DEC. 5, 1903.

cution in more or less it would seem impos poor and humble Franhave during so many inued to live and to ngdom of Christ in such mstances as they were atly antagonized by the ristian and the hostile God, however, moved gave them great re onversion to the faith eir enemies about the e superior of the schisof Amba, Bakum, conwed into the Catholic ractically became the ndigenous clergy which ave many priests and the Church. With the of this clergy the fucism in Egypt is, we , and we believe that monasteries of Upper e long harken to of our late lamented this native Coptic nciscans have turned of the old missions ot--Akmim, Gamula, all these missions there are schools for conducted by the mission ers; in one Egypt there are over hildren thus being secular and religious

ive their origin from ptian inhabitants of optas, the modern distance north of ristian Copts, with iests and hermits, is in the early ages that they. poss asteries, which have our own day, of which, unfortunay in the hands of e their predecessors, ze the supremacy of Nubia and Ethio seven ecclesiastical pt, containing nine-

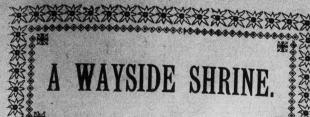
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day is the head of Church in Egypt, out 500,000 Chrisatholic inhabitants ate of Alexandria in 1895, when the sus was taken.

Beni-Suef, about f Fayoum, was be-year 1888, when we the Italian Nationn two schools for began the erection nd in January of as dedicated under St. Anthony, abwill be convinced e do not indulge in es when we inform al cost of these g the purchase of out \$8,000. Tothe year 1902 a asylum was foundunder the care Sisters. Here, as on work, we m te to those devot-

articularly since een re-enforced by ral tertiaries of Francis, have done e natives friendly rs the difficulties

ic missionary en l of the Pharaohs, the hostility ismatics, together ic efforts of Am-Protestants, who lied with pecuninay feel fairly bors of the past rward confidently l of Roman Cath--Rev. Fortunato I., in Catholic 5.



SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1903.

unfortunate as to belong to him. The

more of stations on two, at least, of

the great lines stretching across the

Rockies into the golden, sunlit land

Singleton, out on the alkali plains

was one of these. But here the mon

otony of the dead sandy level, which

had wearied the eyes of the travel-

lers along the road, was relieved by

east of the station and ran at cross-

purposes with the compass towards

the north-west, growing deeper as it

ran until, evidently weary of finding

an outlet lower than itself, it gradu-

ally widened and lost itself in the

But near the station it made a per-

eptible gash in the surface of the

earth. The bottom was really moist

at times, and between the sides one

could be partially sheltered from the

fierce beating of the sun, while a

few blades of grass struggled after a

On the side next to the station,

and consequently concealed from it,

stood a 1 ttle girl, clad, seemingly,

in a single faded calico garment. On

her head was an old, wide-brimmed

straw hat, as torn and dilapidated

one the idea that sun and alkali had

Not so odd was her appearance,

however, as the object before which

she was standing in almost mute ad-

oration. Cut in the side of the rav-

ine was a little grotto, if so humble

a hole in the ground could be design-

ated by such a name, which she had

dug with a fire-shovel borrowed from

the station. It was only a few feet

in width and scarcely deep enough to

hold a pine box once used to con-

tain crackers. Upon the rear of this

had been placed a smaller box, and

both had been laboriously covered

with brown wrapping paper, such as

comes from the grocer or hardware

man around sugar or nails. Yet it

was evident from the pride and hap-

piness showing in the little maid'

face, that for her this hole in the

side of the gulch had some potent

Upon the upper, smaller box, had

two sticks together with a string,

meaning

Dehblog

gave

as her dress. Her appearance

shrunk both figure and garment.

foreordained failure of existence.

gully, which started a dozen rods

the Texas and Pacific Railroad,

continent and climbing over

high

of the Pacific Coast

burning plains.

ing

over the rails. This de-

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

People making the "overland jour- | look in her eyes was pathetic to see, as it was called in years gone even in one who has grown wrinkled by, to California are impressed by and gray under the world's rough desolateness of the wayside stahand. tions along the great railroads after

As she sat there, her mind busy one goes beyond civilization, into the with the reasons for this shrine in alkali region of what was once a slough from which the water had known as "The Great American Dedried centuries ago, she became lost sert." These lonely stations consist in childish meditation. There was a of a box-like telegraph operator's ofpicture in her little brain, faint and fice, a diminutive waiting-room in now fading, of a passenger coach and which few people ever have occasion a sick mamma; the alighting at this to wait, and a living-room for the wayside station, and a led in the operator and his family, if one is so hot waiting room. Then, all of a sudden her mamma refused to speak only other structure within miles of to her, and the operator had brought the place is a great water tank, a in a long board and laid her mamma few rods up the road, with its windupon it. The little maiden had tried mill pump and its iron spout hangto hug her mamma, but mainma was stiff and cold, and would not even cription will fit any of a score or smile.

