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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

"To May—to May—to May—be- loved niece—I knew it; but May shall never have it," he said, through her set teeth, as her eye ran rapidly over it. "They will think she burned it with those papers. I am saved—I shall marry Jerrold!" A mouse gnawing in her wainscot near her, caused her to start up and look around; and there, looking down from the cross, where the sins of the world had hung Him, was the image of His divine and woeful face. In the flickering light, the drops of blood appeared to flow from those cruel wounds, and the thorn-crowned head seemed to droop towards her. With a shuddering cry, she fell heavily to the floor. But the paroxysm passed away—she remembered her crime, and, fearful of detection—fearfully had conscience begun to scourge her—she flew to her trunk, and touching a spring in the side, a secret compartment slid back, revealing a narrow interstice between the body of the trunk and the exterior. In this she dropped the will, and fastened it securely. What and who instigated her to evil? Shall any dare say it was religion? She was a Catholic by birthright—but an alien from the practices of her holy faith by choice and through human pride and worldliness—did its spirit lead her to crime? Judge of its effects by May's humble and earnest life. She was true and practical in her character, and acted out the precepts of her faith. Judge it, by the wonderful change it effected in the harsh and bitter nature of that hoary man, whom it excited to acts of perfect Christian virtue, and who, full of humble hope, had just breathed his last.

Who would measure the patriotism and purity of Washington, by the treason of Arnold? Dare not, then, be guilty of the manifest injustice of judging the Church by the conduct of those, who, although bearing her sign on their foreheads, become traitors to her holy precepts, and scandalize her in their lives.

CHAPTER XV

The old man was far down in the shadow of the mountain; the day was well-nigh spent, when, by the grace of God, he fled into the fold of Faith for safety; and now, when all was over, the Church, like a loving mother, more tender of the repentant prodigal, who had fallen at her feet, and died, than of those who had never sinned, or torn their robes and squandered their substance in the world's wild wilderness, poured out the riches of its solemnities around the altar, where the Divine Sacrifice was offered, with touching prayers, for his eternal repose.

Father Fabiano officiated, and spoke eloquently of the nothingness of the world, the uncertainty of life, and the emptiness of riches. The Cathedral was crowded by persons whom the news of Mr. Stillingham's conversion had brought together, and who, regarding it as an extraordinary event, were desirous of witnessing the funeral ceremonies, and at the same time testify their respect for his memory. The most influential and wealthy of the class to which he belonged were present, and habituated as they were to look at every thing in a commercial point of view their old companion in trade had made a good bargain. "He was stern and harsh," they said, "but honest and upright; and too shrewd altogether to make a bad speculation in the end, and doubtless he had sought only his best interests in the step he had taken."

But in all that crowd there was only one heart which felt an emotion of grief, or had a single tear to drop on his coffin-lid. After a long life of toil, and solitude, and unlovingness, only one. May felt this while she wept, and wished she had been more patient and persevering in her love while he lived; but such regrets were useless now, except to kindle charity. She could do nothing which would be available to make up the deficiencies of the past, but incessantly beseech Jesus Christ through which his bitter passion and death, and the Immaculate Mother, by the union she bore, body

and soul, in the unspeakable agonies of the Cross, to grant him a speedy release from suffering probation, to eternal refreshment, and light, and peace.

It was late when the funeral cortege returned to the city, and Mr. Fielding, perceiving that May was much overcome, and looked ill, declined going in, or attending to business that evening.

"I will be here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I know that my deceased client's affairs are all in such order, that there will be no delay in carrying out his wishes."

"Just as you think best, Mr. Fielding," replied May, wearily.

"What say you, Miss Stillingham?" he said, addressing Helen.

"To-morrow will be quite time enough, sir," replied Helen, in a low tone.

