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The Catholic Register.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902

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CATHOLIC PRISON CHAPEL

Blessing of the Beautiful new Catholic Chapel in the Central Prison, Toronto

His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, commends the Authorities for Wisdom and Generosity

At 7 o'clock on Sunday morning a few prominent Catholic citizens together with the Catholic male inmates of the Central Prison assembled in the beautiful new Catholic chapel of that institution to witness the blessing of the edifice and hear the first Mass. Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Prison, received the visitors, who were conducted past the cells of the male prisoners to the chapel, where, except for the prison garb worn by the majority of the congregation, the atmosphere and surroundings were just what might be witnessed at the same hour in any of the Catholic Churches of the city.

It is not the intention of The Register to describe the chapel building, beyond saying that it is spacious, commodious and architecturally Catholic, whilst the altar and furniture are in keeping with the generous good taste with which the Government acted in giving this accommodation for the practice of religion to the Catholic prisoners in the Central. The ceilings are high, the light is perfect from both sides, and the space set apart for the sacristy is ample. The altar is of oak, and there are devotional statues in addition to the Stations of the Cross.

With such appointments it is easy to forget the prison cells separated only from so beautiful a place of worship by a single wall.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor performed the ceremony of blessing, celebrated the Mass, gave Holy Com-

munion to a considerable number of the prisoners and also confirmed eight candidates for that Sacrament from amongst their number. His Grace was assisted by Dr. Teely, C.S.B., Father Sullivan, C.S.B., and Father Frank Walsh, C.S.B., Prison Chaplain.

During the Mass the prisoner's choir sang some English and Latin hymns of the Church with marked devotion and ability to the accompaniment of a small organ.

The Archbishop's address to the prisoners receiving Confirmation was fatherly and simple, without a suggestion of any difference in their situation from that of children ordinarily presented to him.

At the conclusion of the offices of the morning the Archbishop said he could not omit a word of appreciation and gratitude to the authorities who, whether in connection with the Government, or in the management of the prison had given this beautiful chapel to the Catholic prisoners. He remarked that within fifteen days that was the fourth edifice he had set apart for divine worship, and in no case had he performed the ceremony with a more joyful feeling.

After expressing his hearty appreciation of the generosity with which the provision for Catholic worship was looked to, the Archbishop said the Government had in this regard acted with wisdom, for whilst all religion comes from God, and all religious services are intended to lead to God, still there may be, to the eye of the non-Catholic something unfamiliar in the accessories to devotion that are conspicuous in Catholic places of worship and, on the other hand, Catholics are still more apt to consider the place cold and unattractive without these aids to devotion. These remarks applied to the holding of alternate services for the non-Catholic and Catholic prisoners in the same chapel heretofore. Now both being provided for, the reasonable result to expect from the provision was that religion would in the future be a still more powerful influence for benefit, spiritually and in regard to the personal conduct. He asked the Catholic prisoners to show their appreciation of what had been done for them by their cheerful obedience to those who were placed over them.

The Archbishop spoke at some length upon the place of the altar in Catholic worship. The congregation listened reverently. The visitors were hearty in the praise they bestowed upon the appearance of everything within the chapel. The furnishings were supplied by W. E. Blake's West Side Catholic Book Store.

ORDIVATIONS IN LONDON

London, Ont., Dec. 21.—Rev. Fathers John Dunn of Wyoming and Emery of Mitchell's Bay, west of Chatham, were yesterday ordained to the priesthood at St. Peter's Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation. His Grace Bishop McEvay officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Aylward, rector of St. Peter's, and Rev. Father St. Cyr, of Stony Point. The master of ceremonies was Rev. Father Egan, Rev. Father P. J. Gnam assisted Father Dunn, and Rev. Father Langlois, of Tilbury, assisted Father Emery. The priests within the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Ladecur, Driscoll and Pinsonneault, of St. Peter's, Father Stanley, of St. Thomas, Father Hogan of Strathroy, and Father John Guam of Hesson. At the close of the ceremony the young priests gave their first blessing to their parents.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES

