

CENTENARY OF REV. MOTHER BALL.

Celebration at Loretto Abbey.

A very interesting and impressive ceremony took place at Loretto Abbey on Wednesday, to commemorate the centenary of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball, the foundress of the Loretto Order in Ireland. It was a day of general rejoicing, a Community festival of loving memory, and an occasion to the friends of the American mission to show their appreciation of that much of Mother Teresa's work that has come to their immediate knowledge.

A religious festival it was observed in a truly religious spirit, but Mother Church, mindful of the needs of her children, adapts herself to their feelings in such a way, that when joy is the prevailing element, she rejoices with us.

The chapel presented a grand appearance; on entering we were instantly attracted by the blaze of light from the altar, which was tastefully decorated with natural flowers and pretty colored lights. The body of the chapel was well filled with over a hundred of the pupils, the Community and many of the Sisters from the Mission Houses, who came to join in the celebration.

At 9.30 the service began with the Litany of Loretto sung by all in grand, solemn chorus, during which the procession of clergy entered, consisting of his Grace Archbishop Walsh, attended by Very Rev. J. McCann, Rev. Fathers Murray, C. S. B., Grogan, C. S. B., Haul, Marjion, Provincial C. S. B., Dr. Kilroy, Dean Cassidy, Rev. Fathers Ryan, Hagan, C. S. B., Coyle, Cruise, O'Malley, Reddin and McBrady.

Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father McCann; Rev. Father Murray acting as Deacon; Rev. Father Grogan as Sub-deacon, and Father Haul as Master of Ceremonies.

Rheinberg's celebrated Mass was chosen for the occasion, which spoke favorably for the classic taste of the Sisters, and its exquisite rendering was very commendable. At the Offertory the "Laudamus Te," by Bassini, sounded peculiarly appropriate; and as the sweet voice pronounced each word in those exquisite tones so well known and loved, we repeated almost involuntarily, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee." Mercadante's "Ave Verum" was sung at the Communion, and was very effective.

When Mass was over, all were eager to listen to the eulogiums passed on Rev. Mother Teresa, and our expectations were generously answered. Rev. Father Ryan, in his usual masterly way, delivered a grand panegyric on the sainted foundress, taking for his text the appropriate words concerning the valiant woman.

Scarcely had the last word impressed itself on the hearts of the hearers, when all rose, and uniting their voices, from his Grace the Archbishop down to the smallest child, in singing that grand hymn, "Holy God, we praise Thy name." It was most effective, and impressed us as being a fitting close to such a beautiful yet solemn ceremony.

We congratulate the Ladies of Loretto on their competency in keeping the centenary of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball in a manner worthy of the occasion.

FATHER RYAN'S SERMON.

We are glad to be able to give our readers a pretty full summary of Father Ryan's able and interesting sermon. Taking his text from Prov. 31-10—"Who will find me a valiant woman? Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates." The Rev. preacher said in substance:

YOUR GRACE, REV. FATHER AND DEAR FRIENDS—The words I have cited from the Book of Proverbs are interpreted by the Church as a question asked by God the Creator when He wanted a helper like unto Himself to co-operate with Him in the Redemption of mankind. The question, you know, was answered, and the answer came from the humble virgin of Nazareth, who said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." It is done unto me according to Thy word. The effect of Mary's fiat was a new creation, a second and a supernatural creation, a creation much greater than the first, when God brought all things out of nothing. The effect of the Creator's fiat was the creation of light. The effect of the creature's fiat was the Incarnation of Light Divine. "He spoke and they were made." He commanded and they were created. She spoke and the Creator was made the Christ. With Christ began Christianity, and Christianity is the Catholic Church, a continued creation, or rather a continued Incarnation.

At certain great epochs in the life of the Church, in the presence of special great needs or dangers, God looks again for the aid that Mary gave Him, and He repeats His question: "Who will find me a valiant woman?" Such an epoch came at the beginning of the present century, in the life of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Beautiful and glorious that life had been, but it had to be sorrowful too. The Catholic Church in Ireland came fully formed from the mind of God, and clothed in beauty and strength from the hands of St. Patrick. She was a Bride at Her birth, coming up from earth adorned for her husband, flowing with delights and leaning on her Beloved, 'mid

canticles and hymns from convent and cloister, and *Te Deum* from temples all over the land. But the time came when all was changed. Her joy was turned into sorrow, her glory changed into shame. For "the Keepers that went about the city found her, and struck her, and wounded her, and the Keepers of the walls took away her veil from her, and her garments of glory they divided amongst them and over her features they cast lots. And she called upon her Beloved, and He did not answer her." And she cried out in the anguish of her breaking heart. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me. But, valiant and brave even unto death, she bowed her head in obedience, her heart broke and she died. Died? No, she was fated not to die. When they took her down from the cross and laid her in the tomb, and when seals were set and guards, her Master and Lord who never left her, had only hid Himself in love, while the storm raged and death threatened, because He knew her brave confidence and courage. He knew what she would do, and He knew what He would do. And now he comes to the place where they laid her, and taking His beloved, faithful brave Irish Bride by the hand, said: Give place, the maid is not dead; and stooping down He whispered in His mother tongue *Tábhitha cum!*, which, being interpreted, seems to mean *Erin, arise!* And rising she cries in her love and great joy: "*Rabboni, my own dear Master, my divine Saviour, my God!*"

