

The Catholic Register.

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

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CHRISTMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

If we are to speak of the great festival at all, how or where shall we begin? The best we can say is so mean that it were, perhaps, entirely the wisest to be silent altogether.

Joseph and Mary are not recorded to have opened their lips that august night, the shepherds adored without a word, and it is only enough to fulfill their mission of showing the way to the sacred crib.

Shall we not do well to copy such example, and be content to listen in spirit to where we may find the Child and worship Him?

The stillness of the midnight hour when Christ was born, and the darkness all around that rude manger where He was laid, are symbols to us of the mute and quiet adoration with which we ought to approach Sp. cel., it there is to be any, should be not noise of the tongue but the breathing of fervent hearts. Hap ture love's silence.

And who can think of the things of Christmas with a rapture? To touch light can dazzle and mislead as well as darken, and when God is so near that He can be touched and handled, when His brightness shines round about us it is difficult to see clearly in their rich relation.

Great and small lose their distinction in a presence which uplifts all things.

We will, however, be guided right, here as elsewhere, if we follow her who, better than anyone else, understood the mysteries in which her life had its eventual course.

When our Blessed Lady, in the Magnificat, ventured to speak her mind, the motive she alleges was the wonder she felt that God had dignified to notice her at all. Why should He, from the heights of His infinite glory, in which for a whole eternity He had been supremely happy, look down upon such insignificance. But He had. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid" (Luke I, 48); and therefore her soul did magnify the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Here we have, at once the reason of all praise, and the key to its true, God's infinite, loving condescension is the first, and the second is the thrill of the spirit filled with deep acknowledgment of so ineffable a gift. On which if these it is more fitting to think: the divine goodness or our obligations springing therefrom?

How can creature intellect, I don't say estimate this goodness, but even form some such little idea of it as it is good to dwell upon?

To take in a mountain, or even a lofty tree, it is well to stand at some distance, to get from under it and let it sink into the mind by different aspects.

The same is true when the object to be seen, if not great in itself, is at least many-sided. Our Blessed Lady in her thanksgiving illustrates this rule, when she says of God "He hath regarded her humility."

Now, to regard means to look twice, or many times, at the same thing. What is of no interest is dismissed with a glance, what we love we hate to take our eyes off, and the long lingering look, so hard to break and painful to interrupt, is at once the evidence and the measure of how dear its object is.

This was the image of God which Mary had when she sang her Magnificat. She saw Him only, or at least chiefly, under the one aspect of His regard for His fallen children, and how when that regard had led Him to send over, and prophet, and law-giver, more or less in vain, the splendor of His glory, (for so St. Paul calls the eternal word) arose in the bosom of the Trinity and with the proclamation "Sacifice and oblation Thou woudest not, thou beheld I come," (Hobrows, 10. 6. 0.) the only begotten Son leaving the throne of His Father, stepped, if we may dare so to speak, down into the regions of sin and sorrow and anguish to do what only He could. Nay, not merely stepped down to it, but most wondrous of all, assumed it unto Himself, became its heart and its life, by a union that is henceforth to last for ever, a union that is personal and enables us to say with perfect truth in His case that God is man and man is God.

No wonder indeed, with such a view before her our Blessed Lady sang with sweeter than angels' melody her exulting Magnificat. No wonder her spirit leaped and danced with joy in contemplating God thus so wondrously become her Saviour.

Yet not even she comprehended the height and the length, and the depth and the breadth of the love that is shown in the Incarnation. And what do we know about it?

True every day at Mass, and it is to be hoped at many other times, we say in faith "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," but too often, it is feared, pass along as if what we had just said were not the most wonderful thing. I don't say the earth, but the very heavens themselves ever saw, or heard of.

"Omnipotence in Bonds" is the truthful heading of a great sermon by Newman. "The Eternal in Time." "The King of Kings, a slave." "The infinitely High, clothed in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger"—these and a thousand other equally startling are just as true, and are now offered as fit food for our reflection at Christmas time.

Let us study them with the heart, rather than the intellect. They are beyond-reason, but they are not beyond love. In and from love they have their origin and continuance, and it is to create returning love on our part they have been granted us.

The great fire of infinite charity burns throughout the creation, since Christ entered it, that all may be kindled into flames of purity and holiness. It is our fault if we fail.

The hopelessness of the infinite Redeemer disarms fear, His sweetness attracts, His arms are outstretched in mercy. Not for Himself is He there upon that poor pallet, but for us, that we might hasten to His crib and offer, even if we have nothing else, at least the gift of our fullest love.

It is a cheap return for all that has been done for us.

