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**TO MAKE HOME HAPPY**

ONE OF THE SACRED DUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC FAMILY.

The Two Most Powerful Factors in Bringing About This Holy and Wholesome Existence Are Prayer and the Practice of Unselfishness.

Perhaps we have never considered it a duty, this obligation that rests upon each and every member of the family to contribute his or her share to the happiness of all in the home. It does not suffice to do nothing to destroy the peace and harmony that should reign in every Christian household. A passive attitude is not sufficient; an active part is most necessary. Let us never go to rest at night without asking ourselves this question: "What have I done today to make others happy?" Should the answer be "Nothing," then we must reproach ourselves with a real fault and not forget it in our weekly and monthly examination of conscience. This duty rests upon each and every one, and we must do a positive act each day, perhaps several of them, to lighten the burdens of those around us, to smooth the wrinkles from father's brow, to bring a smile to mother's tired face, to encourage a sister just beginning the struggle of life, to amuse a restless brother.

Life, and especially home life, happy or unhappy, is made up of such little things. We should remember the words of the greatest sculptor that has ever lived. When he was asked what he had done to a statue on which he had been working for many weeks with apparently little result, he answered, "I have chipped off a piece here and there." "But those are trifles," exclaimed his friend. "Yes," replied the immortal artist, "those are trifles, but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

This applies so well to our home happiness or unhappiness, as trifles are a great source of trouble and wrong, and trouble and wrong destroy peace, and peace is the twin sister of happiness. Most of the causes of trouble and worry are very slight. Father is a little late for supper or mother hasn't it quite ready, brother comes noisily in with muddy feet or sister speaks a sharp word, and immediately there is a heavy cloud. Then we express an opinion and if all present do not agree with it how many useless excited, even angry, words follow to prove that we are right and the others wrong!

Again, a little remark is made our pride is hurt, and instead of ignoring the unlucky saying we begin a series of bitterness that set all nerves on edge and cause the listeners to wish themselves anywhere but in the domestic circle. Why is it we are so often unkind to our own whom we sincerely love and so polite and amiable to those for whom we care nothing? Now, in what practical way can we make our homes happy a place of rest, the vestibule of that eternal happiness we hope for after death?

There are two powerful, never failing means first prayer, perfect fidelity to morning and evening prayer and especially by following that beautiful Irish custom of saying the Rosary together every night. Our Lord tells us to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation, and with this help we can easily overcome that constant inclination to be irritable with our own, we can control ourselves and not "answer back" which is the greatest fault in our homes and the source of all unhappiness.

European homes are not thus troubled, as the younger members are trained from earliest infancy to keep in a special manner the Fourth commandment, but here in America we have grown into this habit of quick speaking, and the happiness of our homes suffers from it.

The second powerful means of making our homes happy is to practice unselfishness. Oh, if we would only forget ourselves, learn how to sacrifice our own little wishes and wants in order to please and satisfy others, to give up our own will when it does not make much difference one way or another! Thus with prayer and unselfishness our home would be a little earthly paradise, and we would realize in all their fullness the truth of the words in that most touching of all strains, "Home, sweet home; there is no place like home."—Guldon.

**Archbishop Moeller.**  
 Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., who succeeds the late Archbishop Elder, is the third Catholic archbishop of Cincinnati. He was born in Columbus, O., in 1849, was ordained in 1876 and after completing his studies in Rome was made chancellor of the Cincinnati diocese, a post which he held twenty years. He was consecrated bishop of Columbus Aug. 25, 1900, and three years later was chosen coadjutor to Archbishop Elder, with the right of succession.

**Prospective Lay Saint.**  
 The Congregation of Sacred Rites has begun proceedings in the beatification of Anna Mary Taigi, "mother of a family and tertiary of the Order of the Trinity." This candidate for the aureole of heroic sanctity belonged accordingly to the lay estate, a fact worthy of note in view of the oft repeated hostile charge that such distinction the modern church reserves exclusively to persons belonging to the clerical or religious orders.

**Bishop Horstmann's Miter.**  
 The most costly miter in the United States, a miter which represents \$10,000 worth of jewels and precious stones, is worn by Bishop Horstmann of the Cleveland diocese of the Roman Catholic Church. The bishop by virtue of his office is custodian of the miter, which is the property of the Church.