Time enough, indeed! Well might she feel a sense of relief at its being deferred, when she knew that from the moment it was discovered that the will was missing, the temptations which had led her so deeply into sin would become demons of vengeance to torture and disturb her. As she went up with a heavy step to her room, an angel whisper suggested that there was time enough yet to undo the wrong she had committed. It startled and agitated her. "Can I bear these chains?" was the question. Weak, but never hardened in wickedness, she trembled, and was afraid of the penalties of her offense; and when she looked up, and saw by the flickering candlelight the image of the Crucified, and the sorrowful face of his Virgin Mother, both bending on her looks of tenderness and woe, which said, as plain as looks could say, "Child of my passion! soul, ransomed by my death! why wound me so deeply?" With a low cry, she threw herself on her pillow. "I shall never know peace again," her heart whispered; "I already feel the anguish of guilt; I begin to taste on earth the pangs of everlasting woe. This sin, with the human shame it will bring, will be an abyss between me and the Sacraments of the Church. Where shall I turn for peace? I can never bear this burden it will madden me. I feel even now so guilty that I dare not lift my eyes to Walter's, for whose sake I do it. I feel an awe and dread steal over me when May comes near me, as if she had Ithuriel's spear with which to touch me. I will do it," she said, with sudden resolution, and got up, and opened her trunk with the almost determined purpose of restoring the will to the place from which she had taken it. But oh, human frailty! the light falling on an open case of rare jewels, and some costly articles of her bridal trousseau, met her eye; then followed visions of splendor—of such power as wealth gives—of equipages and luxury, which swept away, like ocean-tides, the thoughts which her angel guardian had written on her conscience. Hesitating no longer, a smile of triumph lit her face, and crowning the spectre with roses, wrapping a drapery of pale illusions around it, she offered herself to a martyrdom of sin, to secure her worldly advancement.

"I suppose," said Mr. Fielding, the next morning to May, "that I shall find the will in that little closet where you uncle kept his most important papers?"

"I presume so, sir. I placed it there at his request, in the place he designated, after you went away, the day it was written, replied May.

"That closet could tell strange things," said the lawyer, "if it could speak; but I believe I have come a half hour before the time appointed, as the others are not here."

"They are coming now. I see Mr. Jerrold and Father Fabian walking this way, and I think that is Dr. Burrell's carriage down the street," said May, looking out.

"All right, May, suppose you had Aladdin's lamp?" said the lawyer, rubbing his hands.

"I wouldn't have such a thing, sir," said May, quietly.

"Why, young lady?"

"I should be afraid of the monster it might evoke. Poor Aladdin had a miserable time of it from the beginning, in my opinion," said May.

"Riches have their cares," said Mr. Fielding.

"Cares without much peace," replied May.

Just then Mr. Jerrold, Dr. Burrell, and Father Fabian came in; and after exchanging the compliments of the day with the ladies and Mr. Fielding, prepared to execute the business which had brought them

together. Mr. Fielding, accompanied by Mr. Jerrold, went up to get the will.

[To be continued.]

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.)

"Go on, go on," broke in Fabiola; "what did he next?"

"After a long time," continued the fossor, "he arose, and drawing from his bosom a most beautiful and sparkling ring, he laid it on her tomb. I thought I had seen it before, many years ago."

"And then?"

"Turning round he saw me, and recognized my dress. He approached me, and I could feel him trembling, as, without looking in my face, he timidly asked me, 'Brother, knowest thou if there lie buried anywhere hereabout a maiden from Syria, called Miriam?' I pointed silently to the tomb. After a pause of great pain to himself, so agitated now that his voice faltered, he asked me again, 'Knowest thou, brother, of what she died?' 'Of consumption,' I replied. 'Thank God!' he ejaculated, with a sigh of relieved anguish, and fell prostrate on the ground. Here too he moaned and cried for more than an hour, then, approaching the tomb, affectionately kissed its cover, and retired."

"It is he, Torquatus, it is he!" warmly exclaimed Fabiola, "why did you not detain him?"

"I durst not, lady; after I had once seen his face, I had not courage to meet his eye. But I am sure he will return again; for he went towards the city."

"He must be found," concluded Fabiola. "Dear Miriam, thou hadst, then, this consoling foresight in death!"