True Christian Education.

IV.

In the United States Census Bulletin, of May 6th, 1892, we find that nearly 62 per cent. of the criminals imprisoned for murder are re-educated. In the report of the Pennsylvania state penitentiary for 1892 we find that out of 17,924 prisoners who have committed crimes against persons and property, 14,185 or about 82 per cent. are persons of education. By the return of criminal statistics of the past year for the Dominion of Canada we learn that over 74 per cent. of convicted criminals have been educated.

In an article on the "Increase of Crime" written in 1894, the editor of "The Interior," Chicago, deploring these facts remarks that: "The education that neglects the moral nature of the pupil does him and society as well a great injustice. The expert criminals of to-day

are not the brutalized duncions of the alms, they are fairly well educated, as the numerous instances of forgery only too plainly attest. The education that leaves the moral sense untouched is too often a dangerous power."

What do these facts and testimonies prove? They prove that so-called secular education that trains the mind and leaves the heart untouched, that crams the intellect with stores of scientific facts and truths, and scowls the principles of religion and morality which ought to direct them, is not only a useless factor in the regeneration of society, but is as positively harmful to the individual as it is detrimental to the community.

If, according to the evidence of thinking men in every nation, crime has notably increased with the last ten years and has assumed more cruel and inhuman aspects, it is plain that the result must be attributed to the fact that the powerful influence of education has been placed in the hands of the youth of the land without the principles

of religion and christian morality to direct and govern the use of them.

We often hear that the Catholic church is opposed to the modern secular education of the day. This charge is very true. The Catholic church is not opposed to genuine intellectual culture, or any system of education that awakes for the true development of human nature. But she is opposed to a system of education that crams the head and leaves the heart un-touched, she is opposed to a system of education that crams the memory in order to get the knowledge of God she always had been opposed to a system of education where the word of God is never heard, where the true christian principles of morality are

never inculcated and where scientific morality and false worldly culture are substituted for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Perish every system of education, perish all science and knowledge from off the face of the earth, let our children grow up rude and illiterate like the sons of the desert, let them be blind to all the glories of science and art, let them be deaf to all the music of this beautiful creation rather than give them an education without religion, a culture without God.

For it is better that they should live and die in ignorance rather than imperil the salvation of their immortal souls with a godless education.

J. P. T.

CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

Come and adore! For lo! the Saviour's Star

Gleams with its usure the Judæan skies.

Hearken the spirit hymes, that swell afar

O'er Mamre's plain, whose wakening flocks arise.

Now are the Prophets' oracles fulfilled,

High Heaven and Earth alike with wondering joy are thrilled.

Come and adore! From Shechem's stony street,

By Kedron's torrent see the Magi go,

Dust of the desert on their camels' feet,

Weary their bodies, but their souls aglow.

For we have seen His Star-Sign in the East,

"So on the God-Child's face our longing eyes shall feast."

Ye drowsy shepherds, by Gibeath's slopes

Wake to the glory of this mystic night.

Now is the crowning of your dreams and hopes;

Lo! above Gedor's peak the flaming light!

Glad vision!—hear the Seraph anthems ring

"Peace on the earth to men; Glory to Heaven's King."

On Lebanon, low bow the cedars' boughs

To greet the new-born Saviour-Child below!

Rich Gilead's grove its precious balsam sheds,

And Siloa's wicket warble as they flow!

Come and adore! When Nature utters praise

Let Man his accents too in rapturous measures raise.

Come and adore!—ye faithful ones of God

In Galilee and wide Samarian land,

And you, ye Gentiles where the palm trees nod

By Indus' shore and scented Samarcanid;

Ye too, whose Roman palaces surround,

Or bowing billows lash the stern Hesperides.

High Mystery of Love: in awe we bow

Here in the stable at an Infant's feet!

Vouchsafe, oh Lord, that as we worship now

In vigil with Thy Mother mild and sweet,

Strength we may find and solace on our way—

Led by Thy burning Star—to Heaven's Eternal Day!

J. B. DOLLARD (Shav-na-mon).

Toronto, Dec. 15th, '98.

Death of Sister Loreto (O'Leary.)

General sympathy, not only among the ladies of Loreto, and friends of the family, but also among the Catholic community generally, has been occasioned by the death of Sister Loreto (O'Leary), at St. Michael's Hospital, on Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1898.

The deceased was a religious who had been afflicted by cancer for a year or more, and had undergone an operation at the hospital. She had been for twenty-two years a member of the community, living in Irish and Canadian convents.

