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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

*Reddita aut sunt Casaris, Casari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday Mar. 26, 1892.

No. 7

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	10.00	
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The

# Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 26, 1892

No. 7

## HOW LENT IS KEPT IN TORONTO.

### Mission to Men at St. Michael's Cathedral.

Never before perhaps was there such an awakening of Catholic faith and piety in Toronto as during this present Lent. This blessed result has been doubtless due first and chiefly to the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours that is being held by direction of His Grace the Archbishop in every church in the city. It is the meek and merciful Saviour, in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, visiting His people again, going round amongst them, doing good to all and healing all manner of diseases. It is the enkindling by His own blessed breath in the hearts of the faithful the divine fire He came to cast upon the earth. It is the gracious and plenteous outpouring of the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God. It is the coming again in meekness of the King who will yet come in majesty, and it is the joyous uprising and going out of the people with hosannas in their hearts and the palm branches of penance in their hands to receive and possess their King in Holy Communion.

The Forty Hours began at St. Mary's church the first Sunday in Lent. The opening sermon was preached by His Grace the Archbishop (Review of March 12th.)

Next to the goodness and mercy of God, the striking manifestation of faith and fervor visible all around is due to the provident pastoral care and energetic zeal of this large-hearted, eloquent and learned prelate. His splendid Lenten Pastoral, a voluminous and attractive compendium of dogma and devotion, is an excellent text-book for the preacher, an admirable prayer-book for the people. St. Mary's church is always crowded, it was literally packed the Sunday the Archbishop preached. His Grace has the devoted love of all his people, but there is in the hearts of St. Mary's congregation a tenderness of affection for him that he won by his amiable and indefatigable zeal when with them in the young days of his priesthood, and that is now only all the stronger when he comes as the amiable, gentle, distinguished prelate, of whom they have such reason to be proud. It is sometimes said, "the sermon was equal to the occasion," when the saying does not mean much. But when the occasion is the coming of an Archbishop after forty years of priesthood and twenty-five of episcopate to the parish of his first young pastoral love, to carry the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession around the church, the sermon to be equal to such an occasion must be, what the Archbishop's was, in every way perfect. His closing appeal to the people of his old parish was the most powerful and touching we have ever heard. His "come to me all" of the blessed Saviour, seemed to burst forth warm and loving from the great heart of the Good Shepherd Himself, and go straight to the hearts of the faithful of His own blessed Mother's parish.

On the second Sunday in Lent the Forty Hours' Devotion began in St. Basil's church; and on the third Sunday in St. Paul's, the Archbishop presiding at the opening services in both these churches, and carrying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn Procession, after having addressed a few burning words of

living faith and tender piety to the respective congregations.

St. Basil's and St. Paul's adjoin the Cathedral parish, and the outpouring of grace in these two churches during the Forty Hours' Devotion, with the fervent opening of St. Mary's, helped much to crowd the Cathedral with men on the evening of the third Sunday, when the week's mission to men began. The Cathedral was packed to the doors, and the preacher said he never saw a more intelligent looking and attentive audience. The Archbishop presided at the opening exercise, and, after the sermon of the evening made a most impressive appeal to the vast congregation. The Mission is being conducted by Father Ryan, who is known in the United States and Canada as an eloquent preacher and zealous priest, and who, we are glad to learn, is to be stationed at St. Michael's Cathedral. Taking as his opening text St. Michael's Motto. "Who is like to God?" Father Ryan preached his first sermon on the Rights of God as Creator, King and Master, and man's correlative duty of praise, reverence and faithful lifelong service. His second sermon was on "The Rights of Man." Having shown in his first sermon that man's duty to God was the foundation of his rights, he went on to prove, with forcible reasoning and persuasive appeal, that man's right to life, liberty and happiness is successfully maintained and completely secured only in the Catholic Church. For she alone gives highest life and truest liberty by teaching infallibly the Truth of God, and true, eternal happiness, which is the permanent provision of perfect good, by giving sacramentally the God of truth. "Sin" was the subject of the third sermon. The preacher considered sin as a rebellion against the authority and rights of God, and a destruction of the rights and liberties of man. Then with striking Scriptural illustration he pictured sin as the death, funeral and burial of the soul. After this death and burial came the resurrection of the soul and the general judgment as supplying matter for the fourth discourse. Taking to herself the power and majesty of God's mercy, the soul says to her sins. "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment." Dead thoughts, words and deeds arise, and in fear, sorrow and love the culprit becomes the judge in the sacred tribunal of penance. The sermon that followed this was perhaps the most touching and effective of the mission. It was on the Good Shepherd seeking the lost sheep, finding the lost one, and taking him home to the heart of God. Besides the evening exercises there are two meetings in the morning, one at 5.30 and the other at 8 a.m., Mass and a short instruction at each. These morning exercises began in the chapel, but the crowd was so great that the exercises had to be held in the Cathedral. The mission will close on Sunday evening when Father Ryan hopes to see at least one thousand men receive their uniforms and decorations as soldiers and officers in that Grand Army of God, the League of the Sacred Heart.

There are 800 Catholic Truth societies already established throughout the country. The number should be increased two-fold during next year.

## St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is always a feature with Irishmen and their kin in Toronto. This year was no exception to the rule. It was rather an epoch in the record of celebrations. It is many years since was witnessed in this city such a gathering of Irishmen, all joined together to do honour to him who implanted Christianity in place of paganism, and who gave to them—on the country hillside—the Shamrock, to be ever the emblem of their faith and their nationality. As the drum beat, following the sun around the world, gave notice of the breaking of day, quickly following it was heard throughout the sweet strains of Ireland's national music. And from the frozen ice fields of the North, the arid plains of the South, and the fertile fields, valleys and populous towns of east and west, fervent blessings were called upon that dear old island so rich in fame and story—the island of St. Patrick, Ireland the true and loving, the birthplace of heroes, the cradle of song, the home of oratory, the school of patriots and the exemplifier of faith and virtue.

Where, in ancient or modern times, is there found such another record of a peoples' love for motherland? The pages of history records none such, nor will it ever. In heart and in spirit, Irishmen throughout the world united as one, to once more, in spirit, cause the harp of Tara to re-echo through its deserted halls, and to breathe a prayer for the speedy consummation of that for which she has so nobly fought and of which she was so basely deprived—a national parliament on Dublin College Green. On Thursday the Shamrock was seen everywhere in the city; on the coats of business men hurrying to their respective pursuits, upon the coat of the labourer and mechanic going to their day's work of toil, upon the bosom of fair maid and matron, and upon the soutane of those worthy successors of St. Patrick, who minister at the altar of holy Church and emulate him in self sacrificing devotion to their charges.

For many years it had been the custom to abstain from a procession throughout the streets; but on this occasion it was reversed, and safe it is to say that a more orderly, more respectable looking, or more sober body of men has ever been seen wending their way through the streets of this city, than were those composing the procession of St. Patrick's day. They did themselves credit, they did their race credit, and they did their Church credit.

The *World* reports the proceedings thus:

### THE RENDEZVOUS.

St. Lawrence market was gay with green and white in the early hours of the morning. St. Patrick's Day was opening with sunshine and was as favorable for marching as could be desired. The loyal sons of Old Ireland were peering in from Dan to Beersheba, and were thronging the old square. Green banners overhead, green uniforms underneath, green and white plumes upon the marshals, whose steeds pranced under unaccustomed trappings of the prevailing color. Here and there were towering figures, whose black wedge caps and brownish gray capes proclaimed the mounted

(Continued on page 119.)

FOR THE CATHOLIC REVIEW

## Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

## SIR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER.

MANY an old parliamentary member could tell us of the shadow that fell across the Dominion House, one bright May day some nineteen years ago, when Sir John A. Macdonald rose slowly out of his chair and read the telegram announcing the death, in England, of Sir George Etienne Cartier.

They could tell us also, of how Sir John's voice quivered with emotion, his genuine grief for his friend showing in his inability to speak the necessary words of regret upon the demise of a great political colleague, and of how, from Grit and Tory alike, was rendered due homage to one of Canada's greatest statesmen.

And now, as the visitor approaches the House in Ottawa, to the right he may see a life-like cast of Cartier, a visible expression of his country's esteem. No doubt his twin brother in politics, Sir John A. Macdonald, will soon keep him silent company.

Sir G. E. Cartier was born on the sixth of September, 1814, at St. Antoine on the Chambly River, Verchers, Quebec. He was a descendant of the great Jacques Cartier, though not in a direct line. So much indeed did he value the relationship, that nothing so easily aroused his ire as hearing of any doubts being cast upon his genealogical tree having its roots in St. Malo.

As was the case at that time with all wealthy parents in Lower Canada who desired their sons to receive an education capable of fitting them for church or state, the young Cartier was sent to St. Sulpice, where he remained eight years.

He laid the foundation of his future parliamentary strategy, by taking up the legal profession, which he continued the practice of for a number of years in Montreal. His wonderful industry and energy, that never flagged to the last moment of his life, built him up a very lucrative business.

But, these years of quiet work were first preceded by a youth's hot participation in the rebellion of 1837.

His bold, impetuous nature was easily stirred by the impassioned eloquence of Papineau's denunciations of the tyranny of the ruling oligarchy, and Cartier became one of Dr. Nelson's most willing and fearless followers.

As an evidence of how, even at that early date, he gave signs of his future greatness, we quote *Le Canadien* on a report having reached them that the young Cartier had been lost in a skirmishing expedition.

"He was a young man possessing in the highest degree qualities of heart and mind, and before whom lay a brilliant career."

But Papineau's covert projects of retrieving the loss of the Plains of Abraham ended as did it, and Cartier, with many others, had to effect their escape to the United States, whilst a price of five hundred pounds was offered for his arrest.

But the mother country granted pardons rather easily to her rebellious sons, for having enquired into the disturbance, she found just provocation and so Cartier was re-instated once more in her good graces.

For ten succeeding years he took no active part in public life, but the fever of political ambition still permeated his blood, and in 1848 he accepted the nomination of Verchers for the *Bleu* party, under the Lafontaine-Baldwin government.

He carried all the votes of Verchers, as did his father and grandfather before him.

Cartier entered upon the arena of Canadian politics at a period when the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were trying their respective strength on the whole. Each had picked their ablest men to pit them against the other, determined by fair means or foul, in a political light, to secure the lion's share of the contest for his own Province.

It is our part to only follow, as briefly as possible, the movements of Sir George Etienne Cartier—the little Frenchman whose spare form was innate with nervous force, as was the face clean shaven and warm in coloring, with hair brushed straight back from the large, high forehead, the expressive eyebrows keeping time to the decisive nodding of the head and the alert glances of the brilliant dark eyes, whilst the square strong jaw completed an open countenance, full of fire and intelligence.

As a speaker Cartier was given to many words delivered in a very high key, but they were not the empty ravellings of a frothy would-be orator, but the outpouring of a hard, practical mind devoid of rhetorical flourish that, in his intusness to make his hearers feel the wisdom of seeing as he saw, and thinking as he thought, he had recourse to the many drops of water that wear away a stone.

He was instrumental in bringing about the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves—a direct imposition that was placed upon the people by the Imperial Authorities for the maintenance of a Protestant clergy in Canada.

But still more beneficial to the rank and file of his own province was the abolition of Seigneurial tenure; and with this bill passed away into history the last remnants of Feudal vassalage.

In 1850 Cartier served as Provincial Secretary under the McNab-

Tache ministry. And in the same year, upon the "double majority" principle, by a change of ministers without party, known as the Tache-Macdonald, he was appointed Attorney-General for Lower Canada.

In 1857 he became leader of the Lower Canadians, with John A. Macdonald as Premier, and so formed the Macdonald-Cartier government.

It was during the parliamentary sitting of this year that these two colleagues effected the famous "Double Shuffle" for the first time, and so regained their power, without an appeal to their constituents.

It was also during this year that Cartier fought George Brown's bill of Representation by Population.

By the Act of Union of 1841 it was provided, chiefly at the request of Upper Canada, that the Dominion Parliament should be composed of eighty-four members, forty-two from each province. This number was afterwards, in 1853, increased to sixty-five from each section.

