

Circulation  
larger than any  
Catholic weekly  
in Rochester.

# The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER

Sixteenth Year. No. 43.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, July 22, 1905

\$1.00 per Year. 3c per Copy.

## CONSCIENCE

Or, The Trials of May Brooke.

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC STORY

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

(Copyrighted by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.)

(Continued from last week.)

### CHAPTER XV

He had long held the most intimate business relations with Mr. Stillingham, and was the only man living who had ever been in his confidence. He knew the contents of every parcel and package of writing in the old desk and bureau, and could just tell where he was at fault now. There was only one will to be found, and that was the one which the deceased had declared to be null and void. The group below who were conversing on some interesting topic, were soon amazed to hear Mr. Fielding's voice in loud and excited tones at the head of the staircase. Clearing two or three steps at a time, he bounded into the room, followed by Mr. Jerrold, who was pale and silent. He was usually a grave and quiet person, and so governed by system, that the very hairs on his head might have been said to be arranged numerically.

"Here's a pretty thing come to pass!" he exclaimed, throwing a bundle of papers on the table; "a beautiful testament of the deceased is missing. Yes, sir, can't be found. May, who was in your uncle's room the last night he lived? I say then, because the closet in which the will was placed was locked then, and the key has been in my pocket ever since. Who was there?"

"I was there, sir," said May, astonished at the uproar.

"Who else?"

"Helen was there for a little while."

"Who else?"

"The doctor came at eleven o'clock."

"The doctor didn't steal the will. Are you sure no one else came in afterwards?"

"Father Fabian administered the Holy Viaticum to my uncle. After that, no one except Helen and myself were there."

"Were you awake all the time?"

"I think not, sir. I believe I slept about ten minutes."

"Why didn't you sleep ten years, May?" exclaimed the irritated lawyer.

"And you, Miss Stillingham, please to state what occurred while your cousin slept. I suppose you kept awake, as you have heavy interests at stake?"

"Mr. Fielding this lady is my affianced wife; oblige me by assuming a more gentle tone," said Walter Jerrold, taking his stand beside Helen.

"If she was your grandmother, sir, this matter must be sifted; and let me tell you, not only sifted here, but in open court, whether I shall carry it, unless the will is forthcoming. What occurred, Miss Stillingham, during the ten minutes that little fool slept?"

"Only this, sir," said Helen, who felt supported by Mr. Jerrold's protection; "my uncle roused himself a little, and told me to take some packages of paper out of the closet, and put them under the grate. He said they were records of the past which he wished to perish with him."

"So—so!" said the lawyer, significantly.

"But," continued Helen, speaking in a clearer, and more assured tone, "I had just laid my hand on the knob to open the door, when he discovered that it was not May to whom he had been speaking, and in harsh tones he ordered me back, and commanded me to awaken May, and leave the room, which I did, for his terrible looks alarmed me so dreadfully that I could not remain."

"And you, May?"

"I got out the papers, sir, as my uncle directed, and burnt them, as he desired. Helen is right," replied May.

"And what did you burn?"

"Papers. Some in packages, and some in large envelopes, like that you hold in your hand," replied May, calmly.

"Why the deuce, then, didn't you put your head under the grate, and burn that too? You have burnt the will, that's clear; the will which would have made you the richest woman in Maryland. With those 'records of the past,' which my old friend Stillingham ought to have eaten up years ago, you have burnt

up legacies to orphans, benefactions to widows, and many noble charities with it—if it was burnt," added Mr. Fielding.

"Mr. Fielding," said May, lifting her hands with an earnest gesture, "if I thought I had through a careless, or heedless act, injured the interests of any living being, I should be truly miserable. I cannot comprehend the charges, or the cause of your unusual and ungente excitement."

