

# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XIV, No. 21

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HAMILTON DIOCESE JUBILEE

### ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CONSECRATED

**Fifty Years a Diocese—Event Celebrated with Enthusiasm**  
**—The Papal Ab legate and Many Prelates Take Part**  
**—Very Reverend Doctor Teefy Preaches Jubilee Sermon—Great Gathering of the Laity.**

A truly Golden season has just closed for the Catholics of Hamilton, in the three days' celebration commemorative of the half century mark in the existence of their Diocese and Cathedral, and of the completion of the five decades of time which for them means the development from an almost embryonic condition to that of a fullness and completion of which they all individually and collectively may be justly proud. Fifty years ago the Diocese greeted its first bishop. Fifty years ago the Cathedral was founded and in course of time completed, and to-day it exists in the mellowness of its maturity, embellished with all the gifts of a rich and progressive growth. To celebrate this event the Pope's representative, together with the heads of the dioceses of Toronto, Peterborough, London and Sault Ste. Marie, hastened to unite with the venerated head of the Hamilton diocese on this joyous event in his ecclesiastical career.

Early on Sunday morning Hamilton was astir and the people flocked in large numbers to the early Masses, celebrated in the temporary chapel or tent placed on the lawn, the church being reserved for the ceremonies attached to its consecration, which began at 6 a.m. and lasted for three and a half hours. His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London officiated and was assisted by Rev. Father Mahoney as archdeacon, Rev. Father Coty as deacon, Rev. Father Weidner, sub-deacon, Rev. Father McColl, chanter, and Rev. Dr. Kloepfer as master of ceremonies.

The most imposing feature of the ceremonies was the Pontifical High Mass at 10.30, celebrated by his Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, the visiting prelates being present in the Sanctuary and the edifice filled with devout and attentive assistants. The scene was a memorable one. The Cathedral brightened by the glowing sun of a May day, showed to advantage its many stained glass windows, its fine new and striking stations, together with the decorations of the day, giving a fine general effect.

Across the angle of the chancel dome the motto "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" stretched in letters of light, while on either side in electric globules, were the figures 1856-1906—dates memorable in the Diocese. The High altar rose in a background of three pinnacles, the centre one being a luminous white cone, and all three tipped with small globes in ruby and sapphire. Above the tabernacle a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in white marble is erected, and on Sunday this loved Patroness, of the Diocese of Hamilton had, in the words of Scripture, "a crown of twelve stars about her head and the moon beneath her feet," the crescent formed of tiny incandescent lights. Small palms, pink blossoms and much foliage lent their aid, and together with the rich lace of the ante-pendium made an altogether worthy setting for the Grand Jubilee Mass.

The procession of ecclesiastics entered the chancel from the vestry, the Cross coming first and then the train of bishops, each with his attendant, the Papal Delegate in violet robes and crimson cape, and wearing the little skull-caps of crimson. Mgr. Sbarretti then vested for Mass in the golden vestment of the day. The officers of the Mass, in addition

to the celebrant, were Very Rev. Father Schweitzer, C.R., assistant priest; Rev. Fathers Connolly, S.J., Guelph, and McColl, Peterborough, deacons of honor; Rev. Father Aylward, London, deacon of the Mass; Rev. Father Brady, Hamilton, sub-deacon; Rev. Father Waechter, C.R., Berlin, master of ceremonies. Archbishop O'Connor was attended by Rev. Father Supple, C.R., Boston; Bishop Dowling, assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Kloepfer; Bishop O'Connor, assistant priest, Rev. Father Mahoney; Bishop McEvay, assistant priest Rev. Father Holden; Bishop Scollard, assistant priest, Rev. Father Coty; Rt. Rev. Mons. Heenan, assistant priest, Rev. Father Walsh. Rev. Father Sinnott, Ottawa, was also present. As the procession entered a special choir of one hundred boys under the direction of Rev. Father Donovan, sang with fine spirit an attractive arrangement of "Ecce Sacerdos." The boys also sang the music of the Plain Chant, Royal Mass. At the Offertory the "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," was effectively sung by Mr. Fred Filigiano. Mr. J. L. Cherié presided at the organ. The sermon preached by Very Rev. Doctor Teefy, C.S.B., of Toronto, was a dignified and impressive address, the scholarly speaker giving an interesting synopsis of the history of the Diocese and warming into enthusiastic eloquence at the memory of the great men who had made the Diocese what it is to-day. Below is the sermon in full:

Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year. And every one shall go to his former family. Lev. xxi., 10.

