Send us your Book and Job Printing.

The Catholic Journal.

Send us your Book and Job Printing.

Thirteenth Year. No. 40. Rochester, N. Y, Saturday, July 5; 1902. $1.00 per Year, 3c per Copy

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 of 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 VI - 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 and 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 Cecelia, 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 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. Chapter XI and XII—Cecelia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs Cullen while at her sister's home it taken ill. Cecelia and her grandmother have a dispute over religion. Chapter XIII - Mrs Cullen recovers and remains at Daton's home. Chapter XIV - Cecelia 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—Cecelia and her grandmother are visiting in a distant city when a terrible fire breaks out, making many homeless. Chapter XVI—Cecelia visits the prisoner, Charles Coon, who started the fire. Chapter XVII—Grandmother Daton tells her grand-daughter that she has been convinced that the Catholic church is the only and true church and Mrs. Daton becomes a convert. Chapter XVIII—Mr Daton is in fear of losing all he has and Cecelia goes on the stage.

Part Second—Chapter I. Allyn St Clair an infidel, mets Cecelia and falls in love with her.

(Continued from last week.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

She bowed her head in silence and turned her attention to some children who were playing in the snow outside.

"I heard you singing a few minutes ago," he said, "something entirely new, and I thought it very pretty."

"New to you, perhaps, but very old to me. It was one of the first things I learned in school. I was singing for my own amusement and did not suspect that I had a listener."

"I could not help listening, for, although I do not understand Latin well, I think the words to such an air must be beautiful."

"They certainly are," she quietly replied.

"Would you mind singing it just once for me?"

She hesitated, then, laying her book on the window stool, went to the piano and sang in her sweetes tones the "Ave Marie Stella." When she had finished she turned to find his gaze fixed upon her in deepest admiration. It was evident that the words had effected him deeply, not so much on account of their beauty, for it would be long be fore he could learn to understand them, but on account of the way in which they had been sung. Her whole heart had gone into them, and during their rendition she had been wholly oblivious of his presence.

"Thank you, Miss Daton, very much, I wish our manager could have heard that, for I know he would like to have you sing it."

"Not in public?"

"Yes, in public. Why not? It would take well."

"Because there are things far too sacred to be presented before the cold, criticizing world, and that is one of them."

"Ah," he said, "a memory of childhood days?"

She did not answer. She felt that perhaps she was permitting too much freedom from a stranger, for though she had been for some time with the company, they were still like strangers to her, and she fully intended continuing with them as she had begun. Making an excuse to absent herself, she bowed and left the room.

"A strange character indeed," said Allyn St. Clair to himself, as, still standing by the piano, he noted the queenly bearing with which she disappeared. "Her heart has ever seemed as cold as stone, but the very expression on her face and in her voice as she sang tells me that there is a world of true love in her nature. Would that I might call it forth!"

He turned toward the window and, seeing the book she had forgotten, picked it up and read the title, "Following of Christ" Had he found it elsewhere or had it been the property of another the three gilt words on the cover would have caused him to cast the book from him in disgust. What cared he to know of Christ, who to him was on a par with the gods and goddesses of the pagans. These had been worshiped in the dark ages of the past, but to civilized nations they were now known only in poetry; but the Christ he knew to be worshiped by the vast majority of enlightened people throughout the entire world. He deeply deplored the fact; to him this was the one great weakness of the nations. He had never once stopped think whether or not Cecelia belonged to any of the popular Christian churches. It was a matter of indifference until he had in his hand the book in which he had found her so deeply interested. He leisurely turned over the pages, reading a few words here and there, but they were full of mystery. For half an hour or more he sat, turning the pages, until aroused by a loud rapping at his own door. Out or mere forgetfulness or because of hidden notion or grace he slipped the book into his pocket as he hastened to answer the summons. He had fully intended leaving it where he had found it, and had he realized what he was doing he would never have taken it away, for to his honest heart it would have been too much like an act of petty larceny

The visitor proved to be one of the troupe and his time until evening was entirely taken up, so he thought no more of the book until he unexpectedly found it in his pocket the next day. His first impulse was to return it at once, with apoligies, to the owner, but his curiosity having been aroused by the little he had read, he wished to see more. Accordingly he sat down and read several chapters with deep interest, trying in vain to understand the meaning of the strange words, but for the first time since his early youth he who had been a deep student of the sciences and other things that would have been hard for many to understand found himself deeply puzzled.

