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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Poor child! what were all her riches to her, as she knelt down in her misery by the rustic bench, and sobbed until her temples seemed bursting with pain? The morning sun cast a glory round her golden wavy hair. But of what value to her was beauty, when her heart was desolate and her hope shattered. There she wept, in the utter abandonment of grief, never heeding the sun, nor the flowers, nor birds. Nothing joyful, the poor child thought, had now part for her. It was her first real sorrow, and like a crushed flower she bowed beneath the grief which had come to shadow the brightness of her young life.

There she sat on the hard floor, her head buried in her arms. She wanted to shut out sight and sound; she wanted to be alone with her sorrow. She never heard a firm, rapid tread, grinding the gravel on the shrubby path, nor Harry's careless, gay whistle, as he came to find his wee cousin.

Abruptly his whistling ceased when he saw her. "Eda, Eda, what's the matter? Are you ill?" One stride and he was by her side. Tenderly and gently the stalwart man took her in his arms. Like a little child he took her up. What was Eda's light weight to his strong arm? He soothed her, even as years ago he had soothed Kate in her childish griefs. His big brown hands stroked the golden head, and with many a fond caress did he try to quell the sobs which shook her slight frame.

No word of his own love did he breathe, although he would have forfeited ten years of his life to have brought back happiness to that winsome face. He asked no questions, he knew, instinct told him, she mourned for Courtenay. His hope whispered, "Time will quench a passing fancy; be patient and she will see for herself what a wealth of love I can lavish upon her. Why should I torture her now? She would hate me if I tried to comfort her by telling of my love. She won't want to be telling the world she cares for a fellow. She may tell it to me though, it will be better than having it on her mind, and God knows, I won't tell my Weenie's trouble. My poor darling, my poor little darling, if she had only loved me instead, I'd never let a tear glisten in her starlike blue eyes."

Harry Bindon was very unpractised in love affairs, but he had strong good sense, so whatever he thought he kept to himself on that July day, when he took his little cousin and held her close to his faithful heart.

"Now, Birdie, don't you think you have cried enough?" he asked, as he patted the tear-stained cheek. "Why, what a sad little Birdie I have found, curled up here, as if it had no one to love it; as if it had no little nest to creep into. There, darling, rest your head on my shoulder, and do not cry any more.—What would mother and all of them say if they saw your poor eyes? There, there, don't you know that it is only poor old Harry who came to find where his wee humming bird had

flickered to. Come into the air; this place is desperately hot; no wonder you feel faint."

He carried her out, and rested her on a green little patch of moss, and then for the first time Eda spoke:—"Cousin Harry, you will not say to any one, what a cry-baby I am?—I don't know, I couldn't help it," she whispered.

"Just so, pet, it's all the fault of the weather. It's awfully hot, and that oppresses you. I myself am as stupid as an owl."

"Is it near luncheon time, Harry? I must go in, and what will I do with my eyes. They look dreadful, I know, and aunt will be sure to ask, 'what's the matter.' She won't believe it is the weather."

Harry thought for a moment, then said, "See here, Eda, wait for me, I'll be back in a second," and away he ran, over the sun-chequered path, towards the house.

"Ready for luncheon, sir," said the white-headed old butler, as he met his young master in the hall. He had danced the boy on his knee when his own hair was brown, and he loved him, as all the servants did, with an enduring faithful love, which would go far to serve "the open-hearted gentleman," "the young Lieutenant, Master Harry."

"I say, Eustace, are the ladies in the room yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, do not ring the bell for a few minutes, I want you to fill my little flask with port, the best port, mind—and get some of those biscuits, the thin captains, the kind Miss Eda likes. We do not want to come into luncheon this grilling day. We are going into the Long-acre woods."

Who ever lingered in obeying a request of Harry's? Ten minutes more, and Harry was returning to Eda with a far more dainty luncheon than he had ordered, in a nice little wicker basket.

The old butler looked after him with a genuine smile of affection, and wonderingly muttered to himself:—"Faith, but it's a queer thing that himself don't carry the world afore him. Shure its as easy to see that Miss Eda is the light of his eyes as that her head is fairly turned by Mr. Mark's tall friend. Oh my! Oh my! it's us servants, as see the ins and outs of a family."

"Now, Birdie, we will have a real jolly time," cried Harry; "but first of all I must doctor you up. See, I have got this bottle of stuff, eau de Cologne, off mother's table. I knew I would find something in her room that would do you good. Weenie, put some on your handkerchief, then on your forehead, and you will be all right in a minute. Now you are a good little girl, and we will find some shady nook in the woods, not far off, where we will have luncheon. Such a lot of nice things as old Eustace put up for us, and you must help me to do them justice. Where is the little woman's hat? Oh! here it is, and the blue bird so crushed." He lifted the coquettish little hat, and tried to straighten the wings of the bird he had given Eda to adorn it.—"Now, pet, come along."

