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# The Catholic Journal.

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## Through Thorny Paths.

BY MARY BOWENA COTTER.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chapter I—Edward, a son 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 of her engagement tries to persuade her not to marry this Protestant stranger. She, however, refuses and is married by the parish priest after which they depart for the strange beautiful home in Boston. Chapter II—Thomas Conlin is ordained and comes to America as a missionary and arrives at his cousin's home. There he meets the wife who is as beautiful as 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 she said that she might give up her superstitious 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 insisted that he hear her confession and baptize her little baby son, who had just been born. Father Conlin goes away with his secret. Agnes dies a week after. When Edward is eight years old a rich Protestant woman, and his son is brought up a Protestant. When Edward is eight years old his father dies. Chapter III and VI—Cecelia O'Kane, now Mrs. Conlin, who lives with her sister, Nellie, is engaged by Mrs. Conlin to her step-son, Edward. Edward falls in love with this Catholic girl, Cecelia, and marries her against the wish of his step-mother. Chapter V—Cecelia is married eight years and has three children all of whom die and she and Mr. Conlin are left childless. Chapter VI—After a lapse of seven and a half years we find Mr. and Mrs. Conlin again happy with their seventh child, a boy. Chapter VII—The husband of Nellie O'Kane, now Mrs. Cutler, dies and she is left a widow with one child, Agnes. Mrs. Conlin adopts her niece and her step-son. Chapter VIII—Cecelia and Agnes graduate and a grand reception is given them. Mrs. Conlin, at her sister's home takes ill. Cecelia and her grandmother have a dispute over religion. Chapter IX—Mrs. Conlin recovers and Agnes 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 X—Cecelia and her grandmother are breaking in a distant city when a terrible fire breaks out, making many homeless. Chapter XI—Cecelia visits the prison, where she meets a woman who started the fire. Chapter XII—Grandmother Conlin tells her grand-daughter that she has been converted to the Catholic faith and is the only true church and Mrs. Conlin becomes a convert. Chapter XIII—Mr. Conlin is in fear of losing all he has and Cecelia goes on the stage.

Part Second—Chapter I. Ally St. Clair, an invalid, meets Cecelia and falls in love with her. Chapter II—Ally St. Clair accidentally finds a book belonging to Cecelia entitled "Following of Christ." He reads it and becomes interested. Chapter III—Ally and the manager attend the services at the Catholic cathedral where Cecelia sings. Chapter IV—Ally asks Cecelia to marry him and she refuses. Chapter V—Mrs. Conlin discovers that Charles Conlin, a criminal, is her long lost brother. Chapter VI—Ally visits at Cecelia's home. Chapter VII—Cecelia enters a convent to become a nun. Chapter VIII—Cecelia, who is about to receive the veil is told by the superior that she has no vocation and she returns to her home. Chapter IX—Cecelia and Maurice, her cousin, are engaged to be married. Chapter X—Cecelia fails at the altar and the marriage is postponed. Chapter XI—The engagement is broken.

(Continued from last week.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XII.

He looked inside and read, "From Edward to Agnes," and she felt that his hand was very cold as he handed it back with thanks.

As they moved on he seemed to be thinking deeply and she felt that his eyes were constantly upon her. But few words were spoken until they returned to the entrance of the grounds. A party of happy young seminarians were singing merrily to an accompaniment on a piano in the house. They ceased long enough to pay their respects to the ladies' venerable guide, but he scarcely noticed them. After the ladies had thanked him for his kindness he turned to Cecelia, remarking:

"May I ask your name and residence?"

"Cecelia Conlin, of Boston," was the reply.

"Pardon my unseemly curiosity, but I would like to know the maiden name of your grandmother, whose ring you wear."

"Agnes Conlin," replied Cecelia, greatly puzzled to know why this stranger whom she had never seen or heard of should be so interested.

"Do you expect to remain long in this section, Miss Conlin?"

"About two weeks; then we intend to spend a few days in the city of A— on our way home. We have heard so much about the grand churches and convents that we cannot return without seeing them."

He smiled, for she had referred to the pride of his heart.

