## CHRONICLE.

### VOL. XXVI.

### MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

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who lost his life at the fire at Back River on the night of December 4th, 1875.
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#### TO THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By the Rev. Frederick Oakeley, M. A. Missionary RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND CANON OF THE DIOCESE OF WESTMINSTER.

Mother of Saints! how beautiful thou art! In speech how gracious, how august in mien! Guide of the conscience, Mistress of the heart, In all thy steps confess'd a Sov'reign Queen!

There are who deem thy comely pomp a show, Thy ceremonies gauds for children meet; Vainly they prate to me, for well I know

How lovely are thy courts, thy words how Kings have their marshals, palaces their state, E'en Christian homes their daily courtesies;

For Rev'rence doth on Love obsequious wait, And love that lacks respect decays and dies. And shall thy Home, O King of kings, alone No tokens of thy Majesty display?

Shall no glad courtiers muster near Thy throne No duteous escort guard Thee on Thy way? Forbid it, Lord? nor let the world intrude

Her lawless maxims on Thy virgin code; Nor sullen Heresy with whisp'rings crude Break on the stillness of Thy star lit road,

Each symbol of Thy Presence, Lord, is dear: Thy holy vessel, and the costly vest; The Altar where Thy Spirit come so near; The Tabernacle, where thou deign'st to rest.

But chiefly dear, because to Thee most nigh, Thy Priest's and Levites, princes of Thy choice, And they who at Thy Board their service ply, And they who lift in choir the gladsome voice.

By rev'rent gesture or by staid salute Their faith they witness, or their fealty prove; And yield, in measur'd forms and acts minute, Their loyal homage of punctilious love.

And thou, whose wakeful eye doth count the sand, And track the sparrow as it falls to earth, Shalt note, and recompense with bounteous hand, Each least and lowest deed of Christian worth. .

#### ON THE BRINK.

At an early age Arthur Gravely was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one and twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took for his wife Fanny Summerton-one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in return had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best; and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy and one enemy alone, at this time stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and so trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger, and one of them, more bold than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly, but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on-from twenty two to twenty eight will district a

Six years of married life—six years of blessing so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In went first to the bank and gave in a return of all the bank 'Arthur had assumed' a place very near to business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eaverly into his face when he first entered, and the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth Arthur Gravely had found the wine-cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own bouse; he had used

come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all hodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas for the man thus failing! He knows not that his powers of understanding are dying out as

the body fades and perishes! At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private closet and told him that he was going to

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going abroad.

"And of closing up your business?" " Yes."

uspend business.

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some cupable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "At some time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements. Arrived at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents of the bank, and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a ew days upon his hands which he might employ in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends and class-mates of carlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down-hill-were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen, and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and a second night in their company. On this second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of helpless stupefaction. He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humilated. When he met his companions in a private parlour connected with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the compan-

ions of his boyhood.
"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down.'

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant.

He told them what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a drop of hot

There are moments in a lifetime-great criseswhen the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror-when a man, in a brief instant, recalls every salient point of his earthly career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadu't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.
"Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me."

" Done !"

And they did it. They joined hands, and promised one another that they would be true and stcadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his body weakened and that his hand shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?' Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, " into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted

no stimulant—no more of that. The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. saw how deeply the evil habit hat become fixed | He belps the falling ones when he can, and finds upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of unfailing satisfaction in the work. the trial he awoke with an appetite for food, and was able to cat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from this time forth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on this fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept faith, and had been unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravely from home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as it by magic; his cheek had grown fair; and the white of his eye had grown clear and 

went first to the bank and gave in a return of his and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wonderous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind. Arthur did not reach his home until time for

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For invself I shall not want it."

" Not want it ?-Arthur ?"

" I have done with it forever !"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek, and in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet

" Arthur-my husband," as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, " is it true? Do you mean -for ever ?

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She turned white-then she pressed her hand upon her heart, and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face, and sank down weeping like a child, and said :-

"O Arthur! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravely now earned how his wife had suffered without daring to complain-how the worm had gnawed at her heart -saw it all the more clearly because he saw in the present time her surpassing joy and ecstacy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme, and as they eat the meal Arthur told of his trip to the distant

After dinner Arthur went to carry a budget to a neighbor, and when left alone, Fanny sat and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to do an errand.

