

# The Catholic Register

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

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## MATTERS OF MOMENT

### The Annual Retreat of the Clergy—The Training of a Great Choir—The "Brethren" Again.

The annual retreat of the priests of the Archdiocese is now in progress. Year after year we hear it announced in the churches that on a certain date the Retreat will begin, but how many give the matter a thought further than that during the week following the regular course of things will be interrupted in the different parishes in as much as that the daily Mass will not take place and that sick calls will be attended other than usual. And yet an event freighted with much affecting the welfare of the faithful of the diocese is taking place, for the directors of souls have retired to renew within themselves the means and graces by which their work is accomplished, having in mind the admonition to take heed lest whilst ministering to others they themselves become castaway. As a general thing the laity are too apt to forget that the priest is mortal. In the eyes of most, he is from the day of ordination until his course of life is run, immune from temptation or possibility of fall, and hence is altogether apart from anything in the shape of help or prayer from those for whom his life is spent. The thought of the people is fortunately founded on things as they are to the eyes of men, for it is the glory of the priest that his escutcheon is seldom stained by the soiling things of earth and surely the great majority return it bright and unsoiled to the great Commander who gave it into their keeping. But how many even guess at the struggles through which these peace-carrying warriors have passed in order to bring this about. We once heard a priest relate that on the day when for the first time he ascended the altar steps as the accredited minister of Christ, his mother in the depth of her gratitude exclaimed, "Thank God, his trials and temptations are now over," but the old parish priest who was standing by, turned to her and said, "My poor woman, they are only now about to begin."

At St. Patrick's church on Sunday last a young priest said his first Mass and a confere of some years experience preached and spoke of the life of the priesthood. He told that in order to help others the priest had often to reach down to the very mire of things, and that to keep the spotless robes in which he was invested at ordination untouched by the contact, extraordinary graces were required and for this the prayers of the faithful were needed. The speaker, moreover, accused the people of great forgetfulness on this score, and perhaps he thought, though he did not say it, that the forgetfulness sometimes merged very near to the sin of ingratitude, for while all look for and expect the prayers of the priest, how few apparently are those who reciprocate even in the slightest degree. No time is more opportune for remembering our indebtedness in this respect than the present week, when apart from the ordinary routine of his work, the priest reviews the past and girds himself anew for the future. And undoubtedly the prayers of the people will help to strengthen his armour and add additional lustre to its brightening, so that when he again resumes his work the strength and beauty of his renewed environment will radiate its whiteness, and every parish will feel its efficacy and benison. And the prayers of the people will have helped to this and here-in shall be their reward.

In its issue of June 27th the Boston Pilot tells of the graduating exercises of the Cathedral Sanctuary Choir, at which the Archbishop was the principal speaker. In the course of his address His Grace reminded those present that though young in years, the choir-members belonged to a world-renowned institution, that the Boston Choir had a reputation not in America alone, but also in Europe. He also recalled the case of a distinguished American musician in Rome, who after hearing the famous choirs there, visited the Archbishop, who was at the time Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, and told him that although the music to which he had just listened was admirable, he believed that the polyphonic music which was rendered by the Sanctuary Choir in Boston was the best he had ever heard.

So much for the choir? Now for its history as told by the same Most Rev. narrator. Many years ago a brilliant young priest, Father Sherwood Healy, who had heard and studied the music of Rome, was appointed Chancellor of the Boston diocese. He was fired by the desire to have something similar in Boston. Fortunately, commented the Archbishop, there was at that time in Boston an accomplished musician and devout Catholic, Mlle De La Motte, whom Father Healy secured to assist him and who from giving the boys occasional training, eventually gave up her profession of teaching music, in which she had been remarkably proficient, and gave all her energies and talents to training the boys of the choir. At her death, the choir, which had meantime attained its renown, fell back somewhat, and two years ago when Archbishop O'Connell came to Boston as its spiritual head, he noted a decadence and was alarmed for the welfare of the famous body of singers. Fortunately another zealous priest, Father Scanlan, with a fine knowledge of music, and a gifted lady, Miss Summers, were found who energetically devoted themselves to the task, and now the Archbishop feels that the choir has all its old lustre and was able to tell its members that it never did better work than it is doing now and has been doing during the past few months.

