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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 IX

Mrs. Jerrold insisted upon furnishing Helen's trousseau, while she was occupied every day in selecting expensive furniture for a house her uncle had settled on her, with permission to furnish it without regard to cost, on condition that she was married by a Protestant minister. She was telling May, with great glee and pride, about her purchases, when she suddenly paused, and exclaimed, "You need not look so grave, May. I presume my marriage will be as legal and respectable as if the ceremony was performed by a priest."

"As legal as any other civil rite. But, Helen, you know that the Church acknowledges no such marriages amongst her children. Her precepts teach that marriage, to be legal, must also be sacramental. It is a sacrament, one which is held in high esteem and respect by the Church, and no Catholic can contract it otherwise, without censure. In case you persist, your marriage will not be recognized by the Church as valid, or your offspring legitimate."

"I shall have a great many to keep me in countenance," replied Helen, coldly. "I have no idea of submitting to every thing; Jerrold would not I am sure, consent to being married by a Catholic priest, and I do not intend to thwart him, as I consider it a matter of very little importance."

"Helen, listen to me. You must listen to me. It shall be the last time, if you will only be patient. There is an hour coming, if you persist in your present course, when you will wish you had never been born; an hour when all human aid must fail, and all human interests and splendor drop away from you like rotten rags; when your soul, affrighted and shrinking, will go forth, obeying the inexorable laws, of the Creator, to meet its Almighty Judge. When the shadows will fall darkly around your way, until the irrevocable sentence is spoken, which will consign you to utter woe; when, stripped of all, you will stand shivering and alone before an awful tribunal, to give evidence against yourself. Oh, Helen! dear Helen! how will it be with you then? how will you escape oh faithless daughter of the Church!"

"May!" cried Helen, while her face grew deadly white, and she grasped her cousin's arm; "hush! how dare you speak thus to me? It is cruel! Henceforth utter no such language to me while we both live. If I am on the brink of perdition, I alone am responsible for my acts—not you."

"I will try to obey you, Helen, so far; but I will pray for you—I will do penance for you—I will offer frequent communions for you—I will intercede with our tender and Immaculate Mother for you. I will fly to Calvary, and at the foot of the cross beseech our suffering Jesus, by his bitter passion and death to have mercy on you. You cannot stop me—you cannot hinder me in this, for, oh Helen! it is an awful thing to see a soul tearing off its baptismal robe, trampling underfoot the seals of the Church, and rushing away from her fold of safety to eternal—eternal woe!" cried May, wringing her hands, while big tears rolled over her face.

Helen turned away to brush off a single tear that moistened her eyes, but through it she saw the glitter of a diamond bracelet, which Walter Jerrold had just sent her, with a bouquet of hot-house flowers—all rare and costly, and the poor tear was dashed off with impatience, and a haughty curl of the lip.

"You act finely, May, but drop all this, and tell me what you will wear at my bridal," said Helen, clasping the bracelet on her arm, to try its effect.

"I shall not be there, Helen. I cannot even wish you joy, for there can no joy ever in disobeying the Church, whose voice is the voice of God Himself."

"As you please," she replied, coldly; "but croak no more to-night. You are like a bird of ill-omen to me."

May sighed, and retired to her oratory, to say her night prayers.

CHAPTER X

One morning Mr. Stillinghast was sitting alone in his counting-room,

when Michael, the porter, came in, and informed him that a man wished to speak to him.

"Tell him to come in," he replied, moodily.

"Here he is, sir," said Michael, returning in a few minutes with a man, who had a saw slung over his arm.

"What is your business with me?" said Mr. Stillinghast.

"And didn't your honor send me after me?"

"I never heard of you in my life before," he stormed.

"And then, sir, you may blame the ommadhauns that sent me; for, by by this and by that, they could me at the wood-yard, foreman, that your honor was inquiring for me," replied the man, slinging his saw up over his shoulder.

"At the wood-yard? I remember but it is too late, now—it makes no difference," said Mr. Stillinghast, speaking slowly, and frowning.

"I'd have come before, only the day after the young lady took me to saw wood for the old nagur, I got the pleuris, and didn't I have bed these five weeks," said the man lingering about the door.

