

ings, Axminster carpets, plumes in our hats, interlined skirts and good crops.

But let no one accuse us of sitting back in rocking-chairs waiting for the Golden Hour. We dreamed great dreams, but strove mightily. It was a clean new country we were living in then. We had no weeds, no rats, no fifth column, no unemployment and no Jew-haters.

I remember vividly the first time I was brought face to face with the horror of Anti-Semitism. It was in the pages of a book called *Little Citizens* by Myra Kelly. Miss Kelly was a young teacher in New York's Eastside, and she wrote about her pupils, many of whom were Jewish. One family was expecting a little cousin to arrive from Russia, and great were the plans made for her arrival. The whole school was aglow with expectancy. There was some jealousy, too, in the children who had no little cousin coming on a big ship. One day the little cousin arrived, but no one could see her. She was too sick. Then the story came out, bit by bit. Told to teacher with bitter tears. The little cousin was all that was left of her family, her papa and mama and baby brother six months' old had been killed in a pogrom . . . Even on her little body was still the open wound where a cross had been cut by a "Christian".

Myra Kelly died young but her words live on. Since then we have heard and seen much of Anti-Semitism and know that it is a sure sign of moral decay.

I wonder why the whole Christian world has not risen against it, but somehow it did not seem to penetrate our optimistic souls. It seemed fantastic, unbelievable and far away. It couldn't happen here. We "somehow hoped" with Tennyson, "that good would be the final goal of ill."

Words again!

Hitler knew the power of words, and so wrote down