## JEAN DE BREBEUF

The following story in verse from the clever and refined pen of Miss Rose Ferguson was read at a late meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association of which Miss Ferguson is a member. It is now given to the readers of the Catholic Register and is singularly appropriate to this, the month of the Tercentenary of Quebec. The poem is the product of much study and research and though lengthy, will well repay reading.—Editor.

Of Jean Brebeuf I sing, the noble son Of Normandy, whose life was lost and won In our beloved Ontario, where he Upraised the cross by Huron's inland sea Long centuries ago. Of him I sing! His valiant life and martyr's death should ring Adown the ages in Canadian homes! And first we see him where our fancy roams In old Quebec, in sixteen thirty-four. We pause beside their hospitable door, St. Mary's, cradle of that mission band Who aimed to win a continent. Now stand Upon its humble threshold, and we see Our hero 'mid the black robed company Assembled from their labors, six in all. 'Tis he of soldier mien, erect and tall, But stamped with priestly imprint through long years Of self-restraint and study. Naught he fears Of men or demons, for he came to give His labors and himself that truth might live. His heart is with the Hurons, whose land is full of peril, but in promise grand.

And next we see him leader of the three Who bore th' unwilling Hurons company On their return from trading with the French. Nine hundred miles in frail canoe might quench The fires of zeal, as up the Ottawa 'Gainst raging floods and torrents, none they saw would be Sullen Indians. Then by Nipissing And down French River onward journeying They came to Georgian Bay, Brebeuf alone Was landed, for his comrades, feeble grown Were slower coming and had lost their way. The Indian guides went on. He knelt to pray In that lone land, and all his prayer was praise To God Who guided them o'er weary ways To the desired place: 'Twas Thunder Bay Whose shores he trod, and stretching far away The homes of all the Hurons. Here in a field of labor worthy of the three. The hospitable Hurons built a home Of Indian model. More they need not say. The black-robed trio, but with skilful hand Arranged their treasures, marvels in that land Of simple living. Daily swarmed the guests To gaze on wonders and to make requests. They turned the handmill, heard the little clock—"The Captain"—gave its orders. It could talk, And striking twelve, said "Hang the kettle on!" At four it bade them all "Get up, begone!" The Fathers daily shared their saga-mite And learned the language from their guests. At night These old world scholars found congenial task Translating French to Huron. Need they ask Their first attempts? They formed in Huron rhyme The Pater Noster, Credo, Ave. Time Was always for the children, who in throngs About Brebeuf would chant the holy songs, He in his cap and surplice to impress The budding minds of this small heathenese. The elders heard the story of the cross, But hard it is to gain the gold from dross.

The winter brought festivities and rites Which spoiled the days, made hideous to the nights, Annulled the father's teaching. Then the "Feast of Dreams" to banish sickness came, and ceased All semblance of intelligence, till spring Dispersed the tribes for summer's journeying. The seasons passed. The courage, kindness, tact, Unfailing in the Fathers did react Upon the savages, and many came From afar and heard at least their Maker's name. In sixteen thirty-six the Hurons held The great "Feast of the Dead," Brebeuf by urgent invitation of the Chiefs, Beheld the rites they practised in their griefs, When every decade all the dead were borne To common sepulchre, 'mid scenes forelorn, And there baptised the captured Iroquois Who ran the gauntlet by their awful law.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found the advertisement of the Tissot collection of pictures, with the information that orders sent in to this office will be attended to. In offering to attend to this matter we had in view the exceptional opportunity given our readers, an opportunity which we would readily assist them in embracing. The J. James Tissot collection is a series of paintings of the Holy Land and its people, which have given the artist world-wide fame. They embrace scenes in both the Old and New Testament, and for the children in the home or in the school no better instructor could be found than the object lessons contained in those pictures. The series of paintings was produced during a sixteen-year residence of Tissot in Palestine, when on the holy ground which was the scene of the events in the life of our Lord and of the historic and picturesque nation who were once God's chosen people, he received inspiration for his work, and his great collection for which he is decidedly a benefactor. Our readers should read the Tissot advertisement and avail themselves of the artistic and instructive collection offered them.