"Come in here, and close the door," said Mr. Stillinghast, while his stern, forbidding countenance wore a strange look of anxiety; "do you remember the young lady; and can you direct me to the place where you sawed the wood?"

"Oh, yes, your honor. I shall never forget her to my dying day. She was a little, bright-eyed lady, with a smile of an angel on her, by dad."

"May," muttered the old man, "there is only one May. But I have a reason," he said, turning to the man, "for wishing to see this old woman; can you conduct me to the place?"

"I'm at your service intirefy, sir. It's a good stretch, though," said the man, who looked weak from his recent illness.

"Is it near an omnibus route?"

"Yes, your honor, it is close by where they stop. You'll not have to walk far."

"Leave your saw here, then, and let us go. I have no time to spare on walks," said Mr. Stillinghast, in his peremptory way. His real object, however, was not so much to save, as to afford the man an opportunity to avoid a long, and fatiguing walk. "Tell Mr. Jerrold I will be back in the course of an hour," he said to Michael, as he passed out.

"Very well," replied Michael, heaving, with Titan strength, a bale on the truck; "and there goes a pair of 'em. My boss can afford to walk with a poor wood-sawyer; he looks like one himself, and it's hard to tell 'tother from which;" and he planted his brawny hands on his thighs, and looked after them, with a broad smile on his honest countenance, until they got into the omnibus, and were whirled out of sight. At the depot, which is in the northern part of the city, they got out and the two men pursued their way in silence. It was one of those cold, but calm, bright days in winter, when the very air seems filled with silent ripples of gladness; when the sunshine rests like a glory on the leafless trees, and bright-eyed robins chirp and peck the moss, as they hop from bough to bough; when the light of heaven is so over all, that even the dun-colored earth, the decayed leaves and rotten branches, which the autumn blast has laid low, look beautiful, and seem to whisper resurgam; when a cold, bracing wind sends the warm blood bounding through our hearts—tinting our cheeks, and warming our extremities, until we bless it, as we do the strong hand which leads us in childhood; and we listen, with docile tenderness, to its teachings, for it tells with pathos, of suffering in the hovels of the poor, and want, and poverty, and bid us thither like a winged angel. Down beneath the rustic bridge, boys were shouting and skating on the frozen stream, their laughter echoing like music through the old woods; anon, the sharp crack of rifle, or the distant barking of dogs, rung on the still air, while the bells of the city, and the hum rising up from its crowded streets, blending with the clear echoes made a concert of merry and harmonious sounds. Mr. Stillinghast paused on a knoll, and looked around him. There lay the rolling country with its undulations of hill and vale, all interspersed, and adorned with picturesque cottages and elegant villas. Towards the east, up rose the splendid city, with up-hill and down-hill streets; its marble monuments, commemorative of great men and great deeds; its magnificent domes, raised in honor of the Most High

God; its lofty towers, its princely mansions; while far beyond, stretching to the verge of the horizon, slumbered the quiet and beautiful bay, sparkling like a sea of ultramarine and diamonds, over whose waters hundreds of sails were hovering like white sea-fowl.

[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

Fulvius, in accents choked by passion, replied—

"It is false; give me up my prey!"

A few words more were faintly spoken in a tongue unknown to Fabiola; when she felt her hair released, heard the dagger dashed to the ground, and Fulvius cry out bitterly as he rushed out of the room—

"O Christ! this is Thy Nemesis!"

Fabiola's strength was returning; but she felt the weight upon her increase. She struggled, and released herself. Another body was lying in her place, apparently dead, and covered with blood.

It was the faithful Syra, who had thrown herself between her mistress's life and her brother's dagger.

CHAPTER XXXI

The great thoughts which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola were suppressed, for a time, by the exigencies of the moment. Her first care was to staunch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants towards her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius's long stay (the reader has now heard his real name) when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and thought he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

Fabiola by a gesture stopped the crowd at the door of her room, and desired only Euphrosyne and her Greek maid to enter. The latter, since the influence of the black slave had been removed, had attached herself most affectionately to Syra, as we must still call her, and had, with great docility, listened to her moral instructions. A slave was instantly despatched for the physician who had always been sent for by Syra in illness, Dionysius, who, as we have already observed, lived in the house of Agnes.