"You miserably innocent child! You poor, unworried infant! I will endeavor to beat it into your comprehension, if you will listen. Your deceased uncle made two wills; one a few months ago, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his niece, Miss Helen Stillingham, and to his other niece, May Brooke, the splendid life annuity of one hundred and fifty dollars. But on Thursday last having felt, by the judgment and grace of God, that so unequal a division was unjust, and being convinced that the said May Brooke would squander his gains precisely as he wished at that moment he had been doing all his life, viz., amongst the poor, destitute, and afflicted, he made another will, in which he devised the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars, and some real estate, to Helen Stillingham; and to May Brooke, his well-beloved niece and heiress, two hundred thousand dollars, this house, lot, and furniture, and other properties. But this will is missing—burnt up, it is supposed; and the first one is good in law, and I will read it, although I protest against its being executed until a thorough investigation is made, and I am well assured that there has been no foul play in the case," said the lawyer, impressively.

"Mr. Fielding," said Walter Jerrold, speaking out from the most honorable motives, "I feel as you do and before reading the will, let us make a more patient and thorough search. We may have over-looked it. Neither Helen, nor myself, could ever feel satisfied, or happy, in the possession of property which, in the sight of heaven, belongs to another."

"Sir, your sentiments do you honor. I accept of your suggestions," said Mr. Fielding, fixing a penetrating gaze on Walter Jerrold's countenance.

"Come, May, you go with us, and help us to search high and low through the closet and bureau."

Father Fabian, who had come at the request of Mr. Fielding, had been a silent, but not unconcerned witness of this strange and unexpected scene, and looked for its issue with deepest interest. Dr. Burrell exploded every now and then in opinions, which contained more feeling than legal reasoning, and consequently were of no importance. Helen's presence restrained all conversation on the subject while the others were absent from the room, and Father Fabian, having no time to drift idly on a single moment of his life, took a seat in one of the deep embrasures of the windows, and read portions of his "office" from the well-worn Breviary, which he drew from his pocket.

But the search for the lost will was in vain. Assisted zealously by Walter Jerrold and May, Mr. Fielding left no corner of the room unexplored. The bed and mattress—the tester and curtain, were turned, shaken and unfolded. Every drawer and nook was inspected. The shelves of the little closet were removed, and the panel at the back and side pried off, but in vain; and Mr. Fielding sat down quite exhausted, and folding his hands, exclaimed, or rather growled, "I congratulate you, May. It has all turned out precisely as your humility hoped it would, no doubt."

"Sir," said May, gently, "I am no worse off now than I was yesterday. I should have felt much embarrassed by so large a fortune. I'm afraid it would have made me dizzy and foolish; indeed, sir, I feel quite unequal to the responsibility of such a stewardship. I feel deeply grateful to my poor uncle, and also to you, for your kind wishes in my regard, but believe me, I am quite content for matters to stand just as they are, so far as I am concerned."

Then breaking down, May broke out into a regular womanly fit of crying.

"May," said the lawyer, more gently, "when you took those papers out of that infernal closet there, did you see those two wills lying together?"

"I saw nothing, sir, except the papers I went to get."

"And which you burned?"

"Which I burned up to the last scrap."

[To be continued.]

## FABIOLA

Or The Church of the Catacombs,

By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman

(Published by Special Request.)

Part Third—Victory

CHAPTER II

THE STRANGER IN ROME

(Continued from last week.)

The pilgrim saw at once that by-drophobia, with all its horrible symptoms, had come upon the patient from the bite of the enraged animal. It was with difficulty that he and the servant could hold him down at times. Occasionally he broke out into frightful paroxysms of blasphemous violence against God and man. And then, when this subsided, he would go on moaning thus: "Water they want to give me! water! none for me! It is fire! fire! that I have, and that in my portion. I am already on fire, within, without! Look how it comes creeping up, all round me, it advances every moment nearer and nearer!" And he beat off the fancied flame with his hands on either side of his bed, and he blew at it around his head. Then turning toward his sorrowful attendants, he would say, "Why don't you put it out? you see it is already burning me."

