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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 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 is 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 no, gratify him however and when Father Conlin arrived she insists that he hear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. Father Conlin goes away with his secret. Agnes dies a week after. Mr. Daton marries again, a rich Protestant woman, and his son is brought up a Protestant. When Edward is eight years old his father dies. Chapter III and IV—Cecilia O'Keane an orphan, who lives with her sister Nellie, is engaged by Mrs. Daton as a 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, Cecilia, who is about to celebrate her seventh birthday. Chapter VII—The husband of Nellie O'Keane, now Mrs. Cullen, dies and she is left a widow with one child, Agnes. Mrs. Daton adopts her 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 it taken ill. Cecilia and her grandmother enter 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 true church and she has become 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 and follows her to the church. He reads it and becomes interested in the services at the Catholic Cathedral where Cecilia sings. Chapter III—Cecilia and Allyn attend the same church and she refuses. Chapter IV—Mrs. Cullen discovers that Charles Coon, a criminal, is her long lost mother. Chapter V—Mrs. Cullen visits at Cecilia Daton's home. Chapter VI—Cecilia enters a convent to become a nun. Chapter VII—Cecilia, who is about to receive the veil is told by the superior that she has no voca-tion and she returns to her home. Chapter VIII—Cecilia and Maurice Carroll are engaged to be married. Chapter IX—Cecilia and Maurice are married and the marriage is postponed. Chapter X—The engagement is broken.

(Continued from last week.)

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XII.

For five long years the woman had suffered from a cancer under her right arm and twice had she undergone operations, only to have the terrible malady return. Given up by her physicians, who found her too weak for a third application of the knife, she had traveled several hundred miles under poor circumstances to seek the only aid that remained. Tired out after her long journey, she sought accommodations at a poor hotel, to which she had been taken by one of the many agents who infest the depots of such places. So long as the man could secure another boarder it mattered not that the hotel was full, and she had been given a poor room in a hot attic. Cecilia, who was seldom deceived in those who are worthy of help, felt very sorry for her and took her to her own boarding house, where she was taken in and given a pleasant and airy room.

Agnes was a little displeased with this, for she did not think it proper to take up too readily with strangers, and she did not like the woman's appearance.

"Cecilia," she said, when they were alone, "where did you pick her up?"

"On the church steps," was the reply. "The poor woman is sadly afflicted and needs some one to take an interest in her."

"I think you would do better to be a little more careful in associating with strangers in a place like this. Do you think your mother would approve?"

"I had not thought of that, but I know of no reason why she should object to my showing a little kindness where it is needed. If you do not care to associate with the woman, I see no reason why you should."

Agnes changed the subject at once by telling of the drive they had planned for the morrow, and asked Cecilia if she would go.

"I should like to," said Cecilia, "but there is a large pilgrimage expected to-morrow and there are to be special devotions which I do not care to miss. Can you not postpone your drive?"

"I suppose so, but the day after to-morrow will be Sunday and we cannot go then, as there would be too

little time between dinner and Vespera."

"Make it Monday."

"Very well, if you wish; but I am somewhat disappointed and I know the others will be, for our plans were all made."

"Then why not go without me?"

"I could not think of such a thing, Cecilia."

The next day, not a little to the displeasure of Agnes, Cecilia gave much of her time to the stranger acting in capacity of guide and explaining to her the common devotions of the pilgrims. At sunset Cecilia took her to a hill called Calvary, to make the Way of the Cross, but she was obliged to ascend the hill alone, while her weakened companion sat at the foot. Sunday evening they were together again, and Cecilia was sorry to find the woman suffering more intensely than ever. The following forenoon she must go back to her home, as her time had expired and her case seemed utterly hopeless. But still she did not despair. At daybreak Monday Agnes awoke to see her cousin dressed and ready to go out.

"Where are you going so early Cecilia?" she asked.

"There is to be a Mass for Mrs. L— at half-past 5, and I am going."

"Go if you wish, but I prefer to rest for two hours. The 8 o'clock Mass is early enough for me. I wish you well, but her case is a hopeless one and she would better be thinking of her funeral Mass."

