



## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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### FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

—  
AN ORIGINAL STORY.  
—  
(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)  
—  
CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

For the moment Eda's curiosity subsided, and she seemed buried in thought. But hardly had the door closed upon her aunt, when she nestled confidingly to Kate's side and whispered in a most sympathetic manner, "I know all about it now; that is why poor aunt calls Henry her boy, he is so wild. How very funny it seems, for stern Mark's brother to be like a wild 'Tipperary Boy.' Kate, I want to know what Harry is like. Is he a stately individual like Mark, with a full consciousness of his own importance? Is he as good looking as Mark?"

"Good looking as Mark! Why, Eda, Mark is extremely handsome. Harry is a fine, tall fellow, with a countenance full of fun and mischief, and the last man who could ever be called dignified. He has a merry eye, like uncle's; with a frolicsome twinkle, a hearty laugh, which can be heard at the gate lodge, and he is such a desperate tease that you must prepare for a series of practical jokes. But though he turns the house topsy-turvy, no one can be angry with him, for he has a kind good heart, and a touch more gentle than many a woman's. By the people round about he is idolized, he knows everyone, and when 'Master Harry goes to say,' there is a universal lamentation. No wonder Harry is loved by everyone he is a brave, true-hearted Irishman, with undaunted courage."

"Oh! then, you like him better than Mark?"  
Kate bent her head over her work, but the rich color dyed her cheek, and had not Eda been too busy pulling Neva's ears, she must have noticed her cousin's hesitation before framing the commonplace reply, "Comparisons are odious."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is no use waiting any longer girls; I do not think Harry will be here to-night, so run off to bed now. Mark and I will remain up a little longer, but I cannot have your sleep broken."  
The watchers had not long to wait, for three quarters of an hour had barely elapsed when Harry's well known voice was heard in the "gate a-hoy!" which invariably heralded his approach. When the greetings were over and good nights exchanged they separated, and well satisfied was the loving mother to know that her sailor boy slept peacefully once more beneath the Oakfield roof.  
The first indication Eda had of Harry's arrival was hearing the first figure of the Lancers whistled in a most lusty manner through the garden. "Surely," she soliloquised, "that can't be Mark, and positively not the gardener. Of course it is aunt's wild boy who must have arrived last night. I will dress quickly and go out to make his acquaintance, so after all I shall be the first to wish him *ced mil faula*.—Oh dear, oh dear, what is the unpronounceable motto the Irish are so fond of hanging on triumphal arches?"  
Eda's simple toilet was quickly completed, and off she bounded to the garden with Neva and Monte sporting round her. A minute

more and Harry heard the musical voice with its ring of childish glee, then turning round he saw the little figure in its airy muslin dress, making a faint pretence to correct the noisy dogs jumping and barking with delight.  
Years, long long years after, Harry Bindon could recall that morning, in the bright month of roses, when the happy birds sang, midst the gay flowers, and the glorious sun glistened on the floating hair of his first blue-eyed love, who ran to meet him through the quaint box-edged walks, in the old-fashioned garden at Oakfield. Years after, when the memory of that scene was only a sweat sad dream, he could tell how lovely and innocent she looked on that June morning, when her clear young voice wafted a strange thrill of gladness to his heart.

It takes the tiller of the soil one second only to cast his seed into the earth, and there it lies, unattended; still from that careless scattered seed a luxuriant crop springs, the sower knowing not how his treasure took effect, bringing forth the abundant harvest, filling his soul with thankfulness to the bountiful Father, who never forgets His erring children. Like the seed thus sown is first love; we know not when it takes root in our heart, but unheeded and unattended, even as the forget-me-not, which flourishes amongst the rocky wilds, so do we find love reigning in our heart, purifying and brightening our life, and becoming the very foundation of all our cherished hopes. This was the influence which exerted its magic sway over Harry Bindon, as he watched his little cousin bounding along the park.

"Cousin Harry, here I am to bid you, according to your queer Irish custom, 'cadmille-a-fail,' and to make friends with you."  
"Cead-mille-faillte (a hundred thousand welcomes) little fairy," and Harry extended his big brown hands, and took both the little ones trustingly held out to him. "But how did you know I was at home, Miss Weenie?" Impetuous Irishmen have a great aptitude for hitting upon endearing names.  
"Why, of course I heard you whistling.—I knew it could not be Mark, it sounded a great deal too jolly for him. So I thought I would come out and bid you welcome home on my own account, for I never get on well with people to whom I am formally introduced, and I am determined you and I shall be very good friends."

"Sailors, you know, whistle for a wind, and stern necessity taught me to whistle, but I never thought I should be so fortunate as to attract a mermaid by it; perhaps, however, the charm lies in 'the Lancers.'"  
"You think, then, because I am an officer's daughter, I can see perfection only in the army, but at present I have not caught the scarlet fever."  
"And I hope never will," finished Harry.  
So the pair chatted merrily, as if they had known each other for years, until the bell summoned them to breakfast. The family group had already assembled, waiting for the truntings, who were seen vary leisurely walking towards "the house."

