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## 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 XVI

"I feel your kindness deeply, Mr. Jerrold. I hope you are not hurt or offended?"

"Not in the least. I think you are bearing your wrongs like a saint; and I wish I was only half as good," replied Mr. Jerrold, shaking hands with her.

"Tell Helen that I am thankful for the flowers, and will offer them this evening, with a prayer for her conversion, to Our Mother," said May.

"I thought her mother was dead and buried," thought Mr. Jerrold, as he walked down the street. "What a curious little soul she is!"

After dinner, May went to inform Father Fabian that she had declined Mr. Fielding's offer, and would remove to Mrs. Tabb's in the course of a day or two. But she saw him in the garden walk in the rear of the house, walking to and fro, reading his office, and went into the church, where she offered the rich bouquet Helen had sent her, on the shrine of Our Lady, the refuge; after which, she said, with great devotion, a decade of the rosary, for her conversion. Father Fabian was standing in the door when she returned, and watched her, as she approached, with a grave, but quizzical expression of countenance.

"I am glad to see you, my child, in your long dresses yet," he said, holding out his hand, kindly.

"Sir," said May, looking perplexed.

"I did not feel sure but that you had adopted the new school so much in favor with your sex, judging from all that I have heard," he replied, laughing.

"What new school? What have you heard, Father?" she asked anxiously.

"The strong-minded women's school!"

"I see that you have some jest at my expense, and I must be patient until it is explained," said May, sitting down.

"Yes, yes; be patient."

"Will you not tell me, Father, what I have done?"

"May, do you believe that you burned the will the night your uncle lay dying?" asked Father Fabian, abruptly.

"I do not think I did. I may, however, have done so."

"Mr. Fielding intends to endeavor to set aside the will which was found. He had good legal reasons to expect that he can secure you an equal share of your uncle's estate with your cousin."

"I hope he will do no such thing, sir. I am quite satisfied."

"But he and the witnesses to the other will are not, because there are very important public and religious interests involved in its loss."

"If that is the case, I can only object so far as I am individually concerned," said May; "but I hope most earnestly that Mr. Fielding will let the matter rest a short time longer—a few months, for the longer I think of it that I did not burn the will, and I feel a presentiment that it will come to light," said May, earnestly.

"And you will not give your consent, as one of the heirs, to go to law?"

"Not yet—not yet, Father. Let us wait a little. If it is mislaid, it may be found; if any one has wronged me by secreting it, they may repent."

"Was there ever such a wild goose on earth?" said Father Fabian, laughing. "You know as much about the world now, May, as you did eighteen years ago, when you were just two months old."

"But, Father, you have always taught me to have faith in God, and told me in all difficulties to have recourse to him and the Blessed Virgin. If it is for his glory, and the good of his creatures, the lost will will be found," she said, earnestly.

"You are right, my child. God's holy will be done," said Father Fabian, lifting his benediction from his brow. "But, having turned a theological point against me, can you explain your most obstinate refusal to accept of Mr. Fielding's and Mr. Jerrold's kind offers of a home, where ease, luxury, and elegance

would attend you? You seem determined to take a stand against your interests in every way. What rational objection can you oppose to their offers?"

"Dear Father, are you displeased with your poor child?" asked May, with humility.

"To be frank, my dear child, I consider your conduct a little unusual," said Father Fabian, looking down to conceal the smile that brightened his eyes. "How could you act so?"

"Simply and frankly because I wished to be free."

"Women's rights! As I suspected, woman's rights!" exclaimed Father Fabian, lifting his hands with horror.

"Soul's rights, Father! Soul's rights!" said May, in an impassioned manner. "I could not live with Helen in peace without spiritual bondage. Her way of life would leave me no neutral ground to stand on. She has forsaken her religion; every act of hers is therefore open rebellion against God, and I must have raised my voice in one incessant clamor had I lived with her. Had I gone to dear, kind Mr. Fielding, he might have made demands on time which I have devoted to religion, which my gratitude might have disposed me to yield to. But I am grateful to them all for their kind intentions, and I am sure, if their friendship is real, they will be happier to know that I am happy in my own way."

