

# THE WANDERER.

There was presage of a storm. Masses of blue-black clouds hung over the sunset. The wind wailed and died, and died and wailed. In the roadway rusty leaves leaped suddenly to the air, eddied and swirled, strove to unite with the tree that had cast them, shivered in the dyke. At the fringe of the cloud there was a star.

A stile had been fixed at the turning of the road. It had three bars and a step to cross by. On either side the hedge grew thickly, and there also two trees, like guardians, gait in the horizon light with picturesque. But it had its uses. On the further side there stretched a path across the meadow; it led to the old house that had stood among the beech trees through generations. From the stile you could see the turrets above the tree tops. The inheritor of the name of Dalrymple, the Squire, lived there. If you followed the road you would also come to the Hall, and enter by the great gate. But the pathway was nearer by far.

On the side of the pathway, in the angle where it joined the stile, there lay a pond. In the district thereabout it was looked on as a place of ill omen and back to a time out of mind the children of Dalrymple had passed it at nightfall with speedy steps and eyes averted. Yet not to folk learned in lore but to the wildness of the place itself, should you go for the reason. The trees grew close to the centre, where the banks were widest. If a stranger should take a stone and hurl it to that point he would get in return a tone so deep and resonant as well might make him wonder. Now the trunks cracked and whined, and the wind whistled in the branches. And the shadows were black on the pond.

A man was seated on the stile, his back to the road and his eyes were fixed upon the turret tops above the trees. He had come upon a journey; you could tell it from his boots. He was hungry; you could tell it from his eyes. Such a man, indeed, as one would pass upon the further side of the road, and be glad to get rid of toward evening. What hangs to the feet one vaguely calls "boots," with him it was scraps of leather. And how thin he was! Through the rents in his garments there peeped out angles so sharp that the coldest, if he saw them, could scarcely withhold his pity. At the points they were lacerated by thorns but the blood had congealed and lay matted thickly with the dust of travel. His hands were like claws. Long, sinewy, toll-stained, they protruded shamefully from his rags, and, clutching the rail upon either side, kept him fixed on his narrow perch.

There is a penny that chills the blood. It was in the face of that man Coarse, tangled, thickly clothed with dust, his hair hung loose and rank upon his shoulders. A scanty growth of unkempt beard, streaked and tinged with gray, bristled from the lower portions of his face, as weeds grow sparsely on the arid soil. His cheeks were scolloped that the bones above stuck out like the knuckles on a man's clenched fist. The color of his skin had come through time and a sameness of treatment, to accord with the dull, coarse brown of his hair and his clothes. His eyes, lustreless, deep sunk in the sockets, stained at the margins with blood, were wild, gazing at the turrets of the Hall. I have seen such a look upon the face of a starving dog.

The wind wailed in the branches, and the clouds massed in the west, but the man sat still upon the stile. But when those who were hurrying from the storm come by, he moved to let them pass; yet ever he dropped upon the side that was furthest from the Hall. Such as were women eyed him askance, and such as were men with wonder. But not a soul passed him a salutation. So the man remained, and the birds cried out for the storm. Then two maids returning to the Hall came to the stile and tossed their heads, resenting that he should soil with his clothes the rail which their skirts must touch.

Yet the stile was his own. Not the stile alone; but the grass at his feet and the great house at the end of the pathway, and the broad acres that pressed it round. There was warmth and good cheer at the house. Still the man moved not. Had the journey been long, and did he linger to rest at the stile? Or did he wait there for some one who tarried?

Then there came the prattle of children's voices in the road. They babble merrily as their nurse presses them on from the storm. And they passed the man by. Then their voices ceased, and their feet sped faster still and many a frightened glance they cast behind them as they walked, and hurried again. So they heeded not the pond. But the man watched them wonderingly. And he saw a laborer approach along the pathway, returning from his work. The pipe he smoked glowed warmly, and the man shivered. But at the stile he spoke to the laborer and his voice was hoarse, as one that is seldom used.

