

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE

The following glowing tribute to the Prince of Peace appeared in the Los Angeles Times.

Once more the Prince of Peace resumes His scepter in a broken world from which He was banished to be again a wanderer, with no place whereon to lay His head.

The bloody years have passed, the bugles sing truce across the hills of mourning after the sorrow and suffering and agony of the night. Once more are silent the iron throats of the guns. The red swords sink back to their worn scabbards.

Peace on the rocking hills of death; peace in the rent and ravished valleys; peace among the gaunt ghosts of once green forests and on the moaning shores of haunted seas.

He rules again Who died upon the tree of Calvary. The eyes that looked their tragedy from the Crucifixion now smile once more serenely with the light of Resurrection.

It is the Great Dawn; it is the second hour of the world's redemption. The feet of Christ are lifted again from the dust of Damascus.

What protocols the generals have signed upon the blackened fields, what terms the vanquished to the victors yield—these matter much. But what matters more, and most is that Christ again walks down to Galilee, His garments shining in the sun.

The captains and the kings depart, but the Prince of Peace returns.

Thrones crumble and the crowns that monarchs wore are tumbled in the ancient dust of earth to be buried there with the baubles of 7,000 yesterdays.

But, there is one throne that has not crumbled, one crown that gleams with the new luster of its everlasting glory. It is the throne that was built in the manger of Bethlehem; the crown that was made of thorns before the house of Pilate.

Red are the poppies in Flanders fields; white are the lilies some where still in the vales of France. Long were they crushed beneath the invaders' feet. But now they lift up their petals again in gladness.

They leap to new beauty now; they fill their cups with the cooling dew; they feel the iron heel no more; it is the Prince of Peace that walks among them in sandals shoon.

Ended at last is the bloodiest and the most heinous war of which time has any record.

In the most brutal war that had ever been known before, there was always some semblance of mercy or of pity to be found, somewhere at some time, even among those who laughed as they put their victims to the sword.

In this war there was none. The Goth was outdone, the Vandal was outstripped, the ancient Hun in his filthiest debauchery was outwitted.

More than that, and as the final necessary achievement, they ceased and mocked at Christ.

What use had they for that lowly Wanderer Who came from the tender shadows of a humble home in Nazareth? What use had they who plotted assassination and murder against an unsuspecting word for Him Who wore no armor upon His breast and Who grasped the hilt of no sword in His gentle hands?

And yet, tonight, when the voices of the guns are hushed, the voice that spoke on Olivet is heard in all the wide-lunged, German fatherland, whose pride is crushed forever.

It is the insistent voice that will not be still. It is the voice that speaks when all others are mute. Neither thrones nor guns can silence it.

Let whoever will have what visions he may in the vast hour of gladness; there is but one vision they see who rest now upon their arms across the battle-blackened fields that stretch between the narrow seas and the red waters of the Marne.

It is the vision of the Prince of Peace. It is the vision that the soldiers of freedom forever saw across the trenches; the face of the Wanderer that haunted the shell-torn nights and that gleamed through the ghostly mists of the zero hour, and moved in mystic radiance among the shadows of No Man's Land.

It is the vision that made lighter the weary pack upon the soldier's back, that stilled his stumbling feet in the deadly dark, that soothed him when death came to put cold dew upon his brow and dim his eyes with the summons to take the long journey West.

To Him alone have they clung who covered in the ruins of their broken homes in all the ravished lands of war. It was His name that was on their lips in the tragedies of their griefs.

When hope seemed fled and despair came gibbering with hideous face upon their roof trees, broken rafters, they called on Him. There was no other refuge save the shadow of His wing. There was no other hand to cover their defenceless heads.

And now, as the trumpets ring upon the morning hills, it is His name they speak again—His name and only His.

Amid the wild sobs of joy, in the salvos of the camps, and amid the

ashes of ruined hearts, it is His feet they bathe with the torrents of their tears—the tender feet, and tireless feet that were nailed upon the tree.

Fleeting like hunted dogs to what secret havens they may find are the princes who flaunted the proud plumes of their power but yesterday, into the oblivion of eternity has been flung that ancient god that failed in the hour of need. The crack of doom has sounded in all their brazen ears.

But the Prince of Peace is not fled. Still stands the throne He builded in the souls of men. They press His crown of thorns against their hearts.

This is the gladdest hour the world has ever known since that hour when the star-guided Magi trekked the desert trails with gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Out of the womb of that hour is this hour come.

To feel gladness to the full it is necessary first to have known pain. And God knows that the world has known now such pain as it has never known before.

