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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, 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 of it her engagement ring he tries to persuade her not to marry this Protestant stranger. She, however, refuses and is married by the good parish priest after which they depart for the strangers beautiful home in Boston. Chapter II—Thomas Conlin is ordained and comes over a year 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 secreted a child in which she would 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 bear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. Father Conlin goes away with his secret. Agnes dies a week later. 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's companion. Her step-son, Edward falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecilia, and marries her against the wishes of his step-mother. Chapter V—Cecilia is married eight years and has three children all of whom die and she 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—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 and XII—Cecilia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs. Cullen while at her sister's home takes ill. Cecilia and her grandmother have a dispute over religion. Chapter XIII—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. Chapter XVI—Cecilia 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 Cecilia goes on the stage.

Part Second—Chapter I. Allyn St. Clair, an infidel, meets Cecilia and falls in love with her. Chapter II—Allyn St. Clair accidentally finds a book belonging to Cecilia entitled "Following Christ." He reads it and becomes interested. Chapter III—Allyn and the manager attend the services at the Catholic Cathedral where Cecilia sings. Chapter VI—Allyn asks Cecilia to marry him and she refuses.

(Continued from last week.)

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER V.

Of the days intervening between the fire and the time of his arrest the prisoner said nothing. He was as pale as death now. Cecilia looked at him, noting the sad wreck of what had once been a fine specimen of manhood, and she could scarcely retain her tears.

"I feared you would flee from me after I had told you all," he said, in a sad tone; "but it was a relief to my mind to have some one to listen to my story."

"You have certainly done a terrible deed and few can understand it more fully than myself, for I was one of the many who witnessed that awful fire and might have been one of your victims. It is something I never can forget."

"You!" he said; "were you there? Then perhaps you may be able to understand something of the awful remorse I suffered then and since for having caused so many innocent to suffer with the guilty one. I am sentenced to be severely punished by long years of imprisonment, and I feel that I justly deserve it not for what I did to him, for revenge is sweet, but on account of the suffering I caused to others."

"You should forgive your enemy," said Cecilia, softly, "for God will not forgive you for all you may have done against Him."

"Forgive," he said, bitterly; "it is easy for one like you, who has suffered no great injury, to say forgive, but not for me. My heart is hardened."

"I did not think so when I heard you say that the memory of your mother's teaching saved you from ending your life."

He bowed his head in silence. She had touched the one tender spot in his nature, and from her dark eyes he felt that he could see a well-remembered look of his own dear mother's when she had chided him for some misdeed in his childhood. Taking advantage of the moment, Cecilia gently tapped on the door, which quickly opened, and she glided out, leaving the prisoner alone with his sad but better thoughts.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Cecilia was deeply touched by the sad story she had heard, and pity filled her tender heart for the poor unfortunate whose life had been wrecked ere he had adieu to his childhood days. But her sympathy went out no less to the poor mother and sisters who had loved him. There came to her mind, too, another story—that of

a golden-haired girl who, unable to bear the disgrace of imprisonment, had pined away and in her youth now slept in her grave. Both sad tragedies had been brought about by the powerful but unfeeling hand of the wealthy and influential, and in the present sad state of her mind the circle in which birth had placed her seemed full of uncharitableness. True, there were many pure Christian hearts among her friends, but to her the world now appeared so full of deception that it was hard to know where to look for virtue. She longed more than ever to spend her life in the convent.

Returning home she sought her Aunt Nellie as the only one who to whom the sad story of the prisoner might be interesting. To her she repeated every detail. Mrs. Cullen listened with the deepest interest, her face in the meantime growing very white, and when Cecilia finished she said:

"Please tell me the first part of the story again."

The girl repeated until she reached the part where the youth had run away.

"That is enough, dear," she said, absently. "But his name, you have not told me that?"

There was a sort of breathless anxiety in Aunt Nellie's tone and a strange look on her face which surprised her niece.

"His real name, auntie, I do not know, but he has assumed that of Charles Coon."

"You said he claimed to have two sisters, Nellie and Cecilia?"

"Yes, and it reminded me of you and dear mother."

Mrs. Cullen's hand went quickly to her heart, as if to still its wild throbbing, which she felt her niece must certainly hear.

"What is it, Aunt Nellie? Are you ill?"

"No, dearest Cecilia, but that sad story affects me strangely, and I must see the prisoner. Who knows but that I may be able to help the poor unfortunate find his sisters?"

"I wish you could," said Cecilia. "I am truly sorry for him." But as she spoke the girl had no suspicion of what was in her aunt's mind. "Tomorrow we will go together to call on him."