"You did not take long making Harry's acquaintance, Eda," laughed Lady Bindon, as her son and niece entered the breakfast-room; "You appear quite as old friends."  
"Of course we are, mother. Didn't I charm Miss Weenie out in the garden this morning by my melodious whistle, and there we made a compact of eternal friendship, while all you lazy people were taking your last nap."  
"But remember, Harry, you kept us up last night; poor Katie even returned to the drawing-room after seeing Birdie in bed."  
"Your defence, mother, won't stand. How could the hour of my arrival be termed late if little Birdies only went to roost then?"  
A pleasant family gathering was this breakfast at Oakfield, where good-humored badinage and brilliant Irish repartee made the kind-hearted baronet forget his ailments, and brought smiles to the placid face of Lady Bindon.

CHAPTER IV.

The party for which Eda had so longed was settled for the 20th of June, and upon the morning of that day the girls were busy in the rustic summer-house, making garlands for the decoration of the ball-room. Their efforts were by no means unaided; Mark had come in, "half grilled by the morning heat," to suggest improvements, until Kate laughingly reminded him of Rochefoucault's maxim, "Of nothing are we so liberal as of advice." Harry was climbing ladders, arranging wreaths, and obeying the ladies, quite satisfied to be of use, if Eda's eyes glanced approbation.  
"You need not thank me, Weenie," he sang out from the top of a ladder, after placing a most elaborate festoon to the little lady's satisfaction. "My business for the next three months is pleasure, and what greater pleasure could I have than doing anything for you?"  
"Thus while Kate's supple fingers wove wreaths of fragile flowers, Eda unconsciously wove a chain to further enthrall poor Harry in the infatuating dream of first love, that

vision which, alas! is so seldom realized.  
A happy prelude was this to the evening's amusement. That evening's events were for ever to influence the destiny of the "Wee Birdie" who so unconsciously exerted a spell of loving attraction over all those with whom she came in contact.

"See, Harry, how beautiful your present looks." The speaker was Eda, and she advanced to her cousin, who was with the rest of the family in the drawing-room, waiting for the guests arrival. Harry glanced at the fairy-like little figure, arrayed in a perfect cloud of airy blue tarlatan, and then at the Maltese filigree ornaments to which she had alluded.  
"I do admire them, Blue Bird, but I admire the wearer more. Now, does that please you, Harry?"

"Harry, don't be complimentary, like a good boy. You know compliments are only polite fictions. You really think, then, I will do."  
"I am not in the habit of telling lies, Miss Hamilton," he replied, with mock solemnity. "Seriously I consider the whole 'get up' perfect, for you know I would rather see you a cloud of blue than a blue stocking."  
"Oh, Harry dear, what sea-slang!" cried Kate, "Irish as the Craigs are, you will shock them into petrifications. Mark, just fancy Lady Maud's terror at Harry's sea-slang—Will you ever forget her nearly fainting when her cousin, lately returned from Melbourne, 'fellowed' himself and 'my dear girl'd' her."  
"No matter, Kate," answered the unabashed sailor, "her indignation was a feint, and but for his Australian gold she would have fainted."

Further family conversation ceased, as the guests were beginning to arrive, and soon the spacious ball-room was filled with the gay throng. But the brightest of all, as she fitted hither and thither, was Harry's first and only love, Eda Hamilton.  
Aylmer Courtenay's earnest gaze followed that light figure through the mazes of the winking dance, until Mark's low voice spoke to him, he requested the favor of an introduction to "the little one in blue."  
"Do you mean Harry's partner? Why, she is our cousin, Miss Hamilton. Eda," continued Mark, crossing to where she stood, "will you allow me to introduce my old friend and college-chum, Mr. Courtenay?"

Eda glanced up at the commanding figure, and with the instinct so peculiar to children and dumb animals, trusted the stalwart man whose steadfast eyes were bent upon the upturned childish face. By some strange, mental process, she the most gentle and innocent in that brilliant assembly, formed in one second the correct estimate of a character which was so often pronounced "unreadable." Of Mark's friend she had often heard, and with her own simple grace she placed him at once, above the standard of a mere ball-room acquaintance, by extending her hand to the man with whom friendship was a sacred word and a binding tie. A very short time is required for the mutual recognition of kindred spirits, and before many minutes had elapsed Eda felt, what she had never felt before, the irresistible attraction of the master mind whose curbed enthusiasm harmonised so distinctly with her own suppressed and undefined emotions. Perhaps some subtle presentiment told her that her ideal was at last realized; and in her truthful simplicity, this "child-woman" blamed herself for her partiality to the stranger of yesterday to whom her heart unbidden turned, with a vague thrill of unaccustomed confidence.

