



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX. For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CRINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE of ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 85 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE. Look not upon the wine-cup's ray, Look not upon the wine; Though temptingly its bright waves play And o'er the margin shine; For though enchantment's siren smile The gleam of joy may wear, Let not its rosy light beguile— Wild frenzy lurketh there. Look not upon the wine-cup's light, Look not upon the wine; For not more falsely to the sight Those mimic fountains shine, That o'er the desert's burning waste Weave their light showers in air, To cheat the eye, to mock the taste, And turn hope to despair. Look not upon the wine-cup's hue, Look not upon the wine; Though sparkling its rays gleam through The wreaths that round it twine; Oh! shun the phantom floating there, Avoid its perfumed breath, And flee the stings its serpents bear Of frenzy and of death.

KATE O'NEILL BY ELLEN E. GALLAGHAN. CHAPTER I.

A quiet, shady lane away from the small bustle of a country town; on either side low ditches, fringed with thorn trees; between their roots fringed bushes had pushed their prickly shoots, covered with rich golden blossoms, contrasting finely with the white sprigs of the thorny blossom. The mingled perfume loaded the still, soft air with fragrance. The clean, hilly road was bordered on each side by a broad band of green turf, where daisies raised their humble white and pink cups alongside the yellow buttercups, cowslips, pale primroses, and delicate harebell. Clusters of ferns, with broad fringed leaves, thrived under the shade of the thick hedge on the low green ditch. Just over the tiny stream which hurried noisily over the white gravelly bed, through the fringe of dark green water-cresses, the chirping sparrow fluttered in and out among the ferns; pretty robins perched contentedly on the thorn branches; a family of thrushes from a neighboring grove poured out a tide of melody which lent the lonely road a pleasant sort of life. The road had been hewn through rocky ground, and at one end a steep rock rose high above the hedge; its sides were covered with patches of moss, and the mound at the base was a pleasant resting place. Here a young man was seated reading. From time to time his eyes were strayed from his book across the pleasant country to where the broad steeples of the gray old church lifted themselves above the roofs of the clean town, its bell sending soothing, solemn chimes over hill and dale. He was dressed in a plain suit, a gun rested beside him, and a game bag was slung carelessly at his feet. A wild cry, shrill and piercing, broke the stillness. A young girl stood for an instant on the summit of the rocky mound, or rather flung herself from it, striking against the young man in her fall. He started to his feet with a look of intense surprise, and looked upward for an explanation. Just as a huge bull-dog, with fierce, red eyes, and foam-covered mouth, had scrambled to where the young girl stood a few moments before. With a low fierce growl, he was preparing for a spring when a bright rider barrel leaped in the sunlight, a flash, a quick report, and the fierce brute tumbled backward dead. The young girl lay perfectly motionless. He looked at her with a perplexed expression, then up, and down the road in search of help, but no one was in sight—not a house near. Then he brought some water in a flask from the stream, and kneeling on one knee, raised her head on his arm and threw some water over her face. He was long before she showed a sign of life, and he was beginning to feel alarmed when, with a low moan, she opened her eyes. A crimson flush passed over the white face as she found herself supported by a stranger. She made an effort to lift

