

Through Whorly 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 to marry this Protestant stranger. She, however, refuses and is married by the old parish priest after which they depart for the elegant 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 superstitious and become a member of his church. He would get even allow her to attend a Catholic church. She would no, gladly, however, 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 later. Mr. Daton marries again, a rich Protestant woman, and his son is brought up a Protestant. When Edward's fight with his father dies, Chapter III and VI—Cecilia O'Kane an orphan, who lives with her sister, Nellie, is engaged by Mrs. Daton to marry her son, Edward. Cecilia falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecilia, and marries her against the wishes of his step-mother. Chapter 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 the death of seven and a half years we find Mr. and Mrs. Daton again happily with a daughter, Cecilia, who is about to celebrate her seventh birthday. Chapter VII—The husband of Nellie, the 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 children. Chapter VIII—Cecilia and Agnes are sent to a convent school. The grandmother is very much opposed to this and reproaches her daughter-in-law. Chapter IX—Mr. Daton is suddenly taken sick and Cecilia is called home from school. Chapter X and XII—Cecilia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Cecilia while at her sister's home it taken ill. Cecilia and her grandmother have a dispute over religion. Chapter XIII—Mrs. Cullen recovers and Cecilia 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 night. Chapter XV—Cecilia and her grandmother are visiting at Cecilia's home when a terrible fire breaks out making many homeless. Chapter XVI—Cecilia visits the prisoner, Charles Con, who started the fire. Chapter XVII—Grandmother Daton, who is now a widow, tells Cecilia that she has been convinced that the Catholic church is the only and true church and Mrs. Daton becomes a convert. Chapter XVIII—Daton dies in fear of losing all he has and Cecilia goes on the stage.

Part Second—Chapter I—Allyn St. Clair, an invalid, meets Cecilia 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 St. Clair, the manager of the services at the Catholic Cathedral where Cecilia sings. Chapter IV—Allyn asks Cecilia to marry him and she refuses. Chapter V—Allyn discovers that Charles Con, a criminal, is her long lost brother.

(Continued from last week.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is little danger of that, Cecilia. He is expected home soon to remain." "You know not what might happen to recall him or how long he might be detained, and in that case would it not be hard for you to part with me?" "We would certainly miss you greatly, Cecilia; but a woman's place is with her husband, and we should have to make the sacrifice." "You will not be called upon to do that, mother, for, as I told you, I am resolved not to marry. But if you can give me up to go far away with a man, why not give me up to God?" "Cecilia, this is very distasteful to me and I wish to hear no more of it," said her mother, and the girl knew that for the present the matter must not be again referred to. It saddened her heart to know that her mother's words to-day had differed little from what had been spoken a year ago. How earnestly she had prayed during that year that her mother's heart might be changed, but, alas! there seemed to be no hope. "No hope! Is there anything more crushing to human nature than this, and could Cecilia be blamed if for the time she was deeply dejected by her bitter disappointment? "No hope," she thought, "for happiness in this life, for where can happiness be found when we hear a voice within us constantly warning us that we are not in our proper place and God wants us elsewhere?" Such a feeling cannot fail to bring with it intense mental agony, for it is too apt to suggest the awful thought of no hope for eternity. Such was the bitter struggle Cecilia underwent after leaving her mother, and she was too saddened to have recourse even to prayer. She thought of her confessor as one who might offer some words of consolation and quiet her aching heart, but on going to find him she was informed that he had just departed on a visit which might last for a month. There was no one who could help her; at home the shadows deepened daily, and for the sake of the loved ones who could never understand her suffering she must ever wear a smiling face. Nearly four weeks passed thus, and then, just as she was counting the days ere her confessor would return, she was obliged to accompany her mother and Agnes on a six weeks' visit to a fashionable summer resort many miles from any Catholic church. For the gay women of fashion and

