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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 XIV

"It is horrible!" she exclaimed, almost shrieking, as she threw herself on the bed, after she reached her apartment. "I hope he will not send for me again. I never loved this harsh, bitter old man, nor do I intend to risk my happiness by promising impossibilities. I'll go to confession, and all that, when I am ready, and not before. Walter detests Catholics; and if he thought I was still one, he'd never wed me. But it cannot last long—I shall soon be free; and once Jerrold's wife, I can practise my religion if I choose. At any rate, I shall die a Catholic!"

It was midnight. All was silent in the death chamber. The night-taper was placed behind a screen; and the fire-light flickered with a tremulous motion on the richly-carved, antique furniture, black and polished by age, and creeping upwards, threw long, wavering shadows on the wall. Admidst this solemn twilight, a table spread with white, which supported a crucifix, wax lights and flowers, stood near the sick man's bed. A guest was expected ere long—a divine and honored guest was coming into the shadowy room where death held his awful presence, to strengthen and console that penitent spirit on its passage to eternity, when, like Elias, after his miraculous repast, strengthened and courageous, it would walk with humble, but sure steps toward its eternal home.

May knelt by her uncle's side, with his hand clasped in hers, praying, and whispering sweet words of cheer. A footstep sounded on the pavement; it ascended the steps, and Father Fabian, accompanied by Helen and Doctor Burrell, who had been waiting in the parlor below, came in, bearing with him the Lord of Life. May lit the candles on the temporary altar, and retired with the rest for a few moments, while Father Fabian, held a brief conversation with the penitent old man, touching the affairs of his conscience; then he summoned them in; and while they knelt, he arranged himself in surplice and stole, and in a solemn, impressive manner, began the sacramental rite.

"Behold him—behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," he said, holding up the sacred host. "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, says the Redeemer, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." The day of life was almost spent, when you came to him; night was coming on, but He, in the plenitude of His divine compassion, turned you not away, but gives you a princely reward—even Himself. Like the Prodigal, destitute and naked, you return, and receiving you, He spreads a mystic feast, in which He gives you heavenly food; and while the shadow of death falls around you, lo! He comes to go with you towards those dismal portals, and admit you to a region of probation and everlasting hope. Humbly confiding; and strong in faith, receive Him, not as a representation or mere memorial of the Son of God, but Jesus Christ himself. "Corpus Domini nostri Jesu," and as Father Fabian pronounced the words, he administered the bread of Eternal Life to the dying man.

What could have changed that dark, repulsive face so entirely, that it looked an image of humility? Was it death? Was it memory? Or was it the effect of new and divine influences? It was surely nothing mortal. He lifted his eyes to Father Fabian's face—then turned them in search of May. She was by his side in a moment.

"Unworthy—unworthy," he whispered; then they saw his lips moving in silent and earnest prayer. Dr. Burrell had regarded the whole scene with interest and awe. The whole scene preached to his inmost soul. Doctrinal arguments and learned polemics, he could have tilted with, word for word; but here were facts, and realities and influences, which disarmed and defied all that was skeptical in his nature. The dying man—the priest of God—that young and fragile girl, illustrated by their acts a faith which, though mysterious to him, could be nothing

less than divine; but Father Fabian, ignorant of the thoughts which were passing, like ripples of light, through his mind, approached, and asked him in a low voice, "how long he supposed Mr. Stillinghast might linger?"

"He may live until noon to-morrow," said the doctor.

"He may," said Father Fabian, "but I fear not; however, God's holy will be done."

During the night Mr. Stillinghast's mind wandered. May, overcome by fatigue, had leaned her head on the bed-side, and fallen into a profound sleep. Helen, timid, and startled at every sound, sat near him, fearing to move, lest it should rouse him. Her guilty, selfish thoughts, terrified and haunted her like phantoms.