Aunt Nellie did not answer, but changed the subject by saying:

"Cecilia, it sometimes seems to me that there is something on your mind which is troubling you, and you appear not as happy in your home as you once were. I hope that life on the stage has not made you discontented."

"No, Aunt Nellie; how can you suggest that when you know how distasteful it has been to me? On the contrary, I appreciate my home all the more, but, like the little birds who leave their nests as soon as they are able to fly, I feel that the time has come when I, too, must fly away. It seems a waste of time to linger here in idleness when life is so short and time passing so rapidly."

"You above all others, Cecilia, have no reason to accuse yourself of idleness. Every hour of your time seems filled with some good work."

"Aunt Nellie, you are always over-estimating the value of every little act I perform. What I desire is to be where I can do something greater; where I can give up my whole life to works of charity."

Mrs. Cullen looked at her niece and read in her eyes more than her words could have conveyed.

"Where would you go, Cecilia?" she asked.

"I once thought that I might be satisfied to remain in the convent where Agnes and I were educated, but of late I have changed my mind, and it is my earnest desire to become a Sister of Charity."

"Cecilia, do you fully realize what you are saying?"

"I do, Aunt Nellie, for I have long considered the subject."

So far the secret of Cecilia's desire of becoming a religious had been hidden from her aunt by Mrs. Daton, because she knew too well that were she to reveal her daughter's hopes to her sister, she would only hear Cecilia's cause strongly espoused, and by Cecilia herself because the subject was to her far too sacred to be much talked of. However, Mrs. Cullen, was not surprised. She even wished with all her heart that the blessing had fallen her own child. Long and earnestly from the earliest childhood of Agnes had the mother hoped and prayed that within the peaceful walls of some convent her own little lamb might escape the trials and temptations which are the lot of so many in the outside world. It grieved her sadly to know that her proud sister would be greatly

opposed to such a step on the part of her who was the last of the Daton family and sole heir to the Daton wealth.

God's ways are not our ways, and Mrs. Cullen, whose life had ever been one series of sufferings and disappointments, had to submit to this and denied the happiness of giving Him the prize she vain would offer. All she could do was to renew the fervor of her prayers, not for Agnes now, but for Cecilia and the ones whom she knew would find it hard to part with her. Gently stroking the girl's hands she said:

"Cecilia, does your mother know your wishes?"

"She has known them for a year, but I believe she sometimes thinks I have abandoned the idea."

"For a whole year! And I was never told of it?"

"Could you have helped me had you known it?"

"I fear not, Cecilia, excepting by my prayers. Silence in such things, my child, shows great prudence and perhaps you have done as well not to speak, though you could have trusted your aunt."

"I know it, Aunt Nellie, and I hope you will pardon my silence."

A long confidential conversation followed, Cecilia speaking the inmost secrets of her young pure heart more fully than she could ever have dared in the presence of her mother.

"Happy child!" thought Mrs. Cullen; "but, God help her, I fear she has a bitter cross to bear." Just then Cecilia declared herself strong enough to bear almost anything for the love of God.

"Cecilia, how would you feel if you were to find that there was a great disgrace in your own family, wrought by a near relative?"

"I can scarcely tell, auntie, for such a thing seems almost impossible. Besides we have no one to disgrace us."

"I hope not, dear Cecilia," she said, tremblingly.

"What do you mean, Aunt Nellie? Please explain. I hope you do not refer to father's financial affairs, which caused me to go on the stage."

"I had no thought of that, Cecilia, and you may be pleased to know that things are not nearly so bad as at first feared and there is little chance now of losing our home."

"I am glad of that for the sake of my own dear parents."

The next morning Mrs. Cullen went to Mass, accompanied by Cecilia, and after it was over she left her, saying that she had a call to make and might not be home much before noon. Her niece would like to have accompanied her and visited the prison before their return, but she saw plainly that she was not wanted, so the visit must be deferred. Let us follow Mrs. Cullen and we shall learn why.

Aunt Nellie had rested but little the night before. A dread suspicion had kept her awake and during Mass she had prayed for strength to meet the worst. From the church she proceeded directly to the prison and asked to see the prisoner of whom Cecilia had told her. On being ushered into the darkened cell she stood and looked at him as if trying to discover some marks of identity in the man's face, which was covered with a heavy dark beard, streaked with gray. But she saw only a suffering criminal. Suddenly he turned and said:

"Madam, I was thinking deeply and unaware that I had a visitor."

"My niece, Cecilia Daton, was telling me of you, and I have come to see if I can be of any service to you."