Some things in the next few days were very weird and dim in the maiden's mind. She could remember several men putting her mamma in a ox, and of a walk out on the burning sand,-a hole and mamma put down into it. She had cried when they did this, and grasped the hand of the station agent, who had hold of one end of the rope which was ictting the long box down into the ground. But her strength was too feeble to stop him. Then the men rattled the sand and earth down upon her mamma, and Miriam sat down and cried.

The next few days were very vague and misty in her mind. She remembered snatches of conversation between the agent and the train-men, from which she had gleaned that she had a father somewhere, but no one knew where. And the agent said that she should stay with him and his wife for awhile at least.

She remembered her papa, a kindfaced man with black whiskers, who used to cuddle her in his arms, and she wanted him, oh so much. row! She knew the station agent had telegraphed all along the line, telling of the waif left at Singleton station, and asking about her father; but he could learn nothing.

Then, as the long, hot days dragged themselves across the desert, the idea somehow filtered into her little brain that if she could only do some thing to propitiate the Blessed Virgin, she would be able to find her papa. For all her short life she had been carefully trained in the belief that the Mother of God was a sure refuge for her children. Now, in her extremity, she decided to test this refuge! Test it? No! The childish faith needed no test! She would simply do something to please the Virgin, and the Virgin would bring back her papa! There was no doubt about that! Doubt is left for older people. But what could a little girl out on the plains find to do that would please the Lady in Heaven? Carefully she ran over her small accomplish ments and opportunities for "extra-ordinary works of devotion," but none of them offered such an opening

as she thought would be satisfactory een fixed a cross, made by tying Once she almost decided on the conversion of the station agent, but the magnitude of the undertaking disways of grace

There had been a wreck of a freight train a few miles east, and the express was being held at Singleton until it could be cleared away. There were not many passengers, and the few there were found nothing in the bare plains to draw them from the coaches. Save one, an official of the road, Chicago, bound, who alighted walked around to stretch and his legs. The process led him to the ra vine where Miriam was seated, he stood gazing at her and the queer and little hole in the earth for a moment before she discovered his presence. "Quite a play-house, my little woman!" said the official, for he wa genial man, with a love for children,

whatever strikers and disgruntled employees might think of him. "'Tain't a play-house," replied Miriam promptly.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. What is it then, if I may ask?" the manager persisted, with a smile which won the confidence of the littles priestess "It's a shrine t' th' Bless'd Virgin.

I built it myself 'cause I want her to find my papa." The general manager was not a

Christian, yet there was something so wistful and earnest in the face of the ragged girl before him that his face became unusually grave as he asked:

"Who are you, daughter? Maybe I can help you find your papa."

"Oh! did the Blessed Virgin send you?" Miriam exclaimed, jumping up, and a smile spreading over her face. "Did she? Oh! I'n so glad."

"Not so fast, little one," the official replied, a trifle sadly. "But, who knows? Perhaps she did. Tell m who you are and why you have dug this queer little hole in the ground.' Rapidly Miriam told her pitiful story. There was not a doubt in her nind now, notwithstanding his disclaimer, that this man had been sont by the Virgin to help her. And at the end of her recital the man clear ed his throat as he asked very gent-

'What is your name, little one?'' "Miriam.

"Miriam! How long have you been ere, child?'

"Oh! a long time. Most a year, I guess," the girl answered wearily. "And what was your pap's name?"

"I know that 'cause it's in my prayer-book," and lifting a corner of the brown wrapping paper from her altar, she drew forth a child's prayer-book.

"There, you can read it," she said, turning to the front fly-leaf and handing the book to the manager. He took it from her hands and read:

"William Kennedy." "Um-m," was all he uttered for a noment. Then, stretching out his hand to the girl, he gravely said: "Come, little one. Let us go up to the station. Perhaps I can find

your papa for you." "I knew the Blessed Virgin sent

"Perhaps she did, without my knowing of it," the general manager replied thoughtfully.