"Agnes, you should be ashamed to talk so. Nothing is impossible to God, and far greater miracles have been performed here." But Agnes heeded her not, for she was falling asleep.

Mrs. L— had been almost too weak to arise in the morning and the journey to the church quite exhausted her. Once inside, she could not kneel until it was almost time for the consecration, then Cecilia had to watch her closely, fearing that she would faint. Some mysterious power seemed to sustain her, however, and she even gained sufficient strength to go forward and receive the bread of life. As she returned to her place her face was much brighter. She remained on her knees without support for nearly half an hour, then as she arose she took Cecilia's arm, whispering:

"It is gone! I am cured!"

"Thank God," murmured Cecilia, "your faith has been rewarded."

In silence they returned to the boarding house, for the hearts of both were too full to speak. It was Cecilia who whispered the good news to Agnes, who had just arisen, but she refused to believe until she saw the woman. The cure was already being rumored about, and by the time Cecilia and the woman had finished their breakfast and were ready to return to the church for their thanksgiving many were talking of the great miracle and many curious glances were cast upon the two. Her heart overflowing with gratitude to Almighty God, and showering blessings upon Cecilia for her kindness, the woman left on an early train.

"Well, Cecilia," said Agnes, when the former returned from the depot, "now that your charge is gone, perhaps you will be willing to give your cousin a little time by accompanying us on our drive in the country."

"I shall be delighted to go; but, Agnes, the miracle I have had the happiness of witnessing doubly rewards me for the little trouble I have had. It was worth coming all the distance from home to see."

"I suppose that but for your kindness in instructing her what to do she would probably have gone home uncured, so you should be happy."

"Agnes Cullen you ought to be ashamed to make such a remark as that. It is I who have been greatly privileged in being permitted to be with her when she received so great a blessing."

Just then one of the ladies came in to announce that the carriage would be ready at 1 o'clock.

The drive, which extended along the river road, was a most delightful one. The scenery was such as would have enraptured the heart of an artist. They stopped a half an hour at a place where a narrow stream leaped over a rocky precipice about two hundred feet high and fell into a board basin of clear water. Gradually the basin narrowed into a stream. Following the course of the stream they came to a pretty park of small cedars which surpassed in beauty anything that could have been laid out by human hands. They next visited a little village nearby, but no imposing structures met their view here, for everything spoke of poverty. Some of the old white stone farmhouses had stood

for over a hundred years and had once been occupied by the grandparents and great-grandparents of the present generation. These simple people cared for nothing better than what had been the earthly possessions of those who had for many years had slept beneath the shadow of the rude wooden crosses in the churchyard. The old church itself, said to have withstood the storms of nearly two centuries, was next visited, and then they were again on the road of the main object of Agnes' interest.

The foot of the mountain was reached at last, and the carriage halted at a gate where they read the sign, "No admittance."

"To where does this road lead?" asked Cecilia.

"This is the summer home of the Jesuits," said the driver, "and there is a chapel over a hundred years old on the other side of the woods."

"How I would like to visit it," said Agnes, looking wistfully at the sign, "but I see we can go on further."

"You may," said the driver.

"But the sign says 'No admittance,'" said Agnes.

"That means we are not allowed to drive in; but you have the privilege of going in and walking through the grounds."

In perfect confidence the four ladies, with the assurance so characteristic of Americans, walked up the long drive, which was bounded on one side by fields of golden grain extending to the river bank and on the other by a dense forest which hid the pretty spot beyond. After walking fully a quarter of a mile Agnes halted and looked around saying:

"I believe that driver was fooling and that there is nothing to be seen in this wild country. Let us go back."

"There is to be something beyond this wood," said Cecilia, "for the road shows signs of much travel; besides, what object could he have in deceiving us?"

A little further on they came upon a clearing and saw a long, low building of the same white stone used so much in that section, and just beyond, on the edge of a forest of tall evergreens, stood a little chapel. There was nothing of beauty about the buildings, but their antiquity made them interesting, and to add to the attractiveness was a row of old-fashioned cannon beside the chapel, a reminder of war long past. They had scarcely reached the house when two nuns attired in pure white came out and, without noticing the strangers, went to the chapel, which they entered. Just then an elderly man in a black cassock and wearing a scarlet cap, with a line of red showing just beneath his Roman collar, emerged from the chapel and for a few moments gazed in silence on the intruders, then without a word he entered the house.

