

Send us
your
Book and Job
Printing.

The Catholic Journal.

Thirteenth Year. No. 27.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, April 5, 1902.

\$1.00 per Year. 25 Cts.

Through Thorny Paths.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

[Copyrighted by the Author, 1901.]

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chapter I.—Edward Daton, of America, while visiting in Ireland, falls in love with Agnes Conlin, a poor Catholic girl. Thomas Conlin, Agnes' cousin, who is soon to be ordained a priest, notices a serpent ring on her finger and when told it is her engagement ring he tries to persuade her not to marry this Protestant stranger. She, however, refuses and is married by the old parish priest after which they depart for the strangers beautiful home in Boston. Chapter II.—Thomas Conlin is ordained and comes to America as a missionary and arrives at his cousin's home. There he learns that while his cousin has wealth and luxury she was not happy. Her husband had selected a circle in which she was to move and as it was strictly Protestant he said that she might give up her superstitions and become a member of his church. He would not even allow her to attend a Catholic church. She would not gratify him however and when Father Conlin arrived she insisted that he hear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. Father Conlin goes away with his secret. Agnes dies a week after Mr. Daton marries again, a rich Protestant woman, and his son is brought up a Protestant. When Edward is eight years old his father dies. Chapter III and IV.—Cecilia O'Kane, an orphan, who lives with her sister Nellie, is engaged by Mrs. Daton as companion. Her step-son, Edward, falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecilia, and marries her against the wishes of his step-mother. Chapter V.—Cecilia is married eight years and has three children all of whom die and she Mr. Daton are left childless. Chapter VI.—After a lapse of seven and a half years we find Mr. and Mrs. Daton again happy with a daughter, Cecilia, who is about to celebrate her seventh birthday. Chapter VII.—The husband of Nellie O'Kane, now Mrs. Cullen, dies and she is left a widow with one child, Agnes. Mrs. Daton adopts her niece and brings her up with her own daughter. Chapter VIII and IX.—Cecilia and Agnes are sent to a convent school. The grandmother is very much opposed to this and reproaches her daughter-in-law.

(Continued from last week.)

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER X.

Now the evening long looked forward to not only by themselves, but by the entire family, had come. True to her promise to bring up her niece on a level with her own child, Mrs. Daton was not content with having given Agnes a good education, but was resolved to leave nothing undone by which to secure as good a partner for her as she did for her own, and she would not be content until she saw her settled in life where she could always live up to her early training. In the mother's eyes her own child was without fault, but she would have been better pleased had Cecilia possessed more of the pride which she found in Agnes. She deeply deplored the fact that Cecilia would make friends of the poor, and often did she feel it her duty to censure her for frequenting districts where she thought a young lady of her standing ought not to be seen. Could she have heard the blessings showered upon their fair benefactor by the inhabitants of the rickety tenements and known how their burdens were made lighter by the memory of Cecilia's kind words and sweet smiles, her heart might have been changed.

Agnes often joined Cecilia in her rounds among the poor and would have spent much of her own allowance on them, but Cecilia mindful of the fact that the girl's mother, though earning a comfortable support, would welcome a little help from her child, often dropped a timely hint to that effect. Poor Nellie never knew that to her niece was due many of the kindnesses received from Agnes, and it was as well for herself that she did not. With a mother's tenderest love she blessed her daughter for her goodness and thanked God for having sent a means by which she could be brought up as she wished. It had been an hour of triumph for her poor saddened heart when she had gone to the convent with the Datons to see the girls graduate and had been publicly acknowledged the mother of Miss Cullen, who by many had been looked upon as an orphan. The family had tried to prevail upon her to attend the grand reception of this evening, offering to provide a suitable outfit, but she firmly declined on the plea, that she would be entirely out of place. Neither Cecilia's persuasions nor Agnes' pleas had power to change her. At length she consented to spend the afternoon and evening with the girls and help Agnes dress, but she would not appear among company.

our young gentlemen."

The bright color which had glowed on Cecilia's face, adding to her beauty grew deeper for an instant, then faded, leaving her as white as marble. She made no remark, but Agnes laughed merrily.

"Grandmother," she said, "I wonder if there is any chance of our fate being settled this evening. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"Agnes Cullen, how can you talk so," said Cecilia, "and you nothing but a girl just out of school?"

"I suppose I dare to because I am older and find the ways of the world more pleasant."

Cecilia looked at her cousin, but was silent.

"I mean no harm, Cecilia; but I was thinking how you clung to school, while I was eager to be out."

Mrs. Daton was looking intently at Cecilia in the meantime.

"I think, Cecilia," she remarked, "if there were a little more color in your face you would look much better, and she turned to get her own rouge pot."

"Don't, grandma; please don't," said Cecilia; "I prefer leaving my face just as it is and hope I shall not be obliged to make use of any artificial beautifier."

