



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1872.

NO. 7.

BOOKS FOR AUGUST.

- THE OLD GOD. A narrative for the People. Translated from the German by Very Rev. T. Noethen. 75
DRAMAS: THE WITCH OF ROSENBERG. THE HIDDEN GEM. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. 1 50
TRAVELS IN EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA, PÆTRÆA, PALESTINE, and SYRIA. By Rev. Eugene Vetroville, D.D. 2 vols. in one. 4 00
HORNHURST RECTORY. By Sister Mary Frances Clare. 2 vols. in one. 2 50
LEGENDS OF ST. JOSEPH, Patron of the Universal Church. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadtler. 1 00
MARION HOWARD; or, Trials and Triumphs. 2 00
GOING HOME. A Catholic Novel. By Eliza Martin. 2 00
ST. HELENA; or, The Finding of The Holy Cross. A Drama for Girls. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. 0 30
DEVOTIONS FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. By the Author of "Jesus and Jerusalem." 1 50
THE EXILED SOUL. A Legend. Also, SEMIA, THE CHRISTIAN. From the French. 0 50
SIX WEEKS ABROAD in Ireland, England, and Belgium. By Geo. F. Haskins. 1 00
DYRBINGTON COURT; or, The Story of John Julian's Prosperity. By Mrs. Parsons. 1 25
EXCELSIOR; or, Politeness, Education, and the Means of Obtaining Success in Life. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal. 1 50

THE LAST OF THE CATHOLIC O'MALLEYS.

A TALE. BY M. TAUNTON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Well," said Edward, "these remarks of the Lieutenant set me thinking, and I determined that, if the captain meant to play me a trick, I would be on my guard.
>About half-past four we landed. I cannot tell you what a throb I felt when I first placed my foot upon land. I felt myself a hero!
>We moored our boat in safety, and marched on toward the barn. The door was shut, but you may suppose, we used no ceremony in getting admittance. We found an old man sleeping in it.
"It was a thrashing barn. We woke him up rather roughly by pinioning his arms and tying him to a post. We then climbed up to the top of the barn, where I planted the Union Jack! Didn't I then feel something stirring all through my veins! and eye, with what a shout I gave 'Long live King George!' and how well my men took it up! I am sure that poor fellow, tied up as he was, must have trembled in his shoes at the noise.
"We had not long to wait to see the effect of our shout, for soon, from the farm-house, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the barn, we saw, first one, then another, man come out, and then run back. We saw that they were aroused, but we did not know how near they were to a regiment.
"For two or three hours we remained in quiet possession. So we ate the provisions we had brought with us from the boat, and had just finished our meal, when we perceived some men stationed, as if on the lookout from the farm-house.
" 'Oh!' we said, 'What's up?' In the distance, through my glass, I saw a company of soldiers advancing. I then remembered Lieutenant McKinnon's advice. We looked out towards our ship. We fired our signals! But no answer came back! No boats were coming towards us! Now, thought I, Caliban (excuse me, sir, but that's the name we always called our captain among ourselves when we were vexed with him—and that was pretty often), you're treacherous. You have gone and played me false! 'My men,' said I, 'look at those French coming on. We are but a dozen against all of them! It won't do to lose our flag, nor for Bony to make twelve prisoners—will it? Let us fire a few more signals, and if we see help coming, we will strive to keep our post—we won't be driven away, if we can help it, by the French; but unless we get help from the ship we had better make for our boat; so one of you go to it, and have it ready for a start.'
"We strained our eyes after every signal we made; but no boat was to be seen—and on, and on—nearer and nearer came the French! Their balls began to tell on the barn. Yet, I was unwilling to take down my flag! though I thought it best to do so.
" In a moment or so Stubbs fell by my side, mortally wounded. As he expired he just said, 'Fly, sir! you can't keep the place. Save the flag!'

