

Death of Father Wassereau.

KINGSBRIDGE, May 18, 1890.
Editor of the Huron Signal, G. L. R.

DEAR SIR.—This day a month, on April 13th, a good servant of God, and a solid benefactor of this western part of Huron, was most unexpectedly called by the voice of the Almighty to come and give an account of his stewardship. On Easter Sunday last and the two following days this faithful servant was celebrating with and for the people committed to his care the solemnity of Christ's glorious resurrection, and on the following Sunday at 4 p.m. his soul had already received sentence from the Judge. He was the Rev. Augustin Wassereau, who for near eighteen years, viz., from December, 1872, till February, 1875, preached the glad tidings of the Gospel to the various Catholic congregations then established throughout a belt of land extending fifty miles, from Port Franks in the south to Point Clark in the north, and forty miles inland, along the shores of our beautiful Huron. The Rev. Father Wassereau was a native of France, his birth-place being, I think, not far from the town of Toul, in the Diocese of Nancy, and province of Lorraine. He sprang from a family who stood well among their fellow-citizens, both for their social position and their standing in the world of pious and devoted soldiers of Christ. After passing the years of his childhood in innocent happiness under the tender nursing and care of an idolizing Christian mother, amidst the joys of pure companionship with pious sisters and exemplary brothers, one of whom was also, I believe, a priest, he followed during his hood a successful course of classics, and was reading divinity in the theological seminary of Nancy, when, in the year 1857, he, with his fellow students, the pious and most zealous Theodore Wagner, now Dean of Windsor, Ont., and the most genial and very talented and scholarly Joseph Gerard, also now pastor of Belle River, Ont., volunteered at the call of the then Bishop of Toronto, the Right Rev. de Charbonnel, to come and evangelize the poor in this, at the time, sparsely settled and struggling Western Ontario and the then newly erected Diocese of London. With the aforementioned reverend gentlemen and some other Levites, who are now doing work in other parts of Ontario, the Rev. A. Wassereau crossed the Atlantic in August, 1857. As he was still much under the age prescribed by the Canon of the Church for ordination to the priesthood, he was sent by the bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. P. A. Pinoneau, to spend a few months in Assumption College, at Sandwich, there to receive up his unfinished course of theology and make more immediate preparation for ordination. In October of the same year, if my memory serves me well, he received the order of sub-deaconship, on the 6th of December following he was promoted to the order of priesthood, and two days later, the 8th of December and Feast of the Immaculate Conception, by special papal dispensation, as he was still two years outside of the required age, he received the imposition of episcopal and sacerdotal hands, which raised him to the dignity of priest according to the order of Melchisedech. Immediately after his ordination Father Wassereau was sent to the town of Goderich in the capacity of assistant to the veteran missionary of the Huron tract, the late Rev. Father P. Schneider. In this capacity for three years he most zealously acquitted himself of the laborious and sacred duties of the holy ministry, now in the town of Goderich, again amongst the French-Canadians settled down below Bayfield, at other times here in Ashfield and at other opportunity permitted further inland in the townships of Wawanosh, Hullett and Morris. About the year 1860 Father Schneider's large field of labour as it then existed was by episcopal ordinance divided into two distinct sections. Father Wassereau assumed then responsible and pastoral charge of the northern division, which embraced Ashfield, the two Wawanoshes and Morris. In this new mission there were at the time three regular and principal stations entitled to Sunday services in the proportion of the numerical strength of each congregation respectively, the residence being, however, fixed here at Kingsbridge, Ashfield, which place received dominical service twice in the month. For fifteen years the lamented defunct worked unobtrusively but with much devotedness to his charge in this little outpost of the Lord's vineyard. The distances were laboriously made, fully thirty-six miles of half-broken roads intervening between the pastoral residence at Ashfield and the Morris church, situated in those days near the center of the township. Distances were great, hardships immense, and worldly comforts scant indeed. Nevertheless, holding himself contented and happy before God and in the midst of his people, Father Wassereau for fifteen years zealously, Sunday after Sunday, and day after day, dispensed the grace of his ministry, offered up the sacrifice, preached the Gospel and prepared the dying for a happy resurrection in eternity. So devoted was he to his charge that it would have been heart-breaking to anyone who reflected on any member of his congregation, and a hero of assiduity to duty he proved himself to be, so much so that, barely twice or at most three times in the year was he known to step over the lines stretching between his mission and other parts of civilization. His heart was with his people, his people were his treasure and therefore he loved to dwell with them and felt happy to be devoted to them, particularly in sickness and other afflictions. Yet towards the year 1875 the bishop of the diocese, fearing that so much assiduity to duty in a comparatively isolated section of the diocese might eventually prove detrimental to the physical powers and perhaps even to the moral energy for good of the faithful pastor, removed him from Ashfield, and assigning to the severance of the ties of affection which had intensified between him and his people, the day of parting, and about the year 1875, the tears which suffused his eyes, both the children and the spiritual father. After this Rev. Father Wassereau was advised to go and spend in his own native land six months of recreation and of recuperative period. On his return he was pending the opening of some suitable parish, sent to assist Dr. Kilby in the work of sancti-