Like the waters of the sea is the blood that has been shed; like the sands of the shore are the lives that have been sacrificed. Things that men wrought out of the dreams of their very hearts and in the visions of their souls have been broken into dust.

Yet, there is solace; there is still compensation. Those who died that the world might be free are now folded in the Everlasting Arms. The Gates of God swung wide in welcome for them. The humblest name among them all will never perish from the endless memories of earth.

Rhimes that was shattered, and Louvain that was stricken in its wondrous beauty—we need not mourn the loss of them. After all, they were but wood and stone and plaster.

That which was of them that was immortal could not be destroyed and this was that they were sacred to the memory of the Prince of Peace. His footprints are yet where stood their stately arches and their shadowy nave.

There never was the cruelest handful of earth or the simplest stone moulded in His name that can ever perish.

It is the great new dawn; it is the hour for which earth has endured through all the countless centuries.

Upon the banners of the free peoples, with which is entwined the starry flag of God's own America, Christ folds the glory of His nail-pierced hands.

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Amid the wild sobs of joy, in the salvos of the camps, and amid the

said to my husband, 'I shall always wear the little service flag he gave me, but I'll pin it on a bow of black ribbon.' While I was doing so, to my great astonishment I saw the blue star had changed to gold!

"There is no clipping of the enamel. It simply turned to gold, just as it is today. I have showed it to many, and none can explain it. Many jewelers have seen it and they offer no solution.

"I have not made it public before, but I thought I must when I read the account in this morning's Tribune. I have no doubt it changed when he died—it certainly did so when I looked at it closely two days after I received the notice of his death.

"ANNIE KILBURN KILMER"

OBITUARY

SISTER M. BARBARA MOYNAGH

On the 28th ult., the Feast of the Holy Innocents, Sister Mary Barbara Moynagh of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, was relieved from the sufferings of a long and painful illness by a holy and happy death at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.

Thirty-six years ago Miss Moynagh left her home in Peel Township and bade adieu to father and mother, brothers and sisters, to enter the Novitiate. There with her young companions she learned to invoke the Saint whose name was afterwards to be her own. Nor was St. Barbara unheeding of the applications. The deceased religious received Holy Viaticum a few short hours before her soul went to meet Him Whose words, "The poor ye have always with you," were particularly applicable in her regard.

Sister Barbara had little to do with the external world. She loved the traditions and customs of her Order and nearly all her religious life was spent in the Houses of Providence at Guelph and Dundas, where in each of the afflicted persons the good Sister saw a suffering member of Christ.

In a spirit of Faith with a quiet dignity and naive simplicity Sister Barbara served the poor, meriting their esteem and affection. Day after day found her at work until appeared the symptoms of the illness that resulted in death.

The funeral obsequies were held at St. Joseph's Hospital Chapel, the interment being made at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Equally severe has been the drain on the priesthood of the Church. Whilst exempt in every country except France from actually bearing arms, the priesthood of every nation has sought the post of danger in their work of religion and mercy and many of them have paid with their lives the price of their zeal.

But it is the Church in France that has fared the worst through the loss of her priestly sons.

Dr. Aiken declares that thirty thousand is a conservative estimate of the priests of France in the fighting ranks.—Newark Monitor.

The alert Cardinal Gibbons who as the New York sun remarks, "has watched American progress for more years than most of us live," accurately points out in a few words the fatal defect in government ownership of the railroads and other public utilities.

"The men employed in these industries and utilities would form a preponderant interest in any administration, and would tend to perpetuation of power. I believe in a division of power, and think it best for the country."

The Cardinal speaks with studied restraint. With the Government in complete charge of the railroads, the telegraph, cable and telephone lines and other utilities, there would be but one way of preventing a self-perpetuating administration, and that would be to deprive all employees of the vote. It is decidedly fortunate that too many Americans are wholly unaware of the powerful and tireless factors now moving towards this new departure in government. What they want, as has been recently remarked, is good service, and if this be provided, they do not trouble themselves to inquire whether it be given by monopoly, an honest corporation, or by the Government.

This is only equivalent to saying that even after the disclosures of the great war, a large number of Americans have very little practical interest in the Government under which they live. Cardinal Gibbons has done the country a service in calling attention to the menace of public ownership. May his words be heeded, particularly by Catholics, who more than others, should realize how greatly religion and morality are fortified by good government.—America.

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One hundred acres being north half of lot 10 on the 2d con. of Arthur T. Back barn 52 x 60 feet, log house, frame kitchen, frame implement shed, 2 wells, a half mile from school, four and a half miles from church and market on R. R. and telephone line. This is a first class farm and will be sold reasonably.

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