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CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons.)
(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER X

Towards the north-western boundary of the city, he saw the dark, massive foundries and manufactories which, from their palatial-looking walls, sent out the never-ceasing clang of labor, and the tireless song of steam, to which thousands of stout arms and brawny sinews kept time. And far beyond these, out on the quiet hills, the scene terminated in a Marble City, where, beneath trees of centuries growth, its inhabitants slumber silently through the long, cold night of death, until the revivifying beams of the resurrection day shall dawn on the earth-tranquil that wraps their clay. But over all shone the glad beauty of the day. It poured down its effulgence alike on the city of the dead and the city of the living. Mr. Stillinghast had not looked on the like for years, long, dusty, dreary years; and he felt a tingling in his heart—a presence of banished memories, an expansion of soul, which softened and silenced him while gradually it lifted from his countenance the harsh, ugly mask he usually wore.

"Here we are," said the man, pointing to old Mabel's cottage; "this is the place."
Then it occurred to Mr. Stillinghast, for the first time, that he had come there without any particular object in view—he had obeyed an impulse which he did not pause to analyze, and now, somewhat embarrassed he stood still, uncertain what to do.

"You may return," he said to the man, to whom he gave a dollar; "this will pay you for the time you have lost." The man thanked him, and went his way, rejoicing in the reward of such pleasant and easy labor.

"Why not go in?" he murmured, "I am here on a fool's errand, after all. But why not enter? If this old beggar is so destitute, I can leave her something to buy a loaf; but what business is it of mine? A plague on it all! What do I here—why are here, Mark Stillinghast?" Then he opened the door very softly and, as he did so, he heard these words repeated in a clear sweet voice—
"For what shall it profit a man, if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul?" then he saw May seated beside the old negro, reading from some pious, instructive book, of Christian doctrine. And those words came ringing down into his soul like the blast of ten thousand trumpets!

He staggered back; his old, withered cheek grew pallid, and he turned away and fled—but he pursued him "Profit—gain—loss. Profit—gain—loss. I understand them!" he gasped. "I have heaped up gains; of earthly profit I have my share; and now, at the eleventh hour, it is summed up, and what is it—yes, what is it? It is loss. For all that is mortal, I have toiled my best hours away; for all that is immortal, not one hour have I spared. It is loss—loss—eternal loss." And so he went on muttering—back to his den in the city, where the leaden waves of business again came surging, breast high, around him; but through the dull, heavy sounds, the warning still rung, like distant knells, through his soul.

On his homeward way that night, the farther he receded from the noise of the city, the more it distinctly sounded, with its requiem wail, through the dreary chambers of his heart; and, somehow, he suddenly remembered, as he paused to rest, that it was on this very spot that he had seen Father Fabian administering the last rites of the church to a dying penitent; and he trembled, and hurried on, until he came to his own door. May was sitting up alone for him; and when she opened the door, and the rays from the hall lamp fell on his features, she saw that he looked ill and weary.

"Let me assist you, dear uncle," said May, taking his hat and returning to help him draw off his coat. "I fear you are not well."
"It is very cold," he replied, shivering, and yielding to her wishes.

"You will soon feel better, sir; see what a nice fire is here—and I have a piping-hot cup of tea and hot muffins for your supper."
"May Brooke," said the strange old man, while he laid his cold, heavy

hand on her shoulder, "stop; answer the questions I shall ask you, truly and honestly."
"I will endeavor to do so, sir," replied May, lifting her clear, bright eyes to his.

"You can, and must. What object have you in providing for that old negro woman, on the outskirts of the city?"
"I pity her, sir, because she is poor and helpless, and do it, I hope, for the love of God," she said, amazed, but quiet.

"Very well. And now, for the love of God, answer this," he said, with anxiety; "tell me how you provide for her—how you get means to buy wood and necessaries?"
"Dear uncle, I am sorry you have found it out. I do not like to speak of it—indeed, I would prefer not—it seems like boasting, or talking too much about myself," said May, while her cheeks flushed crimson.

