

Circulation
larger than any
Catholic weekly
in Rochester.

The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Sixteenth Year. No. 40.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, July 1, 1905

\$1.00 per Year, 8c per Copy

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 XIV

"It may not be important; but if he is not too ill, I should be glad to see him a moment."

"I will come down for you immediately. Excuse me, Mrs. Jerrold," said May, who hurrying out, was met by Father Fabian. He spoke kindly to Helen, bowed courteously to the strangers, and went up stairs.

"Who is that, dear?" asked Mrs. Jerrold, whose attention had been arrested by the dignified courtesy of Father Fabian's manner.

"A Catholic clergyman," said Helen, blushing.

"Your uncle is not a Catholic?"

"He was not, but he is now."

A look of ineffable scorn spread over Mrs. Jerrold's handsome face, while a low, contemptuous laugh from her son, was the response.

"Dear Helen," said Mrs. Jerrold, taking the weak girl's hand in her own, with a caress, "excuse me, for no doubt you still feel some hankering after those mysterious idolatries which you have wisely abandoned; but this is so absurd. How came it about."

"I cannot imagine," she replied, in a faltering voice, for at that moment the thorn-crowned head of Jesus Christ—his sorrowful face strained with drops of blood, until its divinely beautiful lineaments were almost covered—was visioned in her soul with such distinctness, that she almost shrieked; then it faded away, and she went on:

"I have seen very little of my uncle since his illness. He keeps my cousin May by his side, and is uneasy if she leaves him an instant."

"And she is a Catholic?" asked Mrs. Jerrold, anxiously.

"Yes, a perfect devotee," replied Helen, bitterly.

"An infatuation? He is weak; his nerves and senses are shattered by this attack. He has been influenced by her and the priest. My dear Helen, I fear your interests will suffer."

"Do you really think so?" said Helen, growing pale.

"Mr. Jerrold, you will please to come up for a moment. My uncle desires to see you particularly," said May, appearing at the door.

"That is a designing girl, depend on it," whispered Mrs. Jerrold, as her son left the room; "and now, Helen, I must warn you. Be on your guard, and do not feel hurt when I say, that if she should have succeeded in cozening your uncle to revoke his will in her favor, my poor son's happiness will be wrecked for ever. He is not rich, you know, and is too proud to marry a woman whom he cannot support in good style; consequently, this marriage, which, under existing circumstances, give us so much pleasure, would have to be broken off."

"Mr. Fielding was with him, and I heard them talking about a will, but whether it was the old, or a new one, I could not determine," said Helen, becoming very white.

"Hush! not another word! Walter is coming down. But remember what I tell you. Well, dear Walter?"

"I think Mr. Stillinghast is sinking, but he is perfectly himself," said the young man, in a low tone, as seated himself. "He is much changed, and speaks in broken sentences."

"He knew you?" asked Mrs. Jerrold.

"Perfectly. He told me that our recent engagement was all secured, and begged me to keep up the credit of the old house; spoke of our marriage, dear Helen, and gave me some advice, which I could not understand, about faith and baptism, and truth, and all that kind of thing, peculiar to old men who are dying," said the young man, with a light smile.

"Then he has not made another will?" asked Mrs. Jerrold.

"No, I fancy not; merely a codicil if any thing. But be careful of yourself, Helen; don't sit up at night—it will hurt your eyes and good looks. May Brooke is an indefatigable nurse," said the worldly man.

"Farewell, sweet Helen," whispered Mrs. Jerrold, embracing her.

"We shall soon have you to ourselves. But be on the qui vive; there

may be something, you know, under all this."

"Another will!" thought Helen, after they went away; "if another exists, different from the first—well—I see no reason why a whim should wreck my happiness." Then, tempted and scheming, she sat motionless for hours. Alas! for the soul which of its own free will, unmoored itself from the Rock of Ages, to drift away on dark and uncertain seas; who, lured away by the sun-gilt mirage, throws down the cross, scorns the thorny crown, and despises Calvary, to perish at the last miserably in the arid desert! Although Helen had never been a pious Catholic, she had always declared herself one, and resisted every open attack on her faith; but now, insidious scorn, worldly interests, and human love had entered her soul, and poisoned it, and for a season they would triumph.

