VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1876.

NO. 52.

JUST RECEIVED.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK. Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Man-

ACENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

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JUST RECEIVED. SERMONS BY THE LATE

REVEREND J. J. MURPHY.

who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875. We have just received from our Agents in England a consignment of SERMONS on VARIOUS SUB-

JECTS, given by
THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871.
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ONE BY ONE.

One by one the friendly faces Disappear before our eyes, Fainter, fainter grow the traces Of the once familiar ties;

As life opens out before us, And we slowly wend our way, Loneliness come stealing o'er us, Growing greater day by day.

So, from crowded port a vessel Disappears at length from sight Boldly going forth to wrestle With the waters in their might;

Soon she gains the open ocean, And, amid its ceaseless moan, Must she then, with self-devotion, Take her pitiless course alone.

Let us, then, since all is fleeting, Cherish those our hearts hold dear, Meet them with a friendly-greeting, Ere the parting time is here;

'Then, life's evening drawing nearer, And our sun about to set, Retrospection may be clearer, Less disturbed by vain regret.

A TRUE STORY.

SCOTCH MARGARET'S VOCATION TO THE FAITH.

Perhaps the chief interest of this true story is in its being only one of a large class Very likely many of my readers may think of others they know of in their own experience of the same kind, for the Catholic Church is above all the Church of the poor, and makes its chief progress among the

Well, then, about forty years since two mill girls were returning from their work on Saturday afternoon, in a town in North Britain. One said to the other, "Where do you go to church on Sundays?" "Oh, I go to the Established Church," was the answer; "Where do you go?" "I go to the Catholic chapel," replied the first. "The Catholic chapel?" replied Margaret L———, who, however, when her astonishment had subsided, was talked round by her " comrade," as they say there, to draw lots to see to which place of worship the two should go the mext day. We must hope the Ca tholic girl intended to hear an early mass. However it fell out that they were both to go to the Catholic chapel. But poor Margaret could make nothing of it; she could not follow, though her comrade kept pointing to the place in the book where the priest had got to. The preacher was not the one whom her comrade hoped for, and Margaret left the chapel

with no favorable impressions. The following Wednesday, returning from work with her comrade, sooner than usual, her friend said "I must now go this way." "What's that for?" asked Margaret. "To chapel," she replied. "To chapel !' exclaimed Margaret. The Scotch do not understand going to church or chapel except on the Sabbath. "What's to do at the chapel?" asked Margaret. "Instructions," said her comrade. "Could I go too ?" "O ave," and they went to the chapel. "When we got to chapel," said Margaret 'I saw a lot 'o lads on one han' and a lot o' lassies on the other, and Father Peter F was on a chair within the altar rails, and he had a long wand in his han' and if ony o' them sleepit, he tap-hit them on the head wi' the wand." They were lads and lassies tired after their day's work, sent ly

hearty and kindly. "Well," said Margaret, "Fa-ther Peter was giving an instruction on sin, and he held up a sheet of paper, and it had big black spots on it and wee anes; and he said how that mortal sin was on our souls as the big black spots, and the venial sins as the wee anes; and then he said how that nothing could wash the black spots off our souls but only the blood of Jesus Christ And when the instruction was done he came and stood by the door, and he spoke to every ane. And when he saw me he said, 'Why, this is a stronger!' says he, and 'Yes sir,' said I; "for," with a look implying she knew better manners now than to call a priest sir. "Idid na ken how to reverence him then. And as I went home that night, and as I lay my head on my pillow, and as I went to work next day, and at every turn and corner, I was thinking how to get the black spots off my soul."

She got then to Father Peter's schoolroom among Catholic girls, and was soon received into the Church. She brought home her wages, slept and ate at home, but no one in the house spoke to her. After some months her mother fell sick, and was dying, and many of the relations came to the honse : they were all in the room with the sick woman. Margaret was in another room alone. She knelt down and prayed that her mother's soul might not be lost; she offered her life to God, if that would save her mother's soul. "If I had aye prayed like that," she said, "I should be a saint noo; and as I was praying," she added, with a look and manner of the most clear, fervent conviction, "I was told to go and fetch Father Peter. I started up; I went into the room where they all were ; I had to push my sister aside to get my shoes; they were under the bed, and I was 'most afeared to touch her. for that morning she had taken me by the hair and dashed my head against the fireplace. I ran, and as I crossed the bridge I thought may be he's in the schoolroom." (This would save her a mile.) Everything favored me. I found him there, and said, 'Father Peter, you must come to my mother -she's dying.' 'But did she send for me, Margaret?' 'No; but you must come, or my mother's soul will be lost.' 'Is any one in the house?' 'Aye, the house is fu' of people, but you must come.' Well, I'll be there in twenty minutes.' I went

hack, and waited for him at the foot o' the stuir.

