



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1866.

No. 46.

EDWARD LYNN.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.) CHAPTER III.—Continued.

'I wish, Edward,' said his mother, 'from the bottom of my heart, that you had never entered the army; but who would have imagined any thing so ruinous to your eternal salvation would have been the result?'

'I have faith to believe that the grace of God would sometime have found me out, wherever I might be; but I am thankful that I have so soon been brought to a sense of my duty, which has probably been hastened by becoming an inmate of that military hospital.'

'I am daily more and more astonished,' said Mr. Lynn, who had been sitting moody and silent for several minutes, 'that a child of mine, with the blood of his Puritan ancestors coursing thro' his veins, with the clear, cool judgment for which they were noted, which I supposed, at least, my children to possess, could sink so low in degradation as to be made the tool of the bell-deserving?'

'Father,' said Captain Lynn, with his hand upon the door, while a crimson flush mounted to his forehead, and burned on either cheek, 'can you not allow me to be my own judge in these matters? Perhaps you remember our conversation upon the morning of my departure for the army; you told me to falter not in whatever I might consider duty—you did not say in what you might consider duty, or that I should ask your consent before I laid my plans. I have wondered why I am not as able to govern myself in religious, as well as in civil and military matters? There was sorrow in his heart that he should be the first disturber of the peace of the hitherto happy circle; his feelings were also deeply wounded, but he spoke calmly as possible, and strove to keep all passion under perfect control.'

'I am aware, Sir, that my authority does not reach cases of conscience; but you are aware that by your present disgraceful course you very much displease the rest of the family,' again said Mr. Lynn.

'I most sincerely wish it were not so—but whose loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'

CHAPTER IV.—FRIDAY.

The grounds of 'Lynn Grove' were exulting in summer bloom and foliage, and the birds awakened young Lynn with their early songs before the rest of the family were astir. He arose, and after his morning devotions, into which he entered with a new fervor, he wandered out, feasting his eyes upon the book of nature, in which he read: 'God in everything. Nature proclaims the boundless love of God.' He seated himself upon a rustic garden-chair, beneath the interwoven branches of trees and vines, through which he caught a glimpse of the purest blue of sky, while the dew-drop, reposed upon the rose, like a tear on beauty's cheek, and gleamed in the violet's purple cup, and the bell of the stately lily, and every blade of grass at his feet seemed a silver thread. He gazed out on the broad Ohio's waters, just stirred by the fresh morning breezes, which dallied with the chestnut locks upon the manly brow, just as years ago the cool winds played upon the brown curls his mother loved. His mind was no longer in that confused state which seemed sometimes to force it upon the terrible brink of insanity. He saw his purposes clearly defined before him, and a path marked out for his faltering feet by an Omnipotent hand. He had prayed, earnestly pleaded with the All-wise One to show him his duty and to aid him in its fulfillment; and though the conversation of the previous evening had left sorrow in his heart, there was no faltering of his soul, no want of faith in Him who was leading him into unknown ways. The sun arose and penetrated his leafy retreat; and still he lingered, until the tinkle of the breakfast bell summoned him to fragrant coffee, and the delicious strawberries freshly gathered by his sister, who was, like himself, an early riser. The doors and windows were thrown open, and a delightful odor of pinks and roses filled the breakfast-room, where the family were awaiting him.

'Here is a surprise for you, Edward,' said his mother. 'We have been looking for you to welcome your old friend.' There was no shadow upon his mother's brow, and he was glad to perceive that they did not allow the previous evening's exciting conversation to dampen the ardor of their greetings. He warmly welcomed his old schoolmate, Mr. Walters, who was passing through the place and gave them an early call; and, after a few pleasant remarks, they seated themselves at table. 'I suppose it is unnecessary to help you to a slice of ham, as it is one of your fast days, I believe.'

'What, Ed! you've not turned Catholic!' exclaimed Walters, in astonishment. 'Not,' said Captain Lynn, 'that is, I have not attached myself to the Church; but I expect to do so very soon.'

