



LIFE AND LABORS
of
Rt. Rev. FREDERIC BARAGA,
First Bishop of Marquette, Mich.
By
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"I had two works printed here (in Detroit, in 1850), of which I made mention in my last letter. Now they are finished. One of them is a theoretic-practical grammar of the Indian language, and the other an Indian meditation and instruction book on all the truths of our holy religion (Nanagata-wendamo-masinaigan). I take the liberty of sending to Your Princely Highness two copies of the grammar and one copy of the Indian work (the above-spoken of Chippewa meditation and instruction book)."

"The latter is in the form of pocket manual, because Indians like to take along their books wherever they go. The dictionary could not be printed at present. There is too much work connected with it. I will immediately send the little box with the books from here, but it will be perhaps late in the season before it gets to Vienna. I pray Your Highness to excuse me for asking you to forward the books in the enclosed package early and safely to Ljubljana."

"During the whole time of my stay here I was very busy, for I was having both works printed at the same time, and had much to do in correcting the proof sheets. The days were always so short for me and they went by so quickly that it seemed to me as if it was always Sunday. On four Sundays I preached in the French church, on three Sundays in the English, and on the remaining Sundays in the German church."

"Day after tomorrow I shall depart for home and take along to my mission a young, exemplary priest. The Rt. Rev. Bishop sends him with me to learn the Indian language and then labor in the missions. That is a very good, ancient Jesuit plan. For it is really much better that a missionary first learn the Indians language before he begins to work in the mission. It is a very disagreeable and difficult thing if a missionary is obliged to use an interpreter. As a matter of course, this plan must be followed first. But now that we have a grammar and books in the Indian language, young missionaries will easily and soon learn the language. I am glad that this priest is going with me. He is a saintly man and has the firm resolution to spend his whole life in the Indian missions. He is a Belgian and his name is Charles Van Paemel" (should be Angelus Van Paemel).

From a letter of Bishop Le-fevre, dated September 15th, 1852, we learn that Father Pirc left his diocese in the spring of that same year and that he went to Minnesota to establish a new Indian mission there.

During the winter of 1850-1851 Father Baraga visited again his mission stations at the different copper mines of Keweenaw Point, Northern Michigan. There were quite a large number of Irish, French and Germans among the mining population, and to tend to them all meant a great increase of labor and hardships to the zealous missionary. The weather was very cold that winter. He had to go from one place to another on snow shoes and

carry his heavy pack, containing all things necessary for divine service. On one of these apostolic journeys, he was in the greatest danger of losing his life.

It was toward the end of January, during the coldest days and nights of that month. He was on his way homeward, after having visited the mining settlements. He stayed over night in a certain house. From this place to the nearest human habitation on his way were 30 miles. Generally he used to walk that distance in ten or twelve hours; but this time it came otherwise. During the entire proceeding day and during the whole night it snowed fearfully, so that the snow, which even before was very deep, became a great deal deeper and the walking so much more fatiguing and difficult. And through this deep snow he had to travel entirely alone over 30 miles. It was only through a special protection of God that he escaped with his life.

He left the house, in which he had remained over night, about 7 o'clock in the morning and then he began to make his way. He soon felt very tired, but kept on walking slowly all day long, making but little progress. About 5 o'clock in the evening he had made but half the way. It was truly horrible. It was evening, night was at hand, and he was 15 long miles away from the nearest human dwelling, all alone. The night was dark and intensely cold. No fire, nothing but a piece of cake to eat, and he ready to sink down in the snow at any moment from exhaustion and weakness!

What was the poor priest to do? He had either to walk on or freeze to death. With a fervent prayer he recommended himself to Divine Providence, which had so often before wonderfully protected him, and walked on and on during all that long, dark and bitterly cold night. At last, at 7 o'clock in the morning, he arrived at the house and sank down totally exhausted. Nature could stand the strain no longer. The people of the house were astonished beyond measure at his coming.

He had walked 24 miles, without resting, through the deep snow, with his snow shoes on and carrying his heavy pack with nothing to eat but a piece of dry, frozen cake! He says:

"I could not thank God enough, when I arrived at the house. Many a time I thought during the night, which was bitterly cold, that I would sink down and freeze before I would get to the house. And it was really only through the special protection of my loving, heavenly Father that I could hold out in such great hardship. My trust in the help of God under all circumstances of life was even before that very great; but this occurrence has heightened it a great deal more."

(To be continued)

Why does a tall man eat less than a short one?
Answer: He makes a little go a longer way.

A Valuable Valentine

Mary Jane Andrews popped into the house, let her books slide as she came and ran into the sitting room calling "Mother — Mother!"

Patient Mrs. Andrews, busy with the needle as usual, smiled as her little daughter burst into the room. Mary Jane was an only child and, as such, had received quite little training with the result that she usually had her own way.

