

STABAT MATER AT ST. MARY'S.

Ever since those pre-historic days when the fabled son of Calliope attracted even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field by the magic sound of his flute, music has never once relinquished her hold on the affections of man. Although in this practical age of Positivism we are exceedingly loath to give credence to all that is commonly attributed to Orpheus and his wonderful instrument, yet regarding the Thracian history as a legend symbolical of the power that music has over retained over the hearts of God's creatures, the most sceptical amongst us would gladly acquiesce thereto, and would even take occasion to exemplify it in the large and cultured audience that filled St. Mary's on Sunday evening attracted thither by no less an event than the production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Such occasions are rare ones for the music loving citizen who loves to sit betimes on a mossy bank or a wooden bench and "let the sounds of music creep in his ears." The great majority go to these musical reunions because they wish to enjoy the solace that music only can bestow; while others frequent them solely for the vain purpose of expressing afterwards at Madame Society's next "five o'clock" "I went to hear Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' last week and found it immense, don't you know! The rendering of the 'Inflammatus' was just too lovely for anything"—and such like phrases that well show them at least to be men of culture, and worthy of Madame's patronage.

In the cynical solitude of our own heart we often ask ourselves the question: How many of those who throng, day after day, the various conservatories of music in the city really appreciate the classical music found therein. Their number must needs be few; and did we have the "Lamp of Alladin" to light us in our investigations we should find that they are wondrous few. Of those children of Adam, however, who will make the welkin ring when the sounds of an Irish jig or a Scotch reel break in upon the air, the number is legion; and amongst them are many whose inconsistency we deplore at the expense of their taste. They claim to belong to the inner circle of those whose musical bump is sufficiently developed to be able to appreciate Wagner or Handel, and yet when the occasion presents itself, they will allow those authors to go unappreciated, whilst shouts of *encore* will greet the finale of "Marchin' thro' Georgia."

De gustibus non est disputandum, and we do not quarrel with them on account of their taste, which we deplore, but we resent their pragmatical Jackdaw airs in doffing feathers which become them to adopt plumes which honesty does not sanction. Like the ancients, we ourselves have always loved melody; and even when the occasion presents itself we are not averse to what the poet calls the "variegated prism of Harmony."

It was the combination resulting from these that has made the "Stabat Mater" so very popular with Italian audiences, and it was the same beautiful blending of the simple with the classical that enabled the least amongst us to appreciate it on Sunday evening last. After the "Overture" the Very Rev. Father McCann ascended the pulpit, and in choice and elegant language delivered a sermon most appropriate to the occasion. The text: "Praise ye the Lord all ye nations," gave the key-note of the whole discourse. He spoke of that hymn of praise to the Almighty that resounded from the voices of all creation; from the shrill cry of the eagle on the mountain tops to the lowing of the kine in the peaceful valleys beneath; from the fierce blast of the winter storm to the subdued rush of the waves on the shore. It was this music of praise from the living orchestra of animate nature that inspired man with a like desire of praising the Creator, not only with his lips, but also on the harp and the cymbals. Music was, then, religious in its origin, and wanted to sing the praises of the Creator in Canticles of joy and exultation. Such was the music of the Jews as, with exultant shouts of triumph, they hailed the overthrow of Pharaoh singing with Miriam.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free."

It was praise for the Creator and sorrow for having sinned against Him that inspired the beautiful Psalm of David. It was this same religious upheaval of the human heart to God in gratitude for the great favor He had conferred on her drew from the lips of the Virgin Mother of God the solemn though humble tones of the "Magnificat"—"My soul doth magnify the Lord"—and when the angelic tones of the "Gloria in excelsis" resounded throughout the earth on that first Christmas night, was it not angels' love and angels' religion that prompted it? Tonight we are assembled, continued the Reverend speaker, to continue that worship of God in the music of the "Stabat Mater." Singing the sorrows of the mother, do we not commemorate her love for her child and honor Him in her? Music is, then, given to us to be the expression of our religious desires to the Creator; but it is, even in His temporal life, the cheapest consolation of man. It will calm us in our troubles, soothe us in our sorrows, and will even temper the excess of our earthly joys. Of

all the Christian arts music alone outlives this earthly life, and after death will accompany the human soul in its flight to the regions of bliss to sing eternal hallelujahs before the throne of the Lamb, through the ages of eternity.