Was ever woman half so gently tended as Eda? Was ever man so thoughtful and considerate? The days of chivalry never die, while such men as Harry Bindon live.

"Eustace, does Mr. Harry know that luncheon is ready?"

"Masther Harry told me to tell you, my lady, he has gone off to the woods, and taken Miss Eda with him."

"What strange freaks that wild boy of mine takes," said the fond mother, with a smile.—"The idea of going for a ramble this hot day, and taking that delicate child with him!"

"Ah, your boy is like his father," said hearty old Sir Stuart, "he loves the open air and the pleasant woods far better than the house. Every place seems contracted and narrow on a day like this. I wish I too could take a ramble, but that time is past. You need not shake your head, Fannie, my walking days are over."

The party assembled for luncheon in the bright diningroom at Oakfield was a silent one, notwithstanding the old man's genial good nature and his wife's placid sweetness. Kate and Mark were evidently depressed; the latter felt the consciousness of having been unjust to the one he loved beyond all others. She naturally was aggrieved at what she considered an insult, paid before a stranger.

Kate felt relieved when she could quit the diningroom and go into the conservatory, which opened off it. Mark eagerly followed her, as he could not rest until he had made some amende.

"Katie, Katie, will you forgive my rudeness to you this morning? Come, Katie, forgive and forget."

"Mark, are your sarcastic speeches kind or generous towards one who trusts you so implicitly?" she said, as she bent over a crimson cactus, and its rich color seemed reflected on her cheek.

"No, I own I was wrong," he impetuously replied; "but your blindness drives me mad."

"Why, Mark, I am the last person you could possibly call blind," she rejoined, with a ringing laugh, which sounded mockingly to him.

"She will never understand me, she is willfully blind," he impatiently muttered, as he watched her among the flowers. "Well, Katie," he resumed after a pause, "what have you to say to me?"

"Nothing, Mark, I am hasty myself, so we will not think any more about this morning's work. For the future let us forbear with each other's faults."

So the matter rested, and once more Kate Vero had dashed the untasted cup of happiness from her lips. Truly she did not belie the name of "the proud Veros"—those Veros whose pride was ever their curse.

Harry having found the shady little nook of which he had spoken, established Eda on the gnarled roots of an old oak tree, "the fairy of the woods," as he playfully called her. He tried to make her taste that dainty little lunch, and that "oldest port of all."

"You must eat, Weenie, or you will never get rid of that sad little face, which breaks my heart to see. Come, Eda, look at that lark, mounting up to the blue sky; my Birdie must try to follow its example, and lift her heart beyond this disappointing world. Weenie, when I have been in wild storms, and the tempest has pitched the ship like a cork on the waves, flashes of memory would lighten up the past, and carry me back to the days when as a little boy I used to play in this very wood. Ay, this very old tree used to be a favorite spot then. In those awful moments, the thought of the old place, mother and all of them, would rise before me, and I would tremble to think that in a few moments I would be sinking, through the seething waters, into Eternity.—When I first went to sea, I dreaded the storm; now I feel that while there is life there is hope, and that we must not trifle with God's goodness by mistrusting Him."

So Harry chatted to the little lady, trying to wean her thoughts from off her trouble. In a measure he succeeded, so far that on their return home, Lady Bindon noticed nothing unusual, simply remarking "Birdie looks very tired, Harry; I hope you did not overtax her strength."

CHAPTER VII.

Bravely Eda Hamilton learned the bitter lesson of resignation and hid from the world and those who loved her the sorrow that had met her on the threshold of womanhood. The summer of her life had indeed been shadowed by a dark cloud, and with all her clinging faith in a Heavenly Father's love, she saw little chance of light ever dawning to bless her first love. Yes, Eda Hamilton was Colonel Hamilton's daughter, and even as he had battled with the enemies of his country and won, so his delicate child, with a touch of the same heroic spirit, wrestled with her grief and gained that resignation which enabled her to hide her secret from all eyes.

A pleasant spot was the old school room at Oakfield. In that very room Kate Vero had learned her lessons, romped with the boys, wept over Levizac, and teased her governess, the kind lady who labored so patiently for the advancement of her wayward but affectionate pupil.

