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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 XIII

"I wish to devise to my niece, May Brooke, two hundred thousand dollars in bank and city stock, subject to her entire and free control, without condition; and with the hope that she will accept and use it, as a memorial of my gratitude for the great incalculable good she has done me. To Helen Stillinghast, I bequeath the sum of fifty thousand dollars, the half I purchased for her, and the house, goods, and chattels I have devised to her elsewhere."

"It is all written out, sir, in due legal form," said Mr. Fielding.

"To my Irish porter, Michael Neal, who has served me faithfully these twenty years, an annuity of two hundred dollars—to be settled on him for life. To a certain wood-sawyer, introduced to me on the 25th by said Michael Neal, who will identify the man, the sum of one hundred dollars, annually, while he lives, as a small compensation for having conducted me, on that day, to a place where I learned something of the first importance to me."

Then followed a magnificent bequest for the establishment and support of a Catholic asylum for boys; another for a standing fund for the support of young men preparing for the priesthood, who were destitute of means, and anxious to enter holy orders. The residue of his princely fortune, he wished applied to furnishing capital for a bank for the poor, where, by making small deposits in seasons of health and prosperity, they would be entitled to loans without interest, in ill-health, sickness, or hard times. To Walter Jerrold, in the event of his marrying Helen Stillinghast, his warehouse, then occupied by Stillinghast & Co., and whatever merchandise it contained. It was all put into legal form by the attorney—no technicality was omitted that might endanger the prompt execution of his wishes—not a letter or dot left out. Mr. Fielding read it aloud.

"Add a codicil, Fielding—a codicil. I wish my legacies to the church to be placed in the hands, and under the control, and at the will of, the Archbishop of Baltimore. For the rest, I name you sole executor. Have you finished? Let me sign it; then ask those gentlemen," he said, pointing to Father Fabian and Dr. Burrell who had been engaged in a low-toned conversation at the window, to "witness it."

They came forward, saw him sign his name in full, clear characters, then appended their own signatures; after which, Mr. Stillinghast fell back exhausted on his pillow, and, while an expression of rest settled on his pale, time-worn features, he exclaimed:

"It is all right, now, Fielding. Now, my God, I am free; my burden, under which I have toiled through misspent years, is cast away. I am free!"

"Courage, my friend; you have done a good work—a work worthy of a dying Christian, and may the blessing of Almighty God rest on it and you," said Father Fabian, who made over him the sign of the cross, while he blessed him in the name of Holy Trinity.

Mr. Fielding placed the will in a large white envelope, which he laid on the bed beside Mr. Stillinghast, and took leave, hoping that when he saw him in the morning he would be much better. The doctor prevailed on him to swallow a restorative which he had brought, after which, he grew more composed, and gave the will to May, and directed her to lay it on the shelf of a small, narrow closet, on the left side of the fireplace. As she did so, she saw another envelope like it, marked "Will," also a number of packages—bonds, deeds, mortgages, and receipts, tied up in small, compact bundles, packed in between the shelves. But she felt no interest there; and quickly returning to her uncle's pillow, was glad to see that he had fallen into a profound sleep. Helen, who had been hovering about the door, and around the room, in and out, for the last half hour, came in again, and asked May if "she should not relieve her by taking her post, while her uncle slept?"

"No, dear Helen, he might awake

and miss me; and he has requested me not to leave him until death releases his soul. Do you attend to the affairs of the house—I will watch here."

"There's something going on," thought Helen. "She's a deep one, with all her quiet piety; but she shall never stand between me and my aims. I have read one will—I shall not sleep until I read the other."

Then, turning to May, she spoke aloud. "It will suit me better to be down stairs; I am so very nervous, that I am a poor nurse;" and glad to be released from a scene too uncongenial to her nature and feelings, she hastily withdrew.

### CHAPTER XIV

"This is shocking news, Walter!" said Mrs. Jerrold to her son, when he imparted to her the news of Mr. Stillinghast's illness. "Do you know—has he—did he send—"

"I don't know, indeed," said the young man, abstractedly.