CHAPTER II

THE STRANGER IN ROME

Early next morning, the pilgrim was passing through the Forum, when he saw a group of persons gathered round one whom they were evidently teasing. He would have paid but little attention to such a scene in a public thoroughfare, had not his ear caught a name familiar to it. He therefore drew nigh. In the centre was a man, younger than himself; but if he looked older than he was, from being wan and attenuated, the other did so much more from being the very contrary. He was bald and bloated, with a face swelled, and red, and covered with blotches and boils. A drunken oozing swam in his eye, and his gait and tone were those of a man habitually intoxicated. His clothes were dirty, and his whole person neglected.

"Ay, ay, Corvinus," one youth was saying to him, "won't you get your deserts now? Have you not heard that Constantine is coming this year to Rome, and don't you think the Christians will have their turn about now?"

"Not they," answered the man we have described; "they have not the pluck for it. I remember we feared it when Constantine published his first edict, after the death of Maximus, about liberty for the Christians, but next year he put us out of fear by declaring all religions to be equally permitted."

"That is all very well, as a general rule," interposed another, determined further to plague him; "but is it not supposed that he is going to look up those who took an active part in the late persecution, and have the lex talionis executed on them; stripe for stripe, burning for burning, and wild beast for wild beast?"

"Who says so?" asked Corvinus, turning pale.

"Why, it would surely be very natural," said one.

"And very just," added another.

"Oh, never mind," said Corvinus, "they will always let one off for turning Christian. And, I am sure, I would turn anything, rather than stand—"

"Where Pancratius stood," interposed a third, more malicious.

"Hold your tongue," broke out the drunkard, with a tone of positive rage. "Mention his name again, if you dare!" And he raised his fist, and looked furiously at the speaker.

"Ay, because he told you how you were to die," shouted the younger, running away. "Heigh! heigh! a panther here for Corvinus!"

All ran away before the human beast, now lashed into fury, more than they would have done from the wild one of the desert. He cursed them, and threw stones after them.

The pilgrim, from a short distance, watched the close of the scene, then went on. Corvinus moved slower along the same road, that which led towards the Lateran basilica, now the Cathedral of Rome. Suddenly a sharp growl was heard, and with it a piercing shriek. As they were passing by the Coliseum, near the dens of the wild beasts, which were prepared for combats among themselves, on occasion of the emperor's visit, Corvinus, impelled by the morbid curiosity natural to persons who consider themselves victims of some fatality, connected with a particular object, approached the cage in which a splendid panther was kept. He went close to the bars, and provoked the animal, by gestures and words, saying, "Very likely, indeed, that you are to be the death of me! You are very safe in your den." In that instant, the enraged animal made a spring at him, and through the wide bars of the den, caught his neck and throat in its fangs, and inflicted a frightful lacerated wound.

The wretched man was picked up, and carried to his lodgings, not far off. The stranger followed him, and found them mean, dirty, and uncomfortable in the extreme; with only an old decrepit slave, apparently as seditious as his master, to attend him. The stranger sent him out to procure a surgeon, who was long in coming; and, in the meantime, did his best to staunch the blood.

While he was so occupied, Corvinus fixed his eyes upon him with a look of one delirious, or demented.

"Do you know me?" asked the pilgrim soothingly.

"Know you? No—yes. Let me see—Ha! the fox! my fox! Do you remember our hunting together those hateful Christians? Where have you been all this time? How many of them have you caught?" And he laughed outrageously.

"Peace, peace, Corvinus," replied the other. "You must be very quiet, or there is no hope for you. Besides, I do not wish you to allude to those times; for I am myself now a Christian."

"You a Christian?" broke out Corvinus savagely. "You who have shed more of their best blood than any man? Have you been forgiven for all this? Or have you slept quietly upon it? Have no furies lashed you at night? No phantoms haunted you? No viper sucked your heart? If so, tell me how you have got rid of them all, that I may do the same. If not, they will come! Vengeance and fury! why should they not have tormented you as much as me?"

"Silence, Corvinus; I have suffered as you have. But I have found the remedy, and will make it known to you, as soon as the physician has seen you, for he is approaching."

