

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

(Continued from Page 7.)

But a few months before, True, they could not entirely fill the place once occupied by Cecelia, but they were so appreciative and agreeable that Mrs. Daton was content.

Mr. Daton had missed his Cecelia far more than had his wife, but having given her up to God he did not regret his sacrifice, for he had become a model Catholic in every sense of the word. Once a year he had visited her and had taken the girls to see her several times. And he had found her so very happy, especially when she first met her adopted sisters, that he could not wish her out of the convent.

Mrs. Cullen had spent three years with her daughter, and Agnes hoped to keep her mother with her always, but duty stronger than that to a child who had a loving husband to care for and a dear baby girl to take her attention, called her away. One morning in spring she told Agnes that she had heard from a long lost brother who had left home when a boy, and a few days later she announced her intention of going to live with him. Agnes tried to detain her, saying that her new-found uncle would be welcome to a home with them, but for good reasons the offer had to be declined.

During the years of his imprisonment Mrs. Cullen had never forsaken her brother, and many a long hour had she spent in his lonely cell when she was supposed to be calling on friends. But no one ever learned why she took so great an interest in him. If anything was suspected by the warden, he kept his suspicions to himself. Now, as a reward for good behavior, his term was shortened and he was going away to try to live a better life where nobody knew anything of his crime. The day after his release he took his departure for the distant village where his sister had buried her husband and children, and after securing a good position and renting a pleasant home, he sent for her. Mrs. Daton was very angry when she first heard of her sister's plans, and said she feared she was being deluded by a stranger and an adventurer.

"I suppose there is nothing to be gained by trying to stop you," she said, "for, like my daughter when her mind was set on spending her life in the convent, you will have your own way; but if you find that you have been deceived, remember that there is always a home here for you."

"I would not go, Cecelia, but I know that duty calls me and I am only doing what mother would wish if she were living." Charlie would have asked no greater happiness than to have spent one hour in the company of his youngest sister ere his departure, but he understood why he had been denied the privilege. He had learned, too, the reason why Cecelia had discontinued her visits to him, and in his renewed love for her he regretted ever having suspected her of unkindness in deserting him. Before leaving the city he went after dark to Innisfallen, walking silently through the grounds, which far surpassed the beauty of anything he had dreamed of; then he came back to the front window, and gazed for a few minutes on the lovely face of his sister, who sat in the parlor with her husband.

"How like mother! But our Cecelia is long dead; this proud woman is nothing to me, so I have no right to think of approaching her in her stately castle."

With this he turned sadly away, and went to find a cheap lodging house in a poor part of the city.

In a strange place where the past was unknown, and in the loving companionship of his sister, Charlie O'Kane became a highly respected citizen, and the two are still living in peace and comfort. Agnes and Maurice have visited them twice, but the heavily bearded man had so changed from the prisoner the younger woman had despised, while ignorant of her relationship to him, that she never suspected him to be the same and her mother thought best not to tell her.

We find Agnes in her own home now one of a happy family group which reminds us of the picture we beheld at Innisfallen years ago. But let us hope that her happiness will never be shattered as was that of her aunt when her three darlings were taken suddenly away. Here, too, we find three little ones—baby Agnes quietly sleeping in the cradle with a smile on her innocent face; Charlie, aged five, whom she has named for her uncle, whom she had visited not long before the birth of her boy; but dearest to the hearts of the parents has ever been their eldest child, the lovely dark-eyed Cecelia, whose long raven curls hang far below her waist, while many a pretty ringlet wreath her brow.

"How much more like Aunt Cecelia (that was what the children called her) she is growing every day," said Maurice, gazing fondly upon his child "and I ask no greater blessing than to have her resemble her in character as well as in personal appearance."

"Maurice, would you be willing to give up our child to follow the same life?"

"It would be hard to part with her but if God calls our little lamb to work for Himself, I would have to make the sacrifice, as I did for the other."

