

Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

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HOW LENT IS KEPT IN TORONTO.

Mission to Men at St. Michael's Cathedral.

Never before perhaps was there such an awakening of Catholic faith and piety in Toronto as during this present Lent. This blessed result has been doubtless due first and chiefly to the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours that is being held by direction of His Grace the Archbishop in every church in the city. It is the meek and merciful Saviour, in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, visiting His people again, going round amongst them, doing good to all and healing all manner of diseases. It is the enkindling by His own blessed breath in the hearts of the faithful the divine fire He came to cast upon the earth. It is the gracious and plenteous outpouring of the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God. It is the coming again in meekness of the King who will yet come in majesty, and it is the joyous uprising and going out of the people with hosannas in their hearts and the palm branches of penance in their hands to receive and possess their King in Holy Communion.

The Forty Hours began at St. Mary's church the first Sunday in Lent. The opening sermon was preached by His Grace the Archbishop (Review of March 12th.)

Next to the goodness and mercy of God, the striking manifestation of faith and fervor visible all around is due to the provident pastoral care and energetic zeal of this large-hearted, eloquent and learned prelate. His splendid Lenten Pastoral, a voluminous and attractive compendium of dogma and devotion, is an excellent text-book for the preacher, an admirable prayer-book for the people. St. Mary's church is always crowded, it was literally packed the Sunday the Archbishop preached. His Grace has the devoted love of all his people, but there is in the hearts of St. Mary's congregation a tenderness of affection for him that he won by his amiable and indefatigable zeal when with them in the young days of his priesthood, and that is now only all the stronger when he comes as the amiable, gentle, distinguished prelate, of whom they have such reason to be proud. It is sometimes said, "the sermon was equal to the occasion," when the saying does not mean much. But when the occasion is the coming of an Archbishop after forty years of priesthood and twenty-five of episcopate to the parish of his first young pastoral love, to carry the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession around the church, the sermon to be equal to such an occasion must be, what the Archbishop's was, in every way perfect. His closing appeal to the people of his old parish was the most powerful and touching we have ever heard. His "come to me all" of the blessed Saviour, seemed to burst forth warm and loving from the great heart of the Good Shepherd Himself, and go straight to the hearts of the faithful of His own blessed Mother's parish.

On the second Sunday in Lent the Forty Hours' Devotion began in St. Basil's church; and on the third Sunday in St. Paul's, the Archbishop presiding at the opening services in both these churches, and carrying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn Procession, after having addressed a few burning words of

living faith and tender piety to the respective congregations.

St. Basil's and St. Paul's adjoin the Cathedral parish, and the outpouring of grace in these two churches during the Forty Hours' Devotion, with the fervent opening of St. Mary's, helped much to crowd the Cathedral with men on the evening of the third Sunday, when the week's mission to men began. The Cathedral was packed to the doors, and the preacher said he never saw a more intelligent looking and attentive audience. The Archbishop presided at the opening exercise, and, after the sermon of the evening made a most impressive appeal to the vast congregation. The Mission is being conducted by Father Ryan, who is known in the United States and Canada as an eloquent preacher and zealous priest, and who, we are glad to learn, is to be stationed at St. Michael's Cathedral. Taking as his opening text St. Michael's Motto. "Who is like to God?" Father Ryan preached his first sermon on the Rights of God as Creator, King and Master, and man's correlative duty of praise, reverence and faithful lifelong service. His second sermon was on "The Rights of Man." Having shown in his first sermon that man's duty to God was the foundation of his rights, he went on to prove, with forcible reasoning and persuasive appeal, that man's right to life, liberty and happiness is successfully maintained and completely secured only in the Catholic Church. For she alone gives highest life and truest liberty by teaching infallibly the Truth of God, and true, eternal happiness, which is the permanent provision of perfect good, by giving sacramentally the God of truth. "Sin" was the subject of the third sermon. The preacher considered sin as a rebellion against the authority and rights of God, and a destruction of the rights and liberties of man. Then with striking Scriptural illustration he pictured sin as the death, funeral and burial of the soul. After this death and burial came the resurrection of the soul and the general judgment as supplying matter for the fourth discourse. Taking to herself the power and majesty of God's mercy, the soul says to her sins. "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment." Dead thoughts, words and deeds arise, and in fear, sorrow and love the culprit becomes the judge in the sacred tribunal of penance. The sermon that followed this was perhaps the most touching and effective of the mission. It was on the Good Shepherd seeking the lost sheep, finding the lost one, and taking him home to the heart of God. Besides the evening exercises there are two meetings in the morning, one at 5.30 and the other at 8 a.m., Mass and a short instruction at each. These morning exercises began in the chapel, but the crowd was so great that the exercises had to be held in the Cathedral. The mission will close on Sunday evening when Father Ryan hopes to see at least one thousand men receive their uniforms and decorations as soldiers and officers in that Grand Army of God, the League of the Sacred Heart.

There are 800 Catholic Truth societies already established throughout the country. The number should be increased two-fold during next year.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is always a feature with Irishmen and their kin in Toronto. This year was no exception to the rule. It was rather an epoch in the record of celebrations. It is many years since was witnessed in this city such a gathering of Irishmen, all joined together to do honour to him who implanted Christianity in place of paganism, and who gave to them—on the country hillside—the Shamrock, to be ever the emblem of their faith and their nationality. As the drum beat, following the sun around the world, gave notice of the breaking of day, quickly following it was heard throughout the sweet strains of Ireland's national music. And from the frozen ice fields of the North, the arid plains of the South, and the fertile fields, valleys and populous towns of east and west, fervent blessings were called upon that dear old island so rich in fame and story—the island of St. Patrick, Ireland the true and loving, the birthplace of heroes, the cradle of song, the home of oratory, the school of patriots and the exemplifier of faith and virtue.

Where, in ancient or modern times, is there found such another record of a peoples' love for motherland? The pages of history records none such, nor will it ever. In heart and in spirit, Irishmen throughout the world united as one, to once more, in spirit, cause the harp of Tara to re-echo through its deserted halls, and to breathe a prayer for the speedy consummation of that for which she has so nobly fought and of which she was so basely deprived—a national parliament on Dublin College Green. On Thursday the Shamrock was seen everywhere in the city; on the coats of business men hurrying to their respective pursuits, upon the coat of the labourer and mechanic going to their day's work of toil, upon the bosom of fair maid and matron, and upon the soutane of those worthy successors of St. Patrick, who minister at the altar of holy Church and emulate him in self sacrificing devotion to their charges.

For many years it had been the custom to abstain from a procession throughout the streets; but on this occasion it was reversed, and safe it is to say that a more orderly, more respectable looking, or more sober body of men has ever been seen wending their way through the streets of this city, than were those composing the procession of St. Patrick's day. They did themselves credit, they did their race credit, and they did their Church credit.

The *World* reports the proceedings thus:

THE RENDEZVOUS.

St. Lawrence market was gay with green and white in the early hours of the morning. St. Patrick's Day was opening with sunshine and was as favorable for marching as could be desired. The loyal sons of Old Ireland were peering in from Dan to Beersheba, and were thronging the old square. Green banners overhead, green uniforms underneath, green and white plumes upon the marshals, whose steeds pranced under unaccustomed trappings of the prevailing color. Here and there were towering figures, whose black wedge caps and brownish gray capes proclaimed the mounted

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