Undaunted, the ladies followed the nuns into the chapel, where their devotions, I fear, was surprised by their curiosity. On coming out Agnes expressed a desire to see the interior of the house. They rapped several times at the side of an open side door, and, receiving no reply, stepped in, followed by one companion, just as the ecclesiastic they had seen came to meet them with something like a frown on his face, which was, however, too kind to show much anger.

"Did you know these were strictly private grounds?" he asked, trying to be stern.

Agnes stammered an apology, repeating what they had been told by their driver. She was asked if she had not read the sign at the gate.

"Yes, father," was the reply, "but we were told that it was meant for carriages, not for pedestrians."

"Your driver had no right to send you here. No one is allowed inside these grounds without special permission from the superior."

So saying he abruptly left the room before any one could offer a further apology.

Cecilia would have made a hasty retreat, but the others lingered, and the reverend gentleman, as if regretting having shown discourtesy to strangers who were here through no fault of their own, returned and said:

"Since you are here, ladies, I will show you through the grounds."

The party gratefully accepted the offer and followed their guide, who led them past the chapel, stopping to call their attention to the cannon, relics of a war of a century and a quarter back, which had been presented to the Bishop as a slight recompense for valiant services rendered by seminarians who had suspended their ecclesiastical studies to aid their country in her hour of trial. At the end of a long walk through the park he pointed out a pretty shrine of the Blessed

Virgin, but took them to it by another winding path, explaining that each evening at 6 the priests commenced the recitation of the Rosary at Mary's shrine, walking through the different paths and finishing at a similar shrine of St. Joseph which he pointed out in the distance.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Cecilia, and she wished that she might remain forever in such a holy spot as this; the very air seemed to breathe nothing but sweetness and the pure love of God.

Almost at their feet the squirrels peered curiously at them, evidencing little or no fear, and the birds were singing merrily in the trees. They had now reached a clearing at the bank of the river, and here they met a young priest devoutly reading his office. He respectfully raised his biretta to the elder clergyman and passed on, while the ladies passed to view this new and beautiful scene. Only a rustic railing separated them from the edge of a rocky cliff extending down to the waters of the mighty river, which at that point assumed the proportions of a lake. Directly in front of them was the end of a long, narrow island, dotted with golden fields and forests just beginning to take on the autumn hue. Not more than a quarter of a mile away the mountain which had attracted Agnes to this spot descended abruptly into the stream, and the late afternoon sun shining over it all sent a long ray of golden light across the river and gave the whole scene a most beautiful aspect.

"Oh, earth how like to heaven, if not preferred more justly," murmured Cecilia, forgetful for the moment that she was not alone.

The clergyman smiled and inquired: "Do you mean to compare this to the Garden of Eden?"

"It gives me some faint idea of what it might have been."

"A truly noble soul, whoever she is," thought the clergyman. But there was something else in her which strangely attracted him; now he had made a discovery of something unseen before. Her hand was resting on the railing and he saw entwined around her finger a serpent with emerald eyes which glittered in the sunlight. Her face at the first glance had been strangely familiar to him in every feature excepting the dark eyes and hair, but he had thought little of it until his eyes fell upon the ring, the like of which he had seen, but once before.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "but what a strange design for a ring. A cousin of mine had one like it when I was a young man."

"It is very old," said Cecilia, "my grandmother's engagement ring."

He looked at her face and again at the ring.

"Do not consider me too inquisitive if I ask if it is an American ring?"

"Grandfather brought it from Egypt to Ireland and gave it to grandmother."

"May I see it, please?"

"Certainly, father," and removing it she put it in his hand.

(To be continued.)

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**CORNER STONE LAID**

FOR THE NEW CHURCH OF CORPUS CHRISTI LAST SUNDAY.

Large Crowd Witnessed the Ceremony Performed by Bishop McQuaid.

