

## Chats with the Children

THE SCULPTOR BOY

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
His face lit up with a smile of joy.  
As an angel dreamt of his form,  
He carved the form on the shapeless stone.

With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the marble shone—  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command  
Our life dream passes o'er us;

If we carve it deep on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty will be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision.

THE TINY RED NIGHT-CAP

"Now this is just the sort of Christ  
mas which I like!" exclaimed Mabel  
Edo, as she stamped the snow from her  
little red boots in the warm hall of her  
grandfather.

"We were afraid that you would be  
late; and we are in such a hurry to  
light up our tree!" cried half a dozen  
merry voices at once. Mabel's cousins  
had all run into the hall to welcome  
her and her brother.

"I was not likely to be late on such  
a day," answered Mabel, who was hasti-  
ly pulling off her gloves, button, clank,  
fur tippet and cuffs, and two or three  
other wrappings besides, that had fanned  
her well from the cold. "I was not  
likely to be late," she repeated, "though  
Master Hal delayed me a bit by sliding  
along every slippery place that  
came in our way."

"It's jolly sliding!" cried her rosy-  
cheeked brother. "I, too, like such a  
famous old Christmas as this, with  
snow crunching under one's boots, and  
making everything look like sugar  
cane, even the slates and the panings!"

"I'd not much time for looking at  
anything," said Mabel, who had at last  
finished taking off her numerous wrappings.

"I was so much afraid that you would  
light up the tree before we arrived."

Yes, Mabel had been in such a hurry,  
when she ran up to her grandfather's  
door, that she had so rapidly noticed a  
shivering form half curled up on the  
door-step. Had she given herself one  
minute for reflection, Mabel would have  
observed more carefully and felt more  
tenderly, for she was not a hard-hearted  
little girl; but the door had been thrown  
open for her entrance before she had  
had even time to ring the bell. Her  
cousins, in an eager group, had run into  
the hall as soon as one of them had  
caught sight of Mabel and Harry from  
the window.

The children would not wait till dusk  
before lighting up their tree; they  
drew the thick red curtains over the  
windows, and the dusk of their  
own. Will and Charley sat on the  
carpeted floor, and soon in bright  
beauty, as if dotted with stars, shone  
the great Christmas tree. Not that it  
was quite as gay with tinsel, stars,  
bits of glass, and glitter of silver and  
gold, as some trees that their readers  
may have seen. This was what the  
young Stanley's had called a sensible  
tree. There was no sham about it; the  
presents were real pre- sents, and good  
ones too. Nor was there any chance in  
the matter of drawing tickets; none  
one's name was clearly written on each  
of the destined gifts.

"No fear of my drawing a bodkin or  
a doll, as I did last year!" cried Charley  
Stanley, who knew very well what four-  
balled knive, a boat, and a paint-box  
would be found with his name upon  
them. There had been many little  
secrets before Christmas between the  
Stanleys and the Edos—secrets of that  
kind which ooze out in smiles and  
whispers.

A very merry party was gathered  
around the Christmas tree. What mat-  
tered it to the children that the wind  
was keen in the street, and that the  
snow was falling fast! The bursts of  
laughter were so loud that they reached  
the ears of the pale suffering boy with-  
out, who had nothing to shelter him  
from either the wind or the snow.

None of the Christmas family-party  
looked happier than Grandpapa Stanley;  
for the pleasure of each of the children  
was also a pleasure to him. He had  
largely helped to lead the tree with its  
fruit; and over and anon a joyous "Oh,  
thank you, grandpapa!" burst from  
one or another of the merry young  
people.

"The very last present is for grand-  
papa himself," cried Charley, who,  
standing on a stool, was holding the  
head of the smiling old gentleman, and  
had been stripping the topmost bough.

"What!—a red knitted bag?" cried  
Dora.

"A bag!—why, it's a night-cap!"

exclaimed Mabel. "I knitted it my-  
self, every stitch. It is to keep Grand-  
papa warm."

The cap was the first thing which the child had ever  
knitted, and she was rather proud of  
her work.

"It would only fit a baby," observed  
Charley, as he handed down the cap.

"Knitting will stretch, you know,"  
said Mabel, a little anxiously; for she  
could not help having some misgivings  
as to the size of her cap. The piece of  
work was soon tried on the smiling old  
head of the smiling old gentleman, and  
if any amount of pulling and stretching  
would have drawn it on, Mabel's efforts  
would have done it; but, tug as she  
tug, on this side and that, the red  
night cap never would fit.

"Never mind, darling," said grand-  
papa kindly. "I shall prize the work of  
these dear little fingers, and shall doubt-  
less find some other use for your pretty  
red cap."

"Make a bird's nest of it!" laughed  
Harry.

"A watch-pocket!"—"A cozy for the  
tea-pot!"—"A bag for marbles!"—cried  
others of the children. The last sug-  
gestion called forth a fresh burst of  
laughter.

"Hush! what's that sound of voices  
out there?"

hand. "I feared that I heard the tones  
of a child in distress."

