

NEW YORK

commendation of Arch. Pope Pius X. has appointed Thomas F. Cusack, S. J., apostolic mission band, at St. Teresa's Church, to be Auxiliary Bishop, Mgr. Joseph F. General of the Arch-diocese of the Church of New York to be member of Prothonotaries Apostolic, Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, Mgr. Patrick's Cathedral, to be Prelate.

Mooney was born in 1848, and was in 1880, N. Y. He was at St. John's College, and ordained in Troy Se-

He left the Seminary of St. Patrick's, and there he re-

He was appointed Chancellor in 1890, when he came to the Sacred Heart, in

He was ordained in 1856, and was Bishop of the city in 1879, and then was made

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# THE TWO COUSINS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

### CHAPTER IX.

If Agnes Hurley was a beautiful child at six she was far more so at her thirteenth birthday drew near. Her beauty was not in her figure or her complexion, for she was quite tall for a girl of her age and far too slender, while her face was as white as snow and her blue eyes, though considered handsome at a distance, looked more on closer observation like the eyes of the dead. Her heavy flaxen hair was her only redeeming feature. But on that youthful face there was an expression of angelic tranquility, seldom seen in one so young, and this could not fail to attract attention and admiration. It seemed at times as if she held communion with bright, unseen spirits, dearer to her than the sight of all the world's beauty, of which she was ignorant. Her sweet voice, too, was filled with music that being once heard could not soon be forgotten.

Blind Agnes they called her, and everybody knew her, and to know her was to love her. By two classes was she especially known and loved. They were the fashionable friends of Mrs. Hurley, and the members of the church she attended. The former looked upon her as a beautiful prodigy whom they could not understand, but felt compelled to love; while in the eyes of the latter she was one of God's chosen saints, sent to teach them the way to heaven, for her pure devotion touched the hearts of many who beheld her in church and caused them to be more fervent in their own prayers.

As Virginia had promised she was bringing her adopted daughter up in the Catholic faith, and notwithstanding that she did not believe in it herself, never in word or deed offering the slightest objections to any of the devotions she chose to perform. Undoubtedly her chief motive was because she saw how happy her religion made her and was unwilling to remove any of the brightness from her life. She had taught her from the Catechism the Sisters had given her; but she left it to her neighbors to conduct her to Mass each Sunday until she was able to go alone, accompanying herself only on a few great occasions when Agnes begged her to go and hear the music.

At these times Virginia could not help being touched by the sublime faith and reverence shown by her little companion, but she had grown so accustomed to her that she attributed it wholly to the child's natural disposition and leaving the church thought little more about it.

As the time for her first Holy Communion and Confirmation drew near she entered with deep interest into preparations for the great event of which Agnes had talked so much, and always with her face glowing with a supernatural light which Virginia loved to see. Two objects alone occupied her mind; the first was to drill Agnes so thoroughly in her catechism that she would stand at the head of her class, and the second, to her a matter of little less importance, was to dress her in a style to outdo her companions. To the latter Sister Agnes Bernard would vainly have objected as she preferred simplicity on such occasions, but she appreciated her cousin's kindness too much to think of offering a word of resistance to any of her plans.

Agnes, whose innocent soul was unsullied by pride or a love of pretty dresses, of which she knew nothing, looked forward to the happy event with pure childish love which seemed to diffuse its spirit over the entire class. She never tired of talking to her companions of the happiness of receiving her Lord, and questioning the Sisters in a manner that seemed far beyond the comprehension of a girl of her age.

The happy day arrived at last and to her it seemed as if the minutes passed very slowly until it was time to go to Church. Virginia accompanied her and her heart swelled with pride when she saw the many admiring looks cast upon her little girl. Many pretty white dresses were to be seen as the procession passed down the long aisle, but none could be compared with Agnes' white silk trimmed with flounces of dainty lace and a delicate silk veil covering her flowing golden hair, and on her head a wreath of natural white roses. This was what attracted the admiration of Mrs. Hurley and a few of her friends, but on her return from the altar the angelic loveliness of Agnes' pale face outshone the beauty of her robes, telling how very happy the little blind child was.