"Is this all, May?" asked Father Fabian, who suspected her of entertaining other reasons still.

"I had hoped to keep it secretly, but I have another reason. You know that I am blamed for the loss of that will, which made noble bequests to the poor and destitute. I may be guilty; I cannot pretend to say that I am not, therefore, as a sort of reparation to those afflicted ones, who would have been relieved by my uncle's bounty, of which I perhaps, by an act of carelessness have deprived them, I have made a vow to dedicate my life, my energies and will, to the service of the poor in active and laborious works," said May, with a grave and humble manner.

"Your motives are good, my child only let us be careful not to seek our own gratification too much, either temporal or spiritual, in our works. I certainly acquit you of all modern chivalry. I will see Mr. Fielding about that affair this evening, and request him to postpone it."

"If you please, Father," said May over whose countenance a shadow had fallen.

"What is the trouble now, little one?" asked Father Fabian.

"Have I been presumptuous, Father? Have I been lifting up my hands to heaven like the Pharisee, and thanking God that I am not like others? Oh, Father, I think I should rather die than be self-righteous!"

"I think not, my child. Only we must not rely too much on our intentions, which may be, morally speaking, good, but spiritually bad, if they are not united with great humility. I should be false to your soul's interests if I dealt not plainly with you. But go now to your old pensioner. I administered to her this morning the last rites of the Church, and think it more than possible that before another sunrise she will have passed away from this life of morning and gloom."

"I thought yesterday evening, when I was there, that her sufferings were nearly at an end," said May, wiping off a tear.

"Her dispositions are perfect," continued Father Fabian. "Oh, in the last hour, if the soul is right before God, how vain appears all human learning! how little the wisdom of ages! how less than nothing the splendor and grandeur of riches! Soon—very soon, that ignorant and poverty-stricken old negro, who, like Lazarus, has been lying at the door of the rich, great world, humbly thankful for the crumbs she has received, will be endowed with knowledge and wisdom; she will read and have solved mysteries which the greatest sages of antiquity, and the profoundest philosophers of modern times have shrunk from, overwhelmed with the vastness of their conception. She will have looked on the face of Him who suffered for her, and be, through his divine mercy and the merits of his bitter passion, admitted into eternal rest. Oh faith, mistress of learning? Oh humility, without which the learned shall not enter heaven! Possess our hearts—reign in our souls for ever. But go now; tell her I will see her in the

morning, unless she is beyond my reach."

To be continued.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

At the Home of Thomas Jefferson  
(Special to The Journal)  
Continued from last week.

Standing in the grove of magnificent oaks, with nothing to disturb the stillness but the whispering of the trees, and facing the mansion with its quaint windows and monster columns, the mind naturally drops into a retrospective mood. We forget where we are we picture to ourselves Thomas Jefferson seated in an immense arm chair on the great veranda, surveying the peaceful landscape that lies before the eye on all sides, we think of the trails of the War of the Revolution, and of the great men that had sought refuge within the hospitable walls of that grand home during those troublous times we think of the simpler life that people led in those days, when suddenly a screeching locomotive on the Southern railway rushes by in the distance, and brings us back to the twentieth century.

About one hundred feet from the mansion on the side of the terrace, is a clump of bushes which hides the entrance to a secret passage that leads to the cellar of the mansion. When the British surrounded the house during the early period of the Revolutionary War, with the intent to capture Mr. Jefferson, he used it as a means of escape. A number of small brick out buildings all of the quaint, colonial style of architecture, flank the mansion. In one of these Jefferson had his office. The furniture he used and the shelves for the law books may still be seen. Another one of these out buildings was occupied by Jefferson with his bride, while the main building was being finished. He brought her there in truly democratic style, on horseback, she riding behind him. Then, there is the old blacksmith shop, where the slaves occupied their spare time in making nails. The University of Virginia, and many of the old residences of Charlottesville, were furnished with the nails for their construction from Jefferson's blacksmith shop. There is also a weaving room, where all the clothes for the slaves were made, and, in the valley below the old knitting factory, now in ruins, about a mile down in the valley, stand a tall and lone brick chimney, all there is left of the house in which Jefferson was born. The old colored folks of the neighborhood tell many interesting stories of Mr. Jefferson, and always speak of him as "Old Mars Tom."