herself from his arm, but with a sharp cry of pain fell back again. "Oh, my foot pains so, it must be sprained. How am I to get home? That dog, where has he gone to?" She lifted her dark gray eyes to the stranger's face, with a look of fear still in their liquid depths, as she asked this question. He shook his head and pointed to his mouth, with a grave smile. He laid her gently against the bank, and taking a set of tablets from his pocket, wrote something and handed them to her, with the pencil. She read: "I am deaf and dumb. You must rest quietly until I get some means of conveying you to your home." "Deaf and dumb! Can it be possible? Such a handsome, kind face, too," she exclaimed, with a look of surprise, quickly changed to one half of pity, half sympathy, flitted over her expressive face; but she wrote: "I am grateful for your assistance, sir. I fear my foot is sprained. It was an awful leap, but it was for life. That dog chased me as I crossed the field between the lower road and this. I am sure he was rabid. Where has he gone to?" "I shot him. You had a narrow escape; but I fear your foot is seriously hurt. Will you permit me to examine it?" "No. When I get home a doctor will see to it, unless you are one—are you?" "I know something of surgery, but I am not a practitioner. Is your home far away?" "Yes, it is a good way from this; near the entrance to C—y. I don't see how I am to get there." "If you will allow me to take you to the lower road, we might meet a car." "There is no way, sir, unless you go to the road and hail a car while I remain here." "As you please, young lady." When he was out of sight she would have recalled him, if possible; she felt so lonely. He was gone some time when she heard the sound of wheels, and a handsome brougham came slowly up the hill. With a tender ease he lifted her in, and piled the cushions under the injured foot; then seating himself beside her, somewhat to her surprise, he handed her the tablet. "Please to direct the man where to drive to." She did as he desired, and they drove slowly on. Again a question was written: "What is your name?" "Kate O'Neill." "You don't know me?" "I do not. What is your name?" "Henry." "Lord C—y was the surprised ejaculation, and she gave a timid glance at her companion, who evidently understood and enjoyed her astonishment. He touched her shoulder kindly, and smiled at the constrained look on her face. Kate's thoughts ran thus: "Lord C—y! Who could have thought that he of all others should have done me a service. The son of my father's hereditary enemy! I am in his debt at all events. But how will my father take it? This man's ancestors sent mine homeless wanderers. Well, it can't be helped now. I don't think he would do so. What a pity he is so afflicted—so amiable he appears to be, I like him. If I thought I would meet him again I would learn his language. But, as I am what am I thinking of. That isn't probable." Her companion was thinking also, and thinking of her. What a perfect lady she is—so graceful and natural—yet she belongs to the working class. Her hands are small, but not white enough for an idler. What a pleasing, happy face she has. Not a lady in the circle of my acquaintance could compare with her; she is very proud, too; she has a high bred air, which the son of many an aristocratic family lacks. I am fortunate in having met her; I must cultivate her acquaintance. This is her home then, a pretty cottage, indeed. He lifted her from the carriage, and was advancing to the house, when two young men appeared at the door, and coming quickly towards them, offered to relieve him of his burden; he did not choose to give her hand to them, but kept on towards the house. "What has happened, Kate?" exclaimed both in the same breath. "Wait awhile; show the way in, Frank. If you had come with me this evening, this might not have happened. Go fetch a doctor; my foot pains me so." By this time they were in the house, and she was laid on a lounge in the pleasant parlor. Frank had gone off for the doctor, and the younger brother listened to his sister's account of the accident. You are in this gentleman's debt, Kate. It was fortunate he was near, or the consequences might have been serious. He is very silent; I thanked him, but he didn't heed me. "Hush, Willie, he did not hear you; he is deaf and dumb." "Deaf and dumb! Nonsense, Kate, you wish to fool me; that cannot be." "I wish you did not stare him so, Willie; see, he feels we are speaking of him. Did you notice the look of pain in his eyes? I am not jesting; it is as I say. Isn't it a pity he is afflicted so?" "Poor fellow, it is sad. Do you know who he is?" "Yes, I know who he is. Stay, he wishes to know something." Lord C—y had been watching the brother and sister, and a shadow had fallen on his face. He came close to the lounge, and handed her the tablet. "Who is this gentleman?" "My brother, Willie; come and shake hands with him." A look of relief crossed his face as he read the reply, and he returned the warm grasp of Willie's hand. She saw the expression, and crimson flush rose to her face. She did not look up again, until his hand was laid lightly on hers. She caught the pleading look as he handed her the question: "Will you allow me to wait until the doctor comes, Miss O'Neill?" "Anxious to hear his opinion." "Certainly, my lord, you are quite welcome to stay here, if you choose, but here comes the doctor." "Why, Miss Kate, what has happened to you?"

