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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 Cecilia, 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. However, she refuses and is married by the old parish priest after which they depart for the stranger's 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 plans the wedding. Agnes' husband had selected a circle in which she was to move and it was strictly Protestant. She would not give up her Protestantism and become a member of his church. He would not even allow her to attend a Catholic church. She would not give up her Protestantism and when Father Conlin arrived she insisted that he hear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. After a dispute she 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 is married eight years and has three children all of whom die and she and Mr. Daton are left childless. Chapter V—After a lapse of seven and a half years she finds Mr. and Mrs. Daton again in a party. She, Cecilia, who is about to celebrate her seventh birthday. Chapter VI—The husband of Nellie O'Keefe, 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 VII—Mrs. Cullen and Agnes are sent to a convent school. The grandmother is very much opposed to this and tries to prevent it. Chapter VIII—Mrs. Cullen is suddenly taken sick and Cecilia is called home from school. Chapter IX and X—Cecilia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs. Cullen dies at her sister's home. Cecilia and her grandmother 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, many houses are burned. Chapter XVI—Cecilia visits the prisoner, Charles Con, who started the fire. Chapter XVII—Grandmother Daton tells her grand-daughter that she has been convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true church and Mrs. Daton becomes a convert. Chapter XVIII—Mrs. Cullen dies in fear of losing all she 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 of Christ." He reads it and becomes interested. Chapter III—Allyn and Cecilia attend the services at the Catholic Cathedral where Cecilia sings. Chapter IV—Allyn asks Cecilia to marry him and she refuses. Chapter V—Mrs. Cullen discovers that Charles Con, a criminal, is her long lost brother.

(Continued from last week.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

The fragment of conversation in regard to Charlie which she had overheard between her mother and aunt some time ago came back to her with new vividness now and she remembered, too, the boy's picture found among her aunt's possessions. One thing she did not remember was how only the day before she had declared herself strong enough to suffer almost anything for the love of God. She had not contemplated such a cross as this, and wounded pride now caused her to forget all her good resolutions. Returning to the convent she quickly delivered a message and hastened to the chapel, where, instead of seeking consolation in prayer, she broke into bitter tears.

Half an hour passed, during which, in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, she had become much calmer. Then she hastily left the convent and met her aunt, who was just coming out of the church. Mrs. Cullen, too, had been weeping, and so absorbed was she in her own sad thoughts that she did not see Cecilia until the latter touched her arm.

"Cecilia, is it you? I thought you had gone home long ago."
"Aunt Nellie, you have called on the prisoner I told you about."
"Who told you so, Cecilia?"
"I saw you with him."
"Cecilia, did you follow me without my knowledge?"
"I had no such intention, but was sent to the prison on an errand and had no thoughts of finding you there until—"

"Until when, Cecilia?"
"Until I saw you and heard your voice."
"What did you hear, Cecilia?" asked her aunt, in a trembling tone.
"Not much, but enough to prove that the prisoner has found his sister."
"It was more than Mrs. Cullen had expected and they walked on for fully three blocks in silence. At length she said:
"Cecilia, are you sorry?"
"That is a cruel question, Aunt Nellie. Could you expect me to say that I am glad that I have found disgrace in our family?"
"It is hard for us, Cecilia, and I feel the disgrace as keenly as you, but the poor, unfortunate man has suffered so much that it must be a pleasure to him to know that he is not forgotten."
"I believe it, Aunt Nellie; but what would the world say if it were made public who he is?"

"Fear not for that, Cecilia; the world will never know, and if it did, those who would despise us on account of his misfortune are no true friends. Public opinion could make us none the worse."
"But it seems dreadful, and now that I know who he is I feel that I can never call on him again."
"Cecilia, do you call that a true Christian spirit?" asked Mrs. Cullen, reproachfully. "I should never have believed that our good Cecilia could feel thus toward one of her blood relations when she has ever had so much charity for strangers."