In the meantime, Fabiola had been overjoyed at finding the blood cease to flow so rapidly, and still more at seeing her servant open her eyes upon her, though only for a moment. She would not have exchanged for any wealth the sweet smile which accompanied that look.

In a few minutes the kind physician arrived. He carefully examined the wound, and pronounced favourably on it for the present. The blow, as aimed, would have gone straight to Fabiola's heart. But her loving servant, in spite of prohibition, had been hovering near her mistress during the whole day; never intruding but anxious for any opportunity which might offer of seconding those good impressions of grace which the morning's scenes could not fail to have produced. While in a neighbouring room, she heard violent tones which were too familiar to her ears; and hastened noiselessly round, and within the curtain which covered the door of Fabiola's own apartment, she stood concealed in the dusk, on a very spot where Agnes had, a few months before, consoled her.

She had not been there long when the last struggle commenced. While the man was pushing her mistress backwards, she followed him close behind; and as he was lifting his arm passed him, and threw her body over that of his victim. The blow descended, but misdirected, through the shock she gave his arm; and it fell upon her neck, where it inflicted a deep wound, checked, however, by encountering the collar-bone. We need not say what it cost her to make this sacrifice. Not the dread of pain nor the fear of death could for a moment have deterred her; it was the horror of imprinting on her brother's brow the mark of Cain, the making him doubly a fratricide,

which deeply anguished her. But she had offered her life for her mistress. To have fought with the assassin, whose strength and agility she knew, would have been useless; to try to alarm the house before one fatal blow was struck was hopeless; and nothing remained but to accomplish her immolation, by substituting herself for the intended victim. Still she wished to spare her brother the consummation of his crime, and in doing so manifested to Fabiola their relationship and their real names.

In his blind fury he refused her credit; but the words, in their native tongue, which said, "Remember my scarf which you picked up here," brought back to his memory so terrible a domestic tale that had the earth opened a cavern in that moment before his feet, he would have leapt into it, to bury his remorse and shame.

Strange, too, it proved, that he should not have ever allowed Euratas to get possession of that family relic, but should, ever since he regained it, have kept it apart as a sacred thing; and, when all else was being packed up, should have folded it up and put it in his breast. And now, in the act of drawing out his eastern dagger he had plucked this out, and both were found upon the floor.

Dionysius, immediately after dressing the wound, and administering proper restoratives, which brought back consciousness, desired the patient to be left perfectly quiet, to see as few persons as possible, so as to prevent excitement, and to go on with the treatment which he prescribed until midnight. "I will call," he added, "very early in the morning, when I must see my patient alone." He whispered a few words in her ear, which seemed to do her more good than all his medicines; for her countenance brightened into an angelic smile.

Fabiola had her placed on her own bed, and, allotting to her attendants the outward room, reserved to herself exclusively the privilege, as she deemed it, of nursing the servant, to whom a few months before she could hardly feel grateful for having tended her in fever. She had informed the others how the wound had been inflicted, concealing the relationship between her assailant and her deliverer.

Although herself exhausted and feverish, she would not leave the bedside of the patient; and when midnight was past, and no more remedies had to be administered, she sank to rest upon a low couch close to the bed. And now what were her thoughts, when, in the dim light of a sick-room, she opened her mind and heart to them? They were simple and earnest. She saw at once the reality and truth of all that her servant had ever spoken to her. When she last conversed with her, the principles which she heard with delight had appeared to her wholly beyond practice, beautiful theories, which could not be brought to action. When Miriam had described a sphere of virtue, wherein no approbation or reward of man was to be expected, but only the approving eye of God, she had admired the idea, which powerfully seized her generous mind but she had rebelled against its becoming the constraining rule of hourly conduct. Yet, if the stroke under which she cast herself had proved fatal, as it might easily have done, where would have been her reward? What, then, could have been her motive but that very theory as it seemed, of responsibility to an unseen power?

And when Miriam had discoursed of heroism in virtue as being its ordinary standard, how chimerical the principle had seemed! Yet here, without preparation, without forethought, without excitement, without glory—nay, with marked desire of concealment, this slave had performed a deed of self-sacrifice heroic in every way. From what could that result but from habitual heroism of virtue, ready at any hour to do what would ennoble forever a soldier's name? She was no dreamer, then, no theorist, but a serious, real practiser of all that she taught. Could this be a philosophy? Oh no, it must be a religion; the religion of Agnes and Sebastian, to whom she considered Miriam every way equal. How she longed to converse with her again!