There was stillness in a moment in  
the room, and then the deep voice of a  
man, speaking outside the house, was  
distinctly heard, answered by a feeble  
and plaintive one, which seemed to be  
uttered through tears.

CONCEALED NAT WIFE.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

Take a kind of grease, change the  
lead now time, and have a small  
rodent, a domestic animal, a position,  
a floor covering, a boy's name, a boy's  
name again, a large receptacle for liquor.  
Change the tails of all the words  
except the first and last, and have, a  
sharp blow, a head covering, the juice  
of a tree, a geographical chart, liquid  
food, a short sleep.

CHARADES.

1. My first is pleasant to the taste,  
my second means anything made of  
wool, my whole all children like.  
2. My first is saline, my second is a  
cool place, my whole held in my first.  
3. My first gives warmth, my second  
is something most gentlemen possess, my  
whole belongs to my first.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, Sept. 29th.

CENTRAL AN- TIC.

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S C A L E  
A C T O R  
S T I F F  
L I N E N

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H i n d o o t a u l  
A w u c  
R O C K  
L u c o r e  
E d o n  
S u c c e s s

HIDDEN WORDS.

Pica (pick a)  
Pi (pie)  
Lead,  
Type,  
Points,  
Copy,  
Furni,  
Cave.

AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE  
OF '43.

Here is a true story of something  
that happened in a town in the heart  
of the Black North fifty years ago,  
when the leader of the Young Ire-  
landers was an outlaw with a price up  
on his head. The proclamation pro-  
mising a reward were posted on every  
police barracks in the country, and in  
this town there was a mean-souled lit-  
tle innkeeper, who hung round to earn  
the blood-money. But Smith O'Brien  
was always somewhere among the moun-  
tains of Cork or Tipperary. The chance  
was not likely. He thought, to come his  
way, but then the unexpected hap-  
pens, and a bold, one fine August even-  
ing, who should drive up to the inn  
door but a tall, fine-looking, middle-  
aged gentleman, fair, grey, sun-  
burnt, dressed as a priest. The gentle-  
man asked for a room and, ordered  
his luggage to be sent up at once. The  
innkeeper lent a hand with the port-  
manteau, on which he saw in bold,  
white lettering the startling initials  
O.B. The heart of our would-be in-  
former leapt to his mouth. S.O.B.!  
What should that stand for but Smith  
O'Brien. The clerical costume, of  
course, was a disguise, lent by some  
"low, rebely Papist priest." So with  
beating heart the innkeeper showed  
"his reverence" into a room, whose  
window was sufficiently far from the  
street to prevent the supposed rebel es-  
caping that way. Then he deftly turn-  
ed the key, and sent for the constablu-  
ary. In a minute or two an armed  
force of them thronged the hall, and  
the priest, having found he was a  
prisoner, was bawling at the door, and  
demanding his release. The police of-  
ficer unlocked the door, but refused  
to let him leave the room. The Southern  
accents, his belt, gentlemanly ap-  
pearance, and, above all, his rage to  
get away, excited his hopes that he  
had really caught the famous rebel.  
"Of course the Southern party would  
be guarded, you'll find he's making  
his way to Belfast or Derry," said his  
proud captor. And then he could not  
name a priest any- "re near or around  
the town who could identify him." The  
nearest loyal reference he could give  
was someone away in the Glens of An-  
trim, and for long hours he had to sit  
and wait, fuming and fuming, while  
at five ten in the evening a stout and  
fat person who was above suspicion  
of conniving at rebellion to certify who  
he was. At last his friend arrived, and  
assured the police beyond doubt that  
this was really a Southern priest.  
Rev. Samuel O'Brien, on his way to  
visit a brother clergyman in the Glens.

The little innkeeper was sorely dis-  
appointed, nay, more, he was ruined.  
No Catholic or Nationalist patronized  
the house after that, and, moreover,  
no Protestant loyalty, not even the  
most Orange, would have it said that  
he sympathized with the low informer.  
His business dwindle, and before long  
he was forced to remove from the  
town where his baseness had become  
a byword. We tell this story to the  
honor of the Black North—Antrim  
Jack, in "The Shan Van Vocht."

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade,  
but young lives endangered by severe  
coughs and colds may be preserved by  
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup,  
whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all  
affections of the throat and lungs, are  
relieved by this sterling preparation,  
which also remedies rheumatic pain-  
s, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty,  
and is most economic.

Youth is going to do things to-mor-  
row that old age didn't do yesterday.

## THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE AND IRISH-AMERICANS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

part in breaking the bubble, may more  
for the trustees of the British  
Empire involved in them.

THE POSSIBILITIES IN AN ANGLO-  
AMERICAN CONFLICT.

