OST 6; 1904.

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OCIETY. -Estab th, 1856, incorpor. d 1846. Meets in 1940. Meets is 192 St. Alerson Monday of the Monday of the Rev. Director, Rev. President, P.P.; President, Director, Diter, Director, Director, Director, Director, C. J. Doherty ; Devlin, M.D.; 2nd an, B.C.L.; Treas J. Kahala; Re-T. P. Tansey.

. A. AND B. 80. the se ond Sun th in St. Patrick's xander etreet, at nittee of Manage me hall on the very month at 8 or, Rev. Jas. Ki W. P. Doyle; Rec. unning, 716 St. it, Henri.

& B. SOCIETY. -Rev. Directore ail; President, D. c., J. F. Q. ue street; M. J. 18 St. Augustia a the second Sus th, in St. Ann's. ing and Ottawa.

MEN'S SOCIE 35.-Meets in its street, on the each month, at al Adviser, Rev. S.R.; President, SUTER Thor ., Robt. J. Harty DA, BRANCE 8th November, meets at St. 2 St, Alexander nday of each lar meetings for business nd 4th Mondayn S p.m. Spiritual y; President, Wa Secretary, P. C. Visitation street: 7, Jas. J. ain street; Trea. Medical Advisero n, E. J. O'Conrin.



erything else, if a repair u-so, if a new give a guaran ears, according s are at your stra cost; Can

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TREET

PART SECOND, CHAPTER VI.-Continued. "No, Aunt Nellie; how can you suggest that when you know

distasteful it has been to me? On the contrary, I appreciate my home all the more, but, like the little birds who leave their nests as soon as they, are able to fly, I feel that the time has come when I, too, must dy away. It seems a waste of time to linger here in idleness when life is so short and time passing so ra-

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picly." 'You above all others, Cacelia, have no reason to accuse yourself of ideness. Every hour of your time seems filled with some good work." "Aunt Nellie, you are always overbe where I can do something greater; where I can give up my whole life

to works of charity. Mrs. Cullen looked at her niece and read in her eyes more than her words could have conveyed. "Where would you go, Cecelia ?" she asked. "I once thought that I might be

satisfied to remain in the convent where Agnes and I were educated, but of late I have changed my mind, and it is my earnest desire to become a Sister of Charity. "Cecelia, do you fully realize what

you are saying ?" "I do, Aunt Nellie, for I have long considered the subject." So far the secret of Cecelia's de-

her own little lamb might escape th

It grieved her sadly to know

sire of becoming a religious had been hidden from her aunt by Mrs. Daton, because she knew too well that were she to reveal her daughter's hopes to her sister, she would only hear Cecelia's cause strongly espoused, and by Cecelia herself because the subject was to her far too sacred to be much talked of. However, Mrs Cullen was not surprised. She even

wished with all her heart that the blessing had fallen upon her own child. Long and earnestly from the earliest childhood of Agnes had the mother hoped and prayed that within the peaceful walls of some convent

ton wealth

one series of sufferings and disap-pointments, had to submit to this and be denied the happiness of giving Him the prize she fain would offer All she could do was to renew the fervor of her prayers, not for Agnes, now, but for Cecelia and the

whom she knew would find it hard to part with her. Gently stroking the girl's locks, she said : "Cecelia, does your mother know your wishes ?" "She has known them for a year,

but I believe she sometimes thinks I have abandoned the idea." never told of it ?'

.you known it ?" .