lover of pleasure the place was little short of an earthly paradise. Agnes was very happy, for it was the kind of life she always enjoyed. To her credit, however, let it be said that she missed the happy privilege of attending Mass, and with Cecilia spent two or three hours each Sunday in pious reading and prayer. Mrs. Daton laughed at the girls for this, but so long as she saw them admired and their company sought by the best of people she did not interfere. She would have been far better pleased had Cecilia shown more appreciation of the attention she was receiving, and she would have been most happy could she have recalled to her daughter's face the bright, winning smile she had worn; but Cecilia seldom smiled now, and strangers who looked at her sweet sad face suspected some secret sorrow. Dame Grundy, who knows everybody's secrets better than the individuals themselves, whispered that it was probably a disappointment in love. The report came back to Cecilia's ears, causing her new and bitter pain. On her return home Cecilia hastened once more to the church to lay her troubles before him in whom she had been accustomed to confide and found that he had returned when expected, just after her departure from home, but was now in charge of a parish which had been given him in the most distant part of the diocese. She hastened to write to him, asking his counsel, and day after day for weeks she waited and watched for a reply which never came. At last, impatient with waiting amid the trials which were daily becoming more bitter as the winter season of social gaieties approached, she sought counsel from a stranger. Unfortunately, in her increasing anxieties prayer had been too much neglected, so that now the good father found her in a state of nervous impatience, and could only advise her to pray earnestly and patiently await the designs of God's providence. Cecilia was dissatisfied, but kneeling before the altar she tried to pray and make herself believe that she had been advised for the best. But the tempter stood before her and told her that she had waited long enough and had been foolish in asking advice of a stranger who understood not the temptations that surrounded her. She left the church with a firm resolution to act at once upon the impulse of what she believed was right. Two days later Cecilia was informed by her father that Allyn St. Clair had called on him in the interest of the Clinton's to engage her for another year, and he had invited him to take dinner with them. "Allyn St. Clair," said Cecilia, "coming here to dinner! I did not think that you would invite a stranger. Does mother know it?" "She does, and is pleased to be honored with his company. As for his being a stranger, Cecilia, I thought he was a friend of yours and that you would be glad to have him entertained at your home." "Since you have been kind enough to invite him, father, I suppose I must try to make the best of it; but you must do your part in entertaining him." "Cecilia, I would never have invited him had I suspected that his presence would be distasteful to you, but if I am any judge of character, I have met few gentlemen in whose company I would be more willing to trust my daughter." "Mr. St. Clair is, as far as I know, all that you believe him to be, but I shall be frank and say that I have no desire to keep up any of the friendships made during last year's work. But you spoke of his wishing to engage me for another season. What answer did you give?" "None, Cecilia; I have left that wholly to yourself to decide." "And you know what my decision will be?" "To remain at home, I suppose. You may do as you wish, and you may be pleased to know that I do not need your help, as I did last year. The prospects are growing brighter and I believe that ere long my difficulties will all be settled." "I am very glad to hear that, father, and I assure you now that I shall never again appear in public." Allyn St. Clair was greatly disappointed on hearing Cecilia's decision, first, because he had hoped that traveling with her might be some chance of winning her, and, secondly, because he knew that she who had won many new laurels for the company last year would help them continue on the road to fame. He informed her that the manager had told him that money was no object and he was to secure her services at any price. But Cecilia

