MBER 3, 1906

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

PART' SECOND,

CHAPTER XI.

nt, was called and then

at from the sacristy.

ests at Innisfallen.

waited anxiously hoping to hear

that the ceremony would soon be

inued. After the lapse of a few

ites, however, the priest came

"Miss Daton," he announced "has

nately her marriage must be post

The disappointed friends quickly

rch being just in time to see the

persed, the first to leave

unconscious bride; then

Obedient to the last, Cecelia

nt when all seemed lost.

went to their homes, deeply regret-

me to the altar of sacrifice only to

have her cross removed in the mo-

What was supposed to be only a Mainting fit which would soon pass

enly announced the beginning of

was feared that the wedding festivi-

ties had been stopped to give place

o preparations for a funeral.

to wait what might come.

n taken seriously ill and unfortu-

trectory.

OCIETY. -Este 1846. Meets in 92 St. Alex , 92 St. Alexan Monday of the e meets last Wed Rev. Director P.P.; Presider C. J. Doherty ; evlin, M.D.; 2nd n, B.C.L.; Treas. reen; correspond-J. Kahala; Re-T. P. Tansey.

A. AND B. SO. the seco nd Sun h in St. Patrick's ander etreet, at ittee of Manage me hall on the very month at 8 riest as he read in a low tone the miminary passages of the beautiful wiminary passages of the heattrun arriage service was the only sound and in the vast edifice. All eyes are rivetted on the group at the netuary rail. Without interrupr, Rev. Jas. Kila J. P. Doyle; Rese nning, 716 Sta uary rail. Without interrupt. Henri.

& B. SOCIETY, -Rev. Directer ul; President, D. ... J. F. Quinn, le street; M. J. 8 St. Augustin. the second Sum wful wife ?" h, in St. Ann's ng and Ottawa. "Wilt thou, Cecelia Daton, tone.

n.

MEN'S SOCIE. wful husband ?" The ears strained to catch 5.-Meets in its street, on the de's response were strained in vain ach month, at al Adviser, Rev, elia was silent. - There was light movement of her lips, but they .R.; President, itted no sound. Signs of agita surer. Thomas tion were apparent in the group at , Robt. J. Harty the altar rail, and almost immedi-ately the congregation were similarly affected. DA, BRANCH 8th November "Answer 'I will,' the priest was meets at St. St, Alexander aday of each rd to say. But Cecelia heeded him not. Her lids drooped and Maurice put out ar meetings for his arm to support her, but she had fallen into the arms of Agnes. Mr. business -97.8 nd 4th Mondays ton sprang forward and, raising p.m. Spiritual allaghan; Chan-7; President, We ber, partly led and partly carried her to the sacristy, followed by the memrs of the family. Some thought it Secretary, P. C. was only a faint brought on by tight clothing and the heat of the day. The family physician, who was isitation street; , Jag. J. Com

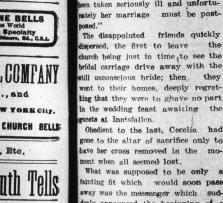
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ain street; Trea.

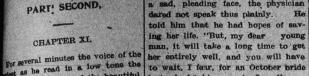
Medical Advisers

n, E. J. O'Com



rything else, if a repair we so, if a new tve a guaranare at your tra cost; Can eu?

0 & CO ers, &c., TREET



THROUGH

instead of taking one in June." "It will not be long to wait if I til time wore it away." "Your folly, Agnes? What do you am sure of her then.

"Young man, you have my best wishes but we are certain of nothing in this life." The words haunted Maurice for

the ceremony proceeded to where the contracting parties were called on to pronounce the fateful "I II," Raising his voice so that it is clearly audible in all parts of the sacred structure, the priest and will then many a day. He had a vague precontinent that even if her life were to be spared, there might come "Wilt thou, Maurice Carroll, take separation from her worse than death ia Daton, here present for thy The priest came and was grieved to see one so young and fair so near to "I. will," came the answer in a death. He was glad that she had received the sacraments of penance tak and communion with such great fer ice Carroll, here present, for thy

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had

vor on the eve of her illness; but lit-tle remained to be done to prepare the pure young soul to meet ts Creator. Many times a day Maurice called to

inquire for her whose life hung by so ler a thread. He was allowed to steal softly into the room and look at her, but it was little consolution for him. She knew him not. Another fact that contributed to his unhappiness was the behavior of Agnes. She remained constantly at Cecelia's bedside and seemed annoyed at his presence. She would never look in his face. He could not understand it. He had ever looked upon her as a dear friend who would be dearer still when he could call her cousin. But Agnes' secret was still hidden and no one suspected that

remorse kept her here. Remorse for what? Nothing, poor girl for which she was to blame, for Agnes had done all in her power to overcome her feelings towards him but as she had heard him speak the one word which would have made him Cecelia's husband she had felt herself growing cold with jealousy and it had seemed in that moment that she could not survive the ordeal. It required all of her courage to await Cecelia's answer, but when that word was not spoken and the girl fell into her arms her strength revived. Quickly something which she now believed to have been the voice of an evil spirit seemed to whisper:

":Alice, it is all over and he is still free. Do not give up hope." It was a sweet thought', but when

she looked at Cecelia, so cold and death-like, and then at the face of the suffering man, she repented and felt that she had repaid the many kindnesses of her ever loving cousin by a great wrong. If Cecelia were dead she would never think of Mauway was the messenger which sudrice, for her sin of jealousy would only bring her unhappiness and deep ong illness, and for many days it remorse, and she wished that she might never again look upon his face

For Nearly a week passed and still Cenany days Innisiallen was a place of celia showed no signs of throwing off less. Scarcely a sound could be her stupor. Agnes and her mother ward as the deconations were taken were alone in the room with her, om the pretty parlors and the room having sent the nurse away to rest for an hour or two. Cecelia, who ontaining the wedding giffs closed Not a mber of the family dared to speak was sometimes delirious, was very bove a whisper when near Cecelia's quiet now and for a long time not a

a sad, pleading face, the physician thought so happy, has been suffering his child, who was happy to see him. large eyes shone with unusual bright-dared not speak thus plainly. He and I never suspected it." his child, who was happy to see him. large eyes shone with unusual bright-but when she was told that Maurice news which reminded him that, death senses of his fellow-being, but there "What good would it have done mother, to display my own feelings? I have only been suffering a punishment for my own folly, and it would have been better to have continued to have suffered in silence un-

> mean by that ?" "I mean that I have loved Maurice

ever since the evening of our first reception and allowed him to remain in my mind when I knew that he was intended for Cecelia. I sometime fear that I might not have cared so much for him in the beginning had he not been rich and I only a poor girl depending upon the kindness of relatives for support. I wanted a rich husband so that I might always live in luxury and be independent.' "That was wrong, Agnes, very

vrong." "I know it, mother: but I was so weak."

"Just as my sister Cecelia was years ago." thought Mrs. Cullen. "I afterwards prayed earnestly for

grace to overcome the love which I knew was not to be returned, and I think I could have conquered had not Cecelia gone to the convent. I felt then that I would inherit much of the wealth intended for her and needed not a rich husband to give me a home; but I could not forget Maurice and foolishly believed that since she was gone he might learn to care for me. But he never did."

"Poor Agnes," said her mother 'I am very sorry for you, but God has given you a bitter cross to bear which you can make a means of re-

Now you can ward for eternity. nake reparation by praying more earnestly for Cecelia's recovery and happy marriage, and perhaps you may receive your reward when you least expect it. You may enjoy long, happy life with a good husband who will return your love." Mrs. Cullen stepped to the bedside to look at Cecelia, and was pleased to find her breathing more naturally while there was something like a still closed and she gave no indication of returning consciousness. As if awakening from a slumber of only a few hours, Cecelia's senses returned as suddenly as they had lef her, and finding herself in her own

room she did not remember anything unusual that had happened until sh heard the name of Maurice mention ed and heard her mother say that he had come to inquire for her. The it all came back to her, with startling vividness, and with her breath she thanked God for first not having permitted her to take the fev marriage vow. Wishing for a undisturbed minutes to think it al over, she had just closed her eyes when she heard her aunt asking Agnes what was troubling her. With

no thought that she was about to hear anything not intended for her ears, she listened attentively. It was as if a great load had been lifted off her mind, and an idea had occurred to her which she would use . every effort to execute.

was in the parlor the light fade from her eyes and she said : "I cannot see him now."

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

- BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

Cecelia improved much more ra pidly than had been expected and seemed very happy, especially in the presence of Agnes', whom she wished to keep with her always. The famfly could not help remarking that even in her illness she was more like her former self than she had been for many months. It was the first week in July ere she was able to sit up for even half an hour, but she seen many of her friends, only one being excluded from her presence and that was he who wished most of all to see her. Several times when he called she sent Agnes down to en tertain him, urging her not to hurry back, as she could easily spare he to make amends to him for her own nce. Unsuspectingly Alice al ways went most willingly, glad to

do anything to please her coustn and happy to he allowed to spend a little while in his company. After a time, however, feeling that she might no be doing right in meeting him so often in Cecelia's absence, she said "Cecelia, I wish you would go down to the parlor and see Maurice yourself. You are now able to si up and he feels very much hurt at your refusal to see him. Besides what do you suppose he must think of having me force myself upon his company every time he calls ?'

"I cannot see that you are forcing yourself upon him, Agnes, when you go to the parlor to please me.

"If it pleases you, Cecelia, I do not believe that it is so pleasant to him, and I wish you would go your self when he calls again."

"Do not urge me, Agnes, I cannot meet him yet." "Why not, Cecelia ? This is

strange way to act towards your future husband. Here you have been receiving strangers, almost any one who wished to see you, but him you would not see Why do you act so ?' "Agnes, if you must know the truth, I will tell you. I dread to smile on her face. But her eyes were ; meet him because I must acquaint him with facts which may be very painful: for that reason I must wait until I am stronger."