"I mean, has he altered his will?" said the lady, speaking out.

"I do not know; Helen tells me that a lawyer has been with him, and a priest."

"A priest!" shrieked the lady. "Order the carriage instantly, Walter; I must see Helen."

"I have not seen her since the morning," said the young man, after having delivered the order, and returned to the sofa. "She looks harassed and ill, poor girl."

"I am sorry we have been so precipitate in this affair, Walter," said Mrs. Jerrold, fuming. "After all, this eccentric old person may change his mind, and it will be so awkward to break off the match, for you cannot afford to marry a poor woman."

"I do not apprehend anything of the kind, mother. Helen's beauty and accomplishments are dowry enough," he replied, calmly.

"Walter, I will never consent to this marriage if Helen is portionless," exclaimed the lady.

"My dear mother, you sometimes forget, do you not, that I have reached the mature age of thirty-one? Really, where my happiness is concerned, I shall submit to no control," he said, calmly.

"Happiness!" repeated the lady, scornfully.

"The carriage is at the door, madam," said the servant, at the door.

"Very well. Tell Rachael to bring down my bonnet and wrappings."

Soon accounted for her drive, Mrs. Jerrold took her son's arm, and went down to her carriage. He handed her in, and stepped in after her.

"Why do you go, Walter?" she asked, looking annoyed.

"I wish to inquire after Mr. Stillinghast's health," he said, quietly.

A few minutes' drive brought them to Mr. Stillinghast's door. Helen heard the carriage stop, and her toilette, as usual, being very becomingly and carefully made—for Helen never forgot her self-homage—she met them at the door. Her countenance had assumed a sad and mournful expression, and in answer to their inquiries, she spoke in an agitated and subdued tone.

"It is horrible. I did not hear a word of it until to-day. I was dreadfully shocked," said Mrs. Jerrold, kissing her cheek.

"How is Mr. Stillinghast now, dear Helen?" asked Walter Jerrold, folding her hand closer in his own.

"They fear he is sinking," said Helen, in the same tone of counterfeited feeling.

"How melancholy!" said Mrs. Jerrold, taking possession of the corner of the sofa, almost dying with curiosity.

"Has he inquired after me, do you know Helen?"

"I have not heard."

"I thought, perhaps, he might wish to see me in relation to the firm, and its concerns; though everything has been conducted with such strict regularity, that I do not suppose it is necessary."

"Perhaps as May has been with him all the time, she can give you some information," said Helen, with one of her cold, haughty glances towards May, who just then came in.

"I will not detain you one moment," said Mr. Jerrold, bowing to May. "I am anxious to know particularly how Mr. Stillinghast is, and if he has inquired for me?"

"But this moment, Mr. Jerrold, he awoke, and requested to see you. I thought you were here, and ran down to see. He is very low indeed, sir, and I will just let him know that you are waiting to see him."

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 XXXIV

#### BRIGHT DEATH

It was a few days' after the occurrences related in our last chapter but one, that Fabiola was told that an old man in great anguish, real or pretended, desired to speak with her. On going down to him and asking him his name and business, he replied:

"My name, noble lady, is Ephraim; and I have a large debt secured, on the property of the late Lady Agnes which I understand has now passed into your hands; and I am come, therefore, to claim it from you, for otherwise I am a ruined man!"

"How is that possible?" asked Fabiola, in amazement. "I cannot believe that my cousin ever contracted debts."

"No, not she," rejoined the usurer a little abashed; "but a gentleman called Fulvius, to whom the property was to come by confiscation; so I advanced him a large sum upon it."

Her first impulse was to turn the man out of the house; but the thought of the sister came to her mind, and she civilly said to him—

"Whatever debts Fulvius has contracted I will discharge; but with only legal interest, and without regard to usurious contracts."

"But think of the risks I ran, madam. I have been most moderate in my rates, I assure you."

"Well," she answered, "call on my steward, and he shall settle all. You are running no risks now at least."