He was as good as his word, and we walked into
the room together. And then Father Peter said,
looking round, "Now all you folk mun go out"
"Nay, sir," said my aunt, "I think it more fitting that we should stay and see what you want to do wi' my sister.' He did na' speak for a wee, and then said, "Margaret, have you a father?" I said, "Aye, there he is," and so he walked up to my fa-ther, and said, "Now you must go out, and take all these folk wi' you." My father didna like to rebel. and he walked out, and they a' followed, but he bid me stay; and aye, ye should hae heard their remarks through the door. Says one, "What's he keeping Meg in wi'him fa'?" "Och," said another, "dinna ye ken she's a cat o'his ain kind noo?" Well, he spoke to my mother, and she believed their house the tracks of several rabbits; and they every word he said. I stood in the corner wi'my thought they would go out and look after their fingers in my ears while he heard her confession. I held the basin while he baptized her. He had the Blessed Sacrament with him, and he gave her Holy Communion. I turned her head, held her hands and uncovered her feet while he arointed her, and when he was done he bade me open the door, and they rushed in like a pack o' wolves. "Now," said my aunt to my mother, "ye may die o' starvation, for ye'll get no more to eat or drink till ye dee." Then Father Peter asked me if there was any wine in the house, but I was so strange in the house I did na' ken, so he gave me a shilling to get some wine, and he gave it her wi' his ain han,' and said, That's to show you that it's a Protestant lie. The woman's to have what she can cat or drink while

"Well, I had to go to my work, and didna' like leaving my mother with Protestants. One evening I was alone wi' her, and I said, "Now, mother, you'll not go back from what Father Peter told you?" She said, " No, wean, I'll no go back neo; I'm quite content noo;" and then she said, " Wean, d'ye see you man and you woman at the foot of the bed?" and I said, " No, mother, there's no man and ro woman,' and she said, "Aye, wean, they've been there a' the day;" but, said I, "But, mother, who is the man, and who is the woman?" and my mother said, "The Man's my Saviour, and the woman's waiting to take my soul when I dee;" and as my mother spake, she closed her ain een and dee'd. In a day or two I heard them speaking about a clergyman to come and say a prayer over my mother, but I was bold then, and knelt on the floor, saying my beads, with a Catholic woman who lived on the stair. I turned round and said, 'Ye need na trouble about a clergyman to say a prayer, and I got up and went to Father Peter and again I found him in the schoolroom, and when I told him, he looked up a wee and said, "Weel, Margaret, your mother's soul's in heaven, but I'll come and say a bit prayer over her." And so he came, and no other gentleman said any prayer over my mother, but only Father

Peter." Margaret married a good Catholic man, and some years after her father came to her and said, "Weel Margaret you saved your mother's soul you must save mine too." She had great difficulty in getting a priest to instruct him, and thought she could not do it hereoff. Her father was received into the Church, and died. Margaret lived on, the edification of her neighbors. She did much to get negligent Catholics to practice their religion, and helped some Protestants into the Church. It she had a fault, it was perhaps over indulgence to her children. She did something in her day to help on her religion - Requiescat in pace .- London Catholic Pro-

One good head is better than a great many hands. Idleness is the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

One of the girls of the period says her beau hasn't yet brought himself up to the interrogation point, but when he does she's prepared with an exclama-

THE BLACK FAIRY.

By B. P. SHI, LABER

A widow with her two boys lived near a dark forest, a good way from any neighbor and far from any public road. The path to her cottage was across a wide field; and though in the pleasant seasons some one walked the path every day, when the winter storms came, a week and more some times would pass without the neighbors calling upon the widow or she upon them.

