

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, April 23, 1892

No. 11

Easter Services.

No festival of the year is of such universal acceptance as Easter. For Christians it celebrates the Resurrection of our Lord from the tomb and hence the fulfilment of the long line of prophecies and the establishment of the Church of Christ on the realization of the greatest of all human hopes, says F. F. Galway in *N. Y. Catholic Review*. For the pagans of antiquity, as well as, perhaps, for those modern pagans and nature-worshippers, the agnostics, it is the festival of spring time, the season when all exterior nature, after the winter period of storm and sterility, puts on again the appearance of life.

The Easter festival in this common accord of all men in its recognition, symbolizes the fact that the Supernatural which the Catholic Church, as the organization of Christianity, emphasizes, is not the contradiction or destruction of nature, but the completion and ennoblement of it. The Christian religion, in other words, is not hateful or indifferent to Nature, for if what is meant by Nature is merely the unconscious portion of God's creation, and all creation glorifies and praises the Creator.

In truth no men have had so vivid a love for the greatness of God as shown in the works of His hand, as the saints of the Christian Church. Their lives and the traditions of their lives teem with examples of how these wise and holy ones of God were able to find "books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones, and good in everything." Every heresy, on the other hand, has been false to Nature as well as to the Supernatural. As an instance, there is that predominant form of Protestant error, known as Calvinism, which has endeavored to make its votaries believe that, as a consequence of Adam's transgression, man's nature is so wholly corrupt that every thought, word, and act of the merely natural man is a sin against God the Creator. It was one of the saddening effects of this terrible perversion of the truth, that all love of the beautiful in nature or the arts, at one time seemed wholly to have perished among the millions of unfortunates who had become impregnated with it. The only man of English speech sincerely a believer in the awful tenets of Calvinistic Protestantism, who ever produced a poem of more than passing interest, was John Milton, and his grandest work leaves as its strongest impression the apotheosis of Satan on his high throne in Pandemonium. That German masterpiece, that other great poem of Protestant misapprehension of the truth, "Faust," like "Paradise Lost," though more bitter, because of its predominant note of despair, seems to degrade Nature as irredeemably contaminated by sin.

"This is the day which the Lord has made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." For it is the day which commemorates the sublimest of all triumphs, which Nature yielded to the Supernatural, when the earth yielded up the Redeemer from the tomb, an act prefigured from prehistoric times by the religious joy which all things of the earth seem to have displayed at the time of equal day and night when the sun placed the most pleasant of all the seasons.

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy."

It was on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua de Flores, the Pasch of Flowers, that one of the Catholic discoverers and explorers of this grand Western world of ours first saw what is now the most southerly of our Atlantic States, and he, accordingly, named it Florida—the Easter land. Indeed all America itself might, without any undue straining after effects, be appropriately named the Easter land, for it seems to be destined under the Providence of God to be the land where the religious, moral, and political resurrection of man is to take place from the false conditions and circumstances by which his progress, both natural and supernatural, has too often been hampered in the Old World. It is "the land the West," the dream of the withered past and the hope of the flowering present. Easter of 1892 marks the astronomical beginning of the year in which the whole civilized world will unite to recall the magnificent development of the New World within the four centuries that have elapsed since the Catholic Columbus with the aid of the Catholic Queen of Spain, and the prayers of his dear old friend, Friar Juan Berez, made it known to civilized men and prepared the way for that illustrious army of brave, enlightened, and zealous explorers to complete and fill in the discoveries which he began—Amerigo Vespucci, Vasca da Gama, Bilboa, Magellan, Cortez, the Cabots, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Verazzani, Jacques Cartier, La Salle, Marquette, Hennépin. They and the myriads of Catholic Christians of all races, languages and social conditions who have lived and toiled in these four centuries past in our glorious America, have been the instruments in the hands of God of making America the scene of the thorough resurrection of man under the unfettered influences of the religion of Christ.

"Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King!
To Thee alone belongs the crown,
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred
And dragged the Prince of darkness down!"

Holy Week at St. Michael's Cathedral.

The impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out this year at the cathedral with more than usual pomp and splendor, while the large attendance and reverent manifestation of faith and piety on the part of the people, gave striking evidence of a well spent Lent. What added so much to the imposing and impressive grandeur of these beautiful ceremonies was the improved condition of St. Michael's cathedral. The entire renovation and decoration of the church have been a wonder and a joy to all who love the beauty of God's house, but never did these most artistic improvements appear to such advantage as during the solemn services of Holy Week. If the perfection of ecclesiastical architecture is the measure of its aid to highest worship, then the interior of St. Michael's cathedral comes very near highest perfection in ecclesiastical art.

The ceremonies of Holy Week began with

the blessing of the palms. His Grace the archbishop pontificated and blessed the palms from his throne. After the blessing he made an impressive and instructive address to the congregation on the significance of this beautiful ceremony, and then with his assistant priests, distributed palms to the people. This distribution ended, the procession began. Led by the crossbearers, the acolytes, chorists, altar boys and officiating priests, Very Rev. J. J. McCann Fr. Williams and Mr. Winterberry, formed into line, and bearing their palm branches in their hands, moved towards the church door, the chorists chanting the *Pueri Iherosolymorum* as the procession moved in. His Grace the Archbishop with his assistant priests, Fr. Campbell and Fr. Ryan, closed the procession. The procession passed out the main door of the cathedral, and this door being closed the chorists of the boy's choir sang outside the door the *Gloria Laus*, to which the choir within the church responded. The hymn being ended, the sub-deacon strikes the door with the cross, the door is opened, and the procession moves in and up the centre aisle to the altar, where the solemn High Mass began.

The touching ceremony of *Tenebræ* began on Wednesday evening. After an interesting explanation of the service by Fr. Ryan, the choir of priests in the sanctuary began the chanting of the psalms of matins. The Lessons on Lamentation were sung most effectively by Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Williams, and Trayling, the choir in the organ gallery taking up in subdued harmony the touching refrain, *Jerusalem convertere*, &c.

His Grace the Archbishop presided at the evening service on Wednesday and on Thursday morning solemnly pontificated at the holy mass and the blessing of the holy oils, having as assistant priest Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G.; assistant deacon of honor, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., and Rev. Fr. Ryan; deacon of the mass, Rev. Fr. Williams; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Trayling, and about twenty priests of the diocese vested in chasuble to take part in the solemnity of blessing the holy oils. Rev. J. L. Hana was master of ceremonies.

The service of *Tenebræ* was again held on Thursday evening. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and Fr. Williams preached a most impressive sermon on the Holy Eucharist. After this sermon came what seemed to us the most solemn and eloquent incident in this week of solemnities. The great church was crowded with most devout worshippers. The altar of repose or repository, where the Blessed Sacrament is kept for adoration, on Thursday was at the altar of St. Joseph in the side aisle, and was really the most beautiful of the many such we have seen. At the end of Fr. Williams' sermon, the archbishop, accompanied by the clergy, went to the altar of repose. His Grace knelt for a few moments in adoration. Then he arose, turned towards the vast throng of worshippers, all on their knees, and in words of tenderest piety and most touching eloquence, asked the prayers of the people first for the Church of God and the vicar of Christ, that the kingdom of God may be extended on earth, and that this Sacred Heart of Christ may rule

(Continued on page 178.)