Your Excellency, My Lord, Reverend Fathers and Dear Brethren: With all respect and humility, my Lord Bishop of Hamilton, I venture to express the thought that this pulpit would upon the present occasion have been more appropriately filled by a member of your household. He would have voiced with filial piety the gratitude of the diocese. He would have sketched with personal reminiscence the coming in and the going out of these fifty golden years whose struggles and labors have been crowned with blessing and success. He would have told the story of this Cathedral—how in 1860 he had seen it rise over the ashes of the old frame building; how it passed through several stages until at last it has assumed its present beauty and completion; how he saw the first bishop bless its foundation stone, whilst to-day we all witness its solemn consecration. Such men are not far to seek. There are those around your throne to-day. My Lord, venerable in years and priestly service, whose memory must be deeply stirred this day. They could have given paths to this edifying chapter of religious history. Indeed, you yourself were the most fitting bar. You would have told in poetic prose and eloquent diction the story of those early days whose sowing was in tears but whose reaping is in joy—those days in which you took so active a part, and those later years in which you in your higher position, and by your zealous administration as Bishop have laid deep and broad foundations of God's tabernacle in the Diocese of Hamilton. Thus the task has fallen to the lot of a stranger. Yet hardly a stranger. I feel that on this day I, too, have returned to my own family; for here, many years ago, within these sacred walls, that grace was given to me, as to one out of season, whose links reach to the present and bind me in undying gratitude to unforgotten associations. Whilst therefore it is with diffidence that I attempt to do the occasion anything like justice, it is with filial feeling I join with the con-

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gratulations and thanksgiving of to-day. However varied may be the sentiments of each of us, one dominant note prevails. It is thanksgiving to God—praise and blessing to His Holy Name—and to Mary Immaculate, the Mother and Queen of this Cathedral, praise and thanksgiving, I say, for the sacrifice and glory of these fifty years. Fifty years are not long in the history of the immortal Church. They are long in a young land; for though we are the heirs of all the ages still we are in the foremost files of time. There are those living who witnessed the espousals of this Diocese, who saw the first episcopal candlestick placed upon this Cathedral altar. Our institutions, religious or secular, must be measured not by centuries, but by individual lives. What was this city, what was this Diocese fifty years ago? A city of little more than 14,000; Dundas, a town of 3,500; beyond, Brantford, nearly 4,000; a little farther north, Guelph, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. Back of these centres lay the unbroken forest with its long, severe winters and the ever-green pines, its giant guardians, defying the march of men. Throughout that vast district which includes the counties of Wellington, Waterloo, Bruce and Grey, a few settlers, like an advanced guard, had pushed their way forward, and clearing a little land had started a home for themselves. By the census of 1851, four years before the erection of the Diocese, there were not 150 Catholics in Bruce, about 4,500 in Wellington; and 1,000 in the County of Grey. Two years afterwards the Ecclesiastical Council of Quebec, when petitioning for the erection of the See, pleaded that this one mission contained 15,000 souls and was attended by only two priests, the Jesuits of Guelph. Hamilton city in 1851 contained 4,000 Catholics; Dundas 1,268; Brantford 744; Guelph 200; the whole Diocese nearly 25,000, exclusive of the Indian Missions on Manitoulin and the north shore of the Upper Lakes. These numbered about 3,000. To sketch the history of each parish would lead me far beyond my limits. The settlements were principally Irish, whose number was considerable, but whose scattered houses made ministrations most trying. Missionaries were few in number, their territory unlimited, and the facilities for travelling and for serving their flock most discouraging. Not a single railway throughout the Diocese—and only two or three high roads. The blazed trees and the narrow, distant clearing were the only guides for the weary missionary in his long journeys. No churches, no schools, no homes for priests. No homes for priests, do I say? None, my brethren, for they were rather headquarters than homes. That venerable pioneer whose memory is still green in this Diocese, whose remains rest beneath these walls, the Very Rev. Vicar-General Gordon, was one of few resident priests. He had been appointed pastor of Hamilton in November, 1846. This zealous missionary thus describes with characteristic modesty his share in these toils, and the early state of religion: "Well, my dear sir," he said to John Francis McGuire, "no doubt I had many a hard ride through the forest, and I often had to depend on my poor horse as my heavy eyelids closed while I