'When will wonders cease?' said his friend, 'I have scarcely ceased wondering at my uncle's family. Mr. Lynn, you remember uncle Leigh at —, where Ed and I spent one vacation.—Well, they've all turned Catholic, from grey-headed old uncle down to four-year old Willie, his grand-daughter—had her baptized, too. But you, Ed, the most incorrigible opponent of Popery in our class. Why, don't you remember how we used to tease that poor lame fellow Humphrey—'Humpy' we called him—until he quit saying his prayers, and promised to eat meat on Friday, like the rest of us?'

'Yes, I remember it to my shame; I wish I could find him out. I would like to make amends for our ill-treatment.'

'I am surprised at the change in your uncle's views,' said Mrs. Lynn, as her husband was silent. 'I thought they were good Christians—Protestants I mean—and very much attached, it seemed to me, to their own way of thinking.—Mr. Leigh and I had several arguments; Mrs. Leigh was, I thought, more inclined to believe with our denomination, but he was quite prejudiced against all but his own.'

'Yes, so he was; but he's a staunch Catholic now. I think they were as much astonished as one at the change. I think it would be hard to find a more conscientious family, Mrs. Lynn.—For my part, Ed, I don't see how you intend to keep up with the observances of the Church—fasts, feasts, &c.—which are innumerable.—When I'm at uncle's I have to do as the rest; and he would fairly convince me, I believe, if I were not too careless about it, that the Catholic is the Church. For my part, I think there's good and bad in every Church, and I stand about as good a chance of getting to heaven as most of them.'

'Much better chance than many, no doubt,' said Mr. Lynn. 'That's not a good footing, however. As Christ instituted the Church for the salvation of mankind, we have no reason to believe, if we wilfully neglect it, we shall be saved out of it.'

'Which Church, then, sir?' asked Walters.

'Well, I do not deny to others the privilege I hold myself; there are a number of Churches disagreeing, it is true, in matters of discipline, but agreeing—I speak of orthodox Protestants—in the more essential points. I've no doubt a man could live a Christian in any one of them; but he should seek to find that nearest to his interpretation of the Word of God.'

'We do not agree at all, I perceive, Mr. Lynn,' said Mr. Walters. 'If there was a Church instituted—you see I am a little skeptical—it was never meant to be divided and subdivided after the manner of the Protestants.—Why, sir, I have been told by half a dozen persons, belonging to different denominations, that particular doctrines of each, disbelieved by all the rest, were essential to man's salvation. How, then, can I believe Protestants do not differ in the essential points? No, sir, I never expect to attach myself to any sect. With my present belief it would be a very foolish and hypocritical act; but the Catholic Church would be my choice—if any—if for no other reason than its unity, without which I cannot think any Church was instituted by Christ.'

'I am sorry to find you are so skeptical, my young friend,' said Mr. Lynn.

'I have not been until lately,' said Walters, 'but the fact is, I see (with all respect to yourself, my friends) too many hypocrites—too much of the 'get-all-you-can and keep-all-you-get' spirit. In short, the House of God is turned into a 'house of merchandise,' or, more properly, 'a den of thieves.' There was a pause, which was becoming rather awkward, for none seemed willing to risk an answer to the strong language of Mr. Walters, when Carrie changed the subject by saying:

'As for abstaining from meat on Friday, Ed, I should think it would become such a common practice that it would not be regarded as a virtue at all.'

'Of course,' said Mr. Lynn, 'it is mere form. Half of them don't know why they do it.'

'There you are mistaken, father,' said Captain Lynn, who had been eating his breakfast in silence, during the discussion between his friend and Mr. Lynn. Every good Catholic remembers his reasons for abstaining from flesh upon this day. It is surely the least we can do in commemoration of the day upon which the body of our Lord was crucified, to be more abstemious in our diet, and give ourselves up more to prayer. But every Friday is by no means a fast day.'

'You may be right there, Ed; no doubt I would be no enthusiastic if I had the same faith. But, if I may ask, what do you intend to do now? Study for the priesthood?'