fication of souls at Stratford. At the end of one year a vacancy offered in the town of Ashfield, and he received charge of that vast parish. However, two years later on, or thereabout, the bishop, having decided to call a religious order to the administration of that parish, Father Wassereau was transferred to the parish of St. Francis, where the French element was more predominant. Here Rev. Father Wassereau continued for about twelve years the work of evangelization and of salvation of souls, when on last thirteenth of April, Sunday after Easter, his parishioners assembled for the Sunday mass were shocked to find him fallen from bed during the night, stretched on the floor and laboring under a stroke of paralysis, but as yet for a while quite lucid mentally. He nevertheless failed to realize the gravity of his condition and, feeling that at worst he was in peace with his God, having made his confession the day before Easter Sunday, he rather discarded the idea of disturbing another priest on his behalf from the arduous parochial duties of the Sunday. It was not long, however, before his mind gave evident signs of being unhinged. Whilst he lay held down powerless, and at the angel of death had already entered the house fast approaching his bed, his lips were heard muttering the first prayers of mass, as though he were in the act of ascending the steps of the altar. "Introibo ad altare Dei." Yes, Father Wassereau, thou faithful priest of God, unconsciously, no doubt, thou wert then on the threshold of God's "Holy of Holies," and no doubt it was the power of the invisible grace of God dwelling in thee which moved thy lips and made them say once and for the last time on earth, "Introibo ad altare Dei." I shall ascend the steps of Mount Calvary. Seeing that the throes of agony had seized on their revered and no doubt beloved pastor, the parishioners took themselves to the church and, shrouded in prayer, fervently, often time, as they were wont to do in days gone by long ago, and your correspondent prayed with them, and on this occasion no doubt an alarmed people sent up to heaven fervent supplications and obtained of God to send down His holy angel to receive at the threshold of eternity the soul of the good shepherd. In haste, a messenger was dispatched to Stony Point, the nearest parish. The Rev. Father Schneider, formerly of French Settlement, down in Hay, made all possible haste to reach in time the bedside and give his brother priest the benefit of the sacrament for the dying, but in vain for half an hour prior to the arrival of the priest. Death had already drawn his sable pall over the parish of St. Francis; Father Wassereau in his thirty-third year of his priesthood and of faithful services to the Diocese of London and in the fifty-fourth of his life, had passed away. Soon after the sad tidings of Father Wassereau's most unexpected death were sent to his friend and colleague, Father Schneider. The latter gentleman at once placed himself under duty to pay the last and honors due to the faithful priest; availing himself of every opportunity permitted by the shortness of time, he gathered from the neighborhood eight or nine priests, and on Tuesday, the 15th of April, they solemnly laid in the grave the sacred remains of good Father Wassereau to sleep in the Lord till the clanging of the trumpet, when they shall awaken in the clothing of immortality and proceed to hear the living Judge bid them take their place at His right. A few days afterwards the unwelcome news reached Ashfield and were received by the people with saddened hearts and eyes moistened in tears; they bewailed their former pastor of the days of their struggles of element in the land. He had founded their parish, he had built therein the first parochial residence, enlarged and beautified its first church, built the present church of their sister congregation of St. Augustine, all most creditable efforts of zeal, industry and generosity for those days of struggle and pioneer life; he had watched their fathers and many of them clear their land, had married one half of the present generation and baptized the larger portion of the other half. In his presence they had seen the grace of God and imparted it to them; he had visited them in affliction and sent many of their friends to heaven. He had been away from them for 15 years; they had not seen him in that long span of years excepting the few who visited him at his far away home whenever opportunity offered, but yet they remembered him, they loved him and the unexpected and very early "taking away" of him filled their hearts with sorrow. This sorrow and this grief became particularly manifest on Wednesday last, 7th inst., when their present pastor, the Rev. B. Boubat, rightly interpreting their sentiments brought them together to pay a solemn tribute of well merited respect and of grateful duty to the memory of the aforesaid beloved pastor and former pastor of the parish. This tribute of Catholic piety and of tender remembrance on the part of a Catholic congregation towards a deceased former spiritual counselor took the shape of a solemn requiem service celebrated on the aforesaid date in the church of Ashfield for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Augustin Wassereau. Quite a good number of priests from various parts of the diocese had been invited to be present and had signified their ready acceptance of the invitation, but the funeral of another lamented good priest, the Rev. John O'Connor, also once of this western part of Huron, which took place at Maidstone the day before, unavoidably prevented several of the reverend gentlemen from reaching Ashfield for the 7th. However, some few made especial effort to arrive on the preceding day, and likewise during the afternoon and till late in the evening of Tuesday, the 6th, the larger portion of the congregation flocked to the church to make the confession of their sins, obtain absolution of them if found sufficiently repentant and thus prepare themselves according to Catholic manner of life to receive holy communion on the morning after the repose of good Father Wassereau. Early on Wednesday morning and thence till the hour of the solemn service at ten o'clock the deep toned bell of the church sent up over to the farthest removed dwellings throughout the rolling landscape of Ashfield its doleful knell of convocation to pious remembrance of the departed and

