MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1863.

No. 17.

A MAY FLOWER. CHAPTER II.

It was May; soft, genial, sunny May, when summer in its sweet maidenhood was courting the love of man. The earth was decked out with daisy and buttercup, and cow-lip, which, as they lay in the green velvet mould, made one's heart rejoice, and be filled with loving thankfulness to the great Creator, who has not forgotten anything which could cheer us here on our weary pilgrimage.

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. Elderly unmarried females, though generally very harsh in appearance, with prodigious Roman noses, and mouths screwed up as tight as possible, so as to appear utterly lipless, in order to repel any attempt at popping the question by impudent males, seeing that was the most decisive way of proving they would not answer, unscrewed themselves a little, began to collect flower-pots, showed themselves at windows, now and then watering the same, and gave themselves up to a little merriment, not boisterous of course, but such as suited the position they held, and continue to hold in the world, as self-appointed censors of all classes of society. Young men and women, too, proved that the time of year was pleasant and agreeable, for they were to be seen walking in merry groups about green lanes and suburban roads, and promenading the streets of the city, with a bright moon looking down placidly upon them in the evenings.

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. Somehow I always unagmed that sweet angel spirit must be fond of coming to take a look at our country during that mouth. Cork was looking very well then. The Lee, as it flowed along rippling, bubbling through the city, was very refreshing to look at; and though you may see some very black, dirty-sailed barges floating upon its bosom, jet they only showed the brightness of the river more by contrast .-The Lee was and is a great old pet of the people; they love it, and no wonder, too, that they should. Seeing that it does them so much service, no wonder that they should be very much given to strolling upon its banks, bathing in its same stranger, if he should disagree with them he knows nothing about rivers, that he could they have for not making him and the Lee intimately acquainted, is his being a stranger.

It was about the second week in May, when one evening as usual, crowds of persons were waiking about after business hours. The chines of Shandon told half-past, and though yet lightsome, a crescent moon was appearing dimly in

shop-boys and drapers' assistants dressed out in great style, some by themselves puffing slowly at tiently the will of her Maker. How angelic she cigars; others with young girls, sisters, cousins, looked when the organ pealed out its rich melor wives in the future tense; all taking a walk upon the Lee road, to breathe the balmy air, and look at the green fields. A pleasant sight it Heaven for her mercy to all sinners, but espewas, and one which could not fail to make one cially for the mercy shown to her, a weak, lonely, feel jolly almost a spite of binself. Yet, dear reader, let us pass those laughing, joyous people, mother, and she prayed, too, for the welfare and or let them pass us, and now look at that pale well-being of him whom she loved, Harry Entzwasted form that is coming along slowly. A woman, too, quite alone; no one chatting gaily with her, no one whispering into her par words of love; no one painting bright pictures for her to her poor lodgings. As she went in at the of future h ppiness, of home, of a fond husband, door, a figure of a hearded and whiskered man of laughing therabic babes, with dimpied theeks. passed along the pavement. She looked after Poor women, she walks slowly and feebly, for she has little strength. Her clothes are not of the most fashionable, yet they are nicely put on, not seen for more than three years—of the neand she wears them gracefully. Handsome, too, ver-forgotten Harry. she must have been; aye, she is handsome still, and that deep hiusa apon her cheeks adds much to her beauty.

velling on to the great sea.

him alone, to allow no other love into her heart strength. Poor girl, she did seel the confine- the wife of Harry Fitzgerald, who sits beside civilised world, every branch of science is hourly but him. She did promise, she kept her word; ment terribly; she could hardly taste the food: her; the wife of a man who loves her truly, degraded. Astrology and mesmerism, mediums, but where was he? He did not come back as her eyes soon became weary of looking at the fondly; who holds a good position in the world, and apparitions, table-turning and spirit-rapping, 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. Even it he had come back from America, for she had heard of fortunes made there in as short a time as three years, who would or could tell him where she was! No one knew her whereahouts, no one cared to know anything about her, for she was poor and friendless. Her only friend, the father for whom she had worked with willing heart, was dead, and she was quite alone. She had to give up the stage, too, for she was in a decline; then some charitable person gave ber needlework to do, but that was killing her. No resource, nothing before her now but the workhouse hospital. Onward flowed the river, bearing many a green leaf, many a bit of 'meadow-sweet.' On it flowed, and it danced beneath the eyes of Mary O'Donnell, as she sat upon the bank, leaped in tempting ripples, twisted itself into fantastic shapes, played tempting

music, sang witching songs.
'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? The workhouse is an awful place to go to. Shut in, pent up with every one in close rooms and dying for air-for the blessed airfor the bright sunshine-for green fields-for the river. Shall I embrace death now? How could not purchase—began to give, to wither beautiful to go in there, into that cold water away as it were, in the baneful atmosphere upon this evening, to bathe in it, to fall there which surrounded her. She was only in the gave up her spirit into the hands of her Saviour. into that spot which reflects the red cloud above my head.'