Taking from his pocket a card, he wrote on it a few words in Latin and handed it to her, saying,

"When you come to A— I wish to have you call at the Archbishop's palace and present this card. I prefer to see you alone, as I have something of importance to tell you."

"Well, Cecelia," said Agnes, on their way back to the carriage, "it is wonderful how you can make friends among those people. I would like to know why that strange priest wishes to see you, and alone, too."

"I cannot imagine," said Cecelia, "but he undoubtedly has some good reason, and as for his being only a priest, I have my doubts."

"Why, Cecelia!"

"Because priests are not supposed to wear scarlet."

"Who do you suppose he can be?"

"Some high dignitary of the Church, no doubt. I should not be surprised if he were the Archbishop himself."

"How highly honored you are to be favored with a private interview! I am very curious to know the meaning of it."

"I must admit I am myself; but time will tell."

Cecelia's first act on arriving in the city was to report at the residence of the Archbishop, and Agnes, who would not be left entirely behind, accompanied her as far as the place, then went into the Cathedral to wait for her. On looking at the card the porter showed her into a small but prettily furnished parlor, and she was given fully ten minutes to admire a few large and beautiful works of sacred art on the walls. She knew well that she was in no public reception room and was wishing that Agnes, who was also a lover of beauty, was with her, when the door softly opened and she found herself in the presence of the dignitary for whom she had been waiting. He smiled kindly upon her, but she was a little awed when she saw her suspicions confirmed by his cascade of purplish red and the seal ring and pectoral cross he wore.

"Well, child," he said, after giving her a kindly greeting, "you did not come here, I suppose, with expectations of meeting Archbishop Conlin himself."

"I could not have hoped for such an honor, your Grace," she said, humbly.

He smiled again, a kind smile which seemed to melt all of the stern dignity of his lofty position and made her feel that she had found a friend.

"No doubt you are very anxious to know why I wished you to call. When you told me that you were Cecelia Conlin, the grand-daughter of Agnes Conlin, I became interested in you and wished to know about your family. Do you know anything about your grandmother or her family?"

"Very little, your Grace, for grandmother died when father was an infant, and he had no one to tell him much about her."

"Ah, I see," was the sad reply. "It is what I might have expected. Your father, like yourself I suppose is a Catholic?"

"I am sorry to say that he is not."

"What church does he attend?"

"He was brought up a Presbyterian, but is now a member of no church."

The old man bowed his head sadly and Cecelia thought she saw a tear in his eye as he said, more to himself than her: "I might have expected it"; then added: "How came you to be a Catholic?"

"My mother is a Catholic, your Grace."

"And your father should be, for he had a Catholic mother and was himself baptized in infancy."

She looked at him in surprise.

"I never heard of it."

"I am not surprised at that, for the secret went to the grave with your grandmother."

"My father baptized a Catholic! Can it be possible?"

"It is in truth, for I myself baptized him when I prepared his young mother for death over fifty years ago."

"You," she said, reverently. "You knew my grandmother, then?"

"Your grandmother and myself were first cousins, but more like brother and sister when we were young."

Cecelia tried to speak, but she could not; the revelation had made her heart too full of joy. Only one thing was necessary to complete her happiness and that was the presence of her father, whom she felt were he here now could easily be won to his true place in the Catholic Church.

"You are surprised, my child, I see," said the prelate, kindly.

"Yes, and a joyful surprise it is to me; but oh, if father were only here! How happy he would be to learn about his own mother."

For fifty years, Cecelia, I have remembered your father in my daily Mass, and earth could give me no greater pleasure than to see him and know that he is a good Catholic before I die. But you, dear child, I know that I can trust you to carry him my message with my blessing."

"I will most gladly do it, and perhaps when I tell him about you he may come to see you."

"If he only would it would greatly cheer the heart of an old man who may be very near to his grave."

Knowing from her sincere, open countenance that she was one to be trusted, the aged ecclesiastic told Cecelia the whole story of the early life, unfortunate marriage and death of her grandmother, explaining in every detail the scenes in the sick room when the

young wife received the consolations of her religion without her husband's knowledge. It did him good to see that by his words his visitor was moved to tears.