"Following of Christ!" he repeated, as he closed the book. "What a fool I am to be wasting my time on such childish superstition. What would my father say if he were alive and could see me? Certainly he would be right in calling me a fool."

The image of Cecelia in all her fresh beauty arose before him, and try as he might he could not banish her.

"It would be wrong to call her a fool," he thought; "but perhaps she does not believe all this book contains. I hope not. She has undoubtedly missed it, however, and I must return it at once"

He went to her room and knocked twice, but no response came. Cecelia and her aunt had gone out. He returned and sat down to *continue his reading*. The result was that he determined to study the book until he understood at least part; he spent all his leisure time with the volume that day, only to remain in darkness. At length, just before the time to go to the theatre in the evening, he heard Cecelia's step in the hall and followed her to her room, offering her the book, with apologies for having taken it.

"Thank you, Mr. St. Clair," she said; "I feared I had lost it, and I prized it very highly as a gift from a dear teacher who is now dead."

After a little hesitation he remarked; "Will you be offended, Miss Daton, if I take the liberty of asking you a question!'

"Certainly not."

"Do you believe what that book contains?"

She did not answer at once, but looked straight into his eyes, and that look he never forgot. It was a look of sad astonishment, mingled with deep pity.

"Are you not a Christian?" she asked, reproachfully.

"You mean do I believe in Christ?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"I must admit that I do not. I have been brought up to believe neither in God nor in any existence after death. I am, in other words, an infidel."

It was an assertion which he had ever been proud to make, but with her clear eyes upon him he felt himself a coward for the first time in his life.

"I would never had believed it," she said, in tones of mingled astonishment and sorrow, which proved that she had esteemed him highly. Then she bowed and turned away.

CHAPTER III.

"Are you a Christian?" These words resounded again and again in the heart of the youth who had openly and proudly denied his God, and they troubled him far more than he would ever have cared to admit. Had the question been asked by another, by a man of learning or even by one of the heads of the church, he would have been proud to assert his disbelief, but from her it was far different, and strongly as he adhered to the false teachings of his father, he would willingly, on the impulse of the moment, have given up all for the happiness of being able to say with truth, "I am a Christian." Nothing in his life had been as bitter as the reproach she had given him.

"There must be something good," he thought, "even in a religious superstition which is practised by one of her high morals." He had seen in a faint manner in the little book he had read marks of the life she practiced, and on the impulse of the hour he stole away to a book store, where he was glad that he was unknown, and bought a copy of "The Following of Christ." Returning, he did not try to read, but turned over the leaves in an abstracted mood for a time, then threw aside the book, calling himself a fool for thus wasting his time and money on such a thing.

"Perhaps, after all," he finally concluded, "religion may be good enough for a woman or a weak-minded person, for I must admit that it is possessed of a strange influence which keeps them from doing wrong, but to a man of intelligence and strong will power such a thing it all humbug. I firmly believe that many of our church members do not themselves believe in half of what they profess, and if forced to speak the truth they must certainly admit that they are allowing themselves to be made fools of by men who are no better, and in many cases not as good, as themselves."

He laughed a bitter mocking laugh, the echo of which came back with a strange sound. He felt a trifle nervous, a weakness of which he was ashamed, and, declaring empatically to himself that it was only the effect of overwork, he took up his hat and went out. Whither he went he little cared, only to get away from himself and the thoughts that were tormenting him. But it was useless. Even in the busy street distraction could not be found. Some distance from the hotel he met Mrs. Cullen and Cecelia, both of whom gave a slight bow of recognition and passed on. The sight of her only disturbed him the more, and he half wished for an opportunity to speak with her and learn from her lips what it really meant to be a Christian.

"Others," he thought, "many others may allow themselves to be led astray by what they know or fear to be a false delusion, but not she, for there is the truest sincerity in her clear, honest eyes and she would never profess what she did not believe."