"The wreck is cleared away," was the operator's greeting, as the offcial appeared at the station, leading Miriam by the hand. "Where's the engineer?"

"Here, sir," replied that person who had left his engine in charge of the fireman and was talking to the conductor. "Can you make up fifteen minutes spiracy, which they speak about in

nore between here and Tucson?" "If we don't run across another vreck I can.'

"Then, conductor, hold the train a quarter of an hour longer."

But the train was not held that long. Ten minutes proved sufficient for all requirements. The general

express reached Tucson on time. the terminus of that division they found William Kennedy. He was Miriam's papa. And to this day, the little girl, now grown to be a WOman, firmly believes the general manager was sent by the Blessed Virgin in answer to her prayers .-- Charles C. Hahn, in the Catholic World.

FALSE TESTIMONY.

other institutions in the world, says

has to be attacked, the most ele-

mentary rules of fair play, and even

of common sense, are cast to the

winds. So it has been from the first.

In a well-known passage, which we

shall make no apology for quoting

in this very feature of her history

continues (Essay on Development, c

"On the whole I conclude as fol-

lows: If there is a form of Christi-

anity now in the world which is ac-

cused of gross superstition, of bor-

rowing its rites and customs from

forms and ceremonies an occult vir-

tue-a religion which is considered to

burden and enslave the mind by its

requisitions, to address itself to the

weak-minded and ignorant, to be

supported by sophistry and impost-

ure, and to contradict reason and ex-

religion the doctrines of which, be

they good or bad, are to the gener-

alt mere irrational faith- * * *

ways, or what may be plausibly de-

fended; a religion such that men look

at a convert to it with a feeling

which no other sect raises except Ju-

daism, Socialism, or Mormonism,

with curiosity, fear, disgust, as the case may be; * * * * a religion

which men hate as proselytizing, an-

tisocial, revolutionary, as dividing

families, separating chief friends, cor-

rupting the maxims of government,

making a mock at law, dissolving

the empire, the enemy of human na

ture, and 'a conspirator against its

rights and privileges;' a religion which they consider the champion

and instrument of darkness, and a

pollution calling upon the land the

anger of heaven; a religion which

they associate with intrigue and con-

whispers, which they detect by anti-

use simply as a bad epithet,

a religion

the heathen, and of ascribing

once more, Cardinal Newman

that which most plainly

the primitive Church.

iv. i.) :

dinary manner in which, when

Among the obvious marks which Pray, little lads and lasses gay, distinguish the Church from One lesson do not lose;

all .

she

finds

identifies

the Month, none is more notable	way,
than the part played by false testi- mony in the process eternally in pro-	Oh, mind your P's and O'at
grass against i	

SOME P'S AND Q'S.

gress against her, and the extraor-For while P stands for pears' and plums,

For peace, politeness, praise, For pleasantness and plays, For patience and for promptitude, For peace, politeness, praise

Yet, lackaday! it leads in pert, In pinches, pests and pain, Perverse and petulant and pry, And also in profane.

Catholicism as we see it to-day with Q stands for Quaker quietness. Having carefully examined the his-For quinces, quality, For quickness and for queenliness, tory of the first centuries, he thus

For quaint and quittance free.

But then it heralds quake and quail, And querulous—indeed, And quibbles, quarrels, quips and quirks,

And quacks it serves at need.

Then watch them, little maids and men For folks will soon excuse

Full many a fault and foible when You mind your P's and Q's.

-Elizabeth Carpenter.

ality of men unknown, which is con-AT THE LAST .- Although John sidered to bear on its very surface Frederick never went to Mass himsigns of folly and falsehood so dis elf, he did not interfere with "Little tinct that a glance suffices to judge John," as his son was called in the of it, and careful examination is previllage. The mother of the boy had posterous; which is felt to be so simbeen a good Christian, and there was ply bad, that it may be calumniated a time when John himself had been at hazard and at pleasure, it being a faithful attendant at Mass and the nothing but absurdity to stand upon sacraments. Still Little John never the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painremembered the time when his father had put his foot inside the door of fully to determine how far this or the church. that story is literally true, what Drink and dissipation had sodden must be allowed in candor, or what is improbable, or what cuts two

his faculties; he had grown so stupid of late that he seldom worked. All they had to depend on was the proluct of the vegetable garden, which Little Johnnie took care of between running errands and doing chores for the neighbors.