But the population of Upper Canada growing larger than the Lower Province, a feeling of dissatisfaction arose in the former against the provision that they before stipulated for, and the cry of Representation by Population went out. In their desire to crush the French they missed the mark, and the whole weight fell upon themselves. George Brown himself, with grim humour alludes to it in his speech where he depicts the French conquerors on the Plains of Abraham, and yet, here they sit, the conquerors and the conquered, with the former suing for privileges from the latter, and being—refused it.

It was during a very warm discussion upon this subject, that a member of the Opposition, finding himself worsted by the matchless argumentation of Cartier, had recourse to the paltry weapon of a feeble mind, by making disparaging allusions to Cartier's courage in '37. With a bound the little Frenchman was on the floor, and his eyes fairly blazed upon his opponent of six feet one as he told him "he was neither afraid of him in the House nor out of it."

In 1861 he contested Montreal with M. Morin, leader of the *Rouge* party. In winning this election Cartier's friends reckon it as his greatest victory.

In 1867 Confederation was passed, and for Cartier's Herculean work upon this momentous measure he was made a baronet. But even great men have their weakness, and 'tis said Cartier never forgave Sir John A. Macdonald for being knighted before any honour was conferred upon himself.

In the year 1869 Sir George E. Cartier, in conjunction with Hon. Wm. Macdougall made a successful negotiation in England for the transfer of the rights of the Hudson Bay Company in lieu of three hundred thousand pounds payment from the Dominion, and thus included it in Confederation.

One of his greatest acts for his province was making the Civil Code the law of Lower Canada. So much did he value it himself, that in his speech before the House of Assembly in Quebec he said "I desire no better epitaph than this." He accomplished the Civil Code.

It was his ambition to build up a new France upon British principles, and governed by French laws. His untiring labour in the interests of his native province was truly wonderful. He succeeded in making the Legislative Council elective and responsible to the people, thereby wiping out the great prevailing evil, existing ever since an English Governor came to rule with his servile serving burgess.

Framed a bill for the decentralization of Criminal Courts. Passed the Victoria Bridge Bill, and was a powerful advocate for the great Pacific rail line, seeing in it a large advantage to the people of Quebec, "*Embarquons pour l'ouest*" was his cry.

Framed and carried a measure for establishing three Normal schools in Lower Canada, viz.: Laval Normal in Quebec, Jacques Cartier and McGill in Montreal.

The character of Sir George E. Cartier may be summed up in saying he was a party chief, an organizer, an administrator with a Napoleonic spirit of domination. The secret of his success lay in his ambition and self-reliance, with his shrewd knowledge of the world. His private life was sober and laborious, free from all vices and frailties; hospitable to all whether friend or foe, and with a reputation for integrity so beyond question that his word was as good as another man's oath. And above all, first and last a Catholic in the true sense of the word. The only pity is, that such a man left no son to perpetuate the noble name and nature of Cartier.

He was a warm friend of the Irish, and proved it when the Orange faction endeavored to flaunt their insulting colors at the reception of the Prince of Wales in Canada in 1860.

Hon. Mr. Cartier together with some others waited upon the Governor General, Sir Edmund Head, to petition him against such an indignity being offered to a large number of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects. Some demur being made by the Governor to their request, the descendant of the Court of St. Germaines declared "he held his resignation in his pocket, ready to tender if such a disgraceful proceeding were allowed to take place."

There is no doubt though, that his action upon the New Brunswick Separate School Act deserved censure, and he got it by a complete defeat at his riding in Montreal East in 1872.

The following year he went to England for the good of his health, but died in May the twentieth of the same year. His remains were brought home to Canada and he was tendered a state funeral in Montreal, whilst Notre Dame's great bells tolled a solemn requiem over her illustrious son.

L. A. HENRY.



For the CATHOLIC REVIEW  
FATHER RYAN'S POEMS.

For a good fit of the dismal, to be artificially produced, commend me to the poems of the late Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South. From beginning to end the whole lesson is one of gloom. The atmosphere is clouded always, or if there be a burst of sunlight here and there, the rift in the cloud is covered up with a wild rush of darkness. Never was there a man who walked so true with Death; never one to whom so much was life a spirit unknown and unseen.

In the modest preface to his works, Father Ryan disclaimed any attempt at poetry, saying that they are verses only, "written just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art and always in a hurry." But to us who choose to admire the graceful lines comes the question, wherein is this different from poetry? Here was a man, sensitive in every fibre, and, thoughtful, intense. It is in such a one we look for the poet. Verse is his medium; and one who had an ear capable of the most delicate musical taste was certain to make no great error in the choice of the particular metre designed to convey most fully his own sentiment. There is an adaptability in rhythm which at once suggests itself to the mind of him who thinks "in numbers." As an instance of this correctness of expression, which by his own account came impulsively to Father Ryan, and by reason of which we are obliged to see in him the poet that he was, this extract from a summer reverie may be taken:

I saw a flower, at morn, so fair,  
I passed at eve, it was not there.  
I saw a sunbeam, golden bright,  
I saw a cloud the sunbeam's shroud  
And I saw night  
Digging the grave of day,  
And day took off her golden crown  
And flung it sorrowfully down.

In this and in many another passage there is that same melody of words bearing thought lightly upon its musical crest that is the pleasure ever present when we are reading Coleridge. Like as in his, too, there is no unnatural lilt in it. In neither is there the lapidary's polish to be met with so often in Tennyson, or in Moore. His sighs, and he always sighs, come forth free and unhampered.

In some very singular lines written in 1875, there is a sort of defiance breathed to those who, dissatisfied by the spirit of his songs, sought by reasoning to dissuade him from the natural bent of his existence. The answer is an evidence of the childish simplicity of his mind.

Go down where the wavelets are kissing the shore  
And ask of them why do they sigh?  
The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er.  
But they're kissing the shore as they kissed it before.  
And they're sighing to-day as they'll sigh evermore.  
Ask them what ails them: they will not reply,  
But they'll sigh on forever and never tell why!  
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?  
The waves will not answer you: neither shall I.

There was no need to answer the question. There was no need to ask it. He was not one aiming by his pen to put some image before the minds of men, but a man with the thought of all his awful destinies always before him. He was never set up as one upon the quiver of whose lips the world hung for wisdom. Far otherwise. He locked into his own heart and set down what he saw there. If his sentiments were appreciated it was not because some new thought had gone forth to take root, but because it was "heart unto heart speaking," speaking of the serious business of all men, life. He was one of the "humbler poets, whose songs gushed from the heart," and although the moody disposition had more place in his organization than any of us would care to allow it in ours, the pain was his alone; the profit is ours.

Edgar Allan Poe (and it is strange how these two poets of the South were so similarly dispositioned), in one of his essays explains by what legal sequence came the production of his poems. In each case the poem was the result of a preconceived effort to produce elevation of the mind by playing upon some emotion. In such cases, other things being equal, the success attained must be greater than that gained by the less finished effort of him who only writes as a vent and expression of his own nature.

There are perhaps two great exceptions to the general method of composition to be found in Father Ryan's book. They are "The Song of the Mystic" and "Their Story Runneth Thus." In the first are gathered all the elements that go to make up his own most strange personality. The second is a tender relation of self-sacrifice, beautiful in its unblemished spirituality. These two have all the depth and feeling, united to beauty and taste in expression that make a poem perfect in its kind.

The reader cannot fail to be struck by the strange views he finds on the subject of time. Most of us, and those most who have the blessing of youth live not in the present with its difficulties, but borrow of "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" the hopes that buoy us up while the trials of today and the failures of yesterday bears us down. If Hope have a virtue in the world (and who shall say nay?) this is as it should be. For if yesterday is to be the measure of to-morrow, then perish incentive to all that is deserving. There can surely be no stupendous error in supposing that Divine Hope too has "its wavering

image here."

But our poet draws it would seem all his pleasures earthly from the past; a past made up of days such as those he lives. And of the future, bright treasury of our joys we shall never experience, of our splendours we shall never see, what is it for him?

Only a few more years  
Weary years,  
Only a few more tears  
Bitter tears.

For him death breathes through the nostrils of life. Flowers, that are our delight, for him only perish. Beauty that glows for us, for him lives only to fade. Joyousness, to us the sweet charm of existence, for him is but a message of sorrow. But methinks he failed to see the beauty of grief, of grief that rests its calm grey hand upon the quiet head of the sojourners in the valley, softening, chastening, ennobling, glorifying.

All the rippling streams of laughter  
From our hearts and lips that flow,  
Shall be frozen cold years after  
Into isicles of woe.

Perhaps. But perhaps, too, there is a glow of sunlight floods those crystals that, looking back so often into the dark past, our eyes rest upon.

Once, only once, in a wild burst of defiance addressed to the Irish flag does he depart from the sad strain so usual. But this is the mad paroxysm of one awakened rudely from a dream. Vows and oaths of vengeance are poured upon the fair and resound like the clash of arms. But the sentiment is forced. We have to think of that similar defiance of D'Arcy McGee's when he writes to Gavan Duffy in prison. Neither poet spoke from the calm seat of judgment, though each in striking drew forth sparks of fire. The songs and verses called forth by the reverses of the Southern army are of a piece with his life, sad and regretful.

Sad as are his thoughts, gloomy as are his views, one can yet spend a quiet hour very pleasantly in covering the plaintive strains written by a holy man, one apart from the world, whose sorrows were chastened by the thoughts that daily came to him as he trod his only walk, the path that led to the altar of God.

Perhaps no more fittingly could we close this view of a poet and a priest, one whose every thought was sweet but yet as Charles Lamb might have said, ratherish melancholy, than by reading over the first lines that appears in his book, the first verse of "the Song of the Mystic" and the key to the book itself and the life of its author.

"I walk down the valley of silence  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone  
And I hear not the sound of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown."

CYRIL.

ST. PATRICK'S MISTAKE.

"Clever but impracticable children."—Balfour.

When St. Patrick banished serpents  
From our island in the sea,  
He took away our pattern  
For what wisdom ought to be.  
So when Paddy's blood is boiling,  
Out his hand goes for a flail  
When a little taste of snake sense  
Would just wriggle from the trail.

'Tis easy for an Irishman  
To imitate a dove,  
For there surely is no other word  
That rhymes as well with love.  
But when it comes to wisdom,  
Not a lesson can he take  
Since St. Patrick rid the island  
Of the gentlemanly snake.

Well we know that not a shadow  
In his very wildest dream,  
Showed the Channel grown so narrow  
In these latter days of steam.  
And the serpent light and happy  
Just across the bit of sea,  
Always chatting with the judges  
Of the Irish Apple-tree.

And all the noble ladies  
Of whom Irish poets sing,  
When the Parliament Assemblies  
Are like birds upon the wing.  
Away across the water  
In great haste their way they take,  
To show their plumes in London,  
And be tempted by the snake.

Oh St. Patrick—Dear St. Patrick—  
Had you only left a few,  
We had walked in ways of wisdom  
Which men say we never do.  
Sadly now we want instructor,  
Snake or toad or pollywog,  
When we buckle on the armour,  
That must face Westminster fog.

FRANCES SMITH.

## A POPE WHO DIED IN EXILE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD PARRONS, D. D., IN *Arc Maria*.

AMONG all the other historical personages of the eleventh century there towers the figure of one person of such pre-eminent calibre, that some historians have felt themselves compelled to designate that century by his name. Being ready to accept any true glorification of the earthly head of the Church, we also would be willing to call that age the Hildebrandine, but when Protestant authors and court-theologians use this term to qualify the century which was fructified by Pope St. Gregory VII., they mean to cast a slur upon that period. If we may credit their assertions, Gregory VII. simply tried to subjugate the universe to his temporal behests, they would have us think that Hildebrand would have better consulted his reputation for sanctity had he tried to be merely a learned and virtuous monk.

