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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 and as 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 stepson, Edward, falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecilia, and marries her against the wishes of his stepmother. 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. Chapter X.—Mr. Daton is suddenly taken sick and Cecilia is called home from school. Chapter XI.—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 grand-mother have a dispute over religion. Chapter XII.—Mrs. Cullen recovers and remains at Daton's home. Chapter XIV.—Cecilia tells her mother that she intends entering the convent and becoming a nun. After a dispute she promises to remain at home one more year. Chapter XV.—Cecilia and her grandmother are visiting in a distant city when a terrible fire breaks out, making many homeless.

(Continued from last week.)

### PART FIRST. CHAPTER XVI.

In one ward she found a girl but little older than herself, though in appearance more than ten years her senior. Hers had once been a pretty face, but the light of youthful beauty had faded from the deep blue eyes and the golden curls had been cut tight to her prettily shaped head, while her face wore a careworn look wholly out of place for one so young. Stealing money from her employer, a woman greatly respected on account of position and highly reputed wealth, had been her offense, and Cecilia first saw her on the eve of her trial, a few days after her arrest. At first, when she addressed her, the girl eyed her suspiciously, taking in every detail of her stylish street costume, then turned her head away, as if in disgust. Laying her hand gently on her arm and speaking in her kindness tones, Cecilia said:

"My dear woman, you are in trouble. Can I not do something for you?"

"Nothing," was the cold reply. "I expect nothing but to have to serve a term of imprisonment here, and you cannot help me."

She once more turned away in cold disgust; but something about her attracted Cecilia, so she was unwilling to leave her until she learned the facts in her case, and a sad story it was which she finally drew from the unfortunate's lips.

The girl was the eldest of a family of four. Her father had died when she was quite young, leaving his widow penniless and obliged to work hard for the poor maintenance of herself and little ones. Long before it was time to leave school the eldest daughter was sent from the home where she had been delicately reared and put to work as nurse girl for two small children. After a time she went to the city, where better wages were promised, and had worked hard, denying herself every comfort and dressing poorly that she might have the more to send home. After a time she fell ill from the effects of overwork, and

the family to whom she had been a most faithful servant heartlessly sent her to the poorhouse and refused to re-engage her after her recovery, as she was not strong enough to do their work. She would not have cared so much, but they had faithfully promised to take her back and make some allowances for lost time.

From house to house she went, vainly seeking employment; no one wished to employ an invalid, and she would not go home to be a burden upon her mother. At length she found a position where she was promised good pay as second girl and gladly accepted it. The work was hard, as the family entertained a great deal, but she struggled on until the end of the first month, when she asked for her wages, which had not been paid, and was put off for a few days until the return of the master of the house. On his return the pay was not forthcoming, and week after week she worked and waited. At the end of six months her mother wrote, complaining that she was badly in need of a few dollars and could not understand why she had received none of late. Being in ignorance of her daughter's late illness she chided her for neglect. Once more the poor girl begged for her pay and showed her mother's letter. Her mistress appeared deeply touched, said she regretted being unable to comply with her request on the spot, but promised a payment in two days.

A week passed, another pleading letter came from home which grieved her sadly, for she had not yet received a cent. Her mistress was dressing for the opera, and with tears in her eyes she went to her, only to be sent away with a few smooth-sounding words and told to wait until to-morrow, as the carriage was at the door and she had no time to figure up accounts. She then gave a few orders in regard to putting away things she had left scattered about the room and haughtily descended the stairs. The poor girl threw herself upon her mistress' couch and wept. Suddenly remembering that she had work to do, she set about it, and in a drawer which she opened to put away some small articles she came upon a purse. Curious to know whether her mistress had in her possession the wherewith to pay her, the girl opened the purse and counted thirty dollars, far less than the amount justly due her.

