And mine is Jerrold—Walter Jerrold; not so, harmonious as yours, certainly!" he replied, throwing off the large Spanish cloak which was folded gracefully around him.

"Life would be a sad monotone if everything in creation resembled each other; there would be no harmony. But walk in, Mr. Jerrold, my uncle expects you," said May, throwing open the door.

"How are you, sir?" said Mr. Stillinghast, turning his head, but not rising. "My niece, Helen Stillinghast. Take a chair." He did not introduce May, or notice her, except by a frown. Feeling the tears rush to her eyes at this new mark of her uncle's displeasure, she flitted back to the kitchen, and commenced operations with her waffle iron.

"All right, Mr. Stillinghast. Faith, sir, your niece requires no golden chains to her chariot. She is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld—accomplished, and elegant in form and manners. Give me the pen!" he said, earnestly, as he spread out the parchment, and prepared to sign his name thereto.

"Clouds are beautiful with the sunshine on them," said the old man, with a sneer; "so is a mirage in the desert; so are the apples on the shores of the Dead Sea. But she is yours. You'll find no trouble in winning her, even at the sacrifice of her creed. She is of the earth, and will willingly escape from such a miserable home as this."

"Mr. Stillinghast, I do not wish to feel that this is quite a barter. Your niece would grace a throne, and I am vain enough to think that I have qualities which may win her regard."

"Boh! fool! All mankind are fools! But leave me—good night. Make your arrangements to move to my counting-house to-morrow."

"My fortune is made. The 'Cedars' will not pass into other hands," thought Walter Jerrold, as he left the house.

The next day May went to see old Mabel, who was quite sick; and while she was gone, Mrs. Jerrold called with her son. The proud, worldly woman, was enchanted with the elegance and beauty of Helen, and ere she left her, had engaged her in a round of engagements; soirees—the opera, and dinner parties, rung like music in Helen's ears, who, half wild with joy, could scarcely repress her emotions from breaking out in some ill-bred expressions of delight.

Without a moment's reflection, she consented to attend St. Paul's Church the next Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, and hear the well meaning Protestant clergyman who officiated there. "You see the best people in town there; it is considered one of the most elegant congregations in the city." By the best people, Mrs. Jerrold meant the leaders of the town, and had not the remotest idea that she was holding out a false inducement, or saying any thing at all incompatible with the spirit of Christianity.

"I will call for you in my carriage, Miss Stillinghast, with Walter," continued the lady, touching Helen's cheek with her lips.

After this Helen quite withdrew herself from the domestic cares of the house to attend exclusively to her toilette—her music—her walks and drives with Jerrold, and visits to his mother. Mr. Stillinghast seemed not to observe what was going on, and May, anxious to shield his displeasure, which she supposed would be excited by this neglect, went on in her old routine, as if nothing had ever occurred to interrupt it.

Thus weeks rolled by, and Helen was the affianced wife of Walter Jerrold; forgetful of the demands of religion, and turning a deaf ear to the whispers of conscience, and a cold, proud eye on the practical works of faith; and scornfully hushing May's expostulations, she thought only of the realization of her ambitious and worldly dreams, and plunged into the gayeties of life with a zest worthy of a better cause.

May, all this time, was cheerfully climbing step by step; sometimes fainting—sometimes stumbling—sometimes falling, but ever rising with renewed strength up the steep and narrow way of Calvary. Her uncle's distrustful manner—his harsh

language—his angry looks, with Helen's apparent apostasy, and haughty demeanor, were trials which required the constant replenishing of grace in her soul, to bear with patience. But Father Fabian bid her to be of good cheer; the divine sacraments of the Church strengthened and consoled her by their sweet and mighty power; and like waters returning cool and purified to their source, or dews gently falling to the earth from which they had risen, in blessing and refreshment, her daily visits to old Mabel, so full of charity and good-will, filled her with indescribable happiness.