"Oh Mumsie," continued Mary Jane, "we're going to have the best time at school tomorrow. Sister Eleanore is going to let us have a Valentine party. We're going to have a Valentine box, too, and we may bring Valentine for whomsoever we like and put them into the box. Then when they've all been put in, Sister is going to open it. Won't that be fun? Why, that's almost like being big and getting Valentines through the mail. But" — and here some of the brightness left the baby face — "I can't have the best part of it!"

"And why not, dear?" her mother asked, drawing the golden-curl head close.

"Sister said the girls could bring their baby sisters and brothers too and that would be so much nicer. I haven't any baby brother or sister."

"Take your dolly along, dear, I'm sure she would enjoy a Valentine party."

"But she isn't alive, mother. I can't make her say 'goo' or laugh or do any live things."

"Don't worry, child — someone will let you play with her baby sister. Now come and help mother prepare supper and after supper I'll help you make some pretty Valentines."

Mary Jane wasn't wholly satisfied, but she couldn't tell her mother that other little girls would have pretty lace Valentines, bought at a special store. She could only feel in her child-heart that the Valentine party might not be all that she had planned for.

When supper was over and father comfortably ensconced in his favorite rooker, mother and Mary Jane began work. Paste, drawing material and ribbon comprised the stock of supplies and mother managed to manufacture some very presentable Valentines. At least they would appear attractive to the experienced eye, although the lacy affairs might appeal more to a child. But Mary Jane's enthusiasm soon lagged and when Mrs. Andrews asked her if those she had would be sufficient, Mary Jane's languid "yes" showed how she felt. As she kissed her mother "good-night," she whispered a grateful "thank you." Her father noticed her lack of energy and stopped her long enough to see if she were ill, but her vehement "no" assured him that nothing physical ailed her.

Excitement reigned in the little school-room next morning. When Dick of the shingling red locks placed his dinner pail in his desk and took his books over to the shelf in the lunch room, when freckle-faced Almira Jones removed her coat, but reentered the room with her hat resting on one side of her stringy locks — no one noticed these things. And what fun the older girls had convincing the tots accompanying them that they must keep quiet in school. Sister sympathized with the small boys and girls and soon dismissed regular classes, so that the party fun might begin. Fun and frolic held sway. "Ring around the rosy," "Blind man's buff," "Button, button," "tag," — all the games that children delight in were played. The main fun always came to the girl that had a smaller brother or sister to take care of. No one delights to play the role of "mamma" more than

a small girl. The feeling that she can order a smaller relative about even, while she herself is under higher authority, is very attractive.

Even Sister noticed Mary Jane's melancholy and knowing the child's loving, motherly spirit she could understand how it hurt her to see other girls petting and cuddling darling tiny tots. Her humor rose to the surface when Helen Ware's curious brother fell, head-first into the water bucket and was recovered — in a rather dampened condition.

Finally the great moment came — the box of Valentines was opened and with Sister acting as postmaster, the missives were distributed. Despite the mass and variety of Valentines, everyone was not remembered. Mary Jane was among this group — not because she was an unpopular child, but because she was timid and remained as much as possible in the back-ground. At such an exciting time only the special friends came before each child's mind and the forgetfulness was unintentional. The child was heart-broken and poured out her tale of woe to Sister Eleanore. She had no one to play with, she had received no pretty Valentines. The first fact seemed the more depressing. The sight of so many girls fondling small brothers and sisters had made Mary Jane feel deeply the absence of a real, live playmate.

Sister comforted the child lovingly, reminding her of the fact that the Child Jesus too, had had only neighbor-playmates, but that Jesus had been happy because He could easily make friends.

"You can do the same," she continued, "remember that perhaps little neighbor boys and girls are like you, dear — only waiting for you to speak kindly to them first and then they, too, will be overjoyed to have a real playmate."

Mary Jane left with these comforting words in her mind. She would follow Sister's advice, although nothing could ever be as nice as having a sweet baby brother of her own.

As she opened the door to her home her father met her — a glad smile on his face.

"Honey, hurry in and see the Valentine, see what St. Valentine had brought, while you were gone."

He led her to a nearby room and wondering Mary Jane gave one glad cry as she rushed into the room and threw herself on her knees at the bedside. For there, beside her mother lay the tiniest bit of human Valentine — a real, live baby brother. Tenderly she touched the baby hand and in her joy sobbed out:

"Oh, mother — I'll never be lonesome again, for I've got a Valentine that I can keep and love for always!"

—Luella Siemer.

WASHINGTON & LINCOLN.

The greatest names in American history are Washington and Lincoln. One is forever associated with the independence of the States and the formation of the Federal Union; the other with universal freedom and the preservation of the Union.

Washington enforced the Declaration of Independence as against England. Lincoln proclaimed the fulfillment not only to a down-trodden race in America, but to all people for all time who may seek the protection of our flag. These illustrious men achieved grander results for mankind within a single century than any other man ever accomplished in all the years since the first flight of time began.

Washington drew his sword not for a change of rulers upon an established throne, but to establish a new government,

which should acknowledge no throne, but the tribute of the people.