Alexander II. having died in May, 1073, the cardinals immediately elected to the pontificate the Cardinal Hildebrand, who, born at Soana in Tuscany, has been taken from among the monks of Cluny by Leo IX., and attached to the immediate service of the Roman Church. His diplomatic and other labors during the reigns of Leo IX., Victor II., Stephen IX., Nicholas II., and Alexander II., had already shown him to be worthy of the encomium of St. Peter Damian, who, writing to Pope Nicholas II., pronounced him "a man of most holy and most pure counsel." A man of mortified habits, and inflexible in everything concerning clerical discipline, he was scarcely seated in the Chair of Peter before he launched the lightnings of the Vatican on all simoniacs and all concubinary priests. So widespread were the disorders of simony and concubinage among the clergy of that day—that, to the iniquitous system of princely investiture, which filled the ecclesiastical benefices with incumbents who possessed no other qualification than the good will of the great,—that everywhere, more especially in Germany, the decrees of the Pontiff were productive of tumults and even bloody outbreaks. Before the storm in Germany burst forth in its utmost fury, Gregory was greatly afflicted by disorders in Lombardy, and by an outrage in Rome against his own person; both these events being produced by his inflexibility in the matter of ecclesiastical celibacy. Erlambald, Archbishop of Milan, having adopted rigorous measures against the violators of the Canons, was attacked in the open street by these gentry and their friends; and, after a bloody and obstinate resistance on the part of his cortege, was stretched dead on the pavement. In Rome, on Christmas Eve, while the Pontiff was assisting at the Divine Office in St. Mary Major's, one Cencio, prefect of the city, burst into the sanctuary at the head of an armed band, dragged the Pope from the altar, and carried him prisoner to a fortified tower, which the noble brig and possessed in the city. When the sacrilege was made known to the people, they rushed to arms, forced an entrance into the tower, and found the wretched Cencio kneeling before Gregory, begging him to save his life. The Pontiff forgave him, and assisted him and his family to depart from Rome; imposing upon him, however, the penance of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

With reference to the question of investitures, we shall merely observe that Gregory VII. was too far-seeing a man not to know that an endeavor to wrench so great a power from the usurping princes would be attended by apparently insurmountable difficulties. He knew that Henry IV., the young King of Germany and ex-potent Emperor, had triumphed over all his enemies at home, and was free to send his victorious troops into Italy. But, under God, he relied upon the greater part of the clergy, who were desirous of throwing off the yoke of this terrible usurpation, and upon the aid of the powerful Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, as well as upon that of Robert Guiscard, who was bound by gratitude and vassalage to the Holy See.

In the year 1076 the question of investitures\* resolved itself into open war between the Pope and the German King. Gregory had tried every peaceful measure to induce the young Henry to renounce the

\* According to ancient custom, the election of bishops had depended on the votes of the clergy, the testimony of the people, and the consent of the provincial prelates. But in course of time sovereigns arrogated to themselves a right of interference in these elections. The piety of the great and wealthy had endowed the churches and monasteries with lands, and the interest of sovereigns had caused them to give the rank of temporal lords to men upon whose fidelity they could depend. Every possessor of a fief held it by virtue of an investiture from his lord or suzerain; and this investiture was conferred with certain ceremonies, more or less symbolical according to the nature of the fief. Before he received his investiture, the elect gave *hominium*, or homage for his fief, and swore fidelity to his suzerain. So long as the sovereigns were content to exercise the right of investiture within these limits, the Church did not complain. But in time Cæsar became dissatisfied with the possession of only those things which belonged to him, he laid his hand upon the things of God. He did not always confer the *regalia* of his spiritual fiefs upon the canonically elected person; then he began to ignore the election altogether, hence came an opening to favoritism, simony, and every species of irregularity. Too often the successful candidate had no merit beyond the love of the sovereign or a plethoric purse. In all countries where the feudal system had obtained, the granting of the *regalia* was effected by the suzerain's presenting the staff and ring to the beneficiary; until that ceremony had been performed, whether he was canonically elected or not, no bishop or abbot could enter upon the duties of his office. In resisting this method of investiture, the Pontiffs derogated from no legitimate right of a sovereign, they simply insisted on the divinely-accorded right of the Church to elect her own pastors, and on the investiture being granted in a manner which would not imply that the suzerain conferred spiritual jurisdiction.

usurpation of his predecessors, but the haughty monarch was inflated by his recent victories over the Saxons, and was, besides, not very scrupulous in religious matters. Hence he loudly proclaimed that the conceding of investitures to bishops, abbots, etc., was an unalienable right of his crown, and he was eagerly supported by the many whose interest it was to perpetuate what was a source of immense revenue to both King and courtiers. At length, tired of advising, praying, and threatening, Gregory published a decree against investitures which had been issued in his second Roman Synod of 1075. Henry grew furious, and in his turn called a diet at Worms, composed of his partisan bishops and many of the higher German nobles. By this convention the Pontiff himself was declared excommunicated; his election was pronounced null, as having been made without the consent of the King, and his deposition from the pontificate was proclaimed. To this presumptuous and sacrilegious proceeding Gregory answered with a solemn excommunication of Henry and all his abettors, declaring the monarch deposed from his throne, and pronouncing his subjects free from their obligation of allegiance. Henry now sent emissaries through Germany and Italy to excite the princes, bishops, and people against the Pontiff. He even sent an audacious ecclesiastic into the Pope's presence, who, in the name of the King, ordered Gregory, "the intruder," to make room for a legitimate Pope. The people would have torn this miserable man to pieces, had Gregory himself not protected him. But the censures of the Vatican soon told upon the Germans, although many of the clergy were incontinent and simoniacal, the idea of being governed by an excommunicated monarch was horrible to them, and although Henry now showered favors upon them, he experienced the mortification of beholding a diet, convoked successively at Utrecht, Oppenheim, and Tribur, proclaiming his deposition from the throne. With few exceptions, the great princes immediately abandoned the disgraced Henry, some even prepared to attack him and compel his abdication. Then it was that the cowering monarch resolved to submit to necessity, and throw himself at the feet of the Pontiff. Disbanding his troops, he crossed the Alps with a small retinue, in the midst of a most rigorous winter, and prepared to yield to his priestly adversary.

At this time Gregory had left Rome with the intention of proceeding to Germany, at the request of the princes, to there pronounce sentence upon all points in dispute between the Holy See and the Empire. He was resting in the strong fortress of Canossa, one of the strongholds of the "great Countess" Matilda, when an embassy from Henry appeared at the gates and besought an audience. The ambassadors were Amadeo, Count of Savoy, Albertazzo, Count of Este, and the Abbot of Cluny. They informed the Pontiff that Henry had come, almost alone and without arms, to beg pardon from his spiritual Father and to be reconciled with the Church of God. Then Henry presented himself outside the fortress, dressed in sackcloth, bare-headed and barefooted, in spite of the cold, and begged for admission. After some delay he was introduced, entirely alone, but only into the outworks; and there he spent three days and three nights, no one approaching him even with a word of comfort. On the fourth day he was admitted into the presence of the Pontiff; and was absolved, on condition that he would conduct himself as an excommunicated person until the assembling of the diet at Augsburg, when a definite judgment would be pronounced in his case.

Concerning this episode of Canossa, which must ever rankle in the hearts of ultra imperialists and anti-clericals the historian Leo, a German and a Protestant, feels constrained to write: "Some authors describe the event as an insult of an arrogant prelate to the German nation. This blindness is unworthy of an enlightened people. Let us lay aside, for an instant, the prejudices born of Protestantism and national pride, and let us entertain a truly Protestant freedom of thought. We behold in Gregory a man issued from a class enjoying no political privileges, a man relying only on the force of his own genius and of his own will, raising a vilified institution, the Church, out of abjection, and giving to it a splendor hitherto unknown. In Henry, on the contrary, we see a man—if he merits to be styled one—whose father has bequeathed him an almost absolute power over a brave and rich people, and who, in spite of such plenitude of external means, has been drawn by his base character into the mud of the worst vices; we see this person become an abject suppliant, and, after trampling on all that men hold as most sacred, trembling at the voice of an intellectual hero. Of limited spirit, indeed, is the one whom national vanity can so blind that he will not exult at the triumph, effected at Canossa, of a most profound genius over a vile and characterless man."

When the tidings of this humiliation of Henry reached the ears of his partisans in Lombardy, who were even more bitter than the Germans against Pope Gregory, they became so indignant at what they called the monarch's lack of firmness, that on his passing through their country on his return to Germany, he often found the gates of the cities and castles shut in his face. Then it was that Henry showed how insincere had been his submission at Canossa. In order to prevent his partisans from entirely abandoning him, he listened to the suggestions of the excommunicated Archbishop of Ravenna, and openly and publicly violated the conditions of his absolution. He appeared before the army clothed in his royal robes, and declared his

intention to vindicate the royal dignity outraged by Gregory. When the Pontiff learned of this action, he renewed the excommunication, and, sending legates to Germany, convoked a diet. Henry was there deposed, and the crown was offered to Rudolph, Duke of Suabia. The papal forces were then joined to those of the Countess Matilda, and our Pontiff was fairly embarked in secular as well as spiritual war. Henry and Rudolph struggled with alternate success for three years, and in their numerous battles perished many bishops and other clerics who, according to the terms of their tenures as civil barons, owed military allegiance to the King, either personal or by substitute, for their domains, and who were frequently willing to don the cuirass. In his seventh synod, held at Rome in 1080, Pope Gregory declared Henry deposed from the German throne, confirmed the election of Rudolph, and sent to the latter a golden crown inscribed: "The Rock (*Petra*) gave the diadem to Peter, and Peter gave one to Rudolph." When Henry heard of this decisive step in favor of his adversary, he convoked at Brixen a pretended synod, composed of both his Italian and German partisans, and he issued a proclamation to the effect that Gregory was deposed, and that in his place Guibert, the excommunicated Archbishop of Ravenna, was elected, under the name of Clement III. While Guibert was enrolling soldiers for a march upon Rome, Henry and Rudolph met, for the fourth time, in pitched battle, and the latter was slain. About the same time the heroic Countess Matilda, ever true to the cause of the Church, saw her troops defeated by those of the anti pope. Henry now descended into Italy, at the head of a large army, with the avowed intention of installing Guibert in the Chair of Peter, and of receiving from him the imperial crown. Many of the papal counsellors, seeing the present inability of Matilda, the main earthly reliance of the Pontiff, to assist the Holy See, urged Gregory to come to terms with Henry. But the wise and resolute Pope replied that even if he could bring himself to so humiliate the Holy See, which he would never do, it would be imprudent to confide in the promises of the perjured Henry. He therefore sent legates into Germany, who convoked a diet of bishops and princes, and Hermann of Lorraine was chosen as King of the Germans. The news of this election showed Henry that the Pontiff was inflexible in his regard, therefore he detached part of his army to occupy the attention of Matilda, and ordered the rest to march on the Eternal City. When he arrived in the Meadows of Nero, he found that the walls and towers of Rome were well manned by an ardent citizen-soldiery, whom the harangues of the Pontiff had induced to aid in the defence. The monarch presided over the siege for a short time; but, growing tired of inactivity, he turned over the guidance of this operation to his anti-pope, and withdrew with a portion of his army to join the other one operating against Matilda. But he was able to do no more than devastate the outlying districts of Tuscany; for the Countess, perceiving that her troops were too few to cope successfully with Henry in the field, kept them within her castles and fortified cities. The enraged monarch now returned to the siege of Rome. In vain he ordered many assaults, always repulsed, he had resolved to await the slow effect of hunger upon the Romans, when treachery came to his aid during the Lent of 1084.

The Emperor of Constantinople, Alexius Comnenus, hardly pressed, not only in his Sicilian dominions, but nearer to home, by his enemy Guiscard, had offered Henry a large sum of money if he would direct his arms against the Norman. This money Henry had in his camp, and he resolved to use it to immediate advantage. He succeeded in corrupting some of the Roman citizens, upon whom the horrors of a strict blockade had begun to tell; and on the Thursday before Palm Sunday the Lateran Gate, now called St. John's, was opened. With his anti pope and army Henry entered the city, occupied the Lateran Palace, and seized the bridges and most of the strategic points. Pope Gregory had shut himself in the strong Castle of San Angelo, and Henry, having received the imperial crown from Guibert, awaited the reduction of the fortress. But the monarch now learned that Guiscard had suddenly left the theatre of his victories in Greece, and that, having entrusted the prosecution of his designs against Alexius to his son Bohemond, he was coming to the aid of his suzerain at the head of a powerful force. Henry felt that the previous campaign had left him too weak to meet Guiscard in the field, and he knew that Rome was not yet sufficiently provisioned to warrant its undergoing a new siege. Therefore, taking with him his precious anti pope, he evacuated the city, and directed his march to the north. Guiscard entered the papal capital on the following day, and unwisely and wickedly allowed his soldiery to punish the treason of a few Romans by a wholesale sacking of the city. The Pontiff tried in vain to prevent the devastation, and as the people were naturally infuriated, he deemed it wise to accompany Guiscard into that prince's Sicilian dominions. Proceeding first to Monte Casino, he finally made his residence in Salerno. In May of the following year, feeling that death was coming upon him, he summoned all the cardinals to his presence, and earnestly exhorted them to recognize as his successor only a canonically elected person. Being asked whom he would prefer for that office, he suggested as his first choice the Cardinal Desiderie, Abbot of Monte Casino, and as his second, the Cardinal Otho of Ostia, or Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons. Fortified by the last Sacraments, he passed from a stormy life, his final words being: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."