For the next two hours the vast audience listened in breathless silence to the great masterpiece of Rossini, where the soul of the Virgin Mother, with its religious throbs of love and sorrow, is depicted in music by a child of the Church. The excellent rendering of the "Cujus Animam" by M. Taylor, deserves the highest commendation. Miss Kate Clarke, who, by the way, is a member of St. Mary's choir, excelled herself in the rendition of "Quis est homo." The voice throughout was faultless, and showed that she had perfectly mastered not only the music of her piece, but also the religious feeling embodied in the words. We shall always cherish a pleasing souvenir of that "Quis est homo." The "Pro peccatis" fell to the lot of Mr. Anglin, and he was thoroughly competent to do full justice to its difficult phases. After the quartetto, Miss Teresa Koller began the "Faci ut portem," and maintained it throughout in a manner which, for correctness of execution and sweetness of tone, has raised her high in the estimation of musical critics. In the "Obo morum Fili"—was, as it is marked, *dulce e gravior*. To Mrs. Campbell was reserved the rendering of the last solo and right ably did she acquit herself of her difficult task. As a soprano she ranks among our best, and for purity of tone, and what we may call *sostenuto*, is perhaps without a rival.

The "In Dio iudicium" of the chorus was especially fine. The music creates the same solemn, impressive beauty as the "Last Judgment" in the Vatican. In fact, this portrayal of the invisible is characteristic of all the great masters and their works. "Witness the Creation." The harmony is so suggestive that you almost fancy you listened to the tread of the animals as they come in procession from the bowels of antiquity. The same is even more true of the "Elijah." Rossini has shown himself in the "Stabat Mater" vastly superior, in this regard, to the German School. It demands the Italian's fine perception to express the various blendings of love and sorrow and religion that are so manifest in the "Stabat Mater," and what Michael Angelo has done in "La pietà" and Dante in "Jerusalem delivered," Rossini has well succeeded in accomplishing in the soul thrilling cadences of the "Stabat Mater."

We owe the ladies and gentlemen who took part in its performance our gratitude for the pleasure we have experienced thereat. For the little practice they have had, they have succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. Mr. McEay may well feel proud of his role of *maestro*. His magic wand was not flourished in vain—and a unity of time that would satisfy even old Capote! was the effect. The leader of the orchestra Mr. Augustus Anderson ably filled the difficult position to which he was called and we all felt now poorly even the most thrilling music is without, the background of the violin and the cello. On the whole we were never so pleased before with an exhibition of Catholic art.

In concluding we may mention that Rossini the composer of the "Stabat Mater" is the same author that has given such master pieces as "Guillaume Tell" to the musical world. His happiest effort, the "Barber of Seville," is still as deservedly popular as composed in 1816. The "Stabat Mater" was originally intended for a distinguished Spaniard "Don Varela," at whose death it came into the hands of the author who had it published and performed in 1842. The "Messe Solennelle" was the last production of the "Swan of Pesaro." It was a posthumous publication, performed after his death, which took place on the 13th November, 1868.

The influence of Rossini "on latter day Italian Opera" is most remarkable. The strength and vigour of "Bellini's Norma" is owing in a great measure to his following in the footsteps of the *Maestro*; and even Verdi has obtained much from the author of the "Stabat Mater."

The words of the "Stabat Mater" were written by Jacopone de Todi, a Franciscan, who lived in the 14th century.

We may soon expect to hear once more a reproduction of the "Stabat Mater" in other Catholic Churches of the city. That is right!

The oftener such chef d'oeuvres are given to the public at large the better; and the theatre that harmonizes best with our Catholic art and talent is of all places the House of God that has ever requisitioned all that is beautiful in Nature and in art to praise the God that has her tabernacle with His glory. By all means let us have the pleasure of hearing Rossini again. Let the sound of his harmony again creep in our ears and touch once more the fibres of our heart. We shall feel all the better for the experience and perchance the hardened prejudices of our neighbours, as yet unmoved by the beauty of our Catholic doctrine, may be softened by the sweet cadence of our Catholic music. Therefore the poet did feign that Ophoeus drew trees, stones and floods, since nought so stubborn, hard, and full of rage, but music for the time doth change its nature." CIVIS.

Address and Presentation.

The young ladies of the Sodality of St. Helen's, celebrated the first anniversary of their inauguration on Monday last. They availed themselves of this opportunity to express their gratitude to their kind director, Rev. E. Cassidy, to whose untiring efforts are due the success of the Society. The following address was read by one of the young ladies accompanied by a hand some pair of silver candlesticks, and a check for \$300, the proceeds of the bazaar held by the Sodality recently:

To the Very Rev. E. Cassidy, Dean of Toronto.

VERY REV. FATHER.—We, the young ladies of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, Broomfield, at this our first annual meeting, look back with delight upon our work since inauguration, and the grand success that has attended it. Beginning, as we did, just six months ago, with only a few members, it has gradually grown, until it now gives promise of becoming the first society in the parish. But, while we have every reason for congratulation, we cannot but feel that much, if not all, of its success has been due to the earnest and untiring zeal of our devoted pastor. We, therefore, seize the opportunity, which is afforded us to day, of expressing to you our hearty thanks for your generous efforts. There is much we would say, had we words at our command, to convince you of all that we feel, but we must be content in offering you these small tokens of our esteem and appreciation, hoping that in after years they may serve to recall this little event and the friends who inspired it, while we in turn will ever pray that you will long remain our spiritual adviser, the aid and guide of our deliberations.