"What children are those?" he asked. The workman stopped abruptly and looked at the man in surprise. He wondered at the questioner, I doubt not, and, may be, he wondered at the question. "Them?" he said, at last, in a strong broad-accent. "Them's the Squire's barns."

"But I thought that the Squire was an old man?"

"Towd Squire? Why, bless your life, 'e's been dead this ten year."

There was a pause. And then the man said: "So these are the children o' his?"

"No," said the workman, "it wintn be the eldest. 'E wanted 'is brother's gal, and 'cos she would a nowt to say to 'im 'e went away 'is sulks. And 'e never come back no more. Aye, that was twenty year ago."

"And what became of him?"

"Aye, bless your life 'ow should I know? 'E's dead, they say."

"And the brother married the lady?"

"Aye, that 'e did."

There was silence; for the man was gazing at the turrets. The laborer was about to move away. But the man entered in with another question.

"And are they happy, those two?"

"Aye?" Again the workman seemed amazed at the question. "Way, it's beautiful to see 'em. Aye, often and often when they pass the road my eyes are drawn to 'em, and I wonder at 'em, 'cos they seem to be so happy."

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"Jim, it's a picture," she says, and I says to 'er, 't is, says I. 'Appy?' And the workman smiled.

But the man at the stile was silent. From the heavens there shot a jagged streak of light. For a moment it lit up the faces of the two men; then the darkness had fallen like a pall. And the workman laid his hand upon the shoulder of the traveler.

"Look, 'ere, stranger," he said, "don't know 'oo you be, or where yer come from, or what yer doing 'ere, but you seem a civil sort, and I'll tell you this: we're going to 'ave such a night as not many I these parts 'll remember the likes on, and if ye've got a place to go to, don't wait no longer, but make tracks; and if you 'ave'n't, why come yer ways along o' me."

The stranger seemed moved; but he replied: "I thank you. You are very kind. I have shelter from the storm." As he spoke his eyes were trained across the stile. So the laborer passed on his way. And the storm gathered. Thunderous clouds loomed densely overhead. The air was thick, and pressed upon the brow. A great breeze from 'the rushes at the pond's verge and shrieked to a surer refuge. The wind dropped.

But the man lingered. And over in the meadow, on the pathway, there appeared a light. It drew nearer, and swung gently to and fro. The traveler saw it was carried in the hand of a man walking. He was clad in a coat that was lined with fur, and his face was soft and white. At the stile he saw the man. He frowned, and would have passed. But the stranger stopped him.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he said. The other raised his lantern till it shone in the face of the man. He shuddered slightly, and again would have passed on his way. But the traveler stood before him, so that the path was closed.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he repeated. "By what right do you bar my way? The tones were quiet but imperative as of a man accustomed to receive deference. "And why do you call me by name?"

"I have news of your brother," said the man.

"He is alive?" The words were said gladly, but there was a gulp at his throat when he spoke. The man saw the gulp.

"He will never return," he replied. "By what means," said the Squire, "can I tell that you speak with authority?"

The man put his hand beneath his rags and drew forth the faded photograph of a woman. On the back there was a name written. He passed it to the Squire.

The Squire looked at it. And he turned it over and read what was written on the back. Then he raised his hand and uncovered his head. And he said to the man: "May I keep this memento?" And the man nodded.

"What you tell me," he said quietly, "is only that which, necessarily, I have always understood. Nevertheless, this confirmation grieves me deeply." There was real sorrow in his voice. And that, too, the man noticed. "Did my brother leave no message?"

"He spoke much of a woman," said the man.

"Can you tell me her name?"

"It is Marianna."

The Squire was silent. Then, softly, "Poor fellow," and again, "Poor fellow," he himself. "It is my wife of whom he spoke," he said to the man.

"I trust she is well," said the man.

"She is very well. I left her but now with the children."