Sigebert (d. 1112) asserts that he "found it written" that when Pope Gregory VII. became aware of the approach of death he resented his condemnation of Henry IV. "The Apostolic Lord Hildebrand, or Gregory, being at the point of death, called to himself one of the twelve cardinals whom he loved more than the rest, and avowed to God and St. Peter and the entire Church that he had greatly sinned in the pastoral office committed to him, and that, by the persuasion of the devil, he had excited hatred and anger in the human race. . . . He then sent the aforesaid confessor to the Emperor and to the whole Church, that he might obtain pardon, for he saw his end approaching. . . . And he abrogated all his decrees against the Emperor," etc. But this interested discovery of the imperialist Sigebert is shown to be valueless by the testimony of grave contemporary authors, such as Paul Briedensis and Hugh of Flavigny. The first writes: "The blessed Pope Gregory, being asked whether he wished to absolve those whom he had excommunicated, replied: 'I absolve and bless all who believe without doubt that I have this special power as holding the place of the Apostles Peter and Paul,—all, that is, *excepting the said King and Guibert*, the invader of the Apostolic See, and the principal persons who have aided their iniquity by counsel or assistance.'" Hugh, Abbot of Flavigny, says: "Knowing that the day of his summons was at hand, long before it he called together the cardinals, bishops, and his other fellow captives, and predicted the time of his death. Having arranged all the affairs of the ecclesiastical government, on the 15th of the Calends of June he urged the aforesaid Brethren, in the name of holy obedience, to presume not to keep silence if they knew of anything that he ought to correct. And when they commended his course of life and his holy teachings, his morals and the fervor of his zeal, he forced them, by his apostolic authority, to give him their hands, one by one, and to promise that they would never receive that heretical invader of the Holy and Apostolic Church, unless perchance he canonically repented, and, having given up all dignities of the ecclesiastical order, should tender a pure confession to the cardinals and bishops. And he affirmed and attested that all should be forever condemned who would presume to communicate with the arch-pirate Henry, the usurper of the Empire, unless, having laid aside the kingly dignity, he should do penance according to command."

*To be continued.*

## SOME LESSONS OF LENT.

### FASTING—PRAYER.

ANOTHER Lent is here. What lessons does it bring us?

First, there is the lesson of *fasting*. This is what the season is chiefly called—the Fast of Lent. It is this duty which the Church primarily puts before the faithful at this time. Fasting means *actually going without food*, not necessarily all food, even for a day, but it actually restricts the quantity of food, and so, in the language of the Church, is more than abstinence, which affects only its kind. A great deal might be said upon fasting as a means to an end, and of the spirit with which the duty should be done to be of help to our Christian life; at present we observe only that fasting is a general duty, and so one which may admit of many exceptions. Many people cannot fast without serious detriment to health, therefore, without harm to their whole being. The Church takes cognizance of such cases, and makes many exemptions in proclaiming its laws, further, this particular year sickness has been so prevalent in various parts of the world that the Holy Father himself has granted unusual dispensations, and left the degree of strictness with which the Lenten fast should be kept to the directions of the Bishops. The general duty remains—the general truth of the requirement, keeping this in view, we are to remember that we are not to make our exceptions, in theory or practice—to say we cannot do thus or we must do thus, we are to leave this to the Church, and faithfully to obey our spiritual directors in lenity or in strictness towards ourselves.

An evident lesson of Lent is that of *prayer*, with which we may combine *recollection* and *meditation*. Fasting is outward, prayer is essentially an interior duty. This is no merely general requirement with exceptions, but one reaching to all classes and conditions of men, as all are dependent upon God, receive His love, need His mercy, must worship Him. And in accounting it a lesson of Lent, we mean an increase of that spirit which is at other times incumbent upon us. We cannot live without prayer, but now we are to be more constant and earnest; we are to redouble our petitions, be more importunate in our intercessions, enlarge and intensify all our devotion. And let us, with it, unite each day, as far as possible, quiet meditation upon religious truth or duty, and certainly a faithful, however severe, inward recollection, that we may find our sins to confess them and our many faults to put them away. A practical need in this whole matter of prayer is that we take more time for a plain duty, whether in our retirement or in church. Other duties, other right interests will not suffer; they will be greatly helped by the answers to our prayers, and more than this, our spiritual life will be wonderfully strengthened, and we shall be taken out of this lower world and brought consciously nearer God—*Mirrer*.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father and of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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### OFFICIAL

#### LENTEN REGULATIONS.

In consequence of the prevalence of the influenza in this archdiocese, and the enfeebled condition of public health, because of its ravages, we deem it our duty, in virtue of the Papal Indult, to dispense the faithful of this archdiocese from the laws of fast and abstinence during the coming Lent, excepting, however, the abstinence of Fridays, which must be observed as usual, and fast as well as abstinence on Good Friday. We at the same time exhort the faithful to live up to the spirit of penance and self-denial that should characterize the holy season of Lent, to try to appease the anger of God enkindled against our sins by fervent prayer, by alms deeds, and penitential works. We recommend self-denial in regard to those luxuries, the use of which is not necessary nor even conducive to bodily health and strength; such for instance as the use of intoxicating liquor, unless prescribed as medicine by a physician, the use of tobacco, etc., and abstinence from amusements innocent in themselves. In the words of His Holiness, the faithful who use this Apostolic Indulgence should be fervent in prayer, in performing works of mercy to the poor, in attending the public devotions of the Church, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

#### THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The forty hours devotion is to be held in this city, within the Paschal time, in the following churches and at the following dates:—

- 1st. On the first Sunday of Lent and the three following days in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street.
- 2nd. On the 2nd Sunday of Lent at St. Basil's.
- 3rd. On the 3rd Sunday of Lent at St. Paul's.
- 4th. It begins on Thursday the 24th of March at St. Patrick's.
- 5th. On 4th Sunday of Lent (27th March) at St. Michael's Cathedral.
- 6th. Passion Sunday (3rd April) at St. Joseph's, Leslieville.
- 7th. On Palm Sunday at St. Helen's, Brockton.
- 8th. On first Sunday after Easter, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, King St. East.

### LIBERTY OR TYRANNY?

Mr. D'ALTON MCCARTHY is once more determined to agitate the North-West Territories, and keep up the war of race and creed which he inaugurated about two years ago, and which had for result enormous expense at the law courts, and discord, division and internecine strife where good-will to men and peace and harmony once prevailed. The *Toronto Mail* designates the general opposition made to these methods as "tyranny." The right of the majority to crush the minority is called by the same organ "liberty." And the country is asked to choose between both. What fatal confusion of ideas must exist in some minds! And how prone the prejudiced and the bigoted are to fall under the condemnation of the Prophet, who censured the people of his day for the crime which the *Mail* is guilty of in upsetting truths and attempting to confuse ideas and lead its readers into wrong and vicious paths. "Woe to you," said Isaiah, "that call good evil, and evil good; that put darkness before light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; woe to you who are wise in your own conceits." The principle underlying the proposition, saith our contemporary, is that of legislative freedom. As the law stands it says that in certain matters of purely local concern, the powers of the people, exercisable through the Legislature, shall be restricted. The electorate shall not be free . . . to provide for a purely public school system, even if such a system be more suitable for the territories than any other that can be devised. We in Ontario have fought long for provincial rights, and no people are more jealous for their autonomy than the people of Quebec." Why, then, ask for the majority in Ontario or the North-West a right which was never put forward by the people of Quebec? If the people of that Province are as jealous of their autonomy as the Protestants of this or other Provinces, east or west, they surely must have the same grounds of complaint if they are not allowed to trample on the rights and ignore the conscientious convictions of their Protestant fellow-citizens in the matter of educating their children. Yet we never hear of any French D'Alton McCarthy's perambulating the townships or the counties north of the St. Lawrence, or down by the Saguenay. We never read of French-Canadian agitators or busy-bodies complaining of the educational system in Quebec, or protesting against the many privileges enjoyed by the Protestants of that Province. The numerous schools and academies and model and normal establishments and colleges conducted by such fanatics as Rev. Drs. Douglas and McVicar, all more or less subsidized and subventioned by a Catholic government, ought to have aroused feelings of indignant protest in the mind of some fanatic of French-Canadian origin.

Did such an one exist, and were he to act the counterpart of Dalton McCarthy and traverse Lower Canada from one end to the other, preaching a crusade against separate education for Protestants, would the *Mail* maintain that it would be an injustice and tyranny to stop the march of that man? What else has the member for North Simcoe been doing for the last three years? What else is he laboring for still, in and out of Parliament, but to impose a hateful system of education upon the Catholics of the North-West Provinces, and to rob Catholic parents of the God-given right to educate their own children, and deprive them, by legislative act, of all the immunities and privileges guaranteed them by the Constitution? The action of the fanatics and the despoilers is by the *Mail* designated—Liberty—the protest and opposition made by the friends of the oppressed, is styled—Tyranny. Thus has the *Mail* fallen under the curse of the Prophet: "Woe unto you that call evil what is good, and good what is evil; that put darkness before light and light for darkness, and that are wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits."

Liberty is very strangely understood by some people, and by the *Mail* is considered, and must be defined, as the "power to trample on the rights of others," or as power of the majority to force the conscientious convictions of the minority. It depends, however, upon the Province or community in which such exercise of undue power would be resorted to. If in Quebec, or in a Catholic community, then such ruling of the majority would be tyranny, if in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West, then such disregard for conscience and such forcing of it—is Liberty. It is generally admitted that "Liberty is based on the sovereignty of justice." But where is the justice of compelling people to give to their children a godless education, or the alternative of supporting two sets of schools and paying a double amount of taxes?

Again, Liberty consists in the possession and enjoyment by man of all his rights. But every man who is a man every man who leads a Christian life and obeys God's law, has an inalienable right to educate his own child. The man or the system that would deprive him of that right, is the tyrant. The only excuse that a government could have in interfering with the right of a parent is in case of an outlaw, or a besotted drunkard, or one who violates all law both human and divine. But there are reformatories and protectories established either by the government or by private charities for the education and training of these children, and such miserable exceptions cannot vitiate the principle that to every parent belongs the right to educate his own offspring.

To rob him of this right, either by a mandate from a monarch or a czar, or by a legislative act of a brute majority, is tyranny in its worst form, and this is what the *Mail* calls liberty. It stirs up the indignation of its readers against the oppressed, by appealing to liberty. Thus imitating the action of Beelzebub, who can destroy liberty by making war upon it in the name of liberty. Religious education, like Christianity itself, has for sole object to free man from the bondage of ignorance and sin, and usher him into the glorious liberty of Sons of God. But this is precisely what the devil is opposed to and must if possible defeat. And he goes about its destruction by making us believe that it is tyranny. He seduced first parents in this manner. And his agents or co-workers, *Marthy* and the *Mail*, still pursue the same deceptive but captivating system of presenting evil for what is good and good for what is evil. The devil accomplishes his purposes by making believe and feel that, while we are serving him with our whole hearts, we are really not serving him but God. Or, as a late modern philosopher, writing on this subject, said: "He (the devil) must chime in with our sentiments, our instincts, even stimulate our devotion to liberty and defeat liberty, by compelling us to seek it in the wrong place, at the wrong time or by improper means."