[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

"And, Fulvius, I tell you," interposed Fabiola, "that the moment you cross its threshold, the average of virtue will be raised in this wicked city, again I bid you depart from my house, at least; or at any rate I will withdraw from this offensive intrusion."

"We part not yet, lady," said Fulvius, whose countenance had been growing every moment more flushed as his lips had been becoming more deadly pale. He rudely grasped her arm, and pushed her back to her seat; "and beware," he added, "how you attempt again either to escape or to bring aid; your first cry will be your last, cost me what it may."

"You have made me, then, an outcast, not only from society but from Rome, an exile, a homeless wanderer on a friendless earth; was not enough to satisfy your vengeance? No; you must needs rob me of my gold, of my rightfully, though painfully earned wealth; peace, reputation, my means of subsistence, all you have stolen from me, a youthful stranger."

"Wicked and insolent man!" exclaimed now the indignant Roman lady, reckless of consequences, "you shall answer heavily for your temerity. Dare you, in my own house, call me a thief?"

"I dare and I tell you this is your day of reckoning, and not mine. I have earned, even if by crime it is nothing to you, my full share of your cousin's confiscated property. I have earned it hard, by pangs and rendings of the heart and soul, by sleepless nights of struggles with fiends that have conquered; ay, and with one at home that is sterner than they; by days and days of restless search for evidence, amidst the desolation of a proud, but degraded spirit. Have I not a right to enjoy it?"

"Ay, call it what you will, call it my blood-money; the more infamous it is, the more base in you to step in and snatch it from me. It is like a rich man tearing the carrion from the bound's jaws, after he had swollen his feet and rent his skin in hunting it down."

"I will not seek for further epithets by which to call you; your mind is deluded by some vain dream," said Fabiola, with an earnestness not untinged with alarm. She felt she was in the presence of a madman, one in whom violent passion carried off by an unchecked, deeply moved fancy, was lashing itself up to that intensity of wicked excitement which constitutes a moral frenzy—when the very murderer thinks himself a virtuous avenger.

"Fulvius," she continued, with studied calmness, and looking fully into his eyes, "I now entreat you to go. If you want money, you shall have it; but go, in heaven's name go, before you destroy your reason by your anger."

"What vain fancy do you mean?" asked Fulvius.

"Why, that I should have ever dreamt about Agnes's wealth or property on such a day, or should have taken any advantage of her cruel death."

"And yet it is so; I have it from the emperor's mouth that he has made it over to you. Will you pretend to make me believe, that this most generous and liberal prince ever parted with a penny unsolicited, ay, or unbidden?"

"Of this I know nothing. But I know that I would rather have died of want than petitioned for a farthing of such property!"

"Then would you make me rather believe, that in this city there is any one so disinterested as, undesired, to have petitioned for you? No, no, Lady Fabiola, all this is too incredible. But what is that? And he pounced with eagerness on the imperial rescript, which had remained unlooked at, since Corvinus had left it. The sensation to him was like that of Aeneas when he saw Pallas's belt upon the body of Turnus. The fury, which seemed to have been subdued by his subtlety, as he had been reasoning to prove Fabiola guilty, flashed up anew at the sight of this fatal document. He eyed it for a minute, then broke out, gnashing his teeth with rage—

"Now, madam, I convict you of baseness, rapacity, and unnatural cruelty, far beyond anything you have dared to charge on me! Look at this rescript, beautifully engrossed with its golden letters and emblazoned margins; and presume to say that it was prepared in the one hour that elapsed between your cousin's death and the emperor's telling me that he had signed it? Nor do you pretend to know the generous friend who procured you the gift. Bah! while Agnes was in prison at least; while you were whining and moaning over her, while you were reproaching me for cruelty and treachery towards her—me, a stranger and alien to her! you, the gentle lady, the virtuous philosopher, the loving, fondling kinswoman, you, my stern reprover, were coolly plotting to take advantage of my crime, for securing her property and seeking out the elegant scribe, who should gild your covetousness with his pencil, and paint over your own flesh and blood with his blushing red paint."

