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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 XVII

It was near day-dawn. A splendid carriage, drawn by a span of thoroughbred horses, whose black coats shone in the moonlight like jet while they champed their silver bits, and blew the white froth with the breath of their nostrils, out like spray over the rich trappings of their harness, rolled with a rapid, but almost noiseless motion, through one of the broad streets of a fashionable quarter of the city. The light which flickered down from the silver coach-lamps revealed magnificent hangings of brocade and velvet, looped back with twisted cords of silk and silver thread. The driver and footman were clad in livery which corresponded with the elegant style of the equipage. They turned in a broad, aristocratic looking square, and drew up in front of a handsome and spacious mansion. The officious footman sprang to the pavement, swung back the carriage-door, and held out his gloved hand to assist a lady, who was within to get out.

"No need, sirrah," she said, haughtily, as she stepped lightly out, and ran up the broad marble steps of the mansion, where, heedless of her stainless and delicate gloves, she seized the bell-knob, and rung violently. During the few moments she waited for admission, her foot, clad in white satin, beat the threshold with a light but restless motion. Her brocade-robe about which costly laces hung in gossamer clouds, rustled down in rich folds to the marble floor of the vestibule, while with every pulsation of her heart, and movement of her body, gems flashed out in the moonlight. Long, shining curls, slightly tossed by the night breeze, floated down over her cheeks and bosom, half concealing the rare beauty of her face. It was Helen! The door was at length opened, and attended by her drowsy maid, she hurried up to her chamber. It was a lofty, and beautifully proportioned room, filled with everything the most luxurious fancy could desire, and arranged with fastidious taste and elegance. Flowers were heaped up in Eastern vases, near the open window, and deep-cushioned chairs, and softly pillowed lounges, covered with pale, saffron-colored silk, were arranged here and there throughout the gorgeous room. The low, and exquisitely carved French bedstead, was half hidden by a flowing drapery of embroidered lace, which, depending from a small hoop of mother-of-pearl in the ceiling, hung like a tent over it. The toilette-table was elaborately furnished. Between its twisted rosewood pillars, which were inlaid with pearl, in graceful device, swung an immense oval mirror, set in a frame of the same materials. Near it stood a small marble table, supported by an alabaster Psyche, around which were strewn perfumes, jewel-cases, and various costly articles for toilette uses. On each side of the mirror projected gas-burners in the form of clusters of lilies—the flowers being of the purest porcelain and the rest highly gilded and embossed. Helen threw herself down wearily in a large chair, while her maid turned up the light, which was burning dimly, to a brighter flame, which revealed more minutely the splendors of the room. Over the toilette-glass hung a picture—there were no others on the frescoed walls; it was set far back in a superb oval frame of ivory and gold, and as the brilliant glare of lights shot upwards an exquisite painting of the Mater Dolorosa could be distinctly seen—a strange companion, or presiding genius, or ornament for the shrine for pride and vanity.

"You can go now, Elise," said Helen languidly.

"Shall I not undress madame's hair, and put her jewels away?" inquired the Frenchwoman with an air of amazement.

"No—leave me at once," she replied, impatiently.

"Deshabillez-vous," muttered the woman. "To tell me go! I who was fille-de-chambre to une Grande Duchesse! Mon dieu! la chaiseur est tres-incommode! Ingrat—parvenu! Un—deux—trois! Il est temps de se coucher." Helen had just touched her repeater, and with its soft, silvery

chime, it struck three. Elise hurried away from the door, where she had lingered, in hopes of being recalled, to comfort herself with a glass of eau-de-sucré, ere she returned to her pillow. Helen got up and locked her door, and began to walk to and fro. By and by the past, mingling with the present, made such a torrent of bitter memories seethe and sweep through her desolate soul, that she wrung her hands, and rushed backwards and forwards like one mad. In her wild mood, she saw the glitter of her jewels, as she swept by the large mirror of her toilette. She paused, gazed at herself a moment, then, with a frantic gesture, tore the diamonds from her hair and neck, and with a bitter laugh dashed them from her. Her beautiful face, as white as the alabaster Psyche near her, was full of wild and demonic expressions, which chased each other with the velocity of clouds over her countenance. Remorse, anguish, and despair settled like a brooding tempest on her forehead; then wringing her hands, she again commenced her walk.

"A lie," she muttered, "a splendid living lie. Widows and orphans wronged—the poor defrauded—the church wounded and robbed by thee, Helen! A husband who trusts me—who believes me—honorable and true himself—confiding in a nature utterly false—and leaning on a heart rotten to the core! Oh, Helen! eternal loss will surely be thine—so it is better to die ere madness comes and divulges the dark secret. Walter is away; he will be here at sunrise. Better for him to find thee, Helen, calm and cold in the beauty of which he is so proud, than to live to know that thou art all a lie—which he would tear away from his honest heart, and throw to the very dogs!"