"I stole Stillinghast's will," said Helen, said May, tapping her on the shoulder.

"Me!" she exclaimed, starting up like a guilty thing.

"Yes, dear. He will receive the Holy Viaticum soon, and he wishes to speak with you before," said May, winding her arm around Helen's waist, and wishing, in the charity that filled her soul, that she could as easily lead back, weeping and penitent, to the foot of the cross.

"Come hither, child," said the old man, turning his feeble eyes towards her. "I fear—I have—assisted—encouraged you—to forsake your faith. God—forgive me—for my ignorance and sin. But hear me. I am dying—hear me testify to the saving and divine truths of that faith—and repent you—repent ere it is too late forever. It is an awful thing—girl—to live away from—the true fold of Jesus Christ—but how horrible—is it—to forsake it! Father Fabian—come closer," he said, feebly, while he placed Helen's hand in that of the clergyman, "bring—watch her—guide her, until she is saved."

"My poor child! you will not forsake your religion; you dare not peril your salvation by severing, with sacrilegious hand, the ties which unite you to Jesus Christ, as a member of His glorious body?" asked the priest, in a tone of blended pity and authority.

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Helen, quite overcome by the scene. "I am very young, and love the world. I have never intended to forsake my religion entirely. I intend, at some early day, to go to confession. I have only procrastinated."

"Of course, my dear child, you will return to your duty," said Father Fabian; "you cannot do otherwise, unless you wish to seal deliberately your eternal perdition."

"You will marry—marry Jerrold," gasped Mr. Stillinghast; "but do not—forget—that your prevarications—may ruin his soul—with your own. Are you willing—to assume the responsibility?"

"Oh, sir, this is horrible!" exclaimed Helen, falling on her knees beside the bed.

"But true," added Father Fabian, at a sign from Mr. Stillinghast, who leaned back exhausted. "It is a perilous thing, under the most favorable circumstances, for a Catholic to wed with a Protestant. If the Catholic has not the patience of a saint, and the constancy of a martyr, scandal must come. Concessions must be made—vital principles too often yielded, and at last the unbeliever triumphs—not over the mere human will, and the weak nature of his victim, but over religion—and exultingly thinks how frail are the defenses of this faith, which is called divine. Then, confirmed in his errors by your betrayal, his whole life is a scoff at Eternal Truth; while you, bringing forth children, who, instead of becoming heirs of Christ, become aliens from His fold, while your sin—your treachery—your apostasy will, like an onward billow, roll through future generations, until it dashes itself, with its black abominations, at the feet of the Eternal Judge. But, my dear child, through the mercy of God, and your own example, you may win this wandering soul to embrace the truth: at any rate, you may, by your pious constancy, plant the seeds of a better life in his soul, which may bear the fruits of salvation."

"It was—my act. I would undo it—but—it is too late—too late. Helen—forgive me."

"Dear uncle, do not say so—I have nothing to forgive," she sobbed.

"Time will come, I fear—when you will not think so. Go, now—I

have provided—for you—see—that you provided—for the eternal future," he said, with difficulty.

Helen kissed the hand already shadowed by the approach of death, and left the room, weeping.

[To be continued.]

FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs.
By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Second.

CHAPTER XXXIV

BRIGHT DEATH

(Continued from last week.)

The Creed was also faithfully learnt, and committed to memory. But the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist was not imparted till after baptism.

In these multiplied preparatory exercises the penitential time of Lent passed quickly and solemnly, till at last Easter-eve arrived.

It does not fall to our lot to describe the ceremonial of the Church in the administration of the Sacraments. The liturgical system received its great developments after peace had been gained; and much that belongs to outward forms and splendour was incompatible with the bitter persecution which the Church was undergoing.

It is enough for us to have shown, how not only doctrines and great sacred rites, but how even ceremonies and accessories were the same in the three first centuries as now. If our example is thought worth following, some one will perhaps illustrate a brighter period than we have chosen.

The baptism of Fabiola and her household had nothing to cheer it but purely spiritual joy. The titles in the city were all closed, and among them that of St. Pastor with its papal baptism.