The French revolutionists in 1792 committed the most atrocious cruelties, and deluged France in blood, all in the name of liberty. They proclaimed to all liberty, equality and fraternity, but they massacred every man or woman who dared to differ from or object to their diabolical system. In fact, as in the case of the *Mail*, opposition to their sanguinary code was called "tyranny," whereas liberty consisted in the power to confiscate, to plunder and to massacre by wholesale.

#### CATHOLIC BURIAL.

The *Sentinel* is very indignant over the conduct of Father Molphy of Ingersoll, for having refused Christian burial to a woman of his parish who died out of the faith and communion of the Catholic Church. The woman in question practically, and to all outward appearances, left the church of her fathers when she disobeyed the rules of the Church, in getting married to a Protestant, and remaining away from all church discipline and

practice of the Catholic faith during the remainder of her life. Catholics, for a small sum, are allowed the use of a plot in Catholic cemeteries, on condition that no one shall be interred in such plot excepting those who have lived and died in the Catholic faith and communion. The woman who abandoned her church and its obedience and practices knew very well what she might expect in case of death. There was no one, therefore, to blame but herself, if her ashes, as the *Sentinel* says, "were refused interment in the cemetery where her forefathers slept." Why did she sever herself in life from her forefathers? The mother is still living whom she abandoned, and to whom she brought sorrow and affliction by her act of apostasy.

The *Sentinel* contrasts the priest's refusal with the mercy of our dying Saviour on the Cross. "If," saith the Orange organ, "Our Saviour could suffer death on the Cross, having on either side a thief and a malefactor, and assure them of paradise, surely the ashes of a poor soul gone to its final judgment would not pollute the ashes of those who had 'not neglected their duties and who were buried in consecrated ground.'" Our Lord did not promise paradise to them. He assured only one,—the one that repented, the one that confessed his sins, and that acknowledged his faith in Christ—to him alone and not to both, did He promise paradise. The *Sentinel* might explain why the ashes of Judas Iscariot were not interred in the burial place of his forefathers, but rather in the Potter's field—the Haceldama of the Jews.

#### THE LETTER CARRIER'S PETITION.

A PETITION has been presented to the Postmaster-General by the Letter-Carriers of the civil service of the Dominion of Canada for an increase of salary. No body of men deserve it more. Their life is one of continuous hardship and exposure. The burning sun of summer and the icy blasts of winter have equally to be faced. Rain, snow, hail, sleet have to be endured, and the wonder is that more of them do not succumb to diseases brought on by exposure than is now the case. Withall they are, as a rule, a superior class of men, and the position they occupy of trust and responsibility. We, of the press, know their value, and the services they render. Thousands of dollars enclosed in letters pass annually through their hands and are by them delivered, as well as other matter, and the fact that so few complaints are recorded speak volumes in their favor. This work certainly entitles them, even at a period of rigid economy, to a fair remuneration. That which they have been receiving is not commensurate, being but \$360 to commence, and an increase yearly for ten years until \$600 is reached. No sane man will say that this is in proportion to their duties or their responsibilities. In other countries considerably greater salary is given for the same class of work, and should be given here. The slight increase asked that of the maximum being \$750, and reached in eight years, will, we are sure, meet with no opposition, and this most deserving body of men be thereby able to maintain their families in a proper manner, and they themselves placed beyond the ken of temptation. We heartily commend their claims, and trust that they will be at once granted by the Dominion Government who are ever solicitous for the welfare of their employees.

We desire an agent in every town and village in Canada, to whom we will allow liberal commissions. This is an easy method for active men or women to add to their income. Write to Manager of REVIEW for particulars.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have any Throat Trouble—Use it: For sale by all Druggists, 35 cents per bottle.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

## CATHOLIC LAY UNIONISM.

BEST ILLUSTRATED IN THE EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION.

COMBINATION is essential for the best development of art, science and literature; the joining together of the forces of matter and mind being imperatively necessary to effect advancement. In the religious, social and business world, combination is ever being resorted to, to more effectually accomplish desired beneficial ends. In pursuance of this most natural tendency towards combination of forces, we everywhere find mankind united in far-reaching bonds of common fellowship; in apt recognition of the manifold salutary benefits thus to be derived, collectively and individually. We find that non-Catholics, the predominant force of this country, are banded together in well-nigh countless numbers, in pursuit of purposes defensive of their common principles; though particularly, and often, aggressively offensive to their Catholic neighbors and compatriot's several and collective interests.

Within the bonds of reason and legitimate organization, recognizing that that which is food for one is here, at least, not another's poison, Catholic people, in this age of association have been thoroughly aroused to the benefits resultant from lay union as seen amongst other religionists everywhere. Hence, it is, that we find many society unions within the pale of the Church, which, like individual persons, though sharing a common allegiance to the old faith, coupled with a mutual desire to do it honor and promote its disciples, spiritual and temporal interests, are yet separate and distinct in their special underlying principles and aims.

For instance, there is one which, in over a score of years, honorable record, has uniformly striven to combine the mental and material advancement of its members at one and the same time, and in commendable emulation of Holy Mother Church herself, has not confined itself to any one nationality or race. The union in question inculcates practical belief in the fact that mind is greater than matter, and, accordingly, places the acquisition of the highest culture of mind as of paramount importance to the bare, sordid consideration of the mere creature-comforts of its members, and though a little outstepping, yet goes hand in hand with a due and to-be-expected living regard for the material needs and comforts of its constituency. As an adduction of the foregoing observations we will now particularize.

The Emerald Beneficial Association of Canada is a strictly Catholic lay, literary and beneficial union, and is composed of reputable Catholics of all nationalities and races, between the ages of 18 and 45 years, regardless of social rank or intellectual capacity of applicants for membership. Any inference from its name that it is even implicitly, national is erroneous; it is merely likened to a jewel, the emerald, as it might have been equally well aptly compared to the diamond, ruby, pearl, or many similar brilliants. Of course, the Emerald Isle, the land of saints, the people of which have taken, and are ever occupying, so much space in Catholic history, was not unthought of in the selection of the appellation *Emerald*.

The E. B. A. was conceived, founded and formed by Rev. A. D. Filan, pastor of St. Peter's church, Reading, Penn., in 1869, three years later it was organized in Canada, in the city of Hamilton.

Section 4 of the civil charter of the E. B. A. says:

"The object and design of said union as a benevolent, beneficial and literary organization, shall be to promote the spread of the great fundamental principles of Faith, Hope and Charity and brotherly love, the advancement of literature and science, and virtuous practices amongst members, all mankind, and especially amongst the members of this association."

Article XIX. of the Constitution says:

"The Emerald Beneficial Association is, and forever shall be, a thoroughly Catholic organization, and it shall never have the power to enact any laws or introduce any practices contrary to the laws and usages of the Holy Catholic Church. All the clergy of the Catholic Church shall be recognized as honorary members, and the parish priest shall be entitled to a voice and a vote in all branches in his parish."

In its literary feature, the E. B. A. seeks to develop by the sure test of unremitting practice the talents of its members, in supplying their minds with wholesome and instructive literature, and in fitting them to become profound thinkers, logical reasoners and able speakers, whereby the intellectual and social tone of our Catholic laymen may be enhanced to the credit and pride alike of Church and subject.

With the Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G., as the chief spiritual director of our organization and its noble mission, the Emerald Beneficial Association cannot fail to be of great benefit to the Catholic people of this great Dominion.

95 Markham St., Toronto.

DAVID A. CAREY,  
Grand President E. B. A.

We desire an agent in every town and village in Canada, to whom we will allow liberal commissions. This is an easy method for active men or women to add to their income. Write to Manager of REVIEW for particulars.

## TARA'S HALL.

A PROMINENT SPOT IN IRELAND'S HISTORY.

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feels that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells,  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thou Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks  
To show that she still lives.

Can this beautiful song of Thomas Moore's ever be forgotten? All over the world the warm hearts of patriotic Irishmen thrill responsive to its mournful music, and grow tender with a flood of vague thoughts concerning what has been and what might be. Not many, however, get beyond this dreamy poetical feeling, and realize that Tara's halls once had an actual existence, and will forever have a glorious history. Tara was nevertheless a reality. Its remains have been traced by the late Dr. Petrie, and they may still be identified.

The great hall of Tara was built by Cormac the King, in the 3rd century. Its length was 759 feet and its breadth probably about 90 feet. It had fourteen doors, seven to the east and seven to the west. It was known as "House of the Thousand Soldiers," and was also the place of meeting for the Fes or triennial assemblies. To this national parliament learned men, as well as men of rank, were summoned. For six days the King entertained all his guests at his own expense, and did his utmost to promote social intercourse. Here the poet-historians brought each his record of events in his province or district during the time that had elapsed since the last assembly; here also the national records were examined with the greatest care. Family pedigrees were also examined and corrected in this assembly. This was a point of great importance.

A man's right of inheritance depended on his genealogy, and this caused the ancient Irish to exercise great care in having their pedigrees recorded. When a man died possessed of property, it was divided equally among his sons. Though a noble recognition of natural rights, this custom had some disadvantages; and its application to the royal family eventually proved the destruction of Ireland. The successor to the throne of each little state was elected from among the members of the reigning families. The office was therefore both elective and hereditary. When a king was elected his successor was generally chosen at the same time. This gave rise to bitter quarrels in families and led to many violent deaths which disgrace the early annals of Ireland. Men who dared not assassinate the reigning monarch made little scruple of taking off the heir apparent, or "Tanist," as he was called. The plan of subdividing property also weakened the kingly power more and more, and consequently impaired the national strength.

Tara's Halls were used for pleasure as well as for business. Kenneth O'Hartigan is the great authority for the magnificence and state of the royal banquets held therein. As his descriptions are written in eloquent and imaginative verse, they have been too readily supposed to be fictitious, but his account of the extent of the building, if not of its magnificence, has been fully verified, and there remains no reason to doubt that "a thousand soldiers" may have attended their lord at his feast, "or that "three times fifty stout cooks" may have supplied the viands.

In addition to the great hall at Tara there was also the "House of the Women," and the "House of the Fians," or common soldiers.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

f. SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS.—Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless, they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave, and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane. Doubtless we were indebted to traveller's tales from the detailed descriptions that survive the lapse of ages. Constantius conveyed from Heliopolis to Rome an obelisk weighing 1,500 tons, and, in addition to this long-coveted monolith the ship carried about 1,200 tons of pulse stowed about the smaller end of the obelisk, in order to bring the ship on an even keel.

In 268 B. C. Archimedes devised a marvellous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts had been brought from Britain, whereas our ships' masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver island. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the Iliad. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets, and hot baths, were provided for use or amusement.

## St. Patrick's Day.

(Continued from page 111.)

police. It is not altogether prudent to fool with a mounted man. A jovial Hibernian—not an ancient one—seized the bridle of one of the officers. The policeman passed by, and made his steed plunge at exactly the right moment; a horse-hoe suddenly appeared within six inches of the joker's nose, and he seemed inclined to be gentler afterwards.

Most of the societies assembled at the market, but the Ancient Order of Hibernians came down in full force from their own gathering point and, headed by the O'Connell Band, marched upon the square. As they were defiling past Francis street a teamster was foolish enough to try to drive a heavily-loaded wagon through the ranks. Like a shot an indignant Irishman was at the horses' head, a mounted marshal was at the other side and he was being backed with no gentle hand against the kerb. He talked horsewhip for an instant, but submitted and was held in durance vile until all had passed and the last man had jeeringly cried, "Now, farmer, you can go on!"

When the Hibernians arrived the market was jammed, and confusion seemed the order of the day. But the marshals knew their business, and each organization had its rallying point and quarter of the square. Then, when 9 o'clock arrived, one after another the bodies drew out of the confused mass and marched eastward with very creditable precision in the following order:

Grand marshal, Murtin O'Rourke; assistant marshals, Thomas Judge, representing A.O.H., and James Albert of the E. B. A.

## The O'Connell Band.

Division No. 1, A. O. H., R. Jennings, marshal; J. McGarry, president; J. Kinsella, vice-president; George Evans, financial secretary; E. E. Rutledge, recording secretary; M. J. Ryan, county delegate.

Division No. 2, A. O. H., John Pierce, marshal; M. Hendrick, assistant marshal; John Falloy, president; John Cronin, vice-president; T. S. Ryan, financial secretary; W. Duggan, recording secretary; F. Falley, treasurer.