While these dark thoughts swept through the heart of the tempted and despairing one, she unlocked a secret drawer in her jewel-case, and took from it a small silver casket, which she opened. It contained a crystal flask filled with a liquid, transparent, and of a pale rose-color. "One drop of it," she whispered, "one single drop, and without a pang, this unrest and anguish will be over. That which is beyond cannot be worse!" Just then a strong current of air rushed in through the open window, and blew the jet of gas, in a stream of brilliance, up towards the picture of the Mater Dolorosa. The sudden glare arrested the attention of the wretched one. She looked up, and her eyes, glaring with the frenzy of evil, met the ineffably tender and sorrowful face of Mary; which, with its tears, and expression of submissive and sublime woe, its folded hands, its meek brow, seemed bowed towards her. She paused, while, with the distinctness of a whisper, these thoughts passed through her soul. "Wretched one, forbear! Would not again my Divine Son, whose body is already covered with stripes and bruises for thee. Open not my heart again, which is already pierced for thy salvation! Hope! It was for such as thee that my Son, Jesus, suffered on the cross; for such as thee, that I immolated my soul, my nature, maternal love, on that bloody altar with Him."

"Was it the wind? No! the sweetest winds of earth could not have drawn such language from the corrupt and frenzied chords of my spirit. No demon whispered it!" exclaimed Helen, still gazing upwards. "Was it a heavenly warning for me, the most miserable outcast on the wide earth?" The mad tempest was dispersed; it rolled back its sullen clouds from her soul; and, with a trembling cry for mercy, she staggered towards a large chair, into which she fell, fainting and exhausted.

As the sun was rising, Walter Jerrold, who had travelled all night from New York, whither he had been on business of importance, opened his house-door with a private key, and entered without disturbing the servants. He ran up to Helen's door, and finding it locked, opened his dressing-room, which adjoined hers, with the same key, and pushing back the silk draperies which hung between them, went in, and, to his alarm and amazement, saw her, still arrayed in her festal robes sleeping in the chair, into which she had fallen. Her face was as white as the drooping roses on her bosom, and her countenance wore an expression of pain.

[To be continued.]

Fishing in the Manitow Ponds. Finest fishing in the state.

## Eighth Week at the Catholic Summer School

(Written for The Journal.)

Although August is on the wane, Cliff Haven continues to be the most popular summering place along the shores of Lake Champlain or in the Adirondacks. The attendance has not fallen below the thousand mark and, rooms in the various cottages are still at a premium. There will be a slight diminution in numbers during the ninth week, but the population will not take place until after the fifth of September—the date of the closing of the lecture courses. Rumors of new cottages are rife, notably one to be erected by the Providence members of whom there is a delegation of about fifty at present sojourning at Cliff Haven. It is whispered that the Board of Trustees, at its semi-annual meeting held late last week, devised several plans for increasing the comforts and pleasures of guests in attendance at the session of 1906.

Although the Summer School members are still re-echoing the expressions of pleasure, occasioned by the visits of the vice-president of the United States, Charles W. Fairbanks, and Mrs. Fairbanks, the Speaker of the house of Representatives, Hon. Joseph Cannon, and the Justice of the Supreme Court, Hon. David J. Brewer to Cliff Haven, they have not forgotten to note the presence of one of the highest representatives of Catholic Education in the country, the Very Rev. Charles P. Grannan, Ph. D., S. T. D., Vice Rector of the Catholic University at Washington. Dr. Grannan has come as did his chief, Dr. O'Connell, last year, to cement the bonds of friendship existing between the University and the School, and to help keep active the movement to advance the cause of culture and higher education among the mass of Catholic people. These sentiments were admirably voiced at the reception tendered Dr. Grannan early in the week. Another guest of honor on this occasion was Prof. J. C. Monaghan of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, the lecturer of the preceding week, and a man in intimate connection and sympathy with this new movement and a progressive and enthusiastic advocate of its principles. Both of these men addressed the audience. Others who joined in this symposium were Rev. John E. Mullany, LL.D., of Syracuse, and Rev. Thomas J. Cullen, C.S.P., of New York City.

To the lovers of music, this past week has proved especially delightful. Each evening a song recital has been given by the famous Irish-Australian dramatic soprano, Miss Marie Narello, a woman of unusual vocal gifts and of most charming personality. The recitals were national in character, the Irish, French, German and Italian schools of music being among those represented. A particular feature connected with the Gaelic concert was the formal presentation of a handsome silk Irish flag of immense proportions, donated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians to the school through their National President, James E. Dolan of Syracuse.

