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# The Catholic Journal.

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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 has been 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 cousin Agnes a week after. Mr. Daton marries again, a rich Protestant woman, and his son is brought up Protestant. When Edward is eight years old his father dies. Chapter III and IV.—Cecilia dies. Chapter V.—Cecilia dies. Chapter VI.—Cecilia dies. 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. Chapter X.—Mr. Daton is suddenly taken sick and Cecilia is called home from school. Chapter XII.—Cecilia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs. Cullen while at her sister's home is taken ill. Cecilia and her grandmother have a dispute over religion.

(Continued from last week.)

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cecilia stared blankly at her grandmother who was smiling upon her, and she felt herself growing cold; then the blood seemed to rise in burning torrents to her head. Not a sound was to be heard except the heavy throbbing of her own heart, which she almost felt reached the ear of her grandmother. Her mind had flown suddenly back to the hour when, kneeling in the convent chapel, she had made a promise which she felt had been registered on high. True the conditions had not all been fulfilled, but she had not given up hope and she fully intended with God's grace to keep the compact. Suddenly with her grandmother's words it dawned upon her that, perhaps, after all, she had done wrong in even permitting herself to appear in public as a woman of fashion. At length she managed to say:

"Grandma, I never suspected such a thing. Please explain what you mean?"

"I mean, Cecilia, that Maurice Carroll is in love with you."

"It cannot be, grandma; it cannot be."

"Why not, Cecilia? I see no reason why you should object to him. And as far as family connections and position are concerned we know him to be fully your equal in point of virtue, too, which I am glad to know is an important factor with you, he is considered without a fault, and lastly he is of your own religion."

"I know all that, grandma, and there is no young man whom I would respect more, but—" and her head dropped in silence.

"But what, Cecilia? Can you not trust your grandmother, who loves you and thinks only of your happiness, with your reason?"

"I do not wish to marry, grandma, and I do not like to hear such a thing talked of in my presence. I never suspected that he thought of it; if I thought he did I should almost feel that I never wished to meet him again, so please do not talk of it to me."

Cecilia's eyes were filled with tears and her grandmother looked half smilingly; half pityingly at her. "Such a thought is the result of bringing our girls up in the convent. It would have been far better for her had she

been kept at home, where she could have seen more of the world, but she is young very young, and she may soon outgrow this. Perhaps, after all, I did wrong in mentioning such a thing to her, who in many ways is more like an innocent child."

"Cecilia, I understand," she said to her, "and I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong in speaking thus to you. You are, indeed, far too young to think of tying yourself down to the duties of a married woman. There will be time enough five or ten years hence, and now I want you to enjoy your freedom while you can. When you are older and have seen more of the world you will feel differently."

Mrs. Daton meant kindly in speaking thus and Cecilia did not deceive her, though her words had given a keener sting to the arrow plunged into her tender heart and she was glad of an excuse to leave the room in a short time.

Young as she was, and surrounded by luxuries, Cecilia was already learning well the suffering in silence. A crown of roses had been on her fair brow, but deeply hidden beneath the delicate petals were many cruel thorns.

The air in the house was stifling to her and her head throbbed with a burning pain, so taking from the kitchen a shawl belonging to one of the servants she stepped outside. There was but little snow on the ground and the sun was shining but the air was cold and frosty. Her mind turned toward the Grotto of Lourdes, which she had not visited for several weeks and she hastened to it now. Icicles of different lengths hung in a pretty fringe at the entrance and the sun shining upon them imparted to them all the hues of the rainbow.

"How beautiful are the things of nature," thought Cecilia, "far more beautiful than anything art can invent."

Heeding not the cold, she knelt on the frozen ground and prayed earnestly to her Mother in Heaven, asking her to intercede for her, as she had done on the evening of her first reception. The cold marble features seemed to smile back upon her, bidding her keep up her courage, but the figure had no power to speak and she wanted words of consolation now from one who could understand and sympathize. Her prayer finished, she made the sign of the cross, bent over and kissed the feet of the statue, then returned to the house fully unconscious that she had been watched by two persons. Grandmother had seen it all, and had this happened some time before she would have been strongly tempted to accuse her favorite of idolatry, but Cecilia had given her such full explanations that she knew better and she could not help admiring her simple faith in the Queen of Heaven, but still she was firmly convinced that the shyness of youth alone was what caused the girl to be so opposed to speaking of marriage. Aunt Nellie, too, saw her from her window and though she knew nothing of the recent conversation she felt that some cruel blow had been struck the tender heart of her niece.