As he spoke the first heavy raindrops fell from the clouds. They were ominous of the storm to come. On the water in the pool they pattered softly.

"I fear," said the Squire, "you have traveled far and are weary. It is possible you are at a distance from your home, and there is a terrible night before us. The rain has already begun. You may hear it on the pond. Will you not go to the Hall for some rest and refreshments?"

"I thank you," said the man, replying in almost the words he had used to the laborer. "I have all I need."

And again his eyes seemed to gaze into the darkness beyond the stile.

There was the sound of a rumble of wheels on the road, and two lights shone out through the dimness. The lights brightened; the sound cleared, a brougham and pair drew up at the turning.

"My carriage meets me here," said the Squire, "and I am somewhat pressed for time. But you have laid me under a deep obligation. Is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"There is one," said the man. "I should like to shake you by the hand." The Squire hesitated. It was only momentary. But a flush rose to the hollow cheek of the stranger. "It is my hands," he said. "I will wash them in the pond."

But the Squire had drawn off his sealskin glove, and he held out his soft, white palm. The other clutched it in his bony hand, and for a moment the eyes of the two men met in the light of the lamp. The Squire started, and released his grasp. There was a look in his face that held something of fear.

When he entered his brougham the look remained still on his face.

And the man sat again on the stile. In the darkness the lights from the Hall shone brightly, and he gazed at the lights. Then he turned his eyes to the trees that were dim round the pond and again from the pond to the lights. Was there peace in the pond? So the man crossed the stile. In the hush before the storm there was a great cry. It was a cry of despair; yet a cry of hope, of joy.

The Squire heard it, and stopped his horse. The laborer heard it as he entered his cottage, and lingered at the door till his wife called out to him in the draught. The children at the Hall heard it as they sat at tea, and dropped their spoons askance, listening to hear it again. But the trees at the pond bent closely; the circles melted away. And the storm burst—Black and White.

## GREETING TO THE NEW YEAR.

Four hand, New Year, 'since we must  
Through the strange circles of the seasons  
Plodding lonely paths 'mid drifting snow  
When days are dark and whirling temp-  
ests roar.  
Will your strong guiding arm be round  
me pressed?  
And when the ice bars melt and warm  
blue streams  
Laugh in the sun and leap toward the  
sea.  
Will you then share my happy spring-  
time dreams—  
The waking songs that birds and poets  
know?  
And when red roses burn on hended  
sprays,  
And lovers roam through shadowy wood-  
land ways,  
Will you keep kindly pace. And last  
when brown  
the sweet fields, and faded leaves  
come down,  
And we are tired both and faint to rest,  
Will you be friends with me, still true and  
near?  
Take my hand and heart, dear com-  
rade year.

## IN OTHER CLIMES.

How New Year's is Observed in Many Lands.  
The Ancient Reckoning.  
In Mexico the day which is really our 23d of February is often kept with many characteristics of an old-fashioned English May day. Young women, handsomely dressed, dance around a pole to which are a number of colored ribbons, and very much as the merry Maypoles of old did, interweave these ribbons into many hued patterns, producing charming effects. This is symbolic, when the dancers are all brought to the centre by their shortening ribbons, of the winding up of the seasons, and when their dancing draws them from near the pole, with their lengthening ribbons, the aspect of the whole is said to represent the expanding of the seasons. All this is accomplished to the air of a song generally composed for the occasion, and the whole exercise is poetic and graceful.

The Russians at their New Year's hold a feast dominated "The Feast of the Dead," or in the Russian language, "Raditz Sabal." On this day people visit the graves of their departed friends and place food upon them. The priests also attend and celebrate Mass, taking the food left upon the graves.

The Persian New Year corresponds to our June. The Abyssinians to our 28th of August. The Greeks make it September 1, the Chinese date it our first moon in March. The Turks and Arabs from the 16th of July, and our own red men reckon from the new moon of the vernal equinox.