"But the man whom you would have me call my uncle has shamefully disgraced not us at the present time, but, according to his own story, he grieved his own mother."
"Be careful, child, what you say. This does not sound at all like yourself, and how different from the way you spoke of him yesterday."
"Circumstances alter cases, Aunt Nellie. Yesterday I never suspected him to be one of my own."
"So much the more reason should you have for showing him charity now, Cecilia. Charlie was not a bad boy, and we all loved him, but bad influence was his ruin."

Mrs. Cullen spoke in a tone of tender sadness which brought remorse to her niece, and Cecilia was silent. When she spoke it was to ask her aunt to tell her all about the wayward brother, a request which was willingly complied with as only the loving Nellie could have told the story. It was finished before they reached home, and Cecilia had been once more fully won to the cause of the unfortunate. Mrs. Cullen rejoiced thereat, but she had a more bitter task ahead of her at home.

"She found her sister on the veranda deeply interested in the latest novel and wholly unwilling to be disturbed."
"Cecilia, I have something to tell you," and had Mrs. Daton been less absorbed she might have known by the very tone that it was something of no small import, but without raising her eyes she turned a leaf, saying:
"I am so interested I must finish my chapter."
"Time enough for that, Cecilia; please lay aside your book and listen to me."

Mrs. Daton reluctantly laid the book open in her lap, so that she might still read while pretending to listen.
"I have found our brother Charlie," said Mrs. Cullen, without further parley, hoping that his abrupt announcement would fully arouse her. And it did.
"Wh- at!" she exclaimed, suddenly closing her book.
"I have found our brother!"
"How did you find him? Where is he? Not still in disgrace, I hope?"
"Forbear, dear sister, and remember that Charlie is our own brother and that poor mother loved him until the end."

"She loved him too much for her own good, and I cannot help feeling that he, ungrateful child that he was, has been in some measure responsible for her death."
"Cecilia, in the name of Christian charity, can you never forget the past? Could mother speak to you from her grave I know she would plead for him as she ever did in life. Mother was right, poor brother was cruelly wronged, as she believed until the last."

Perhaps so, Nellie; but tell me about him. Where is he now?"
Mrs. Cullen dared not reply at once to the last part of the question. She knew too well that nothing could be more imprudent, so she used the greatest caution, concealing almost to the end of her story her brother's whereabouts. Cecilia's name was never mentioned and her mother never thought at the time of her having any knowledge of the affair. No sooner was the story finished than Mrs. Daton said:
"Nellie, do you really believe he is our brother?"
"Believe it, Cecilia! I cannot doubt it."
"Nellie, you are a fool. You have always been too quick to believe everything that is told to you. I should want strong proof to convince me that a criminal under imprisonment for such a heinous crime is really my brother."
"If you will go with me to call on him his identity will be very easily proved."

"I hope, Nellie, you do not think I would go there."
"Why not, Cecilia?"
"You should not ask. Nothing would be more out of place in a woman of my position."
"Position and wealth do not release us from duty we owe our own, and you should go and be convinced."

"Never, Nellie, never, I have far too much respect for myself."
"Cecilia, have you forgotten the respect you owe our dear mother's memory, and for her sake will you will not go?"
"It is out of the question. It is my firm belief that you have been deluded by an adventurer."

"I am sorry you feel thus, Cecilia. For I know that I have not been deceived. If you know positively that Charlie was in prison and needed your help would you go to him?"
"I would not deny him assistance, though he does not deserve it from you or me; but this is an unpleasant subject which I do not care to talk of, and my advice to you would be never to repeat your visit."
"It is of no use," thought Nellie, sadly, and she left her proud sister to continue reading her novel. But Mrs. Daton was not inclined to read. In the secret recesses of her own heart she felt that her sister had not been deceived, for Nellie, being a woman of great prudence, was seldom wrong in anything. She longed to hasten to the prison and embrace her brother, but such an act on the part of one of her lofty social standing would be promptly noised about, and ere many days the story of disgrace would be repeated in every household where she was now esteemed as belonging to a good family.