She looks at the small ring upon her finger, presses it to her lips, tries to articulate a prayer; church of St. Mary, and entering, prostrated herself before the altar. What ferrent thanksgivings she offered up unto the throne of God; what acts of contrition. She repeated deep contrition for the great sin which she was so Numbers of artisans, smoking their pipes, near committing, of sorrow great and heartfelt for her weakness in not bearing meekly and palow notes and the people sang the Litany, as she raised her heart and thanked the Queen of poor girl. She prayed for her dead father and gerald. Going out from the church, she thought some one was following her; but believing it only fancy, she walked on as quickly as possible him, and sighing deeply, closed the door again.

The figure reminded her of him whom she had

CHAPTER III.

May still, with its flowers and sunshine, with There, she turns off from the high road, en- its merry-making and rejoicing, its smiling old ters that field, walks slowly on till she reaches men and women, its laughing children; May the river's bank, seats herself under that bush still-birds singing, trees budding, bees numof hawthorn. Look how steadily she gazes at ming; May still, and the sick and dying feel the clear stream, how she watches it eobing, tra- that their pulse is beating faster, their blood flowing in a warmer current through their veins; Would it carry her there, too? She asks May still, and hymns of love are ascending unto

cans, tin jugs, as they were laid upon the wooden tables for dinner; and then, when the meal ciety. 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. At times, too, the female inmates would get combative, angry words would be exchanged, culinary articles would be discharged; the consequences being twenty or thirty swelled faces and contused heads. I have often been in the workhouse; I have often seen is feebly clasping his. the people there, and I would not say that I have seen one happy face there. Men and women are strange beings; they require food and clothing to sustain their bodies; they require a physician and medicine when they are ill. Boards for them, they do all that they think necessary to keep up animal life; but then they do not do all they could do to alleviate, to soften the hard lot of the pauper. Somehow or other they have got ideas into their learned and logic-stuffed craniums to the effect that paupers only want to be fed; that they have left their souls outside the gates, and that therefore they, as a body of consistent matter-of-fact men, would be going outside their duty in making any provision for the better part of man's nature. Well, Mary O'-Donnell being a sensitive girl, one who knew what refinement was-one who shrank from anything coarse-one who, though poor, had a heart that all the gold and jewels of twenty India's house two days, and yet it required all her strength of mind to keep her from regretting that she had not allowed herself to sink into that deep grave within the Lee, under the shadow et though at all times, even in the direct afflic- and within the reach of the perfume of the hawtion, even at her father's death, she was able to thorn. But two days a pauper, and her heart pray, now she is utterly unable to do so. Sud-began to feel choked up, and she longed for denly a sound strikes her ear. She listens. It the pure air and the blue sky. Upon the third is the sound of a bell; now loud and solemn in day after her arrival there was a good deal of neral appearance of the room.

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. Five minutes elapsed, and still the stranger was gazing at her fixedly, and her heart was beating awfully. 'What could it mean? she said to herself. She feared to look up, but she thought he was coming towards her. She almost fainted; her head grew bewildered. dizzy, the room swam round her, she caught at something; it was the arm of the stranger, who had moved towards her. In a tew minutes her senses returned. She heard the granddoquent tone of the old gentleman at the other side of the room, as he talked about the bappiness of hving under a Government which did not overlook even the poorest wretches of the land .-But there was another voice ringing in her ear, low and sweet, like some strain of music. Was it a dream? Surely she had heard that voice. before-three years before. Was not that the same voice which first struck the spring of her affections? which opened the pure fountain of her love, which told of future joys, which swore eternal and unswerving forth to her? Yes; it was the same voice that was then saying, ' Come away, my own Mary; my poor girl, I have found von at last. Come to my home, and let me redeem my promise, for I am a rich man, now.'