To assume Englishmen and Canadi-  
ans have gloried over the strength of  
time took the Anglo-American alliance  
to prepare a force of five thousand men  
to hold a base of supplies in Cuba. It  
has not been considered now by Mr.  
McKenzie's policy may have been a  
draw-chain on the mobilization of the  
army, but there is one thing which  
has been considered, namely, that  
Great Britain could send troops from  
England, Malta, Gibraltar, the West  
Indies, and India picked troops, re-  
giment, who know what fighting  
means and are law-abiding, before an  
American force of one hundred and  
twenty-five thousand could take the  
field. The clause in inverted commas  
taken from our favorite Anglo-American  
authorities, Mr. Love is the latest  
specimen of the declamatory style of  
the day. We have read for many a day  
that a soldier could be spared from one  
of the countries named, except Malta  
perhaps, if a war should take place be-  
tween the United States and England.

At the mention of such a war India  
would spring to arms. Not an hour  
would elapse before in sending intelli-  
gence to that country that the United  
States army was over the Canadian  
frontier. The war would be the hour  
to exact payment for every drop of ro-  
bery, oppression, lust, and murder since  
the first moment the infamous trading  
enterprise called the East India Com-  
pany aimed at being an absolute power.  
The invasions which broke their states  
in pieces and humbled their kings be-  
neath the feet of common clerks and  
petty officers of the army would rush  
upon the memory of the Indians, the hun-  
dreds offered to their priests, the  
plunder of their temples, the outrages  
on their exiles, the famines that de-  
vasted their territories, and the pesti-  
lences which carried off millions more  
than the famines would all and each  
be an irresistible call to war to every  
one of them, whatever his descent and  
before whatever shrine he knelt. I  
need not go on, the folly of the sug-  
gestion can be realized when one re-  
members standing army must be  
maintained in Ireland, and that Irish-  
men marching to Canada under the  
American flag would not be the same  
as when trying to get there by doling  
the authorities, military and civil,  
of the United States.

These considerations have been forced  
upon me by Mr. Chamberlain and his  
satellites. The desire for friendship  
with the United States has not begun  
with them. They are the centre of the  
camp of Jingoism, they are the stormy  
petrels of the army and navy and the  
clubs for ever crying out for war, an  
increased expenditure on the navy, and  
for expansion of the Empire. It is be-  
lieved that henceforth America must  
become a great naval power, so Eng-  
land, or Mr. Chamberlain, wants as-  
sistance in the East against Russia.

as he, or England, needs that of Ger-  
many in Europe. But he and his fel-  
low-Jingos were of the kind that plot-  
ted, or whose "predecessors in title"  
plotted the ruin of the Republic when  
the South seceded. It did not matter  
that the landed Tories and the money-  
ed Whigs would have secured the ex-  
istence of a great slave power by such  
a policy. Cotton for Manchester, no  
rivalry of Northern factories, vast  
banking transactions for the London  
market, a compensation for that palat-  
able iniquity. If anything else were  
required as a bait to conscience, fresh  
missionaries and moral pocket-hand-  
kerchiefs could be sent to Central  
Africa.

THE CHINESE TRADE AN IMPORT-  
ANT FACTOR.

We shall conclude by mentioning an-  
other advantage to America from the  
proposed alliance, namely, that of se-  
curing England in the extension, if the  
impossibility of the Chinese trade.  
There is fear in England that Russia  
will control the entire trade in the far  
East. It is believed by good judges that  
that need not have arisen, that there is  
room for Russia and England, but the  
jealousy of the latter country has the  
kind of acuteness we observe in in-  
dividuals vying to have been permitted to  
enjoy a privilege, ultimately begin to  
think that they possess it as a right,  
or at least that they now hold it as of  
right. The following figures are in-  
structive on the question of the alli-  
ance with the United States against  
Russia, and to some extent with regard  
to that destined with Germany against  
France.

Cotton to China (including Hong  
Kong and Macao), entered by the yard:  
Yards Value:  
In the years 1887-91, 2,706,147 2,626,000  
1892-96, 2,552,147 2,626,000

Yarn. Total value of export to China  
(including Hong Kong and Macao):  
1887, 18,500,000 18,500,000  
1896, 18,500,000 18,500,000

In 1886 there were only fourteen ports  
in China open to foreign trade, there  
are now thirty. Of these ten have been  
newly opened in the kingdom of Corea.  
The past year's statistics show a de-  
crease of 55,000,000 yards of cotton, es-  
timated at about nine and a half mil-  
lion taels, equal to £2,500,000. That is  
to say, notwithstanding the immense  
opening to European trade since 1886,  
England is relatively losing ground in  
China, and has every reason to dread  
losing the Chinese trade altogether un-  
less America can be induced to join in  
a policy of coercion.

It would have been easy to add to the  
figures showing that the offer of Brit-  
ish trade in those lands is only a mat-  
ter of a few years, unless England

adopts a policy recognizing the rights  
of other nations to a share of what is  
being and the right of the people of the  
East to buy in the East and cheapen  
their necessities. I do not deny that  
the outrage committed by France and  
England more than a quarter of a cen-  
tury ago upon China, when they de-  
fended to troops and plundered her  
palaces to compel her to abandon the  
system of almost absolute exclusion  
which had been one of her traditions  
has been of great benefit to China and  
the world. British and other goods  
may now be landed at Shanghai, the  
great port of the East, and the  
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