Cecilia hastened to her room, donned her outdoor garments, and was descending the stairs when she was met by a servant, who handed her a card, with the explanation that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see her, and also Miss Agnes. Taking the card, her face grew pale as she read the name of Maurice Carroll.

"Please tell him," she said, "that I beg to be excused, as I am ready to go out and cannot possibly wait, but Agnes will see him."

It was well for Cecilia's peace of mind she did not see the look of disappointment on his face when he received the message; but he made the best of it, treating Agnes with greatest cordiality and conversing so pleasantly that she never suspected that he had a thought of any other than herself.

"I am sorry," she said, as he was leaving, "that cousin Cecilia was called away just as you arrived. I hope you will call again soon, when she shall be at home to meet you."

"Thank you, Miss Cullen. Please give my regards to Miss Daton, and tell her I regretted not having met her."

Where was Cecilia in the meantime? She had gone directly to the church, and after praying some time

before the Blessed Sacrament, had entered the rectory and called for her confessor, to whom she had made her fortnightly confessions since her return from school. Never before had she mentioned to him the promise she had made in offering herself to God as a sacrifice for her father's conversion; neither had she told him of her dread of entering upon the life of a society woman; but in perfect confidence she opened her heart to him now, telling him all, and asking his advice, ready at his command to leave all and return to the convent.

As a tender father he listened, understanding her even better than she suspected, for he had long known the family and scented the bitter trials that probably awaited her. But he was fully convinced of her strength to bear them until the hour of her reward came. This decision carefully given, came in a few words—Not to be too hasty about leaving the world, but in obedience to her parent's wishes to continue upon the life upon which she had entered, heeding not the opinions of others, and not to ignore the friendship of him whom she would avoid. Above all, she was to continue faithfully in her religious duties, and if God willed her in the convent He would lead her safely back in His own good time.

Years ago Agnes Daton had looked around the grand mansion she had named after the castle of Innisfallen, and which to many a young woman like herself would have been a perfect paradise of earthly bliss. But to her its beauty had all faded, for she pined to go back to another home, which had once been her peaceful abode. The boon had been denied her, and she had died of a broken heart. God had given her wealth, and gay, fashionable friends in abundance, but, instead of satisfying the hunger of her lonely heart, they had served to prove to her the emptiness of all earthly things to the soul that has once known and has not forgotten the meaning of the true love of God. Such a one can easily understand the meaning of the sublime words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Such were the feelings of her only grandchild at the close of her first year out of school. Each had spent one season as a woman of the world, giving and attending many a grand social function. Strangers had thought each very happy in turn, but were deceived; the young hearts were often far away. One had longed to go back to home and mother, and the dear little church where she had so often prayed in dear old Ireland. For one happy day with her old friends in the fields and by the river, where she had played as a child, she would have given all the honors heaped upon her, but in an hour of blindness she had made her choice, and must take the consequences. The young woman of today truly and sincerely wished to throw off her velvets and silks, which were a burden to her, and don the humble habit of the religious with whom she had been educated. She felt that she had seen enough of the world and longed to be away, where, free from the allurements which now surrounded her, she could serve God in perfect peace. In company with Agnes she had attended many a gay social event during the past winter and spring, and to all outward appearances had enjoyed them no less than her cousin. The friendship between herself and Maurice Carroll had increased, Cecilia receiving his attentions as she would those of a brother. To two facts she had been wholly blind: First, that her name had been frequently linked with his, until an engagement was suspected by some; and, secondly, that buried deep in the heart of Agnes was a feeling of tender affection for the young man. Had the rival been any other than her own beloved cousin, this feeling might have ripened into jealousy; but one of the noblest acts of Agnes' life was to keep her secret. She bravely tried to look upon him as one who would never be more than a cousin to her, and she prayed earnestly for strength to meet the hour of bitter trial when she believed that she would see Cecilia claimed by him as his own.

"It will be a hard sacrifice," she thought, "but I owe her something for all that has been done for me, and my secret must never be revealed."