"What do you mean, Cecella ?" "I mean that I can never marry

him. that is all." "Cecelia Daton, you are jesting; I

know you are !" "No. Agnes, I mean what I say. 1 never felt that it was right for me to marry and I am glad God pre-

vented it ere it was too late." Agnes looked at her in amazement wondering if she suspected her secret but Cecelia gave no sign of what she knew. At length Agnes said : "Cecelia, this will break his heart. Had you seen how sad he was when we feared you would die you could never think of breaking your engagement."

"Agnes, it would have been far bet-ter for us both had I died than for me to have given him my hand without my heart." "Cecelia, do you mean to tell me

that you promised to marry Maurice "Agnes,' she thought. "loves Mau- Carroll without loving him ?" asked

had been very near her. But he had is nothing to be compared with the not expected to find so great a rustic beauties of nature. In the

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change in her. She had no sweet smile of welcome for him. But what of that for one who so seldom smiled? She wore her engagement ring, now much too large, and that pleas-ed him; but when he took her thin hand and tried to Riss her she stepped back and sank wearily into chair. He inquired for her health and then tried to enter into a pleasant conversation, but she seemed either too weak or unwilling to talk much. As soon as he could find courage he said :

"Now. Cecelia, that God has re stored you to us, can you once more name the happy day of our marriage ?"

Dropping her eyes and gently draw ing the ring from her finger, she said :

"Never, Maurice; God broke the tie -let it remain so." "Cecelia, you are not foolish

enough, I hope, to think that because a little accident occurred to postpone our marriage the union must be broken ?"

"What you call an accident I look upon as a merciful act of Providence designed to prevent what might have been to both of us the beginning of many years of sprrow."

"I cannot agree with you, Cecelia." "I am very sorry, but there will come a time when you can understand it better; then you will thank God that we were not married." "Cecelia, you are very cruel."

"No, Maurice, I am not: but I was cruel when I went to the altar with you knowing that I did not love you but blindly believing that I might learn to do so 'in time."

"If it requires only time I wait."

"Time can never change me. If I were like Cousin Agnes it would be different; she is a sweet, loving girl who could not fail to make your home happy, and I think you made a mistake that you did not try to win her instead of me."

Cecelia knew that she had made a strange remark, but she could not let pass this opportunity to speak a word for her cousin.

"Agnes, I know, is a good girl but I chose the one I thought would make me the better wife."

"And made a fatal mistake. But thank God there is still tme; enough to have it corrected, so please take back your ring." "No. Cecelia, it is yours and you

shall keep it even if we never meet aghin. I wish you to wear it in remembrance of me." "If you wish I shall keep it friendship sake, on condition that

our engagement be declared broken. "It is hard, Cecelia, but if it is your earnest wish, let it be so." "It is, and thank you."

He took his departure, and Cecelia vent to the room where lay the wedding gifts, which she had not looked upon since her illness. They consisted of a costly array of gold, silver. bronze and cut glass, to say nothing of many other beautiful articles intended to please a bride. One by one she took each article up, exam-

very heart of some of our great cities we find pleasant parks on which much labor has been spent, and to some, whose appreciation of real beauty has been warped by the narrowness their surroundings, such spots may appear beautiful, but to others of ceener perception there is an artifidial air which gives a cold stiffness to everything. We see beautiful flowers but we are forbidden to touch them under the penalty of a fine; we look for birds, but find only flocks English sparrows whose metalic notes grate roughly on our ear. If we would quench our thirst, instead of finding a cooling spring we are obliged to drink warm, sickening wa-

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ter from brazen hydrants or pay for a cold but no less sickening draught at a stand which is often suggestive of anything but neatness. Then there is that uncomfortable feeling of being constantly watched, and in even the most pleasant spots we are apt to come upon a policeman, who may not disturb us, but reminds us of the necessity of having some one to keep a constant watch over the place.

Such is the city park; but there are many beautiful spots where the elements of nature have combined to make earth like unto heaven, and it was one of these places that Cecelia and Agnes, with two strangers, were privileged to visit.

Cecelia did not regain her full strength as rapidly as her progress in her early convalescence had promised, and her physician, believing that a chagge of scene was more necessary than medicine, ordered her to the country. Cecelia's mind turned at once to a spot hundreds of miles from home, and famous for its shrine where numberless meracles had been wrought. The place was only a little country village on the bank of a broad river, and the inhabitants were very poor but very good people, for they lived beneath the very shadow of the principal building of the town, a church of vast proportions, which had been built for the accommodation of the many pilgrims.

Cecelia, who had never been in a disctinctively Catholic community before, would have been content to have remained here for weeks, attending the daily devotions, praving and watching the pilgrims, numbers of whom came afflicted with diseases which had been pronounced incurable and went away perfectly healed. Her own shattered strength she felt was rapidly being regained, and she was greatly surprised to find how well she kept up under exercises which she could not have performed at * But home without great fatigue. Agnes was less content: she grew a little tired of so much Church going and wished to see more of the surrounding country. One thing that attracted her was a mountain a few miles distant which extended down into the river, and she would not be

content until she visited it. She had talked with two companions in the boarding house, strangers like herself in the place, and it had been decided to hire a carriage next morning to drive to the mountains; then

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