

SUPPLEMENT TO THE 'EYANPAHA.'

SEPTEMBER 15, 1908.

MINIAWICAKASTANPI.

Fort Totten.

Aug. 11, Edward, Aug. 8 hehan tonpi; Michael Hunt qa Lucy Iana honpi cincapi.

Aug. 19, John, Aug. 6 hehan tonpi; Joseph Gray Wind qa Lily Mibebeya cincapi.

Aug. 22, Frank, Aug. 19 hehan tonpi; Louis Demarce qa Mary Washington cincapi.

Emma, Aug. 12 hehan tonpi, Philip Lohnes qa Helen Jette cunwintkupi.

WICATA.

Fort Totten, Aug. 23, Oicobe ta. Tatankabina tawicu.

Sept. 4, James Wakanhotain ta.

THE SPONSOR AND THE GOD-CHILD.

You are a sponsor for a child. You answer for it, took vows for it when it was baptized and made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. This you did in the light of God and in presense of His ministers.

Have you faithfully tried to do your duty as sponsor?

If the child has wandered or been led away from the Church did you try, or are you trying to win it back?

Do you regularly pray for your God-child?

Does it go to a Catholic school? If not, why not?

Has it learned the catechism and other things which it ought to know, and which you are charged to see that it should be taught.

If its parents have been neglectful of their duties, have you more earnestly tried to perform the sponsorial duties that rest upon you?

If the child is old enough, does it know that it is your God-child? Have you claimed it as such?

As your position as sponsor is not an idle one, an empty honor, but of the most serious importance, it will be well for you to give the above questions your very earnest consideration.—Exchange

IRISH HONESTY.

Andrew Mack after a world tour has just returned to Boston. He is full of anecdotes, among them he tells the following:

While going on a car in the Killarney District, I noted one thing. We were talking about the poverty of the Irish people. We had on the car with us an Irish lady and gentleman, an English woman and myself. During the journey this English woman lost her purse. After going a half or three quarters of a mile, she discovered the fact and she became very excited, and shouted to the carman:

"Stop the car, stop the car! I have lost my purse and it contained twenty pounds and my return ticket. What shall I do? I may never expect it back again."

The car man said to her: "Now, don't be disturbed, madam, if you have lost anything on the road, you will surely get it back, and we will drive on."

She said: "Stop this car, I must have my purse."

"Now" he said. "Don't get excited. Somebody will pick it up and by the time we get to the hotel, they will return it. These Irish people are honest."

"Do you know there is twenty pounds, one hundred dollars in that purse," she said. "Think what that amount of money would mean to these people?"

"I want to tell you, madam," he said, "that these Irish people are honest enough to return it."

Well, the three of us insisted that he drive on, and we had only arrived at our destination when a little Irish boy came running up, touching his hat, and said:

"Begging your honor's pardon, is the owner of this, here? holding up the purse. The woman grabbed it and said:

"There, that's mine, without a thought of gratitude.

Said I: "Here my dear madam, it seems that the carman's story is true. Open your purse.

She opened it, and found the contents intact, the twenty pounds and her return ticket.

"Well, she said, "I could hardly believe it."

The carman said: "It is a very hard thing to make you English believe anything that is good about the Irish."

She very magnanimously tendered the boy a six pence. I need not tell you that the other three of the party made up a purse for the little lad, unknown to the loser of the purse, and I might also add that it contained a great deal more than six pence.

AN INDIAN CRUCIFIX.

It is the carving of Christ on the cross executed and erected entirely by the Spanish tribe of Indians at their reservation, North Vancouver, B. C. The cross is in one piece, cut from mahogany, and the figure is also in one piece, carved from a hard white ivy tree which grows in the mountains, around the reservation. The carving is a masterpiece, and shows every vein and muzzle that a living figure would show. A magnifying glass will reveal the following inscription on the base of the cross: "Memorial of Solemn Homage to Our Lord Jesus Christ. Erected by the Spanish Indians. A. D. 1900.

BENEDICTION.

BENEDICTION is the blessing of the people by Jesus Christ, really present in the blessed Sacrament.

After the candles are lighted upon the altar the priest takes the Host consecrated at Mass out of the tabernacle and places it in a stand of gold or silver called monstrance or ostensorium, which remains upon the altar or upon an elevated throne where it may be seen by all the people, who kneel and adore the Saviour.