"Maurice," Agnes could not refrain from asking, "have you ever regretted it?"

"Regretted it, Agnes! How could I when God sent so true and loving a wife to take her place? There are few in this world like Cecelia, and such as she cannot fail to leave a bright spot on the memory of all who have ever known them. Can you blame me, Agnes, that I once loved her?"

"No," said Agnes softly. There was no jealousy in her heart, for she knew that she was all he cared for now. The years of their married life had only served to deepen their mutual affection.

"Cecelia," he continued, "was too good and holy for me or any other man. She was capable of loving deeply, but her love for any one in this world was only as she bestowed it for God's sake. She has found perfect happiness in His house working among His suffering ones."

What has become of Allyn St. Clair? Perhaps you will be surprised to learn the remarkable sequel to the early career of this brilliant and noble-hearted youth. God has many ways of calling His own which are often hard for a man to understand.

We first saw Allyn St. Clair as an ambitious youth aspiring to the highest fame—with only one ambition, that of winning a name that would live long after he was dead. He emphatically declares that he will never marry. Again we meet him as an ardent lover trying to win a heart which belonged to a God in whom he did not believe, and, lastly, we left him where, unknown to himself, he had succeeded in tearing her from the very altar where she stood ready for her espousals with the heavenly Bridegroom. But where did he go next?

Leaving the house where he had been cared for during his illness, Allyn journeyed to his lonely home. In solitude he had ample time to think of the past, and Cecelia was uppermost in his mind. He thought of her now not as one whom he could ever hope to make his wife, even if she were free, for the words of the good father had filled him with remorse daily growing more bitter, and he felt that he had done her a great injury. Gladly would he have gone and asked her forgiveness, but he would not intrude himself upon her, and he thought best never to meet her again. His mind was too confused now to permit of his making any plans for the future, but he could not remain in his present lodgings, where he had once been so happy with the mother who was now gone forever.

"Gone forever," he repeated to himself. It was hard to believe it now, but harder still to overcome the belief in which he had been brought up. With a heavy heart he set to work preparing to dispose of his furniture. In packing a few treasures he found the "Following of Christ," which he had bought a year and a half before, and sat down to read, but, unable to understand, after having marked several passages he took the volume and went to ask an explanation, which was fully given. It was not many months ere he renounced the errors of his father and became a sincere Catholic; but this was not enough, for what Allyn St. Clair undertook he would do with all his heart, and on the day of his baptism, he made a firm resolution to spend his whole life in defence of the religion he had once blindly despised.

Seven years later the Clintons had just arrived in a distant city for a three nights' engagement, and the manager was out walking when he met an old friend whom he could never forget. "Allyn St. Clair!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been keeping yourself all this time? I have been scouring the country in search of you."

"You did not look in the right place," said Allyn, with a smile. "How you have changed, young fellow; you are really beginning to look like a clergyman. What are you doing now—still trying to convince the world that there is no God or no hereafter?"

Allyn blushed at the thought of his old folly. "No indeed, Mr. Karsten, for I know better now, and earnestly wish

to make amends for my youthful folly."

"What has made this change? Some fair lady, I dare say. Are you married?"

"No sir, and never shall be."

Karsten smiled and was tempted to say, "One disappointment was enough for you," but something in Allyn's face warned him to be careful. He said instead:

"Our former prima donna, Cecelia Daton, has had some strange experiences since she left us."

"Has she?" said Allyn. "I have heard nothing from her in over seven years."

"Seems you are losing interest in your old friends."

In a tone which proved that she had long since ceased to be an object of his thoughts, Allyn said:

"I am always interested to hear of the welfare of my friends, but Cecelia Daton was one chosen by God to spend her life in His service, and neither I nor any other man had a right to her."

"You speak strangely for one who was once a professed infidel; but in regard to Miss Daton, as you say you have not heard from her in seven years, I might be able to tell you some interesting things about her."

