was by accident. He had been glan-

this as a beginning our low-voiced

conversation naturally turned on

Christmas, its meaning and obser-

mark in passing, had not the im-

possible brogue of a Mulvaney. Nei-

ther was he the type mentally or

morally of Kipling's soldier-hero,

was always emphatic in his denunci-

ation of that popular idol, for mak-

ing such a character as Mulvaney

typify the Irish in the British army.

"The Christmas Crib," said he when to my delight he spoke again,

"was erected every year by the al-tar-boys under the direction of the

lay-brother; the chutch was, you un-derstand, a Franciscan Church, and

together with the three priests there

was also a lay-brother who acted as

sacristan. Poor Brother Anthony,

was whose artistic sense demanded

a larger and better reproduction of the stable of Bethlehem than was

customary before his coming. He it

was who prevailed upon his superiors to obtain from Munich or

some other place on the continent,

figures of the personages in the Na-

tivity tableau, which were actually life size, clothed with real woolen

garments (or whatever the fabric

was), and looking so realistic that

at a little distance one might be

readily deceived into thinking them

fixed rigidity of pose. Everybody was delighted with these figures the

first year they came. The altar boys

were particularly proud of them.

One stalwart shepherd kneeling on

one knee and wearing a long cloak

his arms a little lamb, as an offer-

ing to the new-born Saviour, and

the lay-brother informed us that he was "the Prince of the Shepherds."

He was our particular pride, though

of course the beautiful and life-fike

figures representing the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Child and St. Jos-

appeal, not only to our artistic, but

to our religious sense, also. There were besides the Prince of the Shep-

nerds at least a half a dozen others

see that the stable had to be quite

darge, and so it was. For several years as an altar-boy I helped to construct it, and I have to-day a

were not without their special

amodate all these you will

with a hood over his head bore in

esh-and-blood actors maintaining a

well I remember him! He is

The Sergeant, let me re-

cing over the Christmas numb

Old.

mbat. But now, were gaining. It as if she dared ense was the orgot that she
Due and that her
be looking for
only of her falowly but surely victory. But she valched, a lynxreserve ranks figure so clearly a dark foliage, tous mind had hat this must be giving them the all-powerful Mastrength to over-she may be," he

his thoughts, he ear of the field. pirited charger to the outskirts

e matured his easily reach the ich grew in an the plain to the uld then be but te to climb to would find nd if Mahomet d she would still that he would her. If he atthat it would ould be but the plunge his dag-

d reached the t dismount, and, of Mahomet, he steed and began he underbrush his way until himself directly f his quest, but e had to deal, den; and, if he dress, one at general,- the rought her with s Seracea campa s cause little ile meiden, and

ent a cry arose ery of victory. al," thought the ate nature now by the exulting i again towards

rles the victoriin the direction as daughter seenantle and wav-n the general soldiers. But ve the mar of rill terrified cry. ould utter. Why tel started so ot to his excited sounded like his y of "father ?" the hillock was nt by the men on every side. sion reigned su-

eagerly watch-elt herself sudind and looking face of a Moor
For an instant
ghtened te move
g dagger flashed
utter the pierreached even
ten the spirit of
o meet its Makke had been a
ge was accom-

s had been won, phed over the weens had been Pyreness and tharles Martel, people; for it ed this victory, eneral himself, he had won ared not that

SHEPHERD'S

"If there is one memory of my childhood," said the Sergeant, "which I hope will always remain distinct, clear-cut, and unimpaired by the rude hand of time, it is the with the yeomen in '98, and partly because I was looked upon as 'a

bit of a scholar.' Anyway, thus it was as the season of Christmas approached that year. "Now from the time I was eight or nine years of age I had been an altar boy at the Friary. Two or

by the rude hand of time, it is the memory of Christmas; and if there is one memory of Christmas which I wish to have more deeply engraven on my mind as the years go by, it is the memory of the Christmas crib at the Friary Church in my native altar boy at the Fried, three years prior to this momentous Christmas, however, feeling myself, the transfer of the transfer o as the lay-brother ironically We were sitting in the reading coom of the Public Library, a place where we often met either by accipressed it, 'too much of a man' to be on the altar, I had ceased to be a regular server, though always on dent or appointment. This time it Christmas Eve out of friendship and regard for Brother Anthony I went to the church to help in the one of the magazines—out nearly six weeks ahead of time,— and one struction of the crib. It was I who carried the figures down from the picture of a quaint Christmas crib store-room in the belfry where they in a French village church had especially held his attention. With lay packed away carefully from Christmas season to Christmas season again; and it was I who, under the old lay-brother's direction, placed them in the group which was so strikingly pathetic and effective in the eyes of the congregation at early Mass on Christmas morning.