sat in the saddle overpowered with fatigue and want of sleep. But no matter what labor I had to undergo, I always received my reward in the faith and love of the people—their delight at seeing and hearing their priest—why, sir, it would raise my mare's spirits. And how they kept the faith! It was surprising. For years some would not see a priest; but still the faith was there in a mother's heart, and she would teach it to her children. We have lost some," he continued with a sigh, "for there were sheep without shepherds; but that we did not lose more and that we saved so many in times long gone by, is only to be attributed to the mercy of God, and the tenacity with which the Irish cling to their faith. Their devotion and their affection and their gratitude cheered me many a time, and made me forget fatigue and trouble of every kind. God bless them! they are a good people."

There were others. There was that settlement of strong-willed, hardworking Germans, whose thrift, whose industry, and whose powers of organization have contributed so much to the building up of religion and education in this Diocese. Not so numerous as their Irish co-religionists they concentrated themselves more, to their greater advantage. The prosperous County of Waterloo is their centre, though branches reach out to the neighboring County of Bruce. Their story is the same. Long before the Diocese was erected, towards the close of the thirties, St. Agatha had gone forth, and had been invoked in a little log house in a lonely clearing where now rises a flourishing village called after the martyr's name. Preston and St. Clement's came next in order, followed quickly by the now more important Church of Berlin. This district was served first by that zealous missionary, Father Schneider, then by Father Sandell, and about 1847 by a Jesuit Father named Father Caveng. From 1853, when the Jesuits were installed at Guelph, until 1858, the whole of the county was served by some of the Fathers. In 1858 came a saintly priest, pioneer of the zealous community of Resurrectionists who are now doing so much for religion and education in the Diocese; I should say, in and for the country. This was Father Eugene Funcken. But like St. Andrew, he was soon to make way for his more distinguished brother, Father Louis Funcken, a man renowned for his learning as well as for his other priestly virtues, a teacher and educationist of the highest type. He arrived some six years after. His first work in the country was his life work. With an energy which overcame tremendous difficulties, with a varied learning which enabled him to do the work of many, with a confidence in God and his cause which triumphed over everything, Father Funcken planted the seed of higher education, which, springing up and growing from more to more, now spreads its branches over the land. The fruit is to be found in the numbers of priests and of professional men who owe to the Venerable Dr. Funcken, and St. Jerome's College, which he established, their sound, Catholic education.

Again, my Brethren, there were small orphanage. Schools, where were they? Or what were they? The task of organizing parishes and supplying priests, of fighting the great battle of religious education, of providing for the poor, the orphans, and the sick, of establishing foundations which live and flourish to this day; this was the work of the pioneer Bishop of Hamilton, the Right Rev. John Farrell, a man of renown, whose godly deeds have not failed and whose posterity is a holy inheritance, and whose seed hath stood in the covenants. His were days of struggle, of humble beginnings, of hidden foundations. What a contrast from the present time! To-day forty-three diocesan priests and eighteen priests of religious orders; forty churches with resident pastors and twenty-four mission chapels, two hospitals, five institutions for the needy, a well equipped college, three academies and fifty-one parochial schools. How did all this change come about? Whose work is this? Many have had a share in it—many who are not with us, whose names are written in the book of life, who would have wished to see this day, but who saw it only in hope. Many there are who quietly fulfilling their duty, bore in lonely parish and unremitted toil the heat and burden and contributed to this morning's glory. I speak not of these—not of those heroic Jesuit missionaries who, on distant Manitoulin or Superior's northern shores, taught the world the value of an immortal soul, in their service of the poor Indians. But there are those to-day whom I cannot pass unnoticed. There is the revered Vicar-General of this Diocese, the Right Rev. Mgr. Heenan, whose work, whose name and whose memory will forever be associated with these fifty golden years—with the seed time and the harvest of the Diocese. There is the venerable Dean Laussier, the eldest priestly son of Hamilton, whose faithful service has toiled with more efficiency than eclair for the good of souls and the advancement of religion. And my own Community, the Basilians, presents the third, Father Granottier, whose memory goes back to the time when Owen Sound Mission covered the northern half of the Diocese. The good which these veterans have done will live after them. And what is better for us, Reverend Fathers, their example is an odor of sweetness for us all.