In England the "historic year" has always commenced on the first day of January. Because William the Conqueror was crowned on that day. Historians have always commenced the year with the first of January, though in all civil affairs the ancient manner of reckoning from the 25th of March was retained until the year 1552, when by a statute passed under George II. it was enacted "that from and after the last day of December, 1551, the new year should commence on the first day of January."

The celebration of the day is in some respects similar in England to its observance in Scotland. It is customary to hold festive gatherings on the last day of the year for the purpose of "seeing the new year in." Balls, parties and family gatherings are the usual forms of grouping persons in the same social scale, while dinner parties among persons with old-fashioned ideas are not unusual. The amusements of the assembled guests continue in the usual manner until the approach of the midnight hour. A few minutes before which all festivity is suspended, and an awful attention begotten by listening for the first iron clanging of the clocks.

The moment the first stroke falls upon the ears of the assemblage a clapping of hands takes place, all glasses are raised, and mutual good wishes and toasts are rapidly passed, succeeded very often by a willing but not always musically skilled singing by all present of "Auld Lang Syne."

When the New Year  
Has a new moon,  
Pleasures come quick,  
And by away so soon.  
When the New Year  
Finds moon at the full,  
Pleasures come slowly,  
And doings are dull.  
—Youth's Companion.

New Year's Decoration in Japan.  
Simple and characteristic outdoor decorations make a Japanese city or village beautiful at the New Year season. One of the most common is the straw rope. A rope with many wisps of straw and strips of white paper hanging therefrom, and other objects such as seaweeds, ferns, a lemon (orange), a red lobster shell, dried persimmons, charcoal and dried sardines attached thereto, will be stretched either between the pine trees or above the doorway. Each of the articles just mentioned represents an idea—pine, bamboo, seaweeds and ferns—being evergreens, are emblems of constancy; the straw fringes, according to a legend often related, are supposed to exclude evil agencies; "the lobster by its long life is indicative of old age or long life;" the lemon (or orange) is called daihai, which word may also mean "generation (after) generation;" the dried persimmons are "sweets long and well preserved;" the sardines, from their always swimming in a swarm, denote "the wish for a large family," and the charcoal is "an imperishable substance."—Chicago Tribune.

## SEEK GAVE ME A ROSE.

How did it happen? Nobody knows—  
She gave me a rose,  
And I, bending nearer to see it the clearer,  
Well, now I suppose  
I just couldn't help it—twag as much a  
surprise  
To me as to her! Her beautiful eyes,  
Half started, said glad, looked up into  
mine.  
And before I had time  
To beg her sweet pardon I did it again.  
(Most wretched of men)  
But then, you know, Eve tempted Adam,  
and  
She tempted me! 'Prety—they should  
not give roses.  
For no one supposes  
A man to be perfect! 'Tis not I'm glad  
For if I had been I should not have had  
The exquisite bliss of that kiss!  
What man wouldn't miss  
The joy of perfection thereby to discover  
This joy of a lover?  
Some people might blame me, but,  
As every one knows,  
Eve tempted poor Adam, and she tempted  
me.  
She gave me a rose.  
—Harriet Francene Crocker.

## The Story of a Sailor

An Italian bark was floating lazily at anchor one Sunday of many summers ago off Staten Island. Watching her from the shore with loving and yet with a heart rebellious at having to return to her was a dark-eyed son of Italy, a tall sailor lad, with a clean-cut and intellectual face, just the sort of fellow who would go to sea for the love of it and yet feel that he was not filling the place intended for him in the great world.

Wandering about, wrapped in the dreams of being something more than a sailor, and yet oppressed with the fear of awakening to the necessity of returning to his duties on the ship, the sailor was startled to hear derisive shouts full of malice, and ugly words in a language he had difficulty in understanding.