'I had not thought of it,' was the answer, while a smile went around. 'However, if I should conclude that to be my true vocation I should not hesitate to do so.'

'You'd have to give up Anna then,' said his mother; 'I believe they don't allow their clergy the privilege of marriage.'

'Anna,' said Walters, looking inquiringly into the face of his friend, 'Have you already selected your future wife, and never told me? I consider you a very selfish fellow,' but something in the face of the Captain forbid any further remark. They arose from table, and young Lynn sauntered off with his friend over the grounds, which were tastefully laid out and planted with a fine variety of fruit and shade trees, shrubs and flowers, which elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from Mr. Walters, who was an ardent lover of the beautiful, and had once intended making himself an artist, but concluding that the road to distinction in that business, was too long and difficult, he had changed his mind, and was now a lawyer of much promise, residing in a Southern city. They talked over their college days, and their plans for the future, Walters being very enthusiastic in speaking of the path which he had marked out, in which he expected to acquire fame—wealth he had already. He again spoke of the lady whose name had been mentioned at the breakfast table. Edward said but little, and his friends remarked: 'I see, Ed, you are not inclined to talk upon this subject, at least to me. Let me tell you, however, that she is a gem worth winning, and you know 'faute heart never won,' &c. It suddenly occurred to me who she might be when I heard her first name this morning, but you looked so solemn that I didn't dare to ask. I've spent a good deal of time lately at her father's, and, would you believe me, she treated me at first as if afraid to come in too close contact with such a sin polluted heathen. You see, I thought her very snootious, and she thought me a perfect bore, do doubt, to say the very least; but when she discovered that I had no intentions of trying to captivate her, or any such idea, she became very sociable, and treated me a little more like a civilized biped. Her father—ah—ah!—liked me quite well, invited me to his house in, and out of company hours, smiled so blandly and talked so smoothly, till one day we got into an argument upon the subject of religion, when, whereas if he had suddenly been transformed into a polar bear, he couldn't have turned a colder shoulder to me.'

Edward made but little answer to this, and changed the subject. They were soon joined in the summer-house by Carrie, and Kate White, a young lady (though scarcely yet honoring herself with that name) to whom the reader should long ago have been introduced. She was lively and interesting, fresh and rosy, and possessed a store of good sense and useful knowledge far surpassing most girls of her years. Being his youngest, she was a favorite with her father, who wished her to enjoy her girlhood with none of the restraints imposed upon the votaries of fashion and frivolity, so that she could gallop over the hills, sitting proudly upon her black poney, or even on one of her father's spirited animals, or could sit down and converse with ease and accuracy on subjects usually considered beyond the reach of girls of her age; could ramble through the glens and climb the hills, wade the brooks if they happened to be in her way, or sing and play with grace or skill seldom surpassed by those of riper years. Carrie Lynn was five years her senior, but Kate was so sensible and well informed that her society was preferable to that of most of the young ladies of the town.

Dr. White had an extensive library to which his daughter had free access; she had a large portion of it, as well as many works among his medical books—for her father believed his daughter capable of learning whatever a boy of the same age could. As a number of books by Catholic authors had lately been placed upon the shelves, Kate had become much interested in the study which then engaged her father's attention. She had now brought to Carrie a very fascinating tale which she had just finished, which had been a present from her father, given to her for translating, to his entire satisfaction, a poem from Schiller.

'Well, Kate,' said Captain Lynn, after introducing his friend Walters, 'have you completed that dreadful German story I saw you at work the other day?'

'Yes,' was the answer, 'and I have been well paid for my trouble; though it was a dreadful piece of work. Pa gave me five of Hendrick Conscience's books; I have read three. O! they are wonderful stories.'

'Why, Kate,' exclaimed Carrie, 'how did you get through them so soon; you spend so much time among your flowers, and then you have music and drawing; I don't see how you get time to read at all.'

