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TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

CHAPTER I.

It was the cooling hour just when the round Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill, Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded Circling all nature bush'd, and dim, and still.

The month of August was drawing to a close in the year 1829; it might be about six o'clock in the evening of a dry and sultry day. Any one journeying along the high road that passes its base, might have seen a solitary individual seated near the summit of Warden-law, an elevation not many miles distant from the ancient city of Durham.

From its summit which is in the form of a crescent, on whatever side you turn, an uninterrupted view of the ancient principality of the bishops of Durham lies before you. From the Tyne to the Tees intervene places and objects that carry the mind back to other days, when the land before you was an independent state, and when the Church, unshaken by the storms of heresy, devoted the fertile acres at your feet to the support of the poor, and the sustenance of that holy faith, which is now so ruthlessly persecuted, and so shamelessly belied by those who fatten on the spoils so cruelly and impiously wrung from its priests and people. Within the bounds of your horizon, what numerous places of historical and religious interest arrest your gaze. Patriotism and religion have stamped with undying memories countless spots before, around you, and at your feet.

Tynemouth Priory, and its Spanish battery, whose daisied green sward centuries ago, was reddened with the blood of Red Eric the Dane; Neville's Cross, where a warrior prelate of the olden time, encountered the sacrilegious King David and his marauding Scotchmen, and punished them for their wanton wickedness and reckless crimes; Monk Wearmouth, and Jarrow, with their memories of St. Bede, and the old church on the Tyne, which, though desecrated and dismantled, still holds the rude chair in which the Anglo-Saxon Saint wrote his ecclesiastical history; Finchale, too, whose ruined walls are clothed with ivy of three centuries growth, and Godric's lone cell, by the winding Wear, whose banks teem with beauty round the hallowed spot; Durham Abbey, where in secret lie the holy relics of the greatest saints, old Northumbria could ever boast; and Warden-law itself is noted as the resting place of St. Cuthbert's Bier, while it journeyed on to Durham, from the Isle of Lindisfarne.

These, and numbers more of places rich with recollections, thrilling and sorrowful, thickly stud the landscape seen from the hill. Dane and horseman, Pict and Roman, Roundhead and cavalier, each and all have appeared upon and vanished from the scene, and they shall know their place no more. The steed, that in its pride of strength, pawed in the valley, and sniffed the battle from afar—the rider, in his coat of mail, whose red right hand was wearied not with laughter—the long low galley, and the wassail bowl, all—all are gone; they have passed away no more to be, and their memories are as that of the storm which has strewn the barren coast with crumbling wrecks. But the Abbey tower and the convent wall, the iced ruin and the hermit's cell, these are the ancient landmarks of that deathless thing, which 'time, war, flood and fire,' have dealt their worst of ills upon in vain; they have a voice which speaks to the soul, and stirs its deepest feelings. 'Sermons in stones' are they, and teach a lesson that the simplest may learn: they stand as monuments which show to mankind the crimes engendered by separation from the Church of God.

Such thoughts throng thick and fast upon the mind over such a scene: and when on a still autumn eve the ocean, rolling on its rocky shore, sends forth a low moaning sound, as soothing to the ear as the fitful sounds of an Æolian harp, when the summer breeze is stealing on its chords through the waving screen of forest boughs, it chains the mind, and fills the heart and sways the soul with a power and a charm which few other scenes are capable of.

The individual spoken of as seated upon the eminence we have named, was a young man, apparently enjoying the beauty of an autumnal sunset, with its fragrant and still landscape. For some time he appeared to be in motionless contemplation, but after a while his restlessness and the anxiety with which he directed his gaze along a rustic path that, skirting the hill, led through some fields down towards the ocean, seemed to announce his expectation of some one, or something appearing in that direction. Nor was he disappointed, for at length a female, clad in light summer drapery, rounding a turn in the path, advanced leisurely towards the hill on which he was seated. As she neared, the young man descended to a rude seat placed near the path, and they met.