The barbarity of the sounds was in strange contrast to the peace and good will that had inspired him as a part of the place he had found so pleasant. Just ahead of him he saw a crowd of toughs, young fellows of about his own age, striking a well-dressed boy, who was doing his best to defend himself against hopeless odds. He was a match for any one of them singly, and before the Italian had half comprehended what was going on, the movements had knocked down the boy whose good clothes had evidently excited their envy and hatred. They were beating him ferociously. This was more than the sailor could stand, and he rushed to the rescue.

The rowdies, seeing him coming, turned, wondering how he dared to interfere, and before they had time to thoroughly understand his purpose the largest of the crowd was sent sprawling by a well-intended and directed blow. A second was down before there could be a combined defense, and a third was reeling backward, the blood streaming from his nose and mouth. He was struck from behind, in front, and on every side, but he was strong and brave, and by a mighty effort threw his nearest foe upon those advancing upon him, and, turning, brought to his knees the one just behind him.

The shower of blows stopped for a second. The utterly surprised ruffians backed off to organize for a final onslaught. They had found close quarters dangerous, and several were badly injured. They stooped to pick up what was going on, the movements had knocked down the boy whose good clothes had evidently excited their envy and hatred. They were beating him ferociously. This was more than the sailor could stand, and he rushed to the rescue.

They had not counted on the Italian's native weapon. Before a hand was raised the sailor had drawn a long and wicked-looking knife. It gleamed in the sunlight. In his eyes there was the fierce, yellowish-green light that means mischief when accompanied by the stiletto. He half brouched and advanced stealthily on his foes. Each and every one felt that he was to be the victim, with the result that they all fled panic-stricken against the possibility of the gleaming knife.

The light died out in the eyes of the Italian. They were as sweet as a woman's as he bent over the prostrate boy, who was considerably hurt, and fearful of the return of his enemies. His gratitude to his protector, however, was greater than his fear, which he partly alleged as the reason his friend should take him home. He wanted his people to reward him. The sailor believing it his duty to see the boy through with his troubles, went with him to his home, where he was received with distinction and praised as highly for his bravery that he was ashamed. Though he could not understand much English, yet he was oppressed at the exaggerated importance these people evidently placed upon his having done his duty, an act so simple that he wondered what the old "padre" at home would think if he heard of it, lauded for doing what he had often taught him to do.

The boy's mother offered the sailor a handsome sum of money, and he watch, and though both were better than he had ever seen, yet he could not help thinking it a pity that the lady should so misunderstand him. Politely refusing, and thanking her he left to return to his ship, glad to get back to it after his rough experience on shore.

The next day a gentleman came aboard the bark to look for the sailor. She was the only one of her nationality lying off Staten Island and there he hoped to find and adequately reward the sailor who had rendered such timely service to his son. The Italian absolutely refused any reward.

It then occurred to the gentleman that perhaps the sailor might be tired of the sea and would accept employment ashore. "Would you be willing to leave the ship and work for me in New York?" he asked, and the sailor acknowledged that he would.

Now, as it happens, this is an absolutely true story, and the moral in it is, therefore, all the stronger. It is not a fairy tale, but a history of how it happened that a poor sailor from foreign shores found in America his country and the opportunity to be gin to be, in the sense of existing of a large scale, a power among his fellow men, and a hope to those who are starting on their struggles to win the

## Error of fortune and the rewards of success.

The sailor was Giovanni P. Morosini, and the gentleman whose son he saved from the brutality of a crowd of hoodlums, was a power in the Erie Railroad. He made the Italian youth a porter. He attended strictly to business, and worked for his employers, with the idea that their interests were his own. He soon called to himself the attention of a great financier—the late Jay Gould. He was made doorman in the financier's headquarters of the Erie road, then in the old Pike's Opera-House. He was clever as well as faithful, and soon mastered the English language. His memory for names and faces was remarkable and he proved himself of the greatest value.