**FRAY JUAN DE PADILLA.**

The Story of the First Roman Catholic Martyr in Kansas.

Fray Juan de Padilla was an Andalusian noted for his piety, his learning and his indomitable energy. Holding an important post in Mexico, he renounced his honors to become a missionary to the Indians. He took an active part in the exploration of Arizona and New Mexico and accompanied Coronado in his weary pursuit of the Quivira, a weary tramp of nearly 1,500 miles. Returning to Bernalillo, Fray Padilla decided that he would establish a mission among the Sioux. Accordingly in the fall of 1542, seventy-five years before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock, the friar set out, accompanied by one soldier, two young Mexicans and a few Indian boys. The soldier alone was mounted. The rest were on foot. Going by way of the Pecos Pueblo, across a corner of Colorado nearly the whole length of Kansas, they found rest and shelter at last in a village in the northeastern corner of the state.

In one of the Quivira villages Coronado had planted a huge cross, and here it was that Fray Padilla established his mission. Gradually overcoming the distrust and suspicion of his savage flock, he won their love and respect. After a time he decided to move to another tribe where he thought there was greater need of him, but this was a dangerous act. The Quivira Indians considered him a great medicine man and were not only loath to part with him, but were even more reluctant to see another tribe profit by their loss. Again, in a new field of work he was sure to be regarded at first with grave suspicion if not active hostility.

He made the change, however, and at the end of his first day's journey from the Quivira village his party encountered a band of savages on the war path. The good priest, after commanding his companions to save themselves, as they could not save him, attracted the attention of the Indians while his party slipped away to spread the news of his martyrdom. Then Fray Juan de Padilla knelt on the broad Kansas prairie and, praying for the conversion of the savages, commended his soul to God. The while he prayed the Indians killed his body with arrows.

His companions, after wandering unaided for eight years up and down the prairie, eventually reached the Mexican town of Tampico, where they related the story of the first Kansas martyr—A Be It in Ave Maria.

**Woman's Peculiar Mission.**  
 The race for wealth and honors is left to men. To cultured women there is still reserved a field where spiritual ideals are supreme. Bishop O'Connor of Newark, N. J., has this to say of woman's peculiar mission: "The field of activity that there presents itself to educated women is one that calls for the utmost display of their zeal. To their care are to be intrusted the most precious interests of the human soul, the imperishable goods of life, religion, morality, education. The difference is that women are being better fitted for the worthy discharge of the duties which have always devolved upon them and are thus rendered capable of discharging those duties with greater credit to themselves and greater benefit to mankind. If this be the meaning of the wonderful development which has taken place in the education of women, all true lovers of God and religion will have reason to rejoice."

**Faithful Pio Centra Dead.**  
 Pio Centra, the faithful attendant of the late Pope Leo XIII., died in Rome on Dec. 17 from apoplexy, thus fulfilling his own prediction that he would soon follow his master. Centra, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the late pontificate, lived entirely for Pope Leo, sleeping practically in the same room and enjoying the entire confidence of the late Pope. During the last illness of Pope Leo XIII. Pio Centra hardly ever left the Pontiff's side. For days he took no sleep, and only when his master peremptorily ordered him to rest would he do so. It was on Centra that the Pope always first called in moments of alarm or delirium. "Pio, Pio! Come here!" he would cry, and the valet was by his side in an instant. Pope Leo provided generously for Centra, but the faithful servant declared his heart was broken when Leo XIII. died.

**Does This Hit You?**  
 Some people seem to have queer consciences. They may be honest on an average, they may pay their ordinary debts scrupulously, they may contribute to all worthy charities brought to their notice, but when it comes to the paper, to the magazine, that instructs, entertains and educates their family, by some strange inconsistency they draw the line. They'll pay up some time; but while it's only a dollar or two—well, that will not bankrupt the publisher. He can wait. And he waits and, waiting, dies.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

**Your Cross.**  
 If I have not a cross I will make no progress toward heaven. A cross—that is to say, all that disturbs us—is the sting which stimulates us and without which we would remain stationary, receiving all the dust of the road and perhaps sinking by degrees into evil. A cross is the spring which pushes us forward in spite of our apathy and our resistance.