Reverend Bishop McQuaid laid the corner stone of the new Corpus Christi Church, corner of Main street east and Prince street last Sunday afternoon. The ceremony was attended by a crowd of at least 3,000 people, who thronged the church and the surrounding walks, while vehicles were so many that the streets were well-nigh impassable.

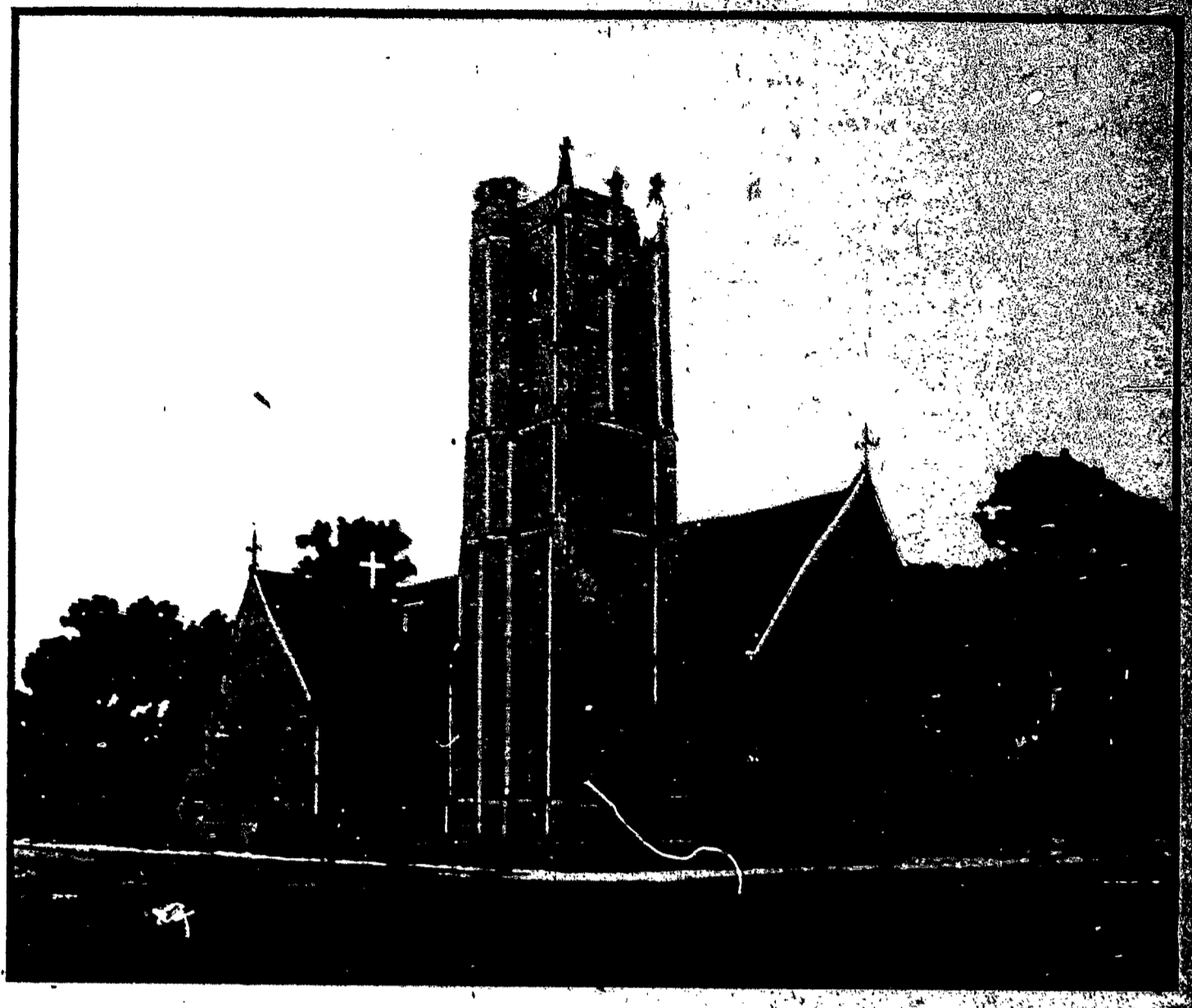
Bishop McQuaid and the attendant clergy vested in the Home for Aged Women, a short distance east of the new church. Rev. D. O'Connell, pastor of the church headed the procession, followed by the altar boys and priests of the diocese. Lastly walked Bishop McQuaid and his attendant priests, Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, V.G., rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Rev. M. J. Hargather, rector of St. Michael's Church. Rev. A. B. McQuinn, D.D., of St. Bernard's Seminary, acted as master of ceremonies, Rev. J. E. Hartley of Palmyra, and Rev. J. J. Bresnahan of Churchville, acted as chanters.

