THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Hints to Lukewarm Young Irish **Canadians.**

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Any person who pays special at-tention to the European information in the press of the hour, cannot fail to note the change that has recently come over the aspect of Ire-land's prospects. In fact, it seems almost a certainty, as far as anything human can be certain, that the long struggle for Irish political autonomy is drawing to a close. Every sign points in that direction. The meeting, in convention, of the representatives of the landlords and the representatives of the tenants cannot but be productive of great and weighty results. Whether the convention arrives at definite conclusions or not, it is a mighty step to have brought these two elements together and upon a platform of mutual understanding. There is a hopefulness to-day in the old land that the children of the Irish race have not, for long generations, experienced. The leaders assure the public that we are on the eve of a settlement of the vexed land ques Once that difficulty out of the tion. way there remains scarcely any obstacle to the accomplishment of Home Rule. The day is rapidly approaching when Ireland will hold an enviable position amongst the na tions, when she will enjoy all the li berties and advantages that we

There is an old saying that "no-Catholic journalist's career, nesday evening. A paper is read on some point of Catholic teaching by fron night, And joy suspended shews its matin thing succeeds like success;" that is all his dreams of a regenerated and one who had been duly assigned to to say, as long as you are a failure liberty-lighted Ireland, from all the light: in any enterprise, you find the heel Bright'ning along our plains its it. and after the reading of the pabohemianism that seems to be the fate of those whose pens have been per the one who has prepared it anof the world upon you, but the mo glories spread, And heaven's blue dome, swers any questions put to him con-cerning the Church's teaching on the ent the world finds you rising its bends dedicated to noble causes; from all changes its attitude and drops at cloudless over head, the family ties and sacred bonds of topic under consideration. The memyour feet. For long ages Ireland's Th' auspicious period, which, at love and friendship that held him to bers of this coterie invite all their best endeavors have proven to be this earth as one whose presence was length, arrives, non-Catholic friends to their friend-ly conversaziones. Care has been so many failures; success has never Shall bless ourselves, our children, required. And the bright feast Again it is Christmas Eve, and I perched upon her standard; and, as and our wives; a natural result, the world has felt taken to exclude any spirit of acridawning, 'Twas long expected-now it comes am, to use his words, "in my quiet at liberty to scoff, to ridicule, to monious controversy, and to infuse nook, at my well-strewn table, at last, belittle, to misrepresent, and to a spirit of honest inquiry. The reinstead of extending to him "the hand of good-fellowship"-for his Like Western zephyr chasing wincalumniate her. But, the very mosult of these meetings has been a ter's blast; And see where she head hand can no longer grasp mme- I am offering an humble prayer for the ment that she raises up her Our native flow'rets feel the genial half a dozen converts. Mother, begins to assume her rightful place, A Mrs. Elwell in Philadelphia, glow convert from the free thinkers, still retains her hold on her former Of vernal suns, and show their counts successes in her political repose of his immortal soul. struggles, and, above all, that it is breasts of snow; Our fields are dressed in Pleasure's Who, during the last years of the certain she is about to eventually And not one poor g friends. They are a crowd of people nineteenth century, has not known win in the long-protracted fight, the without any definite creed and the name of Eugene Davis? The read-ers of Catholic literature in Amergayest smile, world will honor, praise, respect, imitate, and court her. The day, multiplied vagaries, but they are And Union's sun beams warmly. on sincere. They are earnest seekers our Isle. ica all who followed the Catholic and honest inquirers, somewhat egothen, is dawning, when tens of thou-Fame writes, on living rolls, in letorgans of this continent, must visands will glory in the fact of being vidly recall his countless columns of tistical, to be sure, and most devout ters bright, Irishmen-I mean tens of thousand The names of those, who for their believers in themselves; but they are delightful reading matter, or, perthe Baby anxious to learn. Mrs. Elwell ga-thers them at her "Circle," some who have, in one way or another, haps, some of his gem-like poems country's right, Some lambs from Opposed ten thousand evils of the shunned all identification with Ire-Ah! he was a great, good, whole-hearted, high-soulled, talented Irishnoted priest is invited to address land's cause, who have been ashamage, He stretches His tir them, and by this means they have Which sprung from Prejudices ruthed of their race, and false to their man! And he gave all he poss learned more of Catholicity in the principles and convictions. The time for the cause of his native land. He less rage. He brings us all last few months than they learned Hail to those manly souls!- those is not long gone when there was but was faithful to her people and in their whole life before. In a town little honor and less profit in being And look at His Mo spirits brave, their future aspirations and past Him,-The smile on her Says they welcom in New England a group of converts recognized as patriotically Irish. We Who first essayed our sinking Isle traditions, and he lost no opportungathered of their own accord to say the Stations of the Cross every Sunhave not to go far back in the his ity of assisting, with pen and otherto save tory of the closing nineteenth cen Who raised her head-and let Hope' wise, in the great struggle for jus day afternoon. The priest in formgifts tice that has been going on for so many generations. Like his name to find a period when it re beacon light, er years came once a month to the quired very sterling principles and This wee To shed its rays upon her polar my no small degree of courage, for an Irishman to openly advocate the of my letters