**SHORT SERMONS.**  
 Money is a greater torment in the possession than it is in the pursuit.  
 "Sweet heart of my Lord Jesus, teach me a complete forgetfulness of myself!" Shall we ever attain to it? We must pray for that.  
 As flowers must be crushed to extract their essence, so the soul of a Christian exhales a sweeter perfume of sanctity when it has borne the pressure of the cross.  
 It is only through the power of Christ's word and His cross that the saints met difficulties, and only in the same faith and confidence can we lift up our heads.  
 They alone love God who take a personal interest in those whom they would benefit, who re-enforce their falling lives not with bread alone, but with sympathy and affection, with faith and courage, with joy and gladness.

**SHORT SERMONS.**  
 It is a hard matter to cure those that will not believe they are sick.  
 Not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver.  
 Even the holy name of Christ will not serve us unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection.  
 The universe was made for every one of us, and for each one the world will be fair and pleasant in the degree in which he strives to make it so for others.  
 St. Joseph always loved God with all his capacity for loving and constantly strove to love Him more. Such is the love of God that ought to exist in us. Why should we not desire to possess it?

**A WINTER'S NIGHT.**

The snow lies deep upon the sleeping town.  
 The world is wrapped in heaven's shroud tonight  
 All day the flakes have softly drifted all down.  
 No stain now gleams upon this mantle white.  
 For God has covered up earth's sin and we And hidden imperfections neath the snow  
 Would that my soul might thus be calmed and hid!  
 Would that its bleeding wounds might cease to flow.  
 Would that of sorrows it might once be rid  
 And covered o'er with whiteness like the snow.  
 Some day—some day—yes—surely this will be.  
 If not on earth then in eternity.  
 —Edwin Carlisle Litsey in Rosary

**THE EARLY IRISH CHURCH.**

Famed For Its Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

We find in the Freeman's Journal of Sydney, N. S. W., a long and very able paper by Cardinal Moran on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Early Irish Church." It was read by his eminence at the Australasian Catholic congress in Melbourne and will no doubt be published in pamphlet form, as the information it contains is most valuable. Here we can but summarily indicate the contents.

First he showed how the piety and devotion of the Celtic race toward the Mother of God found the fullest expression in a beautiful litany in the Irish language, which for poetic imagery and vividness of expression was at its date unique perhaps in western Christendom. The litany, which is preserved in the "Leabhar Breac," a precious repository of ancient Celtic religious records, clearly sets forth Mary's Immaculate Conception.

Next the cardinal brought forward the testimony of the "Leabhar Imuin," dating back to the ninth or tenth century, and the "Liber Hymnorum," which contains a Latin hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin composed by St. Columbanus about the year 700; the Stowe, Corpus Christi, Drummond, Rosslyn and Bobbio missals, the feire or festology, of St. Engus and other Celtic martyrologues, the prayers and litanies of the early Irish Church preserved in continental and other libraries; incidents in the lives of the Irish saints, and the illuminated pictures of Our Lady presented in early Irish art.

The cardinal clearly proved that the clergy and people of Ireland were as devout to the Blessed Virgin in the golden ages of the country's renown as they are today. London Catholic Opinion.

**Will Publish Lolo's Error**

Because of the following which Abbe Loloys has obtained among the younger clergy in France, the Pope has ordered the Congregations of the Index and the Holy Office, which condemned the abbe's works because of alleged false interpretations of the Scriptures, to print a summary of all the errors found in the books, each extract to be followed by an official refutation in accord with the theological views held by the Church. It is proposed to distribute the publication widely in the French dioceses most affected, so that the clergy may gain a correct idea of the motives which led to the prohibition of the works.

**Built a Church All Alone.**

A stone-mason named Johann Lenz, living in Neugrun, near Sanden, in Bohemia, has just finished building on a plot of his own land outside the village a church, all done with his own hands, in fulfillment of a vow from foundation to cross on the steeply everything is Lenz's own work. He chiseled the stones and mixed the mortar, fashioned the woodwork, glazed the windows and even cast the bell. It took him ten years, and now the church is regarded with peculiar veneration and has become the object of several pilgrimages.