"Poor grandmother," she murmured: "how sad the ending of her young life."

"Yes, child, but it was well that she died when she did, a few days after I left her, for she undoubtedly had a happy death and was spared what might have been many years of suffering and remorse for her one act of youthful folly. But you have not told me are there any other children in your family besides yourself?"

"I am the only one living. There were three more, but they died before I was born."

"The last of the family; and your father, I suppose, has great hopes for you?"

"He has had," said Cecelia, dropping her eyes, "but in me he seems doomed to disappointment, for failure seems to attend my undertakings in making a choice of work for life."

"How so? You need not fear to tell me, for I am deeply interested in the welfare of a descendant of my favorite cousin."

In a few brief words she told him of her two unsuccessful efforts to become settled in life and of the illness which had brought her here.

"You have had a strange experience," he said, "and I suppose that now you will return home and marry this young man?"

"No, your Grace, I have given up all thoughts of marriage and I earnestly thank God for having prevented my answering to the marriage vow."

"What, then, do you intend to do?"

"I do not know; remain at home, I suppose, and settle down to be what is called an old maid."

The old man laughed.

"Not a bad idea," he said, "if you really feel that God called you to it, for many of our despised old maids are doing a far nobler work in life than some of their married sisters. But it seems to me that you are called to a still higher mission."

"Will you please tell me what you mean?" she asked, her face brightening.

"Have you ever thought of returning to the convent?"

"It would hardly seem right after all I have gone through. If I had a true vocation why could I not have remained when I first entered? And, besides, what would people think if I were to enter the convent again after failing in an attempt to be married?"

"What should you care what the world might think? We are all of us what we are in the eyes of God, and no more. The world seldom judges us aright. You have told me that you cannot marry. Do you think that you ever cared enough for this young gentleman to marry him?"

"I always loved and respected him as a friend but had it not been for the wishes of my parents and the advice of my confessor, who told me that perhaps it would be best for me to marry, I should never have consented. I thought I might learn to love him as a husband should be loved."

"You are a good girl and God rewarded your obedience by setting you free at the last moment. Now, do you not think you would be happier in some religious order?"

"Yes, your Grace, I do; but it might be hard to gain admission now."

"Nothing, child, is impossible to God, and such a great blessing is worth a little labor. So do not be discouraged."

Cecelia's face grew bright and there was a heavenly light in her dark eyes which proved that his words of encouragement were very sweet.

Fifty long years of separation had not wholly effaced from the old man's memory the sweet countenance of one he had once loved, and he now saw the resemblance more strongly than before, for Agnes Conlin had looked like this when happy.

"Cecelia," he said, sadly, "there was a time when I hoped that my cousin Agnes would one day be a happy inmate of some convent, and I believe such would have been her blessed lot. What could be more fitting now than to have the last of her family become a religious? Who knows but that the blessing of the vocation she sacrificed in an hour of foolish pride have descended to the child of the second generation?"

"If it might only be so," said Cecelia, "I should be so happy."

Suddenly remembering her cousin, who must be tired waiting so long, Cecelia now spoke of going, but was glad to await for a little token to take home to her father. Left alone in the room, she had no more interest for

beautiful pictures, but bowed her head in her hands and tried to think which had pleased her most, having found this new relation in so highly an honored position as prince of the Church and being told that she was of Catholic ancestry, or in being assured that her proper place was in the convent. So absorbed was she that she did not hear him reenter the room and was unaware of his presence until he spoke to her.

"Here, my child," he said, "is a little keepsake which I have treasured from my youth. But an old man who is near the grave cannot have use for it much longer, while your father has a better right to it than I."

He laid in her hand an old leather bound prayer book, the pages of which were yellowed with age. She opened it reverently and found a pretty curl of golden hair tied with a faded blue ribbon.

"That," he said, "is one of your grandmother's curls which she cut and put in her own little prayer book for me the last time I was at home before my ordination. I never saw her but once after that, and then it was when I came to her in a strange land just in time to prepare her for death."

"What a pretty golden shade," said Cecelia.

