## GUST 27, 1904. Directory.

SOCIETY. -Estab Sth. 1856, incorpos ad 1846. Meets in all, 92 St. Alex t Monday of t Monday of the : Rev. Director an, P.P.; President ce C. J. Doherty ; .Davlin, M.D.; 200 ran, B.C.L.; Trees Green; correspond J. Kahala; Re y, T. P. Tansey.

ning when alone with his wife and daughter in the parlor, "Maurice T. A. AND B. Son on the second Sum nth in St. Patrick's lexander etreet, as amittee of Manage Carroll spoke to me to-day concern-Mrs. Daton smiled her approval, Mis. Cecelia blushed deeply without you. ile Cecelia blushed deeply without every month at a tor, Rev. Jas. Kh. "Ah," he continued, "you rightly lving. pect that he came to tell me that

SATURDAY, AUGUST

8 0000000000000000

PART! SECOND,

"Cecelia, is it true that Mauric

wroll asked you to marry him ?

"Yes, mother, he did." "And why did you not tell me

Because I was certain that much

as I love and trust my dear mother

she would only cause me great sor

row by insisting upon a marriage

"Cecelia, what have you agains

ador the slight this remark

"I have nothing against him,

Perhaps she thinks," said

s that," said her father

nother.. "that because she has sperif

o right to marry, feating what peo-

"Cecelia, I hope, is not so foolish

Not wishing to enter an unpleas

the subject which neither of then

could be made to understand, Cecelia

emained silent while they talked to

her, using every persuasion to break her will. But in her heart she would

not relent. When at last she found

herself alone and free to think it all

over, she wished for some one to talk

with and from whom to seek sympa

thy. Grandmother, she knew, would

too quickly espouse the cause of her

lover and try to have the marriage

Dear me," she thought in des-

pair, "why couldn't he have fallen in

love with Agnes? She is far better

suited to him and would make him a

good, loving wife, which I nevee can.

But Cecella did not yet suspect the

secret love that still burned in the

Aunt Nellie was the only one to

whom she felt that she could speak

freely, and to her she went, telling

her everything and begging her to plead for her with her parents. But

for the first time Aunt Nellie's coun-

with Agnes it would be much

int argument with her parents

a few months in the convent she ha

volved for her own husband.

ur own mother ?"

anot enter into."

to act thus."

ple may say."

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W. P. Doyle; Rec. he has offered my daughter the great or of becoming his wife." St. Henri. "And he told you, too, no doubt hat I declined the honor." . & B. SOCIETY, "He did, but I respect my daughter B. -Revy Director ne the less for the maidenly delica hail; President, D. she exhibited in not being Sec., J. F. Quina, ique street; M. J. cy she exhibited in hot ways hasty in accepting an offer of marri-

18 St. Augustin on the second Sur onth, in St. Ann's oung and Ottawa ).m. G MEN'S SOCIE

885.-Meets in its a street, on the each month, . tual Adviser, Rev, SS.R.; President easurer, Thomas ec., Robt. J. Hart ADA, BRANCH 18th November 6 meets at St. 92 St, Alexander londay of each ular meetings fee of business are and 4th Mondays 8 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Chancy; President, W. g Secretary, P. Q. Visitation street; ry, Jas. J. Com bain street; Treas Medical Advisers rrill.



BELLS.

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ers, ac. STREET

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breast of her heroic cousin.

an angel from heaven to tell you so? he asked. CHAPTER IX .- Continued. Blushing deeply as the reproach Cecella," said Mr. Daton that eve Cecelia said: "No, I have not been thus favored, but I feel it in my

own heart." "Our own hearts often dereive us. my child," and we should listen to the advice of others who understand us better than we do ourselves."

God does not want me to marry."

Tather, when I was fifteen years old I made a promise to give myself up entirely to God, and I feel I can-not break it."