In the afternoon she was confirmed and from that day a new light seemed to reign within her breast, and never was she happier than on the day of her monthly communion when she would linger in the church long after the others had left to make her thanksgiving. "She belongs to heaven more than earth," was the oft-repeated remark of those who watched her devotions, and indeed it seemed that Heaven was soon to claim her for its own, for as the weeks passed she was slowly fading like a beautiful flower that can no longer exist in the cold atmosphere in which it has been placed.

It was with a sad heart that Virginia watched the drooping figure; now dreading the time when she felt certain that another grave would rob her of all that was dear to her; and again she would cling to the hope that her rapid growth had been the cause of her weakness and that her strength would soon return. When she consulted a physician the sad expression on his face told but too plainly of the fears he dreaded to reveal to her.

"Please tell the truth," said Mrs. Hurley almost hysterically, "is there no help for my little daughter?" The physician was an old man whom she had known from childhood and he would not deceive her. "There is little hope," he said sadly, "but a trip abroad may prolong her life for months and perhaps a few years."

From her infancy Agnes had been devoted to Our Lady of Lourdes and many times had her heart turned longingly across the ocean to this favored shrine in hope that there she might find the light; but her secret was carefully guarded. At confirmation she had taken the name of Bernadette in honor of the little peasant girl to whom the Blessed Virgin had appeared and from that day she longed more than ever to make a pilgrimage to the grotto; but it seemed like an idle hope until the physician spoke of a trip abroad and preparations for the journey were commenced.

Now she was going, and how her heart beat with joy in the happy anticipation; but it was not until the day before leaving home that she revealed her hopes. She had been spending two days at the asylum and on the evening of the first some of the girls had gathered around one of the Sisters and asked to read for them. "What will it be?" the Sister asked and Agnes' reply was, "Please, Sister, read something from the little book on the apparition at Lourdes which I always enjoyed so much." She paused as if in meditation then added, "I am going there soon and I wish to know more about it."

The Sister obeyed and in the meantime Sister Agnes Bernard, entering the room sat down beside her favorite and watched her. Agnes, apparently forgetting that she was not alone, sat with her hands reverently clasped as if in prayer, while as she listened her face was covered with an almost supernatural light. For nearly an hour the reading continued and when the Sister closed the book Agnes gave no sign excepting to say, "Thank you, Sister, I have enjoyed it so much and I shall think of you when I am at Lourdes." No more was said that evening.

The next afternoon after bidding the others good bye, Agnes was alone with Alexis, and clasping her hands, she said: "Sister, I am so happy because I am going to Lourdes, and something tells me that I will be cured, not only will I become strong again, but"—she paused, and a light like that which covered her face the evening before was visible, and her voice was lowered almost to a whisper, "I have prayed, oh, so often that I might make a pilgrimage to Lourdes and receive my sight."

"I hope your prayer will be answered, dear," said the Sister, but as she glanced from the thin white face to the transparent hand, her heart was filled with sad misgivings as to whether she would receive her sight in this world or in the next to which she feared she would soon go.

"You will pray for me, won't you, Sister?" Agnes said softly.

"Yes, dear, I assure you, you will be remembered in my poor prayers," was the reply.

The youthful face was inexpressibly sad and Agnes clasped the Sister's hand more firmly as she said: "Dear Sister, you will pray for mamma too

won't you? I love her so much she has always been so kind to me, but it always makes me sad when I think that she knows nothing of the happiness of being a Catholic. I feel it so much after I have received the Sacraments and I wish that she could be as happy as I; but poor mamma she knows nothing about it. If I could only know that she had been converted I would be content to die, as sweet as my life is."

