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The "Roman Sphinx"

(Written for The Catholic Register by Canadensis.)

A week or so ago I came upon a recently published pamphlet, in which the late Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge, Wells, at Leeds, England, is quoted as having compared the Catholic Church to the Sphinx.

"On the seven hills of Rome sets a religious Sphinx as enigmatical and mysterious as the famed structure by the Nile." This appeared to me, at first sight, a very peculiar and unjust comparison; but, as I have not had the advantage of reading the context in the late Canon's sermon, I presume that he merely wished to be poetical in order to give effect to whatever adverse criticisms of the Catholic Church he was then making. Still, on reflection, I discovered that there really is a certain similarity between the Church and the Egyptian monument—but I doubt very much if any comparison would run on the same lines as that which the Reverend Canon must have instituted. It is unnecessary for me to state for the readers of The Catholic Register what the famous Sphinx really is. The story has been told times out of mind.

Crouching, as it were, on the confines of the desert, and gazing steadily out over the vast undulations of sand that race, wave upon wave, to the rein of the Oriental horizon, that vast structure, with its stony glance, its unaltered features, has thus watched, unmoved, throughout the long space of unnumbered centuries. Generation followed generation, age succeeded age, cycle rolled over cycle, Kingdoms, Empires, Republics were born, sprang into power, flourished for a period, crumbled to decay, vanished for all time, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence upon the face of earth, and all the while immovable, silent, mysterious, the Sphinx remained—men see it to-day—looking out upon the burning expanse, apparently waiting for some long-expected apparition. Caravan after caravan passed under its shadow, moving out into the solitude of the desert, disappearing below the unbroken horizon. The legions of Cambyses rested at its base, and the battalions of Napoleon rushed to victory within range of its vision—a mighty span from the remotest antiquity down to what we might call the present. And all these have come and gone, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mohammedan, the Crusader, the conquering Corsican, the very heroes of yesterday, and the giant phantoms that loom out of the misty past; still the Sphinx remains, as perfect, as solid, as wonderful, as when the last touch of its unknown constructor completed its monumental perfection.

Most rightly, in this sense, might the learned Canon have compared the Catholic Church to the Egyptian Sphinx. The immutability, the unchanging and unchangeable nature, the defiance of time, the stability amidst ruins, and the immortality amidst vanishing institutions fashioned by man, all of which constitute characteristic of

the Catholic Church, in a material sense may be accorded to the hoary Sphinx. On the vein of that vast desert of nineteen hundred years the Church gazes calmly over the shifting sands, taking in every object that came or went within the circumference of the horizon—which horizon begins at the point where the sunrise of Redemption illumined space, and ends where, at some unknown date, a generation of the future will behold the sunset of Time.

What wonderful caravans has not that "Roman Sphinx" beheld moving over those sands, arising out of the distance, drawing closer to view, passing—steadily onward, and finally vanishing forever in the haze of oblivion?

