The next morning grandma

with a welcoming smile.

ma, when I have all that

queried the innocent girl.

is no longer a child."

another."

If I could."

ustom. The old lady's face lit up

"You are tired, no doubt, Cecelia,

after being out so late last night,

but you look quite fresh, and happy

and love of my own can give me?"
"You are right, Cecelia, and a

for the love of your own, I suppose

we must relinquish a share of it to

"What do you mean, grandma?"

"I am fully aware that our Cecelia

"And if I am not, what difference

does that make? We cannot al-

ways be children, and I would not

You are right, Cecelia, and your

mind was so matured, even when you

were very young, that you , never

"I cannot understand why. I was

as fond of dolls and childish sports

"Perhaps so, grandma; our elders

I suppose, are always the best

judges; but you speak of another

"Yes. Cecelia: you remember how

evening of your reception you might

meet with one who was to be your

phesied that you might be settled in

but I had scarcely left the , room

when they had passed from my

"Another striking proof of the pe-

"I cannot see it; life is too serious

"But if I were to tell you that it

was not a trifling joke, that I was

really in earnest, what would you

me to tell my dear grandma that I

did not believe her, and very disres-

pectful as well, but I fear I should

be strongly tempted to think it, at

rather plainly, but things often turn

Well, Cecelia, that is putting it

Perhaps so, sometimes, but not

"I hope that my granddaughter, in

whom I always put unlimited con-

fidence, is not beginning with the

dawn of womanhood to try to de-

large dark eyes looked so earnestly

into her own that she knew Cecelia

"Forgive me, Cecelia, if I have wounded you. I ought not to sus-

pect you above all others of such a

thing as an untruth, but with your

that you have won the heart of a

Cecelia stared blankly at her grand-

mother, who was smiling upon her,

and she felt herself growing cold;

burning torrents to her head. Not

heavy thtobbing of her own heart,

which she almost felt reached the

ear of her grandmother. Her mind

had flown suddenly back to the hour

when, kneeling in the convent chapel,

she had made a promise which she

felt had been registered on high. True

the conditions had not all been ful-

filled, but she had not given up hope and she fully intended with God's

grace to keep the compact. Suddenly

dawned upon her that, perhaps, after,

all, she had done wrong in ever permitting herself to appear in pub-

"Grandma, I never suspected such a thing. Please explain what you

c as a woman of fashion. At length

with her grandmother's words

was to be heard except the

then the blood seemed to rise

ch a thing of me?" and her

"No, grandma, how could

was speaking the truth.

"It would be very unbecoming of

for us to be wasting time in dwell-

nion for life, and that I pro-

the

I laughingly told you that on

life long before your cousin ?"

culiarity of my Cecelia."

ing over trifling jokes."

from jest to earnest."

in this case."

ceive me."

noble man."

think s

say ?"

"Yes. I remember grandma,

"Yes, I know you were, but

eemed like other children."

were different from others.'

as any one of my age."

Why shouldn't I be happy, grand-

wealth

by Directory.

, JUNE 11, 1904,

CK'S SOCIETY. -Estab ch 6th, 1856, incorporrevised 1846. Meets in k's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-, first Monday of the ommittee meets last Wedmcers : Rev. Director, allaghan, P.P.; President, Justice C. J. Doherty; F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd . Curran, B.C.L.; Treask J. Green; correspond-stary, J. Kahala; Recretary, T. P. Tansey.