What have you been doing to break your foot? What will the boys do without you at the—Oh, bless my soul, Lord C—y; how do you do, my lord? There, am I not a fool; I always forget that that young man is dumb. 'Twas he helped you, then; very romantic, by Jove. Take care you have broken nothing more than your foot, my dear; don't blush that way; let me see your foot." The talkative little doctor looked grave when he had examined the foot. He went to work to set it. She bore the pain bravely. "Will I be lame, do you think sir?" "Kate don't ask such questions; I cannot tell at present." "But you think it may be; I know you do, doctor." A grave look was the reply she got. A shadow clouded the bright young face, pale with pain; a tremor of the rosy lips showed she understood his silence, but her voice was firm as she said: "I am sorry, but lameness is preferable to death and such a death." Shortly after the doctor left, Lord C—y came into the room. He knew the foot was badly hurt, but he did not think it so serious. "I have seen the doctor, and heard his opinion. Don't look so sad; he may be wrong. You must allow me to call and see you; I will be anxious about you." Kate's eyes filled with tears as she read. She bowed her permission, and reached him her hand. He held it a few moments tenderly, with a lingering pressure, while his eyes told Kate more than could be spoken of sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

For many weeks Kate was confined to her room; Lord C—y called daily to inquire about her; baskets of rare fruit and bouquets of choice flowers, with always a tiny note hidden away among them came to her, but she could not see him until she could sit in the parlor; yet she kept looking for these little notes, and treasured them; but then she thought of them all the oftener. The bright summer had passed away and golden autumn was at hand when she left her room. It was a pleasant morning as she sat by the window of the pretty sitting room, with roses and fuschias peeping from among the glistening ivy leaves, among which numberless birds had built their tiny nests and were caroling gleefully in the trees at either side of the pretty flower garden. A quick gallop along the dusty road was ended at the wooden pailings, and a quick step sounded on the narrow gravelled walk. Kate knew the step and her heart beat more quickly, and a rich glow mantled on her face as Lord C—y stood before her. He took her hand in both of his and seated himself beside her. How beautiful she looked! The rich, dark brown hair falling in heavy ringlets over the plain white wrapper. The broad face so powerful in health, looked even more beautiful with the air of languor inseparable from illness, about it. She was thinner and paler than when he first saw her but he thought her even more attractive than before. He wrote: "How glad I am to see you. Why did you not write to me all this time? I felt very dull and lonely since." Kate smiled, and closing the tablet, lifted her small white hands, and said: "I have learned your language since, my lord. I am glad to see you also, I did not choose to write to you." A flush of pleasure glowed on his face as he found she had learned his language. He laid his hand softly on her head and stroked the rich hair tenderly. Presently he put the question: "Shall you be lame?" "I cannot say just yet. Dr. Peters thinks not and I hope not." "And I hope you shall." She raised her glorious gray eyes to his with a look for the meaning of his strange admission. What she read there caused her to lower them quickly. She toyed nervously with the tassels of her dress. "Why do you hope for such an unfortunate result as that would be to me?" "Because you would then be nearer to me, dear Kate. There would be something lost to you, and I want you to be every thing to me. Thank you for learning my language. I know you do not look down on me for my misfortune, beautiful as you are; but will you tell me so Kate? Then I may hope." "Why should I do so? No, I respect you the more for it. Why should I bid you hope. You forget my father is but a business man—not well off either—and you are Lord—"

gagement. Mr. O'Neill congratulated himself on his absence from the house. He had desired Kate not to encourage his visits. Two months flew by rapidly, but all was not to be as they wished, trouble was looming up in the distance. Blithe and gay Kate O'Neill felt that pleasant autumn afternoon as she tripped gaily to the trying place. She met her lover, tender, and kind as usual. He reminded her that the next month would see her his bride. Very happy she returned homeward. She had given the first love of her warm young life to her affianced husband. She knew her loved her, and life looked radiant before her. She came slowly up the garden path, her broad white hat dangling from her arm, the heavy curls swept back from the pure face, which shone with a sort of subdued happiness; a sprig of scarlet geranium gleamed against the light muslin dress, a bouquet of flowers in her hand—slowly and gracefully she came, unconscious of being watched. She slipped in through the low window, humming a scrap of an old song. With an exclamation of astonishment the song came to an end. Before her stood a lady, proud and disdainful looking, regarding her with an expression of dislike mingled with admiration. She was not one half so stately as queenly Kate O'Neill, but she had the easy air which good society gives and the manner of one accustomed to be obeyed. She had watched Kate coming up the garden path, and had noted her graceful movement. She looked at her now with a sort of insolent look, as she gave a quick nod in return for Kate's polite bow, which sent the hot blood coursing indignantly through the young girl's veins. She drew herself to her full height, arched her proud neck with a haughty movement, as she said in a cold but courteous tone: "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, madame. To what am I to attribute the honor of this visit?" "You are the girl called Kate O'Neill?" "Madame, you appear to be a lady; while speaking to me please act as one."