"Well, this Christmas Eve I went as usual to the church. It was late whom, at the time, I happened to admire, being young. We often spoke of Kipling, he and I, and he circle of rebels had been holding a meeting that night, and it had been longer than usual, owing to something which had occurred the day before. This was nothing more or less than the arrest of one of our members-the most influential man among us; a man of substance and standing, whose adhesion to our cause had been a great comfort and support to the weaker brethren. That there was a traitor among us we suddenly realized. Yet, who could he be? A feeling of gloom, insecurity and suspicion pervaded the meeting. Some of the more fearless or reckless members tried to look upon the bright side of the affair, tried to say a few words of hope, but it was a failure. All these addresses began well, but dwindled down at the last to mere condemnation of the informer; and the one who most fiercely denounced the traitor waswell, it was that individual himself.

"Depressed as I was when I left the meeting (some of whose bers I was destined never to see again), by the time I had halfway to the Friary I had almost regained my usual buoyancy. I was young then and could easily shake off trouble even when, as in case, it was a matter of life in this or death. The night was crisp and clear, and though there was no moon the sky was strewn with stars, and they blinked up at me with a reflected light from the bosom of the peaceful river, as I crossed the old ivy-covered bridge which led to that part of the town where the Friary Church stood dark and silent. Of ten and often had I crossed this bridge as a light-hearted boy. And now, though I did not know it. I was crossing it for the last time Had I known it I would possibly have lingered a little longer leaning withstood the ravages of time for on the ivy-clad battlements that had hundreds of years, and that are standing to-day, I doubt not, as strong and sturdy as ever. But construct it, and I have to-day a vivid memory of it. In fact an important incident of my life which occurred in connection with it makes me remember it all the more keenly.

"You see, about that time there had sprung up in Ireland one of shore periodic movements of armed sa I walked along, with my mind as I walked along as which had afflicted it since the ar-rest of the previous day. The calm peaceful night—the eve of the blessed Christmas Day—was unconsciously soothing my spirit. I had almost persuaded myself that this set-back to our plans was merely incidental and did not at all affect the success

of the cause, when I found myself in the shadow of the Friary. "The church stood in the middle of a graveyard as is customary in Ireland. The white tomb-stones and prosses gleamed weirdly in the starcrosses gleamed weirdly in the star-light. Every inch of the place was perfectly well known to me, yet I confess to feeling, as I walked up the yard to the door, just a bit timid. Arrived at the entrance I rattled the knob and presently the door was opened by Brother Anth-

"You see, about that time there had sprung up in Ireland one of those periodic movements of armed rebellion against English rule. The fighting spirit of the race lies dermant for years, and men try to free the old country by peaceful agitation (which is not so peaceful after all); but once in a while there sweeps over the country a wave of supreme disgust for all this, and before people begin to realize it there is impassioned speaking, secret drilling, pike-heads, and the 'rising of the moon.' At such a time the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams.

"Well, so it was when I was a young man of nineteen or twenty. This old spirit had reasserted itself and I was caught into the movement in my native town, as easily as the straw is sucked into the eddy. Of course it was the old story over again. There was an informer most vehement in denouncing the 'Saxon' the most energetic in organzing the local forces of rebellion, the most severe on those 'mone-spirited slaves' who were worldly-wise emough to keep their skirts clear of the entanglements of conspiracy against British authority. He was the vary leader of the local group of revolutionaries, and I though young was the next in importance, partly because my grand-The church was in complete larkness except for the glow of light proceeding from the crib. There was not even the altar light, the Blessed lacrament having been removed as the customary there on Christmes five when the last or the worshipmers had gone, lest any unintentional reverence be offered it during the secondary comings and goings of

STORY OF AN IRISH CHRISTMAS CRIB.

