



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1873.

NO. 24

BOOKS FOR JANUARY.

- THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED**, being a series of Five Lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in reply to a Course of Lectures by James Anthony Froude, the English Historian; to which is added, and for the first time published, a response to Mr. Froude's last lecture, reviewing this course of lectures, together with notes and appendix, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. 1 50
- "THUMPING ENGLISH LIES,"** Froude's Slanders on Ireland and Irishmen, a Course of Lectures delivered by him in Association Hall, New York, with preface and notes by Col. Jas. A. McGee, and Wendell Phillips' views on the situation. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. 1 00
- MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN.** A narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart; with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Melinc. 1 vol. 1 75
- HALF HOURS WITH IRISH AUTHORS,** being selections from the works of Lover, O'Connell, Lever and others. 1 vol., 12mo. 1 50
- DAILY STEPS TO HEAVEN,** by Sister Mary F. Clare, being the second volume of Books for Spiritual Reading, and a companion volume to "Jesus and Jerusalem" the first books of the series. 1 vol., 12mo. 1 50
- A NEW EDITION OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES,** translated from the French of Henry Lasarre, together with the Brief of His Holiness, Pius IX. to the author. 1 vol., 12mo. 2 00
- THE LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE,** Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, by P. E. Moriarty, D.D. 1 vol., 12mo. 1 50
- Sent free by mail on receipt of price.
D. & J. SADDLER & CO.,
Montreal.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Yes, Katie, do," urged Eda. "You know papa will not let me over again for a long time, as I have been absent from him the whole summer. Please, Katie, do say yes," Eda continued as she knelt beside her cousin, while her blue eyes looked pleadingly for an answer.

Harry watched the pair, and some way or other a mist swam before him. However, he quickly recovered himself, and glanced at his brother who was leaning against the open glass door; but Mark was not thinking of either Harry or Eda, for he was intently watching Kate's flushing face, as she bent low over the work she was pretending to do.

Eda would not be put off without an answer, and again and again she inquired, "Will it not be before we go? Do say yes, Katie."

"Katie," whispered Mark, as he came and stood beside her, "do say yes, for my sake, darling."

And she did say yes, but added, "I do not think Aunt would like it to be so soon."

"Oh is that all!" exclaimed Harry. "Well then, Kate, I have your consent to talk the matter over if I can," and springing from his chair, he bounded out of the room.

"Talk her over," he surely did, for in a few moments he returned, and bursting into the room excitedly shouted, "I've overruled the dear old maternal. You will be married on the 27th. So you see, Mark, I have kept my word and settled the day before twelve o'clock."

The day which would crown Kate Vero's happiness had come, and rarely had Oakfield presented such a festive appearance as on that snail-mora. Marquee were set on the lawn, gay festoons of flowers adorned them, and a huge triumphal arch spanned the avenue. The sun gave still a summer glow, the breeze was fresh and balmy, and the happy birds trilled joyous songs. The trees looked glorious in their variegated foliage; rich dashes of orange and scarlet mingled with the copper coloured beeches, while the deep green of the oak leaves were crisped with faint yellow or sombre brown. Some trophies of the autumn wind lay underneath the trees, but Nature, so bountiful of beauty, had touched them with her finger and their exquisite tints had blended into a mosaic of unrivalled harmony. The eye could feast on loveliness—from earth to sky all was beauty on Kate Vero's wedding day.

The village had donned its holiday attire, the peasants all dressed in their best were grouped in the High-street, lustily cheering the occupants of carriages on their way to the "big house," and some sturdy fellows were putting finishing touches to a floral arch over the churchyard gate. The school children, with glad faces and new print frocks, were grasping bright flowers in their chubby hands ready to throw in "Miss Kate's" path.

The good Vicar fussed hither and thither, while the modest curate felt his honest heart thump as he looked at the Vicar's youngest daughter, who so provokingly now and then would archly beg of him "to compose himself." As if any young pastor of twenty-five could be calm with such a roguish pair of grey eyes beaming on him.