in order to reach one quiet nook, at my well-strewn table little church. The efforts of the sake, the great Davis of Irish litera night." few converts have so awakened the Where love takes, lo extending to you the hand of goodthat bears the date of Christmas ture, he wielded a mighty pen, and like him he never wrote a line that Like poems and other forms of writ, ten expression, at this season, the Christmas letter has a value that compliments of the season." none other possesses. As a rule, it "In your last letter, you cause of his country and to identify himself with the founders of the spirit of religion that many of the old "fallen aways" have come back, the was not ennobling and patriotic, HUMOR. new converts have been secured and a general spirit of religious fervor Land League, and of other patriotic Leagues and movements. To-day sincere and inspiring. a general spirit of religious fervor has been awakened—so that they have Mass now every Sunday, and the bishop will probably place a priest there next year. It is wonderful what the convert movement has done all over the country.—A, P. D. A eminent Irish surgeon, Sir is written under special emotions, some of these very men, who feared what I am doing. Well, I am writ-Thomas Myles, was lately the au-thor of a first class bull. Speaking ing, writing, writing; and I do a little hunting up of material, and a to be recognized as fervently Irish, will be the first to throw up their and it recalls more powerfully, than would a letter at any other time, A Catholic President. hats and to cheer at the news of every Irish success in the great arena of the beginning of the Boer War, he said to his hearers: "Was Englittle study, but ob! so much writ-ing. I could better tell you what I am not doing. I am not setting the world on fire, nor am I making a huge fortune; I am not living in luxthe one whose hand traced its pages. As I now pen these few lines I have before me a short, and land to stand with her arms folded of British politics. They will seek to be identified with the cause, the In Switzerland, Dr. Joseph Zemy of Lucerne, vice-president of the Fed-eral Council, has been elected presi-dent of the Swiss Confederation for 1903. Dr. Zemp is a Catholic. He and her hands in her pockets?" to me most precious letter; it was written by one who has already country.-A. P. D. saw his slip, and remarked that his moment that success illumines it, al-though they shuddered at the mere mention of it, when the clouds of only apology that he was an Irishury, if I am contented, nor am I liv-ing in the best of health, although I do not complain. spent several Christmas Eves in heaven. Yet the sight of his letter IMMIGRATION NOTES man.-Cleveland Universe. 1903. Dr. Zemp is a Catholu. Dr. Zemp was born in 1834 in the Canton of Lucerns. He studied law in Munich and Heidelberg and on his return to Switzerland became well known as an advocate. Though he was a prominent member of the Lucerne Council from 1863 onward he did not enter the National Feder-ation Council until 1891, but his reputation was such that he was chosen for the presidency in 1895, the post to which he has been again elected. heaven. Yet the sight of his letter brings back to mind the features and form, the smile, the tone of voice, the delightful hours of sweet liter-ary conversation, the moments of patriotic enthusiasm, or of religious fervor that passed over us, all of which belong to the dead and buried past. Again, as in all former let-ters that I have reproduced. I will transcribe it exactly as it was writ-ten, save the name and address of the one to whom it was sent. Here is this Christmas friend of the bymisfortune or the mists of unc An Irish patriot in Cleveland de-"At present, to come to dry par-ticulars, I am organizing a syndi-cate of Catholic journals, with the object of supplying them with a workly contribution (average words 1,500) on current Catholic. Irish, and Educopean topics of interest. The ticle, payable monthly. I have no idea how I will succeed, as I have only commenced to put this long-entertained plan into execution. By the way: do you know of any pro-minent Irish-Catholic organ in Oan-ata, that would be disposed to join this syndicate? If you do I am sure you will let me know of it. I re-prised to secure me a couple of pa-pars for the purposes of my scheme: tainty overhung it. "At present, to come to dry par-Arrivals in Canada from outside, not including returned Canadians, for the elsven months of the calen-tor the selven months of the calen-tor the selven months of the calen-tor of the selven months of the calen-tor of the selven for the selven was tarm country in the same period months 70,255. The Immigration period satures that 81,489 of the new settlers in the west were been twenty-one thousand tree home-send antries granted in the same period, or two and a half time clared in a speech: "We'll sink the Fronclads of Great Britain on the Arrivals in Canada from outside, plains of Clontarf." It is not as a reproach that] dwell upon this very human aspect of the present situation; for, after Hiram—It tells here in this paper was in love, "two can live as cheap-ly as one." "Perhaps," replied his wise father, "but I never knew them to do it." Chirate Reat there is something very natural out the whole matter. We cannot all, th orld will be filled with a spirit of -Chicago Post. self-sacrifice, nor even possess the courage of his convictions. It would is this Christmas friend of the bye elected. Under the Swiss Constitution the vice-president of the Federal Coun-cil, the executive authority, consist-ing of seven members of the Federal Assembly, is usually elected to suc-ceed the outgoing president of the Confederation. The term of office is one year, the holder not being re-eligible until the expiration of an-other year. courage of his convictions. It would be too much to demand anything of the sort. But no matter what ex-cusses we may form for them, or how femient we may be inclined to feel towards their lack of spirit, there is no getting over the fact that the man who ultimately succeeds and is represent in this principles, and who has the courage of his convictions. This '98, I street, South Boston, Mass., "Dec. 24, 1894. My Dear Mr --"This is Christmas Eve; the data above tells you that without the need of my stating it; but I do want so much to emphasize the fact. It is Christmas Eve-in the year of Our