The school house was distant, and the boys staid at home much of the time in winter, studying their school books which they had brought home, and helping their mother.

Though the neighbors did not visit the widow in the stormy weather, one visitor never failed to come to her home, however severe the weather might be; and this was Jack, the great black Newfoundland dog, that belonged to a farmer who lived on a hill more than a mile off. He had a strong affection for them and they for him and many a time they would go into the forest together; and when her boys were under the care of Jack the widow had no fears for their safety.

It was funny to see Jack after a great fall of snow. He would come plunging through the drift where the snow was the deepest, capering about and rolling in it as if he liked it; and then when he reached the widow's house he would run barking round it, or scratch at the door till the boys let him in, and would them seem as glad to see them as if he had not been there for a month. Sometime the farmer would tie some meat or bread to Jack's collar, and point toward the widow's; and he would then start off with it, as if he knew what it all meant, as he probably did.

The boys, with Jack, would often go out into the forest to gather firewood for their mother, and would get as much fun out of it as they could,-They would try sometimes to fancy themselves lost, and would get into the thickest of the wood, for they knew that Jack would know the way back if they should get lost. One day they cut down a number of small spruce trees, and put them together like an Indian tent, a picture of which they had seen, bound together at the top, and filled in all the open spaces with rushes and long grass, that grew near by. It made a very nice tent; and they then brought in bundles of dry branches and grass for beds, until they thought they would as lief be lost as not, with so much to make them comfortable. But they got tired of it at last and then went

Among other things which they did, they set traps for rabbits and birds; and, though they seldom caught anything, they hoped they might. The winter was about setting in, and there had been a light fall of snow, when one day they saw near traps, and see if any of the little animals had got into them. Jack had that day gone to town with his master; so the boys determined to go without him. They went away before dinner, and, as their kind mother feared they might be hungry, she did them up a large bundle of bread and other things to eat, telling them to be careful and be back in good senson.

The day was clear and bright, and they went away very happily into the woods. They went here and there, looking at their old traps and making new ones, when, before they knew it, the sun was hid by clouds, a sudden wind tocked the trees, and snow began to fall very fast. They were a good way in the woods, but made no great haste to return; and when they tried to find their way out, the snow had covered the ground and they did not know which way to go. They were now really lost, and they felt afraid that they should die in the forest and never see their mother again. But they kept walking and walking, till they were so tired they could scarcely move; when, just as they were sinking down on the snow one of them cried out:

"Why, Tom, here is our Indian but that we made last summer."

" So it is, Bill," said Tom, joyfully. "And we will go into it and stay till the storm

s over. I guess it will not snow much." So they went in, and found it just as they had left it-as vice a little but as need be for protection against the snow and wind, which they heard roaring among the trees. The snow kept falling, and as the boys preped out through the door they could scarcely see a foot before it, it was so blinding,

as it was blown about by the wind. It grew darker and darker and thus they knew it was night; but they were brave boys and had talked so much about dangers and being lost in the wood that they were not downhearted, and their only thought was for their poor mother, whom they knew would be almost crazed on their account. But they ate of the bread their mother had given them and then scraped together in the dark the grasses, that were now bay, which they had picked in the summer, and saving their pravers, covered themselves with the grass and laid down to sleep in each other's arms.

The next morning, when they awoke and tried to look out, they found their hut entirely covered with snow. They could not get an opening through large enough to see outside, and then they began to feel discouraged. They were only ten and twelve years old, and many an older heart would bave sunk under such fearful circumstances-shut

up in darkness with not one hope of escape,
The youngest boy, Billy, began to cry. But Tom fried to cheer him up, though he felt very badly

"Don't cry, Bub," he said "There will be some good fairy come along at the right time and find

Billy cheered up a little at this, and they both tried to eat a little of what they had left of their provisions; but it was not much. The air was very close in the hut, shut up as it was in the snow. Then Tom took the longest stick he could

not office the second s

So they passed another day and night. And in who could not, from one reason or another, be ne morning they were both very sad. They thought actually present in Dublin. The form of the docuthe morning they were both very sad. They thought of their mother, and how she must grieve for them, and wondered if they would be found when the snow was gone and the grass was green around them, and how good old Jack would feel when he and them, when they heard a great scratching and whining overhead, where the cap was. And in a moment more a large hole was made in the roof through which the light came, and a dog's black muzzle was seen and a pair of black eyes looking down upon them, and a wonderful bark, that said as plain as dog would speak: " Don't be afraid, I am here."