She gave instructions, accordingly, to the freed-man who managed her affairs, to pay this sum on those conditions, which reduced it to one-half the demand. But she soon engaged him in a more laborious task, that of going through the whole of her late father's accounts, and ascertaining every case of injury or oppression, that restitution might be made. And further, having ascertained that Corvinus had really obtained the imperial rescript, through his father, by which her own lawful property was saved from confiscation, though she refused ever to see him, she bestowed upon him such a remuneration as would ensure him comfort through life.

These temporal matters being soon disposed of, she divided her attention between the care of the patient and preparation for her Christian initiation. To promote Miriam's recovery, she removed her, with small portion of her household, to a spot dear to both, the Nomentan villa. The spring had it in, and Miriam could have her couch brought to the window, or, in the warmest part of the day, could even be carried down into the garden before the house, where, with Fabiola on one side and Emerentiana on the other, and poor Molesus, who had lost all his spirit, at her feet, they would talk of friends lost, and especially of her with whom every object around was associated in their memories.

And no sooner was the name of Agnes mentioned, than her old faithful guard would prick up his ears and wag his tail, and look around him. They would also frequently discourse on Christian subjects, when Miriam would follow up, humbly and unpretendingly, but with the warm glow which had first charmed Fabiola, the instructions given by the holy Dionysius.

Thus, for instance, when he had been treating of the virtue and meaning of the sign of the cross to be used in baptism, "whether on the forehead of believers, or over the water, by which they were to be regenerated, or the oil with which, as well as the chrism, they were anointed, or the sacrifice by which they are fed;" Miriam explained to the catechumens its more domestic and practical use, and exhorted them to practice faithfully what all good Christians did, that is, to make this holy sign upon themselves already, "in the course and at the beginning of every work, on coming in or going out, when putting on their clothes or sandals, when they washed, sat down to table, lighted their lamp, lay down in bed, or sat on a chair, in whatever conversation they should be engaged."

But it was observed with pain, by all but Fabiola, that the patient, though the wound had healed, did

not gain strength. It is often the mother or sister that is last to see the slow waste of illness in child or sister. Love is so hopeful, and so blind! There was a hectic flush on her cheek, and a slight cough was heard from time to time. She lay long awake, and she desired to have her bed so placed that from early dawn she could look out upon one spot more fair to them all than the richest parterre.

There had long been in the villa an entrance to the cemetery on this road; but from this time it had already received the name of Agnes, for near its entrance had this holy martyr been buried. Her body rested in a cubiculum or chamber, under an arched tomb. Just above the entrance into this chamber, and in the middle of the grounds, was an opening, surrounded above by a low parapet, concealed by shrubs, which gave light and air to the room below. Towards this point Miriam loved to look, as the nearest approach she could make, in her infirm health, to the sepulchre of one whom she so much venerated and loved.

Early one morning, beautiful and calm, for it wanted but a few weeks to Easter, she was looking in that direction, when she observed half-a-dozen young men, who on their way to angle in the neighbouring Anio, were taking a short cut across the villa, and so committing a trespass. They passed by this opening; and one of them, having looked down, called the others.

"This is one of those underground lurking-places of the Christians."

"One of their rabbit-holes into the burrow."

"Let us go in," said one.

"Yes, and how shall we get up again?" asked a second.

This dialogue she could not hear, but she saw what followed it. One who had looked down more carefully, shading his eyes from the light, called the others to do the same, but with gestures which enjoined silence. In a moment they pulled down large stones from the rock-work of the fountain close at hand, and threw down a volley of them at something below. They laughed very heartily as they went away, and Miriam supposed that they had seen some serpent or other noxious animal below, and had amused themselves with pelting it.