Thoughts of her mother and the little ones at home suddenly rushed upon her, and with them the memory of how she had been put off from time to time with false promises. She held the bills firmly clasped in her hand, intending to put them back, but the temptation was too strong, and with a feeling that she was only taking her own, she hastened from the room and wrote to her mother, enclosing the entire sum in an envelope with the intention of sending it early in the morning. Driven to desperation by disappointment, she had not stopped to consider the boldness of her act and fell into a slumber, from which she did not awake until her angry mistress, who on her return from the theatre had missed her money, came for an explanation. The money and letter were found on her table and her arrest quickly followed.

"Poor girl," said Cecilia, after hearing the story; "I am indeed sorry for you, but you should not have taken your mistress' money."

"My mistress should have paid me, but I am sure she never intended to. It is easy for such as you to talk, but put yourself in my place."

"It does not seem possible she intended cheating you out of it."

"I wish I could believe as you do, miss, and there was a time when I could, but I have lost all faith in such people. If she had been the woman she pretended to be, she would never had had me arrested."

Cecilia's tender heart was deeply touched and she wished that it was in her power to help the girl. On inquiring the name of her former mistress she was surprised to learn that she was a woman she knew well by reputation as being connected with numerous public charities.

"And what do you intend doing now?" asked Cecilia. "Surely, when you tell your story you ought to be freed, or at most get a light sentence."

"Freed," she said, bitterly. "I have no such hopes. The evidence against me is too strong, and I can only pay the penalty by long imprisonment."

"But when they hear your story you surely cannot be blamed."

"My story may not be listened to, or it may be sneered at, for I am only a poor working girl, while my accuser has wealth and position on her side." Cecilia believed the girl's story in every detail, but all she could do was to speak a few consoling words and wait the result of the trial. It was just as the prisoner had feared. A verdict of guilty was quickly brought about, with a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment.

"My poor mother," was all the girl could say, when Cecilia called on her. "I can never live through it and I know it would kill her if she knew, for ours has always been a proud and respected family."

Her time was not served out; at the end of six months her health had so completely failed that she was pardoned and sent home, where she soon died. The proud, mean woman who had been cause of it all never took the trouble to learn what had become of her victim, but went on as before, enjoying life to the best of her abilities and continuing her works of public charity, by which she won applause for herself from a fashionable world.

This was only one of the sad examples of human misery and suffering brought before the tender heart of Cecilia, but each had its new interest for her, and if, perchance, she found among the prisoners many hard-hearted wretches who were evil by their very natures, it did not cause her to feel less for those deserving of her pity. For one thing she earnestly, thanked God, and that was that none belonging to her were within those prison walls.

In the humility she had been accustomed to practice all her life, which as yet had met no severe trials, Cecilia realized not the pride this feeling covered, and she never stopped to consider how she would really feel if such a sad misfortune were true. It is easy enough to think how others should bear the burdens placed upon them, but when we ourselves are called upon to suffer in a like manner, things are viewed in a different light.

It was about three weeks after the fire described in the preceding chapter when our heroine was met one morning after Mass by the warden, who informed her that the incendiary who had started the fire had been brought in the night before and was now locked in one of the most desolate cells. A shudder of horror passed over her, for it recalled to mind that one terrible night. She could not help feeling a little curious to see the accused, but it was a week before her wish was granted; then she was allowed to look at him only through the bars, and was quite annoyed to notice that he stared at her most intently. He was a man of about fifty, or perhaps much less, and still bore marks of having once been fine looking, but now his hardened face proved him every inch a criminal. His name she learned was Charles Coon.

Aside from the interest she took in him as being the cause of the awful scene she had witnessed, she gave him little more thought, until informed that he had made inquiries concerning her and wished to have her visit him. In this she saw nothing unusual, as with the Sisters she had often been asked to visit different prisoners. In company with Agnes she was admitted to the lonely cell. The occupant was pacing up and down, gazing vacantly at the floor, but he stopped suddenly and his cold, hard face brightened when he saw her.

"I have been told, sir," said Cecilia, timidly, "that you wished to see me."