Jefferson was, of course, absent a considerable time from his home. He was minister to France under Washington, and Vice-president under Adams. After that he was President for eight years. When he returned to Monticello he did not retire to a repose of idleness; he kept up an immense correspondence, dispensed the hospitalities of his mansion to visitors from every part of the world, and founded the University of Virginia. Though a large slaveholder, he labored for the prohibition of the slave trade, and of slavery in the territory beyond the Ohio River and advocated emancipation in Virginia. He had one child, a daughter, and has numerous descendants. His death was remarkable; it occurred on the fourth of July, 1826, while the nation was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which he had written. On the same day, and almost at the same hour, John Adams, the second President, who had signed with him the Declaration, died in New England.

E. L. Scharf, Ph. D.

### 50c to Sodas Point and Return.

The New York Central's every Sunday morning excursion to Sodas Point has never been so well patronized as this year, owing no doubt to the excellent fishing at that resort. The train leaves at a convenient hour, 8:45 a.m. from State St. station and two minutes later from Brinker Place. Sodas Point is an ideal spot for basket picnics, and every Sunday hundreds may be seen starting on these excursions with their lunch baskets filled with good things to give them encouragement later in day. Children over five and under twelve years of age pay half fare 25c, but those under five go free.

Manitou! Manitou! Manitou!

Take this refreshing trip.

## Sixth Week at the Catholic Summer School

(Written for The Journal.)  
Eleven hundred guests, the record for the Catholic Summer School, are now to be found within the limits of Cliff Haven. The opening of the Buffalo Cottage late last week was a welcome relief, for it served to make room for one hundred more persons. There is no prospect of a let-up in the attendance until the first week of September, when the school will close.

The past week, the sixth of the present session, is one pleasantly to be remembered in the annals of the School. It was marked by excellence attained in every department. Most satisfying of all were the instructive lecture courses. Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., one of the most popular lecturers, who has ever addressed Summer School audiences, spoke each morning on "Philosophy Among the Novelists." His course proved to be of general interest. Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Balzac, George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward were the particular novelists whose literary work was discussed.

The members of the school also felt honored by the presence on Monday and Tuesday evenings of Hon. Hugh T. Hastings of Albany, the State Historian, who addressed them on "Naval Warfare with England." Particular attention was paid by this lecturer to the historical events connected with Lake Champlain.

An eloquent and learned speaker is Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., who on Thursday and Friday delivered lectures treating of the conditions in Palestine during the life of Christ.—A subject rarely discussed, although of profound interest.

There has been a continuous round of gayeties this week. A unique and brilliant affair was the military exercise at the New York Cottage Monday evening. Another noteworthy social attraction was the Camp-fire at the College Camp on the bluff on Tuesday. Here a couple of hours were merrily whiled away in songs and stories. A reception at the Brooklyn and dances given by the Champlain Club and Healy Cottage rounded out a delightful week.

The formal reception to his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton of Buffalo, on Sunday was a notable event. It was the first opportunity that the administration and the members of the school had of showing their appreciation of the efforts of this prelate and of his clergy and laity in erecting the handsome new cottage which bears the name of his diocese. Therefore, it is needless to say that the reception was right royal, testifying manifestly to the respect and esteem which the school bore to its honored guest. Addresses were made by Rt. Rev. Bishop Colton, Rev. D. J. McMahon, D. D., President of the School, Rt. Rev. M. J. Lavelle, V. G., former President, and Hon. F. P. Cunnion, Commissioner of Education, New York City.