The cold, dark face brightened.

"Miss Daton, you said, sent you. It has been long years since I have prayed, but if I dared to utter a prayer now it would be, 'May God bless that noble young woman.'"

She looked closely at him again and said:

"My niece told me you once lived in this city and would like to learn the whereabouts of your relatives."

"Such is my desire. But they must know nothing of me, for when a mere boy it was in disgrace I left them and I should not wish to come back to them after all these years a prisoner accused of an awful crime."

"It is a sad thing to find a noble-looking man like you here atoning for such a crime as you have committed, but do you think your own would have the hard hearts to disown you if they knew you were here and wished to see them? It hardly seems possible."

"I deserve nothing better from them."

"But if, as my niece says, you would like to know of their whereabouts, I am willing to do all in my power to help you."

"I fear it would be a useless search."

I thank you just the same and your niece, too, for a kindness I do not deserve."

His voice was very sad. He sat on the edge of his hard cot looking out of the window, but appeared to be gazing at nothing in particular. Unobserved she could study every outline of his features, and she saw plainly many a delicate line which reminded her not only of her brother, but of her sister, Mrs. Daton.

"My niece informed me that you ran away from home because you were accused of stealing money from a grocery where you were employed as delivery boy."

"Yes, but that man's own son was the thief, and I am imprisoned here because I would have my revenge on him."

"Who was your employer?"

He spoke the name, and Mrs. Cullen, unable to withhold herself longer, said:

"And your name is Charlie O'Kane?"

He sprang to his feet, gave her a searching glance and exclaimed:

"Who are you that you recognize me, when I thought I was forgotten by all?"

"Forgotten Charlie! Do you think that your own sister Nellie who has watched and prayed for her only brother during all the long years of his absence could forget you?"

"Nellie!" he cried, springing to his feet. For one brief moment his face brightened, then the light faded again.

"Sister Nellie," he sobbed, "I am unworthy of such tender love as yours is and always was."

As well not try to describe the scene that followed. But the meeting proved the true love that had ever existed between brother and sister. Such a love as this could not be wholly obliterated by the long years of separation. With the man it had been a love hidden for the time by changing scenes, but with the woman it had burned in an unquenching fire, as shown by remarks made earlier in this narrative. The first words the prisoner spoke after the greeting were:

"Is Miss Daton the daughter of sister Cecilia?"

"She is."

"What an angel of comfort! Just the kind of a daughter our Cecilia might be expected to have. But tell me of Cecilia herself."

In a few words she told him all, and his face brightened on learning who his sister had married and how very wealthy she was; but his joy was short-lived, for immediately came the fear that the grand Mrs. Daton would never recognize him.

Instead of going home on leaving her aunt, Cecilia had stopped at the convent and had been sent to the prison on an errand for one of the Sisters. On her way to the room of the party she was to see she had to pass the cell of him whom she knew as Charles Coon. She had no intention of entering, but the door was ajar and only the heavy iron grating separated them, so she stepped up, intending to say a cheerful "good morning" and pass on. What was her surprise on finding him standing with both her aunt's hands firmly clasped in his, while he looked into her eyes with an expression of tender love! She quickly drew back before being observed and listened. This was what she heard:

"Miss Daton, then, is my own niece," said the man.

"She is," replied Mrs. Cullen.

"When she learns my identity what will she say? Will she still continue to visit me and be as kind as before, or will the knowledge that such a scapgrace is one of her own near relatives drive her from me?"

"Cecilia from her very infancy has ever been the kind, charitable girl you have found her, and you need fear no change in her."

Cecilia felt herself growing weak and dizzy and could wait to hear no more for fear of betraying her presence. She hastened on with her message and returned to the street by a different way. Once outside the building she could breathe more freely but she dreaded to go home to meet her mother and grandmother. Most of all, she dreaded the thought of facing Aunt Nellie, who, instead of consoling her, would only deepen her sorrow by confirming the sad truth of what she had discovered.

"That man, that incendiary, my own uncle," she thought. "How terrible! What would my friends say if it were known? I could never face them again with such a disgrace on our family, of whose spotless reputation I have always been so proud."

(To be continued.)

