

ION NO. 3, meets on third Wednesday of at 1868 Notre Dame McGill. Officers: Al-

A. & B. SOCIETY. 1868.—Rev. Director. President, D. See, J. F. Quinn.

AUXILIARY, Dis-organized Oct. 10th, are held in St. 92 St. Alexander.

SOCIETY.—Estab-lished 1856, incorpor-ated 1864. Meets in St. 92 St. Alexander.

WOMEN'S SOCIE-ty.—Meets in its street, on the each month. Rev. S.R.; President, Thomas

COURT, C. O. F., and fourth month in this month at Notre T. O'Connell, C.

A. & B. SO- the second Sun- day in St. Pat- rick's Church.

ADA, BRANCH meets at St. Alexander's day of each meetings for of business are d 4th Monday p.m. Spiritual

# The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. Witness

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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

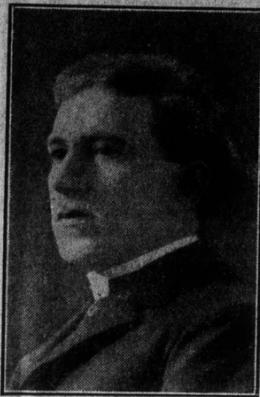
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### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and useful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."  
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.



REV. M. J. MCKENNA

## Annual Charity Concert of St. Patrick's Parish.

The parent Irish parish of this city—St. Patrick's—achieved a great triumph on Wednesday evening, in the Windsor Hall, when the annual charity entertainment was held under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, the able organist and choir-

master of that Church. The programme was a varied one, and arranged in a manner which introduced to the audience all sections of the old parish. From the opening chorus, "Glory and Love" to the spirited closing number "The Young Man, Moon," the vast audience showed its appreciation by the outbursts of applause which greeted the performers. The choir, composed of 200 voices—ladies and gentlemen—performed its part of the programme with great merit, while the sketches incidental to a number of the choruses in which charming little girls of the parish schools essayed the role of gypsies, and past pupils wore bewitching Japanese costumes, impressed the large audience in a marked degree. Mr. John P. Kelly, as Emperor, and Miss A. Menzies, as Empress, in a Japanese sketch, acted their parts in a finished manner. While Masters Francis Smith and Francis Curran, two bright and promising little boys, who acted as train-bearers for the Empress, won the hearts of the entire audience.

known as artists of a high order in their respective spheres. Of the lecture by the Rev. M. J. McKenna on "Music and the Catholic Church," we have nothing but words of praise. It was from every point of view, literary and elocutionary, a treat such as has not been afforded to a Montreal audience, without distinction of race or creed for many years. The best appreciation which we can offer of the effort of the silver-tongued young Irish priest is to note the fact that the genial and kindly pastor of St. Patrick's, in following the lecturer of the evening, remarked that "he hoped the eloquent voice of the young priest would long be heard in our midst." That sentiment was cheered to the echo.

### PROGRAMME:

#### PART FIRST.

1. Chorus, "Glory and Love," Faust, Gounod.
2. Solo and chorus, "The Angels Whisper," Lover, Miss Belle Foley and choir.
3. Instrumental trio, "Faust," Gounod, E. Alder, Mr. Joseph St. John, Mr. J. M. Power, Prof. J. A. Fowler.
4. Chorus, with Gypsies, "Verdi or Brave Matadors," by request, Mr. Arthur Gipsies, Misses Dora Larkin, Eva Furlong, Susie Carpenter, Gerlie Maguire, Mollie Loye, Annie Smith, Frances McCaffrey, Bouchat McCannell, Bridget Curran, Hazel Sinn, Ellen Lukeman, Mabel Gorman.
5. Quartette, "Annie Laurie," Giebel, Messrs. D. L. McAndrew, G. A. Carpenter, W. J. Walsh, J. J. Walsh.
6. Solos and choruses, "Japanese Sketches," Monckton. "The Emperor," Mr. John P. Kelly. "The Empress," Miss A. Menzies. "Pages," Master Francis Smith and Master Francis Curran. "Japanese Ladies," Misses Margaret Gahan, Ethel McKenna, Sadie Tansey, Helena Walker, Gertrude Lynch, Kathleen Murphy, Fanny Graddon, Gertrude Morgan, Lillian Shea, Mildred Hoolahan, Cecilia Halligan, Ella Kerr.