Following are the hours and details of the Christmas celebrations in the Catholic Churches of Toronto:
St. Michael's Cathedral—Masses at 8, 7, 9, 10, 30.
St. Mary's—At 6.30 (Solemn High Mass), Masses at 8, 10, 11 (High Mass). The Boys' Choir will sing at the first Mass and the Girls' Choir at 10.
St. Patrick's—Solemn High Mass at 5.30, at which the boys and girls will sing. Masses at 7, 8, 9, 10, 30 (High Mass). Solemn vespers 7.30 p.m.
St. Francis—Mass at 9 o'clock.
St. Basil's—Masses at 5.30 and every half hour till 10.30, when Solemn High Mass will be celebrated. The regular choir will sing vespers at 7.30 p.m.
Our Lady of Lourdes—Masses at 7, 8, 10.30 (Solemn High Mass). Devotions at 7.30 p.m.
St. Paul's—Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and Solemn High Mass at 10.30 with special music, under the direction of Father Cantillon. Solemn Benediction at 7.30 p.m.
St. Helen's—Masses at 6, 7, 7.30, 9 and 10.30 (Solemn High Mass). Devotions at 7 p.m.
Holy Family—Masses at 8, 9 and 10.30.
Sacred Heart Church—Masses at 7.30, 8 and 10.30 (Solemn High Mass). Devotions at 9 p.m.

AT BETHLEHEM

(For The Register.)

Mary the Virgin worshipped Adored the King, her God,
Under His palace-roof of thatch,
Alone on the frozen sod

Comage of love she clothed Him
with,
What time with reverent hand
She swathed the limbs of the Babe,
her Son,
By night in the heartless land.

Then tenderly set Him on His throne—
O God what a throne for Him!
A manger and a handful of straw,
Hath the King of the Seraphim!

What wonder the Mother's eyes were
dim
With piteous tears that night!
But she pressed her sinless heart to
His heart,
And the eyes of her Babe grew
bright.

What wonder the thatch-roof turns
to gold,
The cave to palace fair!
And with the manger of common
straw
What throne can e'er compare!

Small wonder Joseph smiled and
wept
For joy, like the shepherds three
Come to adore at the angel's word
The Saviour who was to be

And joy and peace afar proclaimed
Through ages to men are borne,
Since the eyes of God met Mary's
eyes
In Bethlehem's cave forlorn
C. F. E.

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

Thousands have told, in different tongues and different forms, the story of the Nativity; but all have agreed upon the great central fact of the Birth of our Redeemer in Bethlehem of Judea, upon the first Christmas night. I, too, have written on this glorious subject, have told that old story—ever old and ever new—the story that has been repeated for nearly two thousand years, and that is as fresh to-day as when the first Christian mother rocked her baby to sleep with the hymn which the angels sang over the city of David. I will attempt once more to tell that story, for the edification of the readers of The Catholic Register. It runs thus:

It was a chilly night in early winter; December was drawing to a close but the spectre of the north had passed over the land and left a mantle of white to enwrap the shoulders and heads of the mountains. The pale moon hung low upon the western horizon, and millions of stars twinkled in the cold, blue depths of the orient sky; the wind from beyond the Jordan was bitter and biting; it came from the deserts and it gathered strength as it paused amidst the recesses of Judean mountains. The sheep were huddled together on the hillsides; down in the valley the shepherds crowded around the feeble blaze of their fagot fires; the watch-dogs slumbered fitfully, and half-awakened by the cold, they barked in their disturbed dreams. Over in the City of David—called Bethlehem—strange scenes were being enacted. Hundrede had come up from all ends of the land to respond to the call of the Roman governor; the houses of the town were all occupied; men from the confines of Egypt, men from far-off Galilee, men from the "Eye of the East,"—Damascus—men and women from all quarters, in all their variety of costume and accent, filled the streets of the crowded city. Outside the walls was a khan, or stopping place; therein a few of the later arrivals found refuge. And in a grotto, within that khan, where an ox and an ass were eking out a supper of straw, a couple from Nazareth had found shelter. Not one of the thousands sleeping in that city knew of their presence; no one cared whether these poor travellers were housed or

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not; no one was aware of the wonderful things that were then and there taking place. Oblivious of the fact that the prophesies of four thousand years were being accomplished, the crowd slept on, and not a breath of warning came to the sleepers to tell of the greatest event that had occurred since the day of Creative miracle.