In the building of the temple of Solomon we read that it was built of stones hewed and made ready, so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was building. So was it with the temple of Hamilton. The work went on without noise. Year succeeded year, and no change was noticeable. But the work was quietly advancing. Generosity is not noisy, nor is true zeal trumpet-tongued.

Throughout these fifty years the generosity of the faithful and the zeal of a devoted priesthood toiled steadily at this work of God. The temple, fair and well proportioned, grew in perfection as the stones were elevated to their place by the willing hands of skillful workmen. Bishops passed away leaving the walls higher up than they had found them. Then some seventeen years ago Your Lordship was installed Bishop of Hamilton. What a share you have had in the framing of this temple, in the organization and ministrations of this Diocese, will ever remain your joy, your crown and monument. Under your zeal St. Lawrence went down to the lake, and Mary the Mother away north to the distant, humble Indian settlement—and twenty-five others, patrons of the Churches erected under your Lordship's episcopate started forth. But this is not all. You saw the inception of this golden tide. Then afterwards, as priest, you took a noble share in the hidden sacrifices of a pastor's life. As Bishop you have to-day the happiness of placing the roof of glory upon that temple of which you have been to a large extent the high-minded, zealous architect. Your people rejoice with you, your devoted co-laborers, the clergy of Hamilton, rejoice with you. Your brethren of the episcopate rejoice with you. Rome, through its Delegate, rejoices with you upon this auspicious occasion. We all sincerely congratulate you and pray God to spare you for many years to govern the Diocese whose interests you have advanced so well. And as we look back to-day, with gratitude and praise rise from this altar to the one Bishop who alone could give the harvest, who alone can claim the glory. Eternal

(Continued on page 5.)

 **NOTICE OF DIVIDEND**  
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**HOME BANK OF CANADA.**

**DIVIDEND NO. 1.**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the five months ending 31st day of May, 1906, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Monday, the 18th of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Tuesday, the 20th day of June, 1906, the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.  
JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.

Toronto, May 16th, 1906.