One morning the boy said to his father: "Father, the priest said yesterday evening at Vespers that he would like some more boys to serve. May I learn?"

"Learn!" answered his father, 'there isn't much to learn; you just have to wait on him at the altar." "But I don't know any Latin." "He would teach you enough to nswer the prayers." "And I haven't any good clothes."

"That's so," said John, eying his son's ragged garments. "I'll have to put in a week on the railroad when I feel better; you do need a new suit. Johnnie."

cipation in whatever goes wrong, and The boy's eyes brightened, not so to which they impute whatever is unmuch at the prospect of a new suit, come of my boy?" as at the idea of his father going to "I will take care accountable; a religion the very name of which they cast out as evil, and work again. Once actively employed, |ed the priest. "I have long been and he hoped some ambition would re-

sock and surplice." And I'll be glad to have the clothes, but not just now. I think-I think-Father, it would be a good thing if my father thought he would have to get me clothes. It would put him in the way of working, and maybe make him all right again."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

your

IT

"Maybe so, Little John," answered Father Moeller, doubtfully. He feared that all the money John earned would be spent in drink, but did not like to discourage the boy.

'Your father has had a good thought and means well," he said. "God will reward the poor man for his intention, no matter how it turns out; and the clothes are there for you, whenever you want them. I won't give them to anybody else. Come in again to-morrow evening, and I will teach you to pronounce the Latin, and then give you a little book on the manner of serving Mass."

Just then old Anthony, the sexton, tapped on the door. He was an odd, eccentric individual from Father Moeller's town in Germany, and both had brought many of the church customs of their native land into the little country village where they now lived. For instance, Father Moeller seldom attended a sick call, to administer the Viaticum unaccompanied by Anthony, ringing a little bell, to let the villagers know, as he said, that our Lord was passing by. And at the summons everybody would pause in their work, make the sign of the cross, and breathe a prayer for the soul in extremis.

Johnnie's father obtained work on the railroad, which was being extended for some miles into the country, where it was to meet a branch line. All that week he toiled faithfully, and on Saturday night was coming home with his money in his pocket. Manfully he passed the saloon near the depot, as well as that nearest to his home. Drawing a long breath of thankfulness, he was about to open the gate which led to his dwelling-house. Johnnie, standing on the door-step, hastened to meet him. Suddenly, as the man's hand was on the gate-latch, a horse, maddened with fright, plunged around the corner, and, dashing against him, threw him down and trampled upon him, then went on in its mad career.

Johnnie rushed out to him. His father was dreadfully injured, but he could speak.

"The priest, Johnnie," he said; "go, go!"

The boy did not tarry. He flew to the rectory. Father Moeller respond-ed at once. Leading the way with Anthony, who carried his little bell in one hand, while in the other he bore a lantern containing a blessed candle, poor, ragged, trembling Little Johnnie conducted them to his father's side. There, in the open gateway of his own home, the last sacraments were administered to his father.

When the rites were over, the dying man murmured, "What will be-

"I will take care of him," answerwatching him "Thank you, Father," he whispered. "In my pocket-Johnnie - the ten dollars for your suit. It was hard to pass the saloons, but I'did it, Little John-" That was all. A long-drawn breath, a tight clasp of the hand on that of his boy, and the poor man had gone to meet his God. And who shall say that the six days of toil e had passed, the conquering of one of the most violent temptations ever uffered by mortal man, had not redeemed much in his life of sin? We shall not be the ones to doubt it .- Mary E. Mannix, in the Young Catholic Messenger.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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ibers.

