

Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

Mr. Hilary was upset—he was very much upset—and he sat gnawing his pencil furiously as he sought in vain for the word that he needed. Kennedy had disappointed him. But he might have known that Kennedy was not to be depended upon. What on earth ever possessed him to give that assignment to Kennedy he did not know, for it was a most important one and needed to be attended to immediately. And that little failing of Kennedy's often got the upper hand—one glass, and he was "all things to all men."

The editor of the *Trumpeter* was a just man; he was nothing if not just, and he had promised Kennedy a good round sum for his trouble—but the story was not finished, and although Kennedy's notes were all in good shape, Hilary didn't know what they meant to Kennedy—and they meant nothing to Kennedy now!

So the editor had determined to fill up the space that the story would have taken with a sort of Christmas sermon—an article that should bring before the numerous readers of the *Trumpeter* the Christian policy of doing good to your fellow-man as the opportunity offered—not merely to preach "Peace on earth, good will to men," but to actually practise it.

Hilary was provoked enough to think that Kennedy's failure to appear should have made it necessary for him to do this piece of extra work—but the Christmas number of the *Trumpeter* was always a great paper. Everyone looked forward to it with delight, and the subscribers felt they were well repaid when the large picture on the front page met their eager eyes, and they read column after column on the inside pages—Christmas stories, Christmas jokes, Christmas carols—in fact, everything one could desire to make one feel that the real Christmas spirit was actually abroad once more!

Hilary had determined to make this Christmas number the most brilliant that had been gotten out in years, and that story of Kennedy's was to have been elaborately embellished with holly berries and leaves twining all about it, while over the heading an angel blowing a trumpet, from which should come the notes "Peace on earth, good will to men," was to be floating in fleecy clouds. He could still use the angel and the legend, but the story would have to be supplemented by this semi-editorial of his own composition.

It was a bitterly cold day. The snow flakes were lying still and glistening over all the trees and houses.

Christmas shoppers could be seen hastening towards their homes over the slippery, frozen streets, each one carrying one or more bundles of assorted sizes and shapes. Happy children gazed in awe-struck wonder at the tin alligators which hopped away from the street fairs on the sidewalk, and looked longingly at the strings of multi-colored balls and candy canes that hung in the confectioners' windows.

Hilary glared savagely at the moving crowds, and wished his article was finished so that the paper might go to press, and he could retire to the bosom of his little family. He had reached the last paragraph, and was putting the finishing touches to a particularly fine thought, when the office boy came to him with a card. What a bore! It was just his luck to have someone come in to interrupt him at the crucial moment! Who could it be? Somebody who wanted a job probably. He glanced hurriedly at the card—"Edward P. Renaud." Great Scott! That fellow! Why, he hadn't seen him in years—no since they were chums together in college. Ned had fine prospects then. But it seemed to him that he had heard rumors of a tupture with the rich uncle, who was to have left Ned all his money. As he remembered it, there was a girl in the case, a sweetheart whom Ned loved and the uncle forbade him to marry. What had it all been about, anyway? He really had forgotten. But fond as he had been of Ned in those days, he wished he hadn't bothered him by turning up just now. Well, there was no help for it—he'd have to see him, anyway.

Mr. Hilary felt his importance. He had been hunted up by so many old acquaintances who had started out in life with so much brighter prospects than himself, and yet, in nearly every instance, they had come to him for help of some sort—either to borrow money or beg for a position on his paper. He had been what is termed a very successful man! And he had earned his success! He patented himself on the back in a figurative manner, as he rose to go into the outer waiting-room and greet his old comrade. In the old days they had sworn eternal friendship, to be sure; but, dear, dear, those schoolboy affairs were never really deep! Ned had been a plucky fellow in those days, sure enough. How bravely he had rescued Hilary himself from drowning that night when the ice gave way and he had gone through the opening without a moment's

warning. Hilary had almost forgotten the incident until Ned's presence recalled it to him to-day. He felt his necktie to see that it was in proper position, brushed the few remaining dust specks from the collar of his coat, and walked proudly into the room where his friend was waiting.