The year in which our story opens, was one of joy and triumph to the Catholic people of the Brit-

ish Isles. Ages of inhuman oppression had their boine; generation after generation of their forefathers had gone down into the grave, crushed in spirit, robbed of wealth, branded with slavery: thousands upon thousands had fallen victims to Protestant fanaticism, through the operation of the horrible penal laws, the rack, the knife, the gibbet, confiscation and outlawry. Every engine of torture, moral and material, had been employed to root religion out of the hearts of its chosen people. After centuries of this worse than Russian serfdom, they arose in their might; they rent their chains, and stood erect with the confidence and pride of freemen.

During the long and heroic struggle maintained by the Catholics of this kingdom for their religious emancipation, many Protestants, for many reasons, took part on behalf of truth and justice, and no doubt very much contributed to the success which so triumphantly crowned their efforts. But it would be foolish and extremely shortsighted to suppose that the majority of Protestants who assisted the Catholics of Ireland to achieve emancipation, did so through an earnest and inherent love of justice. That some might have had ennobling motives, it would be uncharitable to deny, but the writings, speeches and conduct of most of them since prove to all thinking men, that fear of the material interests of the country suffering from a more lengthened infliction of the penal code, and a strong hope that such an act of apparent liberality would, to a great extent, Protestantise the minds of many of us, in reality, the principal cause which induced our 'liberal Protestant fellow-countrymen' to advocate our claims to political equality and freedom of conscience. Those same 'liberal Protestants' see with an approving eye the 'free toleration' extended by our Government to Hindooism and Juggernaut, and their reasons are the same. Trade and commerce is to them what religion is to the Christian. Every other consideration is made subordinate to it. On the other side there is our 'bigoted fellow-countrymen' who opposed our emancipation, and who profess to be guided and directed by conscience, who rush against 'Popery' like a bull at a red shawl, who ignore all consciences but those of their own, and would go to war, endanger commerce, injure trade, and pay taxes, all without an instant of hesitation, if they could only succeed in glutting their voracious hatred of the Catholic people and the Catholic faith. One of this class points the moral if he does not adorn our tale. And the reader will learn from the sequel that those intimacies which, to be legitimate, can only end in marriage, when cultivated with Protestants, may lead to the most fatal consequences to the worldly prosperity and peace of those contracting them, even if they do not urge the imprudent Catholic on to apostacy and eternal destruction.

CHAPTER II.

She was a thing of life and light,
Which seen became a part of sight.

The female we have introduced was a young lady apparently of twenty-three summers' bloom, of middle height, and most graceful mien; hers was not the beauty of the city belle, bright and dazzling as the noonday sun, and flaunting in the costly texture of every distant clime, but the mild and placid magic which steals upon the spirit like a May-day breaking; the large open forehead, mild blue eye, and quiet grace so often seen in the finest pictures of the Madonna.

And in character she was what her appearance indicated, gentle as a child, and confiding, guileless as a seraph, and as unconscious of the violent hatred and unscrupulous passions of the multitude around her as were the hills which rose before and the waves that rolled beneath the spot where stood her father's dwelling. Pure and spotless was she, and well had it been for her worldly happiness had she never known how vile a world was that she looked upon, and how demoniacal were the passions which raged in the hearts of those whom she looked upon as the best of God's created things.

Her father, a retired merchant, after accumulating a large fortune in a neighboring town, had selected a lonely yet lovely site for the erection of a large hall for his future residence, on the banks overlooking the German Ocean, and near the foot of Warden-law, but hidden from view by a sudden fall in the ground, the edge of which was skirted by a dense mass of large trees. The road by which the young lady was described as approaching being a bye-path which led in a circuitous manner by the hill on to the sea-shore. Mr. Horner was a person of an affable and hospitable disposition, but except on commercial matters as uninformed as a man of good standing in society could possibly be: of history, civil or ecclesiastical, he was profoundly ignorant, and, while conscious of this important defect, he satisfied himself by the tallacious assurance that he knew enough to enable him to judge of all matters which properly came under his notice.