Division No. 3, A. O. H.—Headed by four Highland pipers—John Hurst, marshal; Hugh McCaffery, president; John Sullivan, vice-president; Daniel Mann, treasurer; George Owens, recording secretary; John Brennan, financial secretary.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., Perry's Band.—Thomas Judge, marshal; John Kane, president; James Flavin, vice-president; Thomas Delaney, treasurer; Thomas Hickey, recording secretary; John Williamson, financial secretary.

Federated Catholic Societies in carriages.—Fred B. Downey, marshal; Angus McDonnell, president; J. J. Nightingale, vice-president; John Stewart, treasurer; Joseph Cronin, secretary. Delegates in carriages.

Irish Catholic Benevolent Union—I.C.B.U. band, corps under Captain Patrick Dowling; John Callaghan and John Brennan, marshals; Owen Hickey, president; P. Shea, vice-president; Thomas Long, second vice-president; John Clark, corresponding secretary; P. Skeleton, financial secretary; F. Pickett, assistant financial secretary; John Stewart, master of ceremonies; Patrick Harrington, tyler.

Celtic League, Emmet Band, John Joyce and P. O'Donnell, marshals; the Sarsfield guards. Officers of the Celtic League: W. Memory, president; James Cronin, vice-president; Michael Kerby, second vice-president.

Emerald Benevolent Association, Emerald Band, John Fahey and Thomas Carroll, marshals; Frederick Downey, president; P. O'Connor, vice-president; John Hennessy, recording secretary; A. McGinn, financial secretary;

John Maloney, treasurer; J. Kelly, West End steward; A. Movillo, East End steward.

Knights of St. John; citizens in carriages and on foot.

All told, there were some 1500 sons of the Emerald Isle and they stopped eastward to the sound of four excellent bands and a squad of pipers, whose Highland costumes had an incongruous effect, only equalled by the combined squeal and drone of their instruments. The streets were hard and dry; indeed, before the march was over the traditional peck of March dust could have been brushed from the lower extremities of the celebrators. Eastward along King street they marched, watched by admiring throngs, until Power street was reached, and they turned north only to double and march back by Queen street.

St. Michael's Cathedral was being neared and the throng increased along the sidewalks. At last Bond street was reached and another turn was made. Then the Cathedral was approached, and two bands lined up outside and the processionists trooped into the church.

Long before the procession had reached the Cathedral that edifice was taxed to its utmost capacity and fully one-half of the crowd had to remain outside. The processionists, with colors waving, marched up the centre aisle. The banners were placed at the side of the altar, and the men then took their seats in the space that had been reserved for them in the centre of the church. Grand High Mass was celebrated by Vicar General McCann. Archbishop Walsh also took part in the service and was assisted by Father Ryan, Father Coyle, who acted as deacon, and Father Cruise as sub-deacon. The choir, under the direction of Father Rohleder, with Mr. J. H. Lemaitre at the organ, sang the mass in a praise-worthy manner. The principal soloists were Mrs. John Kelly, Mrs. George Kelly, Mrs. Myers, Miss Elliott, Mr. F. A. Anglin, Mr. Stagg, Mr. Dereham. A chorus of little girls sang several English hymns to St. Patrick, in a manner that thoroughly pleased all the listeners.

Rev. Father Williams, chaplain of the I. C. B. U., preached an eloquent sermon on the patron saint. No other apostle, he said, had done such a great, noble and lasting work. "We are weak," he continued, "but by looking to St. Patrick we become strong in the faith. We know the hardships he had to endure in his conversion of Ireland. He suffered much; but the Irish people listened to him. They did not declaim against him, but listened to his words and believed him. Nothink I see St. Patrick stooping down and picking up the shamrock and explaining with its means the glorious Unity in Trinity. When the glorious saint left this earth his successors took up his work. They preached the gospel and extended Christianity throughout the land. Then the dark days followed. The silence of death settled over Ireland; but the gospel has been transplanted to this country from Erin.

"Nowadays we hear people say that the Irish people cannot govern themselves. What nation can show better men than Ireland? What nation can boast of greater scholars and warriors? Where are the equals of O'Connell, Grattan, Flood or Maher? Where can be found such soldiers as Brian Boru, Sarsfield, Wellington and McMahon? Look to Spain, Austria, France, Germany or the United States, and you will find that the smartest and ablest men are Irishmen. Does not this show that they are fit to govern themselves? It is a grand sight to see such a vast gathering as is here to-day—to see so many children of Erin in their uniforms. Set an example. Never be ashamed of the cross of the shamrock, and always stick to your faith."

## THE ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS.

His Grace the Archbishop addressed a

few remarks to the assemblage from the altar railings. Their great object, he said, was to give honor to St. Patrick. This they could do by practising their love for the Church and love for their country. They had now reached the goal for which their forefathers fought and died; namely, freedom of their religion. He cautioned them to make this a peaceful celebration. Everyone was watching them, and they should practice in an especial way the virtues of self-respect and sobriety.

## ON TO ST. MARY'S

From the Cathedral to St. Mary's Church the route of the procession was winding, but uneventful. Along Shuter to Church, up Church to Gould, along that street to Yonge, down to King, along that thoroughfare to Simcoe, then to Queen, by Queen to Bathurst, and down Bathurst to St. Mary's. The march was uneventful, and the conditions were the same as in the morning, except that the weather was slightly colder and that the spectators were much more numerous. The procession, indeed, was between two lanes of people, and crowds walked abreast. Once some small and very dirty boys entrenched themselves at the top of a very high board fence, one leg over, ready for a sudden strategic movement to the rear, and hissed vigorously, to their disappointment no one took any notice.

Arrived at St. Mary's patriotic addresses teeming with love for the "old home over the water" were delivered from the parochial residence by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, Chas. Burns, J.P., J. J. Nightingale, P. Boyle and Ph. DeGruchy, after which the gathering dispersed until evening, when most availed themselves of the rich treats in store at the many concerts, &c., throughout the city.

Services were held, in honour of the saint, in all the churches of the city. At St. Mary's church Rev. Father Walsh was the preacher, and gave an eloquent sermon on the life and faith of St. Patrick, which was listened to attentively throughout.

## EVENING CELEBRATIONS.

## IN BROCKTON.

St. Patrick's day was duly celebrated in Brockton by the celebration of High Mass by Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, followed by a sermon appropriate to the festival. In the evening the annual concert, of which the Empire says:—

At the annual 17th of March concert, in aid of St. Helen's church, a fine programme was presented in St. Mark's hall, which was, as it has been every 17th for years, filled to the doors. The vocalists were Mrs. Obermer, Mr. Gilloghy, Misses E. Lappin, Nelly Tracy and Tessie Collins. The school girls of St. Helen's school sang several choruses with great dash and accuracy. Miss Hart and Miss Memory well sustained their reputation as accompanists. Miss Bessie Dea, Miss S. McDonald (Rochester), Miss K. Gurvine, Miss Alberta Markle and Master G. Moore read and recited most acceptably. Miss Dea, in her pathetic pieces, showed the graceful strength of a true artist and admirable versatility in lighter sketches. Miss McDonald took the audience by storm, and was enthusiastically recalled. After responding to four encores she had twice to acknowledge the calls of the audience. Her "Jane Conquest's" prayer was a marvel of sustained power and pathos. In her lighter pieces she was admirably piquant and vivacious. Very Rev. Dean Cassidy addressed the audience for a few moments, emphasizing the necessity of a larger hall in that part of the town. The want of it has been long felt for years, and the people, packed like sardines, had no difficulty in endorsing a plea for more room.

## AT ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

A dramatic and musical entertainment was held in St. Michael's College under the aus-



pieces of the collegiate magnates. The programme opened with a small concert, in which the college band performed a prominent part, giving selections from well known Irish melodies. A double quartette performed one of the numbers on the programme, their vocal efforts being received with enthusiasm. Then came the great event of the evening, a drama entitled, "Pike O'Callaghan, or the Irish Patriot," dealing with a period immediately following the Irish rebellion. Mr. P. McLaughlin, as the hero, kept his audience in roars of laughter with his droll Irish wit, and Mr. J. H. O'Neil as "Neil O'Connor," an attainted rebel, scored a success. The other characters also afforded good support, especially Mr. I. P. Harrington as the wife of Pike O'Callaghan. Viewed in the light of an amateur company, the play was well sustained throughout, and the actors deserve great credit for the manner in which they performed their parts.

#### AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Catholic Celtic League and Emoralds combined in holding a concert in this place, and placed before their patrons a most tempting collection of Irish song, recitation, and an able address on the life of St. Patrick, by that fine old "Soggarth Aroon," very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, starting from that point of St. Patrick's career, when he came to Ireland the second time as a missionary tracing his course, telling of his labors and love, the giving of the Shamrock as the explanation of the Holy Trinity, the three in one, and how the faith that St. Patrick preached spread throughout the land, bringing all under its sway, and being transmitted by the Irish throughout Europe, and later, throughout the new world. Eloquenty he spoke of the piety of the Irish, and how the people of northern Europe sent their brightest minds to the monasteries of Ireland, to there enkindle the torch of learning from the fires that burnt at her shrines. At the close, Dr. McMahon in a few well chosen words, moved a vote of thanks to the very reverend lecturer which was ably seconded by Mr. Ph. DeGruchy. The other performers were those princes of comic vocalists, Messrs. H. Rich and W. F. Ramsay, Mary's favorite vocalist, Miss Kate Clarke, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Wolf and others.

Ald. Wm. Burns made a model chairman, and seated upon the platform with him were very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, Dr. McMahon and Mr. Ph. DeGruchy. The programme was very neat, probably one of the handsomest seen, being in the shape of a Shamrock, the leaves of card being tied together with green chord.

#### THE AUDITORIUM

The Ancient Order of Hibernians held a concert in the Auditorium in the evening and the place was jammed to the doors. The platform was decorated with handsome banners and nearly everyone in the audience displayed either a badge or a shamrock.

On the platform were W. J. McLean, Patrick Boyle, M. Walsh, A. F. Jury, Bryan Lynch, T. M. Quinn, J. Fennell, J. Conmee, M.L.A., J. M. Gerry, J. Falvey, J. M. Kane, M. J. Ryan, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Dowling, M.L.A., and John Loughrin, M.L.A.

Miss Clara C. Carroll, who also acted as accompanist during the evening, opened the concert by playing a selection of beautiful Irish airs. Misses Meehan, Thompson, Maud Alexander, Clark Reynolds, and Mabel Cloyds, together with Messrs. W. E. Ramsay, Harry Rich and F. Warrington, rendered a delightful program.

Mr. Boyle made a neat and somewhat forcible speech. He started out by giving a brief history of the order under whose auspices the entertainment was held. It originated, he said, in the penal days, and was first formed

to protect the priests from abuse. It was now the most powerful Catholic order in the United States, having a membership of 168,000. To become a member it was necessary for the applicant to be a Catholic and Irish either by birth or descent. He would rather, however, that no religious differences should interfere with the prosperity of Irish societies in the city. He would much rather like to see religion left out and Catholics and Protestants join in forming a grand Irish Society.

#### IN TEMPERANCE HALL.

The hall was well filled and a very entertaining evening was spent. Upon the platform were President Hickey and Messrs. D. Hartnett, John Staurt, John Clarke, Francis Pickett and and Thomas Dolan. Rev. Father Williams' oration was one of the features of the evening and proved him to possess the oratorical powers that are so characteristic of Irishmen. His subject was "Irish Catholic Love," and he defined it as exhibiting itself towards religion, towards Erin herself and towards all humanity. The other feature of the evening was the series of lime-light views of characteristic Irish scenes. They were enthusiastically received and the artists who supported them were given an excellent hearing. Among the artists were Misses Annie Foley, Flannigan, T. Flannigan and A. Parmenter and Messrs. G. H. Bowes and A. C. Harvey. The lecturer, Mr. J. J. McCarthy, discharged his work well.

#### At St. Paul's.

The principal feature of the evening here was an address by Rev. Father Ryan, which was delivered in his inimitable style. A choice program of song and recitation also being given.