Court attendants, Mr. Donald H. MacDonald, and Mr. F. Donald Bronstetter. Rev. M. J. McKenna, one of the assistant priests of St. Patrick's Church, was then introduced, by Prof. J. A. Fowler, and received an ovation. His theme was "Music and the Catholic Church." Father McKenna said in part:—

The love of the good, the beautiful, the true is the purest and most sacred of human inclinations; it is the foundation of the loftiest and noblest sentiments that ever inspired the soul of man. It may well be styled a "sacred beacon" whose glaring and benignant light has ever illumined the life-path of wandering mortals, and lured them happily upward to its august source.

Such is distinctively true with regard to the fine arts whose incomparable beauty and unspeakable charms have touched the heart and influenced the soul of mankind in every age. The unenlightened student may wander back at will and grope about, till lost, in the maze of dim and distant ages in his anxious search for the fine arts cradle; yet all his laborious tracings must prove fruitless and come to naught, if not accompanied by that infallible guide, called Faith, to lead him straightway to the immediate source of all that is lovely and charming in art. Yes, it is divine religion alone that bids man look aloft to that Almighty being, the architect supreme who designed the universe, the infinite and original artist who, with a hand divine, painted in variegated colors the grand panorama of nature; religion that leads man back to that earliest of all composers whose inimitable symphonies are meeting with endless repetitions on nature's various instruments, that first and grandest sculptor who fashioned and gave life to man, the Author of all that is good and beautiful and true in every form.

Obedient to the promptings of his higher nature, man has always made religion and the arts go hand in hand. It was his love for the divine that awakened in his soul those wondrous masterpieces whose rapturous melodies and ecstatic sweetness have so frequently sent us soaring spirit—like to the heaven land; his undying affection for the things above afforded him inspiration for such marvellous hand-creations that with the infusion of a single breath the very canvas would live, marble itself would speak, all was so real, so life-like. The greatest specimens of human genius to-day extant, those which have won in every age the praise and admiration of the world received their earliest touch, and latest finish in religion's temple, the genial and cherished home of all the fine arts.

What is here evinced of the inspiring influences that religion generally has ever had upon the fine arts, must be declared strikingly true, of one religion in particular with regard to music, the religion, that a God established more than 1900 years since for the salvation of His most priceless masterpiece, the human soul. Before the knowledge and realization of Christianity's heavenly origin had gone abroad music, the first born of all the arts rushed to the infant Church with the sole desire to adopt her as a mother. As a testimony of unswerving love, it placed at the feet of the Savior's spouse whatever it ever possessed of earthly charm, while She, in turn, bestowed upon music all She had, her divinity. Then raising up and pressing fondly to her bosom her new sweet-voiced child, the Church, became to music at once and forever protectress, nurse and mother.

In every Christian epoch since, music, the privileged announcer of the Redeemer's birth, fostered in the bosom of infallible truth and inspired by a divine ideal, has never ceased to occupy a lofty place in all the sacred rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Away back in those distant days when music's lovely patroness, the virgin martyr, St. Cecilia lived and played, the infant Church sang in common the praises of her King, and for many a sad and dreary day did she make the subterranean corri-

dors of Rome, the gloomy avenues of the catacombs reverberate with the sweet sound of hymn and psalm.

During the early ages of the faith men of deep learning and holy zeal devoted their time and energy to its improvement and perfection. As far back as the fourth century it found an ardent promoter in the person of an immortal son of the Roman Empire, the great St. Ambrose, who rescued from ancient music its worthiest characters and converted them to the use of Christianity. In the following century it met with another devoted champion, that unrivalled scholar, the celebrated African bishop, St. Augustine, who presented to the world of his day a famous work on music in which many of its wondrous beauties and advantages were revealed. Other learned and saintly sons of Holy Church there were who have handed down to posterity undying testimonies of the mighty progress that they realized in behalf of music, the first born of the fine arts. Where is the individual with any pretension to the name of Christian who has not heard of that illustrious Pontiff of God's Church—Pope Gregory the Great—in the sixth century gave to Christianity and the world a musical chant with a tone as solemn and a nature as serious as man himself?

