

Hints to Lukewarm Young Irish Canadians.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Any person who pays special attention to the European information in the press of the hour, cannot fail to note the change that has recently come over the aspect of Ireland's prospects.

There is an old saying that "nothing succeeds like success;" that is to say, as long as you are a failure in any enterprise, you find the heel of the world upon you, but the moment the world finds you rising its changes its attitude and drops at your feet.

It is not as a reproach that I dwell upon this very human aspect of the present situation; for, after all, there is something very natural about the whole matter.

solemn truth does not demand any minute 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 to secure an era of peace, prosperity and happiness, for the Old Land.

Ninety years ago James Sylvius Law, of Belfast, wrote and published a wonderful epic, entitled "The Irish Catholic," "A Patriotic Poem, in Five Cantos."

"Erin rejoice! and let thy griefs be given, To passing winds, that fan the face of heaven; Fling on the buoyant bosom of the gale, Thy song of sadness and thy mournful tale!

HUMOR.

A eminent Irish surgeon. Sir Thomas Myles, was lately the author of a first class bull. Speaking of the beginning of the Boer War, he said to his hearers: "Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?"

An Irish patriot in Cleveland declared in a speech: "We'll sink the Bronclads of Great Britain on the plains of Clontarf."

Hiram—It tells here in this paper was in love, "two can live as cheaply as one."

Hiram—It tells here in his paper about a German doctor who had discovered a sure cure for consumption.

Silas—It does beat all how slow those foreigners are, don't it? Why, they've been sellin' sure cures for consumption down to the village drug stores for the last twenty years!—Puck.

Christmas Eve in Montreal.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping, Neath the glittering ice that its waters has spann'd;

Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven, Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet,

Hark! hark! a soft sound on the night is breaking, Lo! light in the distance in brilliancy gleams;

Peal, peal, the great bell in you tower is vibrating; Mark, mark who the faithful are moving along!

As they enter the organ right loudly is pealing, The acolytes move and the choristers sing;

In his white robes of splendor a Bishop is praying, Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn,

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him, And thousands the eyes that are dim in their tears;

In the vault of the temple are angel harps ringing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!"

J. K. FORAN.

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I purposely skip a few of my letters in order to reach one that bears the date of Christmas. Like poems and other forms of written expression, at this season, the Christmas letter has a value that none other possesses.

Lord, 1894—and I am seated in my quiet nook, at my well-strewn table, extending to you the hand of good-fellowship, and wishing you, from the bottom of my heart, "all the compliments of the season."

"In your last letter, you ask what I am doing. Well, I am writing, writing, writing; and I do a little hunting up of material, and a little study, but oh! so much writing. I could better tell you what I am not doing. I am not sitting the world on fire, nor am I making a huge fortune; I am not living in luxury, if I am contented, nor am I living in the best of health, although I do not complain.

"At present, to come to dry particulars, I am organizing a syndicate of Catholic journals, with the object of supplying them with a weekly contribution (average words 1,500) on current Catholic, Irish, and European topics of interest. The terms I have selected are \$2 an article, payable monthly. I have no idea how I will succeed, as I have only commenced to put this long-entertained plan into execution.

"98, I street, South Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, 1894.

"My Dear Mr.—: This is Christmas Eve; the date 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

but I fear the poor fellow is scarcely well enough to look after his own interests.

"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 especially of gypsies and such-like.

"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.

Yours faithfully, EUGENE DAVIS."

All that I need add to the foregoing is the expression of deep regret that Eugene Davis never sent me another Christmas greeting—God did not will it, and he was summoned away from all his "schemes" of literary syndicates, all his delightful plans for future efforts in the field of his choice, from all the worries and anxieties of an Irish Catholic journalist's career, from all his dreams of a regenerated and liberty-lighted Ireland, from all the bohemianism that seems to be the fate of those whose pens have been dedicated to noble causes; from all the family ties and sacred bonds of love and friendship that held him to this earth as one whose presence was required.

Again it is Christmas Eve, and I am, to use his words, "in my quiet nook, at my well-strewn table," and instead of extending to him "the hand of good-fellowship"—for his hand can no longer grasp mine—I am offering an humble prayer for the repose of his immortal soul.

Who, during the last years of the nineteenth century, has not known the name of Eugene Davis? The readers of Catholic literature in America all who followed the Catholic organs of this continent, must vividly recall his countless columns of delightful reading matter, or, perhaps, some of his gem-like poems. Ah! he was a great, good, whole-hearted, high-souled, talented Irishman! And he gave all he possessed for the cause of his native land. He was faithful to her people and to their future aspirations and past traditions, and he lost no opportunity of assisting, with pen and otherwise, in the great struggle for justice that has been going on for so many generations. Like his namesake, the great Davis of Irish literature, he wielded a mighty pen, and like him he never wrote a line that was not ennobling and patriotic, sincere and inspiring.