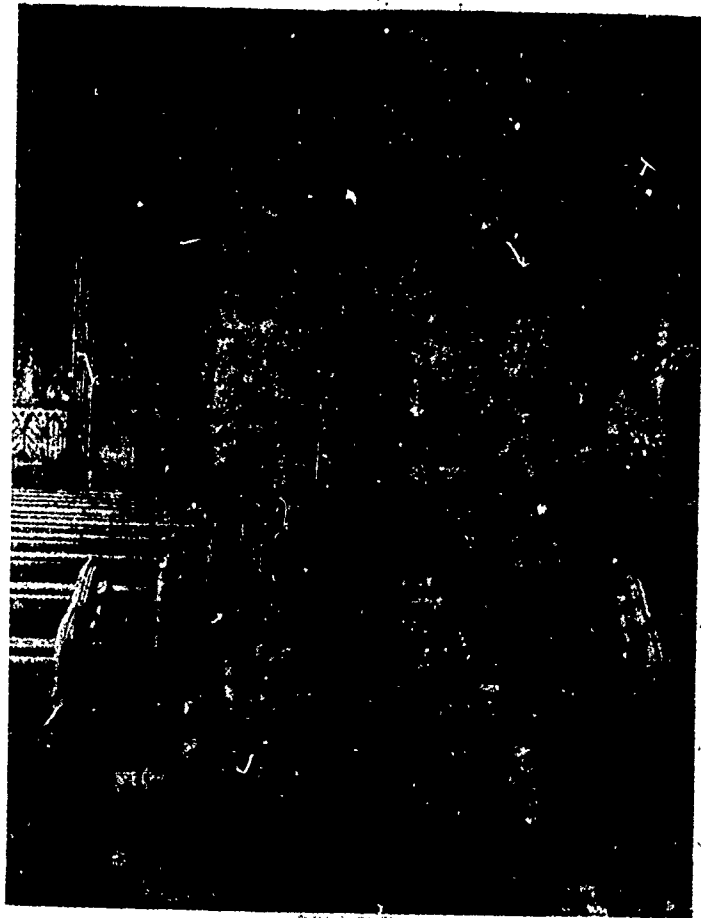
The fires lit by the hand of Nero; the fangs of the wild beasts in the Flavian Amphitheatre; the javelin of the Saracen; the sword of the Goth; the Hun, the Vandal; the stake of the savage; the rille of the Illuminate; every imaginable weapon of destruction battered and slashed the adamantine proportions of that "Roman Sphinx," and yet it stands erect, powerful as ever, solid as when founded by the constructive omnipotence of Divinity. Wave after wave of fragmentary Christianity has undulated over that desert expanse, has circled around the base of that unique structure, and has disappeared to leave the giant of ages still gazing into futurity, still repeating the unbroken and unchangeable story of the past.

It is thus that I have discovered a comparison that might possibly have been instituted between the Catholic Church and the Sphinx. It was away back in the days when O'Connell was gradually framing the great work of Emancipation, that the Protestant Irish orator, Charles Phillips, addressed the Catholics of Cork on the very subject that has thus been suggested to my mind. He had a grand command of language, and like a host of other Protestant Irishmen, from Grattan to Davis, he was imbued with a deep love for his people and animated with a liberal spirit of justice in regard to his Catholic fellow-countrymen. On that occasion he thus referred to the Church, which the Reverend Canon Hoare regarded as a Sphinx. "I behold your church, to-day rising sublimely, like the last mountain of the deluge, solid in its foundations, magnificent in its proportions, divine in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the broken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the debris by which it is surrounded.

Men may differ, and differ honestly, on questions of faith; but when it comes to the steady and impartial contemplation of the past, no mind can ignore the traditional stability and the unchanging characteristics of the Catholic Church. In that astounding march down the avenue of centuries do we see one of the strongest evidences of the divine commission which she claims to alone possess. This aspect of Catholicity has impressed the greatest thinkers of the non-Catholic world in almost every land and every age. It challenged the admiration of Macaulay when least inclined to favor the adherents of a Faith that he was forced to declare sublime. Like the Sphinx that Church belongs to the Past, to the Present and to the Future. Turning, then, from the Sphinx, and Canon Hoare, and all comparisons that might or might not be constructed, I will leave the subject with a quotation from one of Denis Florence McCarthy's inimitable lyrics:

"The Past shines clear and pleasant,
 There is glory in the Present,
 And the Future, like a crescent,
 Lights the deepening sky of Time;
 And that sky will yet grow brighter,
 If the Worker and the Writer,
 And the Sceptre and the Mitre,
 Join in sacred bonds sublime—
 With two glories shining o'er them,
 Up the coming years they'll climb
 Earth's great evening, as its prime."

IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever uses it will not be without it.



INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Sir William Hingston

Sir William Hingston has been honored at his home in Montreal by a large number of his confreres and friends, who have presented him with a very handsomely framed oil painting of himself.