Early, therefore, on the morning of the auspicious day, the party crept round the walls to the opposite side of the city, and following the Via Portuensis, or road that led to the port at the mouth of the Tiber, turned into a vineyard near Caesar's gardens, and descended into the cemetery of Pontianus, celebrated as the resting-place of the Persian martyrs, SS. Abdon and Sennen.

The morning was spent in prayer and preparation, when towards evening the solemn office, which was to be protracted through the night, commenced.

When the time for the administration of baptism arrived, it was indeed but a dreary celebration that it introduced. Deep in the bowels of the earth the waters of a subterranean stream had been gathered into a square well or cistern, from four to five feet deep. They were clear, indeed, but cold and bleak; if we may use the expression, in their subterranean bath, formed out of the tafo, or volcanic rock. A long flight of steps led down to this rude baptistry, a small ledge at the side sufficed for the minister and the candidate, who was thrice immersed in the purifying waters.

The whole remains to this day, just as it was then, except that over the water is now to be seen a painting of St. John, baptizing our Lord, added probably a century or two later.

Immediately after Baptism followed Confirmation, and then the neophyte, or new-born child of the Church, after due instruction, was admitted for the first time to the table of His Lord, and nourished with the Bread of angels.

It was not till late on Easter-day that Fabiola returned to her villa; and a long and silent embrace was her first greeting of Miriam. Both were so happy, so blissful, so fully repaid for all they had been to one another for months, that no words could give expression to their feelings. Fabiola's grand idea and absorbing pride that day was, that now she had risen to the level of her former slave; not in virtue, not in beauty of character, not in greatness of mind, not in heavenly wisdom, not in merit before God; oh! no! in all this she felt herself infinitely her inferior. But as a child of God, as heiress to an eternal kingdom as a living member of the body of Christ, as admitted to a share in all His merits, to all the price of His redemption, as a new creature in Him, she felt that she was equal to Miriam, and with happy glee she told her so.

Never had she been so proud of

splendid garment as she was of the white robe, which she had received as she came out of the font, and which she had to wear for eight days.

But a merciful Father knows how to blend our joys and sorrows, and sends us the latter when He has best prepared us for them. In that warm embrace which we have mentioned, she for the first time noticed the shortened breath and heaving chest of her dear sister. She would not dwell upon it in her thoughts, but sent to beg Dionysius to come on the morrow. That evening they all kept their Easter banquet together; and Fabiola felt happy to preside at Miriam's side over a table at which reclined or sat her own converted slaves, and those of Agnes's household, all of whom she had retained.

She never remembered having enjoyed so delightful a supper.

Early next morning, Miriam called Fabiola to her side, and with a fond, caressing manner, which she had never before displayed, said to her—

"My dear sister, what will you do when I have left you?"

Poor Fabiola was overpowered with grief. "Are you then going to leave me? I had hoped we should live forever as sisters together. But if you wish to leave Rome, may I not accompany you, at least to nurse you, to serve you?"

Miriam smiled, but a tear was in her eye, as taking her sister's hand, she pointed up towards heaven. Fabiola understood her, and said:

"Oh, no, no, dearest sister. Pray to God, who will refuse you nothing, that I may not lose you. It is selfish, I know; but what can I do without you? And now too, that I have learnt how much they who reign with Christ can do for us by intercession, I will pray to Agnes and Sebastian to interpose for me, and avert so great a calamity."

"Do get well; I am sure there is nothing serious in the matter; the warm weather and the genial climate of Campania will soon restore you. We will sit again together by the spring, and talk over better things than philosophy."

Miriam shook her head, not mournfully, but cheerfully, as she replied—

"Do not flatter yourself, dearest; God has spared me till I should see this happy day. But His hand is now for death, as it has been hitherto for life; and I hail it with joy. I know too well the number of my days."

"Oh! let it not be so soon!" sobbed out Fabiola.

"Not while you have on your white garment, dear sister," answered Miriam. "I know you would wish to mourn for me; but I would not rob you of one hour of your mystic whiteness."