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or which

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"I mean, Cecella, that Maurice Car-

naged to say;

roll is in love with you." It cannot be, grandma; it cannot

Why not, Cecelia ? I see no reason why you should object to him. And as far as family connections and there was a gentleman in the parior tween herself and Maurice Carrol had position are concerned we know who wished to see her, and also Miss increased, Cecelia receiving his at-

CHAPTER XIII-Continued. was know is an important factor with

THROUGH

alone in her room when Cecelia went you, he is considered without in for a little chat, as was her daily fault, and, lastly, he is of y fault, and, lastly, he is of your own religion." "I know all that, grandma, and there is no young man whom I could respect more, but—," and her head

dropped in silence. "But what, Cecelia? Can you not trust your grandmother, who loves you and thinks only of your happi-

ess, with your reason." "I do not wish to marry, grandma. and I do not like to hear such thinks talked of in my presence. I never suspected that he thought of it; if I thought he did I should almost feel that I never wished to meet him

Cecelia's eyes were filled with tears and her grandmother looked half smilingly, half pityingly, at her. 'Such," she thought, "is the result of bringing our girls up in a convent. It would have been far better for her had she been kept at home, where she could have seen more of the world, but she is young, very young, and she may soon outgrow this. Perhaps, after all, I did wrong in mentioning such a thing to her. who in many ways is more like an

innocent child." "Cecelia, I understand," she said to her,, "and I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong in speaking thus to you. You are, indeed, far too young to think of tyng yourself down to the duties of a married woman, and there will be time enough five or ten years hence, and now I want you to enjoy your freedom while you can. When you are older and have seen more of the your saying some such thing in fun, world you will feel differently."

Mrs. Daton meant kindly in speaking thus, and Cecelia did not undeceive her, though her words had given a keener sting to the arrow plunged into her tender heart and she was glad of an excuse to leave the room in a short time.

Young as she was, and surrounded by luxuries, Cecelia was already learning well the lesson of suffering in silence. A crown of roses had been placed on her fair brow, but deeply hidden beneath the delicate petals were many cruel thorns.

The air in the house was stifling to her and her head throbbed with burning pain, so taking from the kitchen a shawl belonging to one of the servants she stepped outside There was but little snow on the ground, and the sun was shining, but the air was cold and frosty. Her Lourdes, which she had not visited for several weeks, and she hastened to it now. Icicles of different lengths hung in a pretty fringe at the entrance, and the sun shining upon them imparted to them all the hues of the rainbow.

"How beautiful ale the things of nature," thought Cecelia, "far more beautiful than anything art can in-

vent." "How beautiful are the things of on the frozen ground and prayed earnestly to her Mother in Heaven, asking her to intercede for her, as she vanities; all is vanity." mature mind I did not think you ing her to intercede for her, as she vanities; all is vanity."

Such were the feelings of her only her keep up her courage, but the she wanted words of consolation now sympathize. Her prayer finished, she made the sign of the cross, bent over and kissed the feet of the statue, conscious that she had been watched had so often prayed in dear old Ireby two persons. Grandmother had seen it all, and had this nappened some time before she would have been strongly tempted to accuse her favorite of idolatry, but Cecelia had given her such full explanations that she knew better and she could not help admiring her simple faith in the Queen of Heaven, but still she was firmly convinced that the shyness of girl to be so opposed to speaking of she knew nothing of the recent conblow had been struck the tender heart of her niece.

I beg to be excused, as I am ready to go out and cannot possibly wait, but Agnes will see him."

It was well for Cecelia's peace of mind that she did not see the look man. Had the rival been any other of disappointment on his face when he received the message; but he made the best of it, treating Agnes with ousy; but one of the noblest acts of the greatest cordiality and conversing so pleasantly that she never sus- She bravely tried to look upon him pected that he had a thought of any

called away just as you arrived. I hope you will call again soon, when him for his own.

she shall be at home to meet you." again, so please do not talk of it to "Thank you, Miss Cullen. Please give my regards to Miss Daton and tell her I regretted not having met her."