The occasion was the celebration of his professional jubilee and was rendered more momentous by the fact that every one concedes to Sir William a first place in the ranks of the profession he has so long and faithfully adorned. A graduate of McGill University in 1851 and of the University of Surgery of Edinburgh in 1852. Since that time he has been intimately connected with the progress of medicine throughout the country. He organized the first Board of Health in the Dominion, was president of the Canadian Medical Association, is an honorary D. C. L. of Bishop's College University, an honorary LL. D. of Victoria University, Toronto, and a vice-president of the Montreal branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

Among those present were: Rev. Father Quinlivan, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Mr. Justice J. J. Curran, Mr. Justice Purcell, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Hackett, Dr. Harrison, H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; Frank J. Curran, W. E. Doran, Frank Hart, Charles F. Smith, Michael Burke, W. McNally, F. Casey, J. H. Semple, T. P. Tansey, B. J. Coghlin, Walter Kavanagh, P. Wright, M. Hicks, P. McCrory, H. J. McKeown, Frank Donovan, Jas. Rogers, Mr. Colin Forbes and Dr. Curran.

On behalf of the subscribers, Rev. Father Quinlivan presented an address and made the presentation. In the course of his remarks, the Rev. Father referred to the pleasure it afforded Sir William's confreres, fellow-citizens and co-religionists to be able to take advantage of the present occasion to offer him a slight token of their esteem. His name was high among his colleagues, not only in Canada, but in the United States and Europe. He had received marks of honor from the Supreme Pontiff, their late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and the Federal Government. But long before these honors came he had won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and they were pleased to give him what had been considered by all who had seen it, a perfect portrait.

In his reply, Sir William said that it would be affectation not to say he was deeply touched by the testimonial that their sentiment rather than their judgment had suggested, and by the eloquent and feeling address which Father Quinlivan had read. He had not anticipated so kind and formal a speech, so that he could not reply categorically to their points, but he could not pass over what had been said about the poor. It was a satisfaction to him now, and he hoped it would be a consolation to him at the end to know that he had never refused to respond at any hour of the day or night to the call of the poorest citizen. As to the portrait, he thought he could in justice say that the artist, Mr. J. Colin Forbes, had refused to flatter him or leave out as much as one vertical line. Above all things else, however, he wished to tender his sincere thanks to the committee and large number of subscribers for the delicate compliment they had paid him, in presenting such a beautiful portrait to himself and his family.

Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union

The second meeting of the delegates from the Catholic Literary Clubs of the city took place in St. Mary's Club Rooms last Sunday. The following delegates from the different clubs were present: St. Mary's, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue and Mr. W. H. Johnston; St. Clement's, Mr. W. McGuire and Mr. W. H. Gough; St. Joseph's (Leslieville) Mr. R. J. Heaney and Mr. J. N. O'Connor; Catholic Students, Mr. S. B. Henderson and Mr. B. F. Quinnlan; St. Peter's, Mr. R. Walsh and Mr. J. Shanley, and St. Basil's, Mr. M. G. Kernahan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan. The following programme of debates was arranged:

St. Mary's C. L. & A.

The last regular meeting was presided over by Mr. C. J. Read, and Mr. J. B. Covle acted as secretary.

Messrs. Walsh and Shanley were present, representing St. Peter's Literary and Debating Society, and Messrs. Henderson and Quinnlan the Student's Union, in connection with the Inter-Club Debating Union, the formation of which will soon be accomplished. St. Clement's Club, St. Basil's and St. Joseph's, Leslieville, were also represented.

On Tuesday evening a lecture was delivered in the rooms of the association by Dr. T. F. McMahon, which was much appreciated by the members.

The annual re-union in the form of a banquet will be held at an early date.

The St. Aloysius Club have been invited to attend the next meeting.

Condolences were extended to Mr. J. L. Sharkey and Mr. A. J. Curran on the occasion of the recent bereavements in their families.