James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., one of the lectures of the preceding week continued his course throughout these past few days, giving a profound and scholarly discussion of the analytical psychology of familiar things. Next week the members of the School will hear Rev. F. P. Siegfried of Overbrook Seminary, on Common Sense, Philosophy and Poetry. Rev. P. J. McCorry, C. S. P., on The Gospel Narrative as Illuminated by Christian Art, and Mr. W. P. Oliver of Brooklyn on American Humorists. The out-of-door pleasures have been at their height of late. Golfing, driving, riding and yachting are found supremely interesting by their many devotees. Shore dinners on Valcour Island have likewise been frequent means of diversions. The evenings have also been brimful of pleasure. Two dances at the Jersey and Champlain Clubs, a reception at the Brooklyn, a euchre at the New York and a camp-fire proved to be most successful affairs.

### Cool Off at Manitow!

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

### Job Printing

When in need of job printing of any description call and get our figures.

## Had Audience With the Pope

(Special to The Journal.)

ROME, Aug. 7.—Mr. Edward J. Sullivan of New York, accompanied by his Secretary Mr. Edward A. Martin, was afforded the exceptional honor of having a private audience with His Holiness the Pope.

The Holy Father cordially greeted Mr. Sullivan and expressed his satisfaction of meeting one whose services in behalf of humanity and the Catholic Church were known to him. His Holiness spoke of his great admiration for the American people and for President Roosevelt, whom he said was entitled to the gratitude of the civilized world for his efforts to bring an end to the war now being waged between Russia and Japan. He asked Mr. Sullivan to convey to the President his good wishes and felicitations.

The Holy Father presented Mr. Sullivan with a handsome photograph of himself containing his autograph. He also imparted to him the Papal benediction.

Mr. Sullivan had also an interview with Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, Monsignor Biletti and Monsignor Kennedy of the American College. He also visited the heart of the Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, is enshrined. He also visited the church of St. Peter of Montorio where repose the remains of the great Irish warriors, Hugh O'Neil of the blood of the red hand and Roderick O'Donnell of Tyrconnel.

Mr. Sullivan is making a tour of Europe, England and Ireland and will return to New York in a few weeks.

He will be also present on Wednesday at the Coronation Anniversary Services of Pope Pius X at which His Holiness and the college of Cardinals will be present, the ambassadors of the several nations and royalty.

## To The Beautiful 1000 Islands

The New York Central will run another excursion to the Venice of America, the Thousand Islands, on Sunday, Aug. 27th. This is the most popular excursion 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 round 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 isles 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 5 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 rains or anything happens to prevent one going, the money paid for the tickets will be refunded.

## 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 enjoyment later in the day. Children over five and under twelve years of age pay half fare 25c, but those under five go free. Only two more excursions will be run, Sunday, Aug. 27th and Sept. 3d.

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 Cross Eclectic, Gregg and the various Pitman systems, but recommend only the Pernin, the only system taught in Rochester having highest gold medal Columbian Exposition.

## CATHOLIC EDUCATION

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY SAYS WE NEED BETTER COLLEGES.

We Are in an Age of Transition, Says His Grace, and Must Alter Our Ways of Doing Things—The Efficiency of Parochial Schools.

The fourth annual conference of the Catholic Educational association has just been held in the Cathedral college, Madison avenue and Fifty-first street, New York, and its results will undoubtedly make themselves felt in Catholic educational circles. It was essentially a representative gathering, about 150 delegates being present from all parts of the United States, and a number of masterly papers were read by men foremost in Catholic educational endeavor.

Archbishop Farley of New York addressed the conference, and his utterances on Catholic colleges and the parochial schools made a deep impression on those present. His grace said there was need of improvement in Catholic colleges to an extent that would inspire the confidence of Catholic laymen in them. On this point he said:

"With regard to our colleges, we must confess that we have not the full confidence of our neighbors, though it is true that our graduates are foremost in every walk of life from the cabinet and the supreme court to the lowest ranks in trade and commerce. There are Catholics who wish to send their children to non-Catholic colleges, where their faith is in danger of being changed to indifference."

"Can this be altered? If the same influence was exercised at the colleges as was exercised at the schools, if the episcopate could legislate and could insist on the raising of the standards all along the line, we believe the colleges would win the confidence of the people as the schools have succeeded in doing."

"Our only possible course is to be honest and candid, to sacrifice tradition and prejudice as long as Catholic principle is not infringed. We are in an age of transition, and we must alter our ways of doing things."

"These facts are hard to digest, but you must consider yourselves in loco episcoporum and act fearlessly. I pray to God to extend to your deliberations his blessing."

Speaking of the developments of the parochial schools, the archbishop said: "I believe that your action will have an influence on our educational institutions second only to that of the Baltimore plenary council twenty-one years ago."

"At that time there was an element of the faithful hostile to the schools, and even some of the clergy looked at them askance. They thought they were only good for religious education and preferred the secular schools for other purposes, where the grade of excellence was higher."

"There was some foundation for this view, but there was soon a radical change in the schools. They ceased to be a number of units and became unified with altered methods and proper systematic grading under the bishop."

