



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1876.

NO. 52.

JUST RECEIVED, A MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Glories of the Sacred Heart, by Cardinal Manning, 12 mo., 300 pages. \$1.00

AGENTS for the DOMINION.

CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Table listing Catholic periodicals such as New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Boston Pilot, and others with their respective prices.

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 SUBJECTS, given by THE LATE REV. J. J. MURPHY, IN 1871. Price, \$2.00.

ONE BY ONE.

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

A TRUE STORY.

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 poor.

hearty and kindly. "Well," said Margaret, "Father 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."

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 house: they were all in the room with the sick woman.

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 full of people, but you must come."

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."

"Well, I had to go to my work, and didna like leaving my mother with Protestants. One evening I was alone wif 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 noo; I'm quite content noo," and then she said, "Wean, dy' see you man and you woman at the foot of the bed?" and I said, "No, mother, there's no man and no 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 deed.

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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 brau hasn't yet brought himself up to the interrogation point, but when he does she's prepared with an exclamation of an ac-coma-dating nature.

THE BLACK FAIRY.

By D. P. SHILABER.

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 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.

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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 their house the tracks of several rabbits; and they thought they would go out and look after their traps, and see if any of the little animals had got into them.

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 rocked the trees, and snow began to fall very fast.

"So it is, Bill," said Tom, joyfully. "And we will go into it and stay till the storm is over, I guess it will not snow much." So they went in, and found it just as they had left it—snow a little but as need be for protection against the snow and wind, which they heard roaring among the trees.

They 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 find, and standing on Billy's back, who got on his hands and knees, he reached up and managed to push a hole through the snow on top of the hut. But the snow blew in so that he had to use his cap to keep it out.

So they passed another day and night. And in the 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 saw 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 dox 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 felt 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 forest, 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 overwhelming majority of that body neither can, nor will, see right in any matter that concerns Ireland.

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 authoritative 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 country.

Whatever the ultimate fate and fortunes of the Irish Home Rule movement may be, it must be 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 a 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.

who could not, from one reason or another, be actually present in Dublin. The form of the document 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, Mitchellites, Fenians, Liberals, etc. The well-known veteran Repealer, O'Neill Damm, 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. MacLac, "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. Damm 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 for signature.

"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 Majesty 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 out 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, and 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 array of the kind ever seen in the country. In a few weeks, however, nearly twenty 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 worthiest man. Although most amazement was at the time created by the array of what was termed "men 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 signatures 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 apartments being converted into division lobbies, 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 parliament," as they sneeringly expressed it; and this conference affair was vividly, dangerously suggestive to the "too imaginative" Irish. There was, however, they declared, no 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 the Irish 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.