Karsten, who had closely watched her career, told him of how she had returned from the convent, gone to the altar to be married, but fainted and had to be carried from the church and after a long illness had returned to the convent once more, where she had remained.

"This is wonderful," said Allyn, "but God will have His own."

"And now, Allyn, how are you spending your life?"

"In school preparing for the noblest work to which man has ever been called."

"I thought you had finished your education long ago. But what is this noble work of which you speak?"

"The work of a Catholic missionary priest."

"Allyn St. Clair, are you speaking the truth? Can it be possible that you are a Catholic priest?"

"Not yet, but I hope it will not be long until I am raised to that dignity."

Karsten stood looking him full in the face to see if there were any traces of weak-mindedness, but in Allyn St. Clair's honest eyes shone a brighter light than he had ever seen there before.

"This beats anything I have ever heard of."

Allyn smiled, an honest, happy smile. "I wish you every success," Karsten said, as they shook hands and separated, "and if I am in the vicinity when you preach your first sermon, I must hear it."

Allyn St. Clair has been ordained for three years a member of the Missionary Order of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and though his old ambition to become a great orator has long since been consumed by a burning zeal to work only for the pure love of God, and the salvation of souls, that ambition has been accomplished, for his preaching has already won much fame. He has bravely gone back to his native city, and gathering about him many of the followers of his father had preached an eloquent sermon to them. His success had been great. The chief study of his life was how to prove the errors of infidelity, and many an unhappy soul was brought by him to the knowledge and worship of a living God.

On the first Friday of April, which came in Passion Week, Father St. Clair accepted an invitation to officiate at Benediction in the chapel of the hospital of the Sisters of Charity. Very sweetly did the voices of the nuns sound as they sang the O Salutaris Hostia, but to his amazement there arose above them all one sweet voice he had not heard for years, but which he knew at once. He would have known it among a thousand. As he raised the sacred Host at the elevation he fervently thanked God for the wonderful graces given them both in being called to lives so near alike and yet to walk so far apart on earth.

The services over he lingered to hear her sing alone the "Stabat Mater," the same dear old hymn he had first heard sung by her years ago; it had sounded very sweet then, but it was far sweeter now, for he knew the full meaning of those words which proceeded from a heart which was enjoying perfect peace in God's house.

Once, as he was leaving the chapel, he turned toward the choir and saw that lovely as her face had once been it was far more so now, for the roses of perfect health and happiness beamed beneath the white coronet. She had recognized him and their eyes met. But how different this to the looks exchanged in the cemetery. It seemed to say that all was well; each had

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WESTERN EXCURSIONS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24, 1904. Valid to return until October 10, '04. RATES FROM MONTREAL.

Table listing excursion rates for various cities including Detroit, Chicago, and St. Paul.

GRAND TRUNK WESTERN EXCURSIONS

DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND POINTS WEST. SEPT. 22, 23, 24, 1904.

Table listing excursion rates for various cities including Port Huron, Detroit, and Chicago.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

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found a true lover not of earth and neither regretted it when the other had passed from sight never again to meet in this world.

LATE WALDECK ROUSSEAU.

Waldeck-Rousseau died under an operation, and he was buried in the Church of Ste. Clothilde, without the usual public obsequies given to men of his distinction. In spite of all he had done against religion he was buried as a Catholic, because about two months before his death he made his confession to his friend, P. Mausius, a Dominican, too late, however, owing to his illness, to make public reparation for the wrong he had done the Church. Though he had deplored in the Senate the extreme rigor with which M. Combes was applying the Associations Law, he could do nothing to check the progress of the persecution of which he was the author. Much as one is disposed to speak well of the dead there is no excuse for his share in fashioning the instrument which his successor is using with so much cruelty. If he had not effected the passage of the law through the Chambers, it is doubtful if any other Premier could, or would, have had it passed. No one pleaded more ably for it than he. If he did not invent, he was the first to popularize the arguments which appealed to every class of French citizens. A man of his ability could not have been deceived by the specious pleas he addressed to the populace and to the Deputies. To the Socialists he promised the milliard of the religious, though they had not one-fifth of that sum.

