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BOOKS FOR JANUARY.

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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

An hour after Mark Bindon again left Oakfield. The rain poured in torrents and everything looked bleak and cheerless, but thankfulness and joy was in his heart, for he believed Eda's assurance, "Kate loves you."
As Mark Bindon sprang up the steps of the terminus he glanced at the clock, whose hands pointed to half-past three. "I am too soon," he thought, "but it is all the better; I will run no chance of missing Kate." Then he enquired of a porter, "When will the next train arrive from Bray?"
" There is one just coming, Sir," and as the man spoke the whistle of the approaching engine sounded.
Mark stationed himself at the foot of the steps down which the passengers from Bray must come, and eagerly scanned the faces in the closely packed throng. He saw some he knew, some who afterwards remarked they saw Bindon standing at Harcourt-street station like a sentry, or a police detective. One young lady told her mother in confidence that "though Mr. Bindon was heir to a baronetcy he was forgetting all gentlemanly politeness. For mamma, dear, he actually passed me without raising his hat, although I bowed twice."
It was perfectly true, Mr. Bindon had overlooked the insipid face of the artless Julia, as he happened at that very moment to be intently gazing in the direction of the very shining stars in the Dublin firmament. The Misses Millar, who were rustling down in pride and consequence, arrayed as usual, the eldest, in lavender silk and pink trimmings, the younger in silver grey and sky blue.
" Look, Selina," the latter damsel whispered with playful consciousness, "There is Mr. Bindon looking at you, too, I declare."
Thereupon the two beauties smiled their sweetest smile, and looked as if they had come from Paradise instead of Bray for the benefit of Mr. Bindon.
He, poor fellow, was looking for sincerity and bravery under a mean garb, instead of courting dry as dust hearts under finery.
" How exceedingly disagreeable," whispered Miss Selina in her thin treble voice. "That person next me is crushing my dress shockingly," and as she spoke she gathered her robe round her fastidious self to shield it from contamination. Before she continued her amiable remarks, "I really wonder why a woman of that description should be allowed to inconvenience first class passengers."
" Tell her to keep back, responded silver-blue, while she bestowed a smile of bewitching sweetness upon Mr. Bindon, to whom she was now quite close.
But how felt the woman who was compelled to hear those heartless insults?—the brave, true woman, whose saturated garments were steaming around her, and whose tottering limbs almost refused to move. She too had seen Mark, and her heart sunk in despair. She noted his stern-set face, his anxious scrutiny of the passers by, and she knew he was seeking

her. "He has come to upbraid me, to dis-eruce me, and I cannot avoid him," she moaned in bitter wretchedness of spirit. "I cannot explain, I must keep Eda's secret, and he will never trust me again."
Poor wearied woman, with fainting frame and sinking heart, cheer up; thy good deed will bring its own reward, yielding thee a hundred fold of gladness in return.
The last step was gained; could she pass Mark without observation? and she tried to quicken her pace; but in her anxiety she forgot the last step, and with a groan of pain, fell heavily on the pavement. There were hands outstretched to assist, murmurs of sympathy heard, and the societized Misses Millar ejaculated, "Oh dear me!" Mark Bindon it was who tenderly raised the woman and placed her on a seat. He stood there with her until the crowd had passed along; then to the silent woman he bent, and she dreaded what the coming words might be. A moment more, and a bewildering sense of happiness bounded through her heart. Was it a dream? Were the sweet words only fantasies, wrought by an excited—a delirious brain? No, it was truth, tangible and real. He had lifted her up, and his touch was loving. He had stood beside the seeming beggar when the rich and fashionable saw him. He had spoken to her, and that hurried whisper had breathed of love and trust.
"Kate, Eda told me all. I have come to help you, my own darling. Go to the Jerolds' house; I have clothes, everything there, for you."
She rose from where she had rested; cold, wet, hunger, pride—all were now forgotten by her. Had not Mark called her his darling? and then she went, as he had told her, to the Jerolds' house.
Kate followed the kind old woman who met her at the door into the dining-room. A dim feeling of peace and rest came over her; she stretched out her poor stiff fingers and grasped the back of a chair. Then, had not Mark caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. Fatigue and exposure had done their work; a terrible reaction had set in, and poor Kate was unconscious of Mark's loving words. There she lay on the sofa, and devoid of all pulsation, deathly cold, her eyes sunk under their colorless lids, and the long dark lashes sweeping the pallid cheek. A fearful face it was to look upon, with its clear-cut features, like the carved image of one who sleeps an eternal sleep, when the illuminating light of the soul has fled for ever.
" She's coming to, I think, Sir," said the woman, as she sprinkled water in Kate's face. "The swoon is well nigh over." Even as the housekeeper spoke, the drooping lids were raised, and the faithful eyes were turned to Mark, who bent down to catch her faint whisper: "Mark, you will not blame me."
" Blame you, my darling! I only blame you for not trusting me. Do you not know I would brave any danger sooner than let you endure another day like this?" He drew down her head and rested it on his shoulder, while her wealth of hair waved in rippling masses over his arm, and fell like a veil around her.
" Kate," he continued, as he bent fondly towards her, "has not instinct told you I have loved you for years? Your pride would never let you fathom the depth of my love. I would have given worlds to have spoken unrestrainedly to you, but your pride has always fettered me. Now, my darling, it is different. Eda has told me you love me. Keep quiet. Sit still, Kate, for I will not let you go until I have my answer. Do you love me, Kate, and will you give me the right to guard you for ever? Come, Katie darling, look up and answer me, for I have waited long enough." Mark raised her face, and looked into her eyes for his answer.
When the heart speaks through the eyes, can one doubt love?—and, as Kate raised hers Mark knew her love was his; that Kate Vero was his very own for ever, as she softly whispered—"Mark, Mark, you know I love you."
Seven o'clock, and Eda stood at the school-room window, tapping nervously on the pane, watching eagerly for Mark's return, as she fervently hoped Kate would accompany him. Her face wore a wearied, anxious look, and more than once she pressed her throbbing brow hard against the cold glass. Her face was very nearly as white as the dress she wore, no wonder was it then, that the old butler remarked in the servants' hall, "Miss Eda, poor child, looks like a spirit." Eustace had met her on her way to the school-room, and he had told Harry she was there. Accordingly he followed Harry, and playfully reproached her for running away from them all.
" Weenie pet, you are an extraordinary little mope. Is it here you are. I knew I would find you at last, but why did you fly off from the drawing-room? The Maternal is by no means pleased at it; she has just told the Governor, her family is a most extraordinary one,