During the weeks which followed Allyn watched his ideal woman, as he called her, more closely than ever, daily finding more in her noble character to admire; but the barrier she built around her was never moved, and he found some consolation in the knowledge that not only he, but all others were barred from her close friendship. Twice he ventured to send her flowers, hoping that she might wear some of them in the stage, but a short kind note of thanks had been the only proof that she had received them, and directly afterwards she had greeted him as coldly as ever. His second gift he had found a few hours later on the table of one of the lady singers who had been confined to her room for a few days by illness. She had with glowing features called his attention to Miss Daton's beautiful gift, and told him that the haughty lady who had scarcely deigned to notice her in health now spent an hour or two with her every day and was one of the most pleasant companions as well as a a good nurse.

"If that be true, I cannot help almost envying you your illness," he said, with a smile which betrayed him.

"Physical suffering is scarcely an enviable thing," said the lady, "but it is certainly a real pleasure to have so pleasant a companion to help pass the lonely hours when you are forced to remain in your room."

Expressing his hope that it might not be long ere Miss —— should again be able to take her part in the opera, Allyn took his departure, thinking of the new phase he had discovered in Cecelia's character. An hour ago he had rejoiced that she had accepted his flowers and now he had found them in the possession of another, and he had learned that the companionship coldly refused in hours of pleasure and mirth had been freely given to the suffer. Before he was aware of it he found himself wishing that he might be ill, in order to see if she would grant him the same favor. Sickness he felt with her for a nurse would be little short of a real pleasure, but his robust constition refused to comply with his more foolish desire.

The events in the life of Allyn St. Clair went on in much the same manner until near the 1st of April, and it is needless to say that Cecelia had not in the least ceased to be the object of his interest. He believed her to be a strict church member, but had taken no trouble to ascertain the particular denomination that claimed her allegiance. In his mind he had associated her at once with some fashionable Protestant church, and there he let the matter drop. It was now the last week of Lent, and, according to an old custom of the company, no entertainment was to be given during the entire week. Had they been anywhere near New York he would have spent the vacation with his mother, but they were in a distant city of the far West and, sight-seeing being but little novelty to one of his wandering profession, time hung heavy.

Not so with Cecelia and her aunt. A whole week's rest was a great treat to them. Rest! But did they rest? They attended Mass each morning and the greater part of the day was spent in prayer and closer seclusion than at other times. On Wednesday morning Cecelia was the recipient of a large bunch of white Easter lillies from Mr. St. Clair, and as they were her favorite flowers, she was overjoyed at the first sight of them, but when she stopped to consider how expensive they must have been, she was half inclined to return them. Had they been from another she would have done so without hesitation.

"Is it right for me to accept them, Aunt Nellie?" she asked.

"Use your own judgment in the matter, Cecelia," was the reply. "I can see no positive harm in it."

Mrs. Cullen did not say that, in spite of his having declared himself an infidel, she had ever looked upon the young man as being of superior intellect and a true gentleman at heart, whom she could trust far more than many who had called themselves Christians. Besides, she entertained a secret hope that her niece might possibly be instrumental in his conversion. Cecelia sat gazing at the flowers, admiring their delicate loveliness and purity and breathing their sweet perfume, undecided whether to keep them or not. Suddenly a bright light came to her face, and hastily penning a note of sincere thanks she gave it to the messenger.

It was well for her that she was not present when, on receiving her short missive, Allyn questioned the boy and learned how her face brightened at the sight of his flowers. He at first believed it to be a compliment to himself and that perhaps she was not entirely indifferent to his devotion; then as an afterthought came the memory of what she had done with his previous gift, and he determined to watch her.

Cecelia in the meantime, instead of filling one of the large vases that adorned her room, carefully replaced her flowers in the box and set them away in a cool place, then returned and took up her Holy Week book to finish reading the Passion from St. Luke. So intent was she upon the sufferings of our Lord that she heeded nothing until her aunt addressed her.

"Cecelia," she said, "do you wish me to put your flowers in water? They will soon fade if left in the box."

"No, auntie; but you may moisten the stems a little, if you please."

"Why not not put them in a vase and put them on the table?"

"Because I have other use for them, and removing them from the box to this heated room for even a short time might cause them to lose some of their beautiful freshness, which must be kept until to-morrow."