To the extreme Republican he presented the imaginary evil of a divided French people, one-half formed in State and the other in religious schools. The Bishops and clergy he reminded of their waning influence, which he ascribed to the usurpation of the rights as preachers, confessors and pastors by the religious in their chapels. The anti-clerical he conciliated by denouncing religious vows as unnatural, as the suppression of inalienable rights, as unfitting men and women for citizenship, and for training others to be good citizens. All this he repeated in season and out of season, until the law was passed and ready for application, when his health gave way and he was compelled to retire. With all his skill as an advocate and tact as a politician, he ended with the time-server's fate and the inglorious reputation of lacking principle in promoting a law which he afterwards lacked courage to enforce. It now appears that the man to whom France looked in the hope that he would redeem Israel was assured of a tool than he imagined. He assured General Gallifet the morning he presented the Associations Law to the Council that it would never pass. He listened with complacency to Viviani proclaiming that the law was only a skirmish, a first step against all Christianity, little dream-

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ing, perhaps, that he was the agent of a secret power he might serve but not withstand. He lived long enough to see his infamous measure suggested by Deputy Briand as a means of considering the Catholics of every parish as a religious association and of persecuting their accretions. His ambition was to be President of France; for this end he sacrificed everything—justice, statesmanship, honor; any means that might compass it was good in his eyes. He died without achieving the object of his ambition, witnessing France in the throes of a religious revolution, for which he is chiefly responsible. The despondency and hallucinations to which he was subject were due, no doubt, to this cause. He sowed the wind he reaped the whirlwind. "Poor, great man," is the best word a leading French Radical paper has for him; great in ability, poor in principle, because he was a traitor to the religion which he believed to be true.—The Messenger Magazine.



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NOTES

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS. Scenes reported to have occurred in Halifax this week, should end to the admission of those who only aim in attending occasions to satisfy a morbid curiosity.

THE WAR.—Some idea had of the fierceness of the counter between the Russian Japanese, at Liao Yang, considered that the Russian are estimated at 20,000, of the Japanese at about number, making a total lives sacrificed during the riot of three days.

CHICAGO STRIKE.—The strike in Chicago is at an end. Reports say that 12,000 men for work at the stock yard. Of this number about were engaged by the packers.

THE JEWS.—The Jewish just issued states that the 922,777 Jews in the world has 5,189,401 of this number in Hungary 2,076,378, States 1,253,218; Germany 948, and Turkey 466,361.

MR. REDMOND COMIN Irish national societies, at low-countrymen generally, as opportunity of showing patriotism in a practical manner Thursday evening, September when Ireland's accredited great parliamentarian will platform in the Windsor. sincerely hope that the great Mr. Redmond will receive a warm reception in the city. The case will be of a character of the descendants of pioneers.

PARISH RE-DISTRICTING

The old French-Canadian Notre Dame and St. Jean the jurisdiction of the Superior of the Archbishopric lie this week, have had their altered so as to permit erection, in the near future new parish, and of adding able territory to the past. Peter's, under the direction of Oblate Fathers. It does not require very caption, in view of the progress made during the past in the erection of large religious establishments in the the parent parish church and Irish, to realize what tion will be in a decade or What was once the site homes of the working class the scene of hundreds of belching forth their smoky dental district is yearly crunched upon, and those old parishes counted as they are moving to the extreme and northern districts.

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

phase of the movement in the preceding item is inclination on the part of our communities to leave gated districts of the city new sites for their establishments. The purer atmosphere of lies or on the outskirts of Already there are groups institutions, of education ty, to be seen along the mountain.

THE CAUSE OF TEM Not since Father Mathew blessed effort has Ireland to congratulate herself advance towards sobriety exchange. The Sacred H