to the sacrifice of propitiation for sin. At 7 o'clock a low mass was celebrated at which there had already congregated one hundred and fifty persons. Meanwhile the other priests continued to hear the confessions of an earnest and devout throng. At ten o'clock the clergy, robed in vestments suitable to their differential orders, formed themselves into procession and, preceded by the cross and the sanctuary boys, marched from the sacristy under the mournful strains of the "De profundis" and entering by the main door proceeded up the centre aisle of the crowded church to the main altar appropriately draped, and now all ablaze with lights shed from colored lamps and golden candlesticks. Now when come to the foot of the altar, the Rev. Father McGee, of St. Augustine, assisted by Father Giam of Wyoming, as deacon, Father Cooke of Seaford, as sub-deacon, and Father McKee, of Parkhill, as master of ceremonies, ushered in by the sign of the cross the great and tremendous sacrifice of Calvary, the full choir of voices, mingling with the melancholy and plaintive tones of the organ, led by the choir boys, devoutly sang to God the first pious prayer and pitiful wail for solace and light to the revered defunct—"Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine." Then the mass went on with more than ordinary impressiveness and solemnity till the moment of the consummation of the sacrifice, holy communion, had arrived, when more than two hundred persons in addition to those of the morning piously arose and approached for holy communion. In all, close unto four hundred persons or very nearly every adult member of the congregation participated in the communion of the mass offered for the solace of the soul of the deceased priest. After the mass the Rev. Father Corcoran, of St. S. Lette, came forward and with beautiful thought expressed in well chosen language pronounced the funeral oration and for half an hour led and kept the congregation before the throne of God's mercy in humble and fervent supplication on behalf of their devoted father, the lamented Augustin Wassereau. Then, many eyes could be seen throughout the church suffused with tears, the clergy and sanctuary boys reappeared, torch in hand, and ranged themselves round the catafalco erected in front of the sacred railing on the identical spot where stood in the old days the altar of the late Rev. Father Wassereau had so often spoken the word of divine truth and sent down his sacerdotal blessing to the congregation. The heartrending wails of the *Libera* now pierced as it were through the roof of the church and sent up to the Father in heaven, the last desperate prayer of the living for the dead, the congregation knelt down amidst the silence of the *Pater Noster* and over that catafalco which in thought brought there the presence of the defunct in his sacerdotal robes of penance, the Rev. Father Schneider pronounced the last absolution, followed by the piercing last shout of the chorister, "Requiescat in pace," and the people of God responded a sobbing "Amen."