CHILDREN OF MARY,
St. Helen's Parish.

Father Cassidy replied in a most suitable manner, thanking the young ladies for their handsome present, and for their zeal and energy in making such a success of the Bazaar. He expressed himself pleased with the progress of the society since it started, and referred to the large number admitted at their last reception. He also spoke of the good that was and is being done from their united efforts under the protection of our Blessed Mother.

Base Ball.

On Saturday last St. Michael's Junior B. B. C. defeated the Victorias in a very exciting game, on the College grounds. Score, 13-9. The good playing none throughout the whole game was blurred in the sixth innings by some wild base throwing, which materially raised the score on each side. Leech, Foley, Brady and Hellman did good work for the College; while Douglas, Hamilton and Crew showed up well for the Victorias.

Much credit is due to Capt. John Foley for the creditable way he is managing his Juniors. He is anxious to arrange matches with any Junior team in the city.

S.M.C. Jrs.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 —R.H.E.
0 1 2 1 0 5 2 1 1 13 9 5.
Victorias—0 1 0 1 1 3 1 1 0 8 7 5.
Batteries. Coty-Hayes-Fallon —S.M.C.
Douglas-Crew Victorias.
Umpire, F. J. Donnelly.

About 500 people journeyed to St. Joseph street on the afternoon of the 10th, to see the College boys play a picked team, composed mostly of Dukes, Nationals and Park Nine players. Early in the game the St. Michael's secured a lead that could not be overcome by the city team. McDermott and Fitzgerald were the battery for the Collegians, and they did much to secure the well-earned victory. McGinley, in left field, played an excellent game and led for the College at the bat, knocking out two nice two base hits. McDermott struck out 11 of the visiting team. The triple play of the picked Nine in the third inning was much applauded by the spectators, Gagen, McGarry and Thompson performing the feat. On the sixth and seventh innings errors by the St. Michael's caused their adversaries to pile on seven runs, their almost winning the game. The game was very interesting, and abounded with many good plays.

Guelf.

The Catholic people of Guelf deem it an honour to have among them the Rev. Father Kenny, S.I., who recently received the appointment of Superior of the Jesuit Order in Canada. Since Father Kenny came to Guelf he has won the esteem and admiration of all classes, both Catholic and Protestant, as large numbers of our separated brethren come to listen to his eloquent sermons.

The arch-confraternity of the League of the Cross, contemplate holding a convention, to which delegates from other places will be invited to attend. The object is to further the interests of the Society and organize branches in unrepresented districts. In conjunction with the above Society is the Guelf Catholic Union which has attained for itself a high reputation, especially by the number of successful concerts and dramatic entertainments it has furnished the public, both here and in other places. This Union has

over 60 members, about half the number being young men; they have a neat little hall centrally located, where they can come in the evening and enjoy themselves with innocent amusements and interesting literature. Any Catholic stranger, who happens to visit Guelf, will find them a social whole-souled lot of fellows, ever ready to extend the hand of fellowship and render any assistance they can. A paternal care that is pleasing to note, is exercised over the boys by their respected President, Mr. McMahon. May success attend their efforts. M.

Concert at Loretto Abbey.

On Wednesday evening the 18th the annual Concert was given by the pupils of Loretto in their Distribution Hall at the Abbey. A large and very appreciative audience composed of a number of the clergy, friends and relatives of the pupils was present. The grand opening piece on the programme, "Dance Espagnole" performed by an Orchestra of twenty five or thirty young ladies was very fine, as also the "Septuor" by Beethoven played on eight pianos. The pantomime of the "Raven" was well done by several of the young ladies. Miss Hunt being the reciter. All were charmed with the vocal trio "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," sung by the Misses Tuttle Dodge, Lang and Beattie. Mention must be made of the "Troiseme Ballad," Chopin, and the "Bridal Chorus," from Lohengrin. Miss Minor's rendering of the "Story of Antoine Durand" was really affecting. The programme closed with the "Ode to St. Cecilia," with accompaniment of organ, piano, flute, violin, and cello, which finished a most enjoyable and entertaining evening.

Grand Musical Vespers.

There will be Grand Musical Vespers and Lecture in St. Michael's Cathedral on next Sunday evening, the 20th, at 7 o'clock. A special silver collection for the Cathedral Fund will be taken up. A rare musical treat is being prepared for the occasion.

Home Rule Fund.

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