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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 XII

"I could not sleep, sir; if I could, I would obey your directions; but I will rest my head on the sofa here, that I may be better able to attend to my duties to-day," said May, in her earnest, matter-of-fact sort of way. And the doctor, a young man who was rising rapidly in his profession—a son of the people, who, through difficulties and rugged obstacles, and calumny and opposition, had emerged purified, and conscious of power from it all, and attained an honorable position professionally and socially, looked at that fragile form, and paid homage to the right-thinking and right-acting spirit it contained. Her conduct had been heroic, noble, and evinced so much strength of character that even he, accustomed to phenomena, mental and physical, wondered. He knew not whence she derived her strength; he had no idea of that divine charity which gives Titan power to the weak, and considers life itself of little worth when it does battle for the salvation of souls. It was a mystery the effects of which he had witnessed, but could trace no further than the comparative harmony of physiology. Towards sunrise, Mr. Stillinghast turned uneasy on his pillow, and opened his eyes. He looked around him with a puzzled, angry look; his bound-up arm—his garments clotted with blood—the confusion into which his room was thrown—the strange man watching by his bedside—May resting on the old sofa—what meant it all? He tried to call out, but could only whisper.

"What's all this? Have I been robbed? Who are you?"

"I hope you feel a great deal better, Mr. Stillinghast. You have been quite ill, sir," said the doctor, soothingly. "I am Dr. Burrell; allow me to feel your pulse."

"For what? I never was sick in my life. I never had my pulse felt," he said, doggedly.

"How does your head feel, sir?"

"My head! ah, my head feels shaky. Call her here."

May was beside him in a moment, holding his hand, and looking down into his white pinched features with commiseration.

"What's all this, child? Why are you here?"

"You have been very ill, dear uncle. You know you were poorly last night. I felt uneasy about you, and sat up to listen if you should call for anything, until I heard you fall, said May, in a low, clear, and distinct voice.

"Fall?"

"Then sir, I ran up here, and found you on the floor, so ill—so very ill," said May, hesitating, always unwilling to speak of her own acts.

"What then?"

"I did all that I could, sir, until the doctor came," she said.

"And that means everything, Mr. Stillinghast. She saved your life. She used the best remedies; she put ice about your head, and bled you. When I came you were out of danger; but be calm, sir; let me beseech you to be calm," said the doctor.

"Did you do all this, little May?"

he asked, looking earnestly at her with his piercing gray eyes.

"Yes, sir; I had read that such remedies were necessary."

"Why did you do it, little one? My life or death is of no interest to you. Tell me why you did it?" he whispered.

"Oh, dear uncle, forgive me!" said May, while her tears dripped like rain-drops on her wan cheek; "I knew that you had made no preparation for death. I would have died that you might live long enough to effect a reconciliation with Heaven."

"Profit—gain—loss—loss—loss!" he murmured; then suddenly he put up his feeble hand, and drawing May's face closer to him, kissed her cheek. "If it is not too late, pray for me!" he whispered, in tones so low that she scarcely heard them.

"Not too late. Oh no, dear uncle, it is not too late," said May, smoothing back the tangled gray hair from his sunken temples.

"Mr. Stillinghast, my dear sir, I fear that you are exciting yourself. I would recommend quite, composure

indeed, sir, it is absolutely necessary in your case," said the doctor, looking on uneasily.

"It will make no difference, sir. I know full well whose finger has touched me. Do you know that I cannot move my left side?" said the old man in his firm, stern way.

"I feared it," said the doctor, turning away to conceal the expression of pain which this information caused him; "but it may pass off; you may quite recover yet, sir. A cup of weak tea would be good for our patient," he said to May.

May glided out of the room, followed by the gaze of the stricken old man, to prepare it for him. She ran up to awaken Helen, and told her that their uncle was dangerously ill. "Dress, dear Helen, and go to him immediately, while I get a cup of tea for him."

"How very pale you are, May! Is he in danger?" exclaimed Helen, starting up, quiet awakened by the news.

But May was gone. When she went up again with the cup and saucer in her hand, Mr. Stillinghast greeted her with a look of welcome.

