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uniform. Very conspicuous was the Swiss Guards in yellow, black, and scarlet-striped uniform, with brass helmets and glittering steel battle-axes, but not more soldierly did they appear than the gallant Zouaves who stood there, a living wall of defence for their sovereign Pontiff. The Signora took up her position behind a stalwart Zouave, and with her accustomed suavity of manner, immediately entered into conversation with those around her. The soldier in front was a Frenchman, she discoursed him in that sweet tongue. Discovering a priest who stood behind was Spanish, she entertained him in her "own language," then turning to another Zouave, addressed him in Italian, and after a long conversation, found out he was a Canadian from Guelph. Every moment the crowd became more dense, the people were packed together, and the steam rose like a cloud from their wet garments. The Zouaves had been under arms since four o'clock in the morning; their uniforms were soaked through, while most of their faces wore an expression of wretchedness impossible to describe. Eda tried to stand on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of her father, but it was an impossibility for her to discover the Colonel amongst that sea of faces. Madame's arms were wedged tightly to her side, and Eda's hair, having become disengaged, was drawn from behind keeping her chin in mid-air thereby compelling her for a second time to admire the beauties of the roof and dome. Heartily she wished herself at home again with Sir Stuart, when a kind-hearted Zouave made room for her to stand between himself and his comrade. He was an Englishman, so he chatted to her and pointed out all the celebrities. At last at the window of the upper 'atrium, which looks into the church, the bishops mitres could be seen moving along, and the crowd looking up there knew the procession was in progress in that outer passage. Nearer and nearer came the music as the cortege moved along by the portico. First in order came the *Busolanti*, equivalent to our English beef-eaters, dressed in scarlet; then followed chaplains, avocats, chamberlains, and the pontifical singers chanting the *Veni Creator*. Next came divers persons; masters of the Holy Hospice, prelates, thurifers, cross-bearers, acolytes, abbés, bishops, archbishops, primates, patriarchs, cardinals, then Pius IX, borne in the *sedes gestatoria* or throne-like chair, out of which he alighted at the grand entrance door and took of his mitre, as all the bishops did on entering the church, the sacrament being exposed on the high altar. Slowly the imposing procession moved along the aisle of that dome-crowned temple, while the exquisite verses of the *Veni Creator* were sung at slight intervals. "Did you ever behold such vestments?" whispered the awe-struck Signora, as some cardinals and bishops rustled past her in white moire, richly embroidered in gold and silver, while their heavily jewelled mitres were borne by attendant priests. The robes of the Eastern bishops were rich with raised flowers of cunning workmanship, in the centre of which gleamed many a rare gem, and instead of mitres they had crowns of golden filigree, inlaid with precious stones. When the gorgeous throng had passed, quietly and humbly came Pope Pius IX., majestic in his simplicity, surrounded by the Noble Guard in their glittering steel cuirasses. Now every knee was bent and loving subjects murmured blessings on the venerable Pontiff. After his Holiness came the deputations of the different orders of monks and clergy, officers of the Council who had no rank in the College of the Prelature, and the shorthand writers terminated the procession. The Pope then sang the prayers, then the cardinals, bishops, &c., entered the Council chamber, and having taken their seats, Cardinal Patrizi celebrated mass, after which Monsignor Puecher-Passavanti went to the foot of the throne and besought the Pope's benediction and indulgence. Having obtained both, he preached for twenty minutes in Latin. Some other ceremonies followed, then his Holiness received the homage of the prelates, who each kissed his hand; this finished, he pronounced a short allocution, intoned in a sweet clear voice the Litanies of the Saints, then solemnly uttered the benediction, as he held in his left hand the baton, surmounted by a cross, the emblem of universal jurisdiction. The votes were given, the result made known, then the Pope intoned the *Te Deum*, and the grand day's proceedings came to a close by the procession departing in the same order as it had entered. "We shall be crushed to pieces," Eda whispered to Madame, whose arms were now outstretched to shield her. "Oh! Signora, if papa only knew where we were he would come to us; I wonder if he is near us. I think I can see aunt's bonnet on the opposite side," and Eda bent forward to try and catch a glimpse of her father or aunt. "Down the line of Zouaves on the opposite side she fixedly gazed; but why