The bells clanged a merry peal—the sound was borne over the meadows—over the fields of ripe grain, and Kate heard them, while her face flushed rosy red as she looked in the mirror and tried to think of Biddy Keleh, beneath a Honiton bridal veil.

So Kate thought, while her six bridesmaids were being complimented in the drawing-room. While the Vicar's little daughter did such sad damage to the susceptible curate. While the villagers told each other of "the wonderful doings at the big house," of the marquee on the lawn, where the tenants were to have "lashing and leavin's of everything," of the barn where the estate labourers were to dance jigs and country dances.

So the villagers talked in the intervals between cheering the carriages, coaches, waggons, phaetons, and private omnibuses which dashed through the gaily decorated little town.

At length the wedding party was assembled in the quaint old turreted church, where Mark and Kate had knelt as children together. Now side by side they stood, while the good old pastor they had known from childhood said the solemn words which bound them to each other for ever. Then gentle and simple in that thronged building bowed the knee, but the hearty blessings of the grateful poor waited Kate Bindon's name heavenwards.

Piercely beautiful she looked in her bridal dress of white Irish poplin, through which gleamed the sheen of silver thread. The purity of the orange-blossom wreath only equalled the whiteness of her brow. From her classic head hung the superb Honiton lace, which veiled her liliesome figure. A lovelier light than ever shone in her violet eyes, and the smile of content and happiness played round her curved red lips.

Around her were fair young girls, whose fresh innocent faces were rosy with health and radiant with joy. But distinct amongst them all, like the pure pearl among gems, was Eda Hamilton, Harry Bindon's first love. Beside Kate, as chief bridesmaid, she stood a perfect contrast, in every way as unlike her cousin as the startled fawn is unlike the noble St. Bernard. From all sides murmurs of admiration were heard for Colonel Hamilton's daughter—and heiress. Nobody guessed of her burden of sorrow, as she stood like a glory crowned angel behind Kate, with no taint of pride or self-consequence marring the spirituelle loveliness of her child-like face. She possessed far more than fleeting wealth in that meek and lowly spirit which our Heavenly Father loves.

Fondly Harry watched Eda's slightest movement, while he mentally vowed, "if I do not win my wee birdie, I will never marry any woman living." The honest sailor did not care to hide that his love was given to his fair-haired little cousin. Many saw it and smiled, while they whispered of another probable wedding. Colonel Hamilton, who had come over for the occasion, saw it too, and was by no means dissatisfied, as he loved the merry young sailor for his sincerity of heart, and respected him for his frank manliness. During Eda's absence in Germany, Harry had sometimes been the Colonel's guest, and the grey-haired soldier often said to Lady Bindon: "Had I ever been blessed with a son, I would have wished him to be like Harry in every way. Mark, to be sure, is a fine fellow, but, Fannie, the other is the flower of the flock."

The ceremony was over, the books were signed in the vestry, and the gay party left the Church. Then the rustling of silks, the fluttering of veils, the clanging of bells, the shouting, the cheering, and waving of hats, beat all description. Stentorian lungs shouted, "Long live the young masher," "God bless the bee-u-tiful bride," "Good luck to you, Miss Katie;" while one adventurous brat, with a comical touch of originality, screamed "Good luck to her second ladyship." Then the bridal carriage dashed on, with the postillion cracking his whip, to the infinite terror and delight of all the small boys in the parish.

On the return to Oakfield photographers were in readiness, and the whole party, with much fussing and fluttering, were at length artistically grouped on the lawn, outside the schoolroom window. Harry stood next Eda, and softly whispered to the little lady, "I shall be very glad to have a photograph of you, pet, in all your white finery," and he touched her glistening dress. "Not that I require the services of a go-between-artist to give me your picture, for your image is stamped on my heart by the sunlight of love, and that unfading portrait will always be visible to my recollection."

"And, Harry, dearest, I shall always remember you," she gently said, as her blue eyes, full of trusting affection, gazed up at him.

"Yes, Eda, I dare say you will sometimes think of me—that I have no doubt. Perhaps when you find some trivial, valueless moments it may recall the memory of my earnest love, then you may breathe the name of one who would gladly have shed his hearts blood to save you from a pang of sorrow. Listen Eda, my darling, my wee birdie, tell me, may I hope?"