remained firm in her determination, notwithstanding that, her mother and grandmother, both fully won to his cause, tried to persuade her to accept the offer. Cecilia, who strongly suspected his own personal motive unknown to the others, was very careful not to be alone with him, and felt relieved when her father took him to his own room for an hour's smoke and conversation after dinner. But on taking his departure he found occasion to speak to her. "You say your decision to remain at home is final?" "It is," said Cecilia. "I am very sorry, and I know it will be a great disappointment to Mr. Karsten as well as to me." "I do not like to disappoint any one, but it cannot be helped." He held her hand firmly in his and looked at her with an expression which caused her to drop her eyes and feel like tearing herself away. "Miss Daton," he said, "may I have the pleasure of your correspondence?" "No," she said, in a firm but not unkind tone. "Good-bye, then, and always remember that if you are ever in need of a friend Allyn St. Clair is at your service." His manner was extremely sad and she remembered it for many a day with a feeling of deep sympathy, but she showed no sign as she thanked him and said good-bye. "Cecilia," said Mrs. Daton after he had gone, "I am very much disappointed in you." "Why, mother?" "Because you will persist in casting aside every advantage offered for your own welfare. It is no small honor to be associated with such a company as the Clintons, and when you have a chance to make yourself famous you should not treat it with contempt." "Mother, I have seen enough of public life. You speak of fame as something very essential to happiness. The glitter of it might please us for a time, but how soon it will be all over! And when we are dead what will it avail us that we have been honored for a few years in this world?" "Cecilia, I do wish you would give up your foolish ideas and try to be like other young ladies." "Mother, I cannot be other from what I am, and I may as well tell you that I cannot remain longer outside the convent. I feel too strongly that my place is there and I am going." "No, you are not, if there is any power to prevent it." "I must, mother. I shall, and very soon, too." "Cecilia," said her mother, sadly, "how can you be so cruel when you know how much we love you and how we want you here?" "My first duty I owe to God. I am going." "What order do you contemplate entering, Cecilia?" "The Sisters of Charity." "And spend your life in the hospital doing the hard work of caring for the sick and exposing yourself to every kind of loathsome disease after being so delicately brought up as you have?" "Caring for the sick, mother, is a noble work, and one which has God's greatest blessing." "It is no fit work for you, my girl, and you could never do it." "I can do it as well as others, and if God calls me to the work He will give me strength." "If you will persist in your mad course and go to the convent in spite of all we may say, why not enter the order where you were educated? It is far more suited to you." "Why that in preference to the Sisters of Charity?" "Because you meet a better class of people. In the work of refined education you are brought more in contact with those of your own class, while the Sisters of Charity have more work among the poor." "They are thus doing God's noblest work and I do not shrink from it." "Leave it for those of their own class and show enough appreciation of the many advantages we have given you to allow your mother to choose for you in this." Cecilia had no intention whatever of departing from the choice she had made, but her mother's entreaties, mingled with her tears, conquered, and in less than a week, much to the displeasure of our heroine, the fact that Cecilia Daton was soon to go to New York to enter a convent of the order by which she had been educated was told and talked of by all her friends and many who were not her true friends. As society continued to gossip about it, poor Cecilia vainly tried to learn who had made public what she held as a sacred secret of her own.

She did not know that her own mother had started the report while looking for sympathy among some friends at a meeting of a charity society. Not content with the publicity already forced upon her daughter at a time when she wished to be alone and unnoticed in order to give more time and thought to the great act she was about to perform, Mrs. Daton set to work to prepare a grand farewell reception, to take place on the very eve of Cecilia's departure. Against this Mrs. Cullen strongly protested, begging her sister to allow Cecilia to go away quietly, as she should, but Agnes and grandmother, who were no less opposed to the girl's choice than Mrs. Daton herself, fully agreed that the reception would be the proper thing. On the day of the reception Cecilia dined with the family as usual, but it was noticed that she was very nervous and ate but little; then she went to her own room for a time, after which she was seen to go out. Nothing was thought of her until late in the afternoon. Then it was Agnes who went to her room and found a note bidding them all good-bye and stating that she had taken the 8 o'clock train for New York. Mrs. Daton was very angry and would have followed, but it was too late now to recall the one who was gone, and after all her work she must submit to the humiliation of her daughter's absence this evening. Meeting her husband as she left Cecilia's room, she handed him the letter and gave full vent to her feelings in words that were anything but pleasant. "Poor little Cecilia," he said; "it is too bad she went away as she did, but as her mind was fully made up to go, it seems a day could make little difference, and I can hardly blame her for wishing to go quietly." He never told that his darling had stopped in his office on her way to the depot and spent half an hour before bidding him a loving farewell. The happy smile on her face as she talked of the life she was about to enter greatly softened the sting of parting and she had half won from him a promise to become a member of her own faith. CHAPTER VIII. Like a bright sunny day that knows no cloud passed the six months of Cecilia's postulate. Now her time was almost up and she awaited the feast of Our Lord's Ascension, when she would have the happiness of receiving the habit of the order and entering on her novitiate. At home it had been prophesied that she would not persevere in the order, that when she found how much hard work was to be done she would gladly return to her father's house, which she would then be able to appreciate as she should. It was surprising to see how much more she was missed at home this year than last. Then each week brought with it some pleasing story of fame and applause being won, but her victories now were of a far different nature; they were recorded only on the book of life, and no echo of them came back in flattering accents. Then they were expecting her home from her travels in the spring, but now they foolishly thought that almost any day might bring her home. As her letters continued to be bright and cheerful, stating how very happy she was, they began to give up hope, but could not be entirely reconciled to her absence, for everywhere might be found reminders of Cecilia and nothing could take the place of her sweet face. In this it was the same at home as it had been to the man in the lonely prison cell who had watched for her coming. Early in May they received an invitation to her reception of the habit, which was to take place in the presence of only the members of the community and a few near relatives of the candidates. Cecilia had at first felt a little regret that she had not gone to the Sisters of Charity, but in her present happiness it had soon passed away and she now harbored no doubt whatever as to her vocation; being to remain where she was. Another lingering regret which had followed her was founded upon her tender sympathy for Allyn St. Clair, whom she knew loved her with the deepest devotion. That feeling had sprung from a tender heart which does not like to see suffering, not from any thought whatever of returning his love. Only once had any hint been given her that she was not in her proper place. She had gone to attend one of the elder Sisters, who was suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, and being unable to give any relief, she tried by kind words to soothe the sufferer.

THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

(Continued from last week.)

A suit of mass vestments made by Queen Anna, of Austria, in 1665, of gold, silver and silk have retained their color with remarkable brightness for nearly two hundred and forty years. Another object of interest is the first relic case in which the first relic, a bone from the hand of St. Anne, was brought to Canada in 1670. The relic is now kept in a small case on the altar of the sacristy and is used mostly for private veneration. The golden relic, a piece three inches long taken from the wrist of St. Anne, is held in place by a band of twenty-eight diamonds and is used for public veneration only on the feast day when it is also carried in solemn procession through the park in front of the church. On this day it is a large golden hand and kept in a massive bronze case of Belgian workmanship which occupies a prominent place near the altar of the Sacred Heart. The sacred relic is of a yellowish brown color and the flesh dried and hard still clings to the bone. Other fragments for daily public use are kept in front of the side altars and a rock from the home of St. Anne is in a small case at the foot of the Shrine. Many other treasures of rare value are also found in the sacristy among them some old paintings. Across the street is the cemetery, a small plot of ground which has the appearance of being the resting place of not even over a hundred and fifty dead, but from the year 1670 until 1899 there were three thousand seven hundred and twenty-four bodies buried, seventy one of them Indians and many others pilgrims who have died at the Shrine. Burial still continues here and there seems to be no thought of whatever of enlarging the plot. In the centre stands the memorial chapel in which is a life size group of the crucifixion. The expressions of grief on the faces of the Blessed Virgin and St. John are most life like but the death pangs so beautifully wrought on the face of the dying Redeemer is something not soon to be forgotten. The whole body presents a most vivid aspect, being disfigured with what looks like stains of real blood, while on the face especially around the mouth and eyes are dark lines picturing marks of intense suffering. Before the group candles are kept burning. On the steep hill back of the cemetery is the Way of the Cross called Calvary. It consists of fourteen wooden crosses set diagonally in the form of M each containing a relic from the Holy Land, and at the top is an immense crucifix about 20 feet high on which the figure is of bronze. The summit of this hill commands a beautiful view of the river and country miles around and the moonlight and lights of Quebec are seen from this point is a natural picture of rare beauty greatly enhanced by the reflections cast upon the river. Next to the cemetery and directly opposite the priests house is the Holy Spring whose water has cured many not only here but in distant places where it has been carried. The statue of St. Anne stands on a tall spire in the centre of the fountain and directly behind it stand a little white stone structure known as the Old Church, rebuilt in 1878 on the site where the third church had stood since 1676. The old altars and furniture were used giving it an antique appearance and here are kept thirteen rare old paintings, the last of which bears the date of 1765. The most valuable, a copy of Rubens Education of the Blessed Virgin by Lebrun, hangs over the main altar and was the gift of the Marquis de Tracy in 1666, in fulfillment of a promise made to St. Anne when in danger on the sea on his way to Canada. Leaving the old church we ascend a circular wall and long flight of stairs which brings us to the Santa Santa, a pretty stone building of modern style. In this is a flight of twenty-eight steps, each containing a relic from the Holy Land and built in imitation of the stairs Christ ascended during His Passion in the palace of Pilate. These are to be ascended kneeling, a prayer to be said of each step. At the top are three groups of statuary, the central one of which represents Christ in His scarlet robe standing besides of Pilate. The others are also five groups found below are scenes from the Sacred Passion of Our Lord, works of sculptor equalled in beauty only by the group in the cemetery chapel and an elegant statue of the "Ecce Homo" found in the Hall at the side entrance of the grand Basilica. The Stations of the Cross are also arranged in the