#### The Irish Journalist's Dinner.

The Irish Journalists celebrated St. Patrick's Day on Saturday evening Mar. 19th, by holding their Fourth Annual Banquet at the Albany Club. The previous gatherings have been always successful, but this was unanimously voted the most successful and enjoyable of all. The wit seemed to sparkle more brilliantly, the songs sound sweeter and the speeches more eloquent than before, whilst the good fellowship characteristic of such a gathering took on additional force. All had gathered together in unison to do honor to the patron saint of Ireland and to old Ireland herself.

Apart from the pleasure experienced, who can say that these annual gatherings of the men who mould and form public opinion are not productive of the utmost good in allaying narrowness of thought and sentiment, and innoculating all with the germ of patriotism and brotherhood.

The cuisine prepared by steward of the Albany was excellent, those present to partake of it being. Ex-Mayor Clarke, M. P. P., *Orange Sentinel*, chairman; Geo. Harrington, *Mail*, vice-chairman, and Messrs. Geo. F. Bennett, *Telegram*, J. Cowan, *Freemason*, Ph. DeGruchy, *Catholic Review*, Bernard McEvoy, *Mail*, J. C. Hopkins, *Empire*, P. Boyle, *Irish Canadian*, P. F. Cronin, *Empire*, Chas. Smith, *Globe*, Chas. Long, *Empire*, David Hastings, *Hamilton Herald*, R. Clarke, Chas. Clarke, *Orange Sentinel*, T. W. Dudgeon, *News*, D. P. Shields, *Telegram*, J. F. Ryan, *World*, D. O'Brien, Nicholas Murphy, Q.C., and E. P. Roden.

Previous to proceeding with the toast list the organization for the coming year was perfected. Mr. G. M. Harrington was elected to the presidency and Mr. P. Cronin

was made vice-president. Mr. John A. Cowan was elected to act as secretary, and Mr. E. P. Roden was chosen treasurer.

The secretary read letters of sorrow from several members of the association detained at the post of duty in the House of Commons, among them Mr. W. J. Healy, Mr. John A. Garvin and Mr. James Johnson. And then the health of the Queen was pledged and the ball was set rolling. Mr. Joseph Lee, a brilliant professional pianist, supplied the music.

The ex-Mayor's oratory in the opening address was the key-note of every sentiment expressed to the close by every speaker of the evening. The power of the press, the mission of Irish journalists to promote union among their race and stamp down sectarianism, demagogism and the caricatures of the national character sometimes seen in journalism, in literature and on the stage; these were the practical points which he dealt with. Then he spoke of the past gatherings, of the brotherliness which their influence had fostered, of love for the old land and loyalty to Canada which every member of the association cherished. He asked them to renew their pledges in a full bumper to the toast of Erin's Isle."

Mr. George Bennett in a witty speech responded, giving his flow of anecdote full rein.

The vice-chairman, Mr. Harrington, delivered himself of a feeling address in proposing the toast of "Canada." It was a masterpiece, permeated throughout with love for Ireland, the land of his birth, and Canada, the land of his adoption. In responding to the toast, Imperial Federation (combined with local government) was brought forward as the panacea for Ireland's ills, and urged that it was also Canada's destiny to become so assimilated, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins saying that the best means of improving the condition of Ireland, of modifying the evils now existent, and of changing its constitutional structure in the direction of local self-government might be found in the advocacy by Irishmen all over the British world, of a federal system for the Empire. Alleged lack of loyalty and the British fear of separation were the chief agencies which now prevented the Irishmen in Erin from obtaining what they desired. Charles Stewart Parnell stated this very clearly in his famous letter to Premier Rhodes of Cape Colony, in which he also expressed himself as favorable to Imperial Federation. If, therefore, Irishmen at home would join hands with their fellow-countrymen abroad in asking for a federation which would include not only the United Kingdom but the whole self-governing Empire, they would do much to facilitate the realization of their own ideal and to ensure the unity and power of the British realm, thus uniting closer together all Irishmen, no matter whether they lived in Ireland or in Australia, the Cape or Canada.

Turning to the trade question, Mr. Hopkins expressed the opinion that the abolition of the preferential duties which protected Irish produce exported to the British market in 1846 had much more to do with the subsequent decrease of population and prosperity than was generally supposed. Ireland was largely an agricultural country like Canada, and the competition of Amer-

ican cereals, corn and cattle, besides Danish and French butter had done much to destroy production. Instead of being the friends, the American people were really the great commercial enemies of the Irish race. A policy of small preferential duties upon all products entering the Empire from foreign countries would, therefore, do as much good to Ireland as it would to Canada. It would in each case decrease foreign competition and increase home production. Irishmen in Canada and throughout the Empire should work together for this policy, for it would not then be long before closer relations, political and commercial, would exist within the Empire, together with greater individual freedom.

Mr. Smith combatted Mr. Hopkin's views, being in favour of Canadian independence. Mr. Dudgeon also replied to the toast.

The *Empire* thus reports the following proceedings:

Mr. Patrick Boyle, replying to the next toast, "The Day We Celebrate," devoted 15 minutes to the growing evidences of Irish unity and better understanding in Canada, while in Ireland, unfortunately, even on St. Patrick's day, Irishmen were split into two camps.

Mr. Ph. De Gruchy made a spirited and masterly address upon the same lines, congratulating the Irish journalists of Toronto upon their example in sinking differences,

religions and political, in striving for the promotion of common love for Ireland and in working together to make their country and nationality duly respected. Mr. Richard Clarke endorsed these views and Mr. Charles H. Clarke clothed the thought in poetry.

Mr. Bernard McEvoy and Mr. David Hastings made admirable addresses upon the Irish in journalism.

The toast of the "Irish Emigrant" brought the speech of the evening from Mr. Nicholas Murphy.

Mr. John A. Cowan replied for the Irish everywhere, and Mr. E. P. Roden made a speech for "The Colleens" which would have established him for all time in any woman's esteem, and the fact that there were no women there to hear it made it all the more chivalrous. The absent comrades and the officers of the association were toasted, and many other speeches were made. Songs were numerous and well sung. Mr. J. F. Ryan distinguished himself. Altogether it was a great success.

E. B. A.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

To D. A. Carey, Grand President of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Ontario:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—In the name of the members of the Grand Branch of the Emerald Association, I beg to tender yourself and wife our heartfelt sympathy in the very sad affliction with which it has pleased Almighty God to visit you, by taking to Him-

self your dearly beloved child, and pray that He will give you the grace to bow in humble submission to His holy will. You may rest assured that you will have a loving advocate before the Throne of Divine Justice ever praying to be reunited with you when the trials of this life have ceased.

WILLIAM LANE,  
Grand Secretary.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

A Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters to be known as Sacred Heart Court No 270 was instituted at Ingersoll on Tuesday evening last by Bros. L. V. Buchand, District Deputy and Ph. DeGruchy, with a membership of 50. The officers elected and installed are as follows:—

D. H. Henderson—*Chief Ranger*.  
James O'Callaghan—*Vice Chief Ranger*  
Denis Howe—*Recording Secretary*  
Thos. Daly—*Financial Secretary*  
Thos. McDermott—*Treasurer*  
J. G. Henderson—*Senior Conductor*  
Wm. Leanord—*Junior Conductor*.  
Thos. Howe—*Inside Sentinel*.  
John Thornton—*Outside Sentinel*.  
Patrick Devereaux, Jno. Lanihan, Lawrence, Dunn, *Trustees*.

This Court has been established under very favorable auspices and will no doubt in a very short while double its membership. The Rev. Fr. Molphy, who is an universal favorite in Ingersoll is chaplain and with his aid and support, and taking into consideration the indefatigable men who are at its head, a bright future can safely be predicted

EDMUND BURKE.

Though Burke and Sheridan are names which are always linked together in history it would be hard to find a greater difference in everything, but the possession of transcendent talent, and they both towered far above their contemporaries except, possibly, Charles James Fox, but in almost every other point of character they were widely different. Burke's industry was prodigious and in striking contrast to Sheridan's easy carelessness with which Sheridan squandered his brilliant opportunities. Both, though living mainly in England, retained warm attachments for their native land, and though both Protestants they sympathized cordially with their Catholic countrymen; but Burke's work in behalf of his country and against the Protestant intolerance of his age was a far more continued effort than Sheridan's speeches or votes. Both have deserved well of their native land and the world, but history will always look on Sheridan as a bright but erratic genius, while Burke is regarded as the foremost man intellectually of the British Empire in the eighteenth century.

Burke was a member of the same middle class of Dublin society as Sheridan was. His father was a Dublin lawyer of fair practice and he gave his son the benefit of a Trinity College course. Edmund Burke's mother was a Catholic as was also his wife, and even in the height of the penal laws the boy was thus closely connected by sympathy with the Irish Catholic population. His first teacher, too, O'Halloran, was a Catholic Celt, and his next a Quaker named Shackleton, so that his youth was entirely free from the bigotry of the Protestant Ascendancy class then supreme in Ireland, and to which he himself legally belonged.

His career was intended by his father to be the law, and as Irish law students are legally required to serve their time in London, young Burke was sent there when he was about twenty. He was even then an ardent student, and literature soon engrossed his attention in place of law. Literature in the eighteenth century, however, even in London, was a most precarious pursuit, and Burke's father highly disapproved of his son's course for a time. The publication of his essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" in 1756, however, reconciled the angry lawyer to his son's choice and raised the latter at once to high repute in England. He became a member of the famous club at Turk's Head, where Johnson presided, and in which the foremost literary men of London gathered together. In spite of his youth Burke's abilities at once made him the chief figure in the club and even Johnson acknowledged the mental supremacy of the young Irishman at a time when he would not have granted such an acknowledgment to any other living man.

Edmund Burke was indeed much more than a mere writer of books.

His learning was enormous in every branch of knowledge available and his powers of expression were unrivalled. His reputation was already made when he was asked to accept the position of Private Secretary to Hamilton, the Irish Secretary of State, and in that capacity he returned to Ireland in 1761. Pensions were at that time lavishly bestowed from the Irish Treasury, and Burke was awarded one of three hundred a year for his services to Mr. Hamilton. Personal independence, however, was a conspicuous trait in his character, and finding that he was expected to mould his ideas to those of the Government of Ireland he soon resigned his pension and returned to London. The next year he became acquainted with the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the aristocratic magnates who represented the more liberal shade of feeling in England. Rockingham had been offered the leadership of the Ministry, to replace Lord Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who had made themselves distasteful to George III. personally, and had begun the quarrel that had ultimately led to the independence of the United States, and by the first Stamp Act imposing duties on the then colonies. The old ministers were powerful by their family connections and Lord Rockingham felt the need of allies in the struggle which he would have to keep up in Parliament. So impressed was he with the abilities of the young Irishman that he offered him a seat in Parliament and the post of Private Secretary to himself in 1766. Burke accepted and his public career now began fairly.

It is not too much to say that it was the most honorable of any public man in England of the last century both intellectually and morally. Hardly had he entered Parliament when his speech on the Stamp Act was pronounced equal to that of Lord Chatham on the same subject, and Chatham was acknowledged to be the greatest Parliamentary orator of the post century. Burke, too, showed himself more than a mere orator. He displayed a knowledge of political science, that was simply unrivalled in England, and by his counsels the ministry of Lord Rockingham allowed its policy to be shaped. The Stamp Act was repealed, mainly by his advice, and the struggle with America averted ten years by the prudence of a novice in Parliament who had absolutely no support but his own talent and character. Burke, though dependent on his salary as a Private Secretary for his living, showed himself thoroughly independent, and he led the ministry rather than its nominal head.

To be continued

HOW DONNET REACHED THE KING.

Continued from March 12th issue.

It is a great treasure. But, dear child, if thou wouldst break thy fast to-morrow we must part with it."

"I will starve first!"

"And leave me all alone?"

Tears came into the boy's blue eyes.

"It is very hard, mother. Oh, I wish we were not of gentle blood. Nobody cares for us of gentle blood, because we will not beg. I wish I were a boy of the street, and then could beg for you, mother!"

"There is a white plume of your father's in my casket—where there is little but that—and I will make the hat so that you may not be ashamed."

"A new hat!" exclaimed Donnet, his eyes flashing.

"An old hat made new," said his mother, wondering how so good a child could be so vain.