"I gave the word; and we ran for it—I holding my flag. Seeing our retreat, the French began to come on faster. So in good earnest we cut along. It was well that I had thought of sending a man to keep the boat ready—for I was within a dozen yards of it—oh! how my heart beat!—when a shot struck me in the shoulder! I was in great agony, but save the flag I would! Another shot grazed my ear; and I heard the shouts of the French; then I just had strength to throw my flag into the boat and say 'God save the King!' when I fell, faint with the loss of blood; and then I knew no more, until I opened my eyes, to find myself on board our ship, and our surgeon dressing my wound. It seems that, when I fell, one of our men lifted me up, and threw me into the boat; jumped in, and just shoved off, as the Frenchman, who shot at me, came up! The rest of the men, who were not up in time to jump into the boat before it was shoved off, swam until they came up with it. So I only lost poor Stubbs."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Now, Grace, are you not proud of your son? I am, I assure you, and delighted to say that he belongs to me!
>All the fleet are talking of him; and no one can see the sense of Captain \* \* \* running such a risk. The Admiral says that an inquiry must be made; but, privately, all who know him, believe that it was done to get rid of the lad, fearing that he might tell of his dishonorable proposals to him.
"You will want me to tell you about his wound. How strange it is that no sooner are we glad (for I am sure you are, in reading what I have told you about Edward) than something arises to check our joy—and create the contrary feeling! So I must tell you that the surgeon thinks that the lung was injured by the ball! It has been extracted, and I took possession of it for you.
" Do not be uneasy; it may not be a great matter. At any rate it necessitates his being invalided home, so that you will soon see him; and I am sure your good nursing—I know to appreciate it; you remember, when last at home, I tested your powers as a nurse—will set him all to rights.
" Before I close this, I shall be able to tell you when he starts. The transport which takes him will be here in about a fortnight—rather less perhaps.
" This letter goes three days hence—so you may count, from the probable day of his leaving this—that four or five weeks will take him to Portsmouth, where, doubtless, you will be ready to receive him.
" I trust the sea voyage will have so strengthened him and renovated him, that you will find that he has no longer any pretension to be treated as an invalid.
" I have arranged to have him with me until his departure. I broke to him only yesterday—(when I told him he was 'invalided home')—his own strange story; and I tried to make him glad, that at the end of his voyage he would find a loving, longing mother awaiting him! I related to him all the sorrow you had gone through on his account, and how Katey Burke had made known to you his whereabouts; and that that was the reason I had shown so much interest in him—that, in fact, I was his step-father!

"The effect on him at first disappointed me—he took it so quietly, of course showing a little surprise, but only a little. He got animated when I began to speak of Nurse O'Birn in harsh and angry terms, and interrupted me by saying, 'If you please, sir, you won't say anything unkind of the old woman, for she was very kind to me, and I loved my poor old mammy, as I always called her. Of course it was not right to take me away from my own mother; but you see, sir, she was very kind, and fond of me.'
" I liked the boy all the more for this outburst, and carefully abstained from mentioning her name again. I tell you this, because I think that it would be best for you to do the same, until you have gained your natural power over his affections.
" He was rather curious to know what you were like; and did I think that you would love him, and care for him, when he had caused you so much pain?
" 'Why boy,' I replied, 'it was losing you that caused her so much pain and sorrow. She almost broke her heart when you were taken from her. She is longing now to see you, and she will think your voyage will never end, while she is waiting for you.' Well, I know, dear-est wife, that it will be so—but calm your feelings, and leave all in the hands of 'Our Heavenly Father,' who all this time, notwithstanding his evil surroundings (for I must call them evil, with such a woman to bring him up) has kept your son's principles from contamination, and so placed him as to call out his noble nature, to requite you for the sorrow you bore, as I believe with due submission.
" I now add my last few lines. The tran-

sport will be here on the — of next month, and leave again in four days, that is to say, on the —; so that from that date, wind being favorable, you may expect to see Edward in a month or five weeks from the date of this letter. Were I you, I should go down to Portsmouth by the end of this month, because he may arrive by that time, having a good and quick voyage. And now, God bless and preserve you! That I wish I was able to go home with him, to help you in this excitement, you need not be assured; however, I hope, ere many months are over, that we shall be relieved or recalled.— Kiss the four youngsters for their father, and believe me ever your loving husband,
" ROBERT NOËL."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

You will imagine, if you can, the emotion felt by Grace, in reading this account of her brave boy; but, I really believe the part of her husband's letter which she read the oftenest, was that where he told her what the boy said about herself. She could not help feeling anxious as to whether he would care for her—never having known her, and really loving his old nurse! Well, she knew that she must not force his feelings; but wait patiently till nature vindicated her cause.
The month passed very slowly; but the most leadened hours do pass;—and so Grace found herself, after a fatiguing day's journey safely settled at the principal hotel at Portsmouth.
Before she left home she had arranged the room she meant her Edward to occupy, as daintily and comfortable as she could—determined and hoping that he should see and appreciate the pleasant reception and the better things she could provide for him; so different from what it would have been had he to go to the poor place at Achill! but poor Grace would have felt a pang had she known that, poor as it was it was the spot associated with his youth, which all her pleasant and commodious preparations never could efface from his heart, or be loved as well. Doubtless, in time they would be loved by him as prepared by a mother's dear hand; but I doubt very much whether he would not have felt happier had he known that he was returning in his sick state to his old nurse rather than to a strange mother.

