

Directory.

SOCIETY.—Established 1856, incorporated 1846. Meets in Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, C. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; St. Devlin, M.D.; St. Murray, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

T. A. AND B. SO. on the second Sunday in St. Patrick's church, at the corner of Alexander street, at 10 o'clock. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

A. & B. SOCIETY. — Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

ING MEN'S SOCIETY. — Meets in its hall, at the corner of Alexander street, on the first Monday of each month, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

NADA, BRANCH. — Meets at St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of each month, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

Callaghan; President, W. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

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By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"No, Mr. St. Clair, I could not." "Why not?" "There are reasons which I cannot explain." "Is it on account of any fault you are in?" "No. As a friend I have ever held you in the highest esteem." "Thank you for that, Miss Daton. Your words assure me of your friendship at least. But—" he hesitated. "Have you any objections to calling me if I have a rival?" "None on earth," she replied firmly and slowly. "None on earth! What does that mean?" he asked respectfully. "Not that you once had a lover and because he is dead you have sentenced yourself to live alone?" "He could not see the smile on her face as she answered, "No," but he remembered her strange words and many other things connected with her which had often greatly puzzled him.

They were soon at the hotel, but one too soon to please Cecelia, and St. Clair was bidding her good night he asked if he should meet her again before her departure, to which she replied that she feared not, as she intended starting for home early the next day.

"But you will remember me. I hope." "Yes, as a friend who has been most kind to me in my wanderings." "It is really true, as the manager says, that you have completed your engagement with us and we shall see you no more?" "It is, and I am happy to say that my voice has been heard for the last time on the stage."

"You mean to remain at home, no doubt?" "Yes, for a time, but not permanently according to my present plans." "Have you any objections to my calling if I happen to be in your city?" "As a friend I shall be pleased to see you if I am at home."

"Thank you for that much, Miss Daton. Not wishing to trust himself to meet her again on the morrow, he bade her good-bye at the door of her room, wishing her a safe journey home. Then he went to his own solitary room and retired, but not to sleep. He who less than a year ago had declared that he would never marry was suffering keenly from disappointment in his first and last love, for he felt that something had gone from his life which could not be replaced.

CHAPTER V.

"How good it is to be in my own dear home once more!" And Cecelia's bright face fully verified these words addressed to her cousin on the day of her arrival.

"You are no happier to be home, Cecelia, than we are to have you. It has been dreadfully lonely without you."

"Thank you, Agnes, I am really selfish enough to be glad to know that I have been missed; but what would my cousin say if I were to go away again soon and never return?"

"What do you mean, Cecelia?" asked Agnes, in surprise. Cecelia smiled a mysterious smile, and said: "Never mind, dear cousin, and do not worry about it until you see me ready to go."

"You do not contemplate returning to the stage, I hope, though I could scarcely blame you if you did, for it must be a glorious thing to win such fame as you have within a few short months. Even if you did not care enough for us to let us know people's opinion of you, we learned it just the same. Besides what mother wrote to us, we have been closely following your career through the papers, and often your mother and myself have wished that we might be at the theatre to witness your triumph."

"The admiration of the public, Agnes, is of little worth. To-day one may be praised by many; to-morrow a new star appears and the attraction of yesterday is forgotten." "Preaching again, Cecelia, just as you used to do when we were girls in school. I thought that in your new life you would get over that."

"My new life had no power to change my heart, and I assure you that under the roses of admiration in the career of a Christian young woman on the stage may be found many a cruel thorn."

"I was so happy and proud to hear your praises sounded by strangers as well as friends that I never thought of such a thing. But were you really unhappy while you were away from home?" "When duty called me away I ought not to have been, especially in the constant companionship of your dear mother, who more than filled a mother's place for me when my own was far away."

In Cecelia's words there was no shadow of a hidden meaning, though in truth such might be inferred, for, alas! in Mrs. Daton the true mother's love for her own child had never been shown as it had by her sister. True, her Cecelia had ever been most dear to her, and she had been very proud of her, but Agnes had been so much more after her own heart that it was hard for her to fully appreciate the virtues of the noble girl.