"Yes, Agnes was always very proud of her hair; but take them to your dear father with my blessing and tell him that it was his mother's dying wish that it should be a Catholic."

Cecelia could not find words to thank him, but she looked her tenderest gratitude and knelt to receive his blessing. A tear fell upon his hand as she raised it to her lips to kiss his ring.

"God bless you again, dear child," he repeated, as he said good-bye. Then he returned to his own room, feeling that one of the great ends of his life had been accomplished. Cecelia's presence had been like a bright ray of summer sunshine, having recalled so vividly the days of youth when Agnes and he had spent so many happy hours together.

Impatient with waiting, Agnes Conlin stood in the door of the Cathedral and when she saw her cousin coming out of the house hastened to meet her, saying:

"Cecelia, what in the world has kept you so long? I was beginning to fear that the Archbishop had locked you up and that I should never see you again."

"No fear of that, Agnes, though I have had a most delightful visit."

"Really, Cecelia, is it true? Do tell me about it."

As they walked towards the hotel Cecelia told the story.

"Well," said Agnes, "it sounds like a novel. How wonderful!"

"Wonderful, yes, but far better than anything that could be told in story books."

"How well our Cecelia looks!" said Mrs. Conlin, when the girls arrived home.

"I am feeling real well, mother. My trip did me a wonderful amount of good."

"You show it in your face. How pleased Maurice will be when he sees how you have improved. He has often inquired for you during your absence."

The bright smile faded from Cecelia's face.

"Maurice," she said; "I see no reason why he should take such an interest in me."

"He does," said Mrs. Conlin, "and it does not seem strange to me."

"Mother, I told you before I went away that it was all over between us, I meant it, and I wish you would never refer to that again."

Mrs. Conlin laughed.

"Stubborn as ever, Cecelia, but it cannot last, and when the roses of June are in blossom I should not be surprised to see you wearing your bridal wreath."

"If I do, mother, it will be as a bride of Christ."

"Cecelia you do not mean that you still cling to the hope of entering the convent, after once leaving it?"

Cecelia did not answer. Her father came in just then and she could not keep from him the wonderful story which her eagerness to tell him had made her homeward journey a long one.

With the deepest attention he listened to every word of the story, and when she had finished it was evident that he was deeply impressed.

"Cecelia, this seems too good to be true," said her mother. "And what an honor to find a relative in the celebrated Archbishop of A—. How I would like to meet him. And how strange my the same! Write in confidence to the Homestead Sanatorium, Wayland, N. Y."

The Homestead Sanatorium is not a Keeley institution. We treat the liquor and drug habits as a disease and use no bi-chloride of gold or other poison. No Gold is our own remedy and we will give \$100.00 for every case that it will not cure. We have never had a failure. Can others say the same? Write in confidence to the Homestead Sanatorium, Wayland, N. Y.

(To be continued.)

## BLESSING THE GRAVES.

Inclement Weather Did Not Prevent the Gathering of a Large Crowd.

Bishop McQuaid performed the annual ceremony of blessing of graves in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery Sunday afternoon despite the rain and unpropitious weather. The weather did not prevent the gathering of a crowd numbering about one thousand people who had gathered to testify to their devotion to their dead, who lie in the cemetery.

It was too wet to have the procession as originally intended and Bishop McQuaid and a few attendants walked about the avenue of the cemetery and performed the ceremony. Preceding this the vesters of the dead were chanted in the mortuary chapel. The priests of the parishes of the city and the students of St. Bernard's Seminary were present and the crowd thronged the chapel so that many were unable to gain entrance. After the bishop had blessed the graves he returned to the chapel where he addressed the crowd which had gathered. His address was brief. In part it was as follows:

"There are many hearts in this city that are sore to day because they cannot be with their loved ones in their beautiful home. It is a grief to us to realize that they cannot be here to testify to the faith which they possess, while performing an act of the deepest religious piety.

"But we cannot control the weather and truly we have never before had a day like this one. But we are grateful for the days on which we can come and pray for the suffering souls in purgatory, and we are grateful even for this day, stormy though it may be, for this day which God has given us in order that we may come and pray for those souls that they may soon be ready for their eternal joys.