Dionysius came, and saw a great change in his patient, whom he had not visited for some time. It was as he had feared it might be. The insidious point of the dagger had curled round the bone, and injured the pleura, and phthisis had rapidly set in. He confirmed Miriam's most serious anticipations.

Fabiola went to pray for resignation at the sepulchre of Agnes; she prayed long and fervently, and with many tears, then returned.

"Sister," she said with firmness, "God's will be done, I am ready to resign even you to Him. Now, tell me, I entreat you, what would you have me do after you are taken from me?"

Miriam looked up to heaven, and answered, "Lay my body at the feet of Agnes, and remain to watch over us, to pray to her, and for me, until a stranger shall arrive from the East, the bearer of good tidings."

On the Sunday following, "Sunday of the white garment," Dionysius celebrated, by special permission, the sacred mysteries in Miriam's room, and administered to her the most holy Communion, as her viaticum.

This private celebration, as we know from St. Augustine and others, was not a rare privilege. Afterwards, he anointed her with oil, accompanied by prayer, the last Sacrament which the Church bestows.

Fabiola and the household who had attended these solemn rites, with tears and prayers, now descended into the crypt, and after the divine offices returned to Miriam in their darker rafters.

"The hour is come," said she, taking Fabiola's hand. "Forgive me, if I have been wanting in duty to you and in good example."

This was more than Fabiola could stand, and she burst into tears. Miriam soothed her, and said, "Put to my lips the sign of salvation

when I can speak no more; and, good Dionysius, remember me at God's altar when I am departed."

He prayed at her side, and she replied, till at length her voice failed her. But her lips moved, and she pressed them on the cross presented to her. She looked serene and joyful, till at length raising her hand to her forehead, then bringing it to her breast, it fell dead there, in making the saving sign. A smile passed over her face, and she expired, as thousands of Christ's children have expired since.

Fabiola mourned much over her; but this time she mourned as they do who have hope.

To be continued.

C. M. B. A.

At the big C. M. B. A. initiation last Thursday evening, Rev. Wm. Kessel of St. Joseph's church, opened the meeting with prayer and the following officers were selected:

Chancellor, Wm. J. Hauser, Br. 81; C. M. Bayer, chairman, Br. 81; Jacobus J. Fess, 1st vice pres., Br. 117; James O'Neill, 2nd vice pres., Br. 93; Wm. J. Keay, sec., Br. 19; Mr. Pappert, marshal, Br. 80; A. J. Lambert, guard, Br. 181.

Chairman Charles M. Bayer then addressed the assemblage as follows: "Brothers: The honor conferred upon me by virtue of my office to call this meeting to order is as many surmises a great and glorious pleasure to me."

"To act as chairman of so great a meeting as the C. M. B. A., which will add more than 200 members to the great Catholic order, which has done so much good to our Catholic families, is to feel that I have been highly honored by the association. It is unnecessary for me to say that the branches of Rochester have done noble work, the 238 candidates assembled here is the verdict of what they have accomplished."

"Every branch felt as though the whole responsibility for this future of the order rested upon them and that responsibility has not been shirked. To Branch 117 we say—Noble has been thy work, continue and the future leadership in the C. M. B. A. Branches of Rochester is yours."

"I deem it would not be wise on my part to detain you any longer, but on behalf of the Committee and a heart that is filled with joy at this moment, I wish to thank you with a brotherly feeling for the great success you have achieved. The work that has been done for this meeting in securing this large number of candidates can be repeated in the near future and we can assure our supreme and grand council officers that we will be more than pleased to repeat this act in the near future for an organization that has paid over 16 millions of dollars to Catholic families, being thereby enabled to educate their children according to what is their belief as well as that of the holy priesthood. In obedience to our laws it is now my duty Mr. Supreme President to hand this gavel to you to open our meeting and it affords me great pleasure now to introduce to you our Supreme President Brother John J. Hynes of Buffalo, N. Y."

The Supreme President then addressed the members. Speeches were also made by Rev. M. J. Kessel of Buffalo, Rev. A. M. O'Neill, Rev. Gefell and Rev. Joseph Kessel and of course the assemblage had to hear from Supreme Trustee Jas. L. Whalen, who gave the members a hearty laugh.

