















**LIFE AND LABORS**  
of  
**Rt. Rev. FREDERIC BARAGA,**  
First Bishop of Marquette, Mich.  
By  
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O. F. M.  
of Los Angeles, Cal.

CHAPTER LIX.

Short Resume of the Life and Labors of Bishop Baraga; His Many virtues and Accomplishments; A Model Student, Priest Indian Missionary and Bishop.

In the proceeding pages we have endeavored to give a faithful, reliable account of the life and labors of saintly Bishop Baraga. We are informed by Bishop Vertin of Marquette, a countryman of Baraga and the last ordained by him, that the inhabitants of Dobernik, Bishop Baraga's native place, intend to erect a monument this year, the centenary of his birth, to their distinguished countryman in the parish church, where he was baptized just on hundred years ago. We hope that this little work of ours will also serve as a centenary monument to this saintly missionary and bishop of the Northwest, a monument which will help to perpetuate the memory of his noble deeds and great virtues unto future generations.

Bishop Baraga had the unspeakable blessing of having had pious, God-fearing, thoroughly Catholic parents. Although he lost them at an early age, his mother dying when he was scarcely eleven years old, and his father four years later, still the lessons of piety, charity and other virtues they had taught him never became effaced from his mind.

At the University of Vienna and at the gymnasium and seminary of Laiback he was a model student, diligent, conscientious, faithful, and persevering. He was gifted with extraordinary talents, had a clear, logical mind, remarkable memory and great love for linguistic studies. His progress in all branches of study was astonishing. At the same time he was a pure-minded, innocent, God-fearing youth, of whom we are morally certain that he retained the white garment of Baptismal innocence untarnished by any mortal sin to the day of his death.

As priest in Europe we find him a model of all sacerdotal virtues, laboring with all the zeal and energy of a true pastor of souls for the spiritual welfare of his people. He never knew what it was to be idle, lukewarm, or careless in the service of his divine Master. Old and young, sinners and just, all felt the effect of his burning zeal for the salvation of souls, all were attracted by his soul-stirring discourses and instructions, by his kind, sympathetic, winning ways to God and the practice of religion and virtue.

Even at this early stage of his sacerdotal career we find him composing works of devotion and instruction for his Slovenian countrymen, which even to this day have retained their hold on the popular mind and heart.

As Indian missionary he was second to none in self-sacrificing labor and success as converter of Indians. He justly deserves to be called "The Indian Apostle of the Northwest." His converts are numbered by the thousands, not to speak of innumerable sinners,

whom he won to God by his instructions in the pulpit and confessional, and by his books of piety. Only on the great day of judgment will all the good be known which he effected during his long and fruitful priestly and episcopal career.

As bishop we find indefatigable in promoting the cause of religion and virtue in the extensive territory committed to his care, which for many years embraced not only the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, but also a great part of Lower Michigan, northern Wisconsin, eastern Minnesota and parts of Ontario. Every year he visited almost all the missionary stations and congregations of this extensive territory, often suffering untold hardships and miseries, traveling in winter on snowshoes, sleeping under the open air or in some wretched Indian wigwam, shivering with cold, living on a little bread, cheese and tea. He never used stimulant of any kind, although often in sad need of them when exhausted by cold and long walks. He was a teetotaler of the strictest kind and preached temperance, teetotalism in his Indian works of instructions, knowing but too well that liquor is the Indian's greatest enemy.

Bishop Baraga was deeply humble. Of this we have abundant proofs in his life as described by us and in the unanimous testimony of all who were personally acquainted with him. Not long ago, we heard from Mr. Charles Belle Isle, a venerable octogenarian of Bellil Falls, Wis., the following touching incident, of which he himself was an eye witness.

One day he and Mr. Charpentier, father of Alexie Charpentier, of Odanah, Wis., were walking in the streets of La Pointe with Father Baraga. This was in 1841. They met a pagan Indian, most probably accompanied by others of the same stamp. Without the least provocation, this man went up to Father Baraga and spat in his face. He then walked away, laughing derisively. Charpentier fired with indignation at the insult offered to his beloved pastor, raised his hand to strike the impudent wretch and give him a well-merited beating; but Father Baraga restrained him, quietly saying: "Let him be; he won't know any better!"

We are here forcibly reminded of the words of Jesus on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This Indian must have been one of the very worst sort, a fanatical pagan; for as a rule, all Indians, even pagans, respect the Catholic priest. We would, therefore, not believe what was related to us were it vouched for by Mr. Belle Isle, who was an eye witness of the deed.

Another proof of Bishop Baraga's great humility is found in the following letter of his to Father Jacker: "Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., May 16th, 1863. Rev. and Most Beloved Father Jacker:

(To be continued)

**BABBLES**

(The story thus far: The sport editor of the "Glasilo" rushes downtown in a \$30 ford, to meet the queen of Roumania in a drugstore. On the way to 493 the queen drives the ford and wrecks it. They board a street car and finally reach 493 — Now go on with the story).

