

### **The Role of St. Dunstan's in the Development of Character**

Right Rev. Leo Nelligan, V.G.

The world today is in a state of turmoil and confusion such as has had few parallels in history. With singular unanimity all men point to universal unrest as the chief characteristic of the age. Like a man sickening to a serious illness the popular mind is feverish and uneasy. Every magazine and newspaper has its theory of discontent, and at the same time its infallible remedy. In the field of economics people throng after every Pied Piper that lures them with childish dreams of cure-alls for poverty, and like the seekers after buried treasure they dig and pry at the very foundation stones of our social structure—careless of the inevitable ruin.

In spite of the multiple diagnoses proposed, it would seem that the chief cause of the social and economic unrest that obtains throughout the world at the present time is a lack of guidance and direction on the part of those who have put themselves forward as the accredited leaders in the different spheres of human activity. Through a perverted notion of what constitutes true education, many of our so-called centres of culture are turning out men with excellent academic qualifications but without character or vision. We have too many men in high places who think in terms of self-interest, and whose judgment is warped by a false sentiment of moral values. They have never been trained to appraise properly the higher things of life, and hence they cannot rise above a sort of materialistic utilitarianism. They have studied life's reactions in the blind unintelligence of their causes and effects, and not in the laboratory of spiritual interpretation.

It is most refreshing indeed to turn from this purposeless conception of life and its responsibilities which is so widespread in the world today to a consideration of the role that a Catholic college like St. Dunstan's plays in the formation of character and in the development of those qualities of heart and mind which are indispensable to a genuine and complete education. My most vivid and lasting impression of the two pleasant and profitable years that I spent at St. Dunstan's is the harmonious convergence of both the academic and cultural sides of



college life in the formation of character and in the attainment of a proper outlook upon life and its diversified problems.

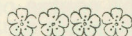
The beautiful and significant motto: "*Ex eodem fonte,—fides et scientia,*" has ever been the beacon light guiding and directing the course of education in St. Dunstan's during the whole period of its existence. The members of the faculty, imbued with the highest Christian ideals and under the inspiring guidance of wise and zealous bishops have ever remained true to the cardinal principle of Catholic education that hand in hand with intellectual development must go the inculcation of the unchanging and unchangeable precepts of Christian morality. They have ever recognized the disastrous results of divorcing education from religion, and have ever paid heed to the oft repeated warning of the Church that education makes a scoundrel doubly dangerous to society. Consistently, therefore, with their conception of a truly Christian education, they have invariably included in their programme of study a comprehensive course in Catholic apologetics, but they have also made it a practice to take advantage of every opportunity, whether in the class-room or on the campus to bring God more and more into the daily life of the students.

Concomitantly with the teaching of morality, this kindly and solicitous mother of so many earnest seekers after knowledge has surrounded the students with many salutary practices in order to induct them more and more into the Christian life. Each morning she gathered them around God's altar to pour into their souls the merits of Calvary's sorrow-drenched oblation, and to break for them the Bread of Eternal Life. Several times during the day she brought them into the presence of the Silent Dweller of the Tabernacle for a few moments of prayer and recollection, and then finally as the shadows of evening fell she gathered them once more in the shadow of the altar to enable them to thank God for his graces and favours of the day and to place themselves under His protection for the night.

Thus has St. Dunstan's gone on from year to year silently and without ostentation, pouring the seeds of knowledge into youthful minds, and weaving into the tapestry of human life the different virtues that make it resemble more and more that of the Divine Model Himself.



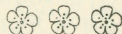
That she may long continue her glorious work is my sincere and prayerful wish as I bring to a close these few words of humble tribute for publication in the commemorative volume of *Red and White*.



### My Native Land

D. S. MacDonald

Whate'er the beauty of the foreign strand  
 I chance to roam, my heart, unsated still,  
 In spirit homeward turns with joyous thrill  
 And yearns for thee, my own, my native land:  
 How far soe'er removed from thee I stand,  
 Naught can in truth divide us twain until  
 The shades of death have laid their sombre chill  
 Upon my brow with cold forbidding hand.  
 I own a joy no words have power to tell  
 When, roaming through the past, again I view  
 Those happy childhood scenes so dear to me;  
 They are the scented blooms which bring so well  
 The fragrance of my native fields anew—  
 Sweet blossoms from the days I spent with thee.



Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;  
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.  
 —Dryden.

