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A MAY FLOWER. CHAPTER II.

It was May; soft, genial, sunny May, when summer in its sweet maidenhood was courting the love of man.

Old men laughed and chatted with one another about the time when they used to dance about the Maypole, and deck the May Queen with the choicest flowers.

It was truly a pleasant time that May; indeed, all Mays have been and are pleasant times; months of rejoicing, of renewed hopes, of prayers unto Mary, months of sunshine, love, and joy.

It was about the second week in May, when one evening as usual, crowds of persons were walking about after business hours.

Numbers of artisans, smoking their pipes, shop-boys and drapers' assistants dressed out in great style, some by themselves puffing slowly at cigars; others with young girls, sisters, cousins, or wives in the future tense; all taking a walk upon the Lee road, to breathe the balmy air, and look at the green fields.

There, she turns off from the high road, enters that field, walks slowly on till she reaches the river's bank, seats herself under that bush of hawthorn.

Would it carry her there, too? She asks would it bear her away to him whom she loves with all her heart; would it take her to him? No, she does not even know where he is.

wear it always; he made her promise to think of him alone, to allow no other love into her heart but him. She did promise, she kept her word; but where was he? He did not come back as he had promised, and even if he had, her father was a bankrupt, lost his house and home, had left his native city, and she had become an actress.

Does it not look bright? she thinks; 'is it not a sweet creation of the Mighty God?—would it not be a pure grave to lie in? Perhaps it would drift me out to the salt ocean, far out, to meet the ships returning; perhaps I may lie here, under this tree, down in the deep water.—Would it be wrong, would it be sinful, to anticipate my death by a few weeks, for I know I cannot live much longer—I know my days are nearly over?'

She looks at the small ring upon her finger, presses it to her lips, tries to articulate a prayer; yet though at all times, even in the direst affliction, even at her father's death, she was able to pray, now she is utterly unable to do so.

Whilst he was discussing its merits, one of the party commenced gazing at the young girl in the corner. His look was piercing, she winced under it, but she could not get away, for she could not walk down the length of the room before them all.

The figure reminded her of him whom she had not seen for more than three years—of the never-forgotten Harry.

CHAPTER III.

May still, with its flowers and sunshine, with its merry-making and rejoicing, its smiling old men and women, its laughing children; May still—birds singing, trees budding, bees humming; May still, and the sick and dying feel that their pulse is beating faster, their blood flowing in a warmer current through their veins; May still, and hymns of love are ascending unto the Virgin Mother, and white-robed children walk in procession every evening, with banners and lights, and incense, chanting her praises.

to, having no money, no friends, no health, no strength. Poor girl, she did feel the confinement terribly; she could hardly taste the food: her eyes soon became weary of looking at the whitewashed walls, her ears soon tired of the ceaseless din—the clatter of the wooden-clogs upon the pavement—the clatter of tin dishes, tin cans, tin jugs, as they were laid upon the wooden tables for dinner; and then, when the meal was over, swept off again with a clatter, washed with a clatter, and put by with a clatter, until they were wanted again; at which time the same clatter was renewed.

Whilst he was discussing its merits, one of the party commenced gazing at the young girl in the corner. His look was piercing, she winced under it, but she could not get away, for she could not walk down the length of the room before them all.

May still—but the last day of it. The sun is becoming hotter, the flowers are of a richer tint—the summer is opening out its treasury. The sea looks placid as an angel's soul; no breath of air disturbs its peaceful bosom.

actress, the pauper in the workhouse, and now the wife of Harry Fitzgerald, who sits beside her; the wife of a man who loves her truly, fondly; who holds a good position in the world, too, being, as he is, a well-educated, indeed I may say, a talented fellow, and one who possesses that golden key of riches which entitles him to a 'carte blanche' into the highest circles of society.

A year has passed, and in a splendid mansion, situated in London, there is much grief and sorrow, much shaking of grey heads, much talking, many uttering the words, 'She'll never do.'

Upstairs there is a room beautifully, yet neatly furnished, and in that room lies a dying body. A man sits at the bedside, holding a hand which is feebly clasping his.

'You won't die, Mary,' he says; 'you won't die; you won't leave me alone here in the world—you would not think of it. Surely a year of love was not so much, a year of joy such as I never felt, nor never thought I could feel.—One year is too little, my sweet wife; just stay another.'

'Listen to me, Harry,' answers a feeble voice within the bed; 'listen to me. I loved you well—I promised before the altar to do so. You deserved it from me; but there is one whom my heart yearns to see; one whom from my infancy I loved better than all on earth. I lost my mother when I was very young, but she was always a mother to me; she always watched and guarded me: she never left me. Oh! Harry, she calls me to herself; I feel it. This is the last day of her month, and I feel that it is the last day of my life upon this earth.'

The hand relaxed its grasp a little, and Mary O'Donnell, casting a look at her husband, and then another—her last—at the small image of the Virgin which stood in a niche opposite her, gave up her spirit into the hands of her Saviour.

THE END.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

The Catholic University of Ireland is an accomplished fact. Founded at a time when the hopes of the nation were prostrated, and her resources all but exhausted, it has yet justified the promise of its infancy, and has already achieved not a few of its destined triumphs.

and in the capital of the greatest empire of the civilised world, every branch of science is hourly degraded. Astrology and mesmerism, mediums, and apparitions, table-turning and spirit-rapping, prophetic almanacs and crystal globes, have their crowds of educated believers, who patronise their absurdities, and openly profess adroence to their follies. The supernatural subjected to a juggler's manipulation, and the spiritual is explained by metaphysical theories which propagate the most revolting and dangerous errors of materialism.

With those terrible examples before their eyes, it behoves the guardians of religion in Ireland to provide against their flocks being exposed to similar dangers. We have arrived at a critical period. The State is playing for its own object a game that subverts the purpose of error. By enforcing an unreligious system of education, it is opening up an avenue through which the most positive and dangerous forms of infidelity may find their way to the hearts of the people.