did she tremble in the kind signora's arms and then remain as if riveted to the spot? "Do you see the colonel?" Madame eagerly whispered. Eda did not reply; she did not hear, for that matter she would not have heard the braying of a thousand trumpets. She did not heed the tumult, the surging crowd was forgotten, she feared nothing, thought of nothing, but stood as if petrified. What was the inexpressible, undefined feeling which overpowered, bewildered her? Was it joy or sorrow? Was it a bounding, mad sense of delight, or a stupefying anguish? Her heart told her whose was the commanding figure not ten yards off, changed, greatly changed though he was. His beard was long and flowing, and the thick moustache concealed his proudly curved mouth. There, in the ranks of the Papal Zouaves, stood Aymer Courtenay, the soldier for his Church, the patriot exile, the suspected Fenian. "Aymer, Aymer," nearly burst forth from Eda's lips, while people looked at him and whispered of his glorious stature and soldierly bearing; but to Eda, to the golden-haired, blue-eyed child, hungering for a single glance from his stern dark eyes, he was still her Aymer, her first, her only love, who had called her his darling in the rustic summer-house at Oakfield. "Aymer, Aymer," her heart moaned, "will you never look this way?" Was there no truth in mind acting upon mind that her intensity of thought and love did not attract him? One moment more and their eyes would have met. The Queen of Naples and her mother were coming down the soldier-lined passage, all eyes following them. "He will look now in a minute," and Eda's heart thrilled wildly; but even as she thus thought her father stood beside her between her love and herself. Colonel Hamilton looked anxiously at her white, startled face, then lifted her up as he said, "My darling child, I have been so terrified about you—you must be frightened to death." Eda never knew how she left that spot—her wild regret, her sinking heart were the only realities to her. "What can I, shall I do?" she moaned to herself, as they rapidly drove home. "I dare not tell papa, my love is so utterly hopeless, and Aymer did not even see me." Was it any wonder that for days Eda did not leave her room. "She was suffering from cold, caught at St. Peter's, her aunt said to visitors, Lady Bindon unconsciously came near the truth. It was a chill of the heart that made her niece toss and moan so wearily during those two or three bleak December days, when sickness hovered round her pillow. Her little hands grew thin and transparent, a fitful color burned on her cheeks. Her father grieved and wondered while anxiously watching his child. "If my darling had any trouble, I could understand what ails her, but you know, Fannie, she has not a care upon her, and I have asked her to come somewhere else, but she says she would rather stay here." Good Madame Spanish, as the Signora Zurilejo was invariably called by the Bindons, often came to visit her "little mignonne," and fondly hoped she was "cheering" Eda by retailing some piquante scrap of gossip, or telling long, rambling stories of continental life while they sat together in the hotel or drove on the gay Pincian. No Zouave ever passed them but Eda eagerly scanned his face, until one day Madame said laughingly, "You like the Zouaves well, Mignonne. You regard them all with curiosity in your face. Ah! Mademoiselle," she continued, never heeding the blush which covered Eda's face, "in the same house where I lodged there lives a Zouave on the second *etage*; I grieve when I think of him—so young, so handsome, about to die. Not a month ago he was as strong as I am, and more splendid in appearance than any one I ever saw, but to-day the doctor said he must not hope for life. Two days after the Council he was returning in the evening to his apartments, and I believe, some enemy, some Garibaldian, gave him the stiletto. Poor fellow! he is a countryman of Mr. Bindon's. Signor Courtenay is an Irishman."