Thus passed the dreary day, and thus came the dismal night, when the fever increased, and with it the delirium, and the violent accessions of fury, though the body was sinking. At length he raised himself up in bed, and looking with half-glazed eyes straight before him, he exclaimed in a voice choked with bitter rage: "Away, Panratius, begone! Thou hast dared on me long enough. Keep back thy panther! Hold it fast; it is going to fly at my throat. It comes! Oh! And with a convulsive grasp, as if pulling the beast from off his throat, he plucked away the bandage from his wound. A gush of blood poured over him, and he fell back a hideous corpse upon the bed.

His friend saw how unrepenting persecutors died.

CHAPTER III

AND LAST

The next morning, the pilgrim proceeded to discharge the business which had been interfered with by the circumstances related in the preceding chapter. He might have been first seen busily employed inquiring after some one about the about the Janus in the Forum. At length the person was found; and the two walked towards a dirty little office under the Capitol, on the ascent called the Clivus Asyli. Old musty books were brought out, and searched column after column, till they came to the date of the "Constitution of Augustus, the eighth time, and Maximian Hercules Augustus, the seventh time." Here they found sundry entries, with reference to certain documents. A roll of mouldy parchments of that date was produced, docketed as referred to, and the number corresponding to the entries was drawn out, and examined. The result of the investigation seemed perfectly satisfactory to both parties.

"It is the first time in my life," said the owner of den, "that I ever knew a person who had got clear off, come back, after fifteen years, to inquire after his debts. A Christian, I presume, sir?"

"Certainly, by God's mercy."

"I thought as much; good morning, sir. I shall be happy to accommodate you at any time, at as reasonable rates as my father Ephraim, now Abraham. A great fool that for his pains, I must say, begging his pardon," he added, when the stranger was out of hearing.

With a decided step and a lighter countenance than he had yet displayed, he went straight to the villa on the Nomentan way; and after again paying his devotions in the crypt, but with a lighter heart, he at once addressed the fons, as if they had never been parted: "Torquatus, can I speak with the Lady Fabiola?"

"Certainly," answered the other; "come this way."

Neither alluded, as they went along, to old times, nor to the intermediate history of either. There seemed to be an understanding, instinctive to both, that all the past was to be obliterated before men, as they hoped it was before God. Fabiola had remained at home that and the preceding day, in hopes of the stranger's return. She was seated in the garden close to a fountain,

when Torquatus, pointing to her, retired.

She rose, as she saw the long-expected visitor approach, and an indescribable emotion thrilled through her, when she found herself standing in his presence.

"Madam," he said, in a tone of deep humility and earnest simplicity "I should never have presumed to present myself before you, had not an obligation of justice, as well as many of gratitude, obliged me."

"Orontius," she replied—"is this the name by which I must address you?" (he signified his assent) "you can have no obligations towards me, except that which our great Apostle charges on us, that we love one another."

"I know you feel so. And therefore I would not have pretended, unworthy as I am, to intrude upon you for any lower motive than one of strict duty. I know what gratitude I owe you for the kindness and affection lavished upon one now dearer to me than any sister can be on earth, and how you discharged towards her the offices of love which I had neglected."

"And thereby sent her to me," interposed Fabiola, "to be my angel of life. Remember, Orontius, that Joseph was sold by his brethren, only that he might save his race."

"You are too good indeed towards one so worthless," resumed the pilgrim; "but I will not thank you for your kindness to another who has repaid you so richly. Only this morning I have learnt your mercy to one who could have no claim upon you."

"I do not understand you," observed Fabiola.

"Then I will tell you all plainly," rejoined Orontius. "I have now been for many years a member of one of those communities in Palestine, of men who live separated from the world in desert places, dividing their day, and even their night, between singing the Divine praises, contemplation, and the labour of their hands. Severe penance for our past transgressions, fasting, mourning, and prayer from the great duty of our penitential state. Have you heard of such men here?"

"The fame of holy Paul and Anthony is as great in the West as in the East," replied the lady.

"It is with the greatest disciple of the latter that I have lived, supported by his great example, and the consolation he has given me. But one thought troubled me, and prevented my feeling complete assurance of safety, even after years of expiation. Before I left Rome I had contracted a heavy debt, which must have been accumulating at a frightful rate of interest, till it had reached an overwhelming amount. Yet it was an obligation deliberately contracted, and not to be justly evaded. I was a poor cenobite, barely living on the produce of a few palm-leaf mats that I could weave, and the scanty herbs that would grow in the sand. How could I discharge my obligations?"

