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TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

CHRISTMAS.

Before our next issue the great feast of Christmas, the feast of feasts, will have come and gone. It is right and proper, therefore, a duty and also a pleasure, for us to greet our patrons with sincere good wishes for this holy tide. A Merry Christmas to all!

"Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"

These wishes are simple and oft-repeated, as quickly heard as quickly said. They are none the less sincere by reason of being simple, or because the fast returning years multiply their repetition. As of things from afar their value is dearer because of the heaven-brought meaning they contain. The thought from which these wishes spring is old as the hills, but it never loses its freshness. The thought comes bearing the sweetest memories of earth. It passes into the soul, fragrant with the myrrh and aloes and cassia which perfume the garments of humanity with which, as with a robe, the divine Babe of Bethlehem is clothed.

Christmas is the greatest feast of all the year, or indeed, of all the cycles of years. From it the centuries date themselves as circles ever widening from a common centre; piety turning a hopeful gaze towards the ever increasing signs and light until He came, The Expected of the nations; nineteen centuries more look back to that same Orient from on high, and find in Him "the way, the truth, the life." Nor is Christmas a mere memory of the past. The Babe of Bethlehem is yesterday, to-day the same forever. He is still in His manger. The angels still sing the same hymn of "Glory to God and peace to men of good will." The same blessed Mother bends over her Child in adoration and love. Generations gather still around that Crib. Some in faith and love, more in doubt and hatred, all in wonder. Who is this Babe of Bethlehem? Who is Jesus Christ? To the lowly, the simple, the faithful He is the Word made Flesh, the ever blessed Son of God. The world does not judge so. Looking in at the stable they see only a babe of Adam's race and Israel's stock, no sign of royalty about Him, no blaze of divinity upon His brow. They pass on heedless or sneering; it cannot be. To them He is a contradiction. The question: "Who is Jesus Christ?" is the most vital question that was ever put. If He is what He claims to be, the Son of God, the Redeemer of mankind, then must men leave all and follow Him? If in Him the Godhead dwelleth corporally then is His entry into the world the greatest event of history. Thus are the good wishes for Christmas something more than morning greetings. To the faithful throughout the Church, to those who have recognized the sign given by the angels, or followed the star of vocation which ever rests over Bethlehem's stable, Christmas wishes are the expression of messages borne by angel choirs: "Peace to men of good will." By this token and in this spirit, we extend to our readers, one and all, our best wishes for a holy and happy Christmas.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

Three important object lessons have lately been given the citizens of Toronto upon the evils of education without religion. First was the plumbers' combine — which showed a deplorable state of conscience on the part of men whose standing in the community gave very different expectations. It is idle to sift the evidence, or try to understand how honest men can take money as bribes to keep out of some jobs in order that the prices may be raised. Such work is dishonest. And the evidence showed a callousness which did not hesitate to treat at least two charitable institutions with the same selfish injustice as they dealt out to the rest of their long-suffering community. It is high time the combine dissolved partnership. What is still more important for the future is that they teach their apprentices some of the primary principles of honesty and justice—and not how to

draw money for time wasted or ill-spent at the expense of their patrons; that they teach them that there is a higher law than that of selfishness which obliges every member of society and which binds the parts together.

The next two cases, though not nearly so extended or aggravating, have a direct bearing upon the point we maintain concerning them, that they are the result of a bad system of education. A young bank clerk—drawing a salary of six hundred dollars and more, steals a lot of money from the bank and runs away with it and a respectable young lady whom he induced to be his wife. The last case is that of a younger boy still, who whilst employed in a wholesale house, used their opportunities to steal a number of things by which they might add to their spending money. Morality is at a low ebb when employees of banks and of high-class firms pilfer, without remorse, and seek to supplement their honest earnings by dishonest conduct. These young clerks are intelligent, and they belong to respectable homes. Their education is deficient—it all tends to book learning; it never impresses seriously and solidly the laws of God upon the young mind. Amusements depend too much upon money—theatres, games, clubs—all claiming fees for which the young clamor and which soft-hearted parents too easily grant. An example of extravagance is set throughout society for the ruin and fall of many. Money must be had—honestly if possible, but it must be had any way. Education without religion is providing its evil fruits in all ranks and ages of its cultivators.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

It will be somewhat of a surprise to many to learn that Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., at one time rector of St. Patrick's church, Toronto, has just completed a half-century of work in the congregation of which he is so faithful and brilliant a member. Remembering him as we knew him some seemingly few years ago, when the renown of his oratory spread itself throughout the city and filled to overflowing the church over which he had charge, when the figure and voice of the speaker were alive with the enthusiasm and vitality of a man far from the boundary of old age, it seems almost impossible to believe that fifty years have been spent by Father Henning in the service of the Master as a humble son of Saint Alphonsus. A few months ago the people of St. Patrick's here, had the privilege of listening to their old rector, on the laying of the cornerstone of their new church, and seeing him much as of old, a half century ago of labor seemed a far-away association. Nevertheless it is true; the golden mark has been passed and the people of St. Patrick's, Quebec, have honored themselves by honoring their pastor, in a magnificent manner. Addresses and presents have been poured upon him lavishly and the admiration and love of the people have been warmly expressed. From outside quarters, too, came congratulations from the United States and different parts of the Dominion, from England and Belgium and from Rome itself came a message—the Papal Benediction to the jubilarian. In the universal felicitations all who knew Father Henning in Toronto will undoubtedly join and the Catholic Register tenders to the Rev. Father its heartiest congratulations and a hope for long and renewed years and honors in the path he has hitherto followed so faithfully and well.