Alexis's eyes filled with tears as she remembered how from her early girlhood she had experienced a like feeling, and she knew how to sympathize with Agnes. Never before had this subject been mentioned between them, but she knew well that a child of Agnes' deep, thoughtful nature could not be blind to Virginia's indifference to religion, even though she had brought her up a Catholic. In this new bond of sympathy she loved the child, if possible, more than ever; but she was so touched that she could only say: "Yes, dear, I shall continue to pray for her, and I trust that the little girl whom we gave her may soon be the means of bringing her to the true faith."

"Thank you, dear Sister," said Agnes, "and now I must bid you good bye, for the carriage is waiting to take me home."

Like a mother who is about to be separated from a dear child, Sister Agnes Bernard led the girl who had been left in her care nearly twelve years ago to the carriage, and after one affectionate embrace she bade her she almost feared, a last farewell. "Farewell, sweet child," she murmured, as the carriage passed through the gate, "and God grant that we may meet in Heaven if not here."

### CHAPTER X.

"The sight of a Host uplifted! The sound of a silver bell! The gleam of a golden chalice Be glad, sad heart! 'tis well; He made and He keeps love's promise With thee all days to dwell."

—Fr. Ryan.

It was a sultry day in July when among the guests registered at one of the fashionable hotels in London, appeared the name of Mrs. Virginia Hurley and daughter. The latter had been very ill during the voyage, and for several days after their arrival she seldom left her room excepting for a drive in the early part of the morning, and sometimes in the evening she would sit on the veranda with a shawl around her. Naturally one with such sweet ways, and at the same time doubly afflicted, could not fail to attract both attention and sympathy; but she held herself aloof from all excepting the physician who was in daily attendance upon her.

On the first day of August Agnes surprised Virginia by saying, "Mamma, I know there is no hope for me here, and I wish you would take me to Lourdes at once, for I know it will help me."

Virginia looked at the pale face which was animated by the bright light of hope, and said, "To Lourdes child, where is that?" The happy look changed to one of disappointment as Agnes said: "Why, mamma, haven't you heard of the famous grotto of Lourdes, where so many miraculous cures are performed? It is in the southwestern part of France, on the Ave de Pau river."

"I believe I have heard of the place," said Mrs. Hurley, becoming interested; but I know little about it. Where did you hear of it? Please tell me about it."

"Mamma," said Agnes, "I have known of Lourdes since I was a small child. The Sisters often told us about it, and I have so often wished that I might go there. Her face grew brighter as she proceeded to tell the story of the little peasant, Bernadette, and of the apparition of the Blessed Mother, the little town and the grotto; also relating some of the cures of which she had heard, with vividness which would have been almost surprising from one who had seen it all.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hurley, "and that is why you took the name of Bernadette when you were confirmed and you never told me of it before. But do you really believe that you would be cured there?"

"Certainly mamma," said Agnes,

"why not I as well as so many others?" "Do you feel able to undertake the journey?" asked Virginia. "You know how ill you were on the steamer." "Yes, mamma," said Agnes, "but the distance to Lourdes is much shorter and I know I can stand it. Do let us start to-morrow." Mrs. Hurley, doubting whether the invalid's strength was equal to her ambition, would not promise until she consulted the physician, who soon came, and asked him his opinion of Lourdes.

The good man, who was a devoted Catholic, said, "I deeply regret to inform you, Mrs. Hurley, that your daughter is beyond the power of medical skill, though her life may be prolonged for several months. I am well acquainted with many cases which after having been pronounced hopeless by physicians have been cured at Lourdes, and if you have the faith your daughter may also receive help there."

"My daughter seems to have great faith in it," said Virginia; but as for myself, being ignorant of such things, you could hardly expect it of me. You may be surprised if I tell you I had never heard the wonderful story of Lourdes until Agnes told me of it to-day."

The physician, who already felt well acquainted with her, looked inquiringly first at Mrs. Hurley and then at Agnes, and said: "How strange that your daughter should know so much and have such faith, while you"—

He hesitated, and Virginia, taking up his words, said, "While I am ignorant and without faith. My daughter is a Catholic and I am not."