Early in the morning, according to his promise, the physician returned and found his patient much improved. He desired to be left alone with her; when, having spread a linen cloth upon the table, and placed lighted tapers upon it, he drew from his bosom an embroidered scarf, and uncovered a golden box, the sacred contents of which she well knew.

Approaching her, he said—

"My dear child, as I promised you I have now brought you not merely the truest remedy of every ailment, bodily and spiritual, but the very Physician Himself, who by His word alone restoreth all things, whose touch opens the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, whose will cleanses leprosy, the hem of whose garment sends forth virtue to cure all. Are you ready to receive Him?"

"With all my heart," she replied, clasping her hands; "I long to possess Him whom alone I have loved, in whom I have believed, to whom my heart belongs."

To be continued.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

Count of People Attending Mass taken Under Direction of Bishop McQuaid.

Bishop McQuaid, in order to learn the attendance at the Catholic churches of the city at Sunday morning services for the convenience of the directors of the affairs of the church in the city, caused to be made an enumeration on Sunday, April 30th, the result of which is interesting.

This does not include those who heard mass in the State Industrial Chapel or the Catholic employees there; neither does it include young children or those in the orphan asylums, St. Mary's Hospital, Nazareth Academy and normal school, or the Sacred Heart Convent. Probably these would bring the total up to \$38,000. Catholic statisticians figure that the total attendance of 36,673 upon mass indicates a total Catholic population of 60,000 in Rochester. The figures follow:

Church	Men	Women	Children	Total
Cathedral	1,535	1,684	579	4,000
Lady Chapel (Italy)	570	121	55	746
Holy Redeemer	540	743	516	1,799
St. Bridget	311	628	434	1,373
Corpus Christi	493	1,119	434	2,046
Corpus Chapel (Italy)	103	62	37	199
Holy Family	540	1,024	1,013	2,577
St. Joseph's	1,214	1,772	514	3,497
Our Lady of Victory	398	488	106	992
Mary of Perpetual Help	156	265	177	598
St. Stanislaus	41	161	206	408
Holy Rosary	180	353	237	770
Holy Archangel	521	431	243	1,195
Immaculate Conception	840	1,078	846	2,764
St. Peter and Paul	537	978	478	1,993
St. Francis Xavier	550	467	313	1,330
St. Monica's	174	215	226	615
St. Boniface	370	605	423	1,400
St. Mary's	654	1,224	498	2,376
St. Monica's	174	215	226	615
Blessed Sacrament	208	666	379	1,311
St. Michael's	908	1,337	907	2,952
Total	10,972	16,330	9,371	36,673

*New parish in process of organization.
†Incomplete.
‡Primitiv chapel.

Sacred Heart Convent Fair.

The pupils of Sacred Heart Academy held a bazaar Thursday afternoon in the study hall and corridors of the convent on Prince Street, the proceeds to be devoted to general charity. All booths were well patronized and the receipts of the bazaar amounted to nearly \$300.

Gifts to Bishop Coadjutor.

An annual reunion and banquet of the Alumni Association of Old Troy Seminary, held in the Manhattan Hotel, New York, Thursday, Coadjutor Bishop Hickey was presented with two mitres, one of cloth of gold, another of white material, the gifts of his fellow alumni. He will wear the white mitre for the first time at the consecration ceremony, when it will be placed on his head by Archbishop Farley.

Priest Invested.

Among the Rochester priests in Buffalo Monday on the occasion of the investing of Rt. Rev. Michael P. Connerly of Buffalo as a domestic prelate of the Pope, were Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., coadjutor bishop elect of Rochester, Rev. William Gleeson and Rev. Angelo Lugero.

Knights of Columbus.

The Third Degree will be exempted by Rochester Council at the Union Club on the evening of Friday, May 19th.

The Union Club held a smoker Friday evening.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM IRELAND.