"Do not leave me again," he whispered, as he sipped the tea; "it will not be long, little one, that I shall keep you. Take this away now, and send for Mr. Fielding."

"Perhaps you know Mr. Fielding, sir?" said May, to Dr. Burrell.

"He is my neighbor. Can I be of service?" he replied.

"My uncle wishes to see him as early as possible. He is his man of business, I think," replied May, who felt anxious that Mr. Stillinghast should attend to his worldly concerns and wind them up as soon as possible, that all the energies of his soul might be directed to higher objects.

"Here is a prescription, sir," said the doctor, "which I would advise you to take immediately."

"Will it cure me?"

"It may relieve you very much."

"Will it cure me, I say?" said the old man, sharply.

"I cannot say; I can only promise temporary relief from its use."

"I won't take it. I thank you for your patience, and shall be glad to see you again; but I won't take your medicine."

"If you were a child, sir, I would compel you to take it; but as it is, I can only recommend the continual application of cold bandages to your head. I will call in this evening," said the doctor, kindly, as he left the room.

"May!"

"I am here by you, sir."

"It is not too late to do you an act of justice."

"Oh, dear, dear uncle!" said May, earnestly, "forget me; forget the affairs of earth, and think of the judgment beyond the grave! Oh, sir! indeed—indeed, I fear, that the time is too short to be wasted on perishing things."

"Listen to me!" said the old man gathering up his falling energies, and speaking in a low, distinct voice; "I wish to save my soul, but fear it is too late. My life has been one long, dark, dismal blank. There is nothing which I can remember—not one single thing, to cheer this dreary hour. I have gained the world, and lost—heaven. Until yesterday, I derided and scorned all religions. It has been my lot in life to become entangled and betrayed by hypocrites of various professions. They disgusted and embittered me with all religion. I tried to think you a hypocrite and cursed your patience and good works as so many snares for gain. But my eyes were opened. I followed you yesterday, out to that old negro's hut; I wrung the tale of your charities from your unwilling lips, and know and understand all. And now, in return for all my harshness, my neglect, my cruel unkindness you save my life, you tend me, nurse me, watch me, and for what? For the love of God."

"Don't interrupt me, little one. You have proved the truth of the faith you profess by your works. It suits me. I need no doctrinal arguments, no theological and abstract disquisitions, to convince me that it is right. I believe it, May, even at the eleventh hour, when I have but little to hope. I believe—perhaps as devils do—for, child, I tremble."

"Oh, dear uncle, the grace of contrition is never given to devils. It is Almighty God who has touched your heart. He pities, and would save you. I desire not the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; return ye, and live."

"Does he say that?"

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 XXXIII

MIRIAM'S HISTORY

With their mistress, the old nurse, Euphrosyne, and the Greek slave, placed themselves, as we now say, under instruction, to receive baptism on Easter-day. Nor must we forget one who was already enrolled in the list of catechumens, and whom Fabiola had taken home with her and kept, Emerentiana, the foster-sister of Agnes. It was her delight to make herself useful, by being the ready messenger between the sick-room and the rest of the house.

During her illness, as her strength improved, Miriam imparted many particulars of her previous life to Fabiola; and as they will throw some light on our preceding narrative, we will give her history in a continuous form.

Some years before our story commenced, there lived in Antioch a man who, though not of ancient family, was rich, and moved in the highest circles of that most luxurious city. To keep his position, he was obliged to indulge in great expense; and from want of strict economy, he had gradually become oppressed with debt. He was married to a lady of great virtue, who became a Christian at first secretly, and afterwards continued so, with her husband's reluctant consent. In the meantime, their two children, a son and daughter, had received their domestic education under her care. The former, Orontius, so called from the favourite stream which watered the city, was fifteen when his father first discovered his wife's religion. He had learnt much from his mother of the doctrines of Christianity, and had been with her an attendant on Christian worship; and hence he possessed a dangerous knowledge, of which he afterwards made so fatal a use.