There was one thing she found hard to do, and that was to talk of him in Cecilia's presence, so after the first few weeks of their acquaintance Agnes seldom mentioned his name, and never met him excepting in compliance with the wishes of her cousin, who always made an excuse to bring her to the parlor when he was there, especially if no other member of the family chanced to be present. Cecilia

excuse for this was that Agnes being one of the family, was in duty bound to help entertain the guests.

Maurice was gone now. He had left in June for a city near the Pacific coast, where he was to take charge for an indefinite length of time of a large business house connected with his father's estate, and for some reason, which even she herself could not fully understand, Cecilia had felt relieved when she knew that many miles of land separated them. He had bade her good-bye as an ordinary friend, and since his departure she had received two letters from him; but they had been mere friendly letters, full of notes of his travels, and she had answered both. In the last he stated that he hoped to be home in a few weeks, but in the present state of business affairs the time of his return was very uncertain.

For nearly an hour Cecilia had sat alone in her quiet, shady bower, reading a book at first, but it had fallen from her hands, and she was now gazing vacantly into space, thinking deeply of the past and the future. Not the immediate past, with its gay hours, but those other days to which her young heart often turned in secret. And the future—where? A life of sacrifice for Christ? It mattered not to her, for the conditions of her father's will had not been fulfilled. Her father had recovered and was still living in perfect health; that was half; and for the rest—his conversion, it might yet be brought about, and perhaps in the convent she could pray for him better than here, where she was surrounded by so many temptations. She was now firmly resolved to delay no longer.

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Cecilia sought her mother and tried to tell her desire, but the woman of the world laughed at her for her "foolishness;" then, when she saw that her daughter was firmly set on going, she strongly protested against such a step, putting forth all sorts of objections.

"Mother," said the girl, "it is of no use; I have seen all that I wish to see of the world of fashion and I long to be away from it."

"Child you speak more like an experienced woman than a girl just a year out of school. What can you know of the world?"

"Enough, mother, for me to wish to be free from it."

"Cecilia, do you mean to say that you would voluntarily shut yourself up in a convent, away from your pleasant home and many friends?"

"No one ever more fully appreciated a home than I. And my friends, too, I love them all, but they will pass away with time, and to me it seems as well to be separated from all now as to wait until death shall force me to part with those who are dear to me."

"Cecilia, you talk very strangely, especially for one of your age, and I do not like to hear it. It is time enough to think of death when we are old. Even grandmother at her age would not speak thus."

"Grandmother, remember, was educated differently. You know, mother, that, unfortunately, she has no very deep religious principles; but you cannot deny that I have spoken the truth."

"I often wish that my daughter had less of what she calls deep religious principles. She would be far better off."

"You do not mean that, mother; you cannot, and you are a Catholic."

"Yes, I do, Cecilia; it is all right to be a Catholic and live up to the rules of the Church, but there is such a thing as carrying religion too far, and you have been doing that since you were a child."

"No, mother I have not; the joys of God cannot be carried too far."

"You can love God just as much and be good Catholics without making such a public show of your religion."

"I do not make a public show of my religion; on the contrary, I have always tried to practice it as quietly as possible and never wish to disturb any one with my devotions."

"Cecilia, I have often wished you were more like Agnes, who shows proper appreciation of what is done to make her life happy."

"I appreciate what is done for me no less than my cousin, but it is no fault of either of us if we have a different way of showing it. It is simply because Agnes was intended for a woman of the world, while I—"

She hesitated, fearing to lay claim to the great honor to which she felt that she had been called.

(To be continued.)

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## Archbishop Corrigan Dead.



The Most Reverend Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, died at 11:30 o'clock Monday night at his residence in New York. Ten minutes later Dr. Kays arrived at the home. He was very much surprised as well as shocked, for he said "the Archbishop had passed the best days since his illness, and it had been arranged for him to leave his bed Tuesday and sit in a chair for at least a short time. Nothing could have been more sudden and unexpected than his death. All traces of the disease had gone. The lungs were clear and he was breathing fairly well. It was the thirtieth day of the disease and all traces of pneumonia had disappeared. The weakness had continued, but we hoped to rally his strength. It was by far the most favorable day the Archbishop had had. He showed interest in everything about him and was most cheerful."

"Death was due to the heart stopping of a sudden. The Arch. had fully demonstrated the heart, but there had been signs of valvular trouble previously."