"Go on; I will know!" he said, harshly.
"Yes, sir. I earn a trifle every two or three weeks by knitting fancy articles, which Mrs. Tabb on C—street, disposes of for me—"

"And then—"
"And then, sir, I take care of old Mabel with the proceeds; but please, dear, dear uncle, do not forbid me to continue doing so; pray allow me the privilege of earning a trifle for her benefit while she lives; and then, sir, never—never speak of it to me or any one else, after this," she implored.

"I shall not hinder you, child," said Mr. Stillinghast, repressing a groan of anguish which struggled up from his heart. They went together into the sitting-room; and May spread his supper before him, but he only drank his tea, and pushing his plate away, came and sat in his armchair beside the fire.

"You have taken nothing, sir; pray try and eat this, it is very nice."
"I have such an infernal singing in my ears, that I cannot eat. I can hardly see. Ding, dong—ding, dong. Great Lord! if this should be eternal!" he exclaimed, forgetting the presence of May.

"You are not well, sir. Sit here near the fire; put your feet upon this cushion, so that the soles will be towards the fire, and while you smoke, I will read the paper to you," said May.
"For what?" he asked, turning his fierce, gray eyes upon her.

"Because you are not well, sir," she said, looking calmly into them.
"Do you know that I have made my will,—out you off with a few paltry dollars, not enough to feed you, and left that Helen—that trifler—that wail, a princely fortune?" he asked, savagely.

"You have a right, sir, to do as you please with your own. You have sheltered, schooled, and fed me—I have no right to expect more," she said, gently.

"And if I should be sick—die—what then?" he asked, impatiently.
"Dear uncle, you alarm me. Do you feel ill? If so, oh, dearest uncle, attend first of all to your eternal concerns—make your peace with God while it is yet day, and enter into that fold whose Shepherd is Jesus Christ; where one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism reign!" exclaimed May, grasping his hand.

"Be silent, you incorrigible papist; what need is there of flying off at such a tangent?" said Mr. Stillinghast with a grim smile; "I did not mean that, but what will become of you when I am dead?"

"I have a head, sir, and hands, and great faith in Him, who has promised to be a father to the orphan. I shall never want. In honest exertion I shall be happy and content," she said, earnestly.

"And you do not regret or envy the fortune?"
"Not on my own account, sir."
"On whose, then?"

"There are many, sir, who might be benefited by it, if properly applied. I think, now, if I had a fortune, I could do a great deal of good with it."
"You'd do harm, May Brooke—you'd do harm. You'd squander it—you'd encourage pauperism, and worthlessness, and beggary!" he burst out.

"I shall never have it to do good or evil with, uncle; but if I had, I would endeavor, for God's sake, to bestow it where it was needed; and because it would be offered for the love of Him, my works would not fall useless or fruitless to the earth. He would bless and aid me."
"Profit—gain—loss," again muttered the old man. "But, as you will never inherit a fortune, I suppose your good intentions must suffice."

"Yes, sir, for the present."
"And, now that you have nothing to expect from me, of course you will feel quite independent of me and my wishes. If I should be ill, I suppose you'd take off and leave me to my fate," he said, bitterly.

[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 XXXI

"Does no anger or indignation exist in your soul against him who has injured you? does any pride or vanity arise in your mind at the thought of what you have done? or are you conscious of any other fault requiring humble confession and absolution before receiving the sacred gift into your breast?"
"Full of imperfection and sin I know myself to be, venerable father; but I am not conscious of any knowing offence. I have had no need to forgive him to whom you allude; I love him too much for that, and would willingly give my life to save him. And of what have I to be proud, a poor servant, who have only obeyed my Lord's commands?"

"Invite, then, my child, this Lord into your house, that coming He may heal you, and fill you with His grace."
Approaching the table, he took from it a particle of the Blessed Eucharist, in the form of unleavened bread, which, being dry, he moistened in water, and placed within her lips. She closed them upon it, and remained for some time absorbed in contemplation.