Eda liked the schoolroom "better than all Oakfield put together." She did not care for the awe-inspiring drawingroom, with its satin damask draperies, and its rare china monsters which her fingers always tingled to make "Aunt Sallies" of, but which Lady Bindon had such an aristocratic affection for.

In Kate's sanctum, as the schoolroom was now termed, there was always freedom to be found, and Eda loved to nestle her small self into the corner of the deep old-fashioned sofa, and enjoy some favorite book, while Kate played or sang the "Paddified Melodies," which embodied the very essence of all true music.—In the corner of the room stood Kate's own cottage piano, upon which she far more frequently played than on Erard's grand, the pride of the drawingroom.

No pretentious pictures hung on the wall, just a few good engravings broke the monotony of the white papering. "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," vis-a-vis to "Dignity and Impudence," while "The Choristers" gaped with open mouths at "Rosa Bonheur's Horses." The scarlet japonica and the snowy jessamine were trained round the glass door which opened on the smooth, well kept lawn.—A very bowyer that room seemed in summer, flowers without and within, for the queen of that retreat loved flowers, as she testified by the tastefully grouped blossoms filling the slender shafted crystal vases on mantelpiece and table. A quaint room—a room always to wish for—was the old-fashioned schoolroom at Oakfield.

The sofa was drawn close to the open win-

dow, and Eda, sunk into its yielding cushions, watched the fleecy clouds which flecked the almost Italian blue of the sky. Nominally she was reading, but the new magazine, with uncut pages, lay upon her lap, and her fingers toyed with the ivory paper knife while she watched the clouds and thought of the past. Seven weeks since Aylmer Courtenay left Oakfield, and a great change in that time had fallen upon her. Those who loved the little one remarked that her cheek was pale and her step often weary but she said "the heat had made her languid," and so they blamed the weather for stealing away their darling's spirits. No one knew of the heavy heart but Harry; he alone knew why the sweet eyes had so often a wistful look, and why the bounding step was listless. Still he thought, poor fellow! it was a passing fancy, and that in time she must turn to him, when he loved her so truly. He did not realize how deeply rooted was the feeling he underrated.—Eda knew it was madness to dwell upon the past, she dared not follow the dictate of her simple mind and think; that dictate gratified would lead to despair. Thoughts, feelings, passions, every kind of emotion, like ocean tides, ebb and yet return again; they drift away, but in a little while roll in strong and powerful to the accustomed channel; and though Eda strove bravely to banish the thought of her love, his name would often ring in her dreams. Her heart would not always be hushed, and the agonising cry would burst from her pent up soul: "Oh, never again shall I see him, Aylmer! Aylmer! my hope, like a crisp autumn leaf, has fallen from the bough."

"Kate, do not sing that song," Eda exclaimed, "one would think you were sitting on 'Ruby's' grave, wailing over her; oh, don't, oh, don't," she pitifully cried. "That's very nearly as bad," she continued in an undertone, as Kate's contralto filled the room, with the lament "I sit by the fire-side alone."

"Oh! Kate, blowing the bellows at the fire-side alone." Open flew the door, and Harry entered, with his straw hat on the back of his curly head, and the noisy dogs at his heels.

Eda lifted her head, and a gleam of her old gladness lit up her face. "Oh, Harry, I am so glad you have come to stop Kate singing those dreary, dreary songs."

"You ungrateful pair," cried Kate, with an assumption of dignified solemnity. "If I have been blowing the bellows, have I not contributed a puff of wind on this breezeless day?"

"Oh, bother all those doleful ditties," rejoined the blunt boy, as he unceremoniously pitched the abused song in the corner. This proceeding the dogs evidently thought was intended for their amusement, and effectually put a stop to further criticism, by rending it in pieces.

"See here, Katie, if you want to sing, choose something jolly, like 'Oh, I'm not myself at all, Molly dear. It's my shadow on the wall,'" he shouted in a voice that made the piano strings vibrate, while the dogs yelped and danced with delight around their erratic master.

"Sing anything you like, or play something lively, but not the battle, murder and sudden-death style of fantasies you young ladies are so fond of. Not long ago, in Malta, some of us went to dine at an English gentleman's house, a kind parvenu, with lots of tin. His daughter sat down to the piano, and I can liken her playing to nothing but the crash of the yard-arms in a gale; bang, bang, went the notes, while her mother, sitting beside me on the sofa, piped away of all the money spent on her daughter's music. 'Four hundred pounds worth, I assure you,' she whispered, as the piece was concluded. I could have sworn, four thousand pounds had been expended on it.—'Now Angelina,' my hostess continued, 'give us a song.' Her daughter selected some Italian affair, then, turning to me, said, 'Do you like Italian songs?' 'I have been so long away from home, that I would sooner hear an English one, please,' I replied. 'Oh, certainly, how sweet,' she simpered; 'of course, as the Irish are so patriotic, 'Auld Robin Gray' might suit you; I conclude he was an Irishman, from the peculiar way 'old' is spelt.' I did not know how to baffle her affection, so I merely said, 'I think Auld Robin was a Scot.' Then the frantic yell that broke upon our ears, of 'Auld Robin Gray was a kind mon to me,' I shall never forget. It rang in my ears for days and gave me such a megrim in my head, that for weeks I was quite stupid."