But Eda was silent, she dared not say a single word of hope while her thoughts were turned; to another, while the memory of her lost love was so fresh, that it brought tears starting to her eyes.

The photographs having been taken the company adjourned to the dining-room to partake of a sumptuous *dejeuner*. But the toast-giving and speechifying were so bewildering that Kate was sincerely glad when she could make her escape to prepare for travelling. Then the carriage and prancing greys drew up before the door with a grand flourish. The adieux were said, the shoe for luck thrown and the happy pair, thankful the fuss was over, were whirling along the Dublin road, en route for their Continental tour.

A day or so after the wedding, Colonel Hamilton, Harry and Eda stood on the Oakfield steps, waiting for the carriage to come round. Their visit was over. With sad hearts Harry and Eda were taking their last look over the dear old place. They were each busy with their own thoughts and regrets. She was gazing where the pine trees waved over the little summer house in which Aylmer had breathed that passionate farewell. Harry's eyes were lingeringly bent on the old-fashioned box-edged walks, where on the bright June morning he had seen Eda tripping towards him in her airy muslin dress. How different she looked now as she stood beside him in a sweeping brown poplin, and a heavy velvet jacket, with no bright colour near her, not even a scrap of fluttering ribbon, nothing to relieve the darkness of her costume but Harry's gift the blue bird in her velvet hat.

Harry's eyes were on his darling, he too saw the little summer house and he thought of the day he had soothed her, of the day he had learned her sorrow, then with a keen pang he moaned to himself, "If she had only loved me instead."

The carriage soon drew up, Sir Stuart and Lady Bindon again bade Eda good bye. The good old baronet was loath to part with her. "Could you not leave the Little-one?" more than once he asked of her father, "the house will never seem the same without her." But Colonel Hamilton took his child and away the carriage drove, leaving a saddened old couple alone in Oakfield.

CHAPTER XI.

Time has moved on with quick pleasant steps for the Bindons. Kate can hardly realise the trees have changed their foliage three times since that September morning when the merry wedding bells rang out a welcome to her. But for all that, time has wrought its changes. Little feet now totter through the wide halls of Oakfield, little waxen fingers patter over Kate's face, while a tiny voice rings sweetest music to her ear, as it tries to lisp "pa-pa."

It is an October evening in the autumn of 1869; outside the mist is cold and heavy, but cheerily the fire sparkles in the deep grate of the cosy study, where Sir Stuart sits in his easy chair. He is not alone, baby Stuart has nestled into his arms, and so they have dozed off together, the snowy beard of the old man drooping on the clustering curls of Kate's little boy.

Lady Bindon and Kate are out paying farewell visits. Mark is very busy with the agent, and Oakfield is in confusion, for, as the woman at the lodge tells every one, "The family is goin' to-morrow on a tower through farrin parts." Poor old Sir Stuart, notwithstanding his deep love for his country, was obliged to become an absentee and reside during the winter in some more genial climate. Accordingly he had determined upon wintering in Rome. Kate had always longed to visit the Eternal City, and what better time could be chosen than the present? The Ecumenical Council would attract thousands, Rome would wear its gayest aspect, but superior to all other inducements, Eda Hamilton would be there.

Colonel Hamilton, owing to the death of his only brother, had left the army and for the last year had lived in Warwickshire, where the family property, Avon Park, was situated.

Contrary to anxious expectations, Sir Stuart bore the journey bravely; the simple minded baronet found pleasure in everything, with one exception—he did not like "the cockle shells," between Dover and Calais. "Ah! Fannie, my dear, no boats to compare with our mail boats. How Providential the weather is fine, or we should run a bad chance." They stayed a few days in Paris then; when Sir Stuart

was rested, they pushed on by easy stages to Rome, and a fortnight after their departure from Oakfield, saw them comfortably established for the winter in the Hotel des Iles Britanniques, where in a couple of days they were joined by Colonel Hamilton and his daughter.