Yours truly,
ADELPHUS.

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THE "Y.S." COLUMN.

Temperance Notes.

If Prohibition is a failure, why do the liquor men spend thousands in fighting it?

Here is a bold and manly challenge. Mr. W. S. Cairne, M. P., whose devotion to the temperance cause is beyond all praise, affirms that if every Christian who came to the Lord's Table would unite in forming a party in the State to take up the drink question, they could form a Government in five years. Many hearts will beat a sympathetic response to this patriotic sentiment.

The late Sir Edward Baines—recently deceased, at the patriarchal age of ninety—some short time before his death, referring to his Parliamentary experience, declared that while in the House of Commons not one glass of wine or ale ever came down upon the wood and leaves of his table, and in consequence he was not in spite of it—he was able to do almost as much work as any man in the House, and he left parliament absolutely unweakened, and all but unworn. What a splendid testimony!

Some Things P. A. Krudick said.

The people have no conscience on this question of intemperance, because they are guided and influenced by custom and associations of the past. "Some time ago," said the speaker, "I visited a large manufactory of mouldings. The knite comes down upon the wood and leaves its impression; it comes out a fixed pattern. The same with men. The impressions of their 'bringing up' holds them in a close embrace." This point was aptly illustrated by contrasts of the drinking customs of the past with those of the present.

Some people tell us, when asked to sign the pledge, that they have too much brains to become a drunkard. Too often it is want of brains that is the trouble.

Speaking of personal responsibility, Mr. Burdick said, "Not to be on the right side to be on the wrong side, every time."

The pledge gets men sober. Christ keeps them sober. No other power can.

The speaker dwelt at some length and with great earnestness on the importance of the boys and girls signing the pledge.

Some parents say: "Wait until they are old enough to understand what they are signing." Do we let our children go on and tell lies, or commit theft, or do other naughty things, without checking, waiting until they are old enough to understand that they are doing wrong and wrong?

As parents, we generally let them understand in a very emphatic way that these are little evils the nature of which they must understand at once.

My experience is that 90 per cent of the children who sign the pledge grow up total abstaining men and women.

Somewhat asked me, "How I stopped drinking." I quit; and there is no other way, brother.—Canada Christian.

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.

Friendships of Politics.

When a man has passed 40 years of age the friends of school or college days are dead or lost. These fierce competitions of business, with its sharp and merciless struggle for the mastery, confine one's confidences to his partners of the hour. Old associates die, and after the tears of the moment they are forgotten; they move away, and after the embrace and good-by comes oblivion; they become bankrupts, but our sympathy and regrets do not reach our pockets or transfer our capital to their use for the restoration of their fortunes. So that men would be left without any of the unselfish attachments of youth, without that enthusiasm for a man or a cause which makes the term "the boys" equally applicable to the young and the old, and become isolated, narrowed, dried up within the family circle, were it not for the associations of politics. Believing in the same principles, members of the same party, inspired with that esprit de corps which, in all ages, has formed, in times of trial, heroes, patriots, martyrs, men work together in the caucus or convention, fight together at polls for the triumph of a common cause, and about or share in victory or defeat. They will open their pocketbooks to contribute money and devote their places of business to give their time for the candidate or friend without hope or expectation of any other reward than his success. They will endure discomforts, hardships, travel, rough riding over country roads to elect a favorite. They will make exertions and sacrifices to help a companion who is down, when business and other friends pass by on the other side. From such men, sure of the attachments behind them, and in close communion with the popular pulse, come our best statesmen.

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THE POET'S

The Girl Who Helt

There are girls who paint
And girls who dance w/
And girls who steal our h/
With charms of form
But there's a girl whom
Much more than any g/
And as a wife I shall selo
The girl who helps her

Although it may be out o
She grants her mother's
Nor does she idle all the v
Her ma is washing dish
She has a kind, loving g/
For parent, sister, broth
She proves a blessing eve
The girl who helps her

She may not read the lat
Nor sigh for a flirtation,
She may not care to make
Nor pine for a sensation
Such lives as hers with g/
And love for one anothe
She scatters sunshine all
The girl who helps her

THE FAIR

A Variety of Jottings

The new Russia-le
highly perfumed; sem
the very bright reddis
natural tint and is big
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Minard's Liniment Cu