The priest then puts incense into the thurible and waves it three times in the direction of the Blessed Sacrament as a symbol of the people's prayer. "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight." (Ps. cxl. 2.) The choir or the people sing special hymns in honor of Jesus Christ,

usually "O Salutaris Hostia" [O Saving Victim], and the "Tantum Ergo" [Down in Adoration Falling].

Then placing over his shoulders a long silk scarf called the humeral veil, the priest takes up the monstrance and with it makes the sign of the cross over the people, and thus the Eucharistic Christ blesses the people.

There is no more beautiful or impressing ceremony in the Catholic Church, as many non-Catholics who have witnessed it have testified. After the Benediction the consecrated Host is again placed in the tabernacle, while the choir sings the one hundred and sixteenth Psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations," or the hymn, "Holy God we praise Thy name."

Sayings of Father Paul About Purgatory.

The saintly Benedictine, Father Paul of Moll, who died in 1896, often asserted that the souls delivered from purgatory, by his prayers and penances, came to thank him. He used to say that a great many departed souls came to him to ask his prayers for their delivery, and that at night his bed was surrounded by suffering souls.

Father Paul said: "The souls in purgatory are aware of discords between members of their family, and this knowledge increases their sufferings."

To a lady who asked him if her mother was in heaven, he said: "Madam, your mother would already be in heaven if she had not spoiled her children so much. She is still in purgatory; pray hard for her."

Another saying of his: "A good means to avoid a long stay in purgatory is to die entirely resigned to the holy will of God."

"ONE of the most serious drawbacks to the work of civilizing and educating our Indian population," says Secretary Hitchcock in a recent report, "consists in facilities afforded them in all sections of the Indian country to secure intoxicating liquors."

A DOUBLE HOLD-UP.

Down the path toward the barn truged Uncle Hewitt, his lantern casting splashes of light out into the darkness of that hour which comes just before daybreak.

The wagon had been loaded with produce the night before, so that when he had harnessed old Bets he would be ready to start on his drive of twenty miles to the city. He was congratulating himself upon his early start when the kitchen door opened with a creak, and Aunt Mandy called in cautious tones: "Hewitt, O Hewitt, you'll be careful on the way home, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be careful!" he called back, cheerily.

"And don't you forget to put your money in the sack and pin it inside your vest with that safety pin I gave you."

"I won't forget," he answered, still walking on.

The kitchen door closed, then opened quickly with a decided squeak, and Aunt Mandy called, in an exaggerated stage whisper, "Hewitt, O Hewitt! and the whisper reached him down the length of the yard. "What you want?" he asked crossly, for he did not like to be detained.

"Are you sure you've got the pistol?"

"Yes, I'm just as sure of it as I've been every time I've started to the city for the last fifteen years, and just as sure I won't have any use for it, and I'll say right now that this is the last time I ever intend to carry the old thing along."

He shut the yard gate with a bang that put a stop to all further warnings from the kitchen door.

Out upon the road he started old Bets at a brisk trot, meaning to cover a good part of the drive before the sun came up.

His lantern cast shadows upon each side of the familiar road, making it look strange and ghostly.

"Taint much wonder Mandy worries and feels uneasy about me," he mused. "As many trips as I make before day and after night, it does seem a bit risky, and always coming home with money, too; but as for that highwayman of hers that she's always conjuring up, that's to ri-

diculous for any use. I guess the day's past for highwaymen in this civilized country, leastways round about here," and he chuckled as he thought of the many times he had listened to his wife's admonition from the crack of the kitchen door

The sun rose upon a glorious autumn morning, and Uncle Hewitt jogged along into the city in time for early market. The load of produce sold unusually well, and by a little after noon Uncle Hewitt was ready for the return trip.

After he had passed the city limits, he stopped old Bets by the roadside, and put the proceeds of his sales into the little bag stiched by Aunt Mandy's careful fingers for this purpose. He pinned the bag inside his vest with the safety pin, and then started again on the homeward trip.

When about half way home he saw in the road just ahead of him a dapper young man, who walked with a slight limp. As Uncle Hewitt drew up even with him, the stranger looked up and asked, with a pleasant smile. "Could you give a fellow a lift for a few miles?"

Well, now, I reckon I can, if you think that riding behind old Bets will be any quicker way of getting over the road than walking," Uncle Hewitt responded.

