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Through Thorny Paths.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

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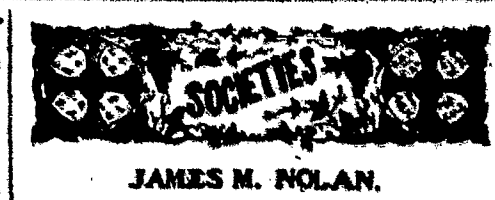
Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
Chapter I.—Edward Daton of America, while visiting in Ireland, falls in love with Agnes Conlin, a poor Catholic girl. Thomas Conlin, Agnes' cousin, who is soon to be ordained a priest notices a serpent ring on her finger and when told it is her engagement ring, he tries 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.—Cecelia 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, Cecelia, and marries her against the wishes of his step-mother. Chapter V.—Cecelia is married eight years and has three children all of whom die 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.—Cecelia and Agnes are sent to a convent school. The grandmother is very much opposed to this and reproaches her daughter in law. Chapter X.—Mr. Daton is suddenly taken sick and Cecelia is called home from school.

earth, whom he was taking to the sick woman, and both felt too strongly the Divine Presence to think of talking even if it had been proper for them to do so. Cecelia conducted the priest to Mrs. Cullen's room and made a deep genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament before leaving him. When his work was done she accompanied him back to the front door, and Mrs. Daton, who had not left the window, watched him as he took his departure. That afternoon when Cecelia went to spend a few minutes with her grandmother she commenced calling her to an account for what she had done, but the girl informed her that she had only done her duty in bringing one of her own clergy to visit her sick aunt.

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"Not approve of it, grandma, when he does not trouble you any? None of us ever think of objecting to your minister and his wife, too, visiting you, as they often do, and I cannot understand the difference."
"There is a great difference, my dear girl, and I do not like to see a young lady, especially one in your position, in company with those priest. Much less I do not like to have them coming to this house."
"Oh, grandma, said Cecelia, they can surely do me no harm, and as for coming here, they have a right to go wherever duty calls them to attend to the spiritual wants of the sick of their churches."
"Cecelia, the last part of your argument may be all right, but you are young and inexperienced, and your grandmother, who thinks only of your good, has read a great deal and understands much that you do not. When you get older and know more of the world you will think of your grandmother's kind advice to you when you were young, and you will thank her for it then."
"Perhaps so, grandma," said Cecelia, softly patting the lady's cheek. "I know there is a great deal in this world for me to learn, but in regard to religion, I am not afraid to tell you that I understand much that you do not."
"I readily admit that there are many strange and, to me, useless things in the Catholic religion which I cannot understand."
This remark hurt Cecelia no less than the others. She was not angry, but, brushing away a stray tear which insisted upon coming into her dark eye, she answered:
"Grandma, if you wish I shall explain some of those things to you, so that you may understand them."
"Would your priest approve it?" she asked, to try her.
"Certainly, grandma; why should he not?"
"Because I thought they did not like to have the secrets of their Church told to Protestants?"
"Secrets, grandma! We have no secrets in our Church; everything is open to the investigation of any one outside the Church who wishes to learn."
"Are you sure you are speaking the truth, Cecelia?"
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"I do not doubt you, child, for I am fully aware that you would not knowingly deceive me, but I thought perhaps you did not understand perfectly the way of the Catholic Church."
"There are many things, grandma, especially in the supernatural, that we cannot always perfectly understand, and our Church is filled with strange beauties, but I know enough. I understand it well enough to be firmly convinced that in it alone is found the truth."
Cecelia's face as she spoke beamed with a supernatural glow which did not escape the lady, and she knew that one who could thus speak and look could be troubled with no doubt. But it was strong language, such as she had never looked for from one so mild and childish in appearance.
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"Perhaps from some ignorant person, who spoke from blindness or far worse, from malice. I know too well that it is the way of the world to say many hard and false things about the Catholic religion, and we are not always present to defend ourselves; but we must bear the persecution in patience, as our Divine Founder and Master did."
"Cecelia you speak as if you considered yourself and all Catholics martyrs."
"The Church in all ages has suffered martyrdom from her enemies and still suffers; but as for my individual self, my life has been so free and happy that I have no cause to complain."
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"Yes, grandma, I am. Why did you think of such a thing?"
"Because I have heard so much about it, and the way some Catholics themselves act confirms the suspicion."
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"Well, your mother, for example. I do not like to speak disrespectfully of her to her own child, for she has always been all that a daughter could be to me, but if I dared mention the subject of religion to her she would always change to something else so quickly that I finally learned to shun it as something too dangerous to speak of."
"I do not understand why mother should act thus, especially if you were in earnest and wanted information."
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"Possibly so," said Cecelia. "She might have kept them from view thinking that it would not be pleasant for all members of the household to keep them in a public place."
"That might have been her motive, but I cannot help feeling that she has kept too close in regard to the religion in which she chose to bring up her child. It is my opinion that a father and grandmother should not be kept wholly in the dark in regard to so important a thing as the religious instruction of the children of the family. If your brother and sister had lived, I should now be the grandmother of four instead of one belonging to a Church of which I know little or nothing; but God took them home in the innocence of their youth, leaving only you, Cecelia."
"Yes, God took them home," thought Cecelia, "before they were old enough to know what it was to suffer for their religion and see those dearest to them in darkness."
"Grandma," she said, raising her head, which had dropped in reflection, "don't you think you are a little hard on my dear mother?"
"Perhaps so, Cecelia, for I may not be able to understand her perfectly."
"That is it, grandma; you have it now, for mother is always right."
"I am glad to hear you speak thus, for it proves you to be a good, dutiful daughter and I often felt that instead of taking the best, as is often done, God has left us the flower of our little flock."
"Do not be too sure, grandma, for your Cecelia has her faults as well as others, and perhaps the ones who were taken might have grown up to be a blessing to the family and put their poor little sister Cecelia to shame."
"They might have been an honor to us, but that we can never tell. As for you, Cecelia, if you have any faults, they are certainly very trifling ones and you keep them well covered; but who of us in this world can be without faults?"
"None," said Cecelia; "we are all human."
She was thinking of failings, natural