"Duty, as you say, called you away, and I cannot tell you how sorry I felt when, long after you were gone, I learned the truth. I felt myself guilty in allowing you to go away and work when I, who had no right to a share in your home, was permitted to remain here and really depend for my extravagant support on your earnings."

"Hush, Agnes; do not talk like that. You were ever most welcome to a home with us, and the presence of both your mother and yourself has been a great pleasure to us. As far as my earnings supporting you is concerned, I never thought of it in that way, and it sadly grieves me to have you say it."

"I never once suspected that you did, Cecelia, for you have too noble a heart for that; but I felt my dependence just the same, and I am happy to tell you that I, too, have been earning money since you left home."

"You, Agnes? Tell me how!" "I have had a large class of music scholars. I have been able to buy my own clothes."

"I am somewhat surprised that my mother permitted it." "She did object a little at first, but when I made the plea that I was lonely without you, and work helped to occupy my mind, she finally consented. It certainly was not near so bad for me to work as for you. I am known to be only a poor girl, while you, Cecelia, are the only child of the wealthy Edward Daton."

Cecelia was silent for a time. She had found in her proud little cousin a new virtue with which she had not hitherto credited her, and she deeply admired her for it. She was anxious to know all about Agnes' work, but deferred further questions on the subject until another time. When she spoke again it was to inquire about the various affairs she had been interested in before she went away. First she wanted to know all about home and how things had been there since her friends, and last, but not least, of the poor they had been accustomed to help and of the prisoners.

Of the first, Agnes had much to say, especially of Grandmother Daton, who had become a model Catholic in every sense of the word. There were few more regular attendants at church than the old lady, and she had received the Sacraments regularly once in two weeks, greatly to the edification of the pious ones in the church and to the disgust of those of her former co-religionists, who declared that she was getting childish.

Cecelia would never have tired talking of her dear grandmother and the great change in her, but there were so many other things she wanted to know and she repeated her questions. Agnes had worked as hard as ever for the poor, and out of her earnings had been able to give much but less than before, for she had given up the generous allowance formerly received from her aunt, and consequently had to economize.

"And your prisoners, how are they?" "I still assist the Sisters in singing, but the place is so distasteful to me that I am always glad to get out as soon as possible." "Do you never visit the inmates?" "Yes, a few times, when Sister wished me to accompany her."

"Can you tell me anything about Charlie Coon?" "Who is that, the man who started the fire in which you so nearly lost your life in company with hundreds of others?"

"Yes, the man who was accused of that offence." "You speak as one who doubts his guilt." "It has not been proven."

"It has been proven beyond a doubt in the opinion of the jury, though he stubbornly refused to speak for himself." "I must see him. Something has kept him before my mind."

"It is a mystery to me how you can be solicitous for such a man." "He may be guilty. But I feel that somewhere in his heart there is a tender spot, and the fact that he is apparently without friends or relative should help excite our sympathy."

"You know your own mind, Cecelia, and I shall say no more." At the first opportunity Cecelia went to the prison and was surprised to find a marked change in the man. He was much paler and thinner and he was in a mood indicating deep thought. As she entered his cell he did not raise his eyes until she spoke, then the first smile seen on his face for months appeared.

"Is it really my good angel who reminds me so much of my own sister that has come to me again, when I thought she had forgotten me?" "I have been away from home for several months, and only returned yesterday."

"I might have known some good reason prevented you from coming, though I sometimes feared you, too, had forsaken me." "You spoke of your sister," said Cecelia, "where is she?"

"I know not. I have not seen her in years. There were two of them and they lived in this city. I wish I could learn something of them, but they are undoubtedly married or perhaps dead long ago."

"Where did they live. I might be able to find them, or at least learn something of them, for I am so well acquainted here." "If you only could, I would be so thankful. But they must know nothing of me. It would break their hearts." He lowered his voice and in a whisper added: "For years I have been living under an assumed name. I am most feeling that I have no claim to my own."

"What, then, is your real name?" "My name!" he replied. "I dread to tell for fear of bringing disgrace upon my dear sisters, if they still be living here."