The doctor saw him, dressed the wound, but gave little hope of recovery, especially in a patient whose very blood was tainted by intemperance.

The stranger now resumed his seat beside him, and spoke of the mercy of God, and His readiness to forgive the worst of sinners; whereof he himself was a living proof. The unhappy man seemed to be in a sort of stupor; if he listened, not comprehending what was said. At length his kind instructor, having expounded to him the fundamental mysteries of Christianity, in hope, rather than certainty, of being attended to, went on to say, "And now, Corvinus, you will ask me, how is forgiveness to be applied to one who believes all this? It is by Baptism, by being born again of water and the Holy Ghost."

"What?" exclaimed the sick man loathingly.

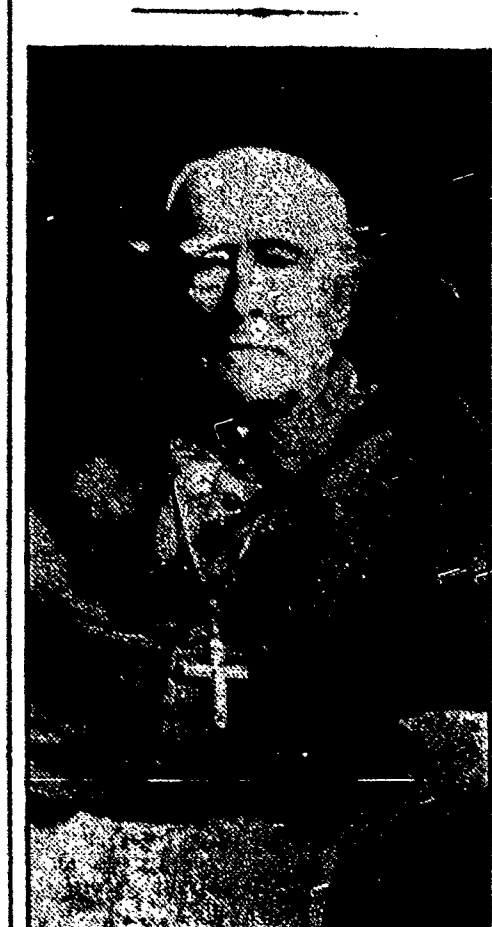
"By being washed in the laver of regenerating water."

He was interrupted by a convulsive growl rather than a moan. "Water! water! no water for me! Take it away!" And a strong spasm seized the patient's throat.

His attendant was alarmed, but sought to calm him. "Think not," he said, "that you are to be taken hence in your present fever, and to be plunged into water" (the sick shuddered, and moaned); "in clinical baptism, a few drops suffice, not more than is in this pitcher." And he showed him the water in a small vessel. At the sight of it, the patient writhed and foamed at the mouth,

and was shaken by a violent convulsion. The sounds that proceeded from him resembled a howl from a wild beast more than from human lips.

To be continued.



BISHOP MCQUAID CELEBRATES HIS THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid celebrated the thirty-seventh anniversary of his consecration on Wednesday. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion with American and papal flags and there was a profusion of hunting, flowers and palms throughout the large auditorium, which was comfortably filled with parishioners. Bishop McQuaid sang the mass, and assisting him were Very Rev. J. J. Hartley, assistant priest; Rev. A. M. O'Neill and Rev. D. Laurens, deacons of honor; Rev. M. J. Nolan, deacon of mass; Rev. George V. Burns, sub-deacon of mass, and Rev. Francis Goggin, master of ceremonies. Coadjutor Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, was also with the bishop, assisting in the ceremonies.

An excellent musical programme was rendered, and included the professional, Ecce Sacerdos Magnus in B flat, dedicated to Bishop McQuaid by Prof. Eugene Bonn, by the cathedral choir and organ; Introitus, Sacerdotes Ejus, Rev. J. M. Petter; Kyrie, Gloria and Credo, from Rheinberger's mass in C, op. 168; Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei, from Rheinberger's mass Miserere Cordoni Domini, op. 192; offertorium, Veritas mea, dedicated to Bishop McQuaid by J. Lingnberger, by the cathedral choir and organ, and Holy Gird sung in conclusion by the congregation and choir. The Gregorian music was sung by the ecclesiastical students of St. Bernard's and St. Andrew's Seminary now residing in the city under the direction of Rev. John M. Petter. The choir music was under the direction of Prof. Eugene Bonn, organist and director; Miss Minnie F. O'Loughlin, assistant organist, and M. D. Kavanaugh, assistant director.