mn truth does not demand any ninute explanation. It is, therefore, the time of all times, for the younger men of the Irish race, here in Canada as well as elsewhere, to show themselves zealous and sincere in their efforts ure an era of peace, pr to se and happiness, for the Old Land. Whether they join in, or remain awhether they join in, of remain it loof, the cause will go on, with bounding strides, to success, and to final triumph; but, if they wish to share in the glory, to have a con-scientious right to proclaim aloud their nationality, to enjoy the privilege of being recognized and honored by their fellow-citizens of other races, as sons of the Celtic ma, it is for them to fall into the ranks and do their part in the last hours of a nation's struggle.

Ninety years ago James Sylvius Law, of Belfast, wrote and published a wonderful epic, entitled "The Irish Catholic," "A Patriotic Poem, in Five Cantos," "Dedicated, by Permission, to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Fingall." It is quite possible that not one of those who shall read these few paragraphs has ever seen Mr. Law's exceptionally fervid poem It was written before the days of the Emancipation successes, but the last canto was added when O'Connell was morally sure to carry his point and to knock from the limbs and life of the "Irish Catholic" the shackles of long decades. He beheld, after spending years in writing his vivid account of Ireland's woes, the dawn of a great day, a day of comparative liberty. We at this hour, stand in almost a similar position, as far as Ireland's political future is concerned, and we can apply to the situation of the present the lines with which that poem was closed in

ed the possibilities of a Sunday 1813: night service and focused attention All that I need add to the foreon it by the use of the Question going is the expression of deep re-'Erin rejoice! and let thy griefs be The result has been increasing gret that Eugene Davis never sent Box. given, another Christmas greeting-God To passing winds, that fan the face crowds all during the year and neardid not will it, and he was ly half a hundred converts. of heaven; sum-Canada possess, and when it will be a distinction, in the eyes of the Here is another instance' A lady Fling on the buoyant bosom of the moned away from all his "schemes of literary syndicates, all his de-lightful plans for future efforts in of some social standing has grouped gale, world, to be an Irishman. about her a dozen young people, Thy song of sadness and thy mournsome few of whom are converts. the field of his choice, from all the ful tale! Thy day of trial has dissolved in worries and anxieties of an Irish They gather in her parlors on Wed-

Christmas Eve in Montreal.	
 Dark, solemn the flood of St. Law- rence is sweeping. 'Neath the glittering ice that its waters has spann'd; Dim, pale, in the sky are the winter lights peeping, Cold chill is the mantle that cov- ers the land. 	
 Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven, Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet, Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even', Dark, sombre the mountain — desserted the street. 	
 Hark! hark! a soft sound on the night is breaking. Lo! light in the distance in brilliancy gleams; The city is stirring, the world is awaking,— Strange, ghostly the scene, as the painting of dreams. 	
 Peal, peal, the great bell in you tower is vibrating; Mark, mark how the faithful are moving along! In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting, And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song! 	
As they enter the organ right loud- ly is pealing, The acolytes move and the choris- ters sing; Sweet, solemn the notes round the altar are stealing, As smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing.	*******
 In his white robes of splendor a Bishop is praying, Bright jewels the mitre and vest- ments adorn, And grand are the Masses the Pon- tiff is saying— The Mass of the midnight — the Mass of the morn! 	*********
 In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him, And thousands the eyes that are dim in their tears; They sought for the Child — in a manger they found Him; Like an Infant of Mercy sweet Jesus appears. 	******
 In the vault of the temple are angel harps ringing. "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!" The organ is pealing, the choristers singing. "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!" J. K. FORAN. 	
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LD LETTER	S
(By a Regular Contributor.)	
I purposely skip a few Lord, 1894-and I am se	ated in