Aylmer Courtenay was not a generally popular man. Few understood him, few appreciated the unshrinking character which stood out uncompromising and indifferent to comment, be that praise or blame. There were those, by no means few in number, who feared the bold spirit which would unhesitatingly denounce a mean thought or cowardly act. Many dreaded the blunt forthrightness with which he ridiculed and sounded shallow professions, exposing by his keen satire all attempt at prevarication or deceit. Yet, though some butterflies of fashion called "handsome Mr. Courtenay strange and reserved," still those who had nothing to be ashamed of had nothing to fear, and Eda's pure mind, unsoftened as the unwritten page, trusted him implicitly, as though she herself had tested the noble qualities for which she gave him credit. Who could be more fascinating than Mark's friend, and, listening to the rapid common-places, exchanged in conversation, Eda decided that not one in that brilliant salon could charm as he did by the unstudied grace of expression which echoed the indwelling poetry of his soul.

From the time Mark and Aylmer had been college companions, a warm friendship had existed between them, notwithstanding many points of difference. For instance, on politics their ideas were perfectly dissimilar. Courtenay had entered college at an early age and by applying himself to his studies, gradually became weaned from all the allurgments of so-

ciety. O clever, ambitious, and imbued with a reckless spirit of adventure, the heroic deeds which glorify the pages of ancient history, seemed only types and examples of what daring courage again might and ought to achieve.— Thus in the solitude of his college chambers he dreamt wild dreams, and that train of thought led him to ponder over his own land, its wrongs and grievances, until his hot proud blood boiled, to think of injustice and oppression.— He felt his own strong arm nerved for the cause of his suffering country, and he longed to help it in a wild struggle for liberty. So he thought in the first exuberance of youth, but after a time, when his judgment became mature he knew that hot-headed efforts could not possibly redress Irish grievances. Aylmer Courtenay, the true patriot, knew that combat with the sword was a mad idea, only worthy of its originators. Not force, but the subtle working of the untiring pen, is the true instrument of reform. To rouse the recollection of injustice and wrong with the mass of the people was not Courtenay's aim, but to compel a dispassionate consideration from those, who have the power to redress the grievances and to quench the murmurs of dissatisfaction which came from the people of Ireland. So patiently the midnight oil was burned, while Aylmer Courtenay's articles were written those outpourings of a vigorous mind which claimed and won the attention of lovers of honesty and justice.

However, very little thought was given to writings or schemes for the regeneration of his country on the night of his introduction to "the little one in blue." It was a fair case of Animation and Beauty versus Politics and Hard-Thought. Of course Animation and Beauty came off victorious.  
Sir Stuart watched the dancers, his genial face glowing with pleasure at seeing the young people merry, as young people should be; and more than once did he say to his wife—"You see, Fanny, I was right; hot or cold, there is nothing like a dance to rouse the spirits. Kate looks glorious to-night, Fannie. Ah, no one can compare with our own girl. She does not belie the name and bearing of the proud Veros. But look at the little one. Bless me, how she flies along with young Courtenay. Fine fellow that—fine fellow—but such pitiable views as he has—fine talents, fine abilities, all misdirected; Oh, dear me, what a pity!" and the old gentleman watched the subject of his reflections, with his niece, Eda, whirling past to the inspiring music of *Il Bacio*. But again, and again he turned to look after his favorite Kate, who would every now and again glide away from the dancers to linger near the uncle's chair, until he would bid her to be off, and not waste time near her "gouty old uncle." Good Sir Stuart little knew of the trouble lying heavy at his darling's heart, in spite of her glorious beauty and her haughty grace. Never had she looked better than to-night; never was a costume in better taste than the rich soft white lace robing her stately figure in its shadowy folds. To-night, for the first time, the family diamonds of the Bindons gleamed in her dark hair, and rested on her fair neck and rounded arms.— Many remarked and questioned the propriety of a young girl donning the heirlooms which were only worn by the wife of the baronet.— Many secretly condemned what was apparent vanity, not knowing that the glittering coronet was a crown of thorns, and the flashing gems seemed as hot coals to the wearer. They did not know that that evening, Lady Bindon had come to Kate's room, and laying her jewel case on the dressing-table, said—"My child, I wish you to wear my diamonds to-night. Do as I wish you, darling—do not thwart me—I have a reason for wishing you to wear them." Lady Bindon had long known her son's secret, though the matter had never been openly discussed between them, and she took this opportunity of showing, by the lending of the diamonds, whom she wished to succeed her as mistress of Oakfield. "Thought, wherein is power, is best conveyed by a suggestion."