But Grace did not think all this; no, the happiness was all she thought about. Every morning she went down to the waterside to hear tidings; but she had to wait a weary ten days ere the old sailor, whom she feed to bring her the first intelligence of the arrival of the "Renown," came with the glad news.
It was about eight, one bright May morning that she was put out of suspense. Grace hurriedly dressed, and then sat down and wrote a line to the Captain, requesting him to tell Mr. Edward O'Birn to come to the Royal Hotel, where his friend was waiting for him. She thought that she would rather meet him there alone, than in the ship with others present; nor could she write a short note to her son, so she preferred writing to the Captain.
The old messenger soon returned, with the Captain's compliments, that the lady had better come to the ship, and bring a conveyance for Master O'Birn, for he was too ill to walk.
Quick as thought her arrangements were made—that is, another bedroom prepared; for she had not thought of remaining in Portsmouth after Edward's arrival; but, hearing that he was ill, she was sure she had better do so until he had recovered his fatigue.
You will suppose that she was frightened to receive such a message; but it at the same time overcame her nervous feeling at meeting him. Now, every thought was absorbed in this new fear.
She was soon at the vessel, and was received by the Captain, who was busy superintending the discharge of the ship's freight. He told her that Master O'Birn had been pretty well for about a fortnight after they sailed—but whether or no he had caught cold, he could not tell—but that he had been alarmingly ill; that his cough was very distressing, also the extreme weakness he suffered from. "I do not think, mam, that he could walk to the town; so I thought that I had better ask you to bring a conveyance for him."
" Does he expect me?"
" Why, yes; I told him to remain quiet, for I had sent for his friend to come. You are his mother, I am sure from the likeness—"

" Yes, I am," replied Grace; "pray, which way shall I go to find him?"
" Here, Joe," cried he, "take this lady to O'Birn's cabin."
When they had gone down the ladder, Grace touched the man's arm. "Tell me, if you please, which door it is. I wish to go in alone." She could not allow any stranger to witness their meeting.
The man pointed out the one she was to go to, and, waiting a moment, with the handle in her hand, to steady her nerves, and to offer up a little prayer, Grace went in.
On the couch lay a youth, who eagerly turned round as the door opened. Their eyes met,

and in a moment mother and son were in each other's arms!

Oh! the ecstasy of that moment to Grace! She could not have described her feelings; so how can I, who have never been placed in such circumstances? It is best to leave undone what we cannot do well; and, indeed, could such feelings be described by the ablest pen?
Grace was soon awakened to reality by the faintness that overcame poor Edward. The tension of nerves he had undergone in anticipating this meeting had been too much for him in his weakened state, and she was obliged to lift him on to the couch, and to call for assistance.
After a while he recovered. His first act on recovery was to stretch out his hand to his mother, and covering it with kisses, burst into tears.
Grace now felt that she must subdue her own emotion, to sustain the weakness of Edward. But she did not check his tears; she knew that they would relieve him. However, she persuaded him, after awhile, to take some nourishment, which the steward kindly brought her; and in an hour's time she and her son were on their way to the hotel.
When sitting opposite to him in the carriage, Grace saw how emaciated and delicate he looked. Moreover, the transition from the small cabin to the open air in going from the ship to the beach, had effected his lungs; for he was seized with a violent paroxysm of coughing, which terrified his mother, and she was thankful when they reached the hotel, that she might get him into a warm room.
She that evening, seeing his weak state, made up her mind not to remove him to Heath Cottage without medical advice; so she begged the landlady of the hotel to recommend and send for the best doctor.
Dr. Davies advised Mrs. Noel to let her son rest for a day or two, and then take him home by easy stages.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Edward did not talk much the first day. He was too exhausted; but he seemed constantly watching his mother, and taking her hand in his when she sat beside him, patting and kissing it, and once he said, "How pretty you are!"
To Grace it was a most weary and trying day: constantly being obliged to suppress her feelings was very hard work, so she was glad when at an early hour she could place Edward in bed, and then was at liberty to sit down and think.
She could not conceal from herself that her son, her first-born, was restored to her, but to leave her again, and that very soon. Well, but even so, she felt that she would rather such a trial than never to have seen him again.
There is no love like that which a mother feels for her first-born. She never forgets the awakening in her heart, the sweet maternal feelings, the new font of joy, the complete annihilation of self which then takes place within her, the entire absorption of her thoughts in her own baby—her own baby! so entirely belonging to her—so entirely dependent on her love? Other children come, and as the old folks used to say, "They bring their love with them." So they do; but they have not created the new idea. As each child wants extra care or thought, they seem to absorb the parents' love all to themselves for the time being; but when the mother sits down to think of the past, however long ago, it is the first babe that causes the sweet motherly expression to come over the old woman's face, however he or she may have proved unworthy. They cannot deprive her of that sacred remembrance; and she forgets for the moment the cause of sorrow they have since been to her; or if the shortcomings or the undutifulness will come to destroy the picture, she will add, "and to think how pleased I was to see it!"
So Grace lost her remembrance of the sad sad present, in the recollection of that room in her mother's house in Galway where Edward was born! and where she had had the gratification of showing her first husband his son, and the joy she felt in taking him, for the first time in her arms. All this past in review before Grace's mind's eye.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON ON "The Blessed Eucharist"

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following Sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Burke, in St. Michael's Church, New York city.