Could Mrs. Cullen have known the truth in regard to her sister's feelings she would have taken heart to try win her to the cause of the unfortunate one, but as it was she did not dare mention the subject to her again. That night there were three women in the house who rested but little, but no mention was made between them of the cause until the next afternoon, when Cecilia told her aunt that she was going to visit the prison.
"God bless you, Cecilia, you are a good girl," said Mrs. Cullen; "but be cautious, for you know not where eavesdroppers may be hiding and there is no need of publicity about our private affairs."
Never had Cecilia's bright face brought more sunshine into the lonely prison cell than when she came as an angel of light to him who half feared that he should never see her again. She promised him that she would remain faithful to him and would never forsake her own no matter what others might think.
"You will call again soon, Cecilia?" he said as she was leaving. "I would not dare ask it if you had not been accustomed to coming here so much, for I would not have you disgraced by letting any one know that you are related to me. You may depend upon me to keep silence."
Taking an uncle's liberty he raised her hand to his lips, and when she had passed out and the iron grating had swung behind her, he stood looking after her, thinking how much she was like his own dear mother, not so much in feature, for her face, with the exception of her eyes, was of a type wholly unknown to him, but that same loving disposition could not be hidden.
"God bless the girl," was his oft-repeated mental comment, and the memory of her sweet face brightened the long weary hours of the day and appeared to him in his dreams at night. But the bright ray of sunshine had flitted away and it was in vain that he looked for her coming. His sister Nellie came several times and brought him many delicacies, which he fully appreciated, but nothing could make up the prolonged absence of Cecilia.

Mrs. Cullen often found him in a dejected mood. Many times during the first few weeks he inquired for Cecilia and asked why she did not come, but Nellie would make first one excuse, then another, trying to buoy him with the hope that he might see her soon, but after a time he ceased to mention her name. The wound caused by her apparent neglect grew deeper, however, with time.
"Perhaps, after all," he thought, she has inherited some of her mother's pride. And how can I blame her for not caring to visit a criminal who has disgraced her?"
On the day of Cecilia's last visit Mrs. Daton had learned where she had been and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prison; neither was she to send any message to the prisoner. With an aching heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him. On one more point Mrs. Daton had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII.

Spring passed and to Cecilia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary. On the other hand, when she thought of how much she was beloved at home and how she would be missed, especially by her grandmother, who was growing old, it was hard to think of leaving them all forever. On one point she had reached a decision, and that was to take up her work for life with the white-bonneted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Once, a short time after stating her wishes to her aunt, she had spoken with her mother on the subject, only to be met with angry repulsion and a firm avowal, first, that her duty was at home, and then that there were bright marriage prospects in store for her and she was expected not to reject them when offered.

"But, mother," said Cecilia, "I feel, as I told you a year ago, that my place is in the convent, and it would be a grievous sin for me to reject so high a calling for any man."
"The husband your father, as well as his own, has chosen for you is a good, sincere Catholic, with whom you could lead as good a life and a more useful one than in the convent."
"I know, mother, that in the truly Christian marriage there is much merit, but to say that it is superior to the religious life is certainly wrong. The Church teaches that and you should not deny it."
"The Church, Cecilia, teaches obedience to your parents."
"I know it, mother, obedience in all that is not sin, but it would certainly be a grievous sin for one who has a religious vocation to marry."

"But, Cecilia, you are not certain you have the vocation of which you speak, and as your own mother I claim the right to say I believe you have not."
"Possibly, mother, you may be right, but it seems improbable that God could give so strong a desire of becoming a religious when there is no vocation."

Better be a little careful in trying to prove the vocation of which you speak before taking any hasty steps which you may regret all your life."
"I can think of no more hasty step than to consent to enter into a marriage for which I feel that I am wholly unqualified."
"Unsuited, Cecilia; how do you know you are, when I dare say you do not know who the young man of our choice is!"