The papal benediction, pronounced by the bishop, closed the ceremony, and at the conclusion of the services Bishop McQuaid met the priests present.

\$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.

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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.

Men and Women
Read our great offer on another page.

Second Week at the Catholic

Summer Institute

The trend of travel this year strikingly Cliff Havenward. The flux of visitors to this delightful spot has so increased from day to day now, at the end of the second week of the session, the population has reached a total of 500—a number far in excess of that of any like period during previous sessions. The looking-glass guests are also very large, particularly for the month of August, which is always Cliff Haven's season of prosperity. The fact that there are no extra accommodations this year for guests is a matter of congratulation among the trustees of the school.

The classes in science, mathematics, history, literature, physical culture, vocal music and pedagogy given in the Summer Institute, are so well attended that all in charge express themselves particularly well pleased. There is a prevailing earnestness of spirit that augurs well for the future of the Institute.

The lecture programme of this week has proved decidedly attractive. The fact that so eminent a lecturer, Rev. Joseph M. Woods, S. J., of Wash. Stock College, was to give the morning course insured a large attendance in the Auditorium at the hour appointed. The discussions centered about the Bohemian, the earliest literary and critical society known to exist. He showed these men, the authors and editors of the Acta Sanctorum, applied to the work the best principles known in modern critical and historical studies.

None the less interesting were two lectures given on Monday and Tuesday evenings by Rev. Valentin Kohlbeck, C. S. B., director of the Bohemian Benevolent Society of Chicago, on Bohemian Catholics in the United States. The present earnest discussion of problems pertaining to the Slavonic peoples made lectures of vital interest. Of more local nature but equally instructive, the dramatic recitals given on Wednesday and Friday evenings by Miss Lins of Boston, sister of Mr. Jerome Rooney who, as Miss Lins, the president of the Mary's Oratory of Washington, D. C., is regarded as one of the most talented women in the country. The same charming personality, beautiful tone of voice, exquisite taste in selection of readings, intelligence of interpretation, and distinguished the one, also characterized the other. Her appearance at Cliff Haven was a distinct artistic triumph.

In the planning of the intellectual programme, as may be seen, particular effort has been made to cater to a variety of tastes, to make the Summer School place not only for the scholarly few, also for the ambitious many, and give all intelligent Catholics who have opportunities for education here, the measure or ample chance to meet in conditions favorable, physically, intellectually and spiritually, to the influence of the ideal life at Cliff Haven may be spread abroad, refining and ennobling the characters of all who are in contact with it.

Pleasant social affairs, in the way of card parties, informal gatherings, dances at one or another of the cottages, have each evening their place brought to a happy close by full interest and pleasure.

Particular attention has been paid to the development of the athletic side of the school. The management consider themselves fortunate in securing the services of Mr. P. J. Brennan, athletic instructor at the U. S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, as director of games. Under his supervision the golf links have been vastly improved, two new clay tennis courts have been laid out making a total number of eight. The daily programme of sports arranged under the direction of Mr. James E. Sullivan, a director of the Amateur Athletic Union, is a feature that is particularly attractive to the masculine portion of Cliff Haven's population.

Next week the lecturers will be Rev. Mons. James F. Loughlin of Philadelphia, Prof. C. H. Smith of the Newman School, Hackensack, and Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., of Passaic, N. J. The Vatican Council, Cardinal Newman and St. Francis Xavier are respectively the themes to be discussed in these lectures.

Among the Rochesterians at Cliff Haven are the Misses Mary Peck, Alice J. Murphy, Laura McCreary and Elizabeth Maher. Many more are expected this coming week.

Dreamland
There is a walk around the land Park so that you can see the boats on the lake or Schenck's Island.