BY DENIS A. McCARTHY.

those engaged in erecting and arranging the crib.

"The lay-brother kept up a goodnatured scolding of me for my tardiness as he led the way up to the crib, but once having got me within the circle of light, his manner changed; and turning upon me a keen eye, he said:-

"'Frank, my boy, you were never so late as this before. Take care of yourself. You are young, and may be led into wild ways. The one in whom you are most confident when I arrived there, for our little may be the one to betray you. Take an old man's advice, and don't put your neck in a halter!'

"I looked at the old man in amazement. Could it be possible that he knew? But how could he know? Was our secret no longer a secret Were the aims and names of the regenerators of Ireland known to every body? These thoughts flashed through my mind instantaneously The next moment my youthful buoyancy again came to my relief. After all, I thought, this might be only a random remark of the old man's, intended to frighten me a little for my lateness in coming to help him This thought was comforting, and it was strengthened by the way Brother Anthony went on as if no thing had happened, telling me how, without my assistance, he had tried to get the crib all arranged-for it stood completed, with the dim light inside seeming to proceed from the manger wherein lay the Child Jesus. My heart paid tribute to its beauty The lay-brother told me that he and the altar boys had waited for my coming, but as I did not arrive at the usual time, nor for long after it, they had succeeded by great exertions in carrying the figures down from the store-room; and that then. it being late, he had sent the boys home, and had managed, himself, to get the tableau arranged. But as I gazed the crib there seemed something strange about the group of shepherds. Suddenly it dawned upon me that there was no Prince of the Shepherds! I turned and spoke to Brother Anthony.

"'Brother Anthony,' said I, 'where is the Prince of the Shepherds? Have you forgotten him?'

'The old man looked at me sadly. "'Ah,' said he, 'the Prince of the Shepherds will offer his little lamb to our Lord no more. In carrying the Prince down the narrow stairs of the belfry loft, to-night, the boys let him fall and he is ruined com-

pletely.'
"There were tears in the laydid not know then that the pla.id brother's voice. I expressed my sin-river flowing beneath was my Rubi-cere sorrow at the disaster, for to

ever one I put it on will be the Prince of the Shepherds, now that the real one is dead. Some one of these men over there on that side, who seem to be so poorly clad, would like it, I am sure. That poor lad there, I think, ought to have it, for —and here the lay-brother smiled whimsically—it is a long and a cold vigil, even if a blessed one, is be-fore him as well as the rest of them. I can't make up my mind which—'

which—'
"The old man never finished the sentence, for at that moment came a hurrled, insistent, and yet not loud knocking at the door. I looked at him, to find his eyes fastened on me. We stood for an instant—though it seemed an age—transfixed. Then we both started for the door together. I arrived first.
"'Who's there?" I asked in a whisper.

"Who's there?" I asked in a whisper.
"Oh, Frank! Frank!" came back a girl's voice, a voice I knew well, Run! Run! Hide yourself somewhere—anywhere! The police are but! They have taken Jim Roche and Mr. Costello, and are mershing across the old bridge now, coming

ing for you. Run! Run! Oh Frank-

"The agonized voice broke into sobs. I opened the door and clasped the hands held out to me. It was not the first time I had clasped those hands but it was destined to information that the man be the last. Before I could say a word the lay-brother was speaking.

'Mary,' said he, for he knew the a good girl. Go home, child, go ome. These are troubled times and people should be inside doors at such an hour of night. Go home, now, child, and God bless you. And don't fret about Frank. I'll care of him for you, never fear, and save him with God's help!'

"He severed our hands, pushed her gently and pityingly into the darkness, drew me inside and locked the door. Again, though I did not know it, another link with the past was broken never to be welded.

"Well, now, Master Frank,' said he 'tis a fine mess you're after getting yourself into.

"I made no reply. Indeed I had not time to make one, were I so disposed, for even at that moment we heard the steady tramp, tramp of the police on the graveled pathway without. At the ominous sound Brother Anthony, for all his years, suddenly developed a surprising agility. He seized me by the arm and dragged me toward the sanctuary, for I was for facing the police and making a fight for liberty. The thought that those men outside were the enemies of my country whom I had so long planned to meet, suddenly filled me with rage, and I shook off the grasp of the lay-brother, and had taken a few steps toward the door, when his hand crosed on my wrist again, and in an impassioned whisper he begged me to desist.

