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A TALE OF THE TYROL.

The time appointed for the signing the marriage contract now approached, and far from opposing its accomplishment, Theresa appeared rather anxious that it should be concluded.

Theresa turned pale, and shuddered. 'My dear Raymond,' said she, 'do not ask it. I am too guilty towards him; I durst not meet his reproachful looks.'

'They will never reproach you, Theresa. Poor fellow, reproaches are far from his thoughts—Only see him this once, and speak a few words of kindness to him.'

Theresa yielded to his entreaties. 'I will bring him immediately,' said Raymond, who seemed afraid lest she should retract her consent, and went instantly to seek Sebastian.

I could not help feeling surprised at Raymond's proposal, and still more at his urging it so eagerly. Presently we heard approaching footsteps.

'It is he,' said she; 'well do I know that step. Oh! that it were over.'

Raymond entered, accompanied by Sebastian, whose pale countenance and trembling frame evinced his inward agitation. Theresa attempted to rise, but sank back, overcome by her emotion.

Theresa, said he, 'will you not say one word of welcome to your friend?'

'I am not worthy to welcome him,' said she, as with averted eyes she extended her hand towards the youth, who held it for a moment in his, and then retired to the farthest side of the room.

'I shall return immediately,' said Raymond, rising.

'Oh, stay! do not leave me, I entreat, I implore,' said Theresa.

But he was gone. The young people gazed upon one another in silence for some moments, as if afraid to trust their voices to speak, while their flushed cheeks and hurried breathing betrayed their inward conflicts.

'I doubted your faith—your honor—Sebastian; can you forgive me?'

'I forgive you, Theresa—I forgive and bless you; it is my daily prayer that every happiness may attend on you and that worthy, that generous man whom you have—Farewell, Theresa! farewell for ever!' and the unhappy youth rushed out of the room.

Theresa, no longer able to control her emotion, burst into tears.

'Why, oh! why did Raymond insist upon this meeting?' said she; 'I was so tranquil—so resigned before.'

'Resigned, Theresa?' said I; 'and do you think Raymond can be satisfied with your being only resigned to be his wife?'

'Oh! that is not what I meant. I am so confused, I know not what I say. But why did he expose me to this trial—he who used to be so kind, so considerate?'

In my own mind I could not but agree with her that Raymond had been imprudent in subjecting these young people to have their feelings excited and tortured by this meeting.

I could account for it only by supposing that, unable to surmount some latent feeling of jealousy, he had been desirous of observing what effect the presence of her former lover would produce upon the behaviour of his destined bride.

I called at her house on the following morning, and found that Theresa had passed a disturbed and sleepless night.

'It seems as if Raymond avoided me,' said she; 'I have not seen him for more than a few minutes since yesterday.'

Whilst she was speaking Raymond entered, accompanied by her father; the former appeared to be struggling with feelings he endeavored to suppress. He seated himself beside his cousin, saying:—

'Take this paper, Theresa, and see if you approve of it. It is the marriage contract.'

'What need of this, dear Raymond?' said she. 'Have not you and my father seen it?'

'Yes; but I wish you to look at it for a moment,' said he, speaking in a hurried manner.

She cast her eyes upon the paper, and then let it fall from her hands, exclaiming—

'What is this? I feel quite bewildered; I am losing my senses, I fear. What name do I see written here?'

'You see the name of Sebastian Freiditz, Theresa,' said Raymond, while his whole frame trembled with emotion, 'the name of your early love. To him I resign my claim.'

'What can you mean?'

'I mean that I can enjoy no happiness that wrings the hearts of others—that I would not endure what I did yesterday in witnessing your sufferings and those of that poor youth, for all that the world could bestow.'

He left the room, but returned in a moment leading in Sebastian.

'Theresa,' said he, 'this young man's devotion to his country's cause merits a reward such as you alone can bestow. In his favor I resign my claim to your hand. Your father, at my entreaty, has promised his consent. Will you accept of this youth for your husband?'

Theresa covered her face with her hands, but did not speak.

'Theresa,' said her father, somewhat sternly, 'this is no time for trifling. Do you still love this youth?'

'Till yesterday I thought I did not. Oh, Raymond! why did you insist upon that meeting?'

'It is enough,' said Raymond, taking her hand and placing it in that of Sebastian; 'may Heaven preserve and bless you both!'

Sebastian and Theresa were united on the following week. Many years have since elapsed, and their affection continues as strong as on the day of their marriage.

Vostner has long been perfectly satisfied with his daughter's choice, which the dutiful conduct, strict integrity, and unremitting industry of his son-in-law has fully justified.

'And poor Raymond,' said I, 'what has become of him—how did he bear his loss?'