THE "DESERVING" POOR.

The word much used and in our opinion, abused now-a-days, is the word "deserving" when used to qualify the word poor. It is used especially amongst the philanthropic class, amongst those who are without doubt doing an immensity of work along charitable lines, amongst some too whose whole lives might be epitomized by saying "they went about doing good," and yet we never hear the little phrase "deserving poor" without feeling somehow that an offence had been offered both to ourselves through our senses and to all those commonly supposed to come under the class so designated. The tendency of the times is more and more towards what is called scientific charity, and as science gradually tightens her hold upon this chief cardinal virtue, so do we hear more and more the objectionable combination "deserving poor." To our mind science and charity will never amalgamate. Charity is a warm volatile substance that rises and expands and covers every object that attracts it. It will never be held in bond by the rules of science. From days of old we have the promise "the poor you have always with you" and so spoken the word poor has a beautiful sound. It signifies so much; it includes all God's helpless ones, those who were born so or whom circumstances have since made so; it includes the weak ones of either mind or body; the stranger in poverty and friendless the man or woman without employment, the little nameless waif without parent or home, the wife and family of the drunkard, aye yes, and the drunkard himself. It means, in short, anyone in need of assistance. And yet if we bring science to our aid and place an adjective before the beautiful word poor, our vision somehow becomes restrict-

ed and narrow, and the warm dews of charity which, like those of mercy, should be as the gentler rain from heaven, disappears and a cold, calculating scientific atmosphere envelops us, and somehow the change is not comforting. At a meeting lately held in our city the Good Samaritan was quoted as being the representative embodiment of scientific charity. The points cited in proof of this were that he took the man from Jerico on his own beast and gave the money in payment for his care not to the man himself, but to the inn-keeper. Now, from another point of view the Samaritan was anything but scientific. He asked no credentials from the man lying in the road, who might have received his wounds in any one of many ways not considered creditable, he simply accepted the story without question and paid the inn-keeper rather than the one to whose rescue he had come, in order to save him trouble and to lessen as much as possible the known burden of obligation. In this he was considering the call of charity, nothing else interfered. Science, consciously or otherwise, was not at work. In this day and age the reasons quoted for the more and more need for scientific charity is to prevent what is called "overlapping" and to circumvent downright fraud. People who can manage to get twenty-seven and a half dollars a week for a long period from different societies under the pretense of poverty—as an instance quoted at the meeting referred to—are not poor and should not be classed as such. They should be placed in the class of schemers, to which they belong. By speaking of them in the same connection as the beautiful poor of Our Lord, we do the latter an injustice, just as when we place the mentally afflicted in the common jail with our criminals. The fact that any and all applicants for charity are regarded with suspicion is the reason that so many who really are needy, prefer to suffer and sometimes die rather than make their wants known. If the discrimination, investigation and implied suspicion which existed prior to a subject being classified as "deserving," were removed we would get away from the sanctimonious atmosphere which somehow always come with the objectionable word and we would find ourselves once more in the warm glow of the presence of Him who said, "Let the little ones come unto me," and "the poor ye have always with you."

DEATH OF REV. FATHER McCARTHY, C.S.S.R.

A few days ago news came to hand of the death of Rev. Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., the beloved priest of Diamond Harbor Church, Quebec, and at one time member of the staff attached to St. Patrick's church in this city.

At the Monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers, Annapolis, Md., where Father McCarthy had gone in search of health, the beloved priest passed to his reward, and his people everywhere are inconsolable. Remembering the gentle, kindly manner, the generous disposition, and overflowing sympathy that marked the character of Father McCarthy, it is easy to appreciate the sorrow of the people amongst whom the greater part of his religious life was passed. The Quebec Telegraph pays the following tribute to the warm-hearted Irish priest, a tribute readily endorsed by anyone ever privileged to know him, and to which we may add that as we remember him he was easily in the ranks of those of whom it was said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Father McCarthy's death is not only a loss to the religious community to which he belonged, but to the Catholic world, and though dead to this life, his works will ever live as a monument of his good and pious life spent in the service of his Master. The congregation of St. Patrick's Church, and Quebec public in general, are saddened at the void his death has created, and deeply sympathize with the members of the Redemptorist Order, and family of deceased in their sad bereavement. Requiescat in pace.

DEATH OF FATHER CRONIN.