God help those who suffer, yet must be still. Eda's presentiment seemed about to be verified; the mystery of Death would shadow her love and herself; even if she emerged from that awful shadow, the eternal shadow would be woven round her heart. She did not speak, she did not move, and on the Signora chatted, while Eda longed with a despairing longing to be at the hotel. Soon, however, the carriage arrived at the Piazza del Popolo, and Colonel Hamilton stood at the door ready to greet his child. Tenderly, oh! how tenderly, he lifted her from the carriage and began, "Did my darling enjoy her drive?" but he ceased at the sight of the imploring face raised to his. "Papa, I want you—to talk to you," she brokenly said, as she leaned heavily on his arm. Up the stairs they went, until the Colonel came to his own room; then, seating himself in a deep chair, he drew his daughter towards

him. Lowly beside his chair she knelt, as years ago she had nestled as a child, and her sad mournful eyes, full of untold agony, looked up at him. "Eda, my precious darling," he almost groaned, "what is the matter with you?" "Father I have something to tell you, but I dread your anger," she whispered chokingly, "Yet for poor, dear dead mamma's sake forgive me." The grey-haired soldier lifted her into his arms, as if he fain would have hidden her into his heart, until her sorrow should have passed. Then to the one she had dreaded, her secret, the story of her heart, was laid bare, and at its close the father's tears fell on her bowed head. Thus in silence they mourned, the daughter for her love, the father for his child. "Papa," whispered Eda, "you will go now and see him, and, oh! papa, if he—if Aymer is really, really dying, only let me see him once, only once," she passionately wailed. Colonel Hamilton gathered the fragile child into his arms, and told her it should be as she wished. Then out into the dusk and gloom he went on his sorrowful errand to try what comfort he could bring to the man his child loved. An hour Eda sat where her father had left her before he returned. "Eda," he said in a low, hushed voice, as he took her cold little hands in his, "go put something warm on, and come with me. I have a carriage at the door." On they swiftly rattled over the roughly-paved streets. No word was spoken by the Colonel, but Eda felt his strong hand tremble in her grasp. She thought they would never reach the Piazza Navona. Three or four times she urged the driver to greater speed, and when they reached their destination the paunting horse was flecked with foam. Up the dark stone steps to Courtenay's rooms. The Colonel gently rapped the bell, and the Italian woman softly opened the door. Then into the inner room—the bedroom—they passed, and there lay the almost wrecked love of Eda's young life. No tear came to moisten her burning lids as she sank by his lowly bed; one moan, and then she was still. Her father stood beside her and gazed with brimming eyes at the wasted form, at the sunken cheeks of the Zouave. "He is asleep now," the attendant whispered in Italian, "but he often dreams and raves in his own tongue. Listen!" "Eda, Eda, my own innocent darling, I am coming to you love. I am coming darling, Oh! heavens—my side," and with a start of pain, he awoke. Once more eye to eye, soul to soul were, Eda Hamilton and Aymer Courtenay. "Eda, my darling, thank God, I knew you would come," and as he looked gratefully at the Colonel, he feebly stretched out his arms to Eda. That was no time for false shame; low she bent her head, until their lips met in one long passionate kiss. "Aymer, Aymer, live for me. Oh! Aymer, do not leave me, when I love you so dearly." "My darling, my Eda. I have prayed to see you, and my prayer has been answered. Will you raise me?" he asked of the Colonel, who, overwhelmed with emotion had turned aside. "Will you raise me until I see Eda once more?" Tenderly Colonel Hamilton raised the wounded soldier; and he sat resting in her arms. The physician of magic power had come, the failing spirit of the young man was roused, and strength increased with wonderful rapidity. Day by day he grew more like himself; and day by day Eda tended him and her father became reconciled to the young patriot. They came home to the old house by Stratford-on-Avon; and the health of the young couple was completely restored.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE. AN ORIGINAL STORY. (From the Dublin Weekly Freeman) CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The party was quite ready to start when Colonel Hamilton came in and angrily announced, "A mistake has occurred about the carriage we ordered, some American's have taken possession of it, and I suppose they are at the Pont di St. Angelo by this time. It is impossible to get another for love or money, so there is nothing for it but to walk." Accordingly they set out, enveloped in waterproofs and armed with umbrellas. "We had best walk single file," suggested the Colonel, as he took the lead, followed by Lady Bindon. Next came Kate, Mark, and Eda, while the Signora brought up the rear. It was an awful morning; the rain poured in torrents; the middle of the narrow streets was an actual river, while the footpaths were far worse, owing to the projecting eaves of the houses, from which cataraets of water descended. The hour was so early—it was yet pitch dark—and the