"Yes, I did speak to the warden about having you call when you visited the prison again."

"I am at your service, if there is anything I can do for you."

He looked sadly from one girl to the other, and Cecilia thought that a stray tear trembled on his eyelid.

"There is a great deal you can do," he said, then hesitated. "Your companion here, your sister, no doubt?"

It was a strange remark, and stranger still the tone in which he said it.

"My cousin," said Cecilia.

"Yes, I see there is a strong resemblance."

He did not say to whom, and the girls, thinking he meant the resemblance was between them, were surprised for there could not be a greater difference than that between the two cousins.

"Both girls were silent, but from far different motives. Agnes was insulted to have such a character say that she and her cousin reminded him of any one connected with him, but Cecilia caught a glimpse of the better nature of the man before her."

"You have done us no wrong," said Cecilia; "I am only too happy to be of service to one who is suffering."

"The word suffering, child, does not express the terrible anguish that fills the heart of the guilty criminal; but you may go now, for I am not fit to have two such angels in my presence. And may God bless you both."

It was the first prayer he had uttered for years, and he felt better for that as well as happier in the memory of Cecilia's sweet smile and kind voice.

Agnes showed evidence of vexation as they passed from one ward to another, but Cecilia was unusually bright and talkative. When they were outside, Agnes gave vent to feelings in these words:

"Cecilia, did you ever hear of such presumption?"

"What do you mean, Agnes?"

"That low fellow dared to say that we reminded him of his sisters and you did not resent it."

"Be careful of what you say, for you know not but that his family may be as good as yours. At any rate he has a human heart."

"A human heart! How can you say so, Cecilia, knowing as you do what he has done? You surely cannot fully understand the nature of his crime. Think of the loss of life and property that fire caused."

"Understand it, Agnes! How can I help understanding, when I was in the very midst of it and witnessed it all. Do you think I could forget so terrible an experience thus soon?"

"You seem to forget when you can speak kindly of him who caused it."

"Agnes, you have no positive proof of his guilt and should not judge too hastily."

"Everything points strongly against him. How can you doubt his guilt?"

"Public opinion often errs, especially when fortune frowns on a man, and we must not be too harsh, for I believe there is some good in his nature."

"For your sake I wish I could agree with you, but he is too suspicious a looking character for me to care to meet again."

"You are not obliged to, if you do not wish."

"Do you intend visiting him again?"

"I do. If I can be of any service to him I shall not feel that my time has been spent in vain."

"I wish you success," laughed Agnes, "though, to speak plainly, I think you often carry your charities too far, and it is very imprudent for you to take so much notice of such people."

"Better err in showing too much than too little charity, and I repeat, I firmly believe there is something in that man we cannot understand."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Cecilia, please come to my room, I wish to talk with you," said grandmother one afternoon about six weeks after the fire.

"Yes, grandma," answered the girl, with a pleasant smile, puzzled to know the meaning of the strange expression on her grandmother's face.

The woman moved nervously about the room for a few minutes, closely watched by Cecilia; then she sat and looked her young companion full in the face.

"Cecilia, she said, at length, 'do you really believe that the Catholic Church is the only true Church?'"

"Yes, grandma; I certainly do."

"And outside of it none can be saved?"

"What then do you suppose is the fate of hundreds of good people who have lived and died outside the Catholic Church? Are they lost simply because they were not members of the Catholic Church?"

"Certainly not, grandma."

"And still you have just told me that outside the Church none can be saved. You have contradicted yourself."

"It may sound like a contradiction, grandma, but it is not. Out of the pale of the Church there is no salvation simply means that we are obliged under pain of incurring mortal sin to believe and practice the true religion (which is the Catholic religion) when once it is in your power to do so. (To be continued.)"



## THE BLUE, THE GRAY.

Under the blue of Southern sky,  
In peaceful slumber heroes lay;  
The fleeting years go trailing by,  
Disturbing neither slumber nor gray.