for she cannot possibly imagine what took Mark and Kate out in the rain. Father is in a regular "put out" humor; he always is cranky when Kate is away. For my part I do not know what would happen, if she took it into her sapient head to marry—out of the family!" he quietly added with a twinkle of his merry eye, as he watched Eda drumming energetically on the pane.
Very demure the little lady looked as she replied—"But Kate will not marry out of the family."
" My darling little prophetess," whispered Harry, as he drew Eda's slight figure lovingly towards him. "You foretell happiness for Mark. Will you not look into the future for me and give me some words of hope to think over when I am far away? Darling, prophesy you will wish for me to be with you then.—Eda, tell me you will say when I return.—Harry, never go away again," and his hands stroked the golden head while he kissed the floating golden hair.
But Eda looked straight into his frank face and unshrinkingly met his loving eyes, while in a low firm voice she answered, "Cousin Harry, I love you as well as I would a brother. I love you a thousand times better than Mark, and even better than Kate, but I dare not prophesy as you wish. Wherever you go people will love you, and whatever you do must prosper. Listen, Harry, is not that the lodge gate creaking. They must be coming now," and Eda ran into the hall to welcome Mark and Kate.
Yes, Kate was with him, and a handsome couple they looked side by side. Eda knew all doubt between them was at an end, for the unmistakable glow of happiness shone over Kate Vero's noble face.
" What on earth shall I say to Aunt?" Kate whispered, as Mark assisted her out of the phaeton.
" Never mind, dear, I will settle all that." He kept his word in a highly creditable manner, for just as Lady Bindon had given her opinion, "Kate must be quite mad," he coolly replied, "On the contrary, mother, she is remarkably sane for —," and what Mark whispered in her ear wrought a magical change in a second.
" You do not say so, Mark," she joyfully exclaimed, as she caught her son's hands. "My dear, dear boy, I am so thankful," and she turned to speak to Kate. Kate, however, had gone up stairs, followed by Eda, to avoid the scene she knew was inevitable.
There is an old saying, bad news travels fast, but surely no news ever flew more rapidly than the tidings Mark had brought to his mother. Lady Bindon had told Sir Stuart, and he fussed about nearly shaking Mark's hand off, quite forgetting in his glee dinner was nearly an hour late. Harry capered round the house congratulating everyone, even down to old Eustace the butler who instantly carried the news to the household in general, so that when Kate entered the dining-room the smile on every face welcomed her as the future mistress of Oakfield. Mark's chosen wife.
Poor Lady Bindon was so joyful that she quite forgot to ask inconvenient questions. Sir Stuart had Kate sitting close to him at dinner, and between every surreptitious squeeze of her hand, repeated, "It is just as I wished, Katie, my dear." Of course his dignity prevented him from saying more, but his jovial looks and hearty chuckles spoke his satisfaction quite as evidently. As for Eda, she almost forgot her own heart's trouble in witnessing Kate's happiness.
That night Kate came to Eda's room and told her the day's events, while giving her Aymer's message and gift. When Kate glided off to her own room, Eda went over and kissed the little pencil case, the gift of her first love. "I will keep it always, for ever," she whispered, as she pressed it to her lips, "and when I look at it, it will always satisfy me that I really did win my Aymer's love."
With thought to comfort her heart, and with tears of thankfulness trembling on her lashes, she sunk into the slumber she so sorely needed. Her waking thoughts floated through her dream. Once more she was with Aymer: she leaned upon his arm, and listened to his voice. His hand pressed hers, his voice spoke in deep whispers of his passionate love, while they watched the rippling waters of the deep, quiet-flowing Rhine as they slowly drifted on its tide with the summer moon gleaming in sparkles over that beautiful river. Oh, how calmly happy she felt. Her heart was too full for words. Was not the magical spell of love cast o'er her?
So dreamt the sleeping girl while her lover stood alone on the deck of the mail boat, watching it out swiftly through the waves. His yearning, hopeless thought was for his darling, around whose parted lips smiles were playing. Was she not dreaming of being with him?
But, alas! the moon that innocent child gazed upon was only the light of her pure