"For what, Cecelia?"

"Aunt Nellie, can you not guess?"

"No, unless you intend taking them to the church.

"That is just it. For myself, Aunt Nellie, I would not think of keeping such beautiful flowers during this sad week. I intend putting them on the altar of the repository to-morrow, and I shall pray that our dear Lord in Blessed Sacrament may send a ray of grace to him who sent them to me".

"A bright thought, Cecelia, and truly a noble one, for I have always felt that there is some hidden good in Mr. St. Clair's nature. We are not to be blamed for the accidents of our educations, and had he been brought up differently he might have made a a noble Christian."

"Perhaps so, Aunt Nellie; but after we are old enough to know and understand for ourselves, we are not obliged to adhere to any error in which it may have been our misfortune to be brought up.

"True, Cecelia; but it is hard to convince a man of his age and apparent strong will that he is living in error. It is a case much like your dear grandmother, and the grace of God alone can do it."

Cecelia did not reply, but bowed her head in deep thought. The mention of grandmother had renewed in her a sad longing for home, which, try as she might, she had not been able to overcome. The sacrifice she had made in embracing her present state of life leaned no less heavily upon her to-day than on the day when, trying to hide her tears, she had bade the dear ones good-bye; but she would not break her resolution never to utter a word of complaint. Aunt Nellie understood, but would not mention the subject so near her niece's heart because she knew well that Cecelia did not wish her to, so she only breathed a silent prayer for her who was as dear to her as her own child. The separation from those she loved and the great change from her quiet home-life was felt little less keenly by Mrs. Cullen herself, but for the sake of her dear Cecelia she was willing to submit to almost any cross. Now as she gazed on the sweet, sad face of the young girl she prayed as our Redeemer Himself had prayed on that night whose anniversary they had now reached.

"If it be possible, let this chalice pass from us, but not our will, dear Lord, Thine be done."

"Aunt Nellie," said Cecelia, by way of diversion, "how thankful we should be that we are allowed the whole of this blessed week to ourselves."

"Yes, Cecelia, and it is better still to be so near a cathedral, where we can see the ceremonies of Holy Thrusday carried out in the fullness of their grandeur."

(To be continued.)

Piano and Vocal Recital.

The pupils of Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, assisted by Miss Josephine F. Neulane, violinist, Miss Cecelia Hughes and Miss Helen Thomas, elocutionists, gave an excellent recital in Powers Mirror Hall, on Monday evening last. The hall was beautifully decorated in pink and white and with the numerous mirrors presented a pretty appearance. The duetts by Genevieve Poirier and Madelon Schuyler were well performed as was the piano solo of Miss Hoock. Mr. Chas. Case and T. J. Martin sang with good effect, the "Ave Maria" with violin obligato sung by Miss Daisy E. Tanner was one of the gems of the evening. Miss Gertrude Ubink scored a triumph with her song and Miss Hughes, Miss Thomas and Miss Neulane presented their part of the program in a finished and excellent manner.

Annual Field Day.

The second annual field day of the Sibley, Lindsay and Curr Co. Athletic Association will take place at Culver Field, Saturday, July the 5th. The following programme has been arraaged:—100 yard dash, open to city; shot put, 16 pounds; running broad jump, 50 yard dash, running high jump, 220 yard dash, pole vault, quarter mile run, obstacle race, 120 yard hurdle race, foot ball, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Ath. Asso. vs. Rochester Picked Team; base ball, Sibley, Lindsay & Curr vs. Brownells. A first and second prize will be given for each event. The admission will be 10 cents and grand stand free.

Railroad Notes.

Every Saturday and Sunday throughout the season the New York Central will sell one day excursion tickets to Syracuse at rate of $1.65 and to the Tavern, Onondaga Valley, at rate of $1.85 for round trip.

On Sunday, July 13th, the New York Central will run an excursion to the Thousand Islands via their R. W. & O. Division at rate of $2.00 for round trip.

On account of the fireworks display at Ontario Beach on Thursday nights throughout the summer the New York Central will run an extra trains in addition to their regular 40 minute schedule leaving the city 7:50 and returning to leave Ontario Beach at 9:50 p. m.