As the queen stepped in the hallway she purposely — dropped her handkerchief. As I stooped to pick the dainty up a feeling of remorse, anticipation and meekness overcame the girl (forget not that she wanted to embrace me in the drugstore) and she gracefully raised her left arm and pointed her finger with the air of expectation saying: "Oh, Stan — Who is that handsome man?" She was referring to a picture of Douglas Chaplan hanging on the wall.

It was not before long that she made herself at home. Interim I was kept busy riding to and fro on a bicycle procuring provisions from the stores. As she said she would like to have a real meal once, I sallied forth to the "Krainski Firkele" to get the "klobase" and "kisl zelje." I was rather slow in coming back as the hunting season just opened and Mr. Malensek had to get the "Slovenske Weeners."

As I neared the house I heard a terrible racket. Upon entering I was surprised to find that the noise was not that of the water tank, but it was the girl playing the St. Louis Blues on my good piano. I was rather peeved, but she suggested that we dance while supper (dinner) was being prepared. Good, I set the Victrola going, playing the good Slovenian records that I bought from Mr. Mervar on St. Clair. She was delighted. When we danced the Hojers polka we whirled, well it wasn't so bad we only broke a bridge lamp and a piano bench. Then I commenced to invite the guests. In a few hours all was set.

Then we had to wait for her as she had an appointment to have her hair marcelled at the Grdina's Beauty Shoppe. on St. Clair. Among the notables present my friend Winnie was very peeved, in fact he was rash and too such an extent that he paced the floor nervously continuously muttering: "Such business," and at the same time taking harmless gold fish from the bowl and feeding them to Dickie, our pet canary.

We were finally seated at the table. While sipping the "nudeljce" soup she started to talk about athletics and remarked in a way that checkers would soon replace that sissy game of football. I did not agree with her and stated that there would be more money in it if that wholesome sport of dominoes was played in all our sport clubs and colleges. Winnie became violent and pounded on the table, at the same time spilling the soup over the poor girls' dress and declaring that no matter what League of Nations means to the average policeman, he (Winnie) would always be for that exciting game of ping-pong. About her dress, I said it was useless to worry as we could call F. Mervar Cleaners and all would be O. K. She enjoyed the klobase and the zelje and finally wound up the meal with a glass of "sladka kapljica."

I then managed to move the victrola down to the basement and sprinkled a little cornmeal on the floor. In a few minutes we were all dancing. This lasted for about an hour and seeing that it was too tame, I

called up Mr. Resnik of Collinwood and told him to bring down his "squeeze-box." Oh boy after that we danced the schuster polka and even the old "pouster" dance. The queen then expressed that she was having a grand and glorious time and would like to have something to remember that memorable evening. Well said I: "I'll get Mr. Bukovnik to come here and snap our pictures."

To this the girl exclaimed: "Oh! Goodie! Goodie!" Mr. Bukovnik came with his camera and everything went smooth until Winnie saw that I was standing next to the girl (queen) and that that he should have the honor. Of course an argument ensued and consequently delayed taking of the picture. Finally it dawned upon me.

"Let's match pennies," said I. We did and, of course, I won. Then brother Vinc got it into his head that he wanted to have his picture taken, while standing on his head. Br-r-r-r! the door bell rang. Again the picture was spoiled as I dashed up the steps to answer it.

A telegram boy greeted me at the door, nervous and excited. It was nothing, only one of my business telegrams. Ah, then — glorious enlightenment I asked the messenger boy if he wanted to earn a half dollar. He was willing so I told him to stand at the door and when he heard me whistle to start singing the "Star Spangled Banner." I hurried down the steps and found Vinc up to his tricks. Well I just whistled and as soon as the errand boy started to sing, Vinc straightened up and for the first time that evening everyone stood motionless — Boom — the flashlight powder exploded and the day was saved.

Merriment lasted till the early morning and as the queen had to be in Lorain by 7 that same morning, the party broke up. She expressed her thanks to the crowd, while I was gathering her wraps from the guest closet. I was a bit delayed as I did not know which coat belonged to her. I felt a hearty pat on the back, as I was leaning forward looking for her coat. Well, Stan, ol kid, if you don't write to me often you don't write to me often our friendship will be ALL OFF.

I turned around and to my surprise I did not meet a smiling face and outstretched arms waiting to embrace me, but I came face to face with a uniformed figure, blue coat and brass buttons. It wasn't a cop, but it was a street car conductor, waking me up and telling me a street car is no place to sleep. The all off was not that softly uttered by the queen, but it was the frostbitten shout of the connee, telling me that I was at the end of the line. I got off the car and walked the seven miles home for fear that I would fall asleep again.

**5 OUT OF 4 HAVE IT**

Here is Your Chance To Cure It  
If your cerebellum vortex is on the blink  
Or you get dizzy spells and can't think  
Then there is something that you need.  
Maybe your hair is falling out  
Or have you lumbago, gripe or gout?  
Then there is something that you need.  
Perhaps it's halitosis, or a puncture in your heart  
Don't get excited and for the doctor make a start.

Althou there is something that you need.

Just mark my words and mark this down  
The cure is here in Cleveland, the healthiest town.  
Do you want that something that you need?

The cure is the best, in fact it's good  
And it will be dished out up in Collinwood  
Why not get that something that you need?