'He was rewarded for his generosity, as people always are sooner or later. He was much depressed for a year after Theresa's marriage, but in time he learned to consider her in the light of a dear friend only, and was at length made happy by a union with a most estimable and amiable young woman, who had long loved him in secret, with that exclusive and devoted affection which alone could satisfy a heart so delicate and tender as his own.'

THE END.

HOMAGE TO IRELAND.

BY REV. ARISTIDES PIERARD, Knight of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, late Chaplain of the Fifty-Third Regt. N. Y. Volunteers, and now Priest of St. Andrew's Church, New York.

AN ALLEGORY.

TO HIS EXCELLENCE MONSIEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans.

Monseigneur—Your love for Ireland, your zeal in her defence, and your desire to console her, are known throughout the world, therefore, I beg you to accept the dedication of this book.

This offering of mine is of no real value, but if presented by you, it will be of an agreeable odour, and received with joy by that nation, so holy, so great in her missionaries and her martyrs.

Deign, therefore, Monseigneur, to accord to this little work the grace of a smile, the honor of your name, the meed of your benediction.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant,

ARISTIDES PIERARD, &c.

[The author has been honored with letters from the Bishop of Orleans, Cardinal Wiseman, and the Rev. Dr. Cahill.]

Erin, dear Erin, I have never trod thy blessed soil, but history has told me of thy sorrows, and in this land (America) of exile I have known thy children.

Here is the Eulogy of thy Virtues. Here is the Statement of the blessings of the Faith.

Here is the Apotheosis of thy Martyrdom. Deign, therefore, to accept, most charming Erin, this homage of my heart. It is that of the stranger, who wishes to pay thee his passing tribute of admiration, of respect, and of gratitude.

CHAPTER I.—CATHOLIC ERIN IS A QUEEN BY HER VIRTUES.

'And he set the royal crown on her head and made her queen.'—Est. xi. 17.

What a fragrant and sweet balm! What an enchanting and cheerful abode! Truly the dwelling of virtue is a paradise on earth! Dear child, dost thou know this amiable stranger? She is slender; her forehead is lofty; her nose is aquiline; her appearance is majestic; her hair is brown; and those

undulating tresses, falling carelessly on her shoulders, caressed by the zephyr, mark her detachment from all earthly things; her eyes are fixed on Heaven, her only home; there is a great facility in her utterance; there is a grace and freedom of expression; there is a brilliancy, even a poetry, which animates her; she has a smile on her countenance, which is bright and radiant, and there is a warmth and expression of heart which is peculiar to herself.

She has Rachel's beauty, Judith's strength, Esther's grace, Naomi's tenderness and Ruth's charity. She is robed in white, which is symbolical of her piety, and the green band which girds her loins proclaims her inflexible chastity.

She often kisses, with respect, the golden cross which reposes on her breast. On her left she has a harp, on which, like David, she sings God's praises. Well, dear child, do you now recognise this noble and august lady, whose aspect is so striking and captivating! She is the sister of France and the daughter of the Church.

Her name is Erin; her surname is Catholic. She is called a queen, not because one of her divisions is named King's County;—not because she counts amongst her ancestors a series of kings; but because she exercises in the world an extraordinary moral influence. The virtue of Erin's children will be proverbial, it will flourish every where, as Aaron's rod, as the root of Jesse, as the rose of Jericho, and as the vine of Engaddi.

Amongst her children, some will be named Donatus, which reminds us of her blessings;—Benedict, of her bounty; Columbus, of her sweetness; Constant, of her perseverance; Roc, of her firmness; and Beatus, of the peace of her soul.

Her dwelling is modest, but the temples which she raises for God's worship are rich and magnificent. In the beginning you only saw a wooden cross at the corner of the road, a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the hollow of a tree, perhaps a chapel on a small hillock; but later, she builds with her industrious hands, those elegant and beautiful temples, where architecture, sculpture, poetry, and all that art can do to embellish, seem to rival each other, in order to show forth the glory of God.

She will also build those venerated asylums, where virgins consecrate themselves to God; others, where children are reared; others, where old age is protected; and others consecrated to the pupils of the sanctuary.—These benefactors of humanity will be called Franciscans, Cistercians, Bernardines and Trappists; others will be named Bridgettines, Carmelites and Augustinians; and many will bear the sweet and modest names of Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, and when the stranger meets on his way these devoted souls, he will say, with transport and truth, this is the manna come down from Heaven; this is the lightning-conductor against God's wrath, and these are the terrestrial angels.

The traveller who visits the old country of Erin, will feel sad in seeing those shattered remains of ancient splendor, and those fragments of columns covered with ivy and briar, where owls find a refuge from the light of day, and where the philosopher nourishes his dreams. But, the stranger will also love this land of virtue and simplicity: this land of Gessen, where the soil is so fertile, and this land of Egypt, where hospitality loves to press to its bosom exiled children.