Dearly beloved brethren, in this wonderful age of ours, there is nothing that creates in the thinking mind so much astonishment and wonder as the fact that the Catholic Church stands before the world in all the grandeur of her truthfulness, and that the intellect of this age of our seems incapable of apprehending her

claims, or of acknowledging her grandeur. Men in every walk of life are in pursuit of the true and the beautiful. The poet seeks it in his verse, the philosopher in his speculations, the statesman in his legislation, the artist in the exhibition of his art. And, whilst all men profess thus to pursue the true and the beautiful, they wilfully shut their eyes against that which is the truest and most beautiful of all things upon the earth,—the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. I don't know whether there be any Protestants amongst you here to-day; I believe there are not. But whether they be here, or whether they be absent, I weep, in my heart and soul, over their blindness and their folly,—that they cannot recognize the only religion which is logical, because it is true:—the only Church which can afford to stand before the whole world, and bear the shock of every mind, and the criticism of every intellect, because she comes from God. Now amid the features of Divine beauty and grandeur and harmony that the Almighty God has set upon the face of the Catholic Church, the first and the greatest of her mysteries,—the greatest of her beauties, both intellectual and spiritual,—is the awful presence of Jesus Christ who makes himself, really and truly, here, an abiding and present God in the Blessed Eucharist. I have chosen this presence as the subject and theme of my observations to you to-day, because we are yet celebrating—(within the octave)—the festival of her Corpus Christi. We are yet in spirit, with our holy mother, the Church, at the foot of the altar, adoring, in an especial manner, Him who is here present at all times; and rejoicing, with a peculiar joy, upon that grace, surpassing all graces, which the Almighty God has given to His Church, in the abiding presence of Jesus Christ amongst us.

Most of you, I dare say, know that what I propose to you to-day is to consider that presence as the fulfilment of the designs of God, and the fulfilment of all the wants of man. If I can show you what these designs are, and what these wants are, and if I can sufficiently indicate to you that they are fulfilled only in the Blessed Eucharist; then, my brethren, I conclude without the slightest hesitation, that in no form of religion,—in no Church,—can the designs of God and the wants of man meet their fulfilment, save in that one Church,—in that one holy religion, in which Christ is substantiated, under the form of bread and wine in the Blessed Eucharist. In order to do this I have to ask you to reflect with me what are the designs of God upon man.

There are three remarkable and magnificent epochs that mark the action of Almighty God upon his creature, man. The first of these was the moment of creation, when God made man. The second was the time of redemption, when God, becoming incarnate, offered Himself as the victim for man. The third epoch was the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, when God left Himself to be the food of His children, and to be made one with them by the highest and the most intimate communion of a present God, through all ages. To each of these three epochs I shall invite your attention when I attempt to explain to you the designs of God.

In the first of these,—that is to say in the act of creation,—we find God stamping His image on man, in order that in men He might see the likeness of Himself. In the second of these epochs,—that of redemption, we find God assuming and absorbing our human nature into Himself; so that God and man became one and the same Divine person, in other that God might see no longer the image of Himself in man; but that He might see Himself actually and truly in man. In the third of these epochs, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, we have God coming home to every individual; entering into our hearts and souls; bringing all that He is and all that He has to each and every man amongst us; that the Man-God in whom God and man were united might be visible before the Father's eyes in the heart, in the soul, in the life of every man. The Creation, therefore, was a design of mercy, which produced only one image or likeness; the redemption was a higher design of mercy, which produced God in man. The Holy Communion was the consummation of these designs of mercy, which propagated that God until He was made present in every man. Behold the designs of God! First, then, is the creation. God, in the beginning, created all things, heaven and earth. He made earth, with all its beauty. He made the firmament of heaven, with all its wonderful harmony and awe. At His creative word,— " fiat"—let it be,—light sprang forth from darkness; order came forth in silent beauty from chaos and confusion; every star in heaven took its place in the firmament of God; the sun blazed forth in his noon-day light and splendor; the moon took up her reflected light, and illumined with her silver rays the shades of night. All the spheres of God began their revolution through space, to that exquisite harmony of the Divine commandment and the Divine law. And they all surrounded that spot