Ladies, and gentlemen, in our late and enlightened day the sensitive ears of innumerable singers might be jarred, and their voices hushed, if informed how ridiculously simple the musical labor of their life was made through the saintly genius of a poor Benedictine of the eleventh century, who, in the lonely silence of his cloister home, made the immortal discovery of the diatonic scale, the one true basis of all harmony. In millions of places throughout the world that scale is daily used among every class, both high and low, rich and poor, but the name of its pious author, the Roman Catholic monk Guido of Arezzo, is rarely, if ever mentioned.

To this same age and to this same Church, he said all mankind is indebted for yet another gift whose innumerable chords and inexhaustible combinations have given expression to every emotion of the human soul, whose wild outburst of tumultuous harmonies have borne us away in spirit on their tremulous wings to the very throne of the Eternal.

Not content with her architectural masterpieces designed in imitation of the mighty forest, the genius of the Catholic Church has even dared and succeeded in reproducing the forests plaintive murmurings, the sonorous roar of its howling winds, and its loud, mad peals of thunder, by inventing that grand and majestic instrument, the organ. At the time of the so-called Reformation, this same harmonious instrument was discarded, to use an expression of that period—"as one of the vilest remnants of Popery." Today in every Church of note throughout Christendom, this vile and discarded remnant of the good, old Church is very much in evidence once again, and is considered by all a very charming and indeed most acceptable bit of furniture.

In the words of the poet, Scot: "Old times have changed, old manners gone."

Strange, though our words may sound to some, nevertheless, we shall offer no apology for the sacred truth. To the Catholic Church alone thanks are due for the present position of eminence that music and the other arts as well hold in the world to-day. Let us go back in history to those ancient days of terror when Europe was overrun with bloody hordes and cruel wars, when the entire land was in a state of ceaseless turmoil and so remained for centuries. What think you, would have been the fate of music and all the fine arts at that time, had they not found in the

Catholic cloister at once and asylum and a home?

Turn to that sacred little island across the main, that lovely land of song, where lived our saintly ancestors, a learned and gallant race. Listen to the eloquent story her lonely ruins will tell. The world to-day may frown upon poor Ireland and call the downtrodden little handful that is left to weep and wander o'er her green swards, an ignorant people. Ignorant! It is not our intention to play the bigot, but if such were true, then whom have they to thank for it? Ah! Ladies and gentlemen, there was once an age in Ireland's history when that charge would not dare be made, and if to-night an Irish bard of those brighter, better days, could return once more and sing; if the unbiased writer of Ireland's golden age could live again, only for a single hour, to sound the praises of that nation's genius, which has hitherto, and forever more shall remain unequalled; if the voice that has been hushed through the sleep of centuries in some little Irish Churchyard could but ring out to-night it would narrate in truth, and proudly so, a glorious story. It would tell of innumerable men renowned for virtue, unrivalled in heroism, skilled in every science, whose brilliant achievements would jangle and dwarf to naught the petty productions of those whose name and fame, adorn the pages of this world's more modern history. That was the age when Ireland knew no peer either in science or song, an age when to have been an Irishman was greater than to have been a King, for, kings, and the sons of kings crouched humbly at her feet to beg for the light of knowledge that burst forth from her to illuminate the world.

During those distant days, which were in truth, days of barbarism, when nation was pitted against nation, and faction against faction, in bloody wars and feuds, music must have met its death and bade farewell forever to the world, had not the Church, and especially the Irish Church, come to its speedy rescue. In the eighth century during a single period, no less than 1,400 accomplished masters, and all of them Irishmen, sons of the Church, taught, composed and sang throughout that lovely island. Is it any wonder that Ireland has been styled the motherland of song? So much does the world at large owe the Catholic Church for the gallant service that she rendered music during those barbarous ages, that she has been called, and rightly so, "Music's Savior."