would it bear her away to him whom she loves the Virgin Mother, and white-robed children sea looks placid as an angel's soul; no breath of presumption. It is rather when knowledge has with all her heart; would it take her to him? walk in procession every evening, with banners air disturbs its peaceful bosom. Look at those so far extended her domain and advanced her accomplished for Catholic Ireland. Our people No, she does not even know where he is. Three and lights, and incense, chanting her praises .- two forms sitting on its bank -- two living, breath- power that she dreams of independence and robels are only emerging from a state of ignorance. -years ago Henry Fitzgerald left ber, then a The presence of May is felt everywhere; even by forms; two honest-hearted, noble-minded against authority, that the real crisis arrives, and During three hundred years they were denrived young a very young girl. He left her to go to within that abode set apart for the poorest. the beings. Certainly they are earth; as much clay it is then that religion is more needed to control by a barbarous code of the least glumpse of the America, to make a fortune, he said, for her fa- workhouse, some little joy at the coming of as the sod upon which they sit. Yet there is to convince, and to guide. Even science, which ther was then a rich man, and would not think the beloved month can be seen. The work- within a living crystal stream, which purifies and proceeds on undeniable data, and which is sup- derful lustre, and leading the children of other of giving his daughter to a poor young fellow, house is not a pleasant place to live in, at least perfumes all their acts. Don't they look hap- posed to be preserved by exact limitations from with no prospects. He was to come back when so all persons except the officials say; and I py? Does not love seem to sit upon a grand yet unwarrantable digressions and unsound concluhe was rich to marry her, to make her his wite. It is a hard trial to have pure throne between them. Look at that handsions, stand in need of the same surveillance.— them, and it is only wonderful that Ireland is not
the put that little ring, at which she is looking to go in there, more especially for one like Mary
now, upon her finger. He made her promise to O'Donnell; yet the did so, for she was obliged Mary O'Donnell—the merchant's daughter, the her name! Even in the nineteenth century, brave, sensitive, and naturally enlightened peo-

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. progress. History has ceased to be the testis A man sits at the bedside, holding a hand which temporum, for its facts are judged by theories,

'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 .of Guardians, knowing of these wants, provide 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 guardday of my life upon this earth.'

The hand relaxed its grasp a little, and Mary O'Donnell, casting a look at her husband, and taken every nation that yielded to such inthen another-her last-at the small image of quities. the Virgin which stood in a niche opposite her,

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 re- | people. These attempts must be med vigorously its tone, now low and almost drowned by the far commotion, settling and arranging everything in sources all but exhausted, it has yet justified the and they can only be combated successfully in hum of the city. Standing up, she pauses, apple-pie order, for visitors were expected.— promise of its infancy, and has already achieved the school-room and the halls of the University. looks around, then easting herself upon the earth, Some six or seven gentlemen came in, about not a few of its destined triumphs. The deep, In the latter particular the light must be most waters, taking every stranger that they happen with tearful eyes she prays unto the Mighty God mid-day, to inspect the place. Some of them earnest mind of the mighty thinker and brilliant learnestly fought, for it is in the higher ranges to meet, to look at its beauties, informing the to give her strength to resist a temptation, the guardians and others, strangers, who wished to scholar who originated and moulded this institu- of literature and the more advanced branches of yielding to which would entail upon her such see the place. Mary was standing in the far-off tion was not deceived in its speculations. The science that danger is most to be apprehended. about its being the finest river in the world, that dreadful consequences. Then, rising, she harries corner of one of the wards to screen herself good work has evoked the sympathy and support Besides, it is the men educated in the University along until she comes to the high road. Still from observation, but yet the light from a win- of the Irish people, and to-day all that is faithful who give a tone to secrety, and whose conduct never have seen a river, and that the only reason listening to the bell, as it rang out clearly and downear fell upon her right arm and hand. One and venerable in the land is arrayed upon its and example most influence their fellow-men. distinctly in the evening air. Following the disposing old gentleman came up to the top of side. The opposition and injustice against which They are the men who fill the ranks of the disrection from which the sound proceeded, after the ward, and calling up the others commenced the University has to struggle must naturally re- ferent profe-sions-who contribute to our therasome smart walking she came to the Dominican a dissertation upon the length, breadth, and ge- tard its development and impede its operations, ture-who occupy places of trust-who comspite of the varied hostility which has assailed it ple and in morality their interiors and their state and future prospects ground for the most the change may not be effected in a simple tion, the high character obtained by it, and the would be a sad thing if Carbolic Ireland, after educational advantages which it affords to its centuries of persecution - after wanting through sure its success. But there is another and more | which have crowned the martyrs and the con-Religion has set her seal upon its portals, and and nondage onto to year ter governtager for her presence is felt within its halfs, and the which she struggled so noting and so well. It knowledge imparted under her guidance is free would be sad to think to at the legacy left to us from the taint that works such deadly evil in the by the great men or the past should be puffered human soul. It has always been the aim of the from us by coming usuals, and that we should Catholic Church to educate the heart as well as lose by treachery the prize which the armed the mind, that so the moral and the intellectual hand of tyranny could ust wrist from our grase. faculties might receive equal development, and There is no fear, however, of the result so long act as aids to each other. For knowledge, like as religion as not decinoued from ner rightful every agency of, power which man can wield, is place. Under her bengal rule knowledde trais-If abused, it becomes a source of almost iccepur- her most solid triumpis. Perhaps in the whole able evil, and some of the greatest calamities history of the Church there is nothing so beautiand most terrible disasters that have befallen the, ful as the scenes associated with her cultivation world may be traced to the influences of intel- of the human intelest. It would be beyond lectual depravity. As civilisation progresses both our province and our lands to trace the this danger becomes more imminent, because the elacoration of that complicated system winch mind grows jealous of restraint, and, dissatisfied commenced in the cloister and had its full devewith the limitations assigned by Providence to lopment in the lecture half; but we may remark its capacity, seeks refuge from the unintelligible that to the Church belongs the glory of having in a scepticism and infidelity fatal to truth. It laid the base of those liberal studies which have. is not in the ages of ignorance, nor yet during more than anything clar, contributed to the May still-but the last day of it. The sun is ! those transition periods from a state of comparabecoming hotter, the flowers are of a richer tint tive culture, that nations or individuals are most lence of modern civilisation. What the Univer--the summer is opening out its treasury. The exposed to the perils of mental arrogance and sities did for France, for Germany, and for