Cecilia smiled, for she had been too intent on her own pious thoughts to care who might have been chosen as a husband for her but now her curiosity being aroused, she asked her mother to whom she referred.
"Maurice Carroll," was the reply. "His father, who has been visiting him recently, tells your father that he is growing immensely rich in the West and has to all appearances settled down to be a confirmed old bachelor. He made several inquiries for you, however, and the elder gentleman hinted strongly that you were seldom absent from his mind."
"I am very sorry if he certainly is my thought of me, for he will certainly be doomed to disappointment."
"I thought you always greatly admired him, Cecilia?"
"So I did and do still as a true Christian gentleman, but because I admire a man I see no reason why I should wish to marry him."
"Certainly not, Cecilia; but I once thought that you possessed a feeling stronger than mere friendship for him and that his prolonged absence was what weakened it."
"Never, mother; I repeat I always admired him as a friend, but I have never had any thought of marriage and firmly believe I never shall."
"Foolish girl, I thought that your life on the stage could not help but drive from your mind all thoughts of entering the convent."
"Far from it, mother. It only strengthened my resolution."

Mrs. Daton was not a little displeased with her daughter's firmness, and she determined to leave nothing undone by which to conquer her. Both were silent for a time and Cecilia was first to speak.
"Mother," she said, "you would like to have me marry Maurice Carroll?"
"Nothing would give your father and me any greater happiness, while your grandmother fairly idolizes him!" A triumphant smile crept to her face, for a woman who could resist a good marriage prospect was something far beyond her comprehension; and she believed her daughter to be of no stronger mind than others of her sex.

"If I were to go to the far West with him, what would you say?"
(To be continued.)

THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Nature and grace combined could scarce have chosen a prettier spot in which by countless miracles to manifest the greatness of God as shown through the intercession of His saints. As has been said by one of the good Fathers at the Shrine, it seems that at St. Anne de Beaupre the very air we breathe is holy and a great mistake has been made by those who say that it is just as well to remain at home and pray, for here we find abundance of grace seldom to be found elsewhere. To every communion received in the grand Basilica is attached a plenary indulgence to say nothing of the many other rare blessings it is not surprising that every year thousands of pious pilgrims, who have perhaps denied themselves many a pleasure or even necessities of life in order to save a few dollars, make fatiguing journeys of hundreds of miles to pray for only a few hours at the holy shrine.

Reports show no less than one hundred and forty thousand pilgrims last year and during the month of July St. Anne's was visited by thirty seven thousand more than the year previous which shows the increasing devotion of the faithful for the holy grandmother of Jesus Christ. During the month about fifty or sixty thousand communions were given. When the large pilgrimages are in it is no unusual thing from the hours of five until nine for the worshipper in the church to be interrupted at close intervals of sometimes but a few seconds by the ringing of the little bell which announces that at one of the many altars the consecrated host is uplifted for the adoration of the faithful, for in passing through the long line of chapels on either side of the church we may find a priest celebrating the holy sacrifice at each altar. But great as the place is many do not even know its location.

Leaving the ancient city of Quebec we pass through twenty-one miles of scenery which fills us with delightful admiration. On our left is a continuous ridge belonging to the Laurentian Mountains and over this a few miles from the city leaps the Montmorency River forming a pretty falls of two hundred and eighty feet at the bottom of which lies a broad clear basin; to our right flows the northern channel of the St. Lawrence River, which for twenty-five miles below Quebec is divided by the Island of Orleans. The beauty of the landscape dotted here and there with old stone houses, once the homes of a generation now dead for many years and the pretty little towns in such as might fascinate our gaze for hours, but now we have entered another village and a grand stone church with two massive spires stands before us. St. Anne's at last and as we step from the train we are filled with reverence as if treading on sacred ground.