Jay Gould remarked to his friends that the Italian was too good a man to be occupied as a doorman, and that he had tested his mathematics and found his a marvel. He was given a clerkship and then met with rapid promotion, advancement so fast that if he had not been a man of merit he would have lost his head. So great was the confidence of the financier in the Italian clerk that he put in his trust a petty account, a private one of which he never boasted, for he was a busy man of business to whom it would never have done to ascribe charitable motives. Morosini was made custodian of Jay Gould's accounts credited to "benevolence." That was his word for it, and his way of expressing his charities. It is not generally known that Jay Gould was given to giving, and those who were favored by his help have not been loud in proclaiming their gratitude or obligations. The ex-sailor could, if he would, contribute some interesting history of a side unknown to the public of Jay Gould's life, but he never will, for he is still faithful to the privacy that was a part of the nature of the man of millions.

Giovanni P. Morosini, the companion and confidant of the great financier, was given a thousand chances to make a fortune without betraying his chief, who was only too glad to see so faithful a servant prosper. It is to be said that he did not neglect his opportunities. He is to-day a metropolitan banker, a man whose name stands in the world of business as one of its princes.

His career after his start has been the same as many other successful men, and, therefore, to a degree commonplace, but it is well to remember that he was an Italian sailor full of courage, with a big heart that revolted at brutality and a strong arm that did not hesitate to use its strength in helping the weak. He was the one who risked his life to save from cruel abuse a small boy, and thereby was rewarded with an opportunity to win his way in the world, such as it offered to few men.—Robert Halstead.

## Origin of Tea Drinking.

China claims the origin of the use of tea as a drink. Of course, there are various stories connected with it, among which, perhaps, the following is quite as interesting and creditable as any.

As the tale runs, one of the daughters of a reigning sovereign was hopelessly enamored of a young nobleman whose caste did not permit him to aspire to her hand, but they exchanged glances, and occasionally he gathered a few blossoms and took means to have them conveyed to her.

One day the princess met her admirer in the grounds of the palace, and as the attention of her attendants was attracted in another direction, the young man tried to put a few flowers into her hand, but all that she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves and a single blossom.

This she treasured, and when she reached her apartments she placed the twig in a goblet of water, here to remain for some hours, the object of her tenderest care. Toward evening she was seized with a sentimental attack, during which she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. It had a most agreeable taste, and then she ate the leaves and stalk.

The flavor pleased her greatly, and every day, in memory of her admirer, she had bunches of the tea tree brought to her, and ate them, or put them in water and drank the infusion.

The ladies of the court observed her, and were moved to try it themselves, and did so with such pleasing result that the practice sprang up throughout the kingdom, and one of the greatest industries of China was thus established.

It is claimed that the date of the sentimental origin of tea-drinking was nearly 3,000 years before Christ.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## A Brave Young Officer.

During Napoleon's campaign in Russia, says Harper's Round Table, a young officer was very successful in defeating, with a handful of men, a large body of Cossacks who had been skirmishing along the line for some days doing considerable damage. The officer began to abuse the medical officer, and Napoleon, hearing of it, sent for him and praised him.

"Sir," said the officer, "I am happy for your praise, but the cross of the Legion of Honor would make me happier."

"But you are very young," said Napoleon.

"Sir," answered the brave officer, "we do not live long in your regiments."

## A 250 Prescription.

The Medical Press relates an amusing episode which took place in a dispensary in a small town in Tipperary, Ireland. One of the dispensary patients was dissatisfied with her medical officer and began to abuse the medical officer, who ordered her to leave the dispensary. As she would not go, he went out to fetch the porter, whereupon the patient locked herself up in the pharmacy, of which the key happened to be at hand, and occupied herself until the door could be broken open in mixing the contents of all the bottles. Before she could be removed she had compounded a shot-gun prescription to the value of about two hundred and fifty dollars.

A Double Surprise.  
Mr. Goody—I was surprised to see you in a helplessly intoxicated condition last evening.  
Stagger—I was surprised myself, I thought I could stand more.—Philadelphia North American.