> Where was Cecelia in the meantime? She had gone directly to the Church, and after praying some time before the Blessed Sacrament, had entered the rectory and called for her confessor, to whom she had made her fortnightly confessions since her return from school. Never before had she mentioned to him the promise she had made in offering herself to God as a sacrifice for her father's conversion; neither had she told him her dread of entering upon the life of a society woman; but in perfect confidence she opened her heart to him, now, telling him all, and asking his

> advice: ready at his command to

leave all and return to the convent. As a tender father he listened, understanding her even better than she suspected, for he had long known the family and scented the bitter trials that probably awaited her. But he was fully convinced of her strength to bear them until the hour of her reward came, This decision, carefully given, came in a few words- Not to be too hasty about leaving world, but tin' obedience to her parents' wishes to continue upon the life which she had entered, heeding not the opinions of others, and not to ignore the friendship of him whom she would avoid. Above all, she was to continue faithfully in her religious duties, and if God wanted her in the convent He would lead her

safely back in His own good time. Years ago Agnes Daton had looked around the grand mansion she had named after the castle of Innisfallen, and which to many a young woman like herself would have been a perfect paradise of earthly bliss. But to her its beauty had all faded, for mind turned toward the Grotto of she pined to go back to another home, which had once been her peace nied her, and she had died of a broken heart. God had given her wealth and gay, fashionable friends in abundance, but, instead of satisfying the hunger of her lonely heart they had served to prove to her the emptiness of all earthly things to the soul that has once known and has not forgotten the meaning of the true love of God. Such a one can easily understand the meaning of the sub-lime words of Solomon, "Vanity of

reception. The cold marble features grandchild at the close of the first seemed to smile back on her, bidding year out of school. Each had spent one season as a woman of the world, figure had no power to speak, and giving and attending many a grand social function. Strangers from one who could understand and thought each very happy in turn but were deceived; the young hearts were often very far away. then returned to the house, fully un- and the dear little church where she land. For one happy day with her old friends in the fields and by the river, where she had played as child, she would have given all the honors heaped upon her, hour of blindness she had made her choice, and must take the consequence The young woman of and sincerely wished th throw her velvets and silks, which were youth alone was what caused the burden to her, and don the humble habit of the religious with whom she marriage. Aunt Nellie, too, saw had been educated. She felt that her from her window and though she had seen enough of the world, and longed to be away where, free versation, she felt that some cruel from the allurements which now blow had been struck the tender surrounded her, she could serve God ceart of her niece.

Cecelia hastened to her room, and Agnes she attended many a gay sodonned her outdoor garments, and cial event during the past winter

him to be fully your equal. In point of virtue, too, which I am glad to know is an important factor with Agnes. Taking the card, her face of virtue, too, which I am glad to know is an important factor with Maurice Carroll.

Agnes. Taking the card, her face brother. To two facts she had been educated differently. You know, mowholly blind: First, that her name there that, unfortunately she has an important factor. until an engagement was suspected by some; and, secondly, located deep in the heart of Agnes was a feeling of tender affection for the young than her own beloved cousin, this feeling might have ripened into jeal-Agnes' life was to keep her secret. as one who would never be more other than herself.

"I am sorry," she said, as he was leaving, "that cousin Cecelia was hour of bitter trial when she believed than a cousin to her, and she prayed that she would see Cecelia claimed by

> "It will be a hard sacrifice," she thought: "but I owe her something for all that she has done for me, and my secret must never be revealed."

> There was one thing she found hard to do, and that was to talk of him in Cecelia's presence, so after the first few weeks of their acquaintance Agnes seldom mentioned his name, and never met him, except in compliance with the wishes of her cousir who always made an excuse to bring her to the parlor when he was there. especially if no other member of the family chanced to be present. Cecelia's excuse for this was that Agnes, being one of the family, was in duty bound to help entertain the guests. Maurice was gone now. He had left in June for a city near the Pacific Coast, where he was to take charge for an indefinite length of time of a large business house connected with his father's estate, and for some reason which even she herself could not understand, Cecelia had felt relieved when she knew that many miles of land separated them. He had bade her good bye as an ordinary friend, and since his departure she had received two letters from him, but they had been mere friendly letters, full of notes of his travels, and she had answered both In the last he had stated that he hoped to be home in a few weeks but in the present state of business affairs the time of his return was very uncertain.