When others were stirring she mentioned the occurrence, that the stones might be removed. Fabiola went down herself with a few servants, for she was jealous of the custody of Agnes's tomb. What was her distress at finding poor Emerentiana gone down to pray at her foster-sister's tomb, lying weltering in her blood, and perfectly dead. It was discovered that, the evening before, passing by some Pagan orgies near the river, and being invited to join in them, she had not only refused, but had reproached the partakers in them with their wickedness and with their cruelties to Christians. They assailed her with stones, and grievously wounded her; but she escaped from their fury into the villa. Feeling herself faint and wounded, she crept unnoticed to the tomb of Agnes, there to pray. She had been unable to move away when some of her former assailants discovered her. Those brutal Pagans had anticipated the ministry of the Church, and had conferred upon her the baptism of blood. She was buried near Agnes, and the modest peasant child received the honour of annual commemoration among the Saints.

Fabiola and her companions went through the usual course of preparation, though abridged on account of the persecution. By living at the very entrance into a cemetery, and one furnished with such large churches, they were enabled to pass through the three stages of catechumenhip. First they were hearers, admitted to be present, while the lessons were read then kneelers, who assisted at a portion of the liturgical prayers, and lastly elects for baptism.

Once in this last class, they had to attend frequently in church, but more particularly on the three Wednesdays following, the first, the fourth, and the last Sundays in Lent, on which days the Roman Missal yet retains a second collect and lesson, derived from this custom. Any one pursuing the present rite of baptism in the Catholic Church, especially that of adults, will see condensed into one office what used to be anciently distributed through a variety of functions. On one day the renunciation of Satan was made previous to its repetition just before baptism; on another the touching of

the ears and nostrils, or the Ephphatha, as it was called. Then were repeated exorcisms, and genuflections, and signings of crosses on the forehead and body, breathings upon the candidate, and other mysterious rites. More solemn still was the unction, which was extended to the whole body.

[To be continued.]

## LATIN IN THE CHURCH

ITS USE IN CEREMONY AND SACRAMENT IN OUR RELIGION.

Reasons Why the Church Everywhere Employs This Beautiful Language That Has Not Varied in the Nineteen Centuries of Her Life.

Going into the Catholic Church, we find everything carried on in Latin—the Mass; the prayers, the funeral services, the administering of the sacraments. The language of the Church is not that of any modern people, but the tongue spoken by the people of the Roman empire. Why do we not have it so that we can understand it?

Latin was the language spoken by the ancient people of Rome. At that time, Greek alone excepted, all other tongues were rough and barbarous compared with it. Centuries before Christ it had been cultivated and refined by Rome's most gifted sons. Virgil had worked on it, Horace refined it, Tacitus and Caesars had purified it, Cicero and Quintilian had delivered their orations and written their masterly works in it. The poets, the philosophers, the orators and the statesmen of the fairest portions of the world had worked to beauty that tongue, till at length it became the finest, the sweetest, the most beautiful and the most cultivated of the languages of men.

And is it not just and right to use so cultivated and so beautiful a language in the praises of the Lord?

The Catholic Church goes back nineteen centuries and as a remembrance of our ancient origin she keeps that language of the Roman empire to show all men that she alone came from that olden time of apostles, of martyrs and of Christ. For that time the language of Christ. For that time the language spoken in Pilate's court, when our Lord was tried and condemned to death; was Latin. The inscription on the cross was the same, the soldiers around the top of Calvary guarding the dying Son of God spoke Latin. The words about the tomb spoke the same. St. Paul wrote it, the apostles preached it, each nation of the civilized world at that time knew it. When you see the services of the Church in Latin think of her antiquity and that she alone of all the things of earth goes back to the times of the apostolic age.

Every language spoken changes from generation to generation. Words lose their meaning till at length it is a speech different from the original. Words are like so many vessels which hold the ideas, the thoughts and the doctrines. While the words remain the same the ideas and the doctrines will not change. When the words change the doctrines will soon be lost. The teaching and the doctrine left us by our Lord and the apostles must be the same today as when first they were preached on Judaea's hills.

And to keep that doctrine pure and unaltered the Church uses the Latin because it is a dead language, so as to keep the truths without changing. The words that St. Augustine and St. Ambrose used in the fifth century and St. Bonaventura in the thirteenth century are the same today as then and as they were when St. Paul wrote his Epistles and long before those times when the Roman soldiers went forth to conquer. And if the Church had not that one unchanging language in a little time her doctrine and her teaching would change as the modern tongue would lose its meaning. She would soon cease to preach and teach the same today as in olden times.