But if he was ignorant of history and general information, he was, in his own opinion, more

than well informed upon all spiritual matters, and perfectly competent to explain and construe every chapter and verse in the Bible; and one of his greatest pleasures was to demonstrate to his admiring friends and retainers that the Pope was Antichrist and Rome Babylon, and that the Catholic faith was the woman, the Scarlet lady, on whose forehead was written the name of blasphemy.

It so happened that at the time that the young man whom we have introduced was thrown into the society of the Horners, he, although a Catholic by birth and conviction, was unhappily not a Catholic in practice, and becoming enamoured intensely of the society into which he was thrown so demeaned himself that although he was doomed to listen eternally to the fiercest tirades against his own faith, it was never supposed by his entertainers that he had any sympathy with the creed they abhorred. In the meantime, an ardent affection had sprung up between the two young people, sanctioned by the parents of Miss Horner, and which was destined to destroy the peace and earthly happiness of beings whose congenial natures might have made them the ministers of each other's bliss.

The deception practised by Charles Clifford, for such was the name of him whose history we are writing, though he, like many others who do not like to hear their actions receive their proper names, would not admit to himself that he was practising a deception, was discovered, for he found that concealment was no longer possible after some time without positive falsehood and affected apostacy. To this honor and pride forbade him to submit,—a rupture therefore followed, blighting his cherished prospects, and tearing aside the veil of sophistry with which he had concealed from himself the folly and danger of the course he was pursuing, revealed to him at once glancing the misery he had earned, or the depth of sin and dishonour to which he must descend to evade it; for Mr. Horner had told him that he might claim his daughters hand if he pledged himself to conform, at least outwardly, to the principles of the Reformation, so called, and to educate his family in conformity with that creed. The alternative was eternal separation from her whom his very heart-strings were entwined and for whom he would have sacrificed everything—wealth, station, family, friends, and nearly religion. But he paused, took time to consider—and the result will be learned from the interview which we are about to describe.

Seating himself upon the rude bench, Charles invited Miss Horner to rest also, and at once proceeded to say,—

'It is exceedingly kind of your father, Emily, to permit you to meet me: I was afraid he would not allow you to come.'

'My father, Charles, is kind and affectionate in the highest degree; besides, he has a regard for you that impels him to do all for our happiness that his conscience does not absolutely forbid.'

It is not often that a modest and sensitive woman will so far commit herself as to use language which betrays the fact that in her mind she identifies the happiness of another, not her husband, with her own.

It must, therefore, strongly affect any one purely and ardently loving such a woman; this appeared to be the case with the young man, for his countenance was greatly agitated before he replied—

'Our happiness, Emily? My happiness he has hopelessly destroyed, though, no doubt, he is acting according to a conscientious sense of duty.'

'He is, indeed,' replied the lady. 'He desires you to accompany me home, as he is certain he can make you see the subject in a different light from that in which your letter places it.'

'Your father's hall will never hold me more, Emily: and in all human probability this is the last time that the fatal subject of religion will ever be our theme, or, indeed, any subject, for when to-morrow's light dawns upon this hill's side, I will be many miles nearer the rising sun, crossing that ocean—pointing to the sea—'on my way to a distant land, where, if I find not happiness, I may lose some portion of my wretchedness.'

This announcement seemed to startle and alarm the lady greatly, and turning deadly pale, she seemed about to faint, but recovering, she remarked in a tone firmer than she had hitherto spoken. 'Such a resolution, Charles, argues a feeling opposed to the sentiments you have so frequently stated you entertained towards me; it seems strange, that while my father, impetuous though he be, is desirous of an arrangement, you, so calm and conciliatory, should so precipitately relinquish hope, and fly from the chance of accomplishing your desires.'

