









# ANGELEČEK

GLASILLO MLADINSKEGA ODDELENJA K. S. K. JEDNOSTE  
Izhaja vsako prvo tredo v mesecu.  
Naslov ustanovitve "Angelic": Rev. J. J. Oman, 3547 E. 80th St. Cleveland, Ohio.

# LITTLE ANGEL

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Josip Zalar, glavni tajnik.

## Ježušček.

Vaciar Komšak — Josip Gruden.

Zunanj tema, meglja in taho. Le zdaj pazijo začaja pes, zaskripljajo vrata. Korakov ni slišati v debelem snegu.

Kar zazveni nepričakovano kakor iz daljne, neznane dajave tam nekje na koncu mesteca trobenta, in večno mili pastirski zvoki odmevajo v tih sveti večer. Zvene tako znameno pa vendar čudovito tuje, kakor bi odmevali z onih gor, kjer so pred tisoč in več leti betlehemske pastirji igrali in prepevali na čast novorojenemu Odrešeniku.

Toliko da so zadonele pastirske trobente, pa so zažarel grajska okna v veliki dvorani. Oskrbnikova žena je z možem vred prižigala sveče na velikem božičnem drevescu. Na drevescu je bilo obešenega tolko sadja, slasčic in različnih igrac, da nikdar tega. Pod njim na tleh je stal konj za učinkanje, je sedela kakor živete velika punica s pravilnimi lasmi in ležala harmonika. Prav na vrhu je bil prilepljen krasen smejoc Ježušček z razprostratimi ročicami in z zlato zarožnjo krog glave.

Kadar pa so bile vse svečice prizgane, je oskrbnikova žena z malim zvončkom pozvonila. Vrata so se odprala, in stara gospa je peljala z veselim obrazom troje otrok v sobo: Mirjana, Nádiego in Verico.

"Jojmenje!" so vzbliknili vse trije otroci naenkrat, se ustavili pri samih vratih in gledali z velikimi jasnimi očmi.

Starši so zrili na otroke in plavali v radost.

"Naprek, naprek!" so klicali mamica otroke z najljudnejšim glasom. "Glejte no, kaj vam je Ježušček prinesel!"

Otroci so skočili k drevescu, pa niso vedeli, kaj bi najprej gledali.

"Babica, razdelite!" je po-

klical oskrbnik mater. Stara gospa je začela razdajati z drevesca različne malenkosti. Najmlajši deklici korale, trebenci in gibljive igračke, starejši knjige s podobami in uha-

ne, dečku pa denarnico in noviček. Otroci so vrskali in od veselja poskakovali, in starši so bili vsi veseli z otroki vred.

Naenkrat pa se je deček zaledal v konja pod drevescem in je veselo vzbliknil: "Ali je ta moj?"

"Tvoj, tvoj," so potrdili mama, "pa harmonika tudi."

V skoku si je deček potegnil konja sredi sobe, ga zasedel in jahal tako ošabno kakor še Napoleon po zmagi pri Slavkovu ne.

"No, Nadira," so rekli matice podarivši starejši deklici punico, "na, tukaj ti je prinesel Ježušček punčko. Ime ji je Ivica. Pazi nanjo, da ne bo dejala."

Deklica se je ustrašila: "Kaj ta tudi plače?"

"O tudi, tudi, le poslušaj." In mati so stisnili punico, pa je zaječala: "eee".

"O joj!" je Nadica plosknila z rokami in takoj segla po punčku. "Pojd, sem, Ivica; mamica so te, več."

Vzela je punčko v narotje, jo poljubila in tešila: "vs — vs — vs!"

Rajali so pozno v noč, Nasledo so dali otroke spati, in ti so vam spali v zlatih sanjah do belege dne.

Na vse zgodaj — kmalu po polnoči — so zvonovi pri cerkvi slovesno zapeli in vabilo verne, naj pohite z betlehemske pastirji vred pokloniti se novorojenemu Odrešeniku. Ljudje so jih slišali, pa hiteli v hram božjih, samo pri oskrbnikovih ne; tam je vse spalo, razen stare dekle. Ta je vstala in šla molit v cerkev zase in za vse domače, zlasti pa za male "dušice."