The doctor looked more mystified than before as he said, "How very strange, but," he added apologetically, "she was probably brought up in the religion of her father."

"Agnes is not my own child," said Virginia, "though if she were she could hardly be dearer to me than she is. I adopted her from a Catholic institution where my cousin is one of the Sisters and in accordance with her wishes I have brought her up a Catholic."

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, "what a noble deed," meaning the religious training Agnes was receiving.

Virginia, mistaking his meaning, said: "Not at all, for Agnes was given to me when my heart was well nigh broken over the death of my own child, and the sunshine she brought into my lonely life can fade only if I am called upon to part with her. Oh, doctor, the thought of separation seems dreadful, and I cannot give her up! No, never, it would certainly kill me."

The doctor reflected a while, then said: "Mrs. Hurley, as I have said, she is doubtless beyond medical skill, and if she wishes it, I would advise you to take her to Lourdes at once."

"Yes, mamma, please do," said Agnes, who came in from the veranda in time to hear the last remark. "Let us start for Lourdes to-morrow."

"Do you feel strong enough to undertake the journey?" asked the physician.

"Yes, oh, yes," said Agnes eagerly. "I feel that I am strong as I will ever be here, but at Lourdes," and her face brightened, "I feel that I would rapidly regain my strength there."

The physician's heart was deeply touched by such faith in one of her circumstances, and he would do all he could to help her. As Agnes' least wish was a command to Virginia, she found no difficulty in persuading her to leave at once. Accordingly on the morning of the second day, when the tourists boarded the steamer at Liverpool, the invalid appeared much stronger than she had for many days. Ambition and hope that at last she was on her way to what to her was the holiest spot on earth probably kept her up.

Virginia's hopes, too, were very bright, but they soon faded, for Agnes' strength failed long ere they reached Lourdes. She was almost too weak to stand when they left the boat to take the train, and Mrs. Hurley wished to stop in Paris; but Agnes insisted upon continuing the journey, and when they came to their destination she had to be carried to the hotel. On the morning of the seventh of August she asked to be taken to the Church to Mass, as she wished to commence a novena in preparation for the feast of the Assumption and each morning until the fifteenth she might be seen devoutly

attending the Holy Sacrifice in one of the front seats, while the lady at her side sat watching her and only casting a furtive glance now and then at the priest who, in her eyes, was performing an idle ceremony which she cared not to understand. After altar.

Long and earnestly would Agnes pray, and her devotions seemed to lend a spirit of piety to those who beheld her kneeling as motionless as if transfixed to the spot. Only her lips moved in inaudible prayer, and her face bore that same heavenly expression which had caused so many to say that she belonged not to earth. Virginia, ever patient with her, would not disturb her devotions, however long they might be; she would lead her down the long winding stairs to the grotto, where, after another short prayer, she would bathe her eyes in the healing waters. At first she was so weak that she often had to lean on her faithful guide for support; but on the fifth day of the novena she was able to go alone without even taking Virginia's hand. She appeared to be daily growing stronger though still her recovery seemed hopeless.

On the morning of the fifteenth Agnes was awake at dawn, and was one of the first to be in church to attend early Mass. The previous day she had scarcely left the hallowed spot, having spent most of the forenoon in the grotto, and in the afternoon she waited patiently for three hours until it came her turn to approach the crowded confessional. At early Mass she received Holy Communion with a fervor equalled only by that she had felt the first time she approached the holy table, and had asked the same blessings she was asking to-day. They returned to the hotel only to take a light lunch and rest a few minutes before High Mass.

Now Agnes was in the church again and as the grand organ sent forth its peals of sacred melody, mingled with the voices of the choir, Virginia for the first time knelt beside her. Agnes knew she was kneeling, though she could not see her, and her heart mingled with hope and joy. The heart of the unbelieving woman was touched by something, she knew not what, and her gaze wandered now to the altar, then to the celebrant, and then to Agnes, finally resting upon the latter.