"I am glad of that for the sake of my own dear parents." The next morning Mrs. Cullen went to Mass, accompanied by Cocolia and after it was over she left her, saying

THROUGH

that she had a call to make might not be home much before noon. Her niece would liked to have accompanied her and visited the prison before their return, but she saw plainly that she was not wanted, so the visit must be deferred. Let

us follow Mrs. Cullen and we shall learn why. Aunt Nellie had rested but little the night before. A dread suspicion estimating the value of every little had kept her awake, and during Mass act 1 perform. What I desire is to she had prayed for strength to meet had kept her awake, and during Mass the worst. From the church she proceeded directly to the prison and asked to see the prisoner of whom Cecelia had told her. On being ushered into the darkened cell she stood and looked at him as if trying to discover some marks of identity in the man's face, which was covered with a heavy dark beard, streaked

with gray. But she saw only a sui fering criminal. Suddenly he turned and said : "Madame, I was thinking deeply

and unaware that I had a visitor.' "My niece, Cecelia Daton, was telling me of you, and I have come to see if I can be of any service to you.

The cold, dark face brightened. "Miss Daton, you said, sent you. It has been long years since I have prayed, but if I dared to utter prayer now it would be May God bless that noble young woman She looked at him closely again and said:

"My niece told me you once lived in this city and would like to learn the whereabouts of your relatives." "Such is my desire. But they must know nothing of me, for when a mere boy it was in disgrace I left them, and I should not wish to come back to them after all these years a prisoner accused of an awful crime."

"It is a sad thing to find a noble trials and temptations which are the looking man like you atoning for lot of so many in the outside world. such a ctime as you have committed tha but do you think your own would her proud sister would be greatly ophave the hard hearts to disown you posed to such a step on the part if they knew you were here and wishof her who was the last of the Da ed to see them? It hardly seems ton family and sole heir to the Dapossible."

"I deserve nothing better from God's ways are not our ways, and them.' Mrs. Cullen, whose life had ever been

"But if, as my niece says, would like to know of their whereabouts, I am willing to do all in my power to help you."

"I fear it would be a useless search. I thank you just the same and your niece, too, for a kindness I ones do not deserve."

> His voice was very sad. He sat on the edge of his hard cot looking out of the window, but appeared to be observed, she could study every feature, and she saw plainly many a delicate line which reminded her not only of her brother, but of her sister, Mrs. Daton.

ran away from home because you how only the day before she had de.

"I had no thought of that, Occolia, and you may be pleased to know that things are not nearly so bad as at first feared and there is little chance now of losing our nome." I when it had burned in an un-quenching first, as shown by remarks made earlier in this narrative. The first words the prisoner spoke after that the prisoner has found the greeting were :

"Is Miss Daton the daughter of sister Cecelia ?" "She is."

"What an angel of comfort ! Just the kind of a daughter our Cecelia might be expected to have. But tell me of Cecelia herself."

and his face brightened on learning who his sister had married and how very wealthy she was; but his joy feel the disgrace as keenly as you, was shortlived, for immediately came the fear that the grand Mrs. Daton would never consent to recognize him pleasure to him to know that he is Instead of going home on leaving her aunt, Cecelia had stopped at the convent and had been sent to the prison on an errand for one of the Sisters. On her way to the room of the party she was to see she had to pass the cell of him whom she lenew as Charlie Coon. She had no intention of entering, but the door was ajar and only the heavy iron

grating separated them, so she stepped up, intending to say a cheerful 'good morning" and pass on. What was her surprise on finding him standing with both her aunt's hands firmly clasped in his, while he looked into her eyes with an expression of tender love. She quickly drew back before being observed

and listened. This was what she heard : "Miss Daton, then, is my niece" said the man

"She is," replied Mrs. Cullen. "When she learns my identity what will she say ? Will she still continue to visit me and be as kind as before,

or will the knowledge that such scapegrace is one of her own near relatives drive her from me ?', Cecelia from her very infancy has ever been the kind, charitable him to be one of my own." girl you have found her, and you need fear no change in her." Cecelia felt herself growing weak and dizzy, and could wait to hear no more for fear of betraying her presence. She hastened on with her message and returned to the street by a different way. Once outside th building she could breathe more freely, but she dreaded to go home to meet her mother and grandmothe

Most of all, she dreaded the thought of facing Aunt Nellie, who, instead of consol,ng her, would only deepe her sorrow by confirming the sad truth of what she had discovered. "That man, that incendiary, m

own uncle." she thought. "How terrible ! What would my friends say if it were known? I could never face them again with such a disgrace on our family, of whose spotless reputation I have always been so proud."