Bishop McQuaid feels the death of Archbishop Corrigan of New York, very keenly. Although the Bishop is nearly twenty years older, the deceased prelate and he were warm personal friends. Indeed, Bishop McQuaid and Archbishop Corrigan's father were friends in Newark when the bishop of Rochester was pastor of the cathedral of that city. The future archbishop was the bishop's altar boy in those days. Later on when Monsignor McQuaid was appointed first bishop of Rochester, Dr. Corrigan succeeded him as president of Seton Hall college.

The bishop of Rochester kept close watch of his talented young friend and his influence was undoubtedly exerted in Dr. Corrigan's subsequent selection as bishop of Newark and coadjutor archbishop to the late Cardinal Mellican.

Bishop McQuaid was the late archbishop's confidant on important matters and for the last twenty years it has been his custom to spend his summer vacations at the vineyard of the bishop of Rochester at Hamlet, N. Y. The late archbishop of Corrigan officiated at a public ceremony in Rochester was at the triple anniversary of Bishop McQuaid's thirtieth consecration as bishop and the diamond jubilee of St. Patrick's cathedral. As a senior bishop of the New York province Bishop McQuaid will be acting archbishop until Monsignor Corrigan's successor is chosen. Vice-General McQuaid will be administrator of the affairs of the archdiocese of New York until Auxiliary Bishop Farley arrives from Europe.

Consecration of Bishop 15 Years Ago.

The Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, D. D., celebrated on May 14 his fifteenth anniversary as bishop of the Syracuse diocese. The bishop spent the day quietly at his home at East Fayette street.

This is a milestone that is passed quickly. All the days are pleasant ones. There is nothing special to say regarding the work of the past fifteen years. Whatever has been done speaks for itself. That is as much as the bishop would say for publication.

Masses with special prayers were said in all the churches of the diocese in honor of the occasion.

First of the Season Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, Sunday May 10th.

On the above date the West Shore will sell excursion tickets to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the rate of \$1.25 for the round trip. Trains leave 7:15 and 10:15 A. M. returning leave Niagara Falls at 2:15 and 4:45 P. M. and Buffalo at 1:15 and 3:15 P. M. For full rates and conditions apply to the West Shore office.

## A VAIN WOMAN.

Written for The Catholic Journal.

With eager hands my path I trod  
The amber walls which lined the road  
Through silent streets with  
To give my heart, each moment  
For more, the dark grove  
No traveler from the heart  
And from the birth of each day  
Over the always silent street  
Between us and the misty air  
No feet have ever wandered here  
The love of life have failed to see  
One wanderer from its  
No answering voice, no father's  
No pilgrim from the dark  
We vain would think the feet we  
To hear some patter on our  
Which many life's footsteps have  
Would ramble back to tell us  
In dreams we feel a gentle hand  
Whose touch with soft affection  
But shaded still remains the  
From which no youth nor girl  
The Prophet with his question  
The sage who seeks the path  
With which to open the mystery  
Confess how dark the mystery  
The world with all its learning  
With all its wealth and power  
To grasp a stronger thread than  
And have one traveler return  
Vain wait the passer by, the  
Without a murmur from the  
And of the millions that have  
To tell the tale comes back  
But we shall know—yes, you shall  
And every soul that prospers  
Death's hand, and the mystery  
Of why no traveler returns.

—Mrs. G. C.

C. M. A. CROWLEY.

C. H. Crowley Organizes a New

at Churchville, N. Y.

A number of Rochester  
journaled to Churchville last  
to assist in the installation  
243, which was organized  
the efforts of Brother C. H.  
of Branch 129 of this city  
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of eighteen and the following  
Spiritual adviser, Rev. Fr.  
han, president, James  
vice president, John  
vice president, Wm.  
say, Thos. J. Donnelly,  
DeLegan, Sam. Jackson,  
J. McDermott, James  
marsh, Thos. Gray,  
T. Walsh, Thomas  
Jan. E. Brady, Andrew  
Thomas, F. Green,  
Grand Deputy, Frank  
Deputy, F. G. Cullen,  
McDonald, were the  
assisted by brothers John  
John M. Dunn, James  
David Driscoll and John  
After the ceremonies  
cluded President Lawlor  
the visiting members  
spoke of the good that  
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that it would be a  
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A New Branch in

in Bklyn, N. Y.

Resolutions adopted

of Rochester, N. Y.

C. M. A. CROWLEY

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