## PURSE PRESENTED

### Rev. Father Minehan Given a Purse of Gold—Many Expressions of Esteem and Love.

On Monday evening the old church of St. Peter's parish was the scene of a farewell and presentation to Rev. Father Minehan, the popular and highly esteemed pastor of the parish, who after thirteen years of strenuous and unceasing labor is about to take a well-merited vacation in Ireland, the land of his birth, and on the Continent of Europe. The committee who had the arrangement of affairs had prepared an informal but delightful programme in which the Bennett volunteer orchestra, which included a fine harp, gave some Irish airs in excellent style, and members of the choir and others under the leadership of Mr. Costello, choir-master, with Miss Flynn as accompanist, gave a short but interesting series of musical selections. As Father Minehan entered the hall he was greeted by the congregation rising to their feet and according him a hearty welcome. After the musical programme the chairman, Mr. Michael Ryan, invited Father Minehan to the platform, where the following address was feelingly read and a purse of golden sovereigns, representing six hundred dollars, presented by Mr. W. A. Kavanagh on behalf of the congregation:

Reverend L. Minehan, Parish Priest of St. Peter's Parish, Toronto: Reverend and Dear Father,—In asking you to meet us here this evening, your parishioners are afforded an opportunity of bidding you God-speed and wishing you a very delightful visit to Ireland and to the Holy City of Rome. That you are about to take a much-needed and well-earned holiday is a source of great pleasure to all of us, and we will accompany you in spirit with our prayers and good wishes. During the many years you have labored in our Parish we have always found you a wise counsellor, a good friend and a saintly exponent of the teachings of our Divine Lord. It is indeed a fitting that this quaint old building, where first you endeavored yourself to our hearts, should be the place chosen for us on this the first occasion we have had of congratulating you on the completion of our new church, which is a lasting monument to your untiring energy, self-sacrifice and perseverance. Knowing as we do the fatherly interest you have always taken in the spiritual and material welfare of your little flock in Toronto, we feel sure that when kneeling in that wondrous temple ("to which Diana's marvel was a cell") you will ask a special blessing for that smaller St. Peter's, your parish beyond the seas. In the hope that we may to some extent add to the pleasures of your journey, we ask your acceptance of this small purse as your parishioners desired that they might thus, in some little part share the benefits of your pilgrimage to Lourdes and to the Holy See. Once more, Reverend and Dear Father, let us wish you bon voyage, fair winds and smiling skies, and when your holiday is over, be assured of our warm and hearty welcome on your return to St. Peter's Parish, Toronto. Signed on behalf of the Committee of St. Peter's Parish: MICHAEL RYAN, Chairman. W. A. KAVANAGH, Secretary.

## Rev. Fr. James McCandlish, C.S.S.R., Says First Mass.

At 10.30 on Sunday last, St. Patrick's church was filled with a large congregation who assisted at the first Mass of Rev. Father James McCandlish, a young priest of the community of the Most Holy Redeemer, ordained the Thursday previous. The solemn High Mass of which Father McCandlish was celebrant had for deacon Rev. Father Kels of North East, Pennsylvania, Rev. Father O'Reilly, sub-deacon, Rev. Father Lindner, assistant priest, and Rev. Father Brickmaster of ceremonies. An impressive sermon, sketching the life of the newly-ordained and treating of the general work of the priesthood, was preached by Rev. Father Lindner; the choir furnished fine music, suited to the occasion. At the close of the Mass Rev. Father McCandlish gave his first priestly blessing to the congregation after which the procession of ecclesiastics moved down the aisle, the congregation standing until its close. In the afternoon a reception was held at the home of the parents of Father McCandlish, 654 Euclid avenue. As the young priest is a native of Toronto, many called to offer congratulations, amongst whom were his confreres in the priesthood, the priests of the Community at St. Patrick's. The Catholic Register joins in wishing Father McCandlish a long and successful life in his new and exalted career.

## A Newspaper Suspends

There is one Catholic newspaper less in the United States, says the New World. After nearly seventy years' existence the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, has suspended. It was Cardinal Gibbons' official organ and has been such for us. For some reason unknown to us it has always been singularly commonplace, editorially, and its news stale. An effort is being made to found a new journal with the same name.