In the Church the people can go and most of them have books with the Latin on one side and the English on the other, so that they can understand all the service as though it was in English.

It is during a general council that the utility and the excellence of the Latin language are seen. Here are men from all parts of the world, from every quarter of the globe from the rising to the setting of the sun, of every language, of every tongue, of every dialect, of different customs, of different manners, of different training, of different education.

How could they talk, how could they deliberate or go on with their business, without that one tongue—the Latin? How impossible it would be for the universal Church to act as one body without that language! The work of the councils of the Church would be like the building of the tower of Babel. Tracing back the history of the councils from the Vatican to that of Trent, of the four Laterans, of the two Lyons, of the four of Constantinople, of the two of Nice up to the first held by the apostles at Jerusalem we find they always had one language and one tongue.

## Five Minute Sermons

The Parable of the Sower. The sower mentioned in this Gospel parable signifies the entrance into our lives, after which there is a period of rest and nothing turns the mind of the sower.

Many, however, recognize the sower, the seed, the soil, and the harvest, and that most precious seed that is taken by receiving the Most Holy Sacrament.

When the hour for sowing comes the work of business for the day is done, the meal is taken, the peace, the time is passed in pleasant conversation, and then each returns to rest, during which the seed recovers new vigor, and upon the following morning all feel refreshed and able to resume their work.

The same happens to the soul when it partakes of the Eucharist. When a Christian approaches the table with the proper disposition he forgets entirely all the cares of the world, he enjoys peace of mind, and father, he enjoys peace of heart, during which he recovers his strength to battle against his evil enemies and to carry even his crosses, and, like a new man, attempts to climb the high mountain of evangelical perfection.

As we have applied the parable of the Blessed Sacrament, let us recall that he who, on account of worldly cares or of a sinful life, does not receive this sacrament runs the risk of being deprived of it at the hour of death, because then Jesus Christ refuses to be the food of those who are not worthy to receive Him when He most lovingly offers them during life to partake of His table.

Weekly Church Calendar. Sunday June 25—Gospel, St. Luke 16:27—St. John, 16:27. Monday June 26—St. John and St. Paul. Tuesday June 27—St. Paul, 1st Epistle. Wednesday June 28—St. Paul, 2nd Epistle. Thursday June 29—St. Peter, 1st Epistle. Friday June 30—St. Peter, 2nd Epistle. Saturday July 1—St. Thomas, Gospel.

\$2.00. Pilgrimage to St. Anne. Leave Summerville at 8:30 p.m. Monday, July 24th, by Steamship. Arrive at Kingston at 10:30 p.m. next morning. Leave Kingston at 8:30 a.m. Tuesday, July 25th. This special train will run through to St. Anne's without change, and will bring pilgrims within a few feet of the shrine. Leave Kingston via Grand Trunk special at 5:30 p.m. July 25th. Either special will bring pilgrims to the shrine at an early hour on the morning of the great festival day, St. Anne, July 26th. Tickets will be good for nine days, but those present for time can spend the whole of the feast day at St. Anne's, witness the great demonstration of the morning, take part in the evening's procession, leave St. Anne's that same night and be back in Rochester at 7 o'clock on Friday morning. Sleepers and Pullman cars will accompany the special trains from Kingston, and dining cars, in which you can purchase meals at 25 cents each will be attached to the C.P.R. special train. Only one change from Rochester to St. Anne's. If you contemplate a visit to the shrine, and seek the cheapest, quickest, most comfortable and most direct route, you will join this pilgrimage which leaves Summerville at 8:30 p.m. on Monday, July 24th, and which will be personally conducted by the Rev. D. A. Twomey, F. F. Belleville, Ontario, who will be glad to furnish any further information to intending pilgrims. Tickets for round trip only \$2.00.

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