The fragment of conversation in gazing at nothing in particular. Un- regard to Charlie which she had over heard between her mother and aunt some time ago came back to her now with new vividness, and she remembered, too. the boy's picture found among her aunt's possessions.

"Could yau have helped me had "My niece informed me that you One thing she did not remember was

asked her aunt, in a trembling tone. his

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIO CHRONICLE

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER ..

sisters." It was more than Mrs. Cullen had expected, and they walked on for fully three blocks in silence. At length she said :

"Cecelia, are you sorry ?" "That is a cruel question, Aunt Nellie. Could you expect me to say In a few words she told him all, that I am glad that I have found disgrace in our family ?" "It is hard for us, Cecelia, and I

but the poor, unfortunate man has suffered so much that it must be a

would the world say if it were made public who he is ?"

world will never know, and if it did, those who would despise us on account of his misfortunes are no true friends. Public opinion could make us none the worse

that I know who he is I feel that I

Christian spirit ?" asked Mrs. Cullen reproachfully "I should never have believed that our good Cecelia could feel thus toward one of her blood relations, when she has ever had so

have me call my uncle has shamefully disgraced not us at the presen time, but according to his own story

"Be careful, child, what you say This does not sound at all like your self, and how different from the way you spoke of him yesterday."

Nellie. Yesterday I never suspected "So much the more reason should

now, Cecelia. Charlie was not bad boy and we all loved him, but bad influence was his ruin."

der sadness which brought remors to her niece, and Cecelia was silent When she spoke it was to ask her aunt to tell her all about her wayward brother, a request which loving Nellie could have told story. reached home, and Cecelia had been once more fully won to the cause of the unfortunate. Mrs. Cullen re joiced thereat, but she had a more bitter task ahead of her at home.

da deeply interested in the latest novel and wholly unwilling to be dis turbed. "Cecelia, I have something to tell you," and had Mrs. Daton been less absorbed she might have known by

the very tone than was something of no small importance, but without raising her eyes, she turned a leaf, saying

"I am so interested I must finish my chapter."

"Not much, but enough to prove used the greatest vaution, concealing almost to the end of the story her brother's whereabouts. Cecelia's name was never mentioned, and her mother never thought at the time of her having any knowledge of the

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affair. No sooner, was the story finished than Mrs. Daton said: "Nellie, do you believe he is really our brother ?

"Believe it, Cecelia? I cannot doubt it."

"Nellie, you are a fool. You have always been too quick to believe everything that is told you. I should want strong proof to convince me that a criminal under imprisonment for such a henious crime is really my brother."

"If you will go with me to call on him his identity will be very easily proved."

"I hope, Nellie, you do not expect me to go there." "Why not, Cecelia ?"

to

"You should not ask. Nothing would be more out of place in a wo man of my position."

"Position and wealth do not release us from the duty we owe our own, and you should go and be convinced."

> "Never, Nellie, never. I have far too much respect for myself." "Cecelia, have you forgotten the respect you owe our dear mother's memory, and for her sake will you

not go ?" "It is out of the question. It is my firm belief that you have been

deluded by an adventurer." "I am sorry you feel thus, Cecelia, for I know that I have not been deceived. If you knew positively that Charlie was in prison and needed your help would you go to him ?" " I would not deny him assistance though he does not deserve it from you or me; but this is an unpleasant subject which I do not care to talk of, and my advice to you would be

never to repeat your visit." "It is of no use," thought Nellie sadly, and she left her proud sister to continue reading her novel. But Mrs. Daton was not inclined to read In the secret recess of her own heart she felt that her sister had not been deceived, for Nellie, being a woma of great prudence, was seldom wrong in anything. She longed to hasten to the prison and embrace her brother, but such an act on the part of one in her lofty social standing would be promptly noised obout and ere many days the story of disgrace would be repeated in every household where she was now esteemed as be longing to a good family.