It was at this solemn, sublime moment of Ireland's religious resurrection that the Master asked for a valiant woman to help Him to care for His risen Bride, and to create a new religious order in Ireland, to take charge of the intellectual and moral training of the risen mother's most favored children in academies of best and highest culture. At this most momentous epoch in the religious life of Ireland a man after God's own heart, a great priest and great prelate, the Most Rev. Daniel Murray ruled the diocese of Dublin. He knew well the country's need, he heard the word of the Master, and with the supernatural intuition of a saint he found the valiant woman in the person of Frances Mary Teresa Ball, Foundress of the Institute of our Lady of Loretto in Ireland. It is the centenary of the birth of this servant of God that we have come here to-day to commemorate, in union with the Children of Loretto all over the world.

It is not necessary for us to give to this valiant woman "of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates." This has been done by hundreds of her children all the world over, and by thousands of Loretto's pupils, who, in best and highest Catholic culture, show the excellent educational results of this first among teaching orders of women. It will be our pleasing part to-day to simply show whence such fruits came, and why the Foundress of so many and such noble works deserves to be called "valiant."

In the production and perfection of His works Almighty God needs two kinds of helpers—those who continue and those who create. The Founders of religious orders help God in a work of creation. For this highest help a creature can give the helper must have two qualities—simplicity and purity—simplicity of mind and purity of heart; and both in greatest perfection. Simplicity of mind sees God's plans; purity of heart puts them into execution. Simplicity is light, purity is strength. Simplicity brings God to us; purity takes us and all things else to God. Simplicity is one and holy; purity is Catholic and apostolic. Simplicity says: "Behold Thy handmaid," purity says: "Be it done with me according to Thy word." Simplicity, supernaturalized, has four of the gifts of the Holy Ghost: Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Knowledge. Purity has three: Fortitude, Piety, and the Fear of the Lord. Simplicity of soul has many external signs. It is calm, quiet, self-contained. It has a dignity of self conquest and complete self control. It is meek, and humble, and amiable, and therefore most attractive. But its characteristic exterior sign is silence. And in its silence it attains the sublime. Silence is said to be the garment of God. It is certainly the condition that accompanies all God's greatest works. The silence of nothingness preceded creation. The silence of Nazareth surrounded the Incarnation. "When all things were in quiet silence, Thy Almighty Word came down from heaven, O Lord; the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." The silence of earth is found at the altar, the garment of the hidden God.

Now, the motto, the maxim of Mother Mary Teresa Ball's life was this. *In silentio fortitudo vestra.* In silence shall be your strength. She lived the maxim she taught so well. In all things like the Master she loved, she was especially like Him in this, that she began to do and to teach. She was an incarnation of the Institute she founded—a living book of the religious rules she asked her children to observe. Her life indeed, like the life of every holy soul, was hidden with Christ in God. But she would not have been the valiant woman God needed if she lived a hidden life only. A great work was to be done in Ireland, and indeed wherever the children of Ireland were; and this great and glorious work Mary Teresa

Ball was chosen by God to do. He who is mighty did great things for her; and she, in the power of His might, would do great things for Him. Great souls are capable of conceiving great things, but only great hearts are willing and able to do them. Mary Teresa Ball was a great-hearted woman. Simplicity was a quality of her great and noble soul. Purity was a characteristic of her brave and generous and loyal heart. Simplicity says: "Seek first the Kingdom of God." Purity says: "Thy Kingdom come," and, catching the fire of zeal from the burning heart of Jesus, works over that Christ the King may reign in the hearts of all. Purity is a priestly, an apostolic virtue. It is essentially sacrificial. It freely, generously gives itself for others that it may give all to God.

Mother Ball knew well that Ireland had given her heart to God, but she would have all Ireland's daughters give Him their hearts too. With a divine instinct she saw the danger that threatened emancipated Ireland; the danger that lurks in godless schools and purely secular teaching. She would indeed have Ireland's daughters educated, and their education should be of the highest and best, but that, she said, can only be by a system of training thoroughly Christian and Catholic, that begins with the heart and ends with God. So she set to work, and during the forty eight years of her religious life she founded nearly fifty first class Academies in Ireland, England, India and Canada. That number is now more than doubled, and the centenary of the birth of Frances Ball is commemorated during this month in over one hundred houses of the Institute formed in Ireland by Rev. Mother Mary Teresa. That name is dear to the hearts of all Loretto's children, but it must be ever cherished with a specially fond remembrance by the family and friends of Loretto in Canada. When reading the life of Mother Mary Teresa Ball I had often to pause and ask myself: Is not this the life of our own dear Mother Mary Teresa Dease? And indeed it may be said most truly that these two great souls, these two great hearts were one. Mother Mary Teresa Dease was a living image of Mary Teresa Ball. That gentleness, sweetness, magnetic power; that queenly dignity and grace of our own dear Mother we all remember so well. The wonderful power of her silence, equalled only by the pregnant wisdom of her words. The reverence she had for the Lord's anointed, and the love she had for souls.