A man and a woman sat on the leather settee in the outer office of the *Trumpeter*, talking earnestly together in low tones. She was pretty, but fresh-looking, and her earnest gray eyes looked eagerly into those of the man next her, as though trying to gain courage and inspiration from him. He was stalwart and brave, no doubt, for his broad shoulders and strong face gave one the impression of strength and tenderness combined. He placed his hand affectionately on the woman's shoulder, and said, in a half whisper: "He's a good fellow, and he said he'd never forget my saving his life that night when the ice gave way. I haven't seen him in years, and have never needed to recall that night to his memory, and I wouldn't now if we had a place to lay our heads, for I hate to recall kindness I have done old friends like Tom. It seems sort of vain-glorious to remind them that you once displayed a bit of courage that dragged them back from the other shore. But Tom was a good fellow then—a deuced good fellow—and I'm sure he'll make a place for me now, to tide us over this tight place of ours—until you're out of danger, anyway, and everything is over. Why, if he didn't pay me more than ten dollars a week, we could get along by holding a tight rein. One little room would do, wouldn't it, dearie, for a tiny table and a couple of chairs, with a little bedroom off for you—and the little one. I could bunk in anywhere—on the floor, for instance—rolled in a blanket like a soldier—so long as I knew you were comfortable. And then, in the morning, I would fetch you in a dainty little breakfast—perhaps a roll and a great cup of steaming coffee, like I used to make when we went on those camping rackets long ago. Do you remember the coffee I made then? Oh! you poor darling! I forgot you were hungry now, this very minute! It's awful to be stranded in a big city like this, with nowhere to go—no money to live on—no friends but one—and he's our last chance. But he can't fail us—he won't! If we weren't both so deuced proud we'd apply to some charity organizations for help, or write to uncle again and tell him we hadn't a

cent in the world—explain to him how my firm failed, and that I had been ever since striving to earn a livelihood to support myself and you, dear heart. But yes, we've written him so many times and the letters have always come back unopened, that I suppose, as you say, it would be but useless."

"Oh, Ned! It wouldn't seem so hard for me to bear if it hadn't been all my fault; for I knew that he would disown you if you married me, and I should have been firm, and refused to listen to your pleadings. But for me, you would not have had all this weary struggle after money—and I hate myself when I think of it all. Ugh! but it's dreadful to be so hungry and so tired, and we've walked so far to-day in the cold. Mr. Hilary will be kind to you. How can he help it? He has so much, and we have nothing, and we want so little—only a teeny bit of money; and oh! we'll never forget his kindness, will we? And then maybe some day, when we've worked hard and saved a lot of money, we may be able to do something to show him how much we appreciated the helping hand he held out to us when we most needed it. Won't we, dearie?"

She brushed the shoulder of the seddy coat he wore, and looked ruefully down at his cracked boots; then folded her hands demurely together to hide the holes in the ends of her glove fingers. "But won't-to-morrow be a 'Merry Christmas' for us, in truth, when we know that we shan't be cold or hungry another night, but cozy and warm in our little cheap rooms—and together. We must find a branch of a Christmas tree somewhere, outside the shops, as we go to-night to find our home, and we'll hang it on the gas jet just to smell its sweet scent; and perhaps we can pick up a bit of holly, and I'll wear it in my hair to-morrow, just as I did on that Christmas day when I saw you first. We'll have the real holiday spirit in our hearts to-morrow, and it will indeed be 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Just here the door of the editor's room opened, and Renaud straightened himself up, gave one assuring look into his wife's pale face, and rose to greet his old friend. He walked a few paces forward, stretched out his hand to the other—and the chums of fifteen years ago gazed once more into each other's eyes. Hilary smiled in a benevolent patronizing sort of way, and shook Renaud's hand in the same fashion.

"Well, upon my soul, Ned, where

did you drop from? I'm awfully busy, but I couldn't refuse to see you after all these years. You see, I have so many people coming in after me all the time that I'm bothered to death with visitors. Now, if you'll tell me your business for to-day, I'll hurry back to my office, and then we'll set a day for you to come up to dinner and talk over old times; for I'm rushed to death now, and haven't a minute to spare."

Renaud found it hard, awfully hard to begin, now that he knew he had interrupted Hilary at such an inopportune time; but there was no help for it, and he braced himself to the disagreeable task of laying bare his poverty to his old friend—for his wife's sake.

She, meanwhile, was eagerly watching Hilary's face as her husband unfolded the miserable tale of their misfortunes. She saw interest, pride, condescension, deepen into impatience, as Renaud, in his anxiety, talked passionately on—and she knew the end! Knew what decision the man had reached even before she saw her husband's face pale and his lips tighten as both men turned and walked over to where she sat, rigid and motionless, on the leather settee. She bent her head and forced a smile to her lips, and, as though in a dream, heard Hilary say, patronizingly: "Ah! Mrs. Renaud! Pleased to meet you. Heard something about this scamp getting married. Sorry I can't do anything for him just now. But the paper's so crowded, and applications are pouring in all the time! He says he can write 'special stories.' Ha! ha! They all think they can do that! I've been fussing over one myself all the afternoon, and it isn't satisfactory yet. Don't forget your promise to come around to dinner, Ned. We've been talking over old times a bit. That was a great night when you rescued me, old man. Just think what genius would have been lost to the world if I had never come out of that ice-water, hey? Well, good-bye for to-day, for I must really hurry. Sorry I can't help you out. Wish you a very 'Merry Christmas' and 'Happy New Year!'" And he waved them out of the door and down the long flight of steps, into the bitter cold of that bright Christmas Eve.