Cyclist photographer will tour through every country in Ireland this summer. Is there anything that you would like to have a picture of in the dear old country? Photos will be 6 1/2 x 8 1/2, mounted 8 x 10 inches, price \$5.00 (2 copies). Late orders after May 24th sent to 97 Newcombe St., Anfield, L'pool, England, will be forwarded "on the road" in Ireland. No charge made until pictures are delivered. Address, Frank Brindley, 268 W. 131 St., New York, N. Y.

Five Minute Sermons

Joy After Sorrow

"After My ascension into heaven, you, My apostles, will weep and sorrowful through preaching My Gospel, because you will be the target for the rage and enmity of the persecutors, and the world will rejoice over your suffering and your death; but, after the short time that this world will last, I shall come to judge the living and the dead, and then your sorrow will be turned into joy and eternal glory, and the insane rejoicings of the wicked will be changed into confusion, sorrow and misery, which will never have an end."

These words of Christ are addressed to us and to all good Christians; if we take them in the sense as explained by St. Augustine, the Divine Redeemer has positively declared that the cross is necessary for us, and that His faithful followers will weep and mourn in this world, and enjoy eternal happiness in heaven; that all they suffered on earth will be turned into joy.

We must know that if we are faithful followers and true friends of Christ, we may expect sorrow, tribulations and sufferings here on earth; but that all this might be done for our greater glory and joy in heaven.

Weekly Church Calendar.

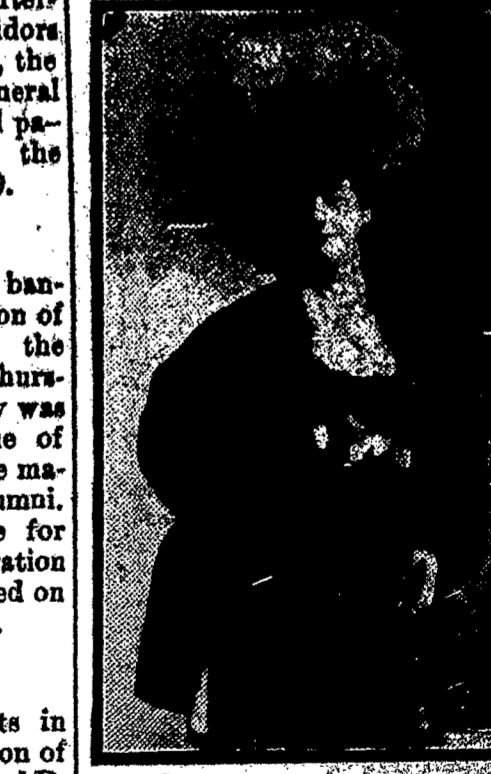
Sunday May 14—Gospel, St. John, 14:1-9—Patronage of St. Joseph.
Monday 15—St. Sophia, virgin and martyr.
Tuesday 16—St. John Nepomucene, martyr.
Wednesday 17—St. Paschal Baylon, confessor.
Thursday 18—St. Venantius, martyr.
Friday 19—St. Peter Celestine, pope and confessor.
Saturday 20—St. Bernardine of Siena, confessor.

Forty Hours.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:
May 14—Corpus Christi, Rochester; Caledonia; Hornellville; Wednesburg; St. Francis, Geneva.

Cook Opera House.

Hall Gaine's widely known play "The Eternal City," a dramatic Rome that is to be, is the attraction offered by the Cook Opera House Company next week. The production is an unusually expensive one and this fact acts as a bar to being done promiscuously by traveling companies or stock organizations. A cast of fifty people used on the stage together with a choir of twenty voices skilled in the expression of sacred music.



MISS LILLIAN O'NEILL, at Cook Opera House.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

The National Theatre Stock Company, with Jessie Bonstelle, supported by Frederick Lewis and a company of favorite players, will present the most complete and beautiful production of Henry V. Esmond's bright society comedy drama "Impudence" as its bill for the entire week of May 15th, including matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. The comedy is delicious and the dramatic movement rich and conclusive.

On Friday, May 26th, the West Shore R. R. will offer excursion tickets at rates of \$10.00 to Boscawen, Greenfield, Gardiner, Richburg, Ayer, Mass., good returning less day or tickets will be good on or before June 6th. To purchase the excursion tickets and to learn further particulars about this attractive excursion ticket office at the West Shore R. R. Station, New York, N. Y.