"Very well, do as you wish, but when you are old and wrinkled as I am you will be glad to use it. I was once young and fair myself, though never half as pretty as you, but I felt then that I would never be faded as I am now."

"I have a great respect for old age," said Cecilia, "and I have no dread of the time when it may overtake me."

"You do not talk like most girls of your age, Cecilia; but why should I expect it, when your ways were always far too old for your years. Indeed, child, in spite of what Agnes said, I would not be surprised to see you soon settled in a home of your own as a good sensible wife."

"No, grandma, no; do not say that." She might have said that she had other plans in view, but her grandmother might demand an explanation, which she was not prepared to give. "I am far too young to think of that," she said, instead.

"There is time enough, Cecilia, and no one would regret more than your grandmother to see you tied down to the duties of a married woman for at least five or ten years. Enjoy your liberty and take all the pleasure you can while you are young."

"That is just what I intend to do," exclaimed Agnes.

"I have no fear but that you will Agnes," said Mrs. Daton, "and I am glad to see you enjoy the pleasures of youth; but Cecilia here has always been so old fashioned in her ways that I should not be surprised to see her settled down in a home of her own before long."

"While I am an old maid looking for a partner in life," said Agnes, in mock dismay. "It is just my luck to have her ahead of me in everything, even if she is the younger, but I cannot help being as the Lord made me."

"None of us can," said Cecilia, "though I believe that, being endowed with a free will, we have much of our destiny in our own hands."

"Right my girl," said grandmother. "And I believe that your destiny is to be the wife of some noble man who will be proud of you. When you get as old as I it is my earnest prayer that you will be blessed with two beautiful granddaughters, as I am."

"Good, grandma," said Agnes, "Cecilia did not answer; but what choice blessings have you in store for me?"

"The same, I hope, Agnes, for you are a good girl and justly deserve the richest blessings earth can give."

"Just as I have always enjoyed them since I first came here."

The girls put their arms around each other and walked out of the room, as they had often done when children, but not before they had won from their grandmother a promise to be near them during the evening, so as to tell them if they did not act just as society required. She looked proudly after them, then sat down and pondered.

"Surely I am blessed, if woman ever was in having two such perfect beauties to present." Then she thought as she had often thought before: "Alas! poor little Cecilia, beautiful as she is, I wish she had less of her Irish grandmother's appearance and more of the Daton pride; but, as Agnes said, we cannot help being what the Lord made us, and she has so many other noble qualities that I suppose I should not complain."

The grand parlor of the mansion

were all brilliantly lighted; the cut-glass pendants hanging from the chandeliers glittered as so many diamonds; the white marble columns dividing the rooms were entwined with smiles and pink and white roses, while the openings were filled with portiers of the same delicate vines gracefully caught back with pink and white ribbons. Half concealed behind a bank of palms and rose bushes were the musicians, engaged now in tuning their instruments. The scene was like fairyland, and Mrs. Daton smiled a proud triumphant smile as she swept the long train of her lavender satin dress across the highly polished floors. There was not a single feature of the furnishings or decorations that she did not closely survey, and she was pleased to find them without fault. The guests would soon begin to arrive and it was time for the young debutantes to be in their places, so she hastened to summon them. Going first to Cecilia's room, she found she was not there and supposed her to be with her cousin, Agnes, however, said that she had left her at the door of her own room and knew nothing of her whereabouts.

"Where is Cecilia?" was the question passed from one to another, but no one had seen her since she had parted with Agnes. Mrs. Cullen volunteered to find her, as she certainly could not have left the house. From room to room Mrs. Cullen went, but no Cecilia. As the minutes flew Mrs. Daton began to get nervous, and to make matters worse the ringing of the door bell announced that some of the guests had arrived.

"What shall I do?" asked Mrs. Daton of Agnes, who sat fanning herself. She, too, had been engaged in the fruitless search.

"Oh, dear, auntie, I hardly know. I cannot imagine where she could have gone, and I am really getting worried. I do hope mother will soon find her."

After visiting every room in the house, Mrs. Cullen went outdoors. It was a clear, bright November evening, and as she reached the little lake she stopped to admire the spray from the fountain, which sparkled in the moonlight. Myriads of stars were reflected in the waters and she could not help pausing to admire the scene. Then she started for the one place she had in mind in coming outside, but had proceeded only a short distance when she was halted by what looked like a holy apparition. There was Cecilia, kneeling in fervent prayer at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes. Her shoulders protected from the night air by a white shawl, but her head was uncovered and the jewels in her hair glittered in the moonlight. She held a pearl rosary and her aunt watched in silence as bead after bead passed her fingers; but what impressed the watcher most was the sad expression in the kneeling girl's dark eyes, and on closer observation she saw them filled with tears. The rosary finished Cecilia reverently kissed the crucifix and made the sign of the cross, but did not move. It seemed almost a miracle, Mrs. Cullen thought, to disturb such tender devotion; but she must do it, for Cecilia could not delay longer.