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Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union

Series A.—St. Mary's vs. St. Joseph's Subject: Resolved that the Departmental Stores are for the best interests of the People. St. Mary's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in St. Mary's Hall on February 4th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series B.—Catholic Student's Union vs. St. Peter's. Subject: Resolved that the Permanent Connection of the Colonies with the Mother Country is Desirable. St. Peter's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in the Student's Club Rooms on February 11th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series C.—St. Basil's vs. St. Clement's. Subject: Resolved that a Total Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic is in the best interest of the Country. St. Clement's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in St. Clement's Club Rooms on February 18th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series D.—Not yet arranged. The winners of A will meet the winners of C, and the winners of B and D will meet. The final will be between the winners of these two series and will decide the championship. These debates will be public and everyone is invited to attend them. The judges will be three prominent Catholics, who will be chosen for each debate.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

The Late Father Flannery

We take the following sketch of the life of the late Father Flannery from The Dublin Freeman's Journal:

We regret to have to announce the death of the Very Rev. Wm. Flannery, D. D., P. P., Dean of Windsor, Ontario, which sad event took place at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Delany, C. B. G., Borrisokane. Dr. Flannery came of a good old Irish family which for many generations has given generously of its sons and daughters to the service of the Church. Born in Nenagh, County Tipperary, in 1830, from his earliest years he felt a call to priesthood, and he was only fifteen when he left his native land for France to enter the College at Annoney, to prepare for Holy Orders. He commenced his studies with the intention of being ordained for the diocese of Killaloe; but at the age of twenty-two he volunteered for the Canadian Mission, and in 1853 he was ordained a priest in Toronto by Bishop De Charbonnell. During the months of his probation Dr. De Charbonnell had formed so high an opinion of his ability and learning that he appointed him professor in St. Michael's College, Toronto. He remained teaching there for seven years, until his health broke down, and he received permission to come back to Ireland. He was too zealous a worker to make holiday for long, thus shortly after his return to Nenagh the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan appointed him to the Curacy of Toomevara, and he might have remained on the home mission to the end of his days, had not Dr. Vaughan's successor, another Dr. Flannery, recognizing his eloquence and energy, sent him to the States to quest for the funds of a cathedral which he intended to build in Nenagh. Before he sailed for America his fellow-countrymen gave a banquet in his honor, and the list of those present reads like the roll-call of a past generation—the generation of vigorous Irish manhood that sprang up after Catholic Emancipation—and amongst them stands out the historic figure of the Rev. John Kenyon, close friend of the immortal John Mitchell, and the names of men whose personality is indissolubly linked with every public movement in Nenagh in "The brave days of old." Anthony Nolan, Daniel Flannery, Hugh Delany, Jas. Roche, Martin Corbett, James Hanley, etc., etc., and all those who assembled to give the Soggarth Aroon a royal Irish send-off have gone before him, signed with the sign of Faith, and verily with this venerable priest has passed away the last link between the Young Ireland A. M. Sullivan wrote of and Ireland of to-day.

Shortly after Father Flannery's arrival in the States the Federal war broke out and upset all his arrangements; and it was reserved for the present revered Dean of Killaloe, the Very Rev. Dr. White, to successfully carry through the arduous work of building a new church in Nenagh.

Meantime Father Flannery returned to Canada, and was appointed parish priest of Streetsville, where he remained until the consecration of Bishop Walsh, in 1867, when he removed with him to London. He remained with Dr. Walsh for two years, during which time he did a large amount of collecting in all parts of the diocese and assisted in materially reducing the enormous debt which the Bishop formed on his accession in 1859 he took charge of the parish of Amherstburg, where he labored successfully until October, 1870, when he was sent to St. Thomas to build up the flock in the Faith and the church in its finances. Shortly after his arrival the pressing necessity for larger quarters was felt, and on July 2nd, 1871, the cornerstone of the present fine church was laid by the late Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and so successfully did the zealous parish priest press forward the work that the church was consecrated November 10th, 1872. The schoolhouse and residence of the Sisters of St. Joseph, which adjoined the church, and the new cemetery of ten acres, are amongst the benefactions for which the good people of St. Thomas are indebted to Dr. Flannery's indefatigable zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of his flock. Arduous as these labors were, Dr. Flannery still found time for a deal of literary work. He was writing in his support of the Catholic press, and from time to time he helped to edit the leading Catholic