"There is but one object in mind as we come here to-day, and that is to deepen in the hearts of all a devotion to the souls in purgatory. I am sure that their cause loses nothing because of the absence of so many of their friends in the body, and I pray God the Father to reach down His hand to those suffering souls who in life knew Jesus and who, when the time for departure came, died in the faith, that they may soon sing the songs of peace and reach their eternal joys and happiness."

The bishop was attended by Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, V. G., rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Rev. Wm. Kessel, C. S. R., rector of St. Joseph's church, Rev. Andrew McEachern of St. Bernard's Seminary, acted as master of ceremonies.

Knight's of Columbus.

Impressive initiation ceremonies were held Monday evening by Rochester Council, No. 178, Knights of Columbus. The exercises were in charge of District Deputy Edward S. Gurry of this city. A class of sixty-five candidates received the third degree of the order. The degree was exemplified by District Deputy Robert J. Powers of Binghamton, assisted by William J. Manyan of Buffalo, William E. Jervall of Batavia, P. J. Ryan and Dr. Le Bouteille of Seneca Falls.

The exercises were attended by a large number of Sir Knights from out of town. Delegations were present from Buffalo, Albany, New York, Binghamton, Elmira, Niagara Falls and Syracuse, as well as from Brockport, Medina and several of the towns of western and southern New York.

After the initiation ceremonies there was a banquet which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Railroad Notes.

The 23rd annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Firemen's Assn. will be held in Bradford Oct. 7th to 10th, for which occasion the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Bradford from all points on its line in New York State at a single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going Oct. 4th to 10th inclusive, good returning until Oct. 15th. Programme of convention: 9th, Firemen's great parade day; 10th, prize tournament at Driving Park.

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Wedding Invitations.

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## FIRST COAL OIL LAMPS.

Some Rare Relics in Possession of a Georgetown Family.

A family living in Georgetown, who have taken care of old heirlooms left them by a long line of ancestors, have in their possession a number that are exceedingly rare and curious. The objects in question are specimens of the two earliest coal oil lamps invented. The mind of man runs very much in a groove, and, although he appears anxious for change and progress, there are few things that annoy him more.

The first coal oil lamp, of which this family has a specimen, was made of brass, in imitation of a candle and candlerick, even to painting the upper part white in imitation of the friar's. The interior of this imitation candle held the oil, the wick—a small affair; the same, in fact, that was used in candles—emerging from an aperture in the head of the metal candle, just as in the real one. Such a thing as a chimney or shade was unknown.

A short time after this lamp appeared some other person invented a coal oil lamp made of glass, in imitation of a very large candlestick. The middle part swelled out into something like a globe, in which the oil was placed. It took some five or six inventions before the coal oil lamp became what it is today. The Georgetown family has a specimen of the second lamp invented as well as the first.

These first coal oil lamps are today rarer even than candlesticks, for the reason that only a few were made, the improvement being so rapid that the first awkward imitation of a candle had hardly reached the market before some other person began inventing lamps, each a little more like the coal oil lamp of today than the first, until the invention was perfected. The specimens in question are some of the first ever brought to America at a time when they were a curiosity and when every one used candles.—Washington Post.

A Story About the Paney.

A pretty fable about the paney, current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most panies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the paney represents a family consisting of husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife.

The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stems and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub.

Scotch Macedons.

The pride of the Scotchman in his native land is well known, and many stories have been told of his ingenious appropriation of the wit and wisdom of other nationalities. Perhaps no more amusing instance of this gift of transference has ever been recorded than one said to have occurred at a dinner given in London by members of the Highland society.

Shakespeare, Milton and all the most important poets and prose writers of present and past times were found to have the saving strain of Scotch ancestry, the proof offered in each case being entirely satisfactory to the company.

At last there rose a man who struck a still more daring note.

"There's the Emperor Macrinus and the great philosopher, Macrobius, when you come to clear evidence," he said calmly, "and why has nobody mentioned Alexander the Great, who was one of the Macedons, was he not?"

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