"Only one means remained. I could give myself up to my creditor as a slave, to labour for him and endure his blows and scornful reproaches in patience, or to be sold by him for my value, for I am yet strong. In either case, I should have had my Saviour's example to cheer and support me. At any rate, I should have given up all that I had—myself."

"I went this morning to the Forum, found my creditor's son, examined his accounts, and found that you had discharged my debt in full. I am, therefore, your bondsman, Lady Fabiola, instead of the Jew's." And he knelt humbly at her feet.

"Rise, rise," said Fabiola, turning away her weeping eyes. "You are no bondsman of mine, but a dear brother in our common Lord."

Then sitting down with him, she said: "Orontius, I have a great favour to ask from you. Give me some account of how you were brought to that life, which you have so generously embraced."

"I will obey you as briefly as possible. I fled, as you know, one sorrowful night from Rome, accompanied by a man—his voice choked him."

"I know, I know whom you mean—Eutrotas," interrupted Fabiola.

"The same, the curse of our house the author of all mine and my sister's sufferings. We had to charter a vessel at great expense from Brundisium, whence we sailed for Cyprus. We attempted commerce and various speculations, but all failed. There was manifestly a curse on all that we undertook. Our

means melted away, and we were obliged to seek some other country. We crossed over to Palestine, and settled for a while at Gaza. Very soon we were reduced to distress; everybody shunned us, we knew not why; but my conscience told me that the mark of Cain was on my brow."

To be continued.

### Third Week at the Catholic

Summer School

These are busy days at Cliff Haven for those intellectually, athletically and socially inclined. The careful adjustment of the different hours of the day to the satisfaction of these various inclinations has brought about a unanimity of pleasures that makes Cliff Haven a most charming summering place. The mornings are full of activity on account of the Institute classes and the lecture given at 10:30 in the auditorium. There are few on the grounds who are not voluntarily availing themselves of one or more of the 38 classes in the Institute. Most popular of all beyond doubt, is the physical culture lesson given each day by Miss Katherine Fleming of Cohoes.

For the more ambitious student, courses in every department of learning save that of languages, are provided. Genuine pleasure has been experienced this week by those following the course on the Vatican Council given by Rt. Rev. Mgr. J.F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Mgr. Loughlin is one of the founders of the school, and his reappearance at Cliff Haven is always gladly welcomed.

There has been a material increase this week in the attendance. At present there is at Cliff Haven a community of about 800 persons engaged in the pursuit of instruction and pleasure; a gathering that includes representatives from practically all parts of Canada and the United States.

### NATIONAL THEATRE.

"Taming of the Shrew" is almost the only one of Shakespeare's comedies that has a regular plot and a downright moral. It is full of bundle, animation and rapidity of action. It shows how self-will is only to be got the better of by a stronger will, and how one degree of perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater.

"Taming of the Shrew" will be given a sumptuous production by the National Theatre Stock Company next week; and will constitute the twelfth bill of the season.

Excursion to Watkins Glen. This remarkable canyon is celebrated the world over for its marvellous scenery. It has as distinct an individuality as the Falls of Niagara, the mammoth cave of Kentucky, or the Gardens of the Gods. The New York Central offer the public an opportunity to see this wonderful work of nature on Sunday, July 23rd, when excursion tickets for the round trip will be sold for \$1.25, children between 5 and 12 years of age 65 cents while no charge is made for children under five. A special train will leave from Central Ave. Station at 9 a. m., the train runs along the shore of Seneca Lake for miles, and which in itself, to get a view of the beautiful scenery, is worth the trip.

IXL Hendrick Commercial Training School, 938 Granite Bldg. We do not offer any inducements which cost more in the end, don't imagine that you will get something for nothing in business training more than any thing else. We offer moderate charges, competent teachers and conscientious tutelage. We stand upon our record and promise nothing that we do not perform. The Rochester people know us and our school by this time and we are willing to stand by their verdict.