How many times has Erin not offered a refuge to the sons of France, when expelled from their country by the revolution—she folded them in her benevolent arms, where they received a new spark of genius and virtue!

Erin does not disdain the spade; she knows how to handle the spindle; fishing and agriculture are her ordinary occupations; natural sciences and mathematics are not unknown to her, but what she loves above all this is, the divine treasure of prayer. France has its Bayard and Du Guesclin; Spain has her Cid and Alonso of Agular; Switzerland, William Tell and Hofer, but Erin will be proud of her Christian heroes. Her warriors will be celebrated; her poets will be cited with honor; her songs will be tinged with a sweet melody. The Church, even, will extol the virtues of this humble Erin, and this country will be decorated with the sublime title of "The Island of Saints."

Therefore, dear child, you will see virtuous Erin meditating on the miseries of humanity, and on the celestial truths, with a crook in her hand like another Genevieve, thus devoutly watching her flock grazing in the green meadows, or else she will seek her God near the sparkling rivulet, or at the foot of a murmuring waterfall; or, again, she will penetrate the deepest woods, to study more attentively the Divine mysteries.—The breeze of the zephyr, the perfume of flowers, the verdure of the fields, and the ears of corn bending under the cruel scythe, suffice to elevate her soul to the highest contemplation; she will, like Anthony, reproach the sun for interrupting her communion with her God. In the ecstasy of Divine pleasure, she will, like Xavier, exclaim: "This is too much, O, my Jesus; this

is too much happiness here below; keep, I beseech Thee, these rewards for the life to come;" and again, like the Seraphic Virgin of Avila, she will aspire to martyrdom. Patience, O sweet angel; God will listen to thy ardent desires! I know it; God has told me so!

Not only blessings and graces will flow from the folds of her garment of innocence, but also marvels and miracles. The shadow of her robe will give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the mute, and to the paralytic the use of his limbs. One word from her lips will dismay the guilty, convert the sinner and bless all her children. At Erin's school, the young child will invoke the Lord; the virgin will prefer her innocence to all worldly treasures, and the old man breathing his last, will turn his eyes with transport towards Heaven. For her rivers will often dry up their waters; trees will fall down in the forest; torrents will appease their wrath.—For her poison will lose all malice; swords will lose their sharpness, and thorns will turn into roses. For her fire will lose its torturing power; fetters will be no restraint, and bondage will become liberty. Sometimes, even at her voice, demons will be cast out; stones will be changed into bread, and the dead will come out of their tombs.

In the sequel of time, pirates will ravage her coasts; error will clutch virtuous Erin with its cruel claws; the name, the glory and the blessings of this Queen shall be immortal as the Author of her virtues. The remains of those venerated asylums, bearing the beautiful titles of Grace of God, Clara-Fontaine, St. Mary, St. John and St. Catherine, will exist for all posterity. In the romantic valleys of Glendaloch, you will always hear that pious voice to smile with the flowers. Galway has, in all times, been a place favorable to contemplation. St. Bridget had a known partiality for her beloved Kildare. Dublin will always boast of St. Lawrence, the archbishop who gloried in belonging only to God. Londonderry is proud of having built an altar on St. Eugenius' tomb. St. Dymna the daughter of an Irish king, was happy to be able to kneel at the feet of the holy priest Generebert, and receive, through him, the grace of baptism.

St. Cyra rivalled her brother St. Fiacre in virtue. St. Columba, that celebrated abbot, has left a legacy of undying glory to Erin. St. Cormac will always be honored at Cashal as a saint, a poet and a king.

The echoes of Meath will repeat, from age to age, the celebrated name of the Abbess St. Samhanna.

St. Edana, titular patroness of Tuamnia's parish, in the diocese of Elphin, will always reward the faith of her children.

St. Damnade will love to multiply her miracles in the counties of Fermanagh and Cavan.

St. Psalmodius, a pious hermit of the old time, loved to chant the Psalms of David in his solitude of Clonfert, on the borders of the river Shannon.

St. Secundinus contributed much to bring forth the work of religion in Ireland.

St. Aidan, bishop of Mayo, considerably advanced Catholic civilization, which was, after him, well continued by his successors, O'Dunan and O'Duffy.

St. Barr, a native of Connaught, and the founder of the town of Cork, was a brave and heroic champion against heresy in Ireland; and the head of the martyr Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, is still kept with religious veneration in the Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, in Drogheda.

St. Virgilius composed well-known hymns to the glory of God. St. Alto, his disciple, who was of noble family, sang the divine praises at the Court of the Kings. These are some of the rays which sparkle in Erin's diadem, and we must truly admit, that her beauty is peerless, that her holiness is eminent, and that she has a right to our admiration. But how much more will she fill us with respect, when she displays her apostolic blessings! but, before our noble and courageous Erin sets out on so difficult a mission, approach, dear child, salute and bless her, for thou shalt receive, in exchange, a smile from her lips, a sweet look from her benignant eyes, and a blessing from her maternal heart.