" Mrs. Gravely! What has happened? What is wrong ?"

"Wrong ?" she repeated looking up. "Ob, sir it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told him the source of the new

happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's 6 Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be

sure he will keep faith." Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office

waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was towards evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting. Arthur, but I have een busy. I have made a most important change in my programme." "Ah? And you are not going away?"

"Yes-I shall go to Europe ; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man one safe, reliable, and competent-who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man, frankly,
"I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your em-

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut-not your present place, Arthur. Know that you are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you ?"

" Mr. Vanderlain !" "Ah! my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the NEW MAN I give my entire confidence, and in his hands I fear not to trust my name and my honour"

It was Arthur Gravely's turn to weep; and he could no more have helped it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

" My dear boy," said the banker afterwards, " l did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others that did speak, and I forebore. I had intended to speak however, before I went away, and, if possible, to get you a good place. But it is all done now. God bless and keep you!

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love; he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he

THE ABBEY OF SLIGO, IRELAND .- This sucient abbey has long been famous for the beauty of its ruins, which are classed amougst the most remarkable in Ireland. It was founded in 1252, under the invocation of the holy cross, for friers of the order of St. Dominic, by Maurice Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, and lord-justice of Ireland. In 1270 it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterward re-erected. It was again destroyed by fire in 1415, but was again speedily rebuit by Bryan McDermot McDonagh, chief of Tirvihill, now the barony of Tirerril; and from this time dates the foundation of the present structure. At the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII; it was granted to Sir W. Taafe. Its remains attest its former splendor. The steeole of the dome is still nearly entire, supported upon a carved harcor cupola, the inside of which is talso carved Adjoining this are several beautifully carved arches about four feet in height, which seem to have been originally separated from leach other, and probably were used as confessionals. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented and one in particular is very unlike the rest; having la neys and lawyers of this stamp easily enough; but the had kept wine in his own house; he had used the boatest in the had send in the boatest in th human head cut; inside; or the arch. ; there are it was not every man whom they would true it dead the appearing penalty multiples are several valids it broughout the rains, containing equally for his ability and his honesty. Besides, answer and commentary thereon by electing to the remains of those buried there. The abby, and there, was the money difficulty. The Crown was Parliament one of the Renian convicts, at the movement of the renian convicts and the renian convicts are renian convicts. 44

#### HOME RULE.

THE HISTORY AND PERSONNEL OF THE MOVEMENT.

(Continued from our Last.)

The Tory party had come into power in the course of the Fenian prosecutions, and had carried on the work in a spirit which Cromwell himself would approve. They really held office, not because they had an effective majority in the House of Commons, but because the Liberals were broken up and divided, unable to agree on a policy. To turn to his own account the "Fenian scare" was Mr. Gladstone's brilliant idea. To make a dash on the Irish Church establishment would rally all the mutinous factions of Liberalism, on the principle of "hit him, he has no friends." It would gratify all England as a sort of conscience-salve for the recent dragonades and coercion laws. Yes; this was the card with which to beat Disraeli. True, Mr. Gladstone had only a few years before put down his foot and declared that never, "no, never," could, would or should that Irish Church be disestablished or interfered with in any way. What was he to say now to cover his flank movement, made for purely party purposes? In all Britain there is no brain more subtle, none more fertile of strategic resources, than that of W. E. Gladstone. Reput it all on Fenianism. He had changed his mind, not because he was out of office with a weak and broken party, and wanted to get back with a strong and united one, but because he had opened his eyes to Fenianism! He never hit on a more successful idea --On the cry of "Down with the Irish Church I" he was swept into office at the head of the most powerful majority commanded by any minister since Peel in 1841. It must not be thought that Mr. Gladstone was insincere, or meant anything but service to Ireland (while also serving his party) by this move. He has the faculty of intensely persuading himself into a fervid consciousness on any subject he likes, whether it be Free Trade, Church Establishment, Church Disestablishment, or Vaticanism.