"Cease, madman, cease!" exclaimed Fabiola, endeavouring in vain to master his glaring eye. But he went on in still wilder tone—

"And then, forsooth, when you have thus basely robbed me, you offer me money. You have outplotted me, and you pity me! You have made me a beggar, and then you offer me alms—alms out of my own wages, the wages which even hell allows its fated victims while on earth!"

Fabiola rose again, but he seized her with a maniac's gripe, and this time did not let her go. He went on—

"Now listen to the last words that I will speak, or they may be the last that you will hear. Give back to me that unjustly obtained property; it is not fair that I should have the guilt, and you its reward. Transfer it by your sign manual to me as a free and loving gift, and I will depart. If not, you have signed your own doom." A stern and menacing glance accompanied these words.

Fabiola's haughty self rose again erect within her; her Roman heart, unshook, stood firm. Danger only made her fearless. She gathered her robe with matronly dignity around her, and replied—

"Fulvius, listen to my words, though they should be the last that I may speak; as certainly they shall be the last that you shall hear from me."

"Surrender this property to you? I would give it willingly to the first leper that I might meet in the street, but to you never. Never shall you touch a thing that belonged to that holy maiden, be it a gem or be it a straw! That touch would be pollution. Take gold of mine, if it please you; but anything that ever belonged to her, from me no treasures can ransom. And one legacy I prize more than all her inheritance. You have now offered me two alternatives, as last night you did her, to yield to your demands, or die. Agnes taught me which to choose. Once again, I say, depart."

"And leave you to possess what is mine? Or leave you to triumph over me as one whom you have outwitted—you honoured, and I disgraced—you rich, and I penniless—you happy, and I wretched? No, never! I cannot save myself from what you have made me; but I can prevent your being what you have no right to be. For this I have come here; this is my day of revenge. Now die!" While he was speaking these reproaches, he was slowly pushing her backwards with his left hand towards the couch from which she had risen; while his right was tremblingly feeling for something in the folds of his bosom.

As he finished his last word he thrust her violently down upon the couch, and seized her by the hair. She made no resistance, she uttered no cry; partly a fainting and sickening sensation came over her; partly a noble feeling of self-respect checked any unseemly exhibition of fear

before a scornful enemy. Just as she closed her eyes, she saw something like lightning above her; she could not tell whether it was his glaring eye or flashing steel.

In another moment she felt oppressed and suffocated, as if a great weight had fallen upon her; and a hot stream was flowing over her bosom.

A sweet voice full of earnestness sounded in her ears—

"Cease, Orontius; I am thy sister, Miriam!"

To be continued.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special to The Journal)

A New Problem Confronting the Church.

There has always been more or less difficulty in taking care of the Italian immigrants, and looking after their spiritual welfare. This difficulty was, of course, especially great in New York, but has been to some extent overcome in recent years.

Now it is the south which presents the same problem. Thousands of Italian immigrants are now looting in different parts of that sunny section of the Union, but few priests follow them, with the result they fall a prey to the insidious work of the Protestant preachers, who invite them to their churches, give them a soup dinner and present them a copy of the New Testament in Italian for desert. The same thing occurred in West Virginia in the coal mines. Father Boulton, one of the most energetic missionary priests in that section, told me that the Italians, unless attended by one of their own priests, never attend church, and that the only time when they have any use for the priest is in case of accidents or death, when they send for him post-haste.

Steps are now being taken to increase the immigration to the South in greater proportions than ever, and Italians are being selected as the most desirable immigrants for that section. Mr. A. Stewart Appleton, known in London as the American colonization king, was in Washington a few days ago. He said, "the prejudice of ten years ago against new-comers seems to be dying out, being noticeable only in the ignorant classes of the remote country districts."

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

Cook Opera House.