The moon sank below the hills of the west; the milky way still cast its arch across the dome of the sky; the stars twinkled joyously in their silent realm. The hour was midnight, the moment predicted throughout the ages had arrived. The crystal portals of heaven were drawn back, and the advance guard of the celestial army, all glittering in the splendor of God's eternal livery, with harps of gold in their hands and crowns of glory on their heads, stepped out into unmeasured space. Down through the stillness of the night came the first soft notes of an undying canticle and the sound fell like the peaceful voice of God's sweetest singer upon the slumbering ears of the shepherds. As it aroused by some mysterious presence from their sleep, the half-startled, half-astonished flock-tenders arose and gazed about them. High up in the zenith they beheld a curtain of quivering light; like the fringes of the Aurora Borealis, sweeping downward to the hillsides; and faintly came the murmur of harp and voice, both magical and mysterious in their effects. Nearer and nearer came the scintillating splendors, louder and louder came the songs of the advancing vision. The sheep shivered, with awe, and rushed together into a ravine, where they sought shelter from a danger they could not understand; the watch-dogs were mute with fear and they crouched behind the awakening shepherds.

All this time the throng slept on in the City of David; the wind blew its chill blast across the turbulent Jordan, and the world was wrapped in darkness, for it knew not the approaching redemption. At last the white vault of heaven was filled with myriads of celestial beings; their wings of light flashed gloriously upon the scene, and the splendor of their shren fell brightly upon the white turret and grey battlements of ancient Bethlehem. Brighter grew the light; nearer came the angels; louder swelled the chorus. Down, down, descended the vast, the countless throng of God's pure spirits, until, over the khan, they collected in one impenetrable mass of indescribable glory. Loud rang the harps on the winter air, and louder and sweeter swelled the voices of the choir; the shepherds listened; the wind ceased to blow from beyond the Jordan; all nature seemed hushed in mute adoration; but from the walls of the city to the distant declivities over by Jerusalem, and even beyond the sacred city, the refrain was wafted, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," sang the angels; "Gloria, Deo!" replied the echoes that slumber around the lake of Tiberias; "Et in terra, Pax hominibus boni voluntatis," responded the angelic singers; "Pax hominibus," answered voices from beyond the valley of Gilead.

The miracle of ages had been performed; the humble shepherds knelt at the crib; and amidst the display of celestial rejoicing, they adored the Christ-child, the Saviour of man! Slowly the heavenly army retired; back up through the blue abyss the angels disappeared; the light faded from the firmament; the voices died away in the distance of the Infinite; the gates of God's glory closed upon His envoys; the message of peace had been proclaimed to men; the Infant remained with the holy Mother, and the long and heavy path of thirty-three years of suffering was commenced. The shepherds went back to their fagot fires, the sheep returned to their pasture patches, the watch-dogs fell asleep by their masters, the stars shone brilliantly in the sky above, the milky way spanned the blue empyrean, and the December blast swept down from beyond the Jordan. The thousands slept on in the City of David, and the great world rolled upon its axis, just as if no miracle had ever taken place, just as if God had not visited the earth and the heart of man's redemption.

had not been fixed. Only the Holy Virgin Mother, St. Joseph—the Foster Father—and the shepherds, who were watchers by night, were present at the event and adored the Infant Jesus on His appearance as man. Not one of all the vast throng knew that his own salvation was in the balance and that his Saviour was outside the city walls.

Twenty centuries have rolled into the great gulf of eternity; each year has the birth of that Divine Child been commemorated by the faithful shepherds of the Christian flock; and each year the great world has slept, and the mass of the human race has been oblivious of the mighty things that were transpiring. Once more has Christmas come to us; will 1903 go past and the miracle of Bethlehem be repeated only for the shepherds from the hillsides? No; not so; let us go to the crib; it is in yonder Church; there let us hearken to the celestial hymns that are chanted, then let us adore the new born Saviour of the world. While His representative offers up the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, while the incense curls around the deep-palling organ, while the lights flash brightly upon the sanctuary of devotion, the Christmas chant will again ring in our ears: Gloria in excelsis Deo! "Gloria to God on High, and peace, on earth, to men of good will."