"There are—some papers," murmured the old man, without turning his head, and thinking he spoke to May, "papers which I wish burnt." "Shall I get them, sir?" whispered Helen, while every bad, avaricious and selfish instinct in her nature, started to sudden life; "where shall I find them?"

"On the second shelf—of the closet—where the wills are. They are records—of sorrows—and bitterness; but be careful, child—those two wills—the last one, which concerns you—is in a white envelope; the old one—in a brown wrapper. On the second shelf; mind—the wills."

"Yes, sir," whispered Helen, while her heart throbbed almost to bursting, and a wild gleam of triumph shot across her visage, giving it the fearful beauty of a demon. She would throw the new will amongst the condemned papers—it would be consumed with them; he would be silent and cold when it was missed, and could tell nothing; but then, might not she be suspected? No! she would not burn it—she would secrete it, and only destroy it in case she was disinherited. These thoughts rushed through her mind with a strange velocity, while she went towards the closet, and just as she laid her hand on a package of papers, Mr. Stillinghast, suddenly turning, discovered his mistake.

"Come away—come away," he cried, with strange energy, "how dare you go there? Come away."

It was the work of an instant to snatch up the new will, thrust it into her bosom, and return, pale, trembling and almost fainting, to his side.

"I thought you were May; call her here, Helen, then go away," he said, gently.

"Uncle Stillinghast wants you, May," said Helen, stooping over, and touching her.

"What can I do for you, uncle?" she said, instantly roused.

"I wish—you to burn—some papers—quick—quick—child. On the second shelf—there—in the small closet—where the wills are. Is she gone?"

"Helen, yes, sir; shall I bring all the papers—or are those you wish me to burn, numbered?" asked May, taking the candle with her.

"Yes, yes; numbered—1, 2, 3,—1796—1799—1800."

"Here they are, sir."

"Lay them there—under the blaze—so—so—perish—so blot out—so farewell the past. Forgive me the sins of my pride—of my ignorance—of my avarice—through the bitter passion of Jesus Christ—forgive me—as I forgive—all," he murmured, as he watched the rapid destruction of these records of his life.

"Take a spoonful of this," said May, holding some brandy to his lips. He drank it, and cast a long, earnest, loving look on her, drew her face towards his, and kissed her forehead.

"The blessing of Almighty God abide with you, little one; hand me that, now," he said, looking towards the crucifix, "lay it here—where my eyes can rest on it—so." He never spoke again; but, with the image of the Crucified in view, his failing eyes gradually and softly closed. May thought he slept. So he did, but he slept the sleep of death.

Helen fled up to her room, locked the door, and, with a white, pallid face, and trembling fingers, took the will from her bosom and opened it.

[To be continued.]

\$69.50 Buffalo to Portland and return, tickets on sale every day in June, July and August to Los Angeles and San Francisco and return \$75.50. For full particulars regarding routes, sleepers, etc., write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FABIOLA

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

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Third—Victory

CHAPTER I

THE STRANGER FROM THE EAST

(Continued from last week.)

We appear to ourselves to be walking in solitude. One by one, those whose words and actions, and even thoughts, have hitherto accompanied and sustained us, have dropped off, and the prospect around looks very dreary. But is all this unnatural? We have been describing not an ordinary period of peace and every-day life, but one of warfare, strife, and battle. Is it unnatural that the bravest, the most heroic should have fallen thick around us? We have been reviving the memory of the cruellest persecution which the Church ever suffered, when it was proposed to erect a column bearing the inscription that the Christian name had been extinguished. Is it strange that the holiest and purest should have been the earliest to be crowned?

And yet the Church of Christ has still to sustain many years of sharper persecution than we have described. A succession of tyrants and oppressors kept up the fearful war upon her, without intermission, in one part of the world or another for twenty years, even after Constantine had checked it wherever his power reached. Diocletian, Galerius, Maximian, and Licinius in the East, Maximian and Maxentius in the West, allowed no rest to the Christians under their several dominions. Like one of those rolling storms which go over half the world, visiting various countries with their ravaging energy, while their gloomy foreboding or sullen wake simultaneously overshadow them all, so did this persecution wreak its fury on one country, then on another, destroying everything Christian, passing from Italy to Africa, from Upper Asia to Palestine, Egypt, and then back to Armenia, while it left no place in actual peace, but hung like a blighting storm-cloud over the entire empire.