The sudden death of Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, marks the close of an eventful and arduous life in the service of the Church. As priest, writer, orator, he gave expressions to the sentiments of a lofty and cultured mind, and his writing, though pungent, were seldom personal. His connection of over a quarter of a century with the Buffalo paper, secured it a widespread circulation, and made its editor known throughout the English-speaking world. In Ireland the name of Father Cronin is as familiar as on this continent, and it may be remembered that on a late visit he was presented with the freedom of his native city, Limerick. Father Cronin had a remarkably attractive personality and was as easily the friend of the simple and childlike as of the learned and profound. He was educated and ordained in the city of St. Louis, Mo., in which diocese he served for some time, but afterwards followed his friend the late Bishop Ryan, to Buffalo, to which diocese he was later attached. Father Cronin was one of three friends and fellow students

in youth who in later years devoted themselves to an editorial career, each proving a power in the path chosen, the other associates being Father Lambert and Father Phelan. To the Catholic Press of America the death of Father Cronin is a distinct loss, and people of Buffalo and the Union and Times, the Catholic Register offers its sincere sympathy. May he rest in peace.

The collapse of banking and trust institutions in Chicago and Toronto points a lesson that no sane banker or trustee should require to learn. It is this, that bank and trust funds cannot be directed into side lines for speculative profit. Sooner or later the speculator will strike a snag. The other banking houses of Chicago have taken care of John R. Walsh's depositors when John R. Walsh himself having gone into railroad and other deals, had rendered himself unfit to protect them. In the case of the York County Loan no such spirit is shown, although had the government acted promptly and vigorously the outlook would not be so bleak as it is for thousands of poor people.

Club Building at Thorold

The Thorold Post of the 15th inst., contains an article dealing with an enterprise upon which the pastor, Rev. Father Sullivan, is energetically engaged. As it is just in line with a subject of which we treated last week we are glad to be able to bring the matter forward in our present issue. Father Sullivan is an old friend of the Register, one, too, whose name is known through the archdiocese as that of a model Sogarth Aroon, whose time and talents are entirely devoted to the interests of his people and their betterment under his direction is so pronounced that the sum-total makes a grand aggregate which forms now and for the future a magnificent monument to the devoted priest. The work upon which Father Sullivan is at present engaged is the building of a club-house for his parish, which, when completed, will be one of the most complete in Ontario. Speaking of Father Sullivan's work, the Post says:

"Father Sullivan is now in the thirty-fifth year of his Thorold pastorate, a record which can be found in the lives of very few clergymen of any denomination. During that time he has raised for parochial purposes nearly a hundred thousand dollars, half of which has been contributed by friends at various distances—has come literally from all over the world. Of the whole, ninety-five per cent, has been expended right in the town, as he is a firm believer in supporting home industries and people. As a result, his people have the presbytery, the separate school, the convent, the magnificent church edifice, all fully equipped in every way; and now he seeks to give them yet this club and assembly building. His heart is set upon it, and the same quiet perseverance which carried the others to completion will see the end of this."

The following letter speaks for itself:

To the Old Boys of Thorold and Vicinity:

I take the liberty to address you in the interest of an object very dear to me, viz.: Club Rooms for my young men.

It has been my long-cherished desire to see erected in this Parish a suitable Club building for our Young Men.

I feel the time has come when a more than ordinary effort should be made to provide such a building. Our little parish is well equipped with the other needed buildings, viz: Church, school, convent and priest's house—which are the pride of the congregation, and the fruits of thirty-four years of arduous labor; but one building is yet needed to complete the material work of the parish and make it all a Catholic Parish ought to be, namely, a Club building for our young men.

It has now come to be understood that no parish is well equipped that has not a Club building for its young men. Perhaps you yourself have felt the need of such a place of amusement.

To provide a building of this character is now my aim and ambition. I wish it to be the last material work of my long pastorate in Thorold.

About five years ago I purchased the property known as the Grenville Hall. Since the purchase our young men have been occupying the upper flat, but as it does not fill the requirements we are making effort to fit up the basement to be used as a gymnasium, reading room, etc. To accomplish this will far exceed the limit of our means, notwithstanding that the members have contributed generously.

To carry out my purpose I have conceived the idea of making an appeal to the Old Boys of Thorold and Vicinity.

On the strength of the long and warm friendship that existed between us in the past, and which I trust exists still, I have the confidence that an appeal to you, an old friend, in the interest of an object which I have so much at heart, will not be in vain. Indeed, did I not feel satisfied that it would be a pleasure to you to assist me in my praiseworthy undertaking I would not take the liberty of addressing to you this letter.

You will assist me, not only by sending your contribution, but also by sending the names and addresses of Old Boys of Thorold and vicinity who live in your town, city or elsewhere.

I have much difficulty in getting the addresses of many of my old friends. Let me assure you that I am, as of old.

Your sincere friend,
REV. T. J. SULLIVAN.
Thorold, Ont., October, 1905.

P.S.—You would be doing me a special favor by showing this letter to any young men of your acquaintance, or other kind friends, who, you think, might be disposed to contribute to our Club Building Fund.

The average young man is kind, generous and liberal with his money. The names of our benefactors will be inscribed on a tablet to be kept in our hall.

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