Santa and the wall built by them and down are covered with flowers of scenes from the Holy Land. The bright paintings in the chancel are all done in delicate shades of brown. Next comes the Franciscan convent where on the brow of the hill surrounded by shady trees the White Nuns have found a peaceful dwelling place. In their little chapel which is always open to pilgrims the Blessed Sacrament is daily exposed from the early mass until benediction at five in the afternoon, and all through the day may be seen two nuns in spotless white kneeling in adoration before the altar. During the summer the convent is filled with lady boarders and young girls are educated here who intend becoming members of the order but on reaching a proper age to understand the choice they are about to make they are given full privilege to remain or return to life in the outside world. Completing the group is the little convent of the Sisters of the Holy Rosary at the foot of the hill, their chief work being to teach the children of the parish. Their school and also the college, where a few candidates for the Redemptorists are educated to across the street on the church grounds. The Shrine is attended by fourteen Redemptorist Fathers most of them from Belgium and they are assisted in their work by Brothers of the same order. The large number of pilgrims provide work which keeps them busy from dawn until late at night but it matters not how tired they may be they do their work with a zeal and true spirit of charity which shows that the good Fathers are strengthened by supernatural motives of love. Here indeed may be found brilliant examples of the life of a true missionary who has gone thousands of miles from home to give his whole life as a sacrifice for God and his fellow creatures. Some of these examples might be given were it not for fear of wearying the humility of the good Fathers. The Brothers, too, are found in their share of the good work and some spend even a few days at St. Anne's go away without remembering the gray haired old man who like angel hovers around the altar of which he has special care or serving at mass with the childlike simplicity of a little altar boy. May dear old Brother Camille long be spared to continue to give the assistance of his good works and holy prayers. The day begins with mass at half past five, sometimes earlier, and three masses are said daily at the high altar besides many others between the regular hours or at the side altars. They are often celebrated at different hours during the forenoon by visiting priests who come on the train. At eleven fifteen and three thirty is the public reading of the Gospel of St. Anne for the afflicted, blessing of religious articles and veneration of the relic, and in the evening five rosary masses both in English and French followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This is the regular service of the day but each pilgrim has special devotions of his own so that the church is often thronged through the whole day. Confessions are heard at regular hours both forenoon and afternoon and the church is usually closed early in the evening but on these special days, in spite of the large number who prepare themselves for the reception of Holy Communion before reaching the Shrine, the masses are often kept busy for hours in the evening. During the summer there are days that do not bring from one to five bands of pilgrims numbering sometimes over a thousand in company, but few of these last more than a day. They are always greeted by the ringing of the bell and escorted to the Shrine by one of the Fathers whose duties are made and the order of the pilgrims announced. If they arrive in the morning mass is celebrated at various altars and all receive Communion or if they come later in the day they are given mass at the side altars or in the sacristy. These pilgrims are often kept busy for hours in the evening. During the summer there are days that do not bring from one to five bands of pilgrims numbering sometimes over a thousand in company, but few of these last more than a day. They are always greeted by the ringing of the bell and escorted to the Shrine by one of the Fathers whose duties are made and the order of the pilgrims announced. If they arrive in the morning mass is celebrated at various altars and all receive Communion or if they come later in the day they are given mass at the side altars or in the sacristy. These pilgrims are often kept busy for hours in the evening.