Otroci so se vzbudili šele po sedmih, in njih prva besedica je bila "papat."

Mati in babica sta hiteli, jih spravili iz postelj, umili ter jim dali kave z rozinovo potico.

Mirjan pa proti svoji navadi ni pojedel vsega, rajši se je šel učikat na konja,

Nadica je šla k svoji "Ivice" gledat, ali še spi. Pa je spala.

"Mamica," je vprašala, "a kje je tisti Ježušček, ki nam je vse to prinesel?"

"Kaj ga nisi videla? Gori na drevescu."

Mati so peljala otroke v sedanjo sobo pa jih pokazali Ježušček, prilepljenega vrhu drevesca.

Otroci so zrili nanj s topo po božičnosti.

II.

Ko so na sveti večer pri oskrbnikovih okna vzplameneli, so sedeli nasproti v koči ob grobovi juhi in mlečni kaši Vernik z ženo in dečkom Jožkom vred.

"Mati, kdo to tam zunaj trobi?" je vprašal Jožek.

"Pastir, dragi moj, da se je rodil Ježušček."

Deček se je nasmejal, in ko se je spomnil, kaj so mu mati o Ježuščku pripovedovali, je gledal sanjavo predse. Naenkrat je vzbliknil: "O joj: koliko je pri oskrbnikovih lučic! Kaj pa je to?"

Starši so pogledali vun na obzirjana okna, in mati so rekelj žalostno: "K oskrbnikovim je prišel Ježušček."

"A k nam ga ne bo?" je vprašal deček.

"Pri nas je že bil, Jožek, naj

ti je nekaj prinesel; stoj no."

In mati so šli vun in prinesli dečku na glinenem krožniku jabolka pa orehov. Toliko da je deček od veselja zavrskal. "Pa tistega Ježuščka nisem jaz nič videl!"

"Počakaj, ga boš videl v cerkvi pri polnočnici. Ali pojdeš?"

"Pojdem, pojdem," je zatrjeval deček zaradi veselja.

"Moral boš kmalu vstati," so mu zapretili oče s prstom.

"Pa bom," je oblijubil deček.

Po večernji so zapeli oče in mati:

"Rodil se nam je kralj nebes," molili in legli.

"Mati, je prosil deček na polnoč, na pol spec, "ne pozabite me zbuditi!"

"O nič se ne boj, te bom že."

Še preden so zvonovi zapeli k polnočnici, je bila pri Vernikovi že luč. Hiteli so k polnočnici in mati so stopili z Jožkom vred.

"Rajali se nam je kralj nebes," molili in legli.

"Mati, je prosil deček na polnoč, na pol spec, "ne pozabite me zbuditi!"

"Počakaj, ga boš videl v cerkvi pri polnočnici. Ali pojdeš?"

"Pojdem, pojdem," je zatrjeval deček zaradi veselja.

"Moral boš kmalu vstati," so mu zapretili oče s prstom.

"Pa bom," je oblijubil deček.

"Tamil," so pokazali mati na zlato monštranco. In deček je gledal vse mašo, v tanki kamnolici od mraza drgetja, na Ježuščko v zlati monštranci. Oti so mu iskrije od veselja.

Ta Ježušček mu je bil bolj všeč kakor oskrbnikovim otrokom. In Ježuščku je bil Jožek tudi bolj všeč kakor oskrbnikovi otroci.

Bogumil Gorenko:

Stara mati božičuje . . .

**Greetings.**

Merry Christmas, children dear; Earth is full of joy and cheer; Ringing bells proclaim the hour Round the world from every tow'r.

You in Bethlehem's dismal cave Christ, the Child, is born to save.

Hark! the loud angelic hymn Rends the air in praise to Him. In the stillness of the night Shepherds haste to see the sight;

There behold the Infant Child, Mary, Joseph, all so mild, And the angels sing to them Songs of Peace, Good Will to men.