Once more may this Christmas be a happy, a holy, and a truly merry one for all; and may the blessings it will bring me be as manna, in the desert of this life's pilgrimage, to all who are seeking that land of promise where the eternal and undying glories are chanted around a Christmas board that is styled the "Banquet of God."

DEATH OF FATHER FOGARTY

Stratford, Dec. 21.—Rev. Father Fogarty, parish priest of Dublin, died suddenly at 2.30 this morning. He officiated at the special ceremonies last Sunday, when the Bishop was present to bless a new bell weighing over a ton. About a week ago he contracted a cold, which produced illness resulting in his death. He had been about two years in Dublin, during which time he had been instrumental in having a new church, school and residence built. Previously he spent some time in Stratford. He was about fifty years of age. The funeral will take place at Dublin at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

NOTABLE CONVERT'S DEATH.

The Hon. G. L. Marble, of Van Wert, Ohio, who died the other day, was a recent convert to the Catholic faith. Deceased was a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan College and of Princeton University. At the age of 18 he deliberately rejected Protestantism as untenable on any rational ground. He became an agnostic and was a close friend of the late Robert Ingersoll. Yet he refused to attend any of the lectures of the great infidel, believing them wrong in undermining the religious faith of others. Some years ago he began to consider the claims of Catholicity, and when he had satisfied himself of its truth accepted it with a beautiful and edifying faith. He willingly made every sacrifice that the Church could demand of him even the forfeiture of his standing amongst the Masons, of which he was an influential member. He was a Hebrew scholar and a keen student of Latin and Greek. His enormous library included books on all subjects of philosophical and scientific research.

Mr. Marble was one of the legal lights of the State of Ohio, and stood high as a counselor in Republican State politics. He was a personal friend of the late lamented President, William McKinley, and several times was called to Washington to deliberate on questions of national importance.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI IN ROME

A Rome correspondent writes: Amongst the recent audiences granted by Leo XIII., a special interest is attached to that of the pilgrims from Canada. According to the Italian Catholic journals, these pilgrims were received on Sunday last and were presented by the Archbishop of Montreal. The Archbishop with a certain exultation, said: "Our people are well known to Your Holiness, who also knows that in no other part of the world does the Catholic Church enjoy all its sacred liberties, and nowhere is the Faith so strong or the Pope so beloved as amongst us!" It has been recently said that the population of Canada was becoming almost wholly Catholic, and that in a proximate future it would be altogether Catholic. An indication of this was given to the Pontiff during the presentation to him of some of the Canadians at this pilgrimage. Amongst them were representatives of families which count no less than twenty-four and twenty-six children. "Twenty-six children!" exclaimed Leo XIII., smiling; "how many voices to bless the Lord!" The Archbishop of Montreal, in bidding farewell to the Pope, said: "Holy Father, I hope to be able to return here to you within three years!" Leo XIII. turned to him, and with a smile in his lips, replied: "Very well, I will make an effort to welcome you here on your return." The Pope's private physician, Dr. Lapponi, who has recently suffered an operation for appendicitis, has quite recovered, and paid a visit to the Vatican during the week, the Pontiff receiving him with special satisfaction.

MGR. FALCONIO IN WASHINGTON

At the dinner tendered Mgr. Falconio in Washington following the solemn services held at the Catholic University, the following speech was delivered by the Apostolic Delegate: "Right Rev. Rector: Accept my sincerest thanks for the cordial welcome you have been pleased to tender to the representative of the Holy See in the name of the trustees, professors and students of the Catholic University of Washington. "Your sentiments of attachment and gratitude towards the Supreme Pontiff for all that he has done for the welfare of this institution are a source of great consolation to me, and afford me the hope that the Catholics of America will appreciate the deep interest which the Holy Father has taken in promoting more and more, through this University, the higher culture of the youth of this Republic, and that they will profit by it.