The holy words of the consecration had been pronounced, and at the first stroke of the bell Agnes' head as usual bent low, but at the second it was quickly raised, and Virginia believed that she beheld the mysterious white object that the priest held high above his head, and her eyes remained fixed upon the golden chalice which soon glittered in the sunshine. Agnes remained upon her knees until all was over, then when Virginia was about to lead her away she said in a tone loud enough to be overheard by all who were near "mamma, the light has come and I can see."

She had not intended to speak so loud in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and half regretted it a moment later; but her words were more eloquent than a sermon, for many who heard them having watched her closely for the past few days had become well acquainted with her affliction, and they understood the miracle, the news of which spread so rapidly that when after half an hour spent in thanksgiving, she left the church, many eyes were fixed upon her in wonder, and many hearts proclaimed the glories of Mary's powerful intercession.

"Is it really so, Agnes?" asked Virginia in an awe struck tone when they had left the church. "Can you see the light?"

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes, "but it is so bright that it hurts my eyes."

"How wonderful, how wonderful!" said Mrs. Hurley, "but tell me, Agnes when did it happen, when did the light come?"

"At the Elevation of the Host," was the reply. "I bowed my head as usual but at the first sound of the bell I felt a severe pain in my eyes, but it went away directly, then I raised my head and saw the sacred Host in the priest's hands, very dim at first, but instantly it became clearer."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Virginia, and she could say no more and turned her steps in the direction of the hotel.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Agnes.

"To the hotel, dear," was the reply.

"Oh, mamma, not yet," said Agnes "let us go first to the grotto," and once more the eyes, no longer sightless, were in the healing waters.

That day Virginia's proud spirit was conquered; and she declared her intention of becoming a Catholic. She and Agnes were alone in their room, whither they had withdrawn to escape the curious as well as the devout ones who had heard of the miracle, and who had nearly exhausted the still weak girl by coming to see her and attest the validity of the story which had sped so rapidly. So eager was Agnes to proclaim Mary's glories that she would have overdone herself had not her mother interposed and drawn her away to her own room where she refused admittance to all.

"Mamma, what a happy day this has been," said Agnes, "and how I wish Sister Agnes Bernard were here to enjoy it with us."

"I would she were," said Virginia, and after a few minutes silence she continued in a soft voice wholly unlike her own: "Agnes, before we came here I had no faith in the cures I heard of, and could not have been persuaded to visit this place had it not been for a desire to please my daughter, whom I feared I would soon lose."

Agnes looked sad, and Virginia continued, "at first I was greatly surprised by the cures I beheld, and each day I found myself more convinced of the reality of them; but still found it hard to believe. I wanted further proof, and for it I watched my little Agnes; and I know not why I did it, but I made a promise that if you were cured I would become a member of your church."

Agnes' heart throbbled with joy, but striving to hide her emotion, she calmly asked: "Do you believe now, mamma?"

"Yes, Agnes, I do," was the reply, "and I will not delay my conversion to the Catholic Faith."

Agnes' happiness was complete and could she have written, her first act would have been to send a letter to Sister Agnes Bernard, telling her all; but it was delayed for a few days, and when Virginia wrote for her the missive only contained an account of her own miraculous cure, and ended by asking the Sisters to pray for mamma, thus purposely conveying the impression that there was still no sign of her conversion, for they thought best to keep it a secret until they returned home.

For several weeks they lingered at Lourdes, and in the meantime Agnes' sight, which had been dim at first, grew stronger as her bodily strength increased. Each morning when they attended Mass her devotion hardly exceeded that of Virginia's whose time was now divided between the study of the Catholic religion and teaching her young companion to read. In the fall they intended to go home, Agnes wishing to visit Rome, they bade farewell to Lourdes and went to Italy, intending to remain there but a few days. Having no special call home, however, and far better pleased with the sunny climate than with the prospects of spending the cold winter in the Northern states, they took up their abode until spring at a pleasant little villa a few miles from Rome.

(To be continued.)

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