But he had not the least inclination to embrace the doctrines or adopt the practices of Christianity; nor would he hear of preparing for baptism. He was wilful and artful, with no restraint upon his passions, or for any strict morality. He looked forward to distinction in the world, and to his full share in all its enjoyments. He had been, and continued to be highly educated; and besides the Greek language, then generally spoken at Antioch, he was acquainted with Latin, which he spoke readily and gracefully, as we have seen, though with a slight foreign accent. In the family, the vernacular idiom was used with the servants, and often in familiar conversation. Orontius was not sorry when his father removed him from his mother's control, and insisted that he should continue to follow the dominant and favored religion of the state.

As to the daughter, who was three years younger, he did not so much care. He deemed it foolish and unmanly to take much trouble about religion; to change it especially, or abandon that of the empire, was, he thought, a sign of weakness. But women being more imaginative, and more under the sway of the feelings, might be indulged in any fancies of this sort. Accordingly he permitted his daughter Miriam, whose name was Syrian, as the mother belonged to a rich family from Edessa, to continue in the free exercise of her new faith. She became, in addition to her high mental cultivation, a model of virtue, simple and unpretending. It was a period, we may observe, in which the city of Antioch was renowned for the learning of its philosophers, some of whom were eminent as Christians.

A few years later, when the son had reached manhood, and had abundantly unfolded his character, the mother died. Before her end, she had seen symptoms of her husband's impending ruin; and, determined that her daughter should not be dependent on his careless administration, nor on her son's ominous selfishness and ambition, she secured effectually, from the covetousness of both, her own large fortune, which was settled on her daughter. She resisted every influence, and every art, employed to induce her to release this property, or allow it to merge in the family resources, and be made available towards relieving their embarrassments. And on her deathbed, among other solemn parental

injunctions, she laid this on her daughter's filial sense of duty, that she never would allow, after coming of age, any alteration in this arrangement.

[To be continued.]

A BOY AND THE BIBLE

THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Speedy Results Followed the Brutal Flogging of a Catholic Pupil in a Boston Public School For Loyalty to His Religious Convictions.

On Monday morning, March 14, 1850, little Thomas J. Whall, an Irish-American boy, not quite ten years of age, was flogged on the bare hands with a long rattan cane for thirty-five minutes in the Elliot Grammar school, on North Bennet street, by the submaster, McLaurin F. Cook, because the boy, being a Roman Catholic, refused to read a selection from the Protestant version of the Bible.

The lad's hands were swollen and bleeding from the terrible punishment and tears coursed down his young face when School Committee member Hazeltine rushed into the room and ordered the submaster to cease flogging the boy. The flogging took place before the submaster's class. By a subterfuge the school committee induced young Whall to read what he thought were a few sentences in the Bible, and then the boy fainted, after which his head and swollen hands were bathed in cold water.

The flogging of Tommy Whall was the talk of the north end that night. Both the clergy and laity of St. Mary's parish were terribly incensed, the boy's parents were indignant, and it was with difficulty that the boy's father, who was a stevedore, was restrained from having a physical interview with the submaster of the Elliot school that evening. Wiser counsel prevailed, however, and Mr. Whall had McLaurin F. Cook arrested on a charge of assault and battery, from which charge he was acquitted by the municipal court justice.

Very few Catholic boys were permitted to attend the Elliot school next day, however. Both the clergy and laity of St. Mary's parish took swift action, and a few days after the flogging the first distinctly parochial school for boys in New England was opened in the large loft of a building on Hanover street, nearly opposite the present police station 1. Some 500 Catholic boys were instantly withdrawn from the Elliot school and placed in this temporary school. Rooms were opened also farther down on Hanover street and on Endicott street. Here they remained but a short time, however, until the upper portion of the old National building on the corner of Portland and Travers streets, beside the National theater, was leased and fitted up for the accommodation of the school.

This was really the first regular parochial school, and here it remained for two years until a school was erected and equipped on Endicott street beside St. Mary's church, which was known as St. Mary's Parochial school.

This, then, in brief, is the origin of the first parochial school for boys in New England. There had been a convent or sisters' school for girls for several years previous to this, on Lancaster street, under the auspices of St. Mary's church. There had also been a small school connected with the Catholic cathedral in which a few boys destined for religious work were educated, but up to this time there had been no parochial school, and from this beginning sprang the splendid system of parochial schools that is today the pride of Catholic New England.

