

# The Catholic Register.

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

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## Obituary,

—'93.—

How swift the years roll by! how time flies fast!

Old ninety-three is numbered with the past  
To history belong its days, its deeds.  
Thus year to year, thus age to age succeeds,  
In rapid revolution. To us weak men  
An hour is scarcely given, with voice or pen  
To chronicle the cycles—achievements save  
From darkness, or oblivion's mouldering  
grave.

Full oft vain prophets hint—"Canadian  
clime  
Hath changed and mellow'd with revolving  
time."

Last winter's gear was snow, with crack-  
ling cold;  
And merry sleigh bells jingled as of old.  
Our lakes were solid ground for hunt or  
chase,  
And torrents stood transfixed in frosts em-  
brace.

Never at old Niagara were seen  
Such frozen pyramids in glistening sheen,  
Or ice-lock'd spray—was heard its muffled  
roar,

Which hundreds came from every distant  
shore  
To witness of—and feast their wondering  
eyes

On starry islets floating to the skies.

But winter's trophies yield to gentle spring;  
The masses move and melt—good Sol is  
king.

His searching rays all winter's spoil efface,  
And buds and plants and prim flowers grow  
space,

With perfume, song and life all nature's  
stirred.

The whip-poor-will and robin's thrill are  
heard;

Now warm sunshine vies with softening rains  
To crown the hill and deck the low lying  
plains;

The busy farmer's plough-share knows no  
rest,

And hopes of brimming harvests fill his  
breast.

In laboring hoats he lays by his rich hoard,  
And ponderous mounds of hay and grain  
are stored.

With guerdon rich his patient toil is crown'd,  
And plenteous peace and love and mirth  
abound.

Such favours bless'd our lake-girt happy  
home—

But what of Ireland, England, what of  
Rome?

Of France or Spain, or Russia's potent Czar,  
Or Kaiser's legions panoplied for war?

Great Britain's Commons sat in long  
debate

To fix on principles of right old Erin's state—  
Restore the soil that to her sons belong,  
And compensate for centuries of wrong—  
And make her people joint ruler of the seas,  
Sole arbiter of their blest destinies.

The veteran champion in ev'ry noble cause,  
Great Britain's Nestor gain'd the world's  
applause

And Ireland's everlasting gratitude.  
Such ardent zeal for her, such fortitude!  
His eloquence pour'd light on history's  
darkest deeds,

He bard'd the vileness of oppression's croods.

Fair justice must be done the sister Isle,  
The nation bleeds at ev'ry pore, the while  
You mock her woes, and visit with 'your  
scorn

Her faith, her virtues and her sons forlorn,  
Who driven from their valleys rich and  
grand,

Find home and fame on every foreign  
strand,  
We Britains, nurs'd and bred in freedom's  
school,  
Must end this tragedy; and grant Home  
Rule.

No more they ask, no less may satisfy;  
The flag that floats above yon dome on high  
Is freedom's symbol to you, to me, to all,  
Then to Erin—or let this Empire fall."

There Balfour, leader of the Orange host,  
That makes ascendancy its loudest boast.  
"Coercion Rule hath not been half  
easy'd,

But press it home, and Ireland shall be  
saved

From priestly ignorance and Romish pow'r.  
In Ulster thousands tremble at this hour  
Lest you pull down Ascendancy and Rights  
Fought for and won in a hundred bloody  
fights.

We aided them their country's life to kill,  
'Divide and Rule' must be our motto still."  
Churchill, Goschen, Russell, Chamberlain  
And Saunderson opposed the Bill in vain.  
McCarthy, leader of the valiant band  
Of tried men sworn to free their native  
land;

Healy and Dillon, O'Connor and O'Brien,  
And golden mouthed Sexton—of the Nine  
T. D. Sullivan alone is wood;  
His lyre attuned to every happy mood  
Or tale of woe, or human sacrifice,

That Heaven demands for ev'ry high Em-  
prise;

All these and others our space forbids to  
name

In the great contest earn'd equal fame.