"Encouraged by the Supreme Pastor of the Church, and acting upon his wise counsels, the superiors will know how to govern with success, the professors how to teach with soundness of principles, and the students how to treasure up with confidence in their minds and in their hearts the precious teachings of science and religion, and put them in practice. "Attached as you are to the Supreme Pontiff, the inflexible teacher of truth, I have no doubt that, under his guidance, you will be able to work with success, and that the blessings I have mentioned will form the happy inheritance of this institution. "However, it may be well to remember that, no matter how holy and how commendable may be the object we have in view, in order to come to its realization we shall have to overcome difficulties and work with courage, earnestness and perseverance. The end which the Holy Father had in view in the canonical erection of this University, as you have observed, is noble and useful. It is intended to give to the Catholic youth of America an opportunity to receive a scientific and a religious education in its highest form—an education apt to render them not only possessors of the treasures of science and religion, but also to place them in a position to impart these blessings to others.

"I know that, in order to realize fully this object you will have to overcome difficulties and work with earnestness and perseverance. But as earnestness and perseverance are the factors of success, I have no doubt that, in the course of time, this young Catholic institution will be second to none of the most illustrious universities of the land.

"You have just recalled our attention to what the immortal Pontiff Leo XIII. has done for the welfare of this University. He is its founder, its protector its guiding genius. Since its foundation he has never ceased to give it encouragement and to offer you the most evident proofs of his benevolence. You may be justly proud of such a patron. However, permit me to observe that this benevolence of the Sovereign Pontiff will not surprise you when you consider the noble and effective part he has always taken in whatsoever concerns

the scientific, moral and religious movements of modern society. During his long Pontificate he has always wished that the Church should be more than ever at the head of every real progress in science, in art, in Christian knowledge. Nothing has escaped his vast and profound intelligence. Fine arts and letters, science of government and internal relations have found in him a profound and clear expositor, and a protector full of energy and good taste. But the most ardent desire of his heart has been not merely to illuminate the intelligence, he has also wished to move and purify the heart by applying himself earnestly to the revival of Christian virtues amongst the people. Hence it is that we see him so highly esteemed and honored by all men of good will who recognize in him a superior genius, the joy of the Papacy and of the two centuries to which he belongs.

"Then it is this ardent love for the good of the human race, for the good of all that is good, and, at the same time, his esteem for this Republic, which have led him to give to your University his patronage and to watch over it with constant solicitude. May God grant that, under such efficacious protection, you may arrive to that apex of glory which the name of the Catholic University implies."

We lose the gift of prayer through our want of gratitude to God, who bestowed it.

It is man's chief blessedness that there be in his nature infinite possibilities of growth.

Our God is an accurate God, and nothing is He more adorable than in His accuracy.

If a man is not greater than the things he does, the less said about him and them the better.

Rogers' Christmas Furniture LATE ARRIVALS

Late arrivals of Fancy Furniture including Parlor Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Writing Tables in weathered oak, Footstools, Mission Arm Chairs and Rockers, Music Racks, Secretaries, Fancy Cabinets, Palm Stands, etc. Some of them distinctly novel in design have just been passed into stock and enable us to offer an almost unbroken selection of gift furniture to late buyers.

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Ruffs—Alaska Sable, \$12 to \$15; Mink, \$18 to \$22.50; Stone Marten, \$18 to \$22.50.

Boa and Muff, in Cinnamon or Sable Fox, \$45; in Pointed Fox, \$60.

Boa and Muff of Mink, \$45 to \$65; in Stone Marten, \$45 to \$65; in Russian Sable, \$350 to \$380; in Hudson Bay Sable, \$100 to \$175.

Muff and Scarf Ermine, \$80; in White Arctic Fox, \$50. Special designs in Fancy Ruffs.

Scarf and Muff, Arctic Fox, \$30 to \$35; in Black Fox, \$50; in Sable Fox, \$30 to \$40; in Pointed Fox, \$40 to \$50.

Caperino, Alaska Seal, \$65 to \$85; in Persian Lamb, \$45; in Alaska Sable, \$45; in Electric Seal, \$18.

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