CHAPTER III.

Deep in a pleasant glade in the backwoods of Australia, rose the pretty farmhouse of Kate O'Neill's aunt. In the centre of the open space which commanded a view of the narrow path which led to the house, a great forest tree stood. On the sward at its foot a young girl was seated. It was a pleasant afternoon in early spring, just one year after the events above related had occurred, yet few would have recognized the dashing, buoyant Kate O'Neill in the stately, quiet girl, with a shade of sadness in the grey eyes who sat beneath the shade, her fingers lying nimbly over the robe she was embroidering. She was beautiful as ever, but it was the beauty of a woman. Experience had banished the carelessness of old times, but had given another gift in its place. Her life in her new home had been very pleasant. The deep solitude pleased her; active and energetic, she had ample occupation. Her aunt having no children of her own, lavished all the love of an affectionate nature on her. She had not expected to see her so grave and still, remembering her as a mischief-loving girl. She knew sorrow of some kind had thrown its shadow over her life, but Kate never spoke of that which had wrought the change, and Mrs. Carroll was too delicate to seek her confidence. She tried by kindness to make her forget her sorrow, and Kate knew this, and was grateful. This evening she felt homesick, being sad all day long. She had struggled against the feeling, but in vain. Presently the sewing fell from her hands, and her thoughts went across the great ocean to the small town, encircled by tall green hills, in the sunny south of Ireland, where she first saw light. The old house was before her; her soul yearned for one glimpse of the dear home faces. She knew how much they missed her, for many long letters had come from the old country urging her to return. Then came the thought of another—of him who had won the love of her heart, and who waited, she firmly believed, for her return. She trusted him with unswerving faith; she felt sure he waited for her, though no line from him had ever come to her in her voluntary exile. Her eyes were misty with fears as she looked at the diamond betrothal ring, never worn at home, but always on her finger now. How well she remembered the evening he placed it there. Oh, for one glimpse of that dear kind face, always beside her. "Why did he never write? Why has he not come for me? I must go home again. I would die here away from those I love." A shadow on the sward before her made her look up with a half-startled look. In an instant she was on her feet; the next with a cry of joy, she was in Lord C—y's arms. Her confidence had not been misplaced. He had sought her, as she knew he would. Sobbing and crying, but not with sorrow, she clung to him, hardly believing herself awake. And he held her closely. At length another person stepped from the shade of the tree and a well-remembered voice said: "Kate, my sister, have you no word of welcome for me?" "Frank my own dear Frank! This is too much happiness." That evening Kate had learned all that had happened since her departure. Frank spoke of her lover's wild despair when he found her gone. He went to Mr. O'Neill at once and told him of his engagement. There was a mystery he could not solve, but he suspected his mother of having some hand in it. His horse, a spirited animal, took fright at something on the road, as he returned home to seek an explanation from his mother. He was flung from his saddle and severely hurt. His anxiety of mind brought on a brain fever, and his life was despaired of. At length he recovered; but before he felt strong enough to request an explanation from his mother, she also was taken ill. On her dying bed she wrote to her son an account of her interview with Kate, and bade him seek her and beg her forgiveness for her. Many things had delayed him until now, when, free to come, he and Frank had arrived to bring her back to Ireland again. One week after, the betrothal ring was changed for a wedding ring, and Kate O'Neill became Lady O'Neill. As soon as they could do so they sailed for Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll accompanying them. Friendly hands were extended to them on their arrival there. Kate's story had leaked out somehow, and the young Lady C—y was warmly welcomed to her new home; and even the proud aristocrats, who at first refused to recognize Lord C—y's plebeian wife, are now amongst her warmest admirers.

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