Spring Suits.

Assemblyman Gardiner of 232 State street, has one the most complete stocks of cloths for the spring trade in the city. All the new shades in Scotch and English suiting and the new weaves for spring overcoatings are on his counters. Mr. Chris. Kerrigan who has charge of the cutting is turning out work that gives complete satisfaction. The prices are the lowest in the city for the class of work.

Send us your Job Printing.

Roses of June-Time.

Beautiful roses of June-time,
Crimson, and white, and cream;
Wealth of the year's glorious noon-time,
Symbols, to me, ye seem
Of earth, and its glittering treasure
That lasteth an hour or a day—
Of life, and its transient pleasure
That lureth, then fadeth away!

Beautiful roses of June-time,
May ye a lesson teach—
May we remember that soon time
Passeth away for each!
Though, like to your bloom, these lie shattered
The dreams we once hoped might come true,
Still may our good actions be scattered,
Like perfume exhaling from you!

—AMADEUES, O. S. F.

Great Men Saying Their Beads

It is sometimes said that the beads is a devotion only fit for women. You are about to see how true that is. The illustrious Bossuet, one of the greatest geniuses of the time of Louis XIV. not only recited the Rosary assiduously, but had himself enrolled in the confraternity of the Holy Rosary at the Dominican convent, in the Rue St. Jaques, in Paris, on the 10th of August 1680. In his train we may range all the institutors or reformers of modern congregations; St. Francis de Sales, St Vincent de Paul, the Venerable Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the learned Cardinal de Berullé, the pious Olier, founder and first superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a crowd of others. Better than that, the kings and the great ones of the world have imitated these celebrated men. I can quote for you Edward III, king of England; the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Sigismund and Casimir, kings of Poland; St. Louis, Francis the First, Louis XIV., Louis XVI. and several other kings of France, who made public profession of that devotion. Father dela Rue, a learned religious of the company of Jesus, relates that one day being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV. he found him saying his beads. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the king, "to see me saying the Rosary. I glory in saying it; it is a pious custom which I have from the queen, my mother, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without discharging that duty. How beautiful is this! how admirable, dear friends! Let us not be ashamed, then, of a devotion which has been that of so many great men.

HER FLOWERS.

They brought their flowers to the altar,
Blossoms of white and red;
Lilies and violets and roses
The sweetest of perfume shed;
And none of the rich and mighty
Who lavished their gifts that day,
Took heed of a child among them
Who timidly pressed her way.

She crept up close to the altar,
And there 'neath a lily's crown,
With tender, reverent fingers,
She laid her offering down;
And said to a curious question,
As the flower dropped from her hand
"It is only a little daisy;
But God will understand."

BRILLIANTS.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.

Never use heavy bedclothing. Weight and warmth are not synonymous.

A woman's reason may not be convincing but it often terminates a foolish discussion.

Decoration of the playroom may well be largely left to the youthful occupant.

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the man who never hesitates is hard to find.

It is wiser to be single and suffer with an illusion, or to marry and suffer with a delusion.

We are all vain, and those who say they are not have the disease in its most dangerous form.

Fortunate is the man who thinks he has married an angel if she only turns out to be a good cook instead.

Celery is an acknowledged nerve tonic and is more and more used in medical prescriptions.

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

The lazy man consoles himself with the shopworn adage about the race not always being to the swift.

Souls there are struggling [illegible] bars stronger and more [illegible] than any that confine a prisoner [illegible].

A woman's nerves often [illegible] man nervous.

When some people stand on their dignity it wabbles.

Life is too short to be [illegible] ing animosities.

If night is a cloak [illegible] be a Fall overcoat.

Many a man's best thoughts [illegible] peared in yesterday's paper.

A woman without [illegible] midst specimen of her sex.

The selfish man, like a ball of [illegible] is wrapped up in himself.

The eagle is only half a [illegible] American heart as the [illegible] is.

Love is a wonderful thing [illegible] there are people who would [illegible] marry for money.

A man never really knows [illegible] of a dollar unless he is [illegible] persistent collector.

"Handsome is [illegible] says the proverb [illegible] some are [illegible]

[illegible]