What prompted you, child, to nake such a promise ?" 'My father, who is a Protestant

was very ill at the time, and I asked that he m ght live to be convert ed, promising that if my prayer was vered I would enter the religious state " m

"But your father has not been "He lived, father, and there is yet

ope of his conversion. "Yes, there may be hope; but your

promise was made when you were a chool girl not old enough to know your own will, and I do not consider it binding." "I think, father, that my will was

as strong then as it is now, and I py. Both were struggling under the Maurice Carroll ? He is a man who have never regretted that one act of would make a good husband for any my life." "Child, you came here to ask my

ung woman," said her father. "And he is a good Catholic;" in advice, and I give it as I think best. terposed Mrs. Daton, not stopping to You entered the convent once. Had in you been in your proper place ;you would have remained, but you were not, and God permitted you to be fa ther,, but I do not wish to marry." sent away, because He had other de-"I cannot understand why you signs for you. Now that you have a uld object to the marriage, espe chance to marry one of your own re cially when so good an offer has been ligion who will make you a good made you. It is wrong far you, on usband, you will do best by comwhom the hopes of my family depend plying with your parents' wishes

And I assure you that you will have God's blessing upon your marriage if you prepare as you should.' Cecelia bowed her head, and her face plainly showed the terrible truggle going on within. She did

not wish to disregard her confessor's advice, but she felt that he did not inderstand her case. Divining her thoughts the priest continued:

the "God wants good people in vorld as well as in the religiou state, and the good wife and mother is worthy of a very bright crown in Eternity alone can : reveal all of the good wrought through her by her offspring for many generations after she has gone to her eternal reward."

Humble submission was Cecelia's only refuge, but it cost her many bitter heart pang to say "I will," when two weeks later her father told her that Maurice Carroll had called again and repeated his proposal. "Cecelia, you are a good girl," said her father, "and I am proud of

When my young friend you now. hears your answer from your own lips I know he will feel that he is fully rewarded in finally securing the precious prize he found so hard to win. Now when may I tell him

to call on you ?" "Any time you wish, father," was her reply, so unlike what should have been heard from a promised bride who expected the bridegroom.

| cepted it all as a matter of course, The priest smiled. "Did God send but was glad when at last she alone in her own room. None of the weet thoughts expected from one in ner position was hers. She looked at her engagement ring, but instead of bringing a sweet smile of happiss, it brought tears to her eyos and quickly hiding it in her iewel case she sat down and found som relief in weeping.

"It is done," she murmured herself, "and now may God help me and teach me to love him as a hus band should be loved." Her heart seemed to rise in

throat and she wished for some to talk to. Once she thought Agnes and went as far as the door intending to go to her room, fearing that her cousin would only laugh at her foolishness, she turned hack. "It is over," murmured poor Agnes

in her own room. "It was harder than I thought to give him up. May God help me to bear and teach me to bury the love which I have no right to feel for my cousin's husband."

Agnes, too, wept many bitter tears in secret that night, and it would have been hard to have told which of the cousins was the more unhap weight of a bitter cross, but had fully resolved that her sacrifice should remain a secret within her own breast:

## CHAPTER X

man has no sure means of support But with our daughter it is different Though still young enough, she seems to be at least five years older than Agnes. Maurice Carroll, too, has afi independent fortune of his own, and I think it best to hasten the marriage.'

"You seem quite eager to have our daughter leave home," said her hus band. "I did not think you would b

"You misjudge me, Edward; no mother could love a child more de votedly than I ever have loved only one whom God spared us, should be in a home of her own.'

"Well, no, she does not seem

longer.' "She may wish to enjoy it too long

plans for her."

"What do you mean, Cecelia ?" "Our daughter acts very strangely and I should not be surprised if sh were to take it upon herself to break the engagement when we least On that account it will be pect it.

thought our daughter would not be happy in her married life I would

ner good fortune but could not understand how she could take every-thing so coolly.' That she could ossibly be dissatisfied with her choice no one ever suspected. Som said that she had never been the same after the months she had so foolishly spent in the convent; others believed her to be in failing health.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

to the change in her than Maurice Carroll himself, and in the secrecy his heart it gave him many an anxious thought; but in his deep love for Cecelia he would never permit it to on of but

ed away. "It is hard," he thought, "and I would that she were more like other women. But it doesn't seem to be in her nature, and I suppose if I am it to have the happiness of having he | for my own I must learn to bear this

As time passed and there was no change in Cecelia, Maurice found it hard to keep the resolution he had made. There began to dawn upon him a realization that perhaps, after all, she was not for him. If so, no matter what it mignt cause him to suffer, he would not make her whole life unhappy. So one evening early in May, when he found her sadder than

"Cecelia, it sometimes seems to m that you are not as happy as you hould be."

him in surprise and smiling faintly. "Because the Cecelia Daton I knew before I went away seemed to be al ways in smiles, and it was thus I nembered her during my absence.' I find her greatly changed."

she said "Not without cause, Cecelia, and I can see no reason why you should

be so different from what you were then. She bowed her head and began to

toy first with her engagement ring and then with the serpent with the emerald eyes.