faults, which but for the helpful aid of the sacraments might have gained the mastery over her, for Cecelia in reality was not by nature the faultless character we have seen. She was possessed of a high temper, which accompanied an over-sensitive nature, and germs of the family pride were there, but by prayer and frequent recourse to the holy fountains of grace held out by the Catholic Church she had... subdued them as to make them almost invisible to others, even those in her own household. Many a time had Agnes become impatient with her for remaining so long in the confessional, and wondered what sins one who apparently led so good a life could have to confess. But Agnes knew nothing of the interior trials suffered by Cecelia, who had flown to this safe refuge to seek counsel from a friend who could understand and sympathize. This was what was passing through the mind of the young girl now, but it must be hidden from her grandmother, who could never understand.
"Cecelia, did I understand you to say that you would explain your religion to me?"
"Yes, grandma, I will be very happy to do it any time you wish."
"And you promise to answer any question I may ask?"
"To the best of my ability I shall; but remember, grandma, your young granddaughter is no great theologian, and I cannot promise to answer many very weighty or perhaps unreasoning questions."
"All I want to know, Cecelia, is a plain and simple explanation of what you profess to believe."
"And that, grandma, I think I can easily give."
"Very well, Cecelia, and now I shall begin by asking one question which has troubled me for years. Does the Catholic Church approve the worshiping of idols?"
"No, grandma, by no means. It is strictly forbidden by the first commandment."
"I know it is, as we have been taught the commandments, but in practice the Catholic Church does the contrary."
"I cannot understand how, for one of the first things we were taught in our catechism was to avoid such things."
"I need not go far, Cecelia, to prove it—only out in our own garden to what you call your Grotto of Lourdes. You put fresh flowers before that dumb statue and pray to it yourself. You cannot deny that, Cecelia, for I have often seen you do it myself, and have watched you with an aching heart, but I dared not interfere because I knew your mother had taught it to you, and I had resolved from the first to let her have her own way in bringing her family up, but I had secretly hoped that when you were older you would know better."
"Oh, grandma, I never suspected that you, in whom I have always placed the greatest confidence could feel thus toward your own Cecelia or her dear mother, who never does wrong."
"How could I help it, when I had such strong proofs? What our own eyes see you must believe."
Cecelia glanced around the room until her eyes rested on her grandfather's picture.
"Grandma," she asked, "why do you keep that picture in your room?"
"That is my dear husband's picture and I have it there to keep his memory fresh in my mind. He was one of the noblest of men, and I wish he could have lived until now. If you knew him, Cecelia, you could not help loving him."
"I think I should have loved him, grandma, from what I have heard you tell of him. And you feel that it is perfectly right for you to keep his picture in your room?"
"Yes, Cecelia, I do, and I should consider it an insult to his sacred memory if I banished it from my sight."
"But did it ever strike you, grandma, that it was akin to worshiping idols?"
"No, child, by no means. Why do you ask such a question?"
"Because the statue in our grotto is kept for the same reason for which you keep grandfather's picture—simply as a reminder of her who was deemed worthy to be the Mother of Christ."
"Then why do you pray to it?"
"I do not pray to it; no Catholic does; but in beholding that marble figure while we pray we can more easily keep in mind the original, who is in heaven, instead of letting our minds be filled with distractions."
"Then I understand that you pray not to God but to a woman whom He chose to be His Mother and who, I believe, has no power to help us."
(To be continued.)