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Scotch settlers. But why continue? Irish or German or Scotch, or whatever else they might be—they were all Catholic and Canadian. They had come to make their home here. They had taken up their abode in the dark forest. All that they had brought with them was their common faith, their common hope of better conditions, their common love of freedom, their willing, strong hands. These were the elements upon which religion was to work. It was the spring time, when the sowers went forth and sowed the seed; and, lo! in their train the flowers sprang up, the forest cleared away, and the desert blossomed as the rose. Things could not go on thus. In the celebrated neighboring cataract of Niagara is a power which when concentrated makes for a city's prosperity and a nation's material progress. So in the mountain torrent of the Church there is a power which, directing, illuminating and animating the spiritual energies of a people, tells for the continuity and advancement of religion. Religion may live a long time in the heart, and the embers of faith smoulder for years. But if religion is to continue from generation to generation; if its teaching is to be maintained and its power exercised, it needs that unmistakable organization and unity which can be found only in the episcopal office. Religion needs the Voice of Christ to teach it, the Hand of Christ to govern it, and the Sacrifice of Christ to sanctify it. It needs a bishop whose teaching, governing, and plenitude of priestly power are the voice, the hand and the Sacrifice of Christ. The temple needs a builder with full power and authority, by whose teaching, whose government, and whose sacred ministrations the faithful may be built together into an habitation of God in the Spirit. It, therefore, these scattered portions were to be framed together into the Church of Christ, then must they be brought into closer union with apostolic succession. The zealous missionaries felt this want. The Venerable Bishop De Charbonnel, of Toronto, had no sooner cast his eye over his vast Diocese, when he arrived in 1850, than he felt it. His first idea was to have a coadjutor who would reside in Hamilton until a separation could be made. In 1853 the Council of Quebec petitioned Rome for the erection of the two sees of Hamilton and London. The prayer was granted. And Father John Farrell, then pastor of Peterborough, was chosen as first Bishop of the new Diocese of Hamilton. Many of you, my brethren, remember him. He was not easily forgotten. His tall, handsome form, once seen, would live in memory. And for his heart and soul—the man—he was truly episcopal. He did not think so himself, for in his first pastoral he wrote as follows: "Although poor, miserable and incapable of any good by ourselves, nevertheless, with a pious reliance on the hand of Him who, despising as the Apostle informs us, the resources of human wisdom and human power, makes use of the weak things to confound the strong that no flesh may glory in his sight—after mature deliberation we resolved to submit to what we considered to be the will of God." It was not thus the people of Peterborough thought when parting with his Lordship. In their address they said: "We have only to look at the great exertions you have made in completing the presbytery and in the erection of chapels in remote parts of the mission, together with the establishment of our Separate Schools in the face of all kinds of prejudice raised by the enemies of religious education, to convince us of your anxiety at all times to advance both the spiritual and temporal wants of your people, frequently at great inconvenience and difficulties to yourself." Full of zeal, prudent, a judge of character, he was well fitted to wear the mitre and organize the new Diocese. Bishop Farrell was consecrated on Pentecost Sunday, May 11, 1856, at Kingston; and he entered into possession of his See on May 24. His first act was to consecrate the Diocese to "the ever Glorious and Blessed Virgin in the mystery of the Annunciation." To help in the severe work of serving his people he had two priests in the city, Fathers Gordon and Carayon, Father John O'Reilly at Dundas, Father Ryan at Brantford, Father Mesuer at St. Clement's, Father Ebner, a Jesuit, at St. Agatha, and two Jesuit Fathers at Guelph. The only religious community of women was the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had charge of a


small orphanage. Schools, where were they? Or what were they? The task of organizing parishes and supplying priests, of fighting the great battle of religious education, of providing for the poor, the orphans, and the sick, of establishing foundations which live and flourish to this day; this was the work of the pioneer Bishop of Hamilton, the Right Rev. John Farrell, a man of renown, whose godly deeds have not failed and whose posterity is a holy inheritance, and whose seed hath stood in the covenants. His were days of struggle, of humble beginnings, of hidden foundations. What a contrast from the present time! To-day forty-three diocesan priests and eighteen priests of religious orders; forty churches with resident pastors and twenty-four mission chapels, two hospitals, five institutions for the needy, a well equipped college, three academies and fifty-one parochial schools. How did all this change come about? Whose work is this? Many have had a share in it—many who are not with us, whose names are written in the book of life, who would have wished to see this day, but who saw it only in hope. Many there are who quietly fulfilling their duty, bore in lonely parish and unremitted toil the heat and burden and contributed to this morning's glory. I speak not of these—not of those heroic Jesuit missionaries who, on distant Manitoulin or Superior's northern shores, taught the world the value of an immortal soul, in their service of the poor Indians. But there are those to-day whom I cannot pass unnoticed. There is the revered Vicar-General of this Diocese, the Right Rev. Mgr. Heenan, whose work, whose name and whose memory will forever be associated with these fifty golden years—with the seed time and the harvest of the Diocese. There is the venerable Dean Laussier, the eldest priestly son of Hamilton, whose faithful service has toiled with more efficiency than eclair for the good of souls and the advancement of religion. And my own Community, the Basilians, presents the third, Father Granottier, whose memory goes back to the time when Owen Sound Mission covered the northern half of the Diocese. The good which these veterans have done will live after them. And what is better for us, Reverend Fathers, their example is an odor of sweetness for us all.

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(Continued on page 5.)

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