As Hilary flung himself into his great-coat lined with fur, the night editor said: "Well, then, in case any news of importance comes in and there's not room for it, I'm th

take out your editorial?"

"Yes; for I'm not entirely satisfied with it. I'll never give Kennedy another chance! If I'd been sure that old college chum of mine could have done as well as he thought he could, I'd have offered him Kennedy's job. But I can't trust the success of the paper to untried hands. It means too much to me. My reputation is at stake—my reputation for giving only first-class stuff to the public, written by first-class men. Yes, cut out the 'Peace on earth' article if any news comes in to warrant it."

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, but bitterly cold. The logs snapped and crackled in the fireplace as Hilary sat at breakfast, sipping his coffee and glancing proudly over the Christmas number of his paper. It was a great edition, certainly! Hilary fairly beamed with gratified pride and self-esteem as the highly-colored pictures met his eye. Suddenly his face fell.

"Well, well, this is too bad! I might have known that Kennedy's upsetting me in the first place would result in some trouble! The idea of the night editor allowing the holly and the angel to appear in that column just the same! He might have known without my telling him in so many words that I didn't want him to leave those embellishments around a mere news item! Here, Katharine, look here! You see, my article that I wrote at the last minute was to go in this column, and I left word with Simpkins that if any special news came in to cut that out, if necessary; and he has followed my instructions, but left all the leaves and berries entwined about this gruesome story of a man and a woman found dead in the park. A pistol on the ground—the woman's head pilloved on her husband's breast—a little note clutched in the woman's hand, saying that they had determined to end it all, as no one would help them, and they had nowhere to turn—but they could die together. Good gracious! What's this? It's signed 'Elsie and Edward Renaud'! Oh! this is a pity! I didn't believe they really meant things were so bad as all that. They always talk that way, you know. But how unfortunate that those two unhappy young people should have taken such a rash step just in time to spoil my Christmas number! And the idea of that angel over those headlines drumming forth 'Peace on earth, good-will to man! Dear, dear! I'll be the laughing stock of all the editors to-day!"

—Madeline Kendrick Van Pelt.

THE REBIRTH OF GAELIC.

(From the New York World.)

That Erse or Irish Gaelic is not a dead language was twice proved at Sunday's meeting in Carnegie Hall for Ireland by Dr. Douglas Hyde's citation of 3000 schools where it was being taught; for New York when Dr. Hyde spoke in Gaelic to the evident understanding of a portion of his audience.

And why not? English will remain the language of commerce, but there is something more than trade in life, and no invention of a universal language like Volapuk or Esperanto can alter the fact that pride of race and pride of tongue go together. There are more Irishmen in the world than Scandinavians, but no one expects the Norsemen to lose their tongue or to merge the differences that distinguish Norwegian, Swedish and Danish. The Jewish race, about as numerous as the Irish, is even more widely scattered, but its learned men do not forget their ancient speech.

Among races fortunate enough to rule in their old homes the language revivals in recent years have been notable. Industrial development and political freedom in Hungary have accompanied a great revival of Magyar letters. Greece is a little nation, most of whose people have gone elsewhere. A hundred years ago more than half the Greek population was in the Balkans; but a revival of Greek in speech and letters. Any one who can read a Greek newspaper in New York can read Herodotus.

The language of the non-Slavic Romanians, or "Roum," is little changed from the Latin of Hadrian's legions. And strange of all, there is a little Greek colony buried in Southern Italy which still uses its

ancient tongue, though it can have had no immigration for centuries.

It is hard to kill a language. Travel will not do it, else Switzerland would not be divided between the users of German, French and Italian. Oppression will not do it, else Polish and the Armenian dialects would disappear. Prosperity will do it sooner than adversity, but nothing easily.

CATHOLICS IN JAPAN.

The editor of Nippon, an influential paper of Tokyo, commenting on Bishop O'Connell's visit to Japan, points out that Catholics have made the largest number of converts of any foreign faith, there being 60,000 native Catholics in the Empire. But where the work is going on or what form it is taking the Japanese as a whole do not know, as it creates not a ripple on the surface.

The Catholic teachers work among the poor and humbly housed people, adds the editor, while rich Japanese incline rather to the Protestant faith. Yet the Protestant propagandists leave much to be desired in respect to ability and personal magnetism, as no great teacher of this foreign faith is now in Japan. The Greek Church, which has met with some success in its work, has the misfortune to be associated in Japanese minds with Russia's policy of political aggression.