Then the dog-for it was Jack-set up a furious barking outside, and seemed to run away and then come back to take another look at them.

"It is our fairy!" cried Tom. "We are saved, Billy, by the fairy. Good Jack! dear Jack! bully Jack! Ten thousand thanks, Jack."

Then Jack nuzzled in the snow and whined, and pushed his head further in; but did not dare to jump. Voices were heard outside now. And soon the boys heard men shoveling toward the tent, and they telt that they were indeed saved. They shouted in their joy; and the men outside shoveled the faster, till by and by a shovel made an opening into the tent, and Jack's master leaped in with a cry of delight

The widow had gone through the snow and told the neighbors of the loss of her boys; and they had turned out to find them as soon as the storm was over. They never would have found them, however, if Jack had not been there. He remembered the tent in the forst, and as soon as he guessed what they were in search of, he dashed away to find it, which he did, and his barking called the neighbors to it.

How grateful the widow was at the escape of her boys, and Jack was always a most welcome visitor at the house. He never lost the name the boys gave him of The Black Fairy.

HOME RULE.

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan's Exposition of Both.

We continue this week (from the current number of the Catholic World.) Mr. A. M. Sullivan's paper on the history of the "Home Rule Movement in Ireland," which derives additional interest from the recent debate on the subject in the English Parliament, which showed so plainly that the over-whelming majority of that body neither can, nor will, see right in any matter that concerns Ire-

SECOND ARTICLE.

Whatever the ultimate fate and fortunes of the conceded that the projectors of no other political endeavor witnessed in Ireland for a century past took greater pains than did its founders to constitute the undertaking as the work, not of a party or section or a class, but of the whole nation.

For three years, from 1870 to 1873, the organization had existed in the precursory or preliminary character described in the last number of The Catholic World. Signs which could not be misread had, with increasing frequency and force, proclaimed that even already it might well, without presumption, adopt a more authorative tone; but to the men who guided its counsels, these things spoke only of the moment come at last for submitting their work to formal ratification or rejection by the

In what manner, or by what means, could the opinions of the Irish people best be collected or ascertained for such a purpose? By the formal and regular, open, public and free election of parochial, baronial, or county delegates to a national convention, of course. But there is a law which forbids such a proceeding in Ireland. Delegates may be elected, and may sit, deliberate, vote, and act, in convention assembled, in England, Scotland, or Wales; but if such a proceeding were attempted in Ireland the parties would be liable to imprisonment. A formal election of delegates to a national convention being therefore impracticable, what course would be deemed next best? Only by indirect means could the results which such a convention would directly supply be replaced. The votes of the parliamentary representatives would have been an excellent less of the public feeling, had those representatives been elected by such free choice as the present system of vote by ballot secures in Ireland. But in 1873 it was only at desperate cost the Irish constituencies could venture to exercise the franchise as conscience dictated. The votes of municipal representatives, and other popularly elected public bodies would come next in importance, yet these were amenable to a simi-It robjection; although, as a matter of fact, a vast proportion (probably a large majority) of those representatives, even in 1873, would vote a protest against the rule of the English Parliament. Summoning classes, as classes, to sit in Dublin as a national council was not to be listened to. For a long period these were the questions, the perplexing problems, which, adjourned from meeting to meeting, occupied the Home Government Council. At length they decided that there was nothing for it but to convene by a great National Requisition, which should be a sort of plebiscitefor declaration in itself, an aggregate conference of delegates or " deputations' from every county in Ireland. It was urged by some that the requisition should be an open" one-merely calling upon the conference to discuss the Irich situation : but this view gave way before the advantage of making the requisition itself a more or less decisive pronouncement from the thousands of influential and patriotic Irishmen

tion Act," was passed by the Irish Parliament in order to forbid the Volunteers and other friends of lads and lassies tired after their day's work, sent by negligent parents to mills and foundries before they had made their First Communion. Father Peter that you can generally tell a newly-married couple that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner-table by the indignation of the husband some of the husba