wear it always; he made her promise to think of to, having no money, no friends, no health, no actress, the pauper in the workhouse, and now and in the capital of the greatest empire of the whitewashed walls, her ears soon tired of the too, being, as he is, a well-educated, indeed I prophetic almanaes and crystal globes, have ceaseless din-the clatter of the wooden-clogs | may say, a talented fellow, and one who possesses | their crowds of educated believers, who patronupon the pavement-the clatter of tin dishes, tin that golden key of riches which entitles him to ise their absurdities, and openly profess adhora carte blanche' into the highest circles of so- ence to their follies. The supernatural subjected to a juggler's manipulation, and the spiritual is explained by metaphysical theories which pro-A year has passed, and in a splendid mansion, pagate the most revolting and dangerous errors of materialism. Nothing is safe from profanation. The past is mutilated, the present is distorted, and the future is resolved into a grotesque combination of chance issues and uniform and settled on the doctrine of probabilities; and we have seen even in the Church which boasts to be the repository of Biblical truths, an audacious hand raised to wipe away from the sacred page the proofs of inspiration. The concomitant moral evils which must necessarily attend such mental irregularities are too notorious to need reference. The Divorce Court of England, the daily record of the newspapers, and even the ordinary phases of society tell a sail but suggestive tale. The London or Paris of to-day seems, in point of morality, in no way superior to the Athens of Pericles, or the Rome of the Casars. In Christian cities there are good Christians to be found; but Christian civilisation has failed by its worldly influences to ed me : she never left me. Oh! Harry, she make vice less flagrant, or its practices less gross calls me to herself; I feel it. This is the last than they were in heathen times. And, nuless day of her month, and I feel that it is the last by chastisement or repentence a great reformation be soon effected, we may expect to see England involved in the fate which has over-

With those terrible examples before their

eyes, it behaves 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 subserves the purpose of error. By enforcing an irreligious 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 but, considering the condition it has attained, in mand posts of honor. What they are in princifrom its very foundation, there is in its present | equals will to a great degree come; and though heartfelt congratulation. It could not be other- generation, it progresses so attary and uniterwise. The admitted excellence of the institution ruptedly, and is accomplished in the end. It alumni would of themselves be sufficient to en- many hundreds of weary years, the victorias important element contributing to its prosperity. I fessors with glary, should emerge from suffering useful only in so far as it is rightly employed .- progresses, and arts flowers, and science obtains greatness, the majesty, and the distroctive excel-England, may yet, through the same means, be light that was irradiating Europe with its wonnations to noble destines. The simplest and rudest elements of knowledge were denied to