And yet the Church increased, prospered, and defied this world of sin. Pontiff stepped after Pontiff at once upon the footstool of the papal throne and upon the scaffold; councils were held in the dark halls of the catacombs; bishops came to Rome, at risk of their lives, to consult the successor of St. Peter; letters were exchanged between Churches far distant and the supreme Ruler of Christendom, and between different Churches, full of sympathy, encouragement, and affection; bishop succeeded bishop in his see, and ordained priests and other ministers to take the place of the fallen, and be a mark set upon the bulwarks of the city for the enemy's aim; and the work of Christ's imperishable kingdom went on without interruption and without fear of extinction.

Indeed it was in the midst of all these alarms and conflicts that the foundations were being laid of a mighty system destined to produce stupendous effects in after ages. The persecution drove many from the cities into the deserts of Egypt, where the monastic state grew up, so as to make up, "the wilderness rejoice and flourish like the lily, bud forth and blossom, and rejoice with joy and praise." And so, when Diocletian had been degraded from the purple, and had died a peevish, destitute old man, and Galerius had been eaten up alive by ulcers and worms, and had acknowledged, by public edict, the failure of his attempts, and Maximian Heronius had strangled himself, and Maxentius had perished in the Tiber, and Maximian had expired amidst tortures inflicted by Divine justice equal to any he had inflicted on Christians, his very eyes having started from their sockets, and Licinius had been put to death by Constantine; the spouse of Christ, whom they had all conspired to destroy, stood young and blooming as ever, about to enter into her great career of universal diffusion and rule.

It was in the year 313 that Constantine, having defeated Maxentius, gave full liberty to the Church. Even if ancient writers had not described it, we may imagine the joy and gratitude of the poor Christians on this great change. It was like the coming forth, and tearful though

happy greeting, of the inhabitants of a city decimated by plague, when proclamation has gone forth that the infection has ceased. For here, after ten years of separation and concealment, when families could scarcely meet in the cemeteries nearest to them, many did not know who among friends or kinsfolk had fallen victims, or who might yet survive. Timid at first, and then more courageous, they ventured forth; soon the places of old assembly, which children born in the last ten years had not seen, were cleansed, or repaired, refitted and reconciled, and opened to public, and now fearless, worship.

Constantine also ordered all property, public or private, belonging to Christians and confiscated, to be restored; but with the wise provision that the actual holders should be indemnified by the imperial treasury. The Church was soon in motion to bring out all the resources of her beautiful forms and institutions; and either the existing basilicas were converted to her uses, or new ones were built on the most cherished spots of Rome.

Let not the reader fear that we are going to lead him forward into a long history. This will belong to some one better qualified for the task of unfolding the grandeur and charms of the free and unfettered Christianity. We have only to show the land of promise from above, spread like an inviting paradise before our feet; we are not the Jesus that must lead others in. The little that we have to add in this brief third part of our humble book is barely what is necessary for its completion.

We will then suppose ourselves arrived at the year 318, fifteen years after our last scene of death. Time and permanent laws have given security to the Christian religion, and the Church is likewise more fully establishing her organization. Many who on the return of peace had hung down their heads, having by some act of weak concession escaped death, had by this time expiated their fall by penance; and now and then an aged stranger would be saluted reverently by the passers-by, when they saw that his right eye had been burnt out, or his hand mutilated; or when his halting gait showed that the tendons of the knee had been severed, in the late persecution, for Christ's sake.

If at this period our friendly reader will follow us out of the Nomentan gate, to the valley with which he is already acquainted, he will find and have among the beautiful trees and flower-beds of Fabiola's villa.