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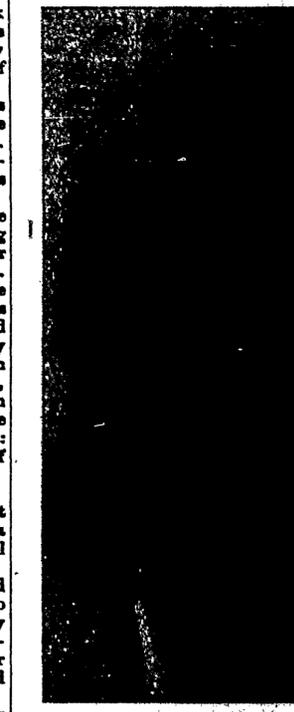
## HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. JOSEPH W. HENDRICK, OF OVID, N. Y.

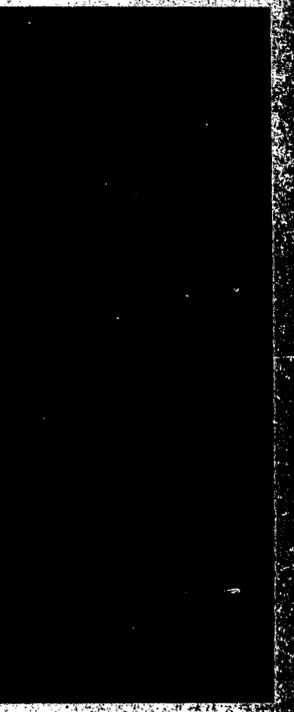
Twenty-five Years a Priest on August 6th—Short Sketch of the Reverend Father.

Wednesday next will be a red letter day for the Catholic people of Ovid, N. Y., as Father Hendrick, the pastor, will celebrate his silver jubilee, the 25th anniversary of his ordination, on that day.

The services in the church will be very impressive and will consist of a solemn high mass of thanksgiving at 10 o'clock A. M., which will be sung by the jubilarian. The officers of the mass will probably be Rev. M. T. Madden, of Trumansburg; Rev. Martin Hendrick, of Pen Yan; Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, of Clifton Springs; Rev. James N. Conolly, of New York, for so many years Master of Ceremonies at St. Patrick's cathedral, and Rev. Thomas Harrington, of Ovid.



present editor of the Pen Yan Review; also under the patronage of his distinguished brother, William Field, Esq., whose memory is held in pleasant remembrance by his former students. He also studied at C. M. Hutchins, a Methodist clergyman, and Rev. R. S. Green, a Presbyterian minister. He finished his course under the reign of His Majesty T. Knox—the present county judge of Yates county—always warm friend of Father Hendrick. He attended the French colleges in Hyacinth and Montreal, and after four years' course at St. Joseph Seminary, Troy, was ordained August 6, 1877 by Bishop McQuaid, now the venerable bishop of Rochester. Sacred Heart academy, Rochester, which his sister was one of the teachers. Mother Ellen White was then the Superior at Rochester. She belongs to that distinguished literary family of Whites of which Gerald Griffin was a member. In 1892 among her first cousins was the late Hon. Stephen Mallory White, the great senator from California, who presided over the Democratic conventions of 1892 and Justice White of the United States



### REV. JOSEPH W. HENDRICK.

The music will be of a high order and will be furnished by a select double quartette from Rochester, with Miss Aggie Madden, as organist. Mrs. Charles Cunningham and Miss Fannie Moran, both of whom sang at Father Hendrick's ordination, twenty-five years ago, Miss Heverson, Miss Blasco Drury, Miss Julia Madden, Patrick Kinney, tenor, Arthur O'Hanlon, of Utica, and other artists whose names are a guarantee of merit. George's Mass will be sung, at which Conard's offertory will be rendered by Mr. Kinney.

Supreme court, senator from Louisiana, and three being in the United States, and Burke Cochrane, the longed for orator, another senator in Congress.

Father Hendrick was ordained at the Cathedral, and St. Mary's, Ovid, St. Mary's, Auburn, St. Joseph, St. Vincent, St. Lawrence, and St. Basil's, Rochester, and St. Lawrence, Livingston, and Hamilton, Ontario counties, for four years past.

He extends an invitation to

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, OVID, N. Y.

Rev. Bishop McQuaid will be present and will probably make an address.

Monsignor Marquis, of Boston; Monsignor Lynch, of Utica, Domestic Prelate of the Pope, and members of his household, and many other nobles and members of the clergy have signified their intention of being present to extend congratulations in person.

Rev. Joseph W. Hendrick is a native of Pen Yan, where he studied in the public schools, and finished the preparatory course in the

friends to be present at present and will be a great day of his life.

A grand public dinner in the evening in honor of the jubilarian will be given. The dinner will be served at the Ovid Hotel.

Rev. Joseph W. Hendrick is a native of Pen Yan, where he studied in the public schools, and finished the preparatory course in the