Next week will be a banner week, for during it, the Summer School audiences will be addressed by two men who have attained the highest possible place in the estimation of residents of Cliff Haven, Prof. J. C. Monaghan of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C., and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. More than this, the subjects chosen by these lectures are sure to elicit widespread interest.

"The Game of Empire" will be the theme of Mr. Monaghan's course—a mighty topic, it is true, but one that is certain of capable treatment from so observant and so thoughtful a student of political conditions as Mr. Monaghan. None the less up-to-date in its interest will be Dr. Walsh's course on "The Present Position of Darwinism." Dr. Walsh has won a place in the front ranks of American scientists, because of his keen insight into many of the puzzling problems. As a result, this coming discussion of a mooted question is sure to attract attention.

IXL Hendrick Commercial Training School, 938 Granite Building, offers a full course in shorthand and touch typewriting for thirty-five dollars to all who enroll before Sept. 15th, when we raise our prices. We are conversant with and can teach the Gregg and the various Pitman systems, but recommend only the Fernin, the only system taught in Rochester having highest gold medal Columbian Exposition.

### BASEBALL.

Rochester will play with Newark on August 17, 18, 2 games, 19.

## IN MEMORIAM

Of James McDonald who passed away June 26, 1905.

The Sabbath morn dawned brightly, Far o'er the eastern hills, To God all nature singing its praise, On mountains, lakes and rills.

The roses sweet were blooming And we heard the robins trill, The world seemed filled with gladness, In the month of fairest June.

But, oh! how little thought we, 'Twould bring us days so dear, How little thought we that our home Deaths angel hovered near.

Within our midst he entered, Armed with death's dark pall, Then another loved one left us, To answer the Master's call.

Once again we saw a dear one, Lying cold in death's embrace; And now within our home In one more vacant place.

'Tis sad to know that one we loved, His mortal life is o'er, Oh, 'twas hard to part with him, And each day we miss him more.

We bade him a last farewell, In the springtime of his years, God called him to a fairer home, Far from this vale of tears.

His voice we never more shall hear, His mortal life is o'er, Oh, 'twas hard to part with him, And each day we miss him more.

Rest, thou dear departed, While sad hearts are left to mourn, God decreed that we must part, And sorrow must be borne.

Blow gently, O ye breezes, And sweet robins chant thy lay, Where the grasses green are waving, O'er our loved ones grave to-day.

Rest, dear one, in peaceful slumber, 'Neath the lowly covered mound, Rest thee, until awakened, By the angels trumpet sound.

We know that we shall meet again, Before God's heavenly throne, Where sorrow never enters, And partings are unknown.

M. C. W.

To the Beautiful 1000 Islands.

The New York Central will run another excursion to the Venice of America, the Thousand Islands, on Sunday, Aug. 13th. This is by far the cheapest and most popular excursion run out of Rochester on any railroad, in fact no other railroad in the world offers patrons so much for their money. The excursion tickets sold for the trip include not only the ride on the cars to Clayton and return, but the 50 mile tour, known as the Island Ramble, on steamer about the islands affording one an opportunity to see the many pretty lakes with their beautiful summer homes surrounded with gardens and foliage. In fact one obtains a better idea of the beauty of the Thousand Islands on one of these trips than can be obtained any other way unless one can remain for a week or two. A fast train of comfortable coaches will leave from State St. Station at 8:30 a. m. and two minutes later from Brinker Place Station. The fare for the round trip is only two dollars for adults and one dollar for children 6 years of age and under 12. On account of the popularity of these excursions, it is a good idea to purchase tickets in advance at the City Office No. 20 State St. If it should be rainy or anything happens to prevent one going, the money paid for the tickets will be refunded.

Negotiations are now pending, it is said, between Vatican authorities and Italian officials which forecast a complete scheme of reconciliation between the Italian government and the Holy See.