CHAPTER II.—CATHOLIC ERIN BUCKLES ON THE ARMOR OF THE APOSTLE TO GO AND EVANGELIZE THE WORLD.

"This is the victory which overcometh the world: our faith."—St. JOHN I. 4.

Divine Providence has ordained in all wisdom that Erin should dwell on the borders of the ocean. Thus, she presents her right hand to the old world, her left hand to the new, and in both hemispheres she distributes the milk of her doctrine and of her maternal tenderness.

Erin's imagination and sensitive heart bowed the knee, for many centuries, before fire, water and stones; but as soon as the sun of divine revelation shines before her eyes, like the generous Sicam-

bre, enlightened from above, she destroys what she adored to embrace truth. She is not satisfied with pouring out her spiritual blessings on her own country; she must needs penetrate, with the fire that devours her, the other extremity of the earth. Zealous in fulfilling the mysterious and benevolent mission that heaven has given her, she puts on the helmet of salvation, the breast-plate of justice, the shield of faith, and the sword of God's word; with the grace of the spouse who has risen; with the warmth of the sun which fructifies the earth with the rapidity of light; with the impetuosity of thunder she crosses the seas; passes over mountains and overleaps all obstacles that oppose the propagation of the gospel.

Contemplate, dear child, with admiration and respect, the long series of Erin's children, who are going to perpetuate her glory and her blessings. First amongst the children of Erin—her child by adoption, though France claims the honor of his birth, was St. Patrick, the docile instrument of divine grace, the most perfect apostle: he was commissioned to complete the foundation of the holy work of Erin, but to merit this high office, the generous soldier of Christ, like David, must first of all be a shepherd in the valley of Galatradia; like Joseph, he must submit to the rigors of exile, and like Job, he must suffer poverty and hunger. The apostleship being the continuation of our redemption, in order to become a worthy minister of the Most High, he must drink of the chalice of the passion; this is the usual conduct of God, and the illustrious St. Patrick will be constantly faithful to these divine decrees.

I will not lose my time in answering at any length those writers, who pretend that the name and history of St. Patrick is a mere fable. I will content myself with observing, that if this assertion be true, what is to be done with all the churches which were built by this Saint?—Where are the monasteries to be placed, which he also founded? Why reject all these blessings with which he has favored so many cities? How can contemporary histories be contradicted which speak of his voyages? In what way can we deny the ancient martyrologies, who describe his miracles? What saint should we then choose as a patron for Ireland, and who would be the chief, the head of those zealous ministers, who in their discourses and in their writings always praise the memory of St. Patrick? I pass over in silence and contempt such false and unjust allegations, and prefer relating to you one of those artless scenes, which portray so forcibly the faith of the fifth century.

journeying to the interior of the province of Meath, St. Patrick and his disciples rested at an early hour in the morning near a fountain, that they might chant the praises of the Most High. This fountain was near the royal residence of Cruachan at Elphin, and near it the daughters of the monarch had fixed their abode. While the missionary, attired in his white robe, was engaged in intoning the divine praises, the princesses approached, intending to wash in the fountain. Struck by the strange but venerable appearance of the missionary, they anxiously enquired to what order of beings he belonged; to several enquiries, St. Patrick returned meek and courteous replies, and while gratifying their curiosity, he took care to instruct them in the knowledge of the true God. The conversation that took place, is too interesting to be omitted.

'Who are ye?' said these princesses. 'Do you belong to the air; to the heavens or to the earth? or, does your God dwell in the sun or on the earth; on mountains; in valleys; in the sea, or in rivers? Is he rich, is he young or old?—has he sons or daughters, and are they handsome?' Such were the simple and artless interrogations of Ethnea and Felhima, and the apostle, with feelings of pity for their ignorance and simplicity, explained the nature and attributes of the only true God, and knowing that the hand of God conducted them thither, he unfolded the whole system of revelation, the fall of man and the economy of redemption. Listening with delight to the discourse of the saint, the princesses besought him to instruct them how they would become acceptable and pleasing to him whose grace was inwardly moving their hearts. The saint immediately gave the necessary instruction. They believed and were baptised in the fountain, and were permitted to partake of the bread of life. Having consecrated themselves to God, they died, the holy and immaculate spouses of their Redeemer.

Encouraged by this success, our pious missionary went through the other provinces of Ireland; he penetrates Gaul and Italy, visits St. Martin of Tours, St. German of Auxerre, and more especially the Pope Celestine, from whom he received his commission to preach the gospel. At his approach, idols are overthrown; sinners are converted; a great number of young men follow his footsteps; and virgins take the veil. He converted and baptised particularly the Kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the King of Connaught.

In one word, he not only converted the whole