Scaffold-poles are standing up in place of the first; bricks, marbles, and columns lie upon the latter. Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, had prayed at St. Agne's tomb, when not yet a Christian, to beg the cure of a virulent ulcer, had been refreshed by a vision, and completely cured. Being now baptized, she was repaying her debt of gratitude, by building over her tomb her beautiful basilica. Still the faithful had access to the crypt in which she was buried and great was the concourse of pilgrims that came from all parts of the world.

One afternoon, when Fabiola returned from the city to her villa, after spending the day in attending to the sick, in an hospital established in her own house, the fessor, who had charge of the cemetery, met her with an air of great interest, and no small excitement, and said—

"Madam, I sincerely believe that the stranger from the East, whom you have so long expected, has arrived."

Fabiola, who had ever treasured up the dying words of Miriam, eagerly asked, "Where is he?"

"He is gone again," was the reply. The lady's countenance fell. "But how," she asked again, "do you know it was he?"

The excavator replied, "In the course of the morning I noticed among the crowd a man not yet fifty, but worn by mortification and sorrow to premature old age. His hair was nearly grey, as was his long beard. His dress was eastern, and he wore the cloak which the monks from that country usually do. When he came before the tomb of Agnes, he flung himself upon the pavement with such a passion of tears, such sobs, as moved all around to compassion. Many approached him, and whispered, 'Brother, thou art in great distress; weep not so, the saint is merciful.' Others said to him, 'We will all pray for thee, fear not.' But he seemed to be beyond comfort. I thought to myself, surely in the pre-

sence of so gentle and kind a saint, none ought to be thus disconsolate or heartbroken, except only one man."

To be continued.

First Week at the Catholic

Summer School

Seldom has the Catholic Summer School of America opened under circumstances so auspicious as those that attended the beginning of its work on Monday, July 3rd. Weather of the kind that has made Cliff Haven famous, bright, balmy and cool; lake, cliff and woodland in all the glory of their natural beauty; improvements many and various, conducive both to the comfort of the guests and to the increase of the ground's attractiveness; a record-breaking attendance, all these served to heighten the prevailing feelings of enthusiasm and good-will.

The courses of study have been arranged by Rev. Thomas P. McMillan, who for the past ten years has been chairman of the board of studies at the school. A number of eminent lecturers have been secured from Catholic schools and universities all over the country.

Since last season three new cottages have been erected, making a total of 25. Most of those who go from this city will make the Rochester cottage their headquarters.

Sacred Heart School

The annual distribution of prizes of the Sacred Heart School, a branch of the Sacred Heart Academy, took place Wednesday evening week. The study hall was decorated with palms, smilax and roses. The boys were placed on one side and wore bright-lined sashes; the girls were on the opposite side, dressed in white. A fine program was rendered and Rev. Michael Ryan distributed the prizes. In the commercial department, the graduates in stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping each received a gold medal. Four of the five, Fred Tyler, Alma Lang, Rosella Serou and Mary Tyler, passed the regent's examinations over 90 per cent.

Lake and Bay Transportation Co.

Just what you have been waiting for. First, an absolutely staunch, safe boat between Charlotte and Sea Breeze; second, a guaranteed schedule service. Steamer Algona leaves Charlotte daily at 11 a. m., 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30 and 8 p. m. Leaves Sea Breeze from new pier 11:45 a. m., 1:15, 2:45, 4:15, 5:45, 7:15 and 8:45 p. m. Fare one way 15c, round trip 25c.

Arrangements have been made with the Rochester R. R. Co. for a ticket that takes you to the lake (either way) to Sea Breeze or Charlotte, admits you to Ontario Beach Park, gives you the beautiful lake ride and brings you home again, all for 45c. These tickets will be for sale at Amiden's, Powers Block, city ticket office and by all conductors (ask for the green ticket).

Just the thing for an evening outing; catching the boat from Sea Breeze and reaching Charlotte in time to see the fireworks.