"Tell me truthfully, Cecelia, have I been the cause of the shadow which seems to be resting upon you? If I have, and you wish it, great as is my love for you, I will set you free Better do that than have us marry and be unhappy together ail our lives.'

There was the tenderest love in his eyes as he spoke, and, seeing it, she grieved that she had not been able to return it as she should. Her hear had leaped with joy when he spoke of setting her free, and for the moment she had been strongly tempted to accept her release; then, when she

remembered how her confessor had recommended the match, she felt that she had no right to break the en gagement by her own act.

"Maurice," she said very tenderly, 'you have nothing to do with it. "Thank God for that. Cecelia! And now it may sound very cruel if I ask you if you really love me as

a husband should be loved ?" "Maurice, I do love you as much

loved. "Maurice, as I told you, it is hard to give up old opinions; it takes time; and after we are married. if e; and after we are married, if

not before, I am sure I shall learn to love you as I should." "I thank God for having heard you say that, Cecelia.

Having spoken thus plainly to him her mind was easier. She could now look into his face with more confidence, and thereafter she smiled from of time to time in his presence. She seemed to take more interest, too, in the pretty home he had bought for her, very near Innisfallen, and Maurice felt that she was really learning to love him, as she had promised But love had made him blind; the smile that looked so sweet was to a certain extent felgned for his sake and while to all exterior appearances Cecelia was growing happier, the canker was eating deeper into he heart, until she began to fear that she could not keep it up until

> As the wedding day approached, great preparatians were being made for the event, which Mrs. Daton planed to celebrate on the grandest scale. There was so much to be done that she could not possibly think of superintending it all alone, so grandmother, Aunt Nellie, and even poor heroic Agnes herself were called upon to render assistance. The furnishing of the new house, which Mr. Dator had insisted upon doing as a presen to the bride, was of no small importance, and Cecelia was expected to superintend that herself. But she left it all to the others, on the plea that she considered the good taste of those who had been house keepers for years better than her wn. Het true motive was that it made her too sad to visit the home which she was to occupy as a married woman. When all was complete she went alone with Agnes to se

her cousin, "and how happy you ought to be here."

hope, Agnes, that I shall be,' said Cecelia, absently. "You hope ! Don't you know you will ?" said Agnes. "Who could be otherwise than happy in such a home and with such a husbad? Really Cecelia, I envy you."

Agnes had put far more spirit into her words than she had intended, but it was too late now to take it back, and she hoped that her cousin had not noticed it. Cecelia was not so blind as she appeared, for she sav through it in a moment and suspect ed that Agnes really did envy her But the brave girl, quickly turning the subject, coused her to forget it until weeks afterwards. Cecelia' first impuise was to tell Agnes that she wished she were the bride-elect instead of herself, but she refrained from it as a remark unbecoming one almost on the eve of her wedding day.

Cecelia had desired that the mar riage be quietly performed at a early Mass and that only a few their nearest relatives be admitted to the wedding breakfast. Her motives were, first that she considered the holy dignity of the sacrament, which

gratulations from those who envied you love me as a husband should be ed mind and make her happy, but the girl was anything but happy when her mother awole her in the morning, saying :

"Come, Cecelia, arise. This is your wedding day, and you have but half an hour to get ready for Massi"

"Yes, mother." said the bride elect pressing her hand to her forehead. "What is the matter, Cecelia ?"

asked her mother. "My head aches, but I think it

will pass away soon." "Let me get you one of my head-the tablets. They never fail, and ache tablets.

you must be perfectly well to-day." "I cannot take it, mother. Have you forgotten what I am to receive this morning.j' In a few minutes she was in the fa-

mily carriage on her way to church, where Maurice awaited her, and together they knelt at the altar to receive the bread of life, Cecema ear nestly praying in one breath that God would give her love for her husband, which he deserved, and in all

the next wishing that something might happen to prevent the marriage. But it seemed useless now Returning home, she scarcely tasted the diainty breakfast prepared for her. Her head now ached violently, and she was almost too weak to sit up. ' Her mother warned her that if she did not try to eat something she would be taken ill on her wedding trip, but she replied that she was not hungry and went with her grandmother to view the beautifully decorated parlors and the costly presents that were laid on the table of highly polished rosewood in the drawing room. Then she went to her own room to rest for a few minutes before dressing for the wedding, which was to take place at 12 o'clock.