"A new plume!" said Donnet, laughing. "Why, I asked St. Joseph for that, too, and here you give it to me. If I had a new plume, mother, I could go to the king—King Louis, I mean—I would ask nothing from the other one—and tell him that Les Bois is ours, and ask him to let us go there!"

"Dreams, child! The king would have you whipped from his presence!" his mother said bitterly.

The heart of Patrice O'Neill was heavy. Young, beautiful, flattered, she had lived to see her son and herself outcasts and beggars. Well

God's will be done, she said. At the worst, she could send her son with a letter to the Prior of one of the monasteries, and then go somewhere until her death should come. But Donnet had no such thoughts. He sat on the carved settle near the window and made stories in his mind about the Spanish lady whose portrait asked everybody to say the beads for her. He was not sad, because he did not see the tears his mother dropped on the white plume she was sewing into his hat.

He was more cheerful when a knock was heard at the door and a sewing maid appeared with a rose and a large pastry in her hands.

"The wife of Master Neville, down stairs sends these to the little boy who was so kind to her children before he became sick himself."

The Countess searched for her purse to reward the maid, but she disappeared, and the hand was withdrawn empty.

"Oh, what a red, red rose!" cried Donnet. "Madame Neville's bush, which she keepeth always in her window, hath bloomed at last. And what a pastry! Oh, mother, 'tis of young pigeons. Now we shall have our breakfast to-morrow."

Tears came into his mother's eyes; she put the pastry, which was a giant even for those times, into the cupboard.

"We might have known!" cried Donnet. "To-morrow is the 19th of March. Surely, St. Joseph wouldn't let us go without breakfast on his day—and father up there in heaven with him, too."

And with gladness in their hearts, mother and son knelt, praying, in the bare, cheerless room. It was an odd picture—the beautiful Countess, with the long velvet train of her dilapidated court dress trailing over the floor, and the frail, little boy, with his rosary in his hand, kneeling beside her. The truth was that her boy's confidence in St. Joseph had given her good cheer.

On the next day—which happened to be clear and warm—Donnet went to Mass with his mother, who wore a frayed cloak and a tucked-up train; but his new plume, which was very long and curly delighted him. Now he looked like the son of the Count O'Neill.

Both mother and son had received the Blessed Eucharist. After breakfast Donnet asked permission to go out. The streets were quiet, and his mother, wishing to be alone for awhile on the feast-day of her dead husband, was willing that he should go. He stopped at Madame Nerville's door on his way down and thanked her for her gifts.

"I was going to the court of the king, madame," he said, in his broken French, "and I shall get back my estate of Les Bois, and you shall come and have all the roses you like; for, as you know, my estate is in Provence near the city Arles, where the roses are most beautiful."

"And who will let you into the court of the king?" asked Madame Nerville. "I fear you will get no nearer than the gates, dear child."

"St. Joseph will make the way," he said. "I know he will. Why this is his feast."

Madame Nerville shook her head and sighed. "He will not work a miracle," she said, as she closed the door.

Donnet knew the way well; he had been to the king's palace many times. But it seemed as if Madame Nerville was right; the guards at the gate laughed at the boy. One of them sauntered after the first refusal to admit Donnet, the other laughed and said

"What could induce a ragged boy like you, with a plume stolen from somebody's old hat, to think he could see the king?"

"I am Donnet O'Neill!" cried the boy, turning very red. "I am not ragged!"

The soldier laughed and pointed to a long tear in Donnet's sleeve, which, however, had been neatly darned.

Tears of indignation stood in Donnet's eyes.

"Who sent you?" asked the guard, amused by the anger of the boy.

"St. Joseph."

"Then Monseigneur St. Joseph should have given you a passport," said the man, with a laugh, "and have taught you to speak French like a Frenchman."

"I am Donnet O'Neill," said the boy, with all the dignity he was capable of. "See—if I were a little ragged boy out of the street, I

should not have a rosary like this!" And he held up his rosary of pearls. The guard good naturedly pushed him away.

"You must let me in," Donnet cried.

The guard laughed again.

"His Majesty is about to leave for Versailles; he would be charmed, if he were interrupted by a street urchin—"

"I must see him, Monsieur," said Donnet, not moving. "I am sure St. Joseph will make him see me."

"What does the little English boy say?" asked a sweet voice within the gate.

"I am not an English boy," cried Donnet; "I am an Irish boy!"

A low laugh followed, and an old lady, with soft dark eyes and powdered head surmounted by a lace hood, stood in the walk.

"Madame," said Donnet, "dear Madame, I must see the king."

"The lady looked down at the boy, smiling, and he found new courage; yet he could not speak; he held up his rosary.

The lady saw the portrait attached to the cross.

"It is a token," she said to the guard, "let the little Irish boy enter. That is a picture of the king's mother, Queen Anne. Ah, I remember it well; this is the rosary she gave long ago to the holy saint, Vincent de Paul. Since you bear that, my boy, the king will not refuse to see you. Come—I am Madame de Charolois, once a little maiden in the train of the late Queen—Heaven rest her soul!"

The old lady resting on a black staff, inlaid with mother of pearl, took his hand and hobbled by his side.

"And so you are Irish! Ah, the Irish are brave! Not long ago my Irish cousin, Monsieur de Barnwell, fell fighting for the king!"

"Semper et ubique fidelis!" exclaimed Donnet, lifting his hat, as he had ever been taught to do, when he mentioned the name of the Irish Brigade.

"Always and everywhere faithful," repeated Madame de Charolois, translating it into French. "And your name?"

"I am Donnet O'Neil, the son of Count Joseph O'Neil—"

The lady paused and dropped his hand. "Dear child," she said, "I am sorry, but I cannot present you to His Majesty. The O'Neil's of your branch are out of favor—the King of England has spoken disadvantageously of you, and only to-day the king ordered that your estate of Les Bois should pass to the elder branch of De Fleurent—"

Donnet's face grew so pale that the kind lady became frightened.

"I must see King Louis—it is St. Joseph's day," he said in a weak voice. The old lady seemed distressed. At that moment from behind a marble statue came a splendidly attired man, with a curled and powdered perruque, and a coat of white satin embroidered with gold. Two gentlemen walked behind him. Donnet questioned his guide with his eyes; hers answered him. He ran forward and threw himself on his knees.

"Ho!" said the King, "what young gentleman is this—and with our mother's picture? Monsieur de St. Simon," he added to one of the gentlemen, "help the boy to rise; he is weak and bring the beads to us."

Donnet rose, hat in hand, and gave the beads to the king before M. de St. Simon could interfere.

"These beads were once the queen our mother's," he said, "now ask what you will, child; quick—I must go to Versailles," he added kindly, but with some surprise, as he observed the darned coat of the boy.

"The beads were my grandmother's," Donnet said, forgetting his nervousness, "and I came to ask you to restore—because your people say you can refuse nothing on St. Joseph's day—to restore my estate of Les Bois, in Provence, so that my mother and I may not starve."

The king looked inquiringly at the Duke de St. Simon.

"You know everybody, Monsieur; perhaps you can tell me who this child is?"

"He must be the young Count O'Neil de Fleurent," said the Duke, "the son of that O'Neil whom the English here do not love."

"This boy!" said the king, in astonishment, "why, they told me he was a man, seditious, insolent, arrogant!"

"Oh, sire," said Donnet, "my father was brave—as brave as you are; he was a good soldier. The English speak evil of us Irish soldiers because we did not run away at the battle of the Boyne." And he drew his frail form to its full height. The king laughed.

"And thy father?"

"Dead."

There was silence. Madame de Charolois watched the king's face anxiously. He did not like unpleasant words, such as death.

"And who takes care of you?"

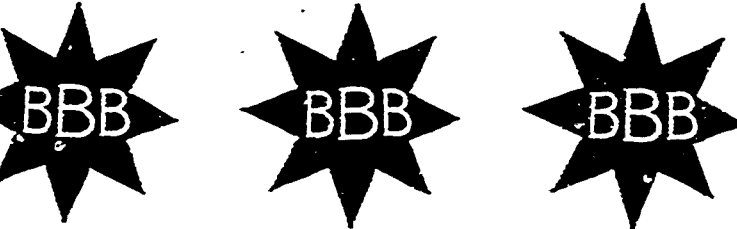
"I take care of my mother," said Donnet, "and St. Joseph takes care of me. There is no other to take an interest in us—that is, no other relative. St. Joseph was my father's patron. He knows what what we need most; he understands, since he had the Mother and the Child to care for."

The king looked keenly at the boy, and then sighed. He kissed the picture attached to the crucifix, and gave it back to Donnet.

"I wish I were a boy again," he said. "You are right to trust St. Joseph. And so Les Bois belonged to the grandmother who left you his rosary?"

"Yes, Sire."  
 Ah, Yes—De Fleurent, I remember the name. Les Bois is yours, the man." The king took St. Simon's tablets and wrote a line. Madame de Charolois, see that the boy is not hungry. And Monsieur Duc, have the papers in the De Fleurent matter cancelled—his young Irishman must have the place. St. Joseph commands."  
 He waved his hand to Donnet, who turned to Madame de Charolois, with his eyes full of tears. "Madame," he said, "I—I—"  
 He fell at her feet fainting. And the good lady sent him, when he had recovered, home to the narrow Paris street in her own coach, blazing with heraldic bearings; and Madame Nervile thought the keys would break down her door with their knocking; and Patrice O'Neil turned pale when she heard it, for fear something had happened to her dear boy. The great pastry, with a pitcher of milk, stood ready for him when he entered, white and weak.  
 "Ah, little mother," he said, taking her hand, "St. Joseph has given us breakfasts for many a day." Then he told her all.

Down in Provence, the land of roses, Donnet and his mother were very happy. One of her greatest pleasures was to get rid of the court gown with the great train, which had been so long the badge of her poverty. On St. Joseph's Day every year Donnet wrote to Madame de Charolois, and on the same day for many years Madame Nervile and her children left the dark, narrow street to partake of a great golden pastry covered with roses. And until this day the pearl rosary hangs in front of a little statue of St. Joseph, in the home of a descendant of Donnet O'Neil, in a land far from Ireland and France—America, but it carries with it the same blessing.



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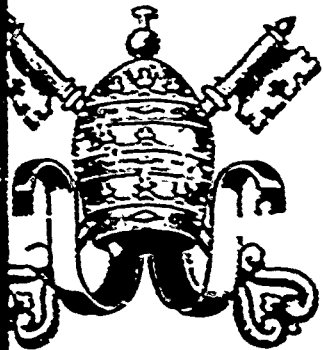
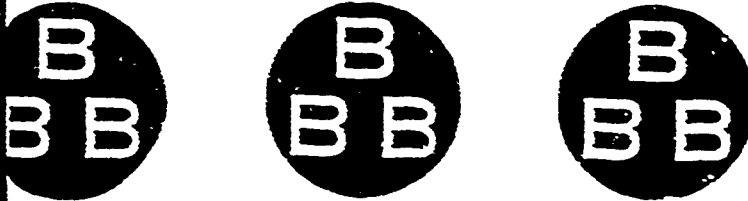
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DEAR SIR: I have only been from England about six months. I like your soap better than any I have used either in the old country or this. I am sure it is superior to any other.  
I remain yours truly, S. MURRAY.

LINGAM, C.B., Nov. 9, 1897.  
DEAR SIR: We use no other soap we find the labor greatly reduced washing, scrubbing or any other work using Surprise.  
Yours, Mrs. JOHN BULL

OTTAWA, March 3, 1897.  
My wife says your Soaps and does everything you claim for it; that she never had clothes so clean and sweet; that the washing can be done with one-half the labor and that the hands are not chapped in doing it.  
The above is no "ruff," but genuine admiration of your soap. Yours faithfully,  
W. H. GRAFTON, Customs Dept., Ottawa.

UPPER GAGETOWN, Oct. 18, 1898.  
DEAR SIR: Please send me the Picture for twenty-five wrappers. I am only a little boy. My papa keeps shop and sells lots of your Surprise Soap.  
DANK McMULLEN.

BARRY STATION, Aug. 1st, 1898.  
DEAR SIR: Please send me the Picture for the twenty-five wrappers. My mamma says she would not be without your Soap for our family washing anything. Yours truly,  
BERTIE L. LITTLE

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