JAMES M. NOLAN.

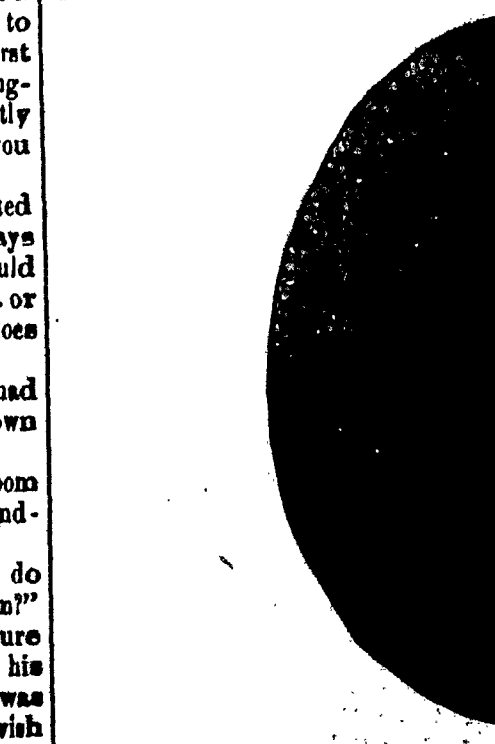
The subject of our society sketch this week is James M. Nolan, whose familiar face is well known to all readers of the Journal. Mr. Nolan was born in the city of Ithaca and his early education was obtained in the public schools of his native town. He learned the trade of watch-maker and jeweler staying with his employer six years. In the year of 1887 Mr. Nolan came to Rochester. He has often remarked "that all he had when he struck this city was five dollars in money and a trade that no one could take away from him." He found employment with the jewelry firm of Judson & Robie and remained with them six months when he connected himself with the old firm of Clark and Kosses, well known in the "eighties"

many readers of the paper sketches of some of its prominent workers.
For this week we have chosen of Mr. Charles A. Hudon, President of Branch 134, Our Lady of Victory parish, and a member of the Sick Benefit Society. Mr. Hudon was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1865 and lived there until he moved to Troy, N. Y., some later. He attended the Catholic there and also at Albany where he resided for a few years. He then moved to Rochester and Hudon finished his education at the French School of Our Lady of Victory church. After leaving school he selected the jewelry trade working it for five years. He then went into business with his father, remaining 11 years. For the next 4 years he acted as the city collector for the paper. At present he is engaged in the camera business. Mr. Hudon is known to possess a generous nature and personality that is pleasing and it is due to him that Branch 134 has been making a good record of advance during his term of office.

