

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT.

BY A REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

Do you not envy those happy souls who have faithfully lived in the Spirit of the Church for the last six weeks? Who, during the past Great Week, lamented the evils—the blind ignorance of this world, and sighed for its and their own conversion; who have ardently partaken of the Paschal Lamb; have watched, wide-awake, in the garden of Gethsemane; have laboriously followed the weary way to Calvary; have wept over its sorrowful sacrifice; have anticipated the Easter's unrestrained outburst of adoration, praise and thanksgiving in the tentative Alleluias of Holy Saturday.

It is only they who go down unflinchingly to Calvary who can be transported by the Rejoicings of Easter. And there have been many such here right in our midst. We have seen them, you and I. The number is increasing each year. Does not the more general practice of the Forty Hours' Devotion seem to be identified with this better appreciation of the Church's Ceremonial and Offices.

Were you out on Holy Thursday morning early? I thought I was early, but in the newly-fallen snow there were the footprints of the early ones, and all leading to the one way—across the Park, to be joined at the turn by yet other footsteps, all pursuing the path to the Church. Big and little prints ahead of me, with the look of haste in the step, and I think of the love that burned these early ones, that whispered to them: "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer," and the haste of another people comes to me who were instructed: "... and you shall eat in haste."

Did you visit many of the Repositories? One cannot, much as one would wish, visit all, but I am sure everyone must have worshipped in the Cathedral. Was it not edifying to see the large numbers of adorers there? Were not the elaborate preparations beautiful? You visited, of course, the Repository of the Precious Blood Chapel; and if you did, could you not breathe in—absorb some of the overflowing devotion that seems always to pervade this most prayerful chapel? We can never know here all we owe to the vigils of these chosen ones. Seats seemed superfluous in this little chapel, and one can't but knock against them and tumble over them. It seems to me the Ideal Repository should be star like, the Tabernacle the centre of the Star, and the myriad lights the radii and sole illumination—no other light should enter the chapel, and as this light guides our eyes to the centre, our hearts will follow and our souls be filled with the rays of Divine Grace that are streaming, many and fast as our desires invite, down towards us. There are no pews to knock against and tumble over, and we all kneel here, there, or in groups, undisturbed by a slamming, creaking door. A heavy hanging is noiselessly pushed to one side to allow the entrance of each new visitor.

Did you not think there were visiting many worshippers, or were they all worshippers? Was it simple devotion, or was there added a spice of curiosity? It is not easy to be always recollected. I wondered at all the purple veils—so suggestive of the season—and speculated had the season helped to popularize them. Were they not worn in some cases for penance? We do read, you know, of Christians many years ago making themselves hideous by way of penance, and the fashion books tell us that all the old modes that are not already in are coming.

Don't you think St. Basil's Altar Society just a little indifferent to suffer those ancient curtains to drape their

Repository? I can remember with what pride it would be repeated that St. Basil's was the most tasteful. But if her Repository comes not first, her ceremonies during Holy Week and on Easter Sunday were well nigh perfect. Whose heart would not be wrung by the plaintive rendering of the Lamentations; and who could resist the cry "Jerusalem, Jerusalem. Convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum."

The chanting of the Passion on Good Friday was dramatic, and every detail of the long, exhausting ceremonies carried out most faithfully. It is a great instruction to those who care to understand—an education in the power of the Church over all things and her great solicitude that we make use of them well. It makes doubly welcome the shorter joyous service of Easter Sunday.

Was not Haydn's 2nd Mass magnificently sung? And the orchestra accompanied better than I have ever heard it in this church. The solos seemed excellently suited to the flexible, bell-like qualities of the voice of the soprano, Mrs. Warde, and were delightfully sung, as were also the alto solos by Miss Adair. Mr. Geo. McPherson was heard in a solo for the first time in this church, and proved himself a careful and pleasing singer. But this Mass is a Mass for choruses, and they were particularly well sung. The attack was much better than is usual in church choirs.

It is really becoming a serious ground for complaint that the congregation is supplanted, whenever a special musical service is announced for the great feasts, by non-Catholics. They come a good twenty minutes before the hour for Mass, and take up all the best seats, remaining serenely seated whether the congregation kneel or stand, and have not even the fair-mindedness either to contribute when the collection plate is passed, nor even pay the customary five cents for their seat at the door. This is most discouraging to the advocates of free seats, and most trying to the patience of the long suffering parishioners. It is very annoying to be crowded out by inattentive listeners from hearing our best preachers. I am told that Father Teefy's effort of last night was most masterly.

But I am talking too much on one subject this week, though one can scarce help it at this season of the year. I rather congratulate myself though in saying nothing of the Easter bonnets, but I could tell you of one Easter hat whose much-curved and fashionably indented rim deceived its late-rising, and consequently hastily-dressed owner, and entailed disastrous consequences.

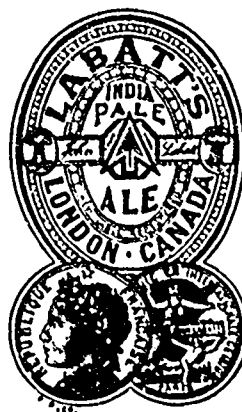
Are we going to hear much more of this picture of the horrible subject that is making the painter notorious—that we have never have aroused any expression of opinion good or evil were it not for its hideous realism? Let us hope the decision made against it will stand for our country's sake.

At this season of cards, and the more welcome Easter letters, I am reminded of the dainty lady Leonore Duse of the naturalistic school, as we call Bernhardt of the realistic and Modjeska of the ideal (I dare not say idealistic) seals a letter on the stage. Her handkerchief is pressed to her lips, then to the flap of the envelope, and the sticking is done; this is an improvement it is not on the popular way, and indeed smacks more of the ideal than the natural.

I would like to draw the attention of those ladies who indulge in tea gowns of aesthetic shades to a remark I overheard made by a disappointed lover of good tea, that "the weak colors of the gem matched the fluid dispensed." ONE OF THE WOMEN.

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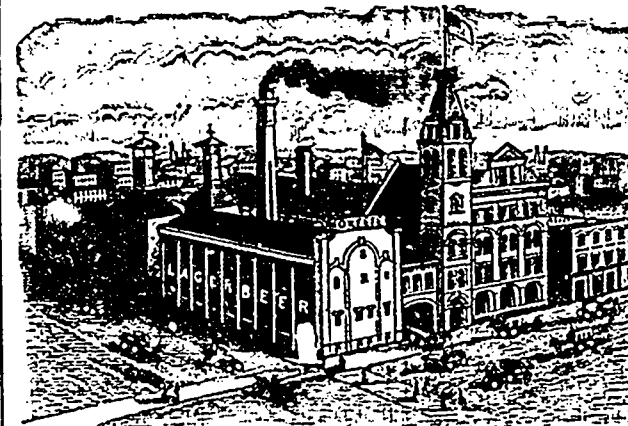


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