thought, and the shining waters only sparkles of fancy, glistening over the river, obbing through Dreamland.
CHAPTER X.
For a wonder Harry Bindon was in a contemplative mood, ay, a regular brown study. Mark and himself were standing out on the lawn, and as they puffed away at their cigars, watched the dogs coursing over the green sward.
" I say, Mark," at last Harry exclaimed, "when is the wedding to be? See here, old fellow, there is nothing like promptitude; delays are dangerous. Seriously, my leave is up on the 1st of October, and, as Eda returns with me, I do not think it fair to deprive us of the fun. So when is it to be?"
" I wish to goodness I could tell you," Mark impatiently answered. "I said something about it this morning to Kate, but off she bolted; then I spoke to mother, and she actually told me Christmas was soon enough."
" Christmas!" echoed Harry. "What the deuce do women want such a lot of preparation for? Four months devoted to the purchase of finery, as if a man wanted to marry a chest of clothes instead of a sensible girl." And Harry knocked the ashes off his cigar, with a muttered execration on the whole tribe of milliners and dress-makers, who, with lawyers attorneys, always do their best to postpone the happy event.
For awhile the two men puffed away in silence, but it was not in the natural order of things for Harry to keep quiet long. "I tell you what, Mark, my name is not Harry Bindon if I do not settle the wedding day before twelve o'clock, and it is eleven now. Come along into the schoolroom—the girls are there."
Harry was soon established in Kate's easiest chair, looking the very picture of impudence and good-nature.
" What a bump of destructiveness women must possess," he soliloquized as he watched Eda and Kate, busy as usual with their embroidery. "You cut nice white calico all to bits, then with a touch of feminine compunction you try to repair the damage by stitching it up again. Ah! there are very few sensible people in the world; and he heaved a deep sigh intended to be mournful, but which made Mark and the girls laugh most heartily. However, not a muscle of the sailor's face moved. Was he not mourning over the shortcomings of humanity in general!
" I never knew but two sensible people in my life," he continued, with something between a sigh and a groan; "a man and a woman, a gentleman and a gentlewoman. He was a parson from Kerry, she was a maiden from Derry; they met at a religious tea-light—I mean a pious conversation, where there was a capital supper as a wind-up. Underwood handed the lady down, and helped her to chicken and port wine. She enjoyed the fowl so much that Underwood reflected—good appetite, sound constitution, no dyspepsy, would suit me; so there and then popped the question: 'Will you marry me?' She stammered, stuttered, blushed, and people gaped as they saw her present a fork-full of chicken at her eye, instead of receiving it into her month. Old Underwood was a sensible man, so down came his fist on the table with a bang that made the wine glasses dance rigadoons. 'Now or never!' he cried, while the amazed company stared. 'Now, now, now!' the lady answered in hot haste; so this sensible pair got married next day by special licence. Now, Kate, that's what I call an above-board transaction. Apopos of weddings, when is yours to be. I was just reminding Mark; Eda and I go off on the 29th; so won't you give us a chance of dancing at your wedding? Come, Birdie, join with me and persuade Kate to change her name before we go."
(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Our Catholic Young Men, as Children of the Church and Citizens of the Republic."