'Twas in this summer that Brebeuf sent down Davost and Daniel to Quebec, to crown Their two years' work by founding there a school For Huron children, 'neath these Fathers' rule; The gray old fort returning to his aid Such men as Jogues and Garnier. Undismayed These frail but fervent priests took up the load 'Mid pest and fever in their new abode. Each Huron home was visited, and there Were found the sullen inmates in despair. Through all the winter raged the small-pox pest And died the Fathers without thought of rest, But only strove to win a soul to God By loving kindness to the earthly clod. So passed in gloom the days of thirty-seven Till spring relieved the stress, and clouds were riven By radiant beams of hope. The Mission spread, Our Lady's Huron Chapel raised its head Amid a wood of pine. Its altar fair, Its shining sacred vessels, pictures rare Of God and His sweet Mother, brought from France With untold labor, all did much enhance The Christian worship in the Indian mind. The rallied Hurons, and the Iroquois In panic fled the land. But first they saw Their hundred victims blazing at the stake Within St. Ignace! Reverently we take A last look at our hero. He has striven With timid Lalemant to picture Heaven To shrinking converts, and in master's tone Denounced the torturers. No sound or moan Escapes him, as the torches scorch and sear! The Iroquois in wonder and in fear Thrust red hot irons down his mouth and throat, Then lead out Lalemant, that they may gloat Upon his fear and horror. Now they've hung A burning necklace on him, and among The torturers, a Huron renegade, Pours boiling water on his head! "You made So many go to Heaven thus," he said, "We wish to make you happy when you're dead." They cut his flesh in strips and yet no sound Of weakness, then, in awe, they range around To drink his life blood and devour his heart That they may gain his courage e'en in part! So passed Brebeuf, the lion-hearted son Of Normandy, his life was lost and won. A little later, when the foe had fled, Came friends from Saint Marie to find the dead; And lovingly they placed his poor remains And those of Lalemant at rest. The rains And sun of centuries have beat upon Their lonely graves, for all their work has gone To seeming ruin; but their lives will stand As inspirations in our Western land! —Rose Ferguson.

Was bleak and bare before the burst of life Renewed. The bygone summer's awful strife Was not forgot; but like doomed people stood The Hurons, nor would change their listless mood For all the Father's urging. Sainte Marie Had sent Brebeuf and Lalemant to be The pastors of St. Louis' Mission. There One sunrise came three runners in despair From Fort St. Ignace, they the only three Of its four hundred souls escaped! "Now flee For life," the Chieftains counselled. Many fled And left the sick and helpless, for the dread Of death by Iroquois was strong. There stayed Some warriors with the priests, and these essayed To hold the fort, but vainly. All were led Stark naked from the blazing town, and hence dead And helpless led the flames; and haply they Who met such easy death that awful day! They drove the captives to St. Ignace Fort With clubs and sticks; then left for the support Of Saint Marie's besiegers who were driven Upon St. Louis. Bravely now had striven The rallied Hurons, and the Iroquois In panic fled the land. But first they saw Their hundred victims blazing at the stake Within St. Ignace! Reverently we take A last look at our hero. He has striven With timid Lalemant to picture Heaven To shrinking converts, and in master's tone Denounced the torturers. No sound or moan Escapes him, as the torches scorch and sear! The Iroquois in wonder and in fear Thrust red hot irons down his mouth and throat, Then lead out Lalemant, that they may gloat Upon his fear and horror. Now they've hung A burning necklace on him, and among The torturers, a Huron renegade, Pours boiling water on his head! "You made So many go to Heaven thus," he said, "We wish to make you happy when you're dead." They cut his flesh in strips and yet no sound Of weakness, then, in awe, they range around To drink his life blood and devour his heart That they may gain his courage e'en in part! So passed Brebeuf, the lion-hearted son Of Normandy, his life was lost and won. A little later, when the foe had fled, Came friends from Saint Marie to find the dead; And lovingly they placed his poor remains And those of Lalemant at rest. The rains And sun of centuries have beat upon Their lonely graves, for all their work has gone To seeming ruin; but their lives will stand As inspirations in our Western land! —Rose Ferguson.

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