Lincoln accepted war to save the Union, the safeguard of our liberties, and reestablished it on indestructible foundations as forever "one and indivisible." To quote his own words:

"Now we are contending that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—William McKinley.

An honest boy.

Mr. Black was waiting in the depot of a large city for his train.

A bright boy stepped up to him and said: "Shine, sir?"

"I should like to have my boots blackened," was the reply. "I shall be glad to shine them, sir," said the boy.

"Have I time? I wish to take the New York train."

"No time to lose, sir; but I can do it for you before the train leaves."

"Certain of it?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I?"

"Yes!"

In a second the bootblack was on his knees shining Mr. Black's shoes.

"Don't let me get left."

"No, sir, I will not," said the boy, working very fast.

"What is your name?"

"Robert Holmes."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, there is only mother and — the train is going, sir."

Mr. Black took a silver half dollar from his pocket. He handed it to Bob, who began to make the change.

Mr. Black stepped on the train, and before Bob could reach him with the money, the train had started.

Two years later Mr. Black went to this same city again. As he walked along the street near the depot, a boy spoke to him.

"Were you here before, sir?"

"Yes, two years ago."

"Didn't I shine your boots for you at the depot?"

"Some boy did."

"I am the boy, sir. I owe you forty-five cents. Here is your money. I was afraid I should never see you again."

Mr. Black was so pleased to find Bob such an honest boy, that he went with him to see his mother.

He told her that he would like to help Bob, and send him to school.

He gave Mrs. Holmes a comfortable home until Bob was through school and then he was able to earn a good one for her himself.

—Lake Shore Visitor.

POPE IS GREAT READER.

When the Pope leaves the state apartments where he has received pilgrims, he goes up to his private apartments.

Here very few men, except his Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, and other prelates immediately surrounding his person, are admitted. The rooms, though vast, are most simply furnished. The Pontiff's personal library, which is quite distinct from the Vatican library, is where His Holiness sits when he is not engaged in state business or in audience. It is lined with his own books from floor to ceiling and contains besides works on theology and devotion, a large collection of histories. For history is the branch of learning to which the Pope is most attached.

The soul of the child is to be educated with a view to its becoming the temple of God.

—St. Jerome.

Study to be quiet, and to

do your own business, and to work with your own hands.

The secret of all high renown, Of worth, of honest fame — What is it but the echo true Of sure and lofty aim?

MARY, QUEEN OF WOMEN

And if our faith had given us nothing more Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure. This were enough to prove it higher and truer Than all the credit the world had known before.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother, she's so good to me! If I was good as I could be, I couldn't be as good — no sir! Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm good or bad; And what's the funniest thing, she says She loves me when she punishes me

I don't like her to punish me; That don't hurt; but it hurts me to see Her cryin' — nen I cry, an' nen We both cry — an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews My little cloak and Sunday co'es; An' when my pa comes home to tea, She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said An' grabs me up an' pats my head; An' I hug her, an' hug my pa, An' love him put' nigh much as ma.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE HOLLY FAMILY

Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary, The Three on earth most like the Three in Heaven! Praise, praise to Jesus, Joseph, Mary, To whom these Heavenly Likenesses were given! Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving, Come, young and old, come gay or grieving, Praise, praise with me, Adoring and believing, God's Family, God's Holy Family!

O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven! Our households now are halloved all by thee; All blessings come, all gifts are given, Because of thy dear earthy Trinity. Come, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving, Come, young and old, come gay or grieving, Praise, praise with me, Adoring and believing, God's Family, God's Holy Family!

—Father Faber.

THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky; And brief the mid-day's sunny hours; The wind-swept forest seems to sigh For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day, Not even when the summer broods O'er meadows in their fresh array, Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again Brings, in its annual round,

the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarried, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

A SHORT MEDITATION

The past — where is it? — It has fled.
The future? — It may never come.
Our friends departed? — With the dead.
Ourselves? — Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys? — The dews of morn.
Its pleasures? — Ocean's writhing foam.
Where's peace? — In trials meekly borne.
Where's joy? — In Heaven, the Christian's home.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

WHAT A MINUTE SAY..

We are but minutes, little things —
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes. When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while ye may;
It takes but a minutes to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell,
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A famished fox some clusters of ripe black grapes hanging from a trellis vine. She resorted to all her tricks to get at them, but wearied herself in vain, for she could not reach them. At last she turned away, beguiling herself of her disappointment and saying:

"The Grapes are sour, and not ripe as I thought."

Betty's Mother: "There was something I wanted to ask you when you came, Mrs. McDour, and I can't think what it is."

Betty: "I know, mother. You were wondering the other day if Mrs. McDour bought all of her clothes second-hand!"

A city chap passed a boy husking corn and remarked:
"Your corn looks yellow."
"That's the kind Pa planted," said the boy.
"Looks as though you wouldn't get over a half crop," said the city chap.
"We won't," said the boy, "the landlord gets the other half."
"You're pretty near a fool, aren't you," said the city chap.
"Yep," said the country boy, "within ten feet of one."