'There is not the slightest reason to hope, Emily, that your father will propose to me any arrangement that I can in conscience and honor consent to. I know his character so well, and

his religious feeling and sentiments so intimately that I am perfectly satisfied the only result another interview would be greater estrangement. I need not tell you how he abhors what he calls Popery, and that he will never consent to our union unless in some form or other I abjure my religion, and the religion of my fathers. Therefore, you perceive, Emily, that apostacy in some shape or other is my only alternative.'

The young man urged this in a tone and manner that showed he was strongly desirous of being rejected, but felt there was little hope. And the lady appeared to feel the truth of those observations, for she looked quite bewildered, and after a moment's pause observed, 'That her father certainly disliked the Pope and the Catholic religion, but she was certain that he would under existing circumstances, be satisfied with a promise to keep away from their chapels, and not attempt to insinuate their principles into her own mind.'

'And such a promise,' broke in the young man vehemently, 'I will never give. What, live the slave of an old dotard's bigotry?—become the thing that dare not call his soul his own?—shun, through fear of an old man's frown, the altars where my ancestry have prayed for countless generations? Never! I will go to the end of the earth, and hide my broken heart in obscurity, and pine through the rest of my days an alien and a stranger, but never voluntarily sink beneath my own esteem.'

The young lady had risen to her feet; the vehemence of the speaker's manner, and the harshness of the epithets he applied to her father, wounded her feelings and alarmed her pride, and though she had no desire to conceal the affection she cherished for her companion, she shrunk from the degradation of appearing a supplicant for his love.

Carried away by his passionate sense of wrong, Charles had for a moment become oblivious of the fact that he was addressing the daughter of his wronger; but her offended air in a moment called him to a sense of his indiscretion.

Moderating his tone and manner, he begged her to excuse his rudeness, attributing it to the inadvertency of an excited mind, and proceeded to say, 'Even should I give so degrading a promise, what confidence could he have in my adhering to it? If I were so lost to conscience and honor as to make my religion a matter of barter, there would be no obstacle to my breaking my engagement.'

'Very true, Mr. Clifford,' returned Emily; 'if such was the proposition my father intended to make, you are right in refusing to listen to it. Our conversation has assumed a tone I did not anticipate. I have no desire that you should violate your conscience or compromise your honor on my account, and such a wish is not entertained by my father, old and dotting though he may be. But wherever your impetuosity may drive you, or whatever consequences may ensue, do not forget that some share of suffering may fall to the lot of others, and that my father has not pronounced the fiat which separates us for ever.'

So firm and decisive, and withal so cool and collected was the manner of Miss Horner, that poor Charles was astounded and bewildered; he was conscious of having committed himself, but knew not how to rectify his error.

As she ceased speaking, the young lady turned and retracing the path by which she approached, and gained the high road, of which we spoke, before Charles had recovered from his bewilderment. But at the moment he was about to follow, her maid, who had come to escort her home, joined her, and they proceeded together, leaving the young man a prey to excitement dording upon utter distraction.

As the two females reached that part of the path which terminated the view from the hill, Emily turned and looked back to the place where she had left her companion, and beheld him still on the spot where they parted, and gazing intently after her retiring form. Charles thought he perceived her motion with her hand, but ere he could note distinctly, she had disappeared from his view.

When Charles left the scene of the interview we never learned, but long after twilight's gloom had enveloped Warden-law, a form was seen moving to and fro, but when morning dawned upon the quiet landscape, no sign was left to tell the stranger the touching drama lately enacted there.

(To be Continued.)

THE "RELIGIOUS WORLD."

(From Blackwood.)