And thus did the holy Dionysius discharge his twofold office of physician, and priest, attributed to him on his tomb.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED

Through the whole of that day the patient seemed occupied with deep, but most pleasing thoughts. Fabiola, who never left her, except for moments to give necessary directions, watched her countenance with a mixture of awe and delight. It appeared as if her servant's mind were removed from surrounding objects, and conversing in a totally different sphere. Now a smile passed like a sunbeam across her features, now a tear trembled in her eye, or flowed down her cheeks; sometimes her pupils were raised and kept fixed on heaven for a considerable time, while a blissful look of perfect and calm enjoyment sat unvarying upon her; and then she would turn round with an expression of infinite tenderness towards her mistress, and hold out her hand to be clasped in hers. And Fabiola could sit thus for hours in silence, which was as yet prescribed; feeling it an honour, and thinking it did her good, to be in contact with such a rare type of virtue.

At length, in the course of the day, after giving her patient some nourishment, she said to her, smiling—"I think you are much better, Miriam, already. Your physician must have given you some wonderful medicine."
"Indeed he has, my dearest mistress."

Fabiola was evidently pained; and leaning over her, said softly—"Oh, do not, I entreat you, call me by such a title. If it has to be used, it should be by me towards you. But, in fact, it is no longer true; for what I long intended has now been done; and the instrument of your liberation has been ordered to be made out, not as a freedwoman, but as an ingenua; for such I know you are."

Miriam looked her thanks, for fear of further hurting Fabiola's feelings; and they continued to be happy together in silence.

Towards evening Dionysius returned, and found so great an improvement, that, ordering more nourishing food, he permitted a little quiet conversation.

"I must now," said Fabiola, so soon as they were alone, "fulfill the first duty, which my heart has been burning to discharge, that of thanking you,—I wish I knew a stronger word,—not for the life you have saved me, but for the magnanimous sacrifice which you made for it—and, let me add, the unequalled example of heroic virtue, which alone inspired it."
"After all, what have I done, but simple duty? You had a right to

my life, for a much less cause than to save yours," answered Miriam.
"No doubt," responded Fabiola, "it appears as to you, who have been trained to the doctrine which overpowered me, that the most heroic acts ought to be considered by men as performances of ordinary duties."
"And thereby," rejoined Miriam, "they cease to be what you have called them."

"No, no," exclaimed Fabiola, with enthusiasm; "do not try to make me mean and vile to my own heart, by teaching me to undervalue what I cannot but prize as an unrivalled act of virtue. I have been reflecting on it, night and day, since I witnessed it; and my heart has been yearning to speak to you of it, and even yet I dare not, or I should oppress your weakness with my overcharged feelings. It was noble, it was grand, it was beyond all reach of praise; though I know you do not want it. I cannot see any way in which the sublimeness of the act could have been enhanced, or human virtue rise one step higher."

Miriam, who was now raised to a reclining position, took Fabiola's hand between both hers; and turning round towards her, in a soft and mild, but most earnest tone, thus addressed her—
"Good and gentle lady, for one moment listen to me. Not to depreciate what you are good enough to value, since it pains you to hear it, but to teach you how far we still are from what might have been done, let me trace for you a parallel scene, but where all shall be reversed. Let it be a slave—pardon me, dear Fabiola, for another pang—I see it in your face, but it shall be the last—yes, a slave brutish, ungrateful, rebellious to the most benign and generous of masters. And let the stroke, not of an assassin, but of the minister of justice, impend over his head. How would you characterize the virtue, of that master, if out of pure love, and that he might reclaim that wretched man, he should rush beneath the axe's blow, and its preceding ignominious stripes, and leave written in his will, that he made that slave heir to his wealth, and desired him to be considered as his brother?"

"O Miriam, Miriam, you have drawn a picture too sublime to be believed of man. You have not eclipsed your own deed, for I spoke of human virtue. To act as you have now described, would require, if possible, that of a God!"

Miriam pressed the folded hand to her bosom, fixed on Fabiola's wondering eyes a look of heavenly inspiration, as she sweetly and solemnly replied—"And Jesus Christ, Who did all this for man, was truly God."

Fabiola covered her face with both her hands, and for a long time was silent. Miriam prayed earnestly in her own tranquil heart.

