

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

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"When The Girls Come To The Old House."

When the girls come
To the old house, to the old, old house—
When the girls race through it—
How will they endure it
With light and warmth and fun,
Beyond the touch of the sun.

When the girls run through it,
How the old house will awaken!
Never fail! It will not rue it
When it feels its old bones shaken,
From ancient sill to centuried rafter,
With sweet girl laughter.

When the girls race through it,
How each old ghost in its own old
nook,
That it never forsook,
How it will run
When the girls pursue it
With frolic and fun!

Old house! old home! Come light
The fires again on the dear hearths of
old.
All must be bright;
Not a room shall be cold;
And on the great hearth—where, in the
old days,
Beside the fierce blaze
There was room, and to spare, for each
grown-up and child—
High let the fire be piled!

Old house! old home! You need no wine
To cheer you now, for the joyous
triple
Of girlish laughter is quite enough
triple!
Oh, what liquor
Like the innocent shine,
The sparkle and flicker,
In the eyes of youth!
And of a truth,
'Tis youth that
fills you;
Youth that calls to you; youth that
thrills you.

Old house! old home! Oh, do not dare
To be sad though I am glad,
Of the golden, and the raven, and the
pussy, pretty curls
Of the little dead girls
(Treasures put away in the old chest
in the garret.)
Be glad, old house! the new girls have
come to share it;
The great deep hearth, with room and to
spare,
The dark carpet, the wide hall, and the
quaint old stair—
And to bring back to earth
The old, sweet mirth.

—RICHARD WATSON GLEDER in the Woman's Home
Companion.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN WYOMING.

By Rev. N. Endres.

In October, 1906, my priestly and
missionary life began in the vast field of
northern Wyoming. This was a new
life altogether. After a few days spent
at Cheyenne—a much-needed rest after
the long journey from Belgium—I de-
parted, fresh in mind and body, for the
missions. A journey of three days on
some slow half-passenger and half-freight
trains brought me to my destination.
It was a typical Western town, with its
many tents, little houses, etc., wide-open
saloons and, beyond the flat, the moun-
tains. In the morning, after having
taken breakfast in a saloon—for I saw
no other restaurant—I took the old
stage coach, which, I dare say, did not
look too inviting. I was the only pas-
senger.

It was a cold morning and I was
lightly dressed. After a few hours of
driving we began the ascent of the
mountains, while the snow storm raged.
The snow drifted in from all sides, and
every now and then I shook myself to
get rid of the intruder. Arriving at
midway, we took dinner at the station,
after which we continued our journey.
Toward the evening we landed in Ther-
mopolis. On Sunday, for the first time,
I said Mass on a table and in a private
house, and announced to my small em-
gregation that henceforth they would
have Mass once a month.

I am the first priest stationed in this
district. A Jesuit Father of the Crow
Agency, Montana, visited Cody, but the
other missions saw no priest, except
once in a great while. The territory
which I cover is not so very small—
fifteen thousand square miles. In this
entire district I found no such a
kingdom as a Catholic Church, and I regret
to say there is none even now, for the
simple reason that we can not afford it.
Having no church anywhere, I was
obliged to do the best I could for divine
service. I have offered the Holy Sacri-
fice in all kinds of places—private
houses; public halls, where, during the
week, people dance and assist at shows;
city halls, which generally are nasty
places; washhouses and camps.

Wherever I go I take with me my
little sacristy—for there is not even a
set of vestments at the missions which I
visit regularly. As regards altars, we
have a great variety; a dresser or a
table in hotels or private houses; often,
sometimes a few planks or anything that
can stand. Candle-sticks, being too
heavy to be taken along on horseback,
often cause us trouble. We use what
we find—from an empty bottle or ink-
stand to a little piece of board, on which
we let the wax drop.