"Cecilia," she said, gently laying her hand on her arm.

The girl started as if in fright and looked around. "Oh, it is only you, Aunt Nellie," she said. "So you followed me."

"No, Cecilia, I did not follow you, but they are all looking for you in the house, and when the search failed, I thought perhaps you might be somewhere in the grounds, so I came out to look."

"And I suppose I must go in," said Cecilia sadly.

"Yes, dear, the guests are arriving even now."

"So soon, Aunt Nellie?"

"Yes; the hour is later than you imagine."

"How I dread it! I do not like to meet so many strangers and be stared at as I know I must this evening. I wish I were back in the convent. Everything was so quiet there and I was so happy."

"Inexperience in the world and the solutions in which your studies kept you have made you feel thus, child. Many a young girl who has been educated in a convent feels the same, but you will soon get over it."

"I fear not, Aunt Nellie; I feel that I am about to enter upon a life wholly unsuited for me, and that is why I dread it so much."

"Perhaps so, Cecilia; but accept this cross and bear it patiently and perhaps it may be lightened sooner than you expect. I can almost understand how you feel, and I hope you may never have any heavier cross than this to bear, but if you do I have

perfect confidence that you have Christian fortitude enough to support them."

"I hope so, auntie; but it is hard to think now of trials coming."

"Do not think of them," they will come of the selves soon enough, and we can never make them lighter by worrying about them beforehand."

Cecilia had arisen and stood looking into the clear blue sky above her.

"I suppose I must go," she said, absently, at length.

"Yes, Cecilia, we must make haste, for they will be impatient waiting for you. You really should not have remained out so long; but I cannot blame you for having come to ask help of your Heavenly Mother, especially since you feel as you do. You may rest assured that she, above all others, will never forsake you."

The girl laid her arm in that of her aunt, but did not speak until they had reached the house. At the door she whispered softly:

"Please, Aunt Nellie, do not tell where you found me, and pray for me this evening."

"I shall do as you wish, dear child, and may God bless and keep you from harm."

"Cecilia, where have you been?" It was her grandmother who spoke. The old lady had worked herself into a great state of excitement and was now standing in the door to get a breath of fresh air.

"You did not look in the right place, and Aunt Nellie did," answered Cecilia, with a smile.

"And where, pray, was that?"

"She was out trying to get a breath of fresh air, as I see you are doing now, Mrs. Daton," said Mrs. Cullen, "and you can hardly blame her for that on such a glorious evening as this."

"Out enjoying the moonlight and studying astronomy? I suppose, when her proper place was in the parlor. Well, hurry now and you may be in time to meet the early guests, though we had almost commenced to leave had we only one young lady to present instead of two. You will find Agnes in her proper place in the parlor, where she has been waiting for you at least ten minutes."

Mrs. Daton proudly led Cecilia away to the parlor, while her aunt, like a humble maid, went to her room. When she had seen her own darling, Agnes dress for the reception she had almost regretted that she had declined to attend, but she was not sorry now. On the contrary, she was glad to be alone, and she buried her face in her hands and sank into deep thought, made all the more sad by the sounds of music coming from below. She was thinking of the two girls and prayed for them, too, but try as she would, her own would not keep the place in her mind her niece held.

"It seems to be all over great mistake," she thought, "for every day Cecilia seems more and more like what I would wish my own child to be, while Agnes seems to have been born for my sister. Poor little Cecilia! God help her for something more than me fear that she has many a bitter cross to bear. It seems almost too bad that she had to be brought to face a cold world, when I really believe her place is within the convent walls. But God knows best, and He will protect His own. If Agnes were only more like her, how happy I should be."

(To be continued.)

Convention of the New York State Federation of the German Catholic Societies of the State of New York.

The New York State Federation of the German Catholic Societies of the State of New York, has just issued the call for its annual convention, to take place this year, on June 1st and 2nd, at Danville, N. Y. This organization, which has a large membership in practically every Catholic parish of the State, has taken a firm stand against Socialism and Godless education as the greatest dangers to religion, society and the State; and advocates energetically National Federation founded in Cincinnati, Ohio, last December.

WOMEN WANTED

The Catholic Home Bureau wishes to find homes in good Catholic families where orphan children may be adopted and brought up under the influence of a happy moral home.

Families wishing to adopt or receive a child of any age under 12 years are invited to correspond with the Catholic Home Bureau, 105 E. 22 St., New York City.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.

Arrived for the first time.



PATRICK CONLIN.

It should be a great pleasure in this number a short sketch of the life of Patrick Conlin, the youngest son of the late Mr. Conlin, who was born in Ireland, and came to Rochester with his father when he was very young. He was educated in the Christian Brothers' and other schools, and finished education in the old DeGrass' Military Academy. His first efforts were in the parish of St. John, and later on he attracted the attention of the bishop, who was admitted to the bar in 1897.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.

He is one of our best known and best loved men in the city.