For nearly an hour Cecelia had sat alone in her quiet, shady bower, reading a book at first, but it had fallen from her hands and she was now gazing vacantly into space, thinking deeply of the past and the future. Not the immediate past, with its gay hours, but those days to which her young heart often turned in secret. And the future-what was it? A life of sacrifice for Christ's sake. me?"

It imattered not to be now that the I "Certainly, Cecelia, why do you A life of sacrince for Christon ("Certainly, Cecena, why It imattered not to her now that the in ask so strange a question?" behalf of her father, had not been ful-Her father had recovered filled. and was still living in perfect health; that was half: and for the rest-his conversion, it might yet be brought about, and perhaps in the convent she could pray for him better than here where she was surrounded by so many temptations. She was now firmly resolved to delay no longer.

CHAPTER XIV.

That evening Cecelia sought her mother and tried to tell her of her n of the world laughed at her for her "foolishness;" then, when she saw that her daughter was firmly set on going, she strongly protested against such a step, putting forth all sorts of objections.

"Mother," said the girl, "it is no use; I have seen all that I wish to of the world of fashion and I

long to be away from it." "Child, you speak more like an experienced woman than a girl just a year out of school. What can you know of the world?"

"Enough, mother, for me to free of it."

"Cecelia, so you mean to say that you would voluntarily shut yourself up in a convent, away from your pleasant home and many friends?

"No one ever more fully appreciated a home than I. And my friends too, I love them all, but they will pass away with time, and to me it seems as well to be separated from all now as to wait until death shall force me to part with those who are

dear to me." "Cecelia, you talk very strangely was descending the stairs when she was met by a servant, who handed her a card, with the explanation that

"Please tell him," she said, "that had been frequently linked with his, very deep religious principles; but you cannot deny that I have spoken the truth."

PATHS.

had less of what she calls deep religious principles. She would be far better off."

"You do not mean that, mother;

you cannot and you a Catholic."
"Yes I do, Cecelia; it is all right to be a Catholic and live up to the rules of the Church, but there such a thing as carrying religion too far, and you have been doing that since you were a child." "No, mother, I have not; the love

of God cannot be carried too far." "You can love God just as much and be a good Catholic without making such a public show of your religion."
"I do not make a public show of

my religion; on the contrary, I have always tried to practice it as quietly as possible, and never wish to disturb anyone with my devotions."

"Cecelia, I have often wished you were more like Agnes, who shows proper appreciation of what is done to make her life happy."

"I appreciate what is done for me no less than my cousin, but it is no fault of either of us if we have a different way of showing it. simply because Agnes was intended for a woman of the world, while I -" She hesitated, fearing to lay claim to the great honor to which she felt that she had been called.

Her mother finished : "While you Cecelia, my only child, and the only heir to Innisfallen, imagine that it is your duty to shut yourself up in a convent, when your place is really here."

"I do not believe it to be any imagination, for I have felt the desire too long and too strongly for I must go, so please do not that. try to detain me in a gay but sinful world, where I feel there is no place for me."

"There is a place for you Cecelia, a place right here in your own home, which without you would be empty and here you shall remain until-"Until when, mother ?"

"Until a man who is worthy of my daughter comes to claim her as his bride; then, and not until then shall I consent to let you go.

"You say our home would be empty without me, and then you tell nie that you would be willing to give me up to a man who is worthy of me. Do you not consider God worthy of

"Because you are unwilling to give

"He does not call you to Himself in the way you think now. The years you have spent in the convent as a pupil are the cause of this, and when you are older and know ways of the world better you will understand your own heart better than now. You will then be thankful for not having returned to hastily to the convent."

'But mother, a year spent as have spent the last year, surrounded by every pleasure the world can of-fer, surely ought to be enough."