As stated before, there are no vest-
ments to speak of. There is one fairly
decent set at Cody, and I have another,
which I use everywhere, white being the
color, no matter whether the Mass is
said in honor of martyrs or for the dead.
One poor old chalice, a ciborium, two
sails and some smaller linen; there you
have the inventory of our sacristy.
There should be at least one set at
every station, thus saving those I must

now carry from ruin, on account of fold-
ing them or perching them behind a
saddle. I travel continually from one
mission to the other, saying Mass nearly
every Sunday at a different place. I
have made Cody my headquarters; not
because there is a larger congregation,
but because it is in the center, and be-
sides, has the railroad. From here,
then, I start on my trips, whether by
train, stage or horseback. Last winter
I had no horse and was obliged to travel
by stage, and, by an unlucky coincid-
ence, these stages make a good part of
their trip at night. You can easily im-
agine how a person feels when about to
climb in one of these coaches toward 5
or 6 o'clock p. m., with the hope of
arriving at your destination about mid-
night or after. While all the good citi-
zens of the United States are comfort-
ably lying under cover we drive slowly
in the cold night climbing and descend-
ing the big hills of the Rockies. Often
the eyes get heavy and a little sleep
would be, oh, so welcome, but the rocks
and holes in the road keep one awake
by bumping the head against the
roof. On such occasions the driver will
ask by way of joking, "All aboard
yet?"

During this long and dreary drive
you will see no house; only the rocks
and prairies, with the far-off shining
lamps of some sheepherder. Then the
cold! At the foot of some hills we will
jump out and warm up by walking be-
hind the wagon. Then you have the
chance to be greeted by a snow-storm.
I remember one of these. The weather
was fair when we started, but very soon
we could see the clouds coming over the
white mountains and soon they reached
us. In a very short time the roads and
the fields were white, and, as the snow
fell heavily, the horses could not feel
the road any longer with their hoofs,
and we were only midway. Then we
lost the road; the driver had to leave
his place and go in search of the right
way—for missing the road in such a
hilly country like this means to slip over
or fall into some creek. For a moment
we were tempted, to unhitch the horse,
turn the wagon with its back toward
the wind and wait until daylight. But
the driver was an old one in the busi-
ness, and, after walking nine or ten
miles, he located the road and we went
on slowly. The storm finally ceased,
by guess and good luck we arrived fi-
nally at our destination at three o'clock
in the morning, half-frozen.

This and other experiences made me
learn how to ride a bronco. It would be
hard to say just how many miles I
travel during a year, but taking the
regular journeys of every month
between the different missions, I count
about five hundred miles a month. In
summer I travel considerably more,
since I visit farmers and camps distant
from thirty to fifty miles from any town.
During the Christmas week last year I
travelled four hundred and seventy
miles. Although the good Western
hospitality saves me many hotel bills,
nevertheless the cost of travelling the
circuit amounts to \$25 or \$30 a month.

At each mission a collection is taken up,
which should cover expenses (sometimes
it does not), and besides should be part
of my support. There is no such a thing
as salary; the income of a year does not
pay for the support of the priest.

The Master I serve has, as yet, no
house in this region wherein to dwell,
neither has His servant. I rent a room
which serves as a parlor, reception room,
bedroom and church, for I offer the
Holy Sacrifice on a dresser, even at
home. While at the missions I accept
the hospitality of some family. In the
country the good-will of the people is
better than the bed.

When I first came to this country my
appearance caused public curiosity;
Roman were not used to the style of a
Pope collar. On one occasion in re-
turning from a mission, I had as a com-
panion on the stage a big fat German,
well known in these parts. He was
in conversation with me and I con-
cluded the joke was on me. I could not
find any reason, until, coming from the
dining-room a man asked me: "Are you a
Mormon elder?" It occurred also that
people, seeing me going over the road,
repeatedly asked: "Are you a travel-
ling man?"

"Yes."
"For what company do you travel?"
"I travel for the biggest company in
the world."
They were staring at me, eager to
hear the name—"For the Roman Catho-
lic Church!"

Then they were silent for a moment
and, I suppose, satisfied.
It is astonishing that non-Catholics,
as a rule, are not prejudiced against
our religion. They say the Western
people are broad-minded, and it seems
true. The reason, in my opinion, lies
not in their knowledge of our religion,
but in indifference. They do not care
much for religion. When the Catholics
give an entertainment, supper or
social, they are always well patron-
ized.