Arrangement may be made for moonlight and scorchlight excursions on lake and river, leaving Charlotte any evening at 9:15.

Remember the line—Lake and Bay Transportation Co.

Remember the name of steamer—Algona.

Remember the pier—the new one at Sea Breeze.

Further information at Amiden's Ticket office, Powers Block.

NATIONAL THEATRE

Next week the National Theatre Stock Company will produce "Trilby" with Miss Bonstelle in the title role. Mr. Stuart will give his strikingly eccentric characterization of Svengali which has been seen in Rochester and has made a favorable impression. Mr. Lewis will be seen as Little Billie. "Trilby" is a story of Bohemian life in the Latin quarter of Paris and is full of striking climaxes. The stage settings of this piece will be in harmony with the scenes and the costuming of the play will be effective.

Fine Band At Ontario Beach

Manager Collins announces the engagement of the German Marine Band of Berlin for two weeks beginning Thursday, the 13th. The band is of fifty pieces and was brought to this country for the St. Louis Exposition. This will be its only appearance here.

Subscribe for the Catholic Journal

Five Minute Sermons

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes

The ship spoken of in to-day's Gospel belonged to St. Peter and St. Andrew says that it is the same which St. Matthew speaks of as being about by a furious tempest, and St. Luke in this day's Gospel describes as overloaded with fishes. From this ship Christ taught the people from it He commanded the wind and waves; from it, although asleep, He saved the apostles from drowning. It is, therefore, a figure of the Catholic Church, of which St. Peter and his legitimate successors are the visible head and foundation.

We are to learn from the events recorded in this Gospel to be anxious to hear the word of God. From St. Peter we are to learn to obey Jesus Christ, and to humble ourselves, having our unworthiness before our eyes, when God favors us and makes us the instruments of His goodness. From the apostles, who abandoned their ships and nets, we are to learn to abandon the things of this world, to give up our affections, even our own selves, in order to follow the voice of God when He beckons to call us. Since Jesus Christ has sufficiently instructed the world, He has in a certain sense finished His discourse, so far as we are concerned; let us, therefore, launch out into the deep; let us work, and disengage our hearts from the world, follow our Master on the way to heaven.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday July 9—Gospel, St. Luke, 1-11—St. Ephrem, doctor and confessor.

Monday 10—Seven Brothers, martyrs.

Tuesday 11—St. Pius II., pope and martyr.

Wednesday 12—St. John Gualbert, abbot.

Thursday 13—St. Anacletus, pope and martyr.

Friday 14—St. Bonaventura, major confessor and doctor.

Saturday 15—St. Henry, emperor, confessor.

Cook Opera House

The Cook Opera House Stock Company will next week offer the famous Clyde Fitch play, "Lovers' Lane." This is the play in which Milly James made herself famous. It is described as a beautiful pastoral drama, dealing with quaint village folk. The story is that of a young minister whose pulpit is taken away from him because of his heretic ideas. How his church is ultimately restored to him is one of the interesting threads of the plot. Several business of Charles Carver will be given away next Monday afternoon.

\$5.00 Pilgrimage to St. Anne's. Sample \$2.00.

Leave Summerville at 5:30 p. m. Monday, July 24th, by Steamer Canadian. Arrive at Kingston at 10 a. m. next morning. Leave Kingston at 12:30 p. m. Tuesday, July 25th. This special train will run through to St. Anne's without any change, and will bring pilgrims to within a few feet of the church, or 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 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 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 O. 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 5:30 p. m. on Monday, July 24th, and which will be personally conducted by the Rev. D. A. Twomey, F. P. Belleville, Ontario, who will be glad to furnish any further information to intending pilgrims. Tickets for round trip only \$8.00.

For Your Outing

Select one of the resorts along the Manitowish Beach Line. Privileges, groves and base ball grounds, accommodations. Frequent special rates to picnic and outing parties apply to T. C. Ryan, Mgr., 40 State St., Rochester.