Alice O'Leary was born in Lindsay, March 25, 1847. She received her early education there and afterwards attended the Normal School, Toronto, from which institution she received her certificate. Returning to Lindsay she took charge of the Separate School. During that time Father Stafford erected a magnificent convent and had the Loreto nuns take charge of it. Alice O'Leary was the first young lady to become a Sister.

She entered Feb. 18th, 1878. She was removed to Toronto after a short time and then to Ireland, where she remained a number of years, returning in 1889. She taught in Hamilton, Guelph, Niagara Falls and Stratford. Her career as a teacher was most successful. Owing to ill health she was unable to resume her position in Stratford where she taught for three years. After care it was decided that an operation was calculated to prolong her life. She was taken to St. Michael's Hospital on the 7th Dec. and died on the 11th after undergoing a painful operation. Her remains were removed to the Loreto convent where Requiem High Mass was celebrated on Tuesday morning.

The chief mourners were her brother Mr. John O'Leary, Toronto, Mr. Hugh O'Leary, O.Q., Lindsay and her sister, Mrs. Berry, Lindsay.

Her six nephews, five from Toronto, one from Lindsay. The scene at her death bed was most edifying surrounded by her beloved Sisters of Loreto and St.

Joseph. Father Ryan said the Mass and the last prayers for the dead. Many of the city priests were present including the Very Rev. Administrator Father McCann, Fathers Treacy, Dollard, Rohleder and others.—R. F. P.

The "Priest of Perth."

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

Dear Sir—In your issue of the 24th ult. I found a curious mistake made, to which I desire to call the attention of whoever may be responsible for it. In looking over the paper, I came upon a short poem entitled "The Priest of Perth" (Dr. Deady), and attributed by you to The Cork Examiner.

Now, as I had the honor of editing the poems of my lamented friend and fellow-worker, Hon. T. D. McGee, I desire to call your attention to this matter. The poem in question is one of the best-known Canadian poems of our great statesman and orator. It is said, indeed, after the lapse of thirty years since his tragic death, to see one of the productions of his graceful muse ascribed to another.

As regards this particular poem, it has a special and tender significance for myself and any other friends of Very Reverend J. H. McDonagh of Perth, Ontario, Vicar-General of the diocese of Kingston—in his time not yet an archdiocese—few, indeed, I fear they are now.

Father McDonagh as we loved to call him was "The Priest of Perth" so affectionately and so truthfully described in McGee's noble verses, and on the occasion of the Vicar-General's death they were written and sent to me personally—as a loving tribute to the memory of a very dear mutual friend—for publication in The New York Tablet.

In the columns of that paper they immediately appeared, and in the volume of McGee's poems edited by me they may be found among "Poems of the Afflictions," on p. 403. Alas! such is fame! Pray excuse me dear Mr. Editor,

BLANTYRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

The Kingston Road car brought us to the somewhat baronial-looking avenue gate of Blantyre, and in a few minutes we were in what the boys, if they were vain of style, might call the "court yard." On one side the old-fashioned mansions, and a breast high hedge of evergreens, but looking now like a massive parapet of marble, thanks to the plentiful supply of snow. Facing this ideal winter scene, the night, with a little embellishment, have furnished a frontispiece of a Christmas number, is the trim looking brick building of the St. John's Industrial school, and the third side of the square is formed by the row of workshops, beyond which is the wood. A stranger would be likely to receive an incorrect impression of the place. If there were high fences around, the natural curiosity of boys would impel them to climb in. But there are no fences.

There are forty boys here, confined or imprisoned according to law, but not by stone walls or iron bars. Both the wood and the high road are accessible almost at a bound; but the Christian Brothers in charge of the school are able to say that there are fewer attempted escapes from Blantyre there from any institution of the kind in Canada. A dozen or more of the boys are picking, on a rink at the further corner of the square as we enter. There is nothing in their dress, behavior or surroundings that would suggest the restraint of a public institution. The probable impression upon a stranger would be that these were college lads at recreation.

Walking across the yard to the workshops we enter without knocking, and find six boys making boots and shoes. They are robust, intelligent lads, of fifteen years of age perhaps. With them is a practical instructor, and an examination of their work shows they are not playing at their trade. Both new shoes and mended shoes are better suited for the snow and cold without than a great deal of the footwear purchased in the city. The boys work for the Sunnyside Orphanage and for other Catholic institutions of charity. Their services are in demand at good wages in the shops of Toronto as soon as they leave the Blantyre school. That is the best testimony to the practical and thorough knowledge of the trade they receive in the school.