out I fear the poor fellow is scarcely well enough to look after his own "Did you ever remark how willing we poor writers are to help each other, out of the abundance of our poverty? When a boy I used to take great delight in tales of adventure, of travel in unknown lands, and es pecially of gypsies and such-like. When I reached manhood and found nyself compelled to lead a kind Schemian existence Bohemian existence I frequently wondered at its attractions for me. suppose, in spite of all the drawbacks consequent on a lack of funds, that taste cultivated in childhood ed into the realities of after life, Yet it is a poor and unsatisfactory "As a rule, I do not complain of my lot-for 'Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long." but on Christmas Eve I always find serious and sad reflections surging through my brain, and I experience the necessity of confiding in some one. Hence all this letter to you. While I am writing, at least, I can live over those few brief hours that we spent in never-to-be-forgotten conversation. It is so refreshing to meet with a spirit that enjoys the same mental menu as one's own. It seems to me that during those few moments a triple bond of friendship was woven between us-three strong strands, our mutual faith, our love of Ireland, and our literary aims. I do not want to tire you, so I will close this Christmas greeting. I can assure you that your place in my memory is a fixed one, and, if God wills, I will remind you of it every Christmas in the future. Yours faithfully, EUGENE DAVIS."

Missions to Non-Catholics.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1902.

A most pleasing feature in the de-velopment of the non-Oatholic mis-sion work is the earnest effort made by priests and laity to work out the problem of presenting Catholic truth to the non-Catholics in their respective neighborhoods. The enu-meration of a few instances of the diverse methods that have been ad-opted will be somewhat of an intructive object lesson. With priests it is now a common thing to adopt the Question Box in their Sunday Sunday night services. A priest in a large Western town in writing of his efforts in this regard says: "In former years my vesper service was at-tended by some of the children and a few pious women. During this past year I introduced the Question Box. It took the people a few Sun-days to appreciate its value. But since then the interest in and at tendance at the Sunday evening services has steadily developed recently the capacity of the church is the only limit that can be placed to the church comers and the converts received this year have quadrupled the number of any previous year." 'The experience of this priest may be duplicated by that of many other priests. The possibilities of an attractive Sunday night service are very large. People expect to go somewhere during Sunday evening. They are always ready to hear a good sermon. They are desirous of a sound and comprehensive knowledge of their faith. This priest who writes the letter from which above quotation is taken has utiliz-

SATURDAY, J Chi **

OME place Catholic e me Catho ead a very icle- a few the subject of Chri

omes back to me

have reached anoth

the first hour of R it may not be inap the readers a few some of the writers this holy festival a their muse. It is Christmas hymns th but rather of the point of profane bards. a two-fold aspect-other social-we fin who have, in Engli event of Our Lord' be divided into tw ave few Christma language; and as t church perpetuates we find that most of cles and hymns-the familiar to our ear language. But a gr lic poets have celeb the glories of that and naturally they gious sentiment. olic writers very fe on Christmas other social, or domestic latter paint in vari traditions of yule delightful pictures and all the joys of charms of the soci round the paternal

It may prove int at least I consider the season, so I w cuse for introducing flowers of Christma would fain weave i honor of the Divine lehem. The very exp thus used at calls to mind Ad Christmas Flowers few stanza from the

And Mary is ble For now she will gi Our dearest, our

Her Babe on her

her, And yet now, be

How the Kings bri myrrh, and i And bars of pure And the Shepherds I

In the manger w

doubt not; Love counts but And the heart has in votion No winter can ch They who cared for first Christma Will care for it a Seventy years ago Christmas Eve, the Newman, who was t of the Anglican Chu soul thirsted for som sitive than the sp that it had so far da Island of Malta. Th Christmas poem which menced:---How can I keep my In its due festive s Reft of the sight of From whom its glo I hear the tuneful be The blessed towers A stranger on a fore They peak a fast fo Numerous are Chri that have been permi-Father Ryan, the Po South. They are all pecies of wierd, qu Sentiment that impo Nystic are mystic garb rarely