"A year, Cecelia, is a very short time, and I tell you that you ar far too young and inexperienced to make a decision affecting your whole life.

"How long would you have me wait, mother, before you consider me old enough to choose?"

"A year more, at least; no, that is too short a time; make it two, or better still, five years, and then you

will be young enough." "Oh, mother, I cannot; I know I

one year," pleaded Cecelta. "Can it be possible, child, that you are so eager to leave us all that one year is all you feel you can give

"Believe me, mother dear, I de love you all and it grieves me to think of parting with you, but I feel

Tears came

to her eyes as she spoke. "Cecelia, what would your father say, what would your grandmother say to hear you talk thus ?"

entirely to His service.'

"I do not like to think of that mother, for they cannot understand; but grandma s really beginning to know us better, and I hope that it will not be long ere she will be one "Do not deceive yourself, child,

to agree with you in many things, but in her heart I know, alas! too well that she has anything but "I often wish that my daughter kindly feeling toward our religion."

"I fear, mother, that you misjudge poor grandma in this, for she always uses the greatest frankness with me. I know she was very bitter against us-I mean our religionbut it was only because she did not understand."

"She will never understand, and it is useless waste of time for you anyone else to try to instill Catholic doctrine into her mind."

"I cannot believe that, mother, for grandma has a noble intellect and only waits to be taught. It requires time and patience, but I believe that a complete victory over her prejudices will be the reward."

"Teach her, then, and I wish you every success in your undertaking. but I frankly believe you are tempting something impossible."

"Nothing is impossible to God, mother, and prayer can work wonders.' "Probably so, in some cases, but there are times when I almost lose faith even in prayer.

"Dear mother, how can you speak so? Perhaps it is because you have not prayed enough and God wants to try your faith a little."

"If it were I who had prayed so long and earnestly I might say so. but there is another whose prayers should have been heard and answered long ago if there were any real merit in prayer."

"You know that there is much good in prayer, for you yourself have taught me so from infancy, and did not Jesus Christ Himself sav. 'Ask and you shall receive?' and now you. claim to have doubts. I know you have not; you cannot mean it." Cecelia was looking straight into her mother's eyes and she noticed that a tear trembled on the lid.

"I am ashamed to think that my daughter has faith so much stronger than my own, but perhaps you, too. will feel differently when you are as old as I and have seen as much of the world."

"I hope not, mother dear, oh, I do hope not, for faith is a precious gift which I do not wish to lose. But ell me who has been praying so long without being answered?'

"Your Aunt Nellie, and surely her prayers ought to be good enough to be heard; she always had such great devotion."

"They ought, and I believe in time they will. But would it be too much to ask for what she is praying ?"

"I would tell you, Cecelia, but I cannot. Perhaps some time you may know all, but not now." "Does Agnes know?"

"No, she does not."

"And you say Aunt Nellie has prayed for years. Well, I have prayed for grandmother since I was seven years old-a long time, but I am not discouraged, so auntie should not be.

"Your aunt has prayed much longer than that, yes, more than twice as long."

"I shall ask no more questions, but I shall join my prayers with hers and I hope they may soon be heard.

"For Nellie's sake, 1 hope so." "And now tell me when you will be willing to set me free that I may go and give up my life to God in the convent '

"Never, Cecelia, never will I be willing to part with you in that

way.' "Do not, please do not say that, mother, for my temporal as well as cannot wait that long. Make it only eternal happiness I feel gepends upon

"Then the sooner you drive that feeling from your mind the better it

will be for yourself and your family. Cecelia looked beseechingly at her mother, but the latter remained firm and the girl saw that there was no hope for the present. Prayer would that God calls me to give my life be her only recourse, and she determined to renew her supplications before the throne of God in hopes soon bringing her mother to give the desired consent, Not wishing to say any more on the subject. Mrs. Daton walked away and went directly to her own room to try to think some new plan by which to draw her daughter's mind more to the things of the world.

To be Continued.)