'Well,' said Kate, blushing, 'I read one thro' last night. And so she did. At two o'clock, when her father came in from visiting a patient, he saw a light in her room, and hastened to the door with

the cry of fire ready upon his lips, when it was opened by a ghostly-looking form in a long white wrapper, and with her black curls drawn straight around her head, with one of Conscience's stories in her hand. She was more terrified than her father when she found that the 'wee sma' hours ayant the wall' were already upon her; and beat a hasty retreat, promising never again to break the parental rule, which required the lights to be extinguished at ten o'clock, on all ordinary occasions.

'What do you say to a ride, Kate?' asked Captain Lynn. 'As my friend has concluded to stay till to-morrow, I would like to show him some of our splendid scenery.' And so it was decided, without a dissenting voice, that after an early tea, taken at Dr. White's, the party should go on horseback two or three miles into the country. Edward had already made an engagement to spend some time that day with the doctor, and as the time before the great event of his life was now so limited, he did not wish to postpone the conversation.

The evening came on, and seated in Mrs. White's elegant parlor listening to the sweet strains of music from piano and harp, accompanied by Kate's voice, sometimes mingled with that of an older sister, or Carrie Lynn's soft alto, Mr. Walters pleasantly passed the afternoon. He was himself a splendid singer, but prepared to listen and only twice gave them the benefit of his rich bass. He found Mrs. White to be a very agreeable woman, and, although debarred the society of Edward—who was in Dr. White's office, deeply engaged in conversation—he was really sorry that the hours were so short.

There was no sorrow depicted on the face of Captain Lynn, and yet he was very thoughtful. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I have now but one cause regret—that I am the first to bring dissension into my father's family.'

'It is necessarily so, I know,' replied the doctor, 'but we will hope it will not long be the case. Prayer, my dear Edward, will prove the most efficient aid to a change in their sentiments. I feel that I am on the right road myself, and not far from the fold, I hope; but there is, no doubt, many a trial and temptation in store for me yet, before I shall be fitted to enter into the true fold. However, I would willingly enter if I could, with you—with the little insight I have of this holy religion—risking the rest, with a firm trust that I should be saved in it; but I wait for my wife, who will renounce her old faith with me. I am now reading,' continued the doctor, 'a very valuable work, which you would like; 'Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the civilization of Europe.'—The tea-bell interrupted them, and they, too, were very sorry the afternoon had been so short.

CHAPTER V.—THE RIDE.

After tea, the horses were brought to the gate. Mr. Walters rode a noble-blooded animal from Lynn Grove, and accompanied Carrie, who being but a moderately good rider, had requested Kate's black pony. And Kate—who rode well—mounted, without waiting for assistance, her father's spirited 'Selim,' and Captain Lynn rode his favorite 'Pashaw.' Some one has said that, however lovely a woman may be, she is far more fascinating, seated upon a noble horse.—Edward wished to provide escorts, and have the company of Kate's elder sisters; but they pleaded an engagement, as neither of them had any taste for the exercise. Ellen much preferred her drawing, and Mary her embroidery, to any of the out door amusements in which their sister took delight.

'Now, Kate,' said her father, as he patted 'Selim's' proudly arched neck, 'remember he has been kept in the stable lately; you must be on your guard. Ed, don't let her ride too fast, which she will do, if you are not always on the watch.'

'Never fear; 'Selim' knows his rider,' she answered; and waving her hand defiantly, with the reins lying loosely in her fingers, she dashed off before the rest of the party were securely seated.

'Just look!' exclaimed her mother, who stood at the gate, 'I shall never be able to tame that wild creature.'

'Her wild spirits will sink soon enough,' said doctor. 'I would rather see this exuberance of gaiety now, while she is young.' He gazed proudly upon her as she galloped away, now closely followed by Captain Lynn; her black curls streaming back from beneath her little velvet hat, her dark habit fitting to perfection her slight form. Edward had always admired Kate, but he now thought her superbly beautiful. Yet she was not a beauty; she was

'Of excellent discourse, pretty and witty, and yet gentle.'

'Well read in poetry, and other books, knowing in music and the mathematics.'