"Have no fear. I give you my word not to betray your identity." He bowed his head in his hands, as if undecided whether to speak or not; then he looked into her clear dark eyes, thinking how like his own sisters' they were. There was truth there, and he felt that she could be trusted. He was about to speak, when there was a tap at the door, which quickly opened.

"Time is up," said the turnkey. "Please, sir, may I have a few minutes more?" asked Cecelia. "It is hardly permissible, but since it is Miss Daton who asks the favor and you have been so long absent, I take it upon myself to grant it."

"Thank you very much," she said, as he walked away. The name had not been spoken. Instead the man commenced telling the story of his life, to which she listened with deep interest.

Left at an early age without a father, he confessed having been no small care to his mother, who disapproved his wayward life and was unable to keep him in school. When still young he had gone, against her wishes, to work in a grocery store, and soon became a close companion of the man's own son, a boy about a year his senior, and, like himself, a wilful youth. The boy was most extravagant in his demands for money, which his father often refused to supply. The cash drawer was locked with a secret combination which had been carefully kept from the son of the family; but the young employee, who was hired in the capacity of delivery boy, but often kept to help in the store, learned the combination, and, unknown to the proprietor, many an odd dollar was taken from time to time and divided between the boys. Charlie, who had been strictly forbidden to tell the combination kept his secret

for about nine months, then told it to his friend, who had begged to know it on the plea that he had a right to it.

All seemed to go well until late one evening, when Charlie, who had been left alone in the store, saw his friend at the drawer. The sales of the day had been large, and the young employee knew that much money had been taken in. He paid little attention to the boy until he was going out, when he heard whispered these words:

"I have taken a few dollars, but do not dare say a word about it. If father knew you told me the combination of that drawer it would go hard with you. Better lock up now and if it is missed, which I hope it will not be they will never suspect us."

With these words the son was gone. The next day Charlie was accused of the theft. In the forenoon he saw the son, who threatened a terrible revenge upon him if he betrayed him and suggested that the best thing for him to do was to "run away. The bad advice was taken, and that night under the cover of darkness, he boarded a freight train which took him many miles away, leaving him in a little country village, where he remained until his mother's death, which he heard of through the papers.

What became of his sisters, Nellie and Cecelia, he did not know. Soon after, he left the family who had sheltered him and given him a good home for what he could do on their farm, and they did not try to bring him back, for he had been no less a care to them than to his own mother when at home. Stories of broad free lands and great riches in the far West had filled his mind with many a bright dream. He would go, and after a few years, when he became a rich man, he would come back and rejoin his sisters, of whom he intended making grand ladies. Accordingly, by stealing rides on trains, then walking a few miles, or being helped on his journey by some farmer, he succeeded after many weeks in reaching a mining town in the Rockies.

Here his hopes were doomed to be crushed, for his naturally wild tendencies were only made worse by the company in which he was thrown and though at times he seemed on the road to wealth, his money was sure to go in the saloons or gambling places, and he could never get much ahead. Travelling about from one place to another he had remained in the wilds of the West for many years and had experienced many a thrilling adventure, but two things had never faded from his mind; his love for his sisters, and his bitter hatred for the boy whom he blamed for his ruin. It was to find the dear ones he finally started for his old home.

On his way he stopped in a city some distance away, hoping to secure employment for a time before going on, and had been directed to a large mill, where he was told new hands were needed. On learning who the owner was he recognized the name of his old enemy, and on being ushered into the spacious office he saw, before him a portly, well dressed man with a huge diamond "in his shirt front and another on his finger."

Taking a cigar from his mouth and scarcely turning his head, the mill owner in a gruff voice which still bore marks of a peculiarity that had been strongly noticeable from childhood, inquired:

"Well, what do you want?" "I am looking for work," was the reply, "and I understand that you have advertised for hands."

The man turned around with his back to the window, which threw his own face in the shadow and at the same time gave him a better chance to scrutinize the face of the stranger. But he did not give the least sign of recognition.

"What work are you able to do?" he asked in a no more pleasant tone, to which the stranger replied that he was able to do anything to which he might be put.

The man looked keenly at him again, took a few puffs at his half-burned cigar, and then, tossing it through an open window, remarked: "You have brought letters of reference, no doubt?" "I have none," was the candid reply.