"'In the name of God,' he im plored. 'don't be such a fool!'

"I did not know what his plan was. I had none of my own. told me afterwards that he had thought at first of sending me out the befry door, but immediately rered that this door was familiar to the police and would surely We both stood utterly perplexed and resourceless. But on Brother Anthony's part this was only for an instant. An imperious knock at the door and the stentorian tones of the police sergeant demanding entrance 'in the name of the law,' instantly started his shrewd wits to work. He told me, Water that night, that he had prayed to the new-born Light of the World for light in this energency; and he unquestionably received it. Still holding my wrist he dragged rather than led me toward the crib. And there stooping suddenly he picked up the useless cloak and cowl of the Prince of the Shepherds, and with one deft movement covered me with it completely.

"'Now,' he whispered eagerly, 'up, up!-get up in the crib. Inside -inside! Kneel down on one knee like that shepherd there! Get behind him a little-there! Here, hold this lamb in your cloak-head your head lower! Pull the cowl down farther -there, that will do. Now in God's

hurried, yet clear and peremptory words. There was a note of command in his voice at that erisis would. Somehow, anyhow, I found myself in the crib—part of the tab-leau which represented the birth of Our Lord! I, a hunted outlaw, with a heart torn by warring emotions was, by one quick turn of the wheel of fate, transformed into a shepherd of Judea offering a lamb to the new-

orn Prince of Peace!

"All this, you will of course understand, was done much quicker than it takes to tell. But short as the time was, the impatience of the police had manifested itself in repeated knockings and demands for admission. The lay-brother with just one backward glance to see if I was sustaining my part with realism, and with. I believe, a muttered prayer for my safety in the ordeal about to take place, hurried to the door, I heard the police state their errand—my arrest. I heard Brother Anthony querulously complaining of their disturbance of him in the midet of his work. I heard him demand to see their warrant, and I

as they entered. They were very respectful to Brother Anthony. Most of them were Catholics and came there to Mass every Sunday. But their sergeant was firm. They had wanted was here and they were determined to find him. There was a cordon of police around the church. girl also, 'go home out of this like It was impossible, they said, that I could have escaped. I must be here. The lay-brother said nothing. Once indeed he had retorted to some question of the sergeant: 'If you think he's here, find him!' Then he knelt down and began to say his beads, as if the midnight visit of a

squad of police was a mere incident

"Several of the policemen had each a lantern which they proceeded to light. I could hear them moving around from place to place and I conjectured (for I dared not move my head to see) that they were search ing all parts of the church. I could hear the tramp of their feet on the stairs as they went up to look through the choir gallery. The police sergeant stood exactly in front. of the crib, directing operations. Me eyes were fixed upon the figure of Our Lord in the manger. He seemed to smile up at me and give me hope and courage. Yet the ordeal was terrible and I don't know 'how I bore it. Once or twice during the search the sergeant approached the crib, and I could feel that he was gazing with curiosity at the tableau within, which, in marked contrast to the remainder of the church, was lighted -somewhat dimly, thank God, or I would not be here to-day, but still enough to show its simple beauty. At these times my position was most trying. I felt sure that I was swaying, stirring, twitching,

must be discovered. "But no. The church was thoroughly searched in all parts. Pelfry and choir and sacristy were explored. Remote corners were revealed by the lanterns' rays. One zealous policeman even went around behind the crib to make sure I was not hidden there. But all reported the same: 'He's not here.' To me ages ned to have passed when I heard the sergeant call his men together.

betraying myself in a hundred ways

I prayed-ah, how I did pray!-and

vet it seemed almost certain that I

" 'Well, Brother Anthony,' he, 'our bird has flown, evidently. We are very sorry for distriction are very sorry for disturbing you, but duty is duty. We leave you now to complete your work on the crib-I believe that's what you call it-which, though I am not a Catholic, has interested me very much. Those lay figures of yours are very good, and life-like enough, That shepherd, there, with the extraordinary realistic. He is almost as big as one of my biggest men over at the Barrack. If he were living, now, instead of being merely a stuffed wax-work, we'd have him in the R. I. C. in less than time.'