Rev. T. F. Hickey then gave them apostolic blessing and spoke encouragingly to those present.

Afterwards light refreshments were served.

Pretty Buffalo Wedding

A very pretty wedding took place at Holy Angels Church, Buffalo, June 28th, at 11 o'clock when Miss Agatha G. Noonan and George Russell Putnam were united in marriage at nuptial mass by Rev. Father Sloan.

Miss Carrie Wallis was maid of honor. Mrs. Geo. Wilson was matron of honor. Bridesmaids: Misses Mary O'Leary, Anna Duffy and Agnes G. Leehman of Buffalo, Elizabeth Coughlin and Olive McDonald of Rochester. Best man, Vincent G. Noonan of Cleveland, O. Ushers: Messrs Charles T. Sloan, Geo. M. Wilson, Edward Koch, Clarence Sloan, Walter Rust, all of Buffalo; Jos. Duffy of New York. The bride was gowned in white silk crepe de chene with veil and carried a white prayer-book. The attendants all wore white silk mull, white picture hats and carried bridal bouquets.

Five Minute Sermon

The Parable of the Lost Sheep

The sheep is a very simple and dull animal, which, while grazing in the field, does not notice that it has left the fold. It is lost, and when lost does not know the way back to the fold. It seems, therefore, that when Christ compared the sinner to a sheep He intended to say that the sinner goes astray from the true path and from God through care and natural ignorance, because being dazzled and delighted by the things of the world, he follows them; he separates himself from the just without knowing it, and, lost in the desert of this world, he does not know his misfortune and has not, humanly speaking, the means of returning again, if God in His infinite mercy does not go in search of him and rescue him.

Besides understanding the sense and the spirit of the parable and the object the Divine Master had in view in telling it, we are to learn to be charitable toward sinners, to be zealous for their conversion, if we are our "self," and always to thank Our Lord Jesus Christ, who in His infinite mercy, came in search of us when we were in the state of perdition.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday July 2—Gospel, St. Luke, xv. 1-10—The Most Precious Blood.
Monday 3—St. Leo II., pope and confessor.
Tuesday 4—St. Bertha, abbess.
Wednesday 5—St. Antony M. Zaccaria, confessor.
Thursday 6—St. Pallasius, confessor.
Friday 7—St. Cyril & Methodius, bishops and confessor.
Saturday 8—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, widow.

\$5.00 Pilgrimage to St. Anne's. Round-trip \$5.00.

Leave Summitville at 8:30 p. m. Monday, July 24th, by Steamer Oceanic. Arrive at Kingston at 10 a. m. next morning. Leave Kingston at 10 a. m. O. P. R. at 12:30 p. 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 Island 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 of St. Anne, July 26th. Tickets will be good for nine days, but those pressed 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 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 O. P. R. special train. Only one change from Rochester to St. Anne's. If you cannot make a visit to the shrine, and seek the cheapest, quickest, most comfortable and most direct route, you will find this pilgrimage which leaves Summitville at 8:30 p. m. on Monday, July 24th, and which will be personally conducted by the Rev. D. A. Twomey, P. P. Bellefleur, Ontario, who will be glad to furnish any further information to intending pilgrims. Tickets for round trip, only \$5.00.

Cook Opera House

"Paul Revere" will be offered next week by the Cook Opera House Stock Company. This is a drama of adventure and romance founded on the famous poem by Longfellow, "Paul Revere's Midnight Ride." The scenes are laid in New England in the early days of the Revolutionary War. Paul Revere is an authentic, young patriot whose daring exploits make him loved by the Americans and hated by the British and Tories. Matinee on Monday, Tuesday (Fourth of July), Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

NATIONAL THEATRE

Though "Trooper Bluff" the new play by Frederick Paulding, whose first production has been intrusted by the author to Miss Jessie Bowdelle, Mr. Frederick Lewis and the National's famous stock company, is a picturesque and stirring military play, full of exciting incidents and thrilling climaxes, its main interest centers around an unusually romantic and sympathetic love story which ends most happily, as love stories should.

BASEBALL

Rochester will play its first game on July 3rd against the Buffalo team.