It may not be any quicker, but it certainly will be easier for one who is slightly crippled, and I'm sure I am very grateful to you."

"This ain't a stylish rig," Uncle Hewitt said, as he moved over to make room for his passenger. "It's just my market wagon, but it's a good one, and has hauled many a paying load for me."

The young man proved a good listener, and as Uncle Hewitt liked nothing better than a good listener, he waxed eloquent in his descriptions of the market business and the management of a paying truck farm.

The young man asked such very intelligent questions at such opportune times that Uncle Hewitt's heart warmed towards him, and he was soon telling him with the utmost freedom of his success of the day, of the early selling out, and of the round sum the produce had brought him.

The talk continued on various lines of farmwork, until in the midst of a dissertation on the

value of rotten wood used as a fertilizer to start sweet potato beds properly, Uncle Hewitt was interrupted by the young man exclaiming, "Oh' what is that? Over there just beyond that big tree! Look quick!"

Uncle Hewitt looked, but saw nothing unusual. When he turned again towards his companion he saw something unusual—the muzzle of a shining revolver confronting him!

The young man was smiling, and said, "I was out looking for game, and I am very lucky in finding you on one of your most successful days. No you needn't make any disturbance. I happen to know that the country is not thickly settled just here, and you can not obtain help. Just hand me the proceeds of today, please, and you may keep your watch and other valuables."

Uncle Hewitt started to open his mouth, but the look in the young man's eyes and the little click near his own eyes caused him to open his vest instead, and hand over the little bag containing the precious funds.

The young man bowed politely; then as he climbed from the wagon, he said; "I wish to thank you for your kindness, and in return give you a bit of advice. Don't make it a custom to take in strange passengers and give them your confidence. Good-by, Mr. Hayseed!"

And he started back toward the city with no sign of a limp.

That appellation of "Mr. Hayseed" was the last atraw added to Uncle Hewitt's blazing temper. It was bad enough to lose so much of one's hard earnings, but to be ridiculed afterwards was intolerable. He allowed old Bets to plot on, but reached down, and groping under the seat, brought out his old horse pistol, and slipping over the tail-board of the wagon, he started in pursuit of his former passenger. The rattle of the wagon and the thud of old Bets' feet drowned the sound of his approach as he gained on the fellow. He came up behind him, and shouted suddenly:—

"Halt! throw up your hands, or you'll be a limping in earnest in a second!"

Turning suddenly the young man felt the cold touch of the pistol against his forehead, and taken so by surprise, he obeyed orders as promptly as had his

victim of a few moments earlier. The old pistol was certainly a most formidably looking weapon, and the persistency with which Uncle Hewitt pressed it to his forehead was terrifying to say the least.

Crow Hill, N. D. Sept. 5, 1908.

Kangi Paha Aug. 20, heehan Miniwakan Yatkešni Okodakiciye miniciyapi qa en itancan pikiyapi qa dena wicayustanpi.

John Strait itancan. John Twohearts mazaska awanyaka. Michael Hunt wowapi kaga.

Miniwakan yatkešni okodakiciye kin de banhiya ye tuka katingyan iyopta e unkecinpi, qa miniwakan waštedake lica wanjigji en ahiopapi hecen wanonyakapi.

Tona Eyanpaha iyacupi kin wocekiye on unyeksuyapi wacin.

MICHAEL HUNT.

Kangi Paha N. D. Sept. 5, 1908.

Peji maqupi.

Benedict Sherman ohna wanji. John Sherman ohna wanji.

Nina pidamakiyapi.

FATHER JEROME.

A Life-Saving Station.

A train was just starting to leave a suburban station, says The New York Tribune, when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving cars. The rear-end brake-man, who was standing by, reached up just as the man got aboard, grabbed his coat tails and pulled him off. "There," he said sternly, "I have saved your life! Don't ever try to board a train that way again."

"Thank you," said the old man calmly. "Thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train, Isn't it?"

"Three hours and a quarter," said the brakeman, "but it is better to wait that length of time than to be killed."

The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and with the easy grace born of long practice, he started to step majestically on it.

But the old gentleman seized him by the coat, and with a strong jerk pulled him back, and held him until it was to late.

"One good turn deserves another," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "You saved my life, I have saved yours. Now we are quits."