Could Mrs. Cullen have known the truth in regard to her sister's feelings she would have taken heart to try to win her to the cause of the unfortunate one, but as it was she did not dare mention the subject to man." her again. That night there were three women in the house who yested but little, but no mention was made between them of the cause un-"Time enough for that, Cecelia ; told her aunt that she was going "I know, mother, that in the tru-

same loving disposition could not be

- 7

"God bless the girl," was his oft repeated mental comment, and the memory of her sweet face brightened the long weary hours of the day and appeared to him in his dreams at night. But the bright ray of sunshine had flitted away and it was in vain that he looked for her coming. His sister Nellie came several times and brought him many delicacies, which he fully appreciated, but nothing could make up for the prolonged absence of Cecelia.

Mrs. Cullen often found him in a dejected mood. Many times during the first few weeks he inquired

Cecelia and asked why she did not come, but Nellie would make first one excuse, theh another, trying to buoy him up with the hope that he might see her soon, but after a time he ceased to mention her name. The wound caused by her apparent neglect grew deeper, however, with time. "Perhaps, after all," he thought, "she has inherited some of her mother's pride. And how can I blame

her for not caring to visit a criminal who has disgraced her ?" On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Daton had learned where she

had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prison; heither was she to send any message to the prisoner. With an aching heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret. which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him On one more point Mrs. Daton had insisted upon -Agnes was to be kept in lignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII.

Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the vent no longer than hecessary. On the other hand, when she thought of how much she was beloved at home and how she would be missed, especially by her grandmother, who was growing old, it was hard to think of leaving them all forever. On one point she had reached a deision, and that was to take up her work for life with the white-bonneted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. Once, a short time after stating her wishes to her aunt, she had spoken with her mother on the subject, only to be met with an angry repulsion and a firm avowal, first that her duty was at home, and then that there were bright marriage prospects in store for her, and she was expected not to reject them when offered.

"But, mother," said Cecelia, "L feel, as I told you" a year ago, that my place is in the convent. and would be a grievous sin for me to reject so high a calling for any ·· i iz 2

"The husband your father, as well as his own, has chosen for you is a good, sincere Catholic, with whom you could lead as good a life and a til the next alternoon, when Cecelia more useful one than in the convent

not forgottem." "I believe it, Aunt Nellie; but what "Fear not for that, Cecelia, the

"But it seems dreadful, and now

can never call on him again." "Cecelia, do you call that a true

much charity for strangers." "But the man whom you would

he grieved his own mother."