Mr. Bonaparte, the new secretary of the navy, recently received the Lavoisier medal from Notre Dame university of Indiana as the most distinguished Catholic layman who during the year had rendered the most efficient and laudable service to the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Press.

To my mind every dollar spent in support of the Catholic press has two great effects. It is invaluable personally to those rendering the assistance; it is of immense value to the parish where the help is given, through the intelligent and wholesome interest in all things Catholic, which the truly Catholic paper never fails to create and further among the Catholic faithful.—Archbishop Montgomery.

Look to Yourself.

It seems such a pitiful waste of time to be always looking to what others do. Such a person must place a very low estimate upon himself, for he shows such a mean, narrow spirit. Our sin in watching for the blemishes in others is far worse than any ordinary mistake in their service could be. We are told that the disciple once criticized very sharply one who had great favor in the sight of our Lord, calling her way of working a wasteful way, but we should not forget it was Judas who led in this criticism and fault finding.

## Archbishop Chappelle

New Orleans, Aug. 10.

Louis Chappelle, Archbishop of Orleans and Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, died this afternoon of fever. The Archbishop was a person of distinction in the church, and in the present epidemic was probably the most distinguished citizen of New Orleans, born in Italy. France, the Philippines, Cuba, and throughout the Catholic world. He was struck with fever six days ago.

Archbishop Chappelle was in country districts of Louisiana when the fever broke out in New Orleans attending to official duties, especially to the confirmation of classes of children. His death, Apostolic Delegate in the Philippines and Cuba had taken up much of his time in the last few years that he welcomed the retirement of these ecclesiastical affairs as giving him an opportunity to vote more time in his own work, and he announced on his return from Cuba that he would vote himself exclusively to Louisiana.

He was in Avoyelles when fever had broken out in New Orleans. He hurried back there with the intention of sending a letter to the Catholic clergy and had that letter when he was taken with the fever. He arrived in New Orleans a few hours after his arrival.

Shortly after noon to-day a change for the worse was noticed in condition. A consultation of physicians was at once called, but the patient sank rapidly and despite every effort of the attendants, expired.

A Magnificent Bank Building.

Visitors to Rochester, are called to admire (even in its unfinished condition) the splendid portion of the bank building now nearly completed at the Corners.

This building will soon be the new home of the Rochester Trust & Safe Deposit Co., for many years located at 35 Exchange St. Architects for this building well known New York firm have drawn the plans for the most notable bank building in the country. Every conceivable feature that their vast experience has suggested for the bank and their strong sense of duty has been put into the building of this magnificent structure.

Upon enquiring, we learn that Rochester Trust & Safe Deposit Co. have nearly 14,000 accounts in Western New York and when they move into their new building, number next, they will welcome thousands of depositors in the new building between New York and Chicago.

Their system of paying interest at 4 per cent and also allowing checks to be drawn against the account gives their patrons the convenience of both a business and a private account and their resources of \$19,000,000 show how people can advantage of this fact.

We cannot too strongly recommend to the readers of the Catholic Journal, the advisability of placing their money in this company if they have not done so already, or if they need the services of a savings financial institution.

We particularly call your attention to their advertising in another part of the paper, and to subsequent ads that will appear during the coming year.

Excursion to Ontario Beach.

Ontario Beach is conceded to be one of the prettiest resorts on the shores of Lake Ontario. It is a good hotel there and one of the most beautiful groves anywhere to be found. To meet the popular demand of its patrons, arrangements have been made by the New York Central to run a special excursion every Sunday morning until further notice. Trains will leave State Station at 8:10 a. m. and two minutes later from Brinker Place. For purchase a round trip ticket to Ontario Beach for one dollar. Upon arrival at Ontario Beach, excursionists are met by trolleys which convey them once to the beach at an expense of 10c. It is worth while to make a trip to this popular resort. Everybody returns enthusiastic, urge their friends to go. The train arrives in the city at 10 a. m. Excursionists have between 10 and eight hours at Ontario Beach.

Subscribers for the Journal.