But why speak to you of her sanctity who had reason to know her so well. The great, preacher, Father Burke, in his funeral sermon over the blessed remains of Mother Mary Teresa Ball, said she was the most perfect religious, the greatest woman he ever met. I have heard two of our most illustrious prelates make a similar declaration of Mother Mary Teresa Dease.

Imitation is the best devotion, the truest test of love. Let us all endeavor to give in our life this tribute of love and devotion to these two great servants of God.

Vespers and Sermon at St. Michael's.

There is no building in Toronto that has such magnificent acoustic properties as old St. Michael's, and hence when a carefully trained choir responded to the leaders' baton the effect was magnificent. Vespers and Grand Vespers were rendered in all their classical style. Mrs. D'Erville Smith surpassed herself in the "Angel's Serenade." Miss Priscilla Breen on the harp, and Mr. Donville with the violin, showed themselves masters of their instruments. Mr. Frank Anglin's duet with Mrs. Smith was well interpreted and rendered faultlessly. A trio by Mrs. Tapscott and Messrs. Derham and Anglin completed one of the most magnificent musical treats in St. Michael's Cathedral.

Great credit for all this is due to the leader of the choir, the Rev. Father Rohleder, whose musical talent is so well known amongst the Catholics of Toronto, and whose energy is untiring in securing the best talent for his choir.

The following is a brief synopsis of the Rev. Father McBrady's very eloquent and impressive sermon on labor:

The preacher, after pointing out that, in the long preparation of thirty years made by Jesus for the public ministry, there was a great lesson for all those who aspire to the honors of public life, a lesson which the Church took home to herself and applied in the education of her ministers, went on to show that Jesus' hidden and laborious life was the glorification of labor and the encouragement of the laborer.

Labor comes from God who set the example of work by spending six days in creating the world. Man was made a working man from the beginning, for even in Paradise his office was to "keep and dress" the garden. It was his duty even then to exploit the powers of nature, to master discipline and submit them to her service, to become, in some sense, a creator in his turn and so intensify his likeness to his Maker.

Such was the history of labor before his fall. Since the fall, in addition to being a duty, it has become a necessity, a necessity painful but glorious, for in that necessity of

labor there is expiation of sin committed and a preservative against future sin.

By labor, the preacher said, he meant any legitimate employment of man's powers, whether of mind or of body. Intellectual labor, the labor of well-doing, was as much labor as the fashioning of the hands of wood or metal. Because labor was a duty and a necessity, he proposed to divide all men into two classes, those who work, and those who do not. The former are the nobles, the men who deserve to be known, the latter are the ignobles.

His audience, he felt, belonged to the former class—but even probably misunderstood the dignity of labor. Jesus Christ became a laborer to teach them. He became flesh that through him all creation, in its best and in its meanest, might share in the honor of union with God; He became a laboring man to teach that even manual labor was no degradation. Pagan philosophy had thought otherwise. Pagans had relegated the man of his hands amongst the beasts of burden; but just as Christ had ennobled the flesh of man by making it the flesh of God, so had He ennobled the profession of manual labor by making it known, at every stage of his life, the working-man had in Him a friend and a companion, in sickness, in pain, in the daily struggle for bread. Unfortunately the working man did not see this. He had degenerated since the days when the memory of Nazareth hovered as a vision of peace over the meanest trades. Would the old Christian spirit ever return? Would the old Christian guilds ever be revived? At any rate attempts to transform the ideas, to better the sentiments of the working-man would be vain until men learned to blend with their philanthropy efforts a portion of that religious reverence and respect which Christ, the carpenter, claims for those who are the partners of his laborious life.

The preacher concluded, by appealing to his audience, in the name of Jesus labouring, suffering, enduring pain in the persons of his members, to be generous in their aims for the poor, the helpless, and the abandoned.



Reflections of a Married Woman—are not pleasant if she be delicate, run-down, or overworked. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.

This is the time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments which are the cause of her trouble.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a safe remedial agent, a tonic and nerve *guaranteed* to cure those disorders and derangements incident to womanhood, or the money paid for it is returned.

It would not pay to sell a poor medicine on these terms.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in the Head.

Cough Remedies.

During the fall and winter months the demand for cough remedies exceeds the demand for all others. The habit of taking personal risks is so inbred in human nature that it is not surprising that troubles brought on by exposure should be dominant. Respiratory affections don't attack us because we are predisposed to them, but because we nurture them by our own neglect. When we suffer from an attack of asthma, bronchitis, influenza or other complaints, it is our duty as well as our privilege to abate the disorder by the judicious use of Hallamora's Expectant. Ask your druggist for it.