The Bill was passed and all the earth  
rejoic'd

That in its passage, a sentiment was voic'd  
That lives and burns in every patriot soul,  
Whom justice, honor, faith and love control.  
The veto of the Lords it yet survives,  
Nor may coercion acts or prison gyves  
Lessen the work that liberty has done  
Or stop its march 'till victory is won.

Contending elements of social life  
In Italy and France prolong the strife  
'Twixt capital and labor, poverty and pelf,  
Authority ignored. The king is "Self,"  
And passions rule. The masses led astray  
By politicians, fall an easy prey  
To glory's glamour and high-sounding  
names.

His scorn of death the Atheist proclaims,  
And preaches no hereafter, no reward or  
pain,  
For crime or virtue; he feels but proud  
disdain

For innocence, or purity's bright crown,  
With him all vice is up, all honor down,  
And savage deeds are titles to renown,

Thus Socialists and Anarchists hold sway,  
Their secret counsels shun the light of day.  
What all their plots and horrid oaths con-  
ceal

The deadly bomb and dynamite reveal.  
Vaillant in Paris the fatal missile hurled  
Which awed all France and shook the  
Christian world.

In Barcelona, Berlin—Moscow, Rome  
Is ev'ry altar, every happy home,  
To profanation doom'd—'tis Satan's reign  
Or Paynim Hate, or Hell let loose again.

But where's the remedy? The Port in  
Peril's hour?

When plagues infest, hath Heav'n no heal-  
ing pow'r?

Kind Providence that watches from on  
high,

And all our faults may note, or ills descry,  
To Thee be wafted thanks and reverent  
praise,

To Thee our eyes, and suppliant hands we  
raise.

Already Thou hast mark'd our heart's com-  
plaints  
And words of solace spoken thro' Thy  
saints.

Thy Vicar Leo calm'd the storm toss'd sea  
Of populations, massed for mutiny.  
His fam'd encyclicals all rights exposed  
Of rich and poor and laws on both im-  
posed.

God's church alone hath cure for ev'ry ill—  
The Nations feel it and revere Her still.

Two nations free, that brav'd all despot  
frowns,

And aurold in Faith and Martyr's crowns,  
Apostatiz'd—Both shared an equal fate.  
In bringing scandal on their name and  
State—

France into Panama her treasures pour'd  
In hope oft lost, and oft again restored—  
To join two oceans and thus ope the way  
To the Golden Gate or famed Cathay—  
In lotteries vast sums of gold were found  
In wine and wassail thrift and care were  
drowned.

The people their hard earnings sacrificed,  
Above all gifts extravagance was prized—  
But soon the bubble burst, the tow'r col-  
lapsed

And all the millions by great men were  
grasped.

Great men, whom fraud and secret oaths  
made great,

By *Plebiscite* ordained to rule the State.  
Ministers, editors, members, were involv-  
ed—

On CANNON President the odious task de-  
veloped

To stop all legislation and disown  
His chief advisers, nearest to the throne.

Arrests were many—some the frontier  
gained

Others suicided—chaos reigned—  
Thus France succumb'd to shame's aveng-  
ing rod—

So fares the throne that rules without a  
God.

Fair Italy! of art and muse the home,  
How sadly chang'd! how chill'd Imperial  
Rome!

Erstwhile emblazon'd with foreign spoil  
and gold,  
When o'er thy roads the car of Triumph  
rolled,

Or when the thousands round St. Peter's  
pressed  
And knelt while Pio IX. with outstretch'd  
arms bless'd

Urban et orbem—loud vivas the reply,  
While shouts and salvos thunder'd to the  
sky—

Then all was peace and ev'ry soul at rest,  
No impious sect no army tax oppress'd.  
The common Father's rule was firm but  
mild,

No tyrant's frown he wore—no fancies wild  
Illusioned him from work or anxious care—  
Abundance flow'd and each man had his  
share—

Not so the Revolution with its slaves,  
That sordid gain and foreign conquest raves  
That heeds no suppliant cry at Mercy's  
door.