A Catholic President.

In Switzerland, Dr. Joseph Zemp, of Lucerne, vice-president of the Federal Council, has been elected president of the Swiss Confederation for 1903. Dr. Zemp is a Catholic.

Dr. Zemp was born in 1834 in the Canton of Lucerne. 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 Federation 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.

Under the Swiss Constitution the vice-president of the Federal Council, the executive authority, consisting of seven members of the Federal Assembly, is usually elected to succeed the outgoing president of the Confederation. The term of office is one year, the holder not being eligible until the expiration of another year.

Missions to Non-Catholics.

A most pleasing feature in the development of the non-Catholic mission 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 enumeration of a few instances of the diverse methods that have been adopted will be somewhat of an instructive object lesson. With priests it is now a common thing to adopt the Question Box in their 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 attended 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 Sundays to appreciate its value. But since then the interest in and attendance at the Sunday evening services has steadily developed until 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."

Here is another instance: A lady of some social standing has grouped about her a dozen young people, some few of whom are converts. They gather in her parlors on Wednesday evening. A paper is read on some point of Catholic teaching by one who had been duly assigned to it, and after the reading of the paper the one who has prepared it answers any questions put to him concerning the Church's teaching on the topic under consideration. The members of this coterie invite all their non-Catholic friends to their friendly conversations. Care has been taken to exclude any spirit of acrimonious controversy, and to infuse a spirit of honest inquiry. The result of these meetings has been a half a dozen converts.

A Mrs. Elwell in Philadelphia, a convert from the free thinkers, still retains her hold on her former friends. They are a crowd of people without any definite creed and of multiplied vagaries, but they are sincere. They are earnest seekers and honest inquirers, somewhat egotistical, to be sure, and most devout believers in themselves; but they are anxious to learn. Mrs. Elwell gathers them at her "Circle," some noted priest is invited to address them, and by this means they have learned more of Catholicity in the last few months than they learned in their whole life before. In a town in New England a group of converts gathered of their own accord to say the Stations of the Cross every Sunday afternoon. The priest in former years came once a month to the little church. The efforts of these few converts have so awakened the spirit of religion that many of the old "fallen away" have come back, new converts have been secured and 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.

IMMIGRATION NOTES

Arrivals in Canada from outside, not including returned Canadians, for the eleven months of the calendar year to the end of November, totalled 80,479. Of these 56,000 were settled in Manitoba and the Territories, and 24,000 in Eastern Canada. Those who moved from our own Eastern Provinces to the western country in the same period were 13,300, making the total addition to the population of Manitoba and the Territories for the eleven months, 70,259. The Immigration Department reports that 31,489 of the new settlers in the west were from the United States. There have been twenty-one thousand free homestead entries granted in the same period, or two and a half times those of last year.

CHRISTMAS

OME place, Catholicism reads a very little—a few of the subject of Christmas comes back to me. Have reached another the first hour of it it may not be inap the readers a few some of the writers this holy festival a their muse. It is Christmas hymns that but rather of the p of profane bards. A a two-fold aspect— other social—we find who have, in English event of Our Lord' be divided into two have few Christmas language; and as the church perpetuates we find that most of cles and hymns—the familiar to our ear language. But a gra lie poets have celeb the glories of that and naturally they gious sentiment. A olic writers very fev on Christmas other social, or domestic later paint in vari traditions of yulet 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 wic use for introducing flowers of Christmas would faint weave in honor of the Divine lehem. The very exp have thus used at calls to mind Ado "Christmas Flowers" few stanza from the

And the bright feast dawned, And Mary is blest For now she will give Our dearest, our And see where she is Mother, Her Babe on her

And not one poor girl her, And yet now, be How the Kings bring myrrh, and in And bars of pure And the Shepherds h the Babe Some lambs from

He stretches His tin us, He brings us all And look at His Mo Him,— The smile on her Says they welcome gifts In the manger w

Where love takes, lov doubt not; Love counts but And the heart has it votion No winter can ch They who cared for first Christmas Will care for it s

Seventy years ago Christmas Eve, the Newman, who was t of the Anglican Chu soul thirsted for som ative than the ap that it had so far dr Island of Malta. Th Christmas poem whic mended:—

How can I keep my In its due festive s Rest of the sight of From whom its glo

I hear the tuneful be The blessed towers A stranger on a fore They peal a fast fo

Numerous are Chri that have been pamt Father Ryan, the Po South. They are all species of wierd, q sentiment that impa mystic garb rarely f