"Then I have no work for you," he said, and coldly turned back to his desk.

The anger of the poor man was intense and he almost felt that he could have murdered the other on the spot; but he would prove his identity before seeking the revenge burning in his heart. With a great effort he controlled his voice sufficiently to ask if the mill owner had ever lived in Boston.

"What is that?" asked the man, in a tone which seemed to say, "What business is it of yours?" The question was repeated, to which the man answered that in his younger days he had lived in that city.

"And you are the son of ———, who once kept a grocery on ——— street?" "I am," replied the man, in a tone of impatience. "Who are you?" "One who has reason to remember that man's wayward son and to feel that he has no right to be asking letters of reference from one who is better than himself, or at least was as a boy."

"Leave this place at once," said the angry proprietor. "Whoever you may be, you have no right to come into the private office of a respectable business man and insult him without provocation."

"No more than had you when a reckless youth had the right to ruin the reputation of a poor companion and drive him to leave his home in order to escape punishment for your theft." The man was pale with anger.

"Leave this place at once," he growled, "or I shall have you put out by force." The stranger left the man's presence. He had no particular destination, but on one thing his mind was intent—revenge. He would have it, but in what form he had not then decided. Having no shelter or money to pay for a night's lodging, he walked the streets and finally came back to the mills, which stood before him in huge dark proportions. All these were the property of his enemy, who now slept in a comfortable home, while he was out in the cold night wind without a cent. As he gazed upon the great buildings which would afford him no shelter, his heart grew more bitter. Then a terrible thought suggested itself. He put his hand into the pocket of his worn vest and found a few matches. The breeze made it a splendid night for his work, and he smiled a wicked smile as he thought of the great blow the destruction of these mills would be to their owner. To make his work the more sure, he stole into a shed, where he had noticed a pile of shavings in the afternoon, and lighting them in several places, moved some distance away to watch the progress of the flames until he saw them leap up and take a firm hold of the building. No shadow of regret entered his mind at the time. On the contrary, he felt that he had taken a sweet revenge.

An hour later, when he saw that the entire city seemed about to go, he suddenly awoke to the awful realization of what he had done, and had it not been for a lingering remembrance of the lessons taught him by his mother in childhood and a terrible fear of being doomed to eternal flames far worse than these, he would have rushed into that sea of fire and put an end to his earthly existence. But he could only stand with others and watch the destruction.

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

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

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

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

sweet, but on account of the suffering I caused to others."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XI.

Cecelia was deeply touched by the sad story she had heard, and pity filled her tender heart for the poor unfortunate whose life had been wrecked ere he bade adieu to his childhood days. But her sympathy went out no less to the poor mother and sisters who had loved him. Then came to her mind, too, another story—that of a golden-haired girl, who, unable to bear the disgrace of imprisonment, had pined away and in her youth now slept in her grave. Both sad tragedies had been brought about by the powerful but unfeeling hand of the wealthy and influential, and in the present sad state of her mind the circle in which her birth had placed her seemed full of uncharitableness. True, there were many pure Christian hearts among her friends, but to her the world now appeared so full of deception that it was hard to know where to look for virtue. She longed more than ever to flee from it all and spend her life in the convent.

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

"Please tell me the first part of the story again." The girl repeated until she reached the part where the youth had run away.

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

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

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

"You said he claimed to have two sisters, Nellie and Cecelia?" "Yes, and it reminded me of 'you and dear mother.'"

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

"What is it, Aunt Nellie? Are you ill?" "No, dearest Cecelia; but that sad story affects me strangely, and I must see the prisoner. Who knows but that I may be able to help the poor unfortunate find his sisters?" "I wish we could," said Cecelia. "I am truly sorry for him." But as she spoke she had no suspicion of what was in her aunt's mind. "To-morrow we will go together and call on him."

Aunt Nellie did not answer, but changed the subject by saying: "Cecelia, it sometimes seems to me that there is something on your mind which is troubling you, and you appear not as happy in your home as you once were. I hope that life on the stage has not made you discontented."

(To be Continued.)

A CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

The fifty-first General Congress of the Catholics of Germany will be held at Ratisbon from the 21st to the 25th August.