"If there is no outside criticism of the parochial school now it is not because there is more pety in the world, but because the schools by their efficiency now command the respect of all."

"I wrote one day two years ago to twenty pastors in the city and country, where Catholic schools were needed. Eleven of them set about organizing them at once. I wrote to twenty-seven last year, and as a result there will be eighteen more Catholic schools next September in the diocese, of which some will accommodate from 1,200 to 1,500 pupils."

"There was never a murmur at the expense on the part of the people—glad, clamoring for the Catholic school. And why? Because they have attained to an excellence and elevation to which the Baltimore council hoped to bring them and because they are the only safe places to train our children. How vast the sacrifices made for the education of our children! Yearly in this diocese fully \$800,000 of their hard earned money is paid to secure the advantages of a Catholic education for their younger children."

"Now, delegates, that work is not yet completed. Our Catholic parochial school system is not perfect yet. It is for you in your deliberations to interchange views, judgments and experiences on the best methods of still furthering the advances already made."

### Hope.

Hope is not dependent for its existence upon prospects and probabilities. Hope is the child of the soul itself. It is begotten in the human spirit. It springs eternal from the breast. True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of affairs and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such spirits rest upon themselves and are poised upon a center of their own like the stars. They know that if all else is lost they will themselves be saved and that out of their own unfathomable depths new worlds will be created and new victories achieved.

## PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Founded by the Church in All Ages and in All Places.

There never was a time in the history of the Christian church when elementary schools did not exist, save one kind, now of another. Even in the catacombs we find next to the little chapel the schoolroom for the catechumens, where they had their own teachers, distinct from those who gave instruction to the faithful. In fact we need only mention the schools of Odessa and Alexandria. It is a well known fact that wherever monastic institutions were established, elementary Christian schools flourished. These were the episcopal school, in early days the cathedral school, the parish school, the burgh school, the rural school, the schools attached to the hospitals for the poor, all of which flourished at one or other time during the middle ages throughout Christendom. There were primary or what we today call "parochial" schools everywhere. "It is a grave mistake," writes Simcoe Lister, "to imagine that there were no primary schools at this period. There is made of rural schools in all the documents; even in those in which would least expect to find it, and can scarcely doubt that during the most stormy years of the fourteenth century most villages had their own teachers, teaching children reading, writing and arithmetic." In the thirteenth century out of a population of 100,000 in Florence we find 32,000 children attending the primary or parochial schools, a ratio of school attendance that compares favorably with that of any of our American cities today. James Grant in his "History of the Burgh and Parish Schools of Scotland" bears witness to the multiplicity of such schools in Scotland.

"Our burgh schools," he says, "were not created by an act of parliament. They had their origin in connection with the church or were called into existence by the people themselves, but in whatever way they were founded, undoubtedly toward the end of the thirteenth century schools were planned every considerable town of Scotland, and the memorable act of 1495, which has been so frequently quoted, attests the existence of schools everywhere for supplying the people with education."

The same state of affairs existed throughout France. As early as 1100 in the middle Rhine provinces there were primary schools everywhere. It is evident then that Christian, parochial or parochial schools were everywhere established by the Church.—Catholic Home Companion.

## New "Graft" Bill Was Killed

A certain "graft" bill in Albany defeated, and the newspapers and reformers claimed the credit. A known lobbyist had a cunningly sent version of the matter. He said the bill was killed by a little party priest in one of the alms-houses of New York, who somehow had got interested in the measure and had sent up to Albany and apparently amazing innocences had been ringleader of strike legislation. He was one of the active promoters of this particular bill to was his name, but little, but he had been for a lifetime this particular priest, and knew intimately a side of the familiar to New York readers, and lived in him implicitly, and was a good faith, and he was an influence against the bill, and was killed. According to the lobbyist, presumably knew what he was talking about, the little priest had been more powerful in his influence against the legislation, which he opposed, than all the newspapers and reformers in New York together. He was a powerful, because he was a priest, and he knew the good side of a bad man and how to appeal to George W. Alger in Atlantic.

## The Best Pleasures

The highest, the best, the most permanent pleasures are those which are not sought, but which come from the faithful fulfillment of life's duties and obligations. Indeed, there is no pleasure in any direction, a life of fruitfulness, because it implies a sacrifice of mind to which enduring happiness is a stranger. Happiness and contentment may dwell together for a season, but the latter will soon pass away under the absorbing influence of the former.

Very Rev. Joseph Knaprock, for fifteen years associated with the parish of St. Stanislaus on the west side of Chicago as pastor and provincial of the Benedictines in the United States, who was invited to the office of superior general of the order at the recent general chapter held in Rome, will remain in the Eternal City, which is the headquarters of the order.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

Bishop Spalding of Kansas has old home at Lebanon, Mo. He will remain until his health is greatly improved.