The other equestrians followed more leisurely, enjoying the beauty of the evening, and engaged in an animated discussion of the beauties of the scenery along *la belle riviere*, compared to that of the Hudson, where Walters had lately spent several months, and where Carrie had two years before spent a summer. They paused upon an eminence about a mile from the village. It commanded a view of the country for several miles in every direction, and Mr. Walters exclaimed:

'Beautiful! grand!' He beheld, for the first time, the picturesque beauty of Ohio's hills and valleys, and his artist eye drank in the splendor of the scene. In the West the sun was setting in clouds of crimson and gold, his slanting rays falling upon the smooth waters in which lay mirrored his departing glory, and the varied scenery along its margin.

'There is not a finer view for many miles,' said Carrie, enthusiastically. 'We frequently have visits from artists of distinction, who consider this one of the most beautiful prospects in the country. Our unpretending village is not very prepossessing upon a close inspection; but as distance lends enchantment to the view, it becomes a 'thing of beauty' nestled down among the hills. But where can Kate and brother have gone?' she suddenly exclaimed.

'I imagine Miss White has led him a Galpin race,' said her companion; 'she seemed to start with that intention. However, we had better proceed, for I cannot see them, and I fear some accident has happened.'

'Taking a last look of the blue waves, just as the sun sank behind the hills, they rode rapidly on, but without catching a glimpse of their companions. As they came in sight of a little rude cabin by the road side, Carrie observed,

'Just yonder lives a little protege of Kate White. I would not be surprised if they had stopped, as the child's father has been ill for several months, and Ed has, in the absence of Dr. White, occasionally called to see him. And so it proved, for they soon saw the horses impatiently pawing at the gate, and they halted.—They had waited but a moment, when Kate came out, with tears in her eyes.'

'Do come in, Carrie, and Mr. Walters, too. Poor old Mr. Nolan is dying.'

'I think I will not go in, unless I can be of some assistance,' said Carrie, 'and no doubt the house is full.'

'No,' said Kate, 'there are but few. Mr. Walters might be of assistance, perhaps, but I don't know. I never saw anybody die.' And Kate's terrified looks told that she spoke the truth. Carrie suffered Mr. Walters to assist her to dismount, for he was ever ready to render assistance to the suffering, and thought he might be needed in the cabin, from whence came cries of mourning. It was a small room, scantily furnished, but very neat. In one corner was a bed, clean, but showing unmistakable signs of poverty. Lying upon it was a man in the last stage of consumption, in whose hands was a crucifix upon which his eyes rested with a look of peace and resignation; at the foot of the bed sat his wife, sobbing piteously and holding a child of three or four years, while a bright looking little girl of eleven stood weeping by her father's side. Edward Lynn was kneeling by the plain table, upon which burned several candles, intently reading portions of those beautiful prayers so strengthening to the faith of the departing soul. 'O Jesus, my divine Saviour,' he read, while the dying man seemed to listen with his very soul engaged in prayer, 'be thou a Jesus to me, and save me. O! my God, hiding myself with an humble confidence in thy wounds, I give up my soul into thy divine hands. Oh, receive it into the bosom of thy mercy. Amen.' One gentleman present was recognized as a Catholic priest, and they were now about to behold that most impressive of ceremonies, the sacraments of holy communion and extreme unction, which bestow the most salutary graces, fortifying the soul to pass through the last agony with resignation, and even joy. The priest went through the ceremonies with much solemnity, while Captain Lynn read the appropriate prayers, and as one or two of their neighbors had now entered, he was not alone in his supplications. Even the little girl, who knelt with her hands clasping one of her father's, united her little voice (as well as her sobs would permit) with his. There was a look of rapture upon the face of the dying man as Edward prayed, 'Nothing more, oh good Jesus, nothing more shall separate me from thee. Now I am united to thee, in thee will I die, and in thee I hope to live forever.' This was the first time any of the party had ever witnessed these impressive ceremonies, or heard any of the prayers for the dying, and they were deeply affected. Edward's voice had in it a tone of solemnity they had never before heard, and as he concluded he was almost overpowered by his emotion. Mr. Walters, indifferent as he had seemed to matters of religion, was deeply moved; he would have left