"And laughing heartily at his own jest the officer bade his 'fall in.' And then-then, I heard the door slam upon them, and I

knew that I was safe !
"I remained hidden with Brother little fishing boats are called) we both of us tumbled, and with myself at the oar and he at the paddle which I could not resist even if I dropped down the river favored by would. Somehow, anyhow, I found an ebb tide, just as the first faint streaks of gray began to usher in Christmas Day. We swept under the dark arch of the old bridge, and passed the quay with its black passed the quay with its black barges beside it. Then under the new bridge we floated and saw the dawn begin to gild the ruined battlements of the old castle. Then we were away through the devious windings of the river, and I had looked my last on my dear old native town. "And that's why," said the Sergeant, rising and looking at his watch, "I am likely to remember while I live Christmas and the Christ mas crib."
"But, Sergeant," queried I, "who was the girl that warned you that night? It seems to me you make but little account of her in your narrative."

Doings in Germany.

On October 12 the Catholics of Hesse held a great meeting at Mainz, those of Nassau at Wiesbaden on October 13, to meet their leaders, deliberate on the burning questions of the day and devise ways and means of defence against ever-growing attacks of the enemies of the Church. From among the addresses made at Wiesbaden we single out that of Dr. Roren, member the Reichstag, who spoke on the duties of Catholics in political life. "Religious antagonism." he has become so acute that if it continues it will be impossible for us Catholics to live in peace in our country. The outrageous that are scattered broadcast by our enemies will only make those who love the Church cling closer to it. yet we must meet these falsehoods and calumnies, for by so doing we at the same time fight the modern anti-Christian spirit. Our enemies attempt to invent a distinction between religious and political Catholicism, but the two can never be separated from each other. 'Ultramontanism,' as they choose to dub political Catholicism, which upholds the interests of Catholics in public life, is a thorn in their side. Nothing is so hateful to them as the serried ranks of the Catholics, our self-conscious strength and the clear aims speaker claims for the Catholic clcrgy the right and the duty of taking part in the public life of Catholics for it is surely their duty to defend

the Church. In this connection we are happy, by way of illustration, to repeat the report which Father Benno, the eloquent and popular Provincial of the Capuchins in Bavaria gives of an audience he had with the Holy Father "'My son,' said the Holy Father to me, 'do you go into the meetings of Catholic societies?' said yes, and at that moment I felt very happy to be able to say yes, for I should have sunk under the floor with shame, if I had been obliged to say: 'No, Holy Father, I only go into the Church and for the rest I abide in my cell.' 'You do well,' said His Holiness, and continued:
'Some French bishops visited me lately and I said to them: Tell your clergy that they must not only preach, but must go among the people, seek the people where they are still to be found, gather them in Catholic societies, and thus restore Catholic life.' And the Holy Father dismissed me with these words: 'My son, you may repeat my words, everywhere."

Both at Wiesbaden and at Mainz earnest appeals were made on behalf of the Albertus Magnus Society in aid of Catholic lay students at the universities, a society founded only five years ago at Treves and already spread all over Germany. We need not only priests, we also need Catholic physicians, lawyers, judges, government functionaries, gymnasium and university professors. "This is a matter of life and death to us," said Professor May at Mainz -The Messenger.

Bigotry in Australia.

Minister of Federated Australia, is, as befits one in his position, a gentleman of broad views, and when during his recent trip to Europe he paid a visit to Rome, he was introduced to the Holy Father by Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, and had an ness, by whom a medal was presented to him. Having returned to Australia, he met with hearty greetings from the bulk of the New Wales population, and a meeting was held at the Sydney Town Hall October 18th to tender him a for-mal welcome. The enlightened Or-angemen of the colony had read of the interview with the Pope and were up in arms. A large body, consisting of members of the lodges, endeavored to break up the ing, and when the attempt failed interrupted the speeches in a disgrace-ful way. They are now organizing a political agitation against him. It may be taken for granted that the agitation will not only fail, but bring discredit and discomfiture on those who support it. If the obscurantist and intolerant views of scurantst and intolerant views of the Orangemen were to prevail, the state of affairs which prevailed in Europe during the disastrous wars of religion would be renewed in the twentieth century.—Liverpool Cath-olic Times. PROTEST AGAINST DIVORCE.