Merrily sounded the wedding bells from the tower of the church where Cecelia had been baptized, and just at the stroke of twelve, broad white satin ribbons having been drawn across the seats in the middle aisle, a hush fell upon the fashionable assemblage, broken by the sound of the wedding march. Slowly down the aisle came the ushers, then four tiny girls in white, carrying great bunches of delicate white flowers Agnes, in an elaborate and ferns. robe of white silk and lace, with a white tulle hat trimmed with lilies of the valley and carrying a bouquet of the same flowers, came next, and last of all the bride on the arm of her father. Cecelia wore a splendid satin gown with a long train, a flowing veil of old lace which had been in the Carrol' family for years, and had been sent as a wedding gift from the groom's mother, who had no daughter of her own to wear it. They were met at the altar by Maurice and his cousin, who acted as best man.

It was a moment of supreme happiness for Mrs. Daton, for though she dared not turn her head. she knew that hundreds of eves were fixed admiringly upon her daughter, 8.5 before the arrival of the bridal porty they had been centered upon the great abundance of rare and beautiful sanctuary resemble a tropical garden. flowers and palms, which made the The pair knelt in fervent praver. then stood beneath an arch of pure

"Long engagements are all right in some cases," said Mrs. Daton to her husband, "that is, when both parties are very young or the gentle-

very eager to leave us ?"

"'Then why hasten her marriage Let her enjoy her freedom a little

and thus put an end to all of our

best to hasten the marriage." "Do as you like, Cecelia, though to speak frankly I will say that if I

so anxious to part with her."

but we cannot keep her with us always, so why try to detain her when she "Do you think that Cecelia is

to

No one was more keenty allive

be mentioned by others. He earnest ly prayed that she might not be always thus, and each time he called on her he watched for signs of welcome, but none of her coldness melt-

was over. little cross for love of her.

usual, he remarked :

"Why so," she asked, looking at

"'Time is apt to change any of us,' it.

"How lovely everything is," said

to provert it it	derly and went to write a short note which was carefully sealed and sent to Maurice Carroll. It made the young man very happy, and early in the evening he found himself alone in one of the pretty parlors of Innts- fallen until he heard CeceMa's step in the hall. She was dressed in a simple gown of white, with a single white rose- bud in her hair, and looked like a queen about to meet one of her Sub- jects. Her face was extremely pale and he was sorry to see that she had not the smile of welcome he had hoped for. After a greeting which she knew to be far colder than even she would have wished, she sat down, while he took the chair beside her and commenced to repeat the story he had told her before. When he had finished and again asked ber to marry him she answered "Yes," in a tone bhat gave no indication of the deep emotions that raged within her. Then she permitted him to kiss her as he silpped a costly, diamond ring on her finger.	ing him." "When would you have the cere- mony take place, not before Lent, I hope ?" "No, not quite so soon; but when the roses are in bloom in June, then Cecelia must be ready to wear her bridal wreath." So it was settled that the wedding should take place the first weels in June. Cecelia made no comment when the plans were laid before het, It seemed that she had lost all infer- est in everything and cared in fer- set in everything and cared no more to think for herself. She readily gave assent to whatever her mother suggested. It was noted, however, that the color was gradually fading from her face, that she was growing thinner. She was seldom seem to smile. Fearing for her health, her mother consulted the family physician but he could find no trace of any dis- ease. Her case puzzled film. He sent her away with only a tonic ntended	too truthful to deceive him. "Meurice," she murmured, "do you remember how I once toid you I did not wish to marry ?" "I do," he said. "but I hope that you have not deceived me by promis- ing to become my wife, when in your heart you still felt the same." "No, Maurice: please do not ac- cuse me of deceit. You know that to pinions held for years are often hard to sacrifice, and I have felt for so long a time that the convent was my place that, it was hard for me to thiak of marrying. But I was con- vinced before we were engaged that I had made a great mistake and my place in the world was that of a wife." "Yes, Maurice, that is all."	but one daugneer to be married, and she should have a wedding beitting the social 'position of herself and the groom. The young couple could have their Mass at an early hour and receive Communion if they wished but the wedding must be af an 'hour convenient for everyone to attend. In this she remained firm, in spite ' of the protestations of Cecelia and of the protestations of Cecelia and of the priset whom she sent to her mo- ther to speak to her of the efficacy of the nuptial Mass which forms so important a factor in every true Catholic marriage. The wedding morning dawned clear and bright, with a promise of a glo- rious, sunshiny day such as brides love to see, for they seem to fore-	Cowan's Cocoa: Chocolate