The Irish Protestants had an unanswerable case against England-that is, as between them and her—on this matter of disestablishment. It was, on her part towards them, an open, palpable, and flagitious breach of faith—breach of formal treaty in fact. The articles of the Union in 1800 expressly covenanted that the maintenance of the Irish Church establishment was to be one of the cardinal fundamental, essential, and everlasting conditions of the deed. Mr. Gladstone snapped his fingers at such considerations. "Mind, you thereby repeal and annul the Union," cried Irish conservatives --"We will kick another crown into the Boyne," said Parson Flanagan at an Orango meeting. "We Parson Flanagan at an Orango meeting. have held by this bargain with you with uneasy consciences," said and wrote numbers of sincere Irish Protestants; "break it, and we break with you, and become Irishmen first and before every-

thing." It was rightly judged by thoughtful observers | Three or four years immersed in such labors—that, though noisy braggaits of the Parson Flan-one protracted series of State Trials—dealing in would cringe all the more closely by England's side even when the church was swept away, there was much of sober carnestness and honest resolve in what hundreds of Protestant laymen (and even clergymen) spoke upon this issue. Yes, though the bulk of Irish Protestants would prove unequal to so rapid a political conversion, even under pro-vocation so strong, there would still be a considerable movement of their numbers towards, if not into, the Irish camp. Time, however, and prudent and conciliatory action on the part of their Catholic countrymen, would be always increasing that raproachment

And so in the very chaos and disruption and upheaval of political elements and parties in Ireland from 1868 to 1870 there was, as by a mysterious design of Providence, a way made for events and transformations and combinations which otherwise would have been nigh impossible.

The church was disestablished; Irish Protestants were struck with amazement and indignation. England had broken with them; they would unite with Ireland. But, alas! no; this was, it seemed impossible. They could never be "Fenians." No doubt they, after all, treasured in their Protestant hearts the memory, the words, and, in a way, the principles of their great coreligionists, Grattan and Flood, Curran and Charlemont. In this direction they could go; but towards separation—towards an "Irish republic," towards disloyalty to the crownthey would not, could not, turn their faces. These men belonged in lurge part to a class, or to classes, never since 1782 seen joining a national movement in any great numbers. They were men of high position; large landed proprietors, bankers, merchants, "deputy-lieutenants" of counties, baronets, a few of them peers, many of them dignitaries of the Protestant church, some of them Fellows of Trinity College. Such men had vast property at stake in the country. They saw a thousand reasons why Irishmen alone should regulate Irish affairs, but they would hold by a copartnership with Scotland and England in the empire at large. This, however, they concluded, was not what the bulk, of their countrymen were looking for; and so it almost seemed as if they would turn back and relapse into mere West-Britonism as a lesser evil for them than a course of "rebellion" and "sedition."

At this juncture there appeared upon the scene a man whose name seems destined to be writ large on the records of a memorable era in Irish history -Isaac Butt.

When, on Friday evening, the 15th of September, 1865, the British Government seized the leading members of the Fenian Society and flung them into Richmond jail, it became a consideration of some difficulty with the prisoners and their friends how and by whom they should be defended. In one sense they had plenty of counsel to choose from. Such occasions are great opportunities for briefless, advocates to strike in, like ambitious authors of unacted plays who nobly offer them to be performed. on Thanksgiving day or for some popular public the Catholic clergy. This vacancy occurred in the charity. No doubt the prisoners could have attoring and lawyers of this stamp easily enough; but months before Mr. Gladstone had rather harshly relief was not levery man whom they would trust fused the appeal for amnesty, and Tipperary made ionni)

tain men of the front rank at the bar would cost thousands of pounds; to retain men of inferior position would be worse than useless. Could there be found amongst the leaders of the Irish Bar even one bold enough and generous enough to undertake the desperate task and protracted labor of defending these men, leaving the question of fee or remuneration to the chance of funds being forthcoming? What of the great advocates of the State Trials of 1843 and 1848? Holmes-clarum te venerabile noman-dead! Shiel-gone, too; Whitesideon the bench; O'Hagan—also a judge; Sir Colman O'Logblen-a Crown prosecutor; Butt-yes, Butt, even then in the front rank, the most skilful, the boldest, the most eloquent, and most generous of them all—he is just the man! Where is Butt?

