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Editorial

Christmas

As the festive season once more approaches, our thoughts are turned to the Manger at Bethlehem, where the Son of God, in the most lowly circumstances, assumed the nature of His fallen creature.

Christ born in a stable and laid in a manger! What a token of love, of mercy, of humility! How He understands the hearts of men! How He knows that there is no appeal that can soften the sin-hardened heart like that of a baby's smile, the symbol of trust and love and innocence! The Babe in the manger recalls the innocent past of our own lives, before the allurements of the world had spread their false lustre before our dazzled eyes. Christmas is essentially the season of hope. Just as on that first Christmas morn long ago the Christ Child brought hope into the world, while Angels sang the glad tidings of peace on earth to men of good will, so to-day we are called upon to rejoice in the birth of the newly born Saviour. Hope fills our troubled hearts, our strength

is renewed, our courage returns, and life takes on a brighter aspect.

To the college student, Christmas brings reunion with parents and friends. He realizes, as perhaps never before, just what home means to him, and his love is enhanced by the separation. His college training has shown him how to keep the spirit of Christmas, so he will not spend it in reckless dissipation.

A Merry Christmas! How the old, familiar greeting, accompanied by the hearty hand shake, catches the tender spot in our hearts, awakening in us the truest Christian sentiments of brotherhood and love. Christmas is old, yet ever new. Let us keep this Christmas with God. As we kneel, as did the Magi of old, to adore the Infant Saviour, let us learn, first of all, the lesson of humility, which is the fountain source of true virtue.

Your Talents and Your Vocation

We are all familiar with the parable of the talents; there is not one of us but sees therein the reflection of his own life. To the old man it recalls the failures and triumphs of the past, to the youth it is prophetic of the future. No one is born into the world without some particular talent, some gift to hold in trust, for which a rigid account will be exacted when the Master calls for the final reckoning. The question which each one must answer for himself is: "What talents have been intrusted to me, and how am I to place them so that, like the faithful servants, I may reply to the Master's demand, "Behold! I have gained thee more." Young Man, what are your talents? Are they drawing interest, or have you, like the slothful servant, hid them in the earth? Your talent may be small, perhaps only the happy faculty of a kind word or a cheerful smile. But remember, you will not be asked: "How much have you done?" but "How have you used the talents I gave you?" If you ask the successful man the secret of his success, you may profit by his advice, but your talents are your own; they differ in kind and degree from those of every other individual. You must, therefore, carve out your own way, and the responsibility of your success or failure rests upon your own shoulders, hence the importance of a careful choice of vocation. No set rules can be formulated. Each one must take into account his own cap-

abilities, his own difficulties, and his own shortcomings. There is nothing so sad as a misfit in life, nothing so pitiful as misdirected genius. Learn first to know yourself, for a wise choice is the first stepping-stone to success, but a serious mistake may be the first start on the downward road to failure.

Mexico

The Bolshevik regime of Calles still carries on its infamous program of religious persecution in Mexico. Every day we read of some new horror, some fresh outrage being perpetrated by this destroyer of liberty or by his satellites against those who have the temerity to resent his bloody tyranny; and there is much that we know nothing of.

Calles is not without his sympathizers. Every radical organization and anti-Catholic fraternity, from the Ku Klux Klan to the Russian Soviet, shouts frenzied encouragement to this new "liberator," the Red Dictator of Mexico. Meantime, the world awaits the crisis, while lovers of true liberty everywhere, horrified at the barbarism of this modern Nero, protest against the latest scourge of civilization and liberty. Not for very much longer can Calles expect to outrage public opinion the world over and get away with it, and when the storm breaks—

We have no fear for religion in Mexico. Christ promised that His Church should share in His sufferings, that she should be persecuted as He was. Down through the centuries she has stood, beautiful and glorious, triumphant over every kind of persecution that diabolical genius could devise, and she stands to-day, brighter more glorious, more imposing in her grandeur than ever before. So will she pass through this trial, to proclaim to the world that Christ is still King, and will not suffer a tyrant to overcome His people.

Red and White extends to all its Advertisers, Contributors and Subscribers, and to the Faculty and Students of St. Dunstan's sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.