"Circumstances alter cases, Aunt

you have for showing him charity

Mrs. Cullen spoke in a tone of ten

willingly complied with as only the the It was finished before they

She found her sister on the veran

"Happy child!" thought Mrs. Cul- ler, but God help her, I fear sho has a bitter cross to bear. Jast then Cocclia declared herself strong enough to bear almost anything for the love of God. "Cecelia, how would you teel if	for almost anything for the love of God. She had not contemplated such a cross as this, and wounded pride now caused her to forget all of her good resolutions. Returning to the convent she quickly delivered a message and hastened to the chapel, where, instead of seeking consola- tion in prayer, she broke into bitter tears. Half an hour passed, during which in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, she had become much calmer. Then she hastily left the convent and met her aunt, who was just coming out of the church. Mrs. Cullen, too, had been weeping, and so absorbed was she in her own sed thoughts that she did not see	Mrs. Daton reluctantly laid the book open in her lap, so that she might still read while pretending to listen. "I have found our brother Char- liq," said Mrs. Cullen, without fur- ther parley, hoping that this abrupt announcement would fully arouse her. And it did. "What ! she exclaimed, suddenly closing her book. "I have found our brother." "How did you find him ? Where is he ? Not still in disgrace, I hope?" "Forbear, dear sister, and remem- ber that Charlie is our own brother and that poor mother loved him un- til the end."	"God bless you, Cacelia, you are a good gfrl." said Mrs. Cullen, "but be cautious, for you know not what eavesdroppers may be hiding and there, is no need of publicity about our private affairs." Never had Ceelia's bright face brought more sumshine into the lone- ly prison cell than when she came as an angel of light to him who half feared that he should never see her again. She promised him that sho would remain faithful to him and would never forsake him no matter what others might think. "You will call again soon, Cece- lia ?" he asked as she was leaving. I	to the religious life is certainly wrong. The Church teaches that, and you should not deny it." " "The Church, Cecelia, teaches obs- dience to your parents." "I know it, mother, obedience in all that is not sin, but it would certainly be a grievous sin for one who has a religious vocation to marry." "But, Cecelia, you are not certain you have the vocation of which you speak, and as your own mother. I claim the right to say I believe you- have not." "Possibly, mother, you may be right, but it seems improbable that God could give so strong a desire
 more fully than are could ever have dared in the presence of her mother "Happy child!" thought Mrs. Cutler; but God help her, I fear she has a bitter cross to bear. Just then Cacelia declared herself strong enough to bear almost anything for the love of God. "Cecelia, how would you teel if you were to find that there was a great disgrace in your own family, wrought by a near relative ?" "I can scarcely tell, auntie, for such a thing seems almost impossible. Besides, we have no one to disgrace us." "And your name is Charlie O'Kam He spring to his feet, gave her searching glance and exclaimed: "Who are you that you recognt me, when I thought I was forgotte by all ?" "Forgotten Charlie ! Do you think that your own sister Nell who has watched and prayed for he only brother during all the long yea of his absence could forget you?" "Nellie !" he cried, springing to his come the light fade again. "Sister Nellie, 'he sobbe I am unworthy of such tender low 	Half an hour passod, during which in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, she had become much calmer. Then she hastily left the convent and met her aunt, who was just coming out of the church. Mrs. Cullen, too, had been weeping, and so absorbed was she in her own sad thoughts that she did not see Cecelia until the latter touched her arm. "Cecelia, is it you ? I thought is you had gone home long ago." "Aunt Nellie, you have called on the prisoner I told you about."	"What I she exclaimed, suddenly, closing her book. "I have found our brother." "How did you find him ? Where is he ? Not still in disgrace, I hope?!" "Forbear, dear sister, and remem- ber that Charlie is our own brother and that poor mother loved him un- til the end." "She loved him foo much for her own good, and I eannot help feeling that he, ungrateful child that he was, has been in some measure re- sponsible for her death." "Ceelia, in the name of Christian charity, can you never forget the	feared that he should never see her again. She promised him that she would remain faithful to him and would never forsake him no matter what others might think. "You will call again soon, Cece- lia?" he asked as she was leaving. I would not dare ask it if you had	marry." "But, Cecelia, you are not certain you have the vocation of which you speak, and as your own mother. I claim the right to say I believe you have not." "Possibly, mother, you may be right, but it seems improbable that God could give so strong a desire of becoming a religious when there is no vocation." "Better be a little careful in try- ing to prove the vocation of which you speak before taking any hasty steps which you may regret all your
"What do you mean, Aunt Nellie ? Please explain. I hope you do not pofer to father's financial affairs	"Cecelia, did you follow me with- tout my knowledge ?" "T had no such intention, but was sent to the prison on an errand and had no thought of finding you there	from her grave I know she would plead for him as ever she did in her life. Mother was right, for our poor brother was cruelly wronged, as she believed until the last."	had swung behind her, he stood look- ing after her, thinking how much she	"I can think of no more hasty step than to consent to enter into a marriage for which I feel that I am- wholly unsuited."