Where, indeed? He had to be searched and sought for, so utterly and sodly had a great figure silently disappeared from the forum. Thirty years before Isaac Butt was the young hope of Protestant Conservatism, the idol of its solons. He had barely passed his majority when he was elected to the professorship of Political Economy in Trinity College: and at an age when such honors were unnrecedented, was elevated to a "silk gown," as Queen's Counsellor at the Bar. Yet there was always about young Butt an intense Irishism; he was a high spirited Protestant, a chivalrous Conservative; but even in that carly time the eagle eye of O'Connell detected in him an Irish heart and a love of the principles of liberty that would yet, so he prophesied, lead Butt into the ranks of the Irish people. The English Tory leaders enticed him over to London, and sent him into Parliament for one of their boroughs-Herwich. They made much of himand were his ruin. In the whirl of parliamentary life, in the fascination of London society, he abandoned his professional business and fell into debt, difficulty, and dissipation. Had he been less inde-pendent and less self-willed, he would be no doubt have been richly placed by his ministerial friends. Somehow or another he and they drew apart as he went sullenly and racklessly downward. In 1864 he had almost dropped out of sight, having just previously ceased to sit in Parliament.

To the solicitation to unkertake the defence of the Fenian prisoners he responded by giving them, it may be said, three whole years of his professional life. He flung himself into that fight for the men in the dock with the devotion, the enthusiasm, the desperate energy of a man striving for life itself. His genius and ability, conspicuous before, shone out more than ever. He was admittedly the first lawyer of his day; and now not only the Crown counsel, but the Judges on the Bench, felt they were dealing with their master. Of money he took no thought. Indeed, in the best and worst days of his fortunes he gave it little heed. He has been known to the depth of his difficulties to hand back a special fee of a hundred guineas which he knew a poor client could not spare, and the same day pay his hotel bill with a check doomed never to be cashed. The incident is unfortunately only too typical of one phase of his nature.

agan class would not only let the crown alone, but the most painfully realistic way with the problem of Ireland's destiny, could not fail to have a profound effect on a man like Butt. Mcantime, he grew into immense popularity. His bold appeals for the prisoners, which soon came to be the sentiments of the man rather than the pleadings of the advocate, were read with avidity in every peasant's cottage and workman's home. The Fenians, broken and defeated as an organization, yet still ramifying throughout the country, looked to him with the utmost gratitude and confidence. Under his presidency and guidance a society called the Amnesty Association was established for the purpose of obtaining the royal elemency for at least some of the Fenian convicts. A series of mass meetings under its auspices, were held throughout the island, and were the largest assemblages seen in Ireland since the Repeal meetings of Tara and Mullaghmast. In fine, Mr. Butt found himself a popular leader, at the head of at all events the pro-Fenian section of the Irish political elements and daily becoming a power in the country.

The resentful Protestants, just now half-minded to hoist the national flag, were many of them Butt's old comrades, college-chums, and political associates. He noted their critical position, and forthwith turned all his exertions, in private as well as in public, to lead them onward to the people, and to prevent them from relapsing into the character of an English garrison. In his public speeches he poured forth to them the most impassioned appeals. In private he sought out man by man of the most important and influential among them. "Banish hesitation and fear," he cried. "Act boldly and promptly now, and you will save Ireland from revolutionary violence on the one side, and from alien misgovernment on the other. You, like myself, have been early trained to mistrust the Catholic multitude, but when you come to know them you will admire them. They are not anarchists, nor would they be revolutionists, if men like you would but do your duty and lead them—that is, honestly and faithfully and capably lead them—in the struggle for constitutional liberty." The Protestants listened, almost persuaded; but some sinister whisper now and again of the terrors of a "Catholic ascendency" in an Irish Parliament-a reminder that Irish Catholics would vote for a nominee of their clergy, right or wrong, and consequently that if the Irish Protestant minority threw off the yoke of England, they should bear the yoke of Romeseemed to drive them, scared, from the portals of nationality.

About this time, the beginning of 1870, Mr. Gladstone raised to the peerage Colonel Fulke Grevillo Nugent, M P., for Longford County. He was a respectable and fairly popular "Liberal" in politics, was a good landlord, and, though a Protestant, kindly and generous to the Catholic clergy and people around him. He had held his seat by and from the priests; for Longford County, from the days when it heroically won its independence, a generation before, had been virtually in the gift of

D. J. Smith Bulevy, Cuin, 2006 Sup.