"Charley's Aunt" which the Cook Opera house stock company will produce next week has been aptly described as "one long laugh." It was written by Brandon Thomas and ran continuously for a period of three years in London, England, a record that has not since been duplicated anywhere. It is promised by the management that the favorites of other seasons will be seen in congenial roles and the new comers will be given an opportunity to show their ability in farce.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

The National Theatre Stock Company, with Jessie Bonstelle at the head, and Frederick Lewis as leading man, will open for a season at the National Theatre on Saturday night May 6th, in Paul Heyse's powerful story of Jerusalem during the reign of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, entitled "Mary of Magdala." The play will run throughout the week of May 8th, including matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, and the same prices will be maintained as last summer.

\$69.50 Buffalo to Portland, Oregon and return via the Nickel Plate Road. Account the Lewis & Clarke Exposition. Also very low round trip rates to Pacific Coast points in California and Washington. Stop-overs and good return limit given. Tickets on sale certain days each week, beginning May 23d. For further particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Very low colonist rates to the Pacific Coast via the Nickel Plate Road. \$42.50 Buffalo to principal points in California and on the North Pacific Coast. 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 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 R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

We are receiving subscriptions every day for the popular magazine Men and Women. Now is the time to subscribe. The Catholic Journal and Men and Women \$1.50 a year. Personal.

Mr. Charles Jackson of Cleveland, O., visited from

Christian Brothers Open

Second Novitiate Term

In preparation for the opening of the summer novitiate term, the Christian Brothers are pleased to announce that owing to recent promotions in the senior department of the Normal Institute, they are prepared to receive a limited number of candidates for their Order, to fill the vacancies this occasioned. As the accommodations are limited, it is desired that application be made at the earliest possible date. Applications received after the required number is reached will be reserved for the next vacancies. For particulars address Brother Alfred, Calvert Hall College, Baltimore, or Brother Edward, Amman-dale, Md.

Five Minute Sermon

The Good Shepherd.

A good shepherd knows each of his sheep in particular, and calls it by name. Hence he knows which are the best, the indifferent, and the poorest; he knows which are the strong, the fruitful, and the defective and when one goes astray he immediately knows it and goes in search of it. He provides for the weak, and carries on his shoulders the sick. Christ is all this in regard to us, His fortunate sheep. He knows each individual soul, its qualities, its merits, its defects, and its wants. If it goes astray He mercifully seeks it; if it is weak He assists it Himself, and helps it by His ministers; if it is sick He treats it with His holy sacraments. In a word, He lovingly provides for all its wants.

We should learn from this what a great happiness it is to belong to a shepherd so loving, powerful, and solicitous for our salvation. Secondly we should constantly thank our good God for His great mercy. Lastly, we should show ourselves loving and obedient sheep.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday May 7—Gospel, St. John 7: 11-16—St. Stanislaus, bishop and martyr.

Monday 8—Apparition of St. Michael. Tuesday 9—St. Gregory of Nazianzen, bishop, confessor and doctor.

Wednesday 10—St. Antoninus, archbishop and confessor.

Thursday 11—St. Francis Jerome, confessor.

Friday 12—St. Pancras, martyr.

Saturday 13—St. John the Silent, bishop and confessor.

Forty Hours.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours," will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows: May 7—St. Bridget's, Rochester; Clyde; Moscow; Waverly.

Knights of Columbus.

At the state convention of the Knights of Columbus in New York this week Past State Warden Chas. R. Barnes of this city was elected as one of the eight delegates from this state to the national council to be held in Los Angeles this summer.

New Industrial School Managers.

Governor Higgins has sent to the Senate the names of Dr. J. M. Lee to be manager of the State Industrial School to succeed Judge Thomas Raines, resigned, and V. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, coadjutor bishop elect of Rochester, to succeed Dr. John A. Stapleton, resigned. The name of Martin F. Bristol was sent in to succeed himself.

LxI The Hendrick Commercial Training School.

938 Granite Building is very much in evidence now a days with the best system, best teachers, best terms, finest business edifices and placing stenographers and bookkeepers at the rate of one at least a day.

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