After the greetings were over, Eda eagerly inquired for "the baby," so Kate carried her off to her own room, where he was supposed to be asleep; but the little fellow was sitting up in his cot rubbing his eyes with his round fat hands, his cheeks were flushed and his curly hair tossed, while his eyes opened wondrously at the new arrival. He stretched out his white, dimpled arms to his mother; she took him and kissed his rosy pouting lips, while Eda thought that, beautiful as Kate had looked on her bridal day, she looked a thousand times lovelier now with her fair boy crowing in her arms, as he shyly peeped at the golden-haired stranger. But little Stuart's shyness did not long withstand Eda's winning smile; soon his arms were rambling round her neck, and his tiny, wilful fingers pulling down her sunny hair, while he tried hard to lisp his new friend's name, "Eda."

"Ave, Maria, 'tis the hour of prayer," and the sweet vesper bells are sounding from the Trinita di Monte, while the band plays on the sunny Pincian Hill. Eda and Kate, accompanied by Mark, had been there listening to the music; but, Mark having some business to transact in the Via Condotti, they came with him to the second tier of steps, overlooking the Piazza di Spagna. The two ladies lingered, leaning on the stone balustrades, watching the motley throng around and beneath them. The picturesquely dressed models, with lustrous eyes and fantastic jewellery, still lounged on the sun-warmed flags, while they lazily looked at the playing fountain in the Piazza, or stole shy glances at the smart C Dondalini in scarlet vests and blue jackets.

"What a gay scene! What diversities of costume!" exclaimed Kate, as she watched a venerable, brown robed Capuchin slowly ascend the steps; while before him bounded a soldierly young Zouave, in his blue uniform and scarlet sash. Rome was full; Greek clericals, with square caps and plume-colored vestures, jostled against grave Monsignori, in broad-brimmed beavers and black gowns. Foreign bishops and their attendants; cardinals and their retinue; visitors of every nation and in every variety of costume could be seen from where Eda and Kate stood waiting for Mark's return. From above the sweet voices of the nuns, as they sang the soft music of the South, floated like spirit-whispers to their ears.

The hour, the scene, for ever varying, like the views in a kaleidoscope; the plaintive music and the splashing water, all combined to work a dreamy charm. For a time the cousins did not speak, each had her own thoughts. Kate was now "crowned with joy," her happiness as wife and mother shone in her face. Eda had her own sorrow, her blue eyes were sad and wistful. Five weeks had elapsed since she had joined the Bindons, and in that time Kate had not been slow to perceive the change in her cousin. Cheerful Eda always was, but her airy lightness, her bird-like buoyancy had fled. She was as graceful as ever, as winsome as when she bounded like a happy child through the garden at Oakfield, but at times a patient, far-away look in her blue eyes spoke of the past, she never alluded to Aylmer, but Kate surely knew that though her sorrow was put out of sight, it was none the less sapping all her youth away.

Many a time Mark inquired, "Do you think, Kate, Eda has forgotten Courtenay?" But she invariably replied, "Eda never forgets. I wish she could; it breaks my heart to see her growing so quiet and reserved, she who used to be as gay as a lark. If she would only unburden her sorrow to me it would be better, instead of letting that secret eat her life away. Courtenay's name has never passed her lips since the day he left Ireland."

Many a well, meaning effort Kate made to speak of old times, always with the same result. Eda would abruptly change the conversation. But to-day, as they leaned on the balustrades, she determined on making one more effort to win the confidence of the little one she loved with a sister's love. On passed the people, the hymn of the nuns was hushed, the murmur of the crowd grew faint, the lulling sound of the water became more distinct. Then Kate Bindon turned and looked at the sad, patient face beside her: "Eda, my darling, there was a time when you trusted me with joys and sorrows. Will you not trust me now? Tell me why you are so unlike your old, glad self. If I can help you, Eda, do not refuse me your confidence. I am as worthy of trust to-day as, in years past, Kate Vero was."