The population of this country is
American, although there is a consid-
erable number of foreigners working on
the government irrigation project in
the vicinity of Cody. These men never
avail themselves of the opportunity of
hearing Mass. Last winter I was
anxious to say Mass at a camp where
seven hundred men were employed.
There were over two hundred Ital-
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nationalities. The services was announ-
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without seeing a priest have adhered to
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There is no doubt that the Catholic
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built their church right in the start. I
was told that the Methodist minister at
Cody receives a salary of \$1,000 a year,
and has his parsonage furnished. Other
denominations, such as Presbyterians,
Episcopalians and Baptists, have their
churches. There is also a large settle-
ment of Mormons, comprising four or
five villages. The German Lutherans
have a settlement, with church and pa-
sonage, near the railroad. There are how-
ever a few "old timers," who, not with-
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of my support. There is no such a thing
as salary; the income of a year does not
pay for the support of the priest.

The Master I serve has, as yet, no
house in this region wherein to dwell,
neither has His servant. I rent a room
which serves as a parlor, reception room,
bedroom and church, for I offer the
Holy Sacrifice on a dresser, even at
home. While at the missions I accept
the hospitality of some family. In the
country the good-will of the people is
better than the bed.

When I first came to this country my
appearance caused public curiosity;
Roman were not used to the style of a
Pope collar. On one occasion in re-
turning from a mission, I had as a com-
panion on the stage a big fat German,
well known in these parts. He was
in conversation with me and I con-
cluded the joke was on me. I could not
find any reason, until, coming from the
dining-room a man asked me: "Are you a
Mormon elder?" It occurred also that
people, seeing me going over the road,
repeatedly asked: "Are you a travel-
ling man?"

the nations that know not God." (Tobias
viii, 5.)

It is, therefore, a matter of the most
serious moment with pastors of souls that
the Catholic flock should be frequently
warned and exhorted to avoid rashness,
impudence and a spirit of unbelief in
difference to the Church, in making
engagements of marriage. First of all,
no one should become engaged to a
non-Catholic. It may be that in some
cases this may be excusable or hardly
avoidable. But it must never be for-
gotten that the Catholic Church strong-
ly disallows such marriages, and that
there are numerous evil results and
spiritual dangers which in mixed
marriages are almost sure to happen.
Our young men, we fear, are growing
more and more ready to take up with
young women who are not of their own
faith. The true Catholic spirit, first,
to try in genuine earnest to find a wife
who is a Catholic, and, secondly, if
no one suits of marriage, to appear
engagement until a proper dispensation
has been obtained from the Bishop.

Next, a man or woman who is think-
ing of marriage should try to make sure
that the other party is a person who
will not make his or her life miserable.
There are drunken, idle and loose living
young men who are sometimes extem-
perately attractive to weak-minded girls,
and a girl who marries a man of that
stamp is a victim of a most pitiful and
unhappy fate. A man who is a
foolish, bad-tempered and extravagant
girl will never know what it is to have
a happy home. Careful consideration and
the advice of competent persons would
prevent such marriages; but what too
often happens is that a momentary pas-
sion, or a short period of frivolous com-
pany-keeping, precipitates the impru-
dent youth or maiden into an engage-
ment that is bitterly repented almost
as soon as it is made.

Christian marriage is the divine ma-
chinery which creates the Christian
home; and there is nothing, not even
the Pastorale and the treasures com-
mitted to it in this world and the
next more essentially depends than the
happy Christian home. For all the dis-
pensation of divine grace by the minis-
ters of Christ may be said to be useless
and of no effect unless there is the
Christian home to receive it. It is the
Christian home that provides the
Christian marriage, and that provides
the better part, but it is for the minor-
ity must come from the Christian
family. It is the multiplication and the
exaltation of the family and the home
that may be truly said to constitute the
people of God, to make the Church pos-
sible, and to give to the world that
noble creation of God, the Christian
state. Surely it is not too much