Thomas J. Whall, the hero of this story, is now a hale and hearty citizen of Reading, Mass., where he lives, on Minot street, with his wife, two sons and a daughter. In his time, he says, he has seen many changes and a much larger spirit of toleration grow up in this land. He is, however, firmly of the opinion that a religious education should go hand in hand with a secular education, and he is not just satisfied with the too liberal spirit in which religion is regarded today. He points with pride to the hardworking and thrifty "old stock," who had a deep respect for their religion, whether Catholic or Protestant. He received a number of medals and honors from Catholic institutions all over the country commemorating that famous flogging which he received in the Elliot school Monday morning, March 14, 1850.—Boston Globe.

Cardinal Gibbons' Walks. His eminence Cardinal Gibbons is a fervent advocate of pedestrianism as a means of prolonging life and of adding to health and vigor. His eminence has passed the allotted span of life, yet he does a ten mile tramp almost every day of his life, only denying himself when the weather is most severe. To Baltimoreans he is a familiar sight out for a jaunt, but strangers generally are astonished when told that the diminutive, plainly dressed man without one single exterior sign of his dignity is the illustrious churchman and scholar. He usually walks alone, and it is a token of marked favor to be invited to join in his rambles.

When the Concordat is Dissolved.

Writing on "When the French Concordat is Dissolved," Father Boyle, C. M., president of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record that, as the amount of the annual budget for worship is about 40,000,000 francs and the Catholic population of France is over 38,000,000, it would cost the country a voluntary offering of little more than a franc per head to make up the necessary sum. But multitudes of the Catholics are merely nominal adherents of the Church, and it is clear that if the clergy are to be supported the whole organization of rural France must be changed. Small parishes must be united and served from some central point. Father Boyle is hopeful as to the future in the event of separation between Church and state. In his opinion the clergy, no longer bondsmen, will feel that they must be self-reliant. The Catholics who have contributed so liberally to charities at home and abroad will rally round them. As in Switzerland, committees will be formed to collect, under episcopal sanction, for the maintenance of religion. Father Boyle's forecast is that there will be a period of severe trial for the Church in France, followed by a new era of life and energy.

Children's Reading.

Some time ago a poor mother, bewailing the disappearance of her son, a lad of sixteen, said she was sure he had not run away voluntarily, as he was always a good boy and worked steadily. He never went out nights, like other lads of his age in the city where he lived. Instead he brought home the papers every night, read them and went to bed. She seemed to see no probability that this reading of three daily papers every night might have been the cause of her boy's sudden freak of wildness. But it seems very plain to us that the boy whose immature mind feeds on the horrors and crimes served up in one yellow journal every day—to say nothing of three—is as sure of a collapse in his morals as he would be of a collapse in his health were he to eat continually of poisonous food. There is no escape from this. It is as certain as that two and two make four. Parents with growing children should look to it in time.—Sacred Heart Review.

Our Catholic Population.

The Roman Catholic population of the United States and its dependencies is far larger than that of any other religious denomination. This fact is brought out by a comparison between the statistics in the Roman Catholic directory for 1905 and those relating to other church bodies, which have been compiled by Rev. H. K. Carroll. The whole number of Roman Catholics under the protection of the United States flag is 2,127,554. Of these 7,008,690 are in the Philippines, 1,878,862 in Cuba, 1,000,000 in Porto Rico and 23,000 in the Sandwich Islands. It would obviously be misleading to include the Roman Catholics of the dependencies in a consideration of the comparative strength of the religious denominations in the United States. Eliminating them altogether, the Roman Catholics of the country still number 12,462,798, while the next largest church body, the Methodists, have 6,256,786 members. The Baptists follow with 5,150,818; then come the Lutherans with 1,759,798, the Presbyterians with 1,607,697, the Episcopalians with 807,822, the Congregationalists with 667,651, the Unitarians with 71,000 and the Christian Scientists with 63,022.—Success.

Burial Place For Priests.