"Kate, I never doubted you," Eda replied with a pitiful wail of sorrow in her voice, "but why should I shade your happiness by telling of my sorrow, by going over the old, old story,

how I have crushed my love, and my love has crushed me? No, Kate; leave me alone to battle with my sorrow; you cannot say you see me grieve; outwardly I am calm, but the perpetual flow of inward tears is wearing me. How can it be otherwise, when the hope upon which I built a dream of joy has crumbled. The future, perhaps, holds no joy in store for me; the last three have been long, weary years."

"But, Eda," impatiently interrupted Kate, "you surely are not going to tread the world's path in cheerless desolation? You do not mean always to shun those who would make your life bright and happy? Why will you persist in wearing a mark of indifference, while your womanly nature must be crying out for sympathy and love? Eda, darling, do not wreck your happiness by still thinking of one who has passed on out of your course for ever. He is lost to you in the great changing world."

An expression of anger and restlessness quivered on Eda's lips. "Kate, once before you blamed me; now again you do so; perhaps you mean well. Had not my love been returned, I would loathe myself for my lack of pride in still caring for Aylmer; but he loves me as well now as when, three years ago, he whispered in the little summer house, 'God bless you, my darling.' You ask me how I know. Is there no power by which our minds are drawn and held in communion by those who love us? Thus have I learned Aylmer Courtenay loves me still. You say he has drifted on in the human tide, I say he is coming towards me. There is a mystery in the future, and that mystery will hover round Aylmer and myself. There may be joy in store for me, but it is far more likely that some bitter trial awaits me. Since I have entered Rome the shadow of a great melancholy has fallen upon me. Do not think me ungrateful, but I feel isolated and alone, with no refuge but my own thoughts, and those very thoughts, taking color from surrounding influences, partake of the universal gloom. You smile at me saying Rome is gloomy, forgetting that you have happy thoughts to glorify every place. You love the tumble-down old ruins, but when I see the stupendous monuments of the past crumbling to decay my heart is weighed down with sorrow. As we walk through the streets my thoughts are with me spirits of the past, and involuntarily I exclaim, 'Not to the living but the dead does Rome belong.' My natural sensitiveness to sight and sound is sharpened to an unnatural keenness; but I must wait, for a great change will meet me here. Kate, I tell you I have a firm presentiment; I will either leave this city with an eternal joy or an eternal sorrow. But, as I said before, there is no use in talking over the old story. Look! Mark is smiling up at you, and wondering why you do not look at him."

On their return to the hotel Eda found an old friend waiting for her, Signora Carlotta Zurilejo, who had been invited by Lady Bindon to accompany her party the following day to witness the grand ceremonies at the opening of the Ecumenical Council. The Signora was English by birth, but having married a foreigner, it was her highest ambition to be thought Spanish. Poor woman! her appearance was sadly against all suspicion of Castilian descent; her figure was stout and comfortable; her eyes were the palest blue, while her manner was so animated that she appeared far more a Frenchwoman than a Spanish grandee. However, her heart was kind and good, so her friends overlooked her two eccentricities—one was wearing a lace mantilla Spanish-wise over her head, instead of donning a sensible bonnet, and the other prefixing Donna or Signora to her name, for she had an unconquerable aversion to Madame. But it always seemed so much more natural to call her Madame that Mad—came out, then an abrupt change to Signora, and, strange to say, no one thought the addition out of place. Apart from her oddities, she was kind, generous, impulsive, and never happy except when doing some charitable action. Thoughtful and busy ever, she had come now to impress upon the Bindons the necessity of being up early the next morning, and her parting injunction, as she bid them good-bye, was, "There will be a terrible crush; we must be at San Pietro early to secure places. Now *addio*, and do not forget to be up at five o'clock."

The next morning, the memorable 8th of December, the family party, with the exception of Sir Stuart, had assembled for breakfast at half-past five, when Madame entered, blooming as ever, exclaiming—"The rain is one giant water spout. Ah! what is it you English call it?" "One shower bath," gravely suggested Mark. "Si, si, you are quite right, Signor; but I pray of you to make despatch; *sans doute* we shall be late. Then the energetic little woman jumped up and adjusted her mantilla before the pier glass, while Mark and the Colonel, greatly to her dissatisfaction, leisurely finished their cafe.

(To be Continued.)