These views of an influential Japanese editor are interesting as giving a native opinion of Christian workers in Japan.

We may all do in our conflicts as the angel did on the morning of Christ's Resurrection when he rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher and sat upon it—we may turn a barrier into a throne. —John B. Young.

IRISH MINIATURE PAINTERS.

Before the National Literary Society of Ireland, in Dublin, recently, W. G. Strickland delivered a lecture on Irish Miniature Painters. He said that although they could not, perhaps, say that the Irish miniature painters distinguished themselves in the same degree as the engravers, still it was an art followed not only with success here, but in which many Irishmen made a name for themselves in England. He could mention nearly one hundred Irish painters who were almost all ignored in books of art, and some, like Sampson Roche and Richard Bull, were described as Englishmen.

Miniature painting was said to be a development of the art of the medieval illumination. At the end of the reign of George II. a revival in the art set in, and from 1760 to 1820 they had a succession of great miniature artists. After the death of Cosway in 1821 the art declined, and it was finally killed in England, as in Ireland, by the development of photography. The only painter belonging to the eighteenth century was Simon Digby, Bishop of Elphin. He died in 1720. Robert Barner, who was born in Dublin, did a portrait of Swift, which is now in the possession of Mr. Swift MacNeill. The best of the painters of that period was Gustavus Hamilton.

English artists who came over to Dublin were Henry Spicer and Samuel Collins, and Ireland in return sent over to England such painters as Nathaniel Hone and Samuel Coates. Michael Keane, another Dublin artist, did good work in London. William Hinks, a native of Waterford, was self-taught. At the time of the

highest development of the art, Walter and Charles Robinson, Dublin-born men, were the foremost of Irish miniature painters. Portraits of Washington had been painted by Walter Robinson and Ramage. Another Irishman, Sampson Roche, claimed as an Englishman, was born in the South of Ireland, and died there at the age of 90. Horace Hone was son of Nathaniel. After the Union his practice fell off, and he went to London, and died there in 1825.

Another painter of the same talented family was John Camillus Hone. John Cullen was the son of a box-keeper at the Crow street Theatre. John Comerford, of Kilkenny, was one of the most original of Irish painters. His portraits showed

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splendid modelling and were full of vigor. John Petrie, father of George Petrie, was another prominent artist of that period, and painted a portrait of Napper Tandy and Curran. Other painters George Place, Joseph Hutchinson, John Keane, Alexander Pope (a Cork man), Michael Hayden, Edward Harding, J. M. Collins, Adam Burke, Frederick Burke, William Palmer (of Limerick), a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds), George Chinnery, Daniel O'Keefe, Kirwan, Samuel Lover, George Chancellor, and Frederick Butler (a Limerick man, who afterwards became a director of the London National Gallery.)

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A MOTHER'S DYING WISH.

Gathering her seven stalwart sons about her as she was dying, Mrs. John Gerling, of Ireton, Ia., spoke of their wayward habits and implored them to sign the pledge. It was her last request, and she died with a smile on her face as soon as each son had made his verbal promise to comply with her wish. Then over the dead body of their mother these seven brothers prepared in legal form a solemn pledge and placed a copy of it in the mother's hand as she lay in the coffin, and it was buried with her.

A PROTESTANT CURATE'S APPEAL TO A BRIDE.

A romantic scene took place at the altar of the little church of Claro, a village in the canton of Tessin, writes our Geneva correspondent.

The Swiss curate, a young man named Guetta, fell in love with a farmer's daughter, but, although his suit was favored by the father, the girl repeatedly refused the curate's offer of marriage, and subsequently she became engaged to some one else.

The marriage day arrived and the curate was obliged to perform the ceremony. When the bridal couple arrived at the altar Guetta lost control of his feelings and passionately pleaded with the girl not to take this irrevocable step which would ruin his life.

At last Guetta, realizing his false position, asked to be excused for a few minutes, which he spent in prayer. Returning to the steps of the altar he performed the marriage ceremony in a voice suppressed with emotion, but without breaking down.—London Daily Mail.

A TOUCHING SPECTACLE.

In St. Patrick's Church, Wilmington, Del., on Sunday afternoon last, Bishop Monaghan administered the sacrament of confirmation to the largest class in the history of the parish.

A pathetic spectacle was witnessed when Father Berningham, the pastor, went down the center aisle and clasping a little paralytic in his arms, carried him to the bishop. The child was entirely helpless, being paralyzed in both arms and legs, and the congregation were in tears when the tiny fellow was returned to his seat.