"Miriam, I thank you from my soul," at length Fabiola said; "you have fulfilled your promise of guiding me. For some time I have only been fearing that you might not be a Christian; but it could not be."

"Now tell me, are those awful, but sweet words, which you just now uttered, which have sunk into my heart as deeply, as silently, and as irrevocably as a piece of gold dropt upon the surface of the still ocean goes down into its depths,—are those words a mere part of the Christian system, or are they its essential principle?"

"From a simple allegory, dear lady, your powerful mind has in one bound reached and grasped the master-key of our whole teaching; the alembic of your refined understanding has extracted, and condensed into one thought, the most vital and prominent doctrines of Christianity. You have distilled them into their very essence."

"That man, God's creature and bondsman, rebelled against his Lord; that justice irresistible had doomed, and pursued him; that this very Lord took the form of a servant, and in habit was found like a man; that in this form He suffered stripes, buffets, mockery, and shameful death, became the 'Crucified One,' as men here call Him, and thereby rescued man from his fate, and gave him part in His own riches and kingdom; all this is compressed in the words that I have spoken."

"And you had reached the right conclusion. Only God could have performed so godlike an action, or have offered so sublime an explanation."
Fabiola was again wrapped up in silent thought, till she timidly asked—
"And was it to this that you referred in Campania, when you spoke

of God alone being a victim worthy of God?"
"Yes; but I further alluded to the continuation of that sacrifice, even in our own days, by a marvellous dispensation of an all-powerful love. However, on this I must not yet speak."

To be continued.

BISHOP HICKEY

LIST OF THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE CONSECRATING SERVICES.

Very Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Hickey will be consecrated as coadjutor bishop of Rochester next Wednesday in St. Patrick's Cathedral this city.

It is expected that four archbishops—Most Rev. D. Falconio, the apostolic delegate; Farley, of New York; Gauthier, of Kingston, Ont., and Quigley of Chicago, will be present; all the bishops of the New York province and Bishops Horstmann of Cleveland, and Kiely of Savannah.

The officers in charge of the consecration will be as follows:

Consecrating prelate—Most Rev. J. M. Farley of New York.
Apostolic delegate—Most Rev. Diomed Falconio, Washington.
Assistant consecrators—Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid of Rochester, and Rev. P. A. Ludden of Syracuse.
Assistant priest to apostolic delegate—Very Rev. M. J. Lavelle, V. G., of New York.

Deacons of honor to the apostolic delegate—Rev. J. J. Bloomer of Elmira, and Very Rev. Frank O'Brien of Kalamazoo.

Assistant priest to Archbishop Farley—Rev. J. J. Hartley, president of St. Bernard's Seminary.

Deacons of honor to Archbishop Farley—Rev. M. J. Hargather and Rev. A. M. O'Neil of Rochester.

Deacons of the mass—Revs. M. J. Nolan, D. D., and George V. Burns of Rochester.

Deacons of honor to Bishop T. F. Hickey—Rev. D. J. Curran of Rochester, and Rev. J. F. Nelligan of Union Springs.

Deacons of honor to Bishop McQuaid—Rev. D. Laurentis, M. R., of Rochester, and Rev. W. A. McDonald, M. R. V. F. of Geneva.

Deacons of honor to Bishop Ludden—Very Rev. A. Morrissey of Notre Dame, Ind., and Rev. Frank Naughton M. R. of Hornellville.

Lector of papal briefs—Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D. of St. Bernard's Seminary.

Minister bearing the processional cross—Rev. M. J. Krieg.

Minister bearing the arch-episcopal cross—Rev. J. E. Gaffell, Ph. D. of Rochester.

Minister of the pallium—Rev. A. A. Hughes of Geneseo.

Ministers of candles—Revs. W. P. Ryan and O. Canali of Rochester.

Ministers of bread—Revs. C. V. Fisher and John H. O'Brien.

Ministers of wine—Rev. E. J. Wirth, D. D. of Rochester, and Rev. F. J. O'Hanlon of Clifton Springs.

Priest to receive the consecrating prelate—Rev. John F. O'Hern.

Acolytes—Revs. Hugh Crowley and Cornelius Silke.