The Collinwod Sports just ask for just a dance  
They'll doctor you right with their biggest dance  
They'll give you that something that you need.

The Paramount Serenaders will furnish the syrup, the Sports will do the rest

The Slovenian Home on Avenue Holmes will be the hospital  
And next Sat. night the 27, the night that is the best  
You're foolish if you don't get that something that you need.

Paramount Serenaders radio broadcasters, Holmes Av. Hall  
Collinwood Sports Sat. nite Nov 27, with room for all  
Come up and get that something that you need.  
Stanley P. Zupan.

Nekateri ljudje smatrajo oni čas za dobo prosperitete, kadar dobijo lahko vsega na upanje za brezskrbno življenje.

Kdor prevec izrablja naklonjenost svojih prijateljev, si nakopava s tem nove sovražnike.

Današnja skrb je vzrok večrajšnjega zanemarjenja.

Lepa deklica je ona, ki noče priznavati, da je res lepa.

Vsaka stara ženica rada pripoveduje, kako je bila lepo v mladosti.

Sreča bolj poredkoma potrka na vrata; nesreča se pa vedno plazi skozi odprta okna.

Dobri zdravniki hodijo od hiše do hiše.

**Bodimo popustljivi!**

Znano nam je, da je zmerno uživanje hrane glavni predpogoj zdravja. Zahvalni dan se obhaja samo enkrat na leto. To je pristen ameriški praznik. Prvič so ga obhajali takozvani Pilgrim očetje leta 1621 v Plymouthu.



Na tak dan se človek lahko preobče, toda Trinerjevo grenko vino vam bo pri tem pomagalo iz zadrege. To vino izčišča črevesje, pomaga prebavi in odstrani vse slabe snovi. Poskusite torej enkrat Trinerjevo grenko vino pa se boste kmalu čudili, kako ste zamogli prestajati brez njega. Steklenica velja \$1.25. Steklenico za poskušnjo vam pošljemo za 15 centov. Joseph Triner Co., 1333 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. Trinerjeve tablete zoper prehlad (Triner's Cold Tablets, 30 centov v lekarnah) so sedaj v sezoni. (Adv.)

**Naše zveze s staro domovino**



v vseh denarnih zadevah so neprekosljive. Vi živite lahko kjerkoli širou Zdrusenih Drjav in vendar je vam mogoče poslati denar v stari kraj potom naše banke prav tako točno in zanesljivo kot da bi prišli sami osebno na banko.

NAŠE CENE SO PO DNEVNEM KURZU podvržene spremembi, toda zmerne in poštene. Denar pošljemo kot zahtevano ali v dolarjih ali pa v dinarjih po denarnih naznicanih, plačljivih po starekrajški pošti ali pa v čekih (draftu); plačljivih po tamošnjih bankah. POSKUSITE NAŠO DENARNO POŠILJATEV in prepričani bodite, da boste zadovoljni. Pišite nam ali pa pridite sami poizvedeti dnevne cene in jih potem primerjajte z onimi, ki jih dobite drugje. Naše pošiljave bodo dosegle vaše ljudi naj hitreje in v kakih zakotnih gorah vasici ali pa v največjem mestu, v kolikor najkrajšem času mogoče. Vsi naši bančni posli so podvrženi nadzorstvu zvezne vlade. Kapital in rezervni sklad naše banke presegata svoto \$740.000 kar je znak varnosti za vaš denar.

**JOLIET NATIONAL BANK**  
CHICAGO IN CLINTON ST. :: JOLIET, ILL.  
Wm. Redmond, preds. Chas. G. Pearce, kasir,  
Joseph Dunda, pomoč. kasir.

**JAKOB ORAZEM**  
WENONA, ILL.

**Prvi in edini slovenski pogrebni zavod**

v tem mestu in okolici, La Salle, Peru, Livingston in Rutland, Ill.  
Oskrbuje pogrebe v popolno zadovoljnost strank. Ima na razpolago avtomobile za poroke, krste in druge slične prilike.  
Lastnik tega podjetja je član K. S. K. Jednote.

**Največja slovenska unijska tiskarna**

v Zedinjenih Državah je vedno pripravljena postreči društvom vseh Jednot, trgovcem in posameznikom za vse vrste tiskovin.

**NAJNIŽJE CENE TOČNO POSTREŽBO LIČEN IZDELEK**

dobite vselej v naši tiskarni. Mi tiskamo "Glasilo K. S. K. Jednote" in mnogo drugih časopisov v raznih jezikih. 28 letna skušnja tiskarstva je naša učiteljica.

**PLAČILNE KNJIZICE**

odobrena od gl. odbora K. S. K. Jednote, najbolj priročne za članstvo K. S. K. J. imamo v zalogi. V svojem lastnem posloplju.

**Ameriška Domovina**

6117 St. Clair Ave. CLEVELAND, O.

**F. KERŽE,**  
K. S. K. J. Društvom:  
Kadar naročate zastave, regalije in drugo, pazite na moje ime in naslov, če hočete dobiti najboljšo khalgo za najnižje cene.  
Nabriti in vsacet EASTONJ!

1142 Dallas Rd., N. E. CLEVELAND, O.