flickering glimmer of the thinly distributed lamps was no earthly use to guide uncertain footsteps. Carriages were driven at mad speed; people frantically rushed and pushed along, evading coaches, running into pools, and knocking up against other dripping pedestrians. Umbrellas were poked into the Colonel's eyes or determinately driven into the lace headdress of Madame, who ran along like a brick, endeavouring to keep very close to Eda, as she evidently considered her her especial charge. It was no easy matter for the Signora to keep up with the party, and she would cry out in a voice considerably elevated, "Mademoiselle, where are you? Oh! Santa Maria, my foot is in a pool, but it is for the Church, my dear. Oh! oh! mon Dieu! Are you wet, mademoiselle? Prenez garde, the coach, the coach." And then the Signora Zurilejo would ease her mind of half its woe by a string of exclamations, in Spanish, Italian, and French. The party arrived at St. Peter's about seven o'clock, but even at that early hour the great *chiesa* was filled. Colonel Hamilton pushed, struggled, and fought, with Lady Bindon clinging to him in desperation. Mark and Kate, much against their will, were swept off in an opposite direction by the swaying crowd. The Signora alone showed herself equal to the occasion; she grasped the now-terrified Eda round the waist, and stoutly held her ground, making superhuman efforts to gain a good position. One instant she would implore Eda to "hold her tight," the next she would be complimenting the bystanders in various languages, entreating of them permission to pass. At last the indefatigable madame gained the position she desired, and stood opposite the bronze statue of St. Peter, which was arrayed on the present occasion in a costly robe, and bore a crown upon its head. Down in the centre of the basilica Zouaves were ranged to form an avenue for the procession to pass through, and one could hardly believe it was a religious, not a military, ceremony contemplated; for the whole edifice was thronged with armed men in every variety of

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON THE "Catholic View of Education." A MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE. (From the New York Irish American.)

The following beautiful lecture, on "The Catholic View of Education," was delivered by Father Burke, in the lecture Hall of St. John's College, Brooklyn, before a large audience, comprising many of the elite of the city.—Father Burke spoke as follows:— My Friends,—When a Catholic priest addresses a Catholic audience, the subject which he puts before them must always be of very great importance; for the burden of his message is something touching the eternal welfare of the people, the glory of God, and the well-being of society. And, amongst the range of subjects which are thus opened to him,—sacramentally and otherwise,—there is not one so important as that upon which I am now to address you, namely: the subject of "Catholic Education." For it regards the young children; and we know that, as the child is father of the man, so the society of children is the parent of the future of society which is to bloom and to flourish in every country. Whatever affects children affects society; whatever influences are brought to bear upon them in youth,—which is the spring-time of life,—those influences will produce that correlation, either for good or evil, for joy or sorrow, in the future of that society. Therefore it is that the question of education is the most important question of all. First of all, because the future depends upon it. When the farmer breaks his land in the spring; when he runs the plow through it; when he harrows it,—he has it all prepared; but the greatest question of all is what kind of seed is he going to put into that soil? For if he throw in infirm wheat, or bad seed, the harvest which he will reap, in three or four months' time, will be bad, because the seed was bad. If, on the other hand, he throw in good seed, he may reasonably look forward to an abundant and good harvest, because of the seed which he had sown. For an authority more than human tells us: "Whatsoever a man shall sow, the same shall he reap." The question is most important, not only because the future depends upon it, but because any error committed in relation to this question of education is an error that can scarcely be remedied. If the farmer sows bad seed,—if he perceives, when the green blade is coming up, that his sowing is a failure; if he perceives that the crop promised by the distant harvest will be a failure, because of the infirm wheat,—it is too late for him, in the month of May or June, to discover his error. He cannot break ground again; he cannot make that seed good; he cannot, like him of old, order the sun to stand in the heavens, or bring back the genial time of spring upon the earth once more. So of education; it is the sowing of the seed in the young mind,—in the spring-time of life,—in the days when the soil is prepared to receive that seed, when the heart is yet soft to receive its impressions, before it hardens, and these impressions become indelibly fixed in the man's character by the ripening action of age. Whilst the mind is yet open to receive the treasures of knowledge—human and divine—if "the seed that is thrown into that young mind and that young heart be bad or poisonous, most infall-