Graves that are warmed by summer sun,  
Grass grown graves where the "un-  
known" rest;  
Graves neglected, never a one,  
Love and memory marketh each place.

Comes worthy respect or foe,  
No matter whether gray or blue,  
The self-same grass above them grow,  
Wet alike by the self-same dew.

A juster judge than we decree,  
The flowers blooming bloom for all;  
So strip the sweet Magnolia tree,  
Impartial let the blossoms fall.

To-day they meet who once were foes,  
And meeting greet with kindly smiles,  
Hands raised in friendship—not in blows,  
Whispering: "Yet a little while."

Our ranks are thinning faster,  
Soon other hands than ours shall  
A laurel wreath above the brow,  
Of you and I—The blue, the gray.

—A. H. HAMMOND.

### MEMORIAL DAY PARADE.

The parade formed in five divisions at Washington and Spring streets, and moved at 9 a. m. on May 30th, passing under review at the Court House by Mayor Rodenbeck, General Ellwell S. Olin, city officials and disabled veterans.

Order of Parade:  
Detachment of Police.  
George J. Oaks, Chief Marshal.  
Mounted Staff.  
Fifty-fourth Regiment Band.  
Escort to the Veterans' Division.  
Eighth Separate Company, National Guard, S. N. Y.  
First Separate Company, National Guard, S. N. Y.  
Second Division, Naval Reserve State of New York.

FIRST DIVISION.  
Comrade Egbert Hooker, Assistant Marshal.  
Mounted Staff.  
Mingo's Military Band.  
Old Thirtieth Regiment, N. Y. Volunteer Infantry.  
O'Rourke Post Drill Corps.  
O'Rourke Post, No. 110, G. A. R.  
Peisner Post, No. 106, G. A. R.  
O. J. Powers Post, No. 86, G. A. R.  
E. G. Marshall Post, No. 87, G. A. R.  
L. F. Quinby, No. 46, G. A. R.  
George H. Thomas Post, No. 4, S. A. R.  
Myron Adams, Mounted Post, No. 64, G. A. R.

Old Battery I, First N. Y. Light Artillery.  
Mack's Battery, Eighteenth N. Y. Light Artillery.  
The Independent Drum Corps.  
Battalion, Sons of Veterans.  
Regular Army and Navy Union.

SECOND DIVISION.  
Comrade Samuel C. Pierce, Assistant Marshal.  
Mounted Staff.  
Hebing's Band.  
First Fraternal Regiment of Rochester, N. Y.

The representatives of the public schools.  
THIRD DIVISION.  
Colonel Henry N. Schlick, Assistant Marshal.  
Mounted Staff.  
Krauss' Band.  
First Regiment, Knights of St. John, E. O. U. U.  
Borah's Marine Company.  
The Cathedral Choir.

### FOURTH DIVISION.

The representatives of the public schools.  
Colonel S. P. Kelly, Assistant Marshal.  
Cade's Band, N. Y. State Independent Battery.  
Comrade William J. O'Brien, Assistant Marshal.

FIFTH DIVISION.  
Comrade Henry Lusk, Assistant Marshal.  
Flower's Band.  
Line of March.

Knight of Columbus.  
The members of Rochester, N. Y. 178, Knights of Columbus, made a solemn request, made in memory of the deceased members of the Order at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Decoration Day.

The mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of them who died in the ranks of the army and navy, and the Knights of Columbus, James C. Barry, O'Brien, Martin J. Callahan, McCormick, Andrew J. Flanagan, and P. Smith, Joseph P. Flanagan, James R. Little, Michael J. and Henry J. Cox.

Spring Bells.  
Assemblyman, Orin C. Cady, drew the lot for the first division of the city. All the pots and pans, and English writing and wares for spring overcoats, were for the benefit of the city's children.

Get Ready for the Day.  
Beginning next morning, out our city children, and mail, in a city, ready when called upon for the day. The prizes for the best essay on the subject of the day will be \$100.