Censor bearer—Rev. John P. Brophy.

Mitre bearer—Rev. Colman F. O'Loughlin of Phelps.

Crozier bearer—Rev. Michael Wall.

Book bearer—Rev. Francis McCrone.

Candle-bearer—Rev. P. McArdle.

Minister of faldstool—Rev. P. Golding of Hornellville.

Gremiale bearer—Mr. John Masseth, of St. Bernard's Seminary, and a nephew of Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago.

Master of Choir—Rev. George Jones.

Director of Sanctuary Choir—Rev. John Petter, S. T. B.

Train-bearer to consecrating prelate—Mr. William Frank.

Train-bearer to Apostolic Delegate—Master J. O'Hara, nephew of the bishop-designate.

Masters of ceremonies—Rev. A. B. Mehan, D. D. and John Goggin, D. D.

The priests and monsignori will robe in St. Andrew's Seminary, the archbishops and bishops will robe in the episcopal palace on Frank St. The procession will move at 9:45 a. m. along Frank street to the main entrance of Platt street where it will enter the Cathedral and move up to the sanctuary.

HOLDERS OF TICKETS WILL BE ADMITTED ONLY IN THE SIDE DOOR ON FRANK ST.

Street and Convention. The annual state convention of the Stratiaverebund, the federation of German Catholic Societies, will be held in New York on May 28, and fully 150 delegates from Rochester will attend. The local delegates will leave for New York by special train on May 27. Next Sunday night the delegates from local societies will meet at St. Joseph's hall to make arrangements for attending the convention. Alderman Joseph F. Blustein is president of the local federation and first vice president of the state federation.

Petty Annuities. The minor discomforts that most people have suffered when traveling such as loss of sleep, ill-ventilated rooms or berths, deferred meals or late trains, have all been either obviated, entirely reduced to a minimum by the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Company, that operates the palatial and magnificent steamers, The Twin Flyers of The Lakes, the "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo" the staunchest, fastest and finest steamers on the Great Lakes operated in the interests of the traveling public. These steamers perform a daily service between Cleveland and Buffalo. Leaving either city at 8 p. m. Central Standard Time, and arrive at both cities at 6:30 a. m. Central Standard Time. Thus affording you a nice quiet night rest and a delightful sail on Lake Erie, without the loss of time and at a trival expense.

Numerous short trips to the most attractive resorts and tourist points have been arranged by the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Company to all resorts on the Great Lakes to Muskoka, Georgian Bay, Adirondack Mountains, St. Lawrence, Saguenay or Hudson Rivers, Saratoga, Lake George and Champlain in fact any point in the United States or Canada reached by rail or boat.

For further information inquire of your nearest Ticket Agent or write Mr. W. F. Herman, G. P. A., C. & B. Transit Company, Cleveland, who will be glad to serve you. Send four cents in postage for handsome illustrated booklet.

NATIONAL THEATRE. After having been seen in classic drama and polite comedy, the National Theatre Stock Company will give a new demonstration of its versatility by producing a romantic comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," all next week, commencing with next Monday night's performance. This is Anthony Hope's famous play, which was originally produced by E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harbord. No play of recent years affords better opportunities for clever acting and beautiful stage settings than this interesting story of a woman's cleverness.

When the Apple Blossoms Bloom. Then it's time to look out for your furs, because then the little moth gets busy and before you are aware of it the damage is done to your valuable fur garments. Remember we have the only fireproof vault in Rochester for the storage of furs, and send for your furs by special messenger. Write or phone at once.

Meng & Shafer, Powers Block and 186 Main St. E.

On Friday, May 26th, the West Shore R. R. will offer excursion tickets at rate of \$10.00 to Boston, Greenfield, Gardner, Fitchburg, and Ayer, Mass., good returning ten days or tickets will be good on or before June 5th. To purchase the excursion tickets and to learn further particulars about this attractive offer call at ticket office at the station on Central Avenue, or at the city ticket office of the West Shore Road, 20 State St.

Look out for list of bookbinders and bookkeepers recently by Herald's Commercial Training School, 222