**Do Not Waste Your Time.**

If you do not have a long time to yourself, do not fall to profit by the shortest moments that remain to you. We do not need a great deal of time to love God, to place ourselves anew in His presence, to raise up our hearts to Him or adore Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him all we are doing and all we are suffering. This is the true kingdom of God within us, which nothing can trouble.

**Marriage Prospects in England.**  
 "England's army of younger sons should be grateful to the American heiress," says an English writer. "There was a time in the near past when even a moderately good-looking girl in London society treated all bachelors but elder sons with ill-concealed contempt. For her there was, apparently, no choice between the titled or rich and spinsterhood. Since the American heiress—that newly acclimatized matrimonial hawk—has come to England to stay, the ordinary society girl has become much more reasonable. There was a time when the latter would not accept the offer of any man connected with finance or trade, however promising his prospects, but now most of our unmarried women will pursue that inferior game as eagerly as if it were coroneted."

**SHORT SERMONS.**  
 An actress may not be an angel herself but she doesn't object to having one hovering around at times.

**HER PROFESSION.**

Old Jonas Hathaway was a man of many ups and downs. At least four times in his life he had been haled as the cotton king and as many times he had gone broke in his manipulations of that staple of commerce.

To most people it seemed a cruel irony of fate that he should have died before he had an opportunity to get on his feet again after the terrible slump in the market which marked the failure of his last great attempt to corner cotton.

To me it seemed—  
 But then old Hathaway and I had never been on friendly terms, and certain it is that never could I have summoned enough courage to propose for the hand of a supposedly great heiress.

Because I loved her so much I knew that it was better for me not to ask for her love until a little time should pass after her bereavement. It was, finally, in response to a note from her that I called. The reception she gave me was cordial, but certainly no more cordial than she might have given to any other friend of long standing.

"I have sent for you to ask your advice," she said. "Will you give it to me?"

"Surely, in anything," I answered. "I am going away."

"Why?" I demanded. "Why, when and where?"

"It must be soon, I've realized it ever since my father's death," she said, with a brave effort at composure. "I am poor—I think you know that—and I must find a way to support myself. I have thought that perhaps I could be most useful as a nurse, and that you could tell me where the best training schools are?"

"Don't dream of taking up such a profession. You were not put into this world to lead such an existence—a dreary round of drudgery, rewarded poorly in money and even less in gratitude."  
 "Please don't discourage me," she said almost entreatingly. "I want to do some good in life as well as to earn my living, and the way I have chosen seems to me the best."  
 "Agnes, I have loved you all your life. If you want to make your life useful marry me. I'm not exactly an invalid, it is true, but I need you more than any invalid can possibly need a nurse. With you I shall be happy enough to incur the envy of the gods. With you, I—"  
 "You are very kind, John, but—"  
 Her voice was quite firm.

"Please forget what you have said. Believe me, I thank you very sincerely for the compliment you have paid me, but it will be better for us both to forget that you ever asked me to marry you."

"But I don't want to forget it, Agnes. Can't you give me any hope?"

The answer was spoken in a very low voice, but it was too distinct to be mistaken. And the answer was "No."

So I turned to go from the room, but as I turned it seemed to me that minus the love of this woman life would be worth nothing in its living. I could not go.  
 "All of my life I have loved you, Agnes, and I should have long ago asked you to marry me, but your money stood in the way. Had I asked you to marry me a year ago, all the world would have called me a fortune hunter and perhaps even you might have thought me so. Do you know that I was actually glad when I heard the news that your father had left you nothing?"

"Was that generous?" she asked.  
 "No, it was supremely selfish with the cruel selfishness of love. I have told you the truth as a dying man might tell the truth. The dying man has nothing to hope nor fear from the world he is leaving. You are my world, and I have nothing either to hope nor fear from you. Think of me what you will, but you must know that I have loved you and always will love you."  
 "I am very glad you have told me all this," the girl said softly with averted head. "I had thought—"  
 "Well?" I queried almost savagely.  
 "That you were asking me out of pity for my poverty."  
 "That idea is absurd," I declared shortly.

"So are you," said she demurely.  
 "So am I what?" I asked, bewildered.  
 "Absurd."  
 And looking down into two deep blue eyes which looked love back at me, I knew that I was very absurd to be wasting time in this way, since Agnes had so clearly indicated that the profession of her choice was—matrimony.—Boston Globe.

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