But spoils the rich and grinds the strug-  
gling poor—  
Convents, colleges, famed monuments went  
down,

Its funds to swell and prop the tottering  
crown.  
Ill got—ill gone—'tis said, and nought so  
true.

The ministers of state, the trusted few  
Of Humbert's council (who, as they, so  
loud

In boasting virtue to beguile the crowd?)  
Steep'd in corruption to the lips were  
found—

With treasury emptied, ev'ry Bank un-  
sound,  
His Kingdom bankrupt, vanished trust and  
hope

With sovereign ills, King Humbert now  
must cope.

Crispi just called to fill Zundell's roll  
May bring no comfort to his troubl'd soul.  
Abandon Rome, is now his wisest plan  
And change of court to Florence or Milan.  
Let favouring breezes fill our sails once more  
And waft us safely to Columbia's shore,  
As when the painted color reach'd now  
land

And knelt in prayer with crucifix in hand—  
As he, we lift to Heav'n our anxious  
pray'r;

Then join the thousands thronging to the  
Fair—  
The World's Fair—surpassing all yet  
shown

In History, to art or science known  
Its dizzy turrets, its temples marble and  
gold,

Its gifts the wealth of all the earth unroll'd,  
Its treasures vast, the brightest ever shone  
From Arctic glaciers, from Africa's burning  
Zone.

In arts and manufactures England vied  
With Berlin, Paris and all the world beside.  
Russia's gold and Austria's porcelain,  
Golconda's dazzling splendours, lace from  
Spain,

And snow-white wool, and sparkling Xeres'  
wines,  
And all the glories art with skill combines,  
With monuments of colon's burning zeal  
To tempt the Oceans and a world reveal  
To men unknown—of his soul's bless'd  
desire,

To plant the Cross—and spread the sacred  
fire  
Of heaven's love, illumine each savage heart  
With faith Divine. His eyes fixed on his  
chart,

He saw the millions finding truth and rest  
And Christ adoring in the burning west.  
Such manuscripts in Rabida were seen  
As proved his mission from the peerless  
Queen,

And from King Ferdinand in sealed decrees  
To govern all lands in now discover'd seas.

The triumphs glorious of modern thought  
and skill  
And all the uses light and steam fulfil,  
With power electric from the heavens  
brought,

As Edison and Morse and Franklin taught.

But every nation had its special show.  
The Turk his baths, his furs the Esquimau,  
Egypt its camels, Bamboo the Ceylonese,  
Canada her fruits and eke her monster  
cheese.

Arches made of oranges, cottages of gold,  
California's tribute—fun for young and old.  
Coffey cups in French, German lager beer,  
Joss-house from China—Zulu's poison'd  
spear;

Amazons from Dahomey hurled the lance,  
And show'd how they never were conquer'd  
by France.

Away o'er the Ferris wheel in clouds could  
be seen  
The flag of old Erin, its own immortal  
green,  
And harp of gold fluttering o'er the bar-  
baric scene.

Each State and cause had its appointed  
day  
For self-indulgence in talks and loud  
display.

Temperance, culture, education, art,  
The goods and blessings science may impart.  
Then all the creeds and systems of the  
world

In congress met—Religion's flag unfurled:  
Confucians, Buddhists, turban'd Moslems  
came

Their doctrines to publish, their liturgies  
proclaim.  
Cardinals, Archbishops, priests in grand  
array

And delegates of laymen knelt to bless and  
pray.  
And thank but Christ for ev'ry great em-  
pirio

And teach all men the worth of sacrifice,  
Of Faith—of Love, of Angel-life on earth—  
They told the story of the Saviour's birth,  
His reign in Heaven, His quick'ning pres-  
ence here

And endless joys to all who love and fear.

Such wonders witnessed over bless'd ninety  
three,  
No year so marked in all this century,  
No year more fruitful of Heaven's grace  
and gifts,

All grateful souls—its memory uplifts  
To songs of gladness, hymns of joyous  
praise

And hopes of bliss in God's eternal days.