## CATHOLIC AFFAIRS

### PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

#### New Churches, Schools and Charitable Institutions Being Erected in Many Parts of the Country—The Grand Work Being Done Our Sisterhoods.

Ohio is to have yet another parish and church. The latest issue of the Catholic Universe states that Bishop Hortsmann has just authorized the formation of a new parish at Krainer. It is an offshoot of the parish of St. Vitus and is designed especially for the convenience of those families who live in Newburg, four or five miles from the present church. It will consist of between five and six hundred members. The Rev. Francis Kerze has been appointed pastor of the new congregation, which is placed under the patronage of St. Lawrence. For the present, services will be held in the basement chapel of Holy Name church. A fine piece of property has been purchased, however, on Rural street, near Union, and the erection of a combination church and school will begin at once.

A double golden jubilee celebration was held at St. Francis' Convent last week in honor of Sisters Teresa and Alphonsa, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence (colored), who have completed a half century's career in the order. Solemn High Mass was celebrated and the Sisters were crowned by Cardinal Gibbons. More than a score of priests were present. Sister Teresa is a native of Baltimore and was at one time Mother Superior of the convent. She was compelled to resign her office on account of ill health. Her name in the world was Sarah Willigmann. Sister Alphonsa is also a native of Baltimore. Her name in the world was Frances Massonier.

A home for aged and infirm miners under Catholic auspices, the first institution of its kind in the country, is to be established in Salt Lake City. Bishop Scanlon, ordinary of Salt Lake recently received a letter from Mrs. Mary Judge, of that city, in which she expressed her desire to found such a home as a memorial to her deceased husband. The institution, which will include a hospital where unfortunate miners may receive proper medical and surgical treatment is to be conducted under Bishop Scanlon's management and control. "You may proceed with the necessary arrangements to that end," wrote Mrs. Judge, "and draw on me for all expenditures in connection therewith." It is understood that the unique charity will be once be made practicable.

The new church to be erected at Cassaba, Mich., is to cost about \$50,000, which includes the cost of the site, not yet decided on, says the Catholic Citizen. It is intended that a convent school shall be built later. The basement of the new church will be used for school purposes until such time as the school building is completed. Father Langan is meeting with splendid success in the raising of funds for the building of a new church there.

The Trappist Monks of the Monastery of Petit Clairvaux, R. I., have leased what is known as the Jason Sprague farm for a term of years. The property adjoins the land now owned by them, and will prove a valuable addition to their already large estate.

Rev. James J. Dougherty, rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, is supervising the erection of a clubhouse for a boys' club on the south side of 56th street, New York, 125 feet east of Tenth avenue. The new building will cost about \$30,000 and is designed by Schickel and Ditmars.

Plans are completed for the erection of a magnificent new Cathedral in Denver. Two years ago the parish was \$120,000 in debt. Since then the old Cathedral has been sold and \$100,000 is now on hand for the erection of the new edifice. It promises to be one of the finest churches in the west.

The new Sister Superior of the Louisiana leper colony is of Southern birth. She was born in Louisiana herself, and until lately has been Sister Superior of St. Joseph's Orphanage, at Dallas, Texas. Her name in religion is Sister Benedicta. She volunteered her services to the Louisiana Board of Health, and they were at once accepted.

Another monastery has been erected by the Franciscans. It has been built in San Francisco and the ceremony of its blessing was marked with impressive ceremonies. From this time forward it will be dedicated to the use of the Order of Friars Minor and the general public will be excluded from the interior sections of the monastery proper.

The use of the Rice property, near the Springfield cathedral, recently bought by Bishop Beaven, has been given to the Sisters of Providence for a sanitarium, to be known as St. Luke's Home, in connection with the Mercy Hospital. It is to be opened about New Year's.

In 1852, there were but 17,500 Catholics in the city of Berlin. The census recently completed shows 188,000. Of Germany's 34,000,000 inhabitants, 17,800,000 are Catholics—a remarkable increase in the face of prevailing rationalism.