The procession moved down the street and entered the church, proceeding to the spot where the altar is to be, and this was blessed. The corner stone was then laid with the prescribed prayers. In a copper box placed in the stone were placed a history of the church, documents with the names of the President, the Governor, the mayor, the pope and the bishop with other pertaining to the church itself and copies of Rochester papers. The procession then marched about the foundations, the bishop blessing them while the Hymns were sung.

Near the altar space a rostrum had been erected and after the laying of the corner stone the bishop and attendant clergy proceeded. The bishop then delivered an address.

When completed the new church will be one of the finest churches in Rochester and will be a creditable addition to the already large number of handsome Catholic church edifices. It is to be of Albion Sandstone and its commanding location on the corner of Main street east and Prince street will add to its beauty. It is estimated that it will cost about \$60,000.

Corpus Christi parish was out of from St. Mary's parish some fifteen years ago. When Bishop McQuaid decided on this he placed the Rev. J. J. Leary in charge of the new parish. It was uphill work at first for the young priest, but he persevered and the present church and school building stands as a monument to his unflinching interest in his flock. Father Leary remained at Corpus Christi until he saw the struggling parish grow into one of the strongest and most substantial in Rochester. The congregation increased to such an extent that a new church was an imperative necessity. Father Leary's health was so undermined that he was unable to the task and when the temporary rector of St. Mary's became



by the death of Rev. T. C. Murphy, Father Leary was provided to the parish, which he presided over, then a year.

As Father Leary's successor, Corpus Christi, Bishop McQuaid named Rev. D. J. O'Connell, then pastor of St. John's, to succeed him. He was a native of Ireland, because Father O'Connell had held of the helm with him. As soon as plans were perfected the new pastor began work of raising funds for the church and ground was broken in the spring. It is hoped to have the dedicated ere long.

The names of the priests who are as follows: Rev. V. G. Barry, Wm. Gleason, Rev. John McQuinn, C.E.S.R., Rev. Joseph Schaefer, C.E.S.R., Rev. Thomas A. Hendricks, Frederick R. Bauer, Rev. Paul J. O'Connell, Rev. John J. O'Connell, Rev. James Winters, pastor of Corpus Christi; Rev. Thomas J. Esdakin, Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Rev. A. E. Brown, D.D., Rev. Owen McGulr, D.D., Rev. A. J. Leary, Rev. Michael Kraig, Rev. Liam Payne, Rev. Joseph G. O'Connell, Rev. F. Quinn, Rev. J. Francis O'Connell, Rev. M. J. O'Connell of Holy Trinity and Rev. J. J. Donnelly of St. Mary's.

**COOK OPERA HOUSE**

Of the strong roster of the next week at the Cook Opera House, perhaps the most important is that of Chas. T. Aldrich, who has achieved a big reputation. He is a comedian, but his work is not only funny, but it is also a work of art. He is a native of this section of the State and is a comedian who will appear at the Cook Opera House next week. The four Hanning are a screaming comedy act. A New York society says the good enough to be in the New Sally in a well-known play. The De Forests are dancers, comedians and banjoists. The British sensation comedians, who have been in an excellent season at the Cook Opera House, will appear next week. This is the last of the season and the programs are well planned.

**THEATRE STOCK COMPANY**

The drama "The Man in the Iron Mask" will be the Monday night play of the Theatre Stock Company. The Monday night play of the Theatre Stock Company will be "The Man in the Iron Mask." The Theatre Stock Company will be in charge of the play. The Theatre Stock Company will be in charge of the play. The Theatre Stock Company will be in charge of the play.