Who could resist Harry Bindon's irrepressible drollery, and Eda's hearty laugh well repaid him for his effort to cheer her.

"You ridiculous boy," laughed Kate, "you have spoiled my morning's practice." Then, with womanly tact, thinking Harry wished for a tele-a-tele with Eda, she resumed her seat at the piano, and commenced "Alice, where art thou?"

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

ON "Ireland Under the Tudors."

THE SECOND LECTURE IN ANSWER TO MR. FROUDE.

HENRY THE EIGHTH THE HERO OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—HIS PERSECUTION AND OPPRESSION OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.—A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF FROUDE'S HERO.—ATROCITIES OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—FIDELITY OF THE IRISH TO THEIR FAITH.

(From the N. Y. Metropolitan Record.)

The Academy of Music was again well filled on Thursday night, the 14th inst., to hear the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P., in his lecture upon "Ireland under the Tudors." The topic was the same as that selected by Mr. Froude in his recent course at Association Hall. On the stage was the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, and many prominent representatives of the Catholic clergy of the city and county. The audience manifested the deepest interest and enthusiasm, cheering the eloquent Dominican repeatedly during the delivery of the discourse.

He was received with great applause, renewed again and again, on his appearance before the audience. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We now come to consider the second lecture of the eminent English historian who has come among us.—It covers one of the most interesting and terrible passages in our history. It takes in three reigns—the reign of Henry VIII., the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of James I. I scarcely consider the reign of Edward VI., or of Philip and Mary worth counting. The learned gentleman began his second lecture with rather a startling paradox. He asserted that Henry VIII. was a later of disorder. (Laughter.) Now, my dear friends, every man in this world has his hero; whether consciously or unconsciously, every man selects some character out of history that he admires, until at length by continually dwelling on the virtues and excellencies of his hero, he comes to almost worship him. Before us all lie the grand historic names that are written in the world's annals, and every man is free to select the character that he likes best, and he selects his hero. Using this privilege, Mr. Froude has made the most singular selection of a hero that you or I ever heard of. His hero is Henry VIII. (Hisses.) It speaks volumes for the integrity of Mr. Froude's own mind. It is a strong argument that he possesses a charity most sublime (laughter) when he has been enabled to discover virtues in the historical character of one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth. (Applause.) He has, however, succeeded in this to us apparent impossibility: he has discovered among many other shining virtues in the character of the English Nero a great love for order, a great hatred of disorder. Well, we must stop at the very first sentence of the learned gentleman and try to analyze it and see how much there is of truth in this word of the historian, and how much there is which is honorable to him and a truthful figment of his imagination. All order in the state is based upon three great principles, my friends: First, the supremacy of the law; second, respect for the liberty of conscience; and thirdly, a tender regard for that which lies at the fountain-head of all human society, namely, the sanctity of the marriage tie.—(Applause.)

The first element of order in every state is the supremacy of the law, for in this supremacy lies the very quintessence of human freedom and of all order. The law is supposed to be, according to the definition of Aquinas, "the judgment pronounced by profound reason and intellect thinking and legislating for the public good." The law, therefore, is the expression of reason—reason backed by authority, reason influenced by the noble motive of the public good. This being the nature of law, the very first thing that is demanded for the law is that every man shall bow down to it and obey it. (Applause.) No man in any community has any right to claim exemption from obedience to the law; least of all the man who is at the head of the community, because he is supposed to represent before the nation that principle of obedience without which all national order and happiness perishes among the people. Was Henry VIII. an upholder of the law? Was he obedient to the laws? I deny it, and I have the evidence of all history to back me up in that denial, and I brand Henry VIII. as one of the greatest enemies of freedom and law that ever lived in this world, and consequently one of the greatest tyrants. (Applause.) My friends, I shall only give you one example out of ten thousand which might be taken from the history of the time. When Henry VIII. broke with the Pope, he called upon his subjects to acknowledge him—bless the mark!—as spiritual head of the Church.