Kate yielded to her aunt's wishes, for her word was law with the niece who loved her so dearly. But when she put them on, when she saw the queenly figure her glass reflected, her brow flushed hotly at the thought that one day those jewels would be worn by Mark's wife. The words jarred on her ear, as she repeated them aloud to herself, "Mark's wife." The bracelet, which she had just clasped, seemed as hot iron, and her fingers made a gesture as if to remove the glistening comb from the rich coils wound round her small, classic head; her white teeth clenched, and her beautiful face quivered, as the maddening thought of "Mark's wife" rose before her. A fierce, loving nature had this haughty girl, who would think nothing of sacrificing life itself for the sake of one she devotedly loved. Again she gazed in the mirror and owned, even to herself, that she was beautiful. Then, bowing her head on her fair arm in that sumptuous room, where the evidence of wealth

and tender care was shown in the most trifling *bijou*, she, the possessor of all, wept bitterly for what to her was empty. "Oh Mark, Mark," she sobbed, "I once thought you loved me, but it was only a vain dream, my mad, wild fancy had conjured up. You are cold—cold, as snow, but you shall never know I gave my love unsought. I, too, can be proud, and I hate myself for my weakness." Poor Kate; the little cloud is passing over, "therefore look up sad spirit." . . . Cease to anticipate misfortune, there are still many chances of escape.

In the gay revel of that evening Kate bravely crushed down her sorrow, and nobody guessed that the brilliant queen of that assembly had a single sorrowful thought to mar her buoyancy of heart. She did as many another woman has done, and will do again—hid her secret and endured social martyrdom.  
Kate was not the only heavy heart in that gay throng, for Harry's face, as he watched Eda and Courtenay, betrayed that his feelings were by no means enviable. Seizing an opportunity when dancing with Kate, he relieved his mind by the following characteristic remarks:—"I wish, Kate, that fellow was on duty at Jamaica; just look at him, swaying like a mast in a gale. Did Eda ever see him before?"  
"No, he has not been out here for some months; his time is fully occupied with his writings. Of course, you have heard he has given up studying for the law. He finds his other pursuit more congenial, if not more profitable. Mark says it is not unlikely that his extreme views may yet get him into trouble."  
(To be Continued.)

### FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "The Evils of Ireland and their Remedy."

**HIS IRISH ANCESTRY.—HE ANSWERS FROUDE'S TAUNT ON HIS "NORMAN BLOOD."**  
(From the N. Y. Irish American.)  
On Monday evening, October 14th, Father Burke delivered the following lecture for the benefit of St. Jerome's Church, North New York, in the Music Hall, Harlem:—  
Ladies and Gentlemen,—I understand that Judge Flanagan was to have introduced me this evening. He has not arrived; but I believe, at this time of day, I scarcely require an introduction to my kind friends in New York. Indeed, introducing me to you, now, reminds me of a little scene which occurred in my native town of Galway. There was a young lady there,—only forty-five years of age (laughter). She was to be introduced to a gentleman; and, when she was brought over to him, the man of the house said:—"Sir, will you allow me to introduce Miss So-and-so." "How do you do, madame," said the gentleman; "but, indeed, I was introduced to you five-and-twenty years ago" (laughter).  
Now, my friends, first of all, the audience this evening is a little slim. Accustomed as I am, since I came to America, to see tremendous halls thronged,—and accustomed as I may be to crowded audiences, perhaps you may think I was a little discouraged at finding so few of my friends here. You will be surprised to know that I was not. I will tell you why. The lecture this evening is on "The Evils of Ireland." No doubt, so long as I was lecturing on the glories of Ireland—on the grandeur and happiness of Ireland,—I had crowded audiences; but when I turned around, shifted my sails, and announced that I was to lecture upon the drawbacks,—upon the evils of Ireland,—I am not surprised if I find so few Irishmen willing to hear me. Indeed, I am as unwilling to approach the subject as you are to listen to me; for it is not in my nature, as an Irishman and as a Catholic Priest, to be eloquent on the evils of Ireland. That theme is too sad,—too full of bitter tears,—for any eloquent remarks. And the man who loves Ireland—and the Irish people, as I do, cannot enter heartily upon such a theme as this; for the subject itself is distasteful. Yet, I would not be a true Irishman; nor a true lover of my people, if I were always to speak words of panegyric,—always to be praising, always crying up to the skies the ancient glory and magnificent traditions of my race and of my people,—and to shut my eyes completely to the faults and evils of the Irish and Ireland (applause). If you have a friend, who only sees your virtues, and refuses to look at your defects, you will consider him of little or no account. The best friend that a man has is the man who will not be so blinded by his love as not to perceive the defects in his character, and who will not be so paralyzed and struck dumb by his affections, as to be afraid or ashamed to tell him of these defects.  
It is not all sunshine in our Irish character. There has been, alas! little sunshine in our history,—far more of shadow than of light. And when we come to analyze the history of our