Leaving the boot and shoe shop we are met by the Brother Superintendent, who has been informed of our visit in the meantime. He would like to give us an idea of what has been done in the line of gardening, flower culture, and poultry raising; but this is not a favorable time of the year; and we decide to see more of the apprentices at their trades, as well as the boys in the school classes.

Brother Urbanus has a spare, active figure, with quick, kindly eyes. In his company it is possible to see many things in a little time. He deprecates the insufficient equipment of the library and gymnasium, realizing the inclination of the boys towards them. But he says with animation that they take to military drill with satisfaction. A Q. O. R. instructor gives them a special lesson once a week. They are also nimble on the rope fire-escape, and can come down from the top windows with the celerity of salt-water tars. While he is talking we enter for a moment's prayer in the pretty chapel, brightened by glowing plants and softened near the altar with stained glass.

In a bright room facing the south several boys are at work with sewing machines, making the uppers of boots and winter clothes. While inspecting these articles and looking through the boys' wardrobe, Brother Urbanus explains that the clothing material which the boys work upon and wear is Halifax tweed, a cheaper and better article than the product of the Central Prison, besides being preferable from a sentimental standpoint—a standpoint that boys like for the same reason that they like liberty. Blantyre dispenses with a uniform, except for military purposes, for the same excellent reason. It is sometimes said to be impossible to keep boys in a public institution without a uniform by which they may be identified if they escape. But Brother Urbanus tells of at least one experience not uninteresting in this connection.

A little lad of eight had been held irregularly, at Mimico and other places of detention for juvenile misdemeanors. It can do no harm to mention that his name is Danny, since he achieved a great public notoriety by escaping on one occasion as far as the Pacific coast, traveling upon freight cars and picking up sleeping cement for body and soul as best he could at prairie and mountain stations. After having been caught that time, the little fellow was "written up" in a leading city daily to the extent of a column, under the sensational headline "DANNY IS A BAIL 'UN"; and as all who had previously been concerned about his reformation held exactly the same opinion of him, and as one of Danny's parents was a Catholic, there was no objection that Blantyre should take charge of the desperate baby. Danny was brought down in charge of one of the bravest members of the police. We found him in the junior school-room writing from dictation in a neat hand. He is the youngest and smallest boy there, and it is making no reflection upon his companions to say that not one of them had a more open and attractive face. It was hard even to think of the sufferings of this pretty little child, fleeing across the continent from the face of men, as if he were Cain.

Brother Urbanus said with a tender smile that Danny had been a good boy since his arrival at Blantyre, showing kindness and sympathy much more than reformation. He had quickly become the pet of the school, and whenever favors were wished, for Danny was the petitioner for the boys.

In the senior class room, we found the boys well advanced in their studies as they attend the schools of the city. But the inspection was not completed until the dormitories, refectory, pantry, kitchen and wash rooms had all been visited. Every where the same evidences of order and scrupulous cleanliness prevailed, and it was correspondingly profitable to listen to Brother Urbanus, as he explained the careful and exact system from which this order arose.

The boys sent to Blantyre from the Police Court, or by the St. Vincent de Paul society to be held for examination by the Police Magistrate, are not only the stragglers of the city but oftentimes the sadder types of the towns and villages. Vile language is their habitual vocabulary all round, but their knowledge of wickedness varies according to environment and natural capacity. The great thing needful is to break their habits of word and act. Kindness and example will not accomplish this alone; the constant presence of the teacher is essential. The tongues must be guarded in the dormitory, in the dining-room, play room and work-shop as well as in the school-room. A brother sleeps in each dormitory, which is never without a light at night. The Superintendent reads during mealtime, when conversation is forbidden. Apart from sleeping and eating every minute is occupied with work, recreation or schooling; and through the constant routine there penetrates without an atmosphere of individual liberty and restraint equal to that which all school boys enjoy. In other words the system, while it is one of constant restraint upon all, does not press in any particular way upon one boy more than another. The school is doing a great work and the Catholic people of Ontario should be proud of it.

For troubling you in this matter but do so with the fullest conviction that both THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and THE CORK EXAMINER will be pleased to correct the error.—I remain, dear sir, very truly your friend,

M. A. SARDIER,

96 Boomside Place, Montreal, P. Q. December 10th, '98.

The business and Shorthand Department of Regopolis re-opened Jan. 8, with a Chartered Accountant in charge. The yearly Scholarship costs only \$30, monthly payments. Diploma courses are completed in three to six months, unaided instruction. Write for Calendar, it without delay, several readers calling attention to it. In the issue of Dec. 1, Mr. James G. Foley, of Ottawa, vindicated by exact reference Dr. Aroy McGee's rights as author of the poem. Ed. C. R.]

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