PROF. FROUDE'S VIEW OF CATHOLICITY REFUTED. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH NOT THE ENEMY OF THE STATE. (From the New York Irish American.)
The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association, attached to St. James' Cathedral. The reverend gentleman spoke as follows:—
Ladies and gentlemen,—I have had the honor, on other occasions, to stand here and address you. I have had the honor of addressing audiences in various parts of this mighty country. But, I confess to you that, not since I arrived in America, have I had a subject so important,

so interesting, or so pleasing to myself as that which I propose for your consideration this evening (applause). And it is "The Catholic Young Man, considered as a Child of the Church and a Citizen of the State" (applause).
First of all, my dear friends, any man who reflects upon the position of the world, and the state of society to-day, must immediately see that all the evils that afflict us—all the misery that torments our lives, all the confusion and disruption that surround us, all the world over, comes from some imperfect organization, or from some evil that operates on our youth.—The ancient Pagan philosophers said that, although age was honorable, youth was still more honorable. "Macrina reverentis patris debitor," was the word of the ancient sage,—the greatest honor, the greatest reverence is due to the young man. And why? Because as it is in nature, so it is in the life of man. There are certain seasons that mark the life of every man. The most important season in the year is the Spring, when the ground is opened up, ploughed, harrowed and cleaned. Then the farmer takes his seed and throws it into the bountiful earth, and closes the earth upon it, and waits in quiet the nursing of the Summer and the maturity of the Autumn. But, well the agriculturist knows that, although he looks forward, full of hope, the fulfillment of his hopes depends upon his own work in the Spring season. Well he knows that, if he expects a full field, it is because he has scattered the seed with no sparing or miserly hand.—Well he knows that, if he expects a harvest of generous, pure and faithful issue, it all depends upon the nature of the seed which he cast into the bosom of the earth in the early Spring of the year. If he took bad seed, if he took indifferent seed, he cannot expect a ripe abundance, or rich or precious harvest. If he is not prepared his ground properly,—if he neglects the work of the Spring, the reaction comes upon him months after he had labored indifferently, and consequently in vain, when he beholds the weeds springing up, choking his corn, until he sees the scanty harvest, scarcely worth his while to put the sickle into it. He has only to recall the past, with shame and sorrow, and to say—"When I planted, when I ploughed, when I did the Spring work, I neglected my duty; and now I behold the result."
As it is with nature, so it is with man.—Youth is the Spring-time of life. How beautifully it is expressed in the Protestant Bible: "Abraham sat at the door of his tent,"—according to our Douai version,—in the early morning;—according to the other version, "Abraham sat in the door of his tent, in the spring of the day." Youth is the Spring-time of life; it is the time of sowing; it is the time of ploughing; it is the time for preparing the soil; and it is the time when cultivation determines what the Summer of man's manhood shall be; and above all what he shall garner in the Autumn of his life when he is bending down to the Winter of extreme old age, when every fruit of his early habits of life begins to ripen; and the problem of his life is solved;—for the old man tells us what manner of man the youth has been (applause). It is for us the most precious and important time of man's life; and it is also the time when the enemy of our humanity, the enemy of our nature, as well as the supernatural gift of grace, lies in wait to poison the fountain-head of life, to poison the spring, to send forth from a polluted, degraded, and defiled youth those streams of impurity and of error, and of perversity, that spoil all the purposes of man's life, and that brings down his gray hairs, in old age, in sin as well as in sorrow, to a dishonored grave.
Hence it is that we behold, and note by our own sad experience, that not only are the passions strongest in youth, but, also, in youth, every snare that hell can invent is laid before the young man, to poison his mind by error and to pollute and destroy his heart by sin.—And, yet, upon that young man depend all the hopes of the Church of God and all the hopes and prospects of human society, or for the State in this world (applause).
Every man born in this world, my friends, comes into it as a creature of God, and also as a future hope of society. Almighty God makes His claim upon that youth, through the Church. Society demands of him his duties as a man. Therefore, we can consider, and we must consider, the young man, as a child of the Church and a citizen of the State. One relation is scarcely inferior to the other. So much do man's duties, as a citizen of the State, enter into his duties as a child of God, that he cannot fulfill the one without being the other.—No man can be a good citizen of the State unless he be a true child of God, and a true son of the Church of God. No man, on the other hand, can be a true son of the Church,—consequently a child of God,—without being a magnificent citizen of the State which has the honor and glory to possess him. What does