The ground was turned for the foundation of the mortuary chapel in Calvary cemetery on Long Island, which Archbishop Farley has designed as a burying place for the priests of the archdiocese. This mortuary chapel will mark the first effort in this country to establish a permanent burying place for priests, and, on account of the unique design of the structure and the methods of burial, it has already been styled "catacombs." The mortuary chapel will be a marble superstructure above an underground burying place, following the idea of the Roman catacombs, but is to be modern in design and more elaborate architecture. It will be divided into compartments, having a capacity of from twelve to fourteen bodies, and will be cruciform in shape. The chapel will be in the form of a Roman cross, surmounted by a round tower sixty feet high.

Conclusion.

Prior to the reformation the Church either did or did not exist. If it did not, then either Christ founded no church or the church He founded had failed. If He founded no church, He made no provision for our salvation and therefore cannot be called our Saviour. If He founded a church and it has failed, He Himself has failed and cannot be relied on for He declared His church should not fail.—Brownson.

New Papal Decoration.

The Pope has created a new decoration, to be called the "Militia Aurea," to be awarded to persons distinguished in letters, science or charitable works. There will be only a hundred recipients, and they will have the title of "Militar."

GO TO FAITH.

St. Monica's Papal Exposition. Clearing of Debt.

St. Monica's Anniversary. A nation Thursday night held a session for the rector of the church, John P. Brophy, in honor of his tenth anniversary in the priesthood, and to clear the clearing of more than enough to clear the church debt.

The reception was attended by nearly every parishioner and many of their friends. After a prayer by Rev. E. J. Haan, D. D., the Association was called for, and given by W. F. Walsh.

J. M. Leveque, as chairman of Finance Committee, then presented Father Brophy, on behalf of the parishioners, a gold watch, chain and cross. On the outside of the watch the inside is engraved "1845-1905."

After the address, the offertory were served on the ground, and a musical was given.

Five Minute Sermon.

Descent of the Holy Ghost.

Jesus tells those who sincerely love Him that they will show love for Him by faithfully observing His precepts, and that in return for their love the Eternal Father will love them and, together with Himself and the Holy Ghost, will come to them, not only with grace to preserve them in righteousness, but to urge them to be perfect, to protect them and to enrich them with His blessings, but also to assist them, to unite them to Himself, to make them a living temple of divine majesty. Look at these words: "Love me, and those who love me not Christ, and consider His conduct." Are they anxious to love Him for a friend, or do they appreciate what He has done for them, not many of them wish Him banished from the hearts of men. Are not even those who are justly wicked as indifferent to Him as if He had never done anything for mankind? If you know whether you love Christ, ask the advice of St. Gregory, and your own mind, tongue and conduct. If you do not think of Him, if you do not speak of Him, if your mode of living is contrary to His law, do not love Him.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday June 11—Gospel, St. John 14: 23-31—St. Barnabas, apostle.
Monday 12—St. John of San Francisco, confessor.
Tuesday 13—St. Anthony of Padua, confessor.
Wednesday 14—St. Basil the Great, bishop, doctor and confessor.
Thursday 15—St. Vitus and Modestus, martyrs.
Friday 16—St. John Francis Regis, confessor.
Saturday 17—St. Nicodemus and Joseph, martyrs.

Forty Hours.

The devotion of the Forty Hours will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:—
June 11—St. Monica's, Roman Catholic; Shurtzville; Beth. Episcop. Cayuga.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

The National Theatre Stock Company will present in its sixth season, commencing next Monday night, June 13th, another important production, when Miss Jessie Bonstelle will be seen in the title role of that famous play, "Catherine," as originally presented by the famous actress, Annie Russell. Miss Bonstelle will have splendid opportunities as Catherine to please thousands of admirers in this city who love to see her in an excellent part, and the whole production is expected to be one of the best of the season.

BAKER THEATRE.

For the week commencing Monday, June 13th, the popular Baker Theatre Stock Company will present the famous English comedy, "London Lights." This magnificent production is in four acts and is a low in rapid succession. The set is at a country railroad near London. The London train collides with a fast train and a serious wreck results. The production embraces novel features and beautiful effects.

We are receiving every day for the Baker and National Theatres.