The little town is composed mostly of boarding houses and hotels and a holy silence hangs over the place, for away from the hum of the busy city there is no noise of heavy vehicles on the one street of the town and the roaring of machinery is unheard for there is no industry here, the only occupation of the inhabitants being to supply the temporal wants of the pilgrims. The only sound that breaks upon the stillness are those which remind us more than ever that we are spending a continual Sunday; the church bell which strikes each quarter hour, calls the people to devotions or when the larger bells peal out a welcome to announce the arrival of a pilgrimage. The last is followed by the sound of the grand organ often mingled with the music of a band and again may be heard hundreds of voices singing the hymn to "Good St. Anne" as the holy patroness is called.
On entering the Basilica the first object that attracts our attention is the Shrine itself standing at the head of the middle aisle just outside the altar railing. It is an elegant structure of St. Anne holding her infant daughter in her arms. Both wear golden crowns set with jewels and bezel colored stones also decorate the edge of the robe. The figure is supported by a highly polished pedestal of ivory and surrounded by golden rays which especially in the evening when the church is lighted only by the candles kept around the Shrine by pious pilgrims, presents an aspect too beautiful for description. The central shrine looks like the sun surrounded by countless glittering rays. At the

are several crutches, handgrips, and supports of all kinds brought by the afflicted who had found it possible to travel without suffering, having obtained complete relief through the intercession of the saint had left them as mementoes of their cure.

These are only the more numerous additions and it is marvellous how the pile increases even within a few weeks. On the other side the main entrance the same articles are stood in racks reaching from the floor to the high ceiling; the wall of the stairway is also decorated with crutches and as you pass from the shrine to the sacristy you see great numbers of spectacles and long strings of pearls left by those who have sacrificed the pleasure of smoking. Another of gifts is the vast amount of jewelry kept in the treasury in the sacristy. Among these may be found not only solid gold rings but diamonds and other precious stones. Many of the altars vessels and crowns of St. Anne and child used on the feast are made from the jewelry. Each pilgrim has his own story of miracles which in many cases had been pronounced impossible by the best physicians or of some wonderful cure obtained, but this represents a small proportion of what has been done. Many have obtained relief from afflictions which had brought them to the very verge of the grave without having any proof to leave by which to show that they had been helped. What proof has the blind to leave by which to show that sight has been fully restored and such cases have been numerous as well as those of those who after leaving St. Anne's know more of the painful diseases named known and fully understood by their physicians and themselves.

If St. Anne does so much for the body who can doubt that she does far more for the soul of the poor who go to her with the prayers of the faithful. We could know more for the first time at the shrine and not go away inspired with greater devotion. True many who after praying here are perfectly with unaltered minds and so relief from their afflictions to them a greater grace is given and they go away with new strength to suffer in patience and cheerfully afflicted far more than themselves they feel that they have reason to complain. Many these return year after year until at last when all hopes seem lost they find themselves entirely cured.

One of the saddest cases among pilgrims brought to our notice was a young priest whose bright promise for a long life of usefulness was blighted by the loss of his sight. Devotion with which he applied to his eyes a relic of the inspired a deeper fervor in many of his prayers, but now we have a new him, and unknown to many his earnest prayers were answered that his sight might be restored. He went away and was blessed but perfectly cured by the will of God. His own experience in the prayer of the saints in his moments.

Beyond the Shrine we see the altar standing beneath a canopy of white and gold and the fully decorated with white and gold and delicate patterns and grow on tall spikes. The Shrine of St. Anne is the Shrine of St. Anne and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. The other white and gold canopy in the row of altars contains a Shrine which is the shrine of St. Anne, the patroness of the sick. There are as well as the Shrine in the Basilica, various costly works of art, but none can compare with the sacred monuments which are found from the Holy Sepulchre to the Shrine of St. Anne. The Shrine of St. Anne is the Shrine of St. Anne and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. The other white and gold canopy in the row of altars contains a Shrine which is the shrine of St. Anne, the patroness of the sick. There are as well as the Shrine in the Basilica, various costly works of art, but none can compare with the sacred monuments which are found from the Holy Sepulchre to the Shrine of St. Anne. 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