CONSECRATED

Church of the Blessed Sacrament, dedicated by Bishop McQuaid.
The Church of the Blessed Sacrament was dedicated with appropriate ceremony by Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, bishop of Rochester, last Sunday morning.
Bishop McQuaid preached the dedication sermon. He spoke of the significance of the new church in its meaning to the Catholics of the city. He said that the church should be the centre of Catholic life and activity in the section in which it is located, and that it should be Catholics with a more earnest desire to devote their time and energy to furthering the work of the church.
The mass, the first celebration of the new building, was sung by William Gleason, pastor of the Church. Rev. A. M. O'Connell, of Immaculate Conception, acted as deacon, and Rev. J. H. Honchneider, assistant pastor of Boniface Church, was sub-deacon. Very Rev. H. DeBoggs was officiating at the altar. The music was under the direction of J. P. F. Maguire, with Miss Alice Conners, soprano; Solos were sung by Mrs. Norton, Margaret Heveron, Mrs. O'Connell, Miss Blanche Drury and Miss Sullivan, Cashman, Kluge, Rhodes, Mills and Haines. Good

as the original installment jeweler. In the year 1889 he formed a partnership with Mr. Ross under the firm name of Ross & Nolan. This firm was one of the first advertisers in the Catholic Journal, that being the year the Journal was founded. In January, 1890, Mr. Nolan purchased his partner's interest in the business and has successfully conducted it ever since.
Mr. Nolan is prominent in many societies. He was Financial Secretary of Rochester Council 207, C. B. L., for seven years and now holds the position of treasurer.
He has been connected with the Foresters over ten years having passed through the chairs and represented his court in different State Conventions. He is a member of Court Richwood of late years Mr. Nolan has taken an active interest in the C. R. & B. A. at the present time being president of Council 40, of Corpus Christi's parish



CHARLES A. HUDON.

and vice president of the Central Council. He has attended several State Conventions and is the delegate to the Albany Convention this year from his council. Although claiming to be no orator it is conceded by those who have listened to him debate that he has the faculty of adapting himself to any occasion and it is seldom his arguments can be controverted. In the political arena Mr. Nolan has been an aggressive factor for years; a Democrat of the pronounced type; and a great admirer of William J. Bryan. He was a delegate from this city to the last National Convention in Kansas City and has represented his ward and district in several State and City Conventions.
Mr. Nolan's parents are still living in Ithaca with his only sister. The Reverend Dr. Nolan, of St. Andrew's Seminary is his brother. Mr. Nolan is happily married and with his wife and two daughters lives on Brick Crescent.

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(Continued from last week.)
PART FIRST
CHAPTER XI
"Nothing, Agnes, only my head is a little light. It will pass away soon." So saying, she sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes, while Agnes hastened to call her Aunt Cecelia, who sent for a physician. The doctor pronounced the patient very ill, the result of a severe cold. There were also symptoms of overwork. In a few days she was at the very portals of death. Knowledge of this fact was carefully kept from her, but the other members of the family knew it, and it required all the strength Agnes possessed to keep back the tears when in her mother's presence.
Never during the long years since the first Mrs. Daton had been visited by her cousin had a priest crossed the threshold of the house, and had such a thing been mentioned in the presence of grandmother, she would have objected at once. It was bad enough, she thought, to have three Romanists in the house, but as long as they did not interfere with her she would not with them. Without consulting any one excepting her aunt and the nurse, whom she had told to be prepared for the coming of the priest, Cecelia went to Mass one morning and returned with one of the parish clergy. The old lady saw them from the window as they came up the walk. She stood in utter amazement, and had not been with her darling Cecelia she would have been tempted to have opened the window and ordered him out of the grounds.
"Upon my word," she soliloquized, "what will that girl be doing next? There she is coming right into my house with a Catholic priest, when no one else would dare think of bringing him here; she seems bound to rule the house and everybody in it!"
They were nearer now and she pressed her face closer to the window. She had no fear of being discovered, for both walked with downcast eyes the priest holding his hand on his breast, as if guarding some treasure. Neither appeared to be speaking a word.
"They appear very unsocial," thought Mrs. Daton; but perhaps they are both saying some of their Popish prayers to protect that man as he enters this half Protestant household."
They were silent because the treasure the priest was guarding was no other than the Lord of heaven and

earth, whom he was taking to the sick woman, and both felt too strongly the Divine Presence to think of talking even if it had been proper for them to do so. Cecelia conducted the priest to Mrs. Cullen's room and made a deep genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament before leaving him. When his work was done she accompanied him back to the front door, and Mrs. Daton, who had not left the window, watched him as he took his departure. That afternoon when Cecelia went to spend a few minutes with her grandmother she commenced calling her to an account for what she had done, but the girl informed her that she had only done her duty in bringing one of her own clergy to visit her sick aunt.

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