To the primitive beauty of religious music many eminent masters of a more modern day, have added the most skilled and choicest creations of their genius. The magnificent old Gregorian Chant, the basis of all true Church music, and which for more than 1,000 years held undivided sway, frequently did proud service to many a master mind. It was the sole inspiration which called into being that grand and majestic style of music, known as "The Palestrina," named after its immortal author, of whom it has been justly said that, "he more than any other composer found those sympathetic, yet heavenly pure touches which enabled him to lend adequate musical expression to that rich liturgy so dear to the Catholic heart." Gio-vanni Palestrina is long since dead, but his unrivalled service to music, to Church music in particular, which enabled him to be called its savior, together with such elaborate masterpieces of sacred art as his "Mass of Pope Marcellus," his "Liberia" and "Stabat Mater" have made his name and memory as immortal as the everlasting hills. To this same age and to a son of the Church, music and all its lovers must forever remain indebted. Many of the highly cultured and pampered ones of earth would no doubt seem greatly amazed, horrified perhaps, at the sight of a priest clad in the garb of a poor oratorian, step modestly forward on some grand occasion, and with baton in hand, direct a magnificent oratorio, as he had originally conceived it. Yet such would be the case, if the sacred oratorio's gifted author, St. Phillip Neri, who created in his oratory at Rome that new species of sacred song, was called upon to lead.

name of five men, four of them priests, and all of them sons of the Catholic Church, who have had more to do with the creation and development of modern music than all the men of all the ages this world has ever known. St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, Monk Guido of Arezzo, Palestrina and St. Phillip Neri have presented the world with an original of which all else is, at best, a mere imitation. The mind of a certain stamp of man may perhaps be too narrow to admit such a bitter and unwholesome truth, yet unimpeachable history whispers in his ear that his brains are likewise far too limited to refute it. What a glorious galaxy of musical genius cannot the old Church boast of during her later days! There was her immortal Mozart, "Raphael of Music," her Haydn, her Beethoven, her Paganini, her Cherubini, Rossini, Schubert, Gounod, Liszt, Verdi, and innumerable others whose names and compositions have been at the expense of the dear old mother Church, inscribed forever on the imperishable tablets of this world's fame. All have left behind masterpieces of sacred music which have driven into ecstasies entire congregations, so enraptured were they with the charm there was in every note.

Frequently do many of our dear fellowmen, who differ with us religiously, enter our Church, only to exclaim: "What a consolation to the Catholic are not his sacraments and his sacrifice; how encouraging, too, and how well defined his entire doctrine, but, ah! how entrancing, how divine the music of his Church."

The sweet and sad, though consoling tones of a Requiem Mass, the plaintive minor modulation of a "Dies Irae," the pathetic, though sublime appeal to God in behalf of a departed soul, the "Liberia," have oftentimes moved to tears many of those devout and well-meaning strangers. In speechless admiration have they listened to those exquisite compositions, over whose beauties even Mozart raved, the sublime Preface and the "Pater Noster," as sung by him who stands at the altar, that ideal masterpiece of God—the Priest of the New Law, a Palestrina's "Kyrie Eleison," of trembling love; a Gounod's "Cecilian Mass;" the grand and solemn outburst of a Mozart's "Gloria;" the beautiful plain chant Credo of a "Messe Royale," or that magnificent hymn of praise to the Almighty, the "Te Deum," accompanied by full organ blast, have reminded them of the choruses sung in that promised paradise beyond.

It would require a long time, much more than we to-night can afford to give, to depict the role assigned to music by the Church in the various stages of the Savior's life, so we shall not attempt it. For a similar reason we shall not dare to treat of the wonderful beauties in those hymns of mingled love and reverence, piety and devotion, joy and pathos sung by the Church in honor of her Blessed Queen the Immaculate Mother of the Redeemer, who has been the loftiest ideal, the loveliest and most perfect model for undying genius in every age for nearly two thousand years.

From the earliest dawn of Christianity music has received every encouragement, every favor from the Church. The most exalted here it has ever known is the Catholic Sanctuary. Given a resting place on the lips of those heralding angels who made the Galilean hills resound with heavenly glories at the birth of man's Redeemer. Music has never to fail, when we remember to play a prominent part at that Redeemer's altar. And after all, why should it be otherwise? When we realize that to the Church belongs the proud possession of a mission that is heaven-born and endowed with a title never to fail when we remember, too, that in all her sacred rites and ceremonies is kept in flow and constant touch with that throne

(Continued on Page Four)