'This odious law, known as the " Irish Conven-

ment was, in fact, decided only after consultation with at least a few of the most prominent men of each of the various sections of national politicians: Repealers, Conservative Nationalists, " Forty-eight men," O'Connellites, Mitchelites. Fenians, Liberals, etc. The well-known vetern Repealer, O'Neill Dannt, proceeded to Tuam, specially charged to seek the counsel and co-operation of the great man whose name alone it was felt would be equivalent to national approval—the illustrious Dr. MacHale, 'Archbishop of the West." If any one living could be fairly assumed to speak as O'Connell himself would speak if now alive, "John MacHale" was the man. He was the old Repeal cause personified •

Mr. Daunt returned to Dublin bearing the news that not only did the Archbishop approve, but that he would himself head the requisition. The announcement was hailed with cheers, like the tidings of some great victory. A few days later, accordingly, the following form of requisition was circulated

" We, the undersigned, feel bound to declare our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country; and that it is desirable that Irishmen should unite to obtain that restoration upon the following principles :-

" To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Mejesty the Sovereign, and the lords and commons of Ireland.

"To secure for that Parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditure.

"To leave to an Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the united empire with foreign states, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the empire at large.

" To obtain such an adjustment of the relations. between the two countries without interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

"And we hereby invite a conference, to be held

at such time and place as may be found generally most convenient, of all those favorable to the above principles, to consider the best and most expedient means of carrying them into effect "

It was expected that probably between five and ten thousand signatures might be obtained to this document among the influential political classes in Ireland, rendering it the largest and most notable army of the kind ever seen in the country. In a few weeks, however, nearly twenty-five thousand names of what may truly be called "representative men" were appended to it ! Only those who were in Ireland at the time can know what a sensation was created by the appearance of the leading Dublin newspapers one day with four or five pages of each devoted to what could be after all only a portion of this monster requisition. Not only was every county represented, nearly every barony sent its best and worthest man. Although most amazement was at the time created by the array of what was termed "incn of position," the promoters of the movement valued even more the names of certain men in middle and humble life, towntraders, tenant farmers, artisans, and others, who were well known to be the men in each locality most trusted by their own class Of magistrates, members of Parliament, peers (a few), bishops, clergymen (Protestant as well as Catholic), mayors, sheriffs, municipal representatives, town commissioners. poor law guardians, there were altogether literally thousands. So general a mingling of classes and creeds and political sections had never before been known (on a scale of such magnitude) in Ireland. Yet no effort had been made to collect signatures after the fashion of petition signing. The object was to seek a half dozen names of really representative men from each district, and these were applied for through the post office. In nearly every case the document, when returned signed by a score or two, was accompanied by a letter stating that many thousands of signstures from that district would

have been forwarded if necessary.

Tuesday, the 18th of November, 1873, was the date publicly fixed for the conference, which was convened "to meet from day to day until its proceedings are concluded. As the day approached, the most intense interest and curiosity were excited by the event, not merely in Dublin and throughout Ireland, but all over Great Britain. The great circular hall of the Rotunda was transformed into the semblance of a legislative chamber, the attendant suite of appartments being converted into division lobbles, dining rooms, writing rooms, &c., while the handsome gallery which sweeps around the hall was set apart for spectators.

The English newspapers seemed much troubled by all this. They did not like that Ireland should in any shape or form take to " playing at parlia. ment," as they succringly expressed it; and this conference affair was vividly, dangerously suggestive to the "too imaginative" Irish. There was, however, they declared, one consolation for them : out of evil would come good; this same conference would effectually cure the Irish of any desire for a native parliament, and show the world how unfit were Hibernians for a separate legislature. Because (so declared and prophesied the English papers from day to day) before the conference would be

*Some time previously he had publicly said that Repeal he understood, but the new programme he did not. Since that time, however, he gave ample proof that he had come to understand it clearly. The clergy of his diocese, the Archbishop himself in one instance presiding at their meeting, had sent in their formal adhesion, accompanied by large contributions of money, to the association.

Almost incredible as it may seem to some readers, this was the only portion of the arrangements never once required. Throughout the four days of protracted and earnest debate, as will be detailed further on, no occasion arose for taking a division.

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