journals in Canada. A leading article, a tender hymn, a humorous versatile pen, thus his wholesome influence on Catholic home-life was deep and widespread, and not the least of the kindly memories he leaves behind him is the recollection of his ready sympathy with struggling journalists. His interest in all public questions touching on religion or morality was keen and vigorous. Thus burdened as he was with parish work, he plunged into the agitation on the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act (Canada), and triumphantly refuted the calumnies which the Rev. B. F. Austin and a clique of Toronto Orangemen industriously circulated against that much-abused Order. The series of able letters, in which Dr. Flannery exposed the lies of this representative of these bigots, have been compiled into a neat pamphlet, and they might be very seasonably republished now by the Catholic Truth Society, for the same old lies are being unscrupulously resuscitated in English papers to stir up public feeling against the Jesuits, who have been expelled by an infidel Government from France.

In recognition of his services to Catholic truth, the Georgetown College, Washington, conferred on Father Flannery the degree of Doctor of Divinity; but, with all his devotion to the land of his adoption, he remained ever an Irish patriot. We find him one of the delegates to the General Convention of Irishmen who foregathered in Dublin in 1896 from every quarter of the globe to promote the cause of National Unity. It was a day of mingled sorrow and rejoicing when their beloved pastor was raised to the Deanery of Windsor. Dr. Flannery entered on the duties of his new parish with the ardor and the zeal of a spirit ever young. Nor could he be got to understand until his health broke down that Nature has set a limit to the work that men of three score years and ten can do. Even then he would have remained at his post, but in obedience to the wishes of his Bishop he consented to take a sea voyage in the hope of recovering his strength. God willed otherwise, and called him "home." After a brief sojourn in his native land, surrounded by loving friends, his pure soul whose life had been devoted to "the love and worship of God, the love and service of his neighbor," passed to its reward, R. I. P.

Without the Pale of the Church

When we believe that outside of the Church there is no salvation, we do not express a despairing judgment as to the eternal future of the millions who are not counted as Catholics. The fervor of Christianity is the warmth of charity, not the warmth of hell fire. How many will be damned we do not know. It is no pleasure to us to think that any considerable number will.

We gain no access of spiritual life in convincing ourselves of the total depravity of the majority. Without detracting in the least from the duty of seeking the truth and finding it, without any disposition to fall into the indolent moral feeling that a man's life, not his faith, determines his salvation, we realize nevertheless that there are many who are living right "according to their lights" outside of the visible communion of the Catholic Church. They are of "the invisible church," and what their number may be we cannot judge. We hope it is large. Some members of the visible church may not be saved. Many members of the invisible will be. But is all right living based on right principles the faith in which men live and die should ever be made a matter of supreme importance.—Catholic School Journal.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SON OF ST. PATRICK.

New York, Jan. 8. — President Roosevelt was elected an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at the quarterly meeting of the society just held. It is probable that he will be invited to attend the annual dinner of the society on March 17 next.

CONDOLENCE.

I C B U Branch No. 9 (St. Agnes) passed a resolution of condolence on the death of Mrs. Bellmore, mother of Miss M. Bellmore and sister of Mrs. Cross. Also on the death of Mr. J. Keilher, brother of Mrs. Bateman.

DINEEN'S
A NEW YEAR SALE
 This is a special sale of fur garments which have been delayed in our work rooms by the press of Christmas orders. It is necessary that we move them on, and we intend to do so at these low prices:

- 65 Fur-lined Capes, in cloths of brown, green, red, etc., lined with hamster, white and grey squirrel, were \$25.00, to \$30.00, 10.50.
- 9 Mink Capes, very handsome and rare, 30 to 33 inches long, \$20.00 to \$35.00.
- 36 No. 1 Electric Seal Jackets, beautifully finished, heavy brown satin lining, large collars and revers, \$30.00.
- 24 Unbeared Electric Seal Jackets, 22 and 24 in. long, \$25.00.
- 12 Electric Seal Jackets, with Columbia sable collars and 1 size revers fronts, \$40.00.
- 29 extra Fine Near Seal Jackets, 24 inches long, \$40.00.

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