In the last number of this periodical we find a very clever and very truthful sketch of that particular section of society in England which modestly styles itself the "religious world." The writer describes an "evangelical conversation" at Lady Broadbrim's, a leader in the said "religious world," some of whose domestic peculiarities are thus traced out:—
'All the servants in Lady Broadbrim's estab-

lishment were guaranteed converted.—'No servants whose principles are not strictly evangelical, and who are unable to produce unexceptionable testimony as to their personal piety, need apply'—that was the form of advertisement;—and the consequence was that every mental in the house had brought a certificate of his or her entire change of heart from their last place.—the Lady Broadbrim was also very particular about theological views of the family they had just left.'

Invited to an "evangelical conversation" at the house, the writer (Lord Frank Vanecorer) attends, but somewhat disturbs the harmony of the meeting by some remarks upon Protestant Missionaries and their sacrifices for the sake of the perishing heathen. To these we would especially direct the attention of the reader, since they are but the reflection of what has been already said on the same subject, scores of times, by Catholic writers. It is gratifying, however, to find them endorsed by such a staunch Protestant as Blackwood:—

'I am now about to venture upon the very thinnest ice upon which fool ever rushed.—The fact is, I am morally trembling like an aspen; but somebody must do it. I have put it off for five months, and tried to work up my courage by hammering away at the fashionable world, but they take it like lambs. Dear people, whatever their vices may be, they never resent criticism. Whether their consciences tell them they are superior to it, or whether they have not consciences, I don't know, but, on the whole, the fashionable world is an easy, good-natured world; but oh, not so that other world, which is still essentially 'the world,' and very necessary to keep unspotted from, though it is thankful that it is not as that other world is, from which in its humility it takes care to distinguish itself by the self-applied epithet of 'religious.' It grieves me to think of the number of my friends whom I will pain by presuming to touch upon this subject, to say nothing of the righteous indignation I shall call down from those whose function it has been to give, not to take, reproof. The great art of the 'worldly-holies'—not, I believe, deliberately practised, but insensibly acquired—is to confuse in the minds of the poor dear 'wholly-worldlies' the sublime religion which they profess, with their mode of professing it. So they would have it to be understood that, when you find fault with their practices, you are reflecting upon that very religion, the precepts of which they seem to some utterly to ignore. The 'religious world' is no more composed of exclusively good men and women than the Episcopalian Church, is. I will even venture to go further, and say, that the good men and women in it are a very small minority, judging only from the public performances of the 'worldly-holies' in matters in which humility, sincerity, self sacrifice, and toleration are concerned. And if you want a proof of it, ask your friends in the religious world if they agree in what I say of it, and the few you may find who do, will be that small minority of whom I speak.'

'I am perfectly ready to admit that I have no more right to preach to them than they have to preach to me. I only ask those among them who are sincere, to believe that I am actuated by the same desire to improve them that they are to do good to me. It is not merely in their own interest, but in the interest of their fellow-men, that I venture to write thus, and to point out to them that, if they 'live the life,' instead of talking the talk, they might attract instead of repelling that other world which they condemn. It is not living the life to form a select and exclusive society, with its vanities and its excitements, and its scandals and its envyings and jealousies, which keeps itself aloof from the worldly world, on the ground that it embodies and represents a religion of love. Those who sit in Moses's seat are not for that account examples of the 'life' on the contrary, 'whatever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not dot ye after their works, for they say and do not.'

'Above all, do not confound the Pharisee with the religion, or suppose that an attack on the one in any way implies irreverence towards the other. This is a very important distinction to make, as I am about to describe a religious entertainment at Lady Broadbrim's with the religion left out, which will draw down upon me much odium. There is, in fact, no stronger proof of the force and despotic power of the Phariseism of the present day, than the unpopularity which one incurs by attempting to expose it.—Christians, in the real sense of the term, were always told to expect persecution, and now, as in old time, the quarter from which it comes is the religious world. It is a hard saying, and one which, unfortunately, nobody has yet been found worthy to prove; but whenever he comes into this city of London, who can embody in himself the life and live it, he will be repudiated by 'the worldly-holies.'