a premium ber a neatly the Golden vho will send cash for 5 s to the True

plendid opain a most nicle of the Catholics laymen in g the past

and on each side of it the ond of a candle had been m dropping a bit of melted tallow were decidedly limited. on the box and pressing the candle end Miriam's heart was very sad when, upon it. On the front was pasted like a rift in the cloud, came an the solitary ornament belonging to spiration) She would build a shrine the child-a holy picture which she to the Good Mother of Jesus! had taken from her prayer-book — a little print of the Virgin and Child. Wearily, day after day, she dug in to the bank of the ravine, until an Upon the larger box, which might be irregular and entirely inartistic hole asidered the altar of this wayside had been excavated. With infinite shrine, were reverently laid the treapains and labor, which brought blissures of the little devotee; a hit of ters to her fingers, she toiled on uncolored glass, picked up at the foot. til her self-imposed task was finishof a telegraph pole, where it had ed; and then her heart exulted! n when no longer fit for insulat-She had done something to please electric messages; a round, oth, and highly polished piece of ing electric the Virgin! She had built her Altar in this lonely land, and the hard coal, chosen by her for its Virgin would find her papa for her! depth of coloring, and one or two While Miriam was thus dreamin of a size and color which had she heard the whistle of the east leased the eye of this child collector bound express coming across as she wandered around the station plains, and a few minutes later knew Pitiful as they appeared, the treasfrom the sounds of unusual activity ures of her heart were here laid upon the Altar of the Virgin. And, to her, no temple with lofty spires and gleaming marble altars could have been half so radiantly beautiful as this papered cracker-box stuck in the side of a dry raving es of her heart around, that it had stopped at th tation. But for once the great sensation of the day had no attraction or her. She still dreamed on; then at least five minutes later, recovered ide of a dry ravine. The child sat down on a lump of with a start and found herself wor ing why the express had not pass earth removed from the niche durin her labors of construction, and he uses glanced wearly over the bur ing plains, across which the iro I ran. It was a weary, old I he little face, a face which, the laws of God, man, and

ed by. In the midst of her ights she had completely forgoten it. It was still standing on the nain track by the station, and she heard voices; one railroad man was t will take an hour to clear the and then cursed their luck in eld at such a God-forsaken

manager hastily probed the station agent for Miriam's history; and as he was only too glad to find some one interested in the waif, the tion agent speedily told all he knew about her.

"I know a William Kennedy, has been mourning the loss of his wife and child for nearly a year,' said the general manager, when the recital was ended. "He came to our road from Kansas City, and told story of having met with an accident ust as his wife and daughter started for California. He lay in the hospital, unconscious, for weeks, and when discharged, he could get no ation. trace of them. It nearly drove him crazy. That was why the operator here and the train-men on this division could learn nothing of him was in the hospital, ignorant of the fact that his wife had died. And at that time he was not engaged CI this road. He is a civil engineer, and last month was employed to sur vey a branch road for us through Texas. If you have no objection will take the girl along with me and hunt him up. If he does not prove to be her father, I will take her on home with me. She will be no worse off than here." "Couldn't be," muttered the en-

the

Well what more need he told? The

enera, manager took Miriam with im. The engineer made up the for y minutes lost, and the east-barm

which from the impulse of selfser. vation they would persecute if they could-if there be such a religion now n the world, it is not unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it, when first it came forth from its Divine Author."

How exactly this description portrays the course adopted by a tain section of our antagonists, the weelay performances of what dis-tinctively styles itself the religious press abundantly testify. Nothing is too gross and ridiculous for it to as sert about us, nor seemingly for its readers to swallow, and no refutation of a slander, however complete, in the least interferes with its reiter

CONVICTS AND THE COMMAND-MENTS.

Of more than 2,000 prisoners r ceived in the Ohio State Prison last year not one could repeat the Ter Commandments, though many proessed to be sons of church members. -New York World.

turn to him. As things were now, he earned only scanty dimes occa-sionally, and all these were left in the saloon.

"And I would have to borrow surplice and cassock until I could earn the price of them," said John-

"I'll get them for you all right, son," responded his father. "You are a good boy, and if you find pleasure in going to church and being pious, I shall not object, and your mother would have liked it. I'll go down to the tracks to-morrow morning, son, and try to get work."

Little John was delighted. All that day he went about singing and smil ing. His father was not in the nouse when the day's work was finished, so Johnnie ate a piece of dry bread and took a drink of water before going around to Father Moeller's to ask him if he would allow him to serve Mass. The priest was at supper. His housekeeper, with whom the boy was a favorite, made him sit down have some cold ham and slicer

When he was ushered into Father Moeller's presence and made his re-quest, the pricet was very willing. "T'll lend you a surplice and a cas-sock Johnnie," he said. "In fact, I'll give you one. The Williams boy this with me when the family ved away. They were too small him. You may have them; and, the way. I have a couple of suits his that I will give you, also?"

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest de-sire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, also improve yourself.

The Blessed Sacrament is not one thing out of many; but it is all things, and all in one and all better than they are in themselves, and all ours and for us—and it is desire.

False happiness renders men st and proud, and that bappings never communicated. True hap renders them kind and sensible

Marriage based on honest affection will withstand the ravages of time. Subscribe to the

"True Witness"