New York Central excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, Sunday, July 23rd. Only one dollar for the round trip. Tickets good going on all morning trains, returning on afternoon and evening trains. Trains leave for Niagara Falls direct via the Falls branch at 4:10, 5:20, 6:48, 7:18, 7:50, 9:47, 10:15 and 11:42 a. m. Children under five years of age no charge, between five and twelve years 50 cents only.

Cool Off at Manitou!

The cool lake breezes at Manitou Beach will put new life into you! Round trip via N. Y. C. 40 cents, includes admission to Ontario Beach Park.

## Five Minute Sermon

Jesus Feeds the Multitudes

According to the sacred laws, preterea seven leaves signify the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, which our divine Saviour makes use of to preserve the life of our soul, strengthening it to walk in the midst of dangers, to overcome temptations, and to grow in virtue and Christian perfection.

Those fishes served to render the bread more agreeable to the taste, and they signify all that which renders easier the observance of the divine word, which is the ordinary food of our soul. The example of Jesus Christ, who practised all the precepts which He gave out in His holy law, the light which our mind receives, the joy our heart feels in the midst of difficulties—these are the exquisite food which renders the observance of the commandments easy and pleasant to us.

To make good use of these spiritual nourishments we must pray God to give and preserve in us the gift of His habitual grace; we must receive His favors with humility and a deep sense of gratitude; we must put in practice the lights and the instructions which we have received, and we must always be obedient to the legitimate successors of the apostles, who are the dispensers of the food of life.

We are to learn to have compassion for our brethren who are in want, and as He used the bread reserved for Himself and for the apostles to feed the people, so also must we take pleasure in depriving ourselves of something in order to help the poor.

### Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday July 23—Gospel, St. Mark vii. 1-2—St. Apollinaris, Bishop and martyr.

Monday 24—St. Francis Solano, confessor.

Tuesday 25—St. James, apostle.

Wednesday 26—St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary.

Thursday 27—St. Pantaleon, martyr.

Friday 28—St. Nazarius & Companions.

Saturday 29—St. Martha, virgin.

### St. Mary's Hospital Report

133 patients were in St. Mary's Hospital on June 1st, 118 were admitted during the month, there were 8 births and 6 deaths and 123 patients were discharged during the month. There remained in the hospital on July 1st, 106 patients, of whom 10 were charity patients, 48 private patients, 16 city, county and town patients and 16 ward pay patients. The ambulance responded to 31 calls, of which 24 were hurry calls. Fifty-one patients were transferred from the ambulance to the hospital.

### Cook Opera House

"East Lynne" will be offered next week by the Cook Opera House Stock Company. This is probably the best known emotional play ever written. Ever since it was made famous by Ada Gray, a number of years ago, the play has had a career of tremendous success and popularity. The story of Lady Isabel is a pitiful one but one which teaches a great moral lesson. It has been said that in the last act acute mental distress is pictured more strikingly than in any other play on the American stage.

"During the sixth annual convention and parade of the Western New York Fireman's Association to be held at Niagara Falls, July 24, 25, 26, the New York Central will sell round trip tickets daily at one fare, or \$1.55 from Rochester. The programme for the convention is as follows: July 25th, band concert, meeting and entertainment of delegates, and exhibition run by the Niagara Falls city fire department, and a great illumination of the city in the evening. July 26th, parade at 2:30 p.m. of 75 companies accompanied by 40 bands, and grand display of fireworks from Goat Island bridge at 9 p.m. During the evening there will be a grand searchlight illumination of the Falls. The return portion of tickets will be good on regular except limited trains if used on or before Thursday, July 27th.

Free attractions on stage of Circus Maximus for next week. Musical Bros., acrobats, equilibrist, J. J. J. Thorne, expert jugglers, The Indian College Boys, presenting a novel and elegantly costumed, featuring Frank Fowler Brown, the famous Indian lyric tenor, Beach Park Band. Try a ride on the new figure eight roller coaster, the merry-go-round.