A. R.

**The First Christmas.**

The holy season of Advent is over. During this sacred time we were all alike, in a spirit of prayer and penance, diligently preparing for the great festival of Christmas. Like the people of old, who for 4000 years were longingly expecting the promised Redeemer Who should save them from the misery under which they groaned, so we, in this season of penance, have searched the innermost recesses of our heart, in order to make our hearts the worthy dwelling for the coming of the Divine Savior. Thus we have anxiously awaited the merry feast of Christmas.

It has arrived and has brought with it "the tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people; for this day is born in the City of David, a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord." The Church repeats this happy announcement of the angel and invites the faithful to come with triumphant joy to Bethlehem and behold the new-born King.

In order to appreciate the beauty of today's great festival, let us in spirit go back to the first Christmas night and place ourselves in Bethlehem. The whole world is astir by recent wars. Ceasar Augustus, the Emperor of Rome and the conqueror, in order to satisfy his pride, has proclaimed a command that the people of the entire country should be enrolled. This he does in order to find out the greatness of his kingdom. Little does he realize that while he is thus trying to satisfy his pride and ambition, he is at the very same time, in spite of himself, preparing the ways for the coming of the Redeemer.

Mary is at Nazareth; the day of the birth of Christ is near at hand. The Holy One is to be a member of the royal family of David, and, in order to better instruct man and draw him to love God. He is to be born, according to the prophets, in a stable at Bethlehem, in poverty and want. Thus is He to give to the world an example of patience, humility, suffering and self-denial.

All this has been arranged by the power of the Almighty. At the command of Augustus, the whole empire went to be enrolled, every one went into his own city. And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David to be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child. Joseph and Mary do not beg to be excused, but, fully prepared to meet the many trials and hardships that were to come during the journey, they set out with confidence in the Lord.

In the streets of Bethlehem we behold a long stream of people, moving in every direction; strangers coming and going; friends meeting friends; all are busily occupied with the vain things of this world. On the other hand we see Joseph and Mary going on their way; they speak to each other of heavenly

things, of everything that concerns Jesus. The Virgin is deeply plunged in meditation of the great mystery known to herself alone.

As the evening approaches Joseph in a meek and honest tone of voice begs for a single night's shelter, but rudely and pitilessly he is sent away. Sorrow is clearly seen on the face of Joseph as the night is rapidly coming on, and all doors have been turned against them. Mary consoles him, for all he does in her behalf. How much more must he have been sad when, pointing to the stable, he seemed to indicate that there alone they might be able to find a resting-place for the night. Thither do they go.

O joy! This dismal cavern transform itself into a heavenly paradise. He Who is to make His appearance in this world, is the Son of a King, the King of kings. Where is the palace, or at least, the cradle, prepared to receive Him?

In this dark stable in the dead of night, Christ is born of the Virgin Mary. Feelings of joy swell the heart of the holy mother. This little child, her Son, is at the same time the eternal Son of God. Never was there a child born in the midst of such suffering and want. Even the things that are most necessary for life can nowhere be found.

Besides, it is the winter season and there is no other shelter than that which this lonely, forsaken stable, failing to ruin and open to the drifting snow and the piercing winds, afforded them. And yet, He is the Messiah, the long-expected Redeemer.

Mary presses the Divine Infant to her heart and showers on Him her motherly embraces. She wraps Him up in swaddling clothes and laying Him in the manger, she kneels down with Joseph in adoration and thanks Him in the name of all mankind.

Who were the first to be called to see the Redeemer?

He sends no angel to kings and the wealthy of the world. He is born poor, and, therefore, His first favors are for the poor, hard-working and watchful shepherds, guarding their flocks on the hill-slopes. The shepherds are a class of people poor in every way, peaceable and quiet, and are ready to welcome the Messiah.

Behold they are surrounded with a great light, and they see an angel, the heavenly prince and messenger of the Almighty God, who is sent to announce the great joy to them. His beaming face fills them with terror and they are afraid. But in a voice, full of confidence, the angel of the Lord speaks to them:

"Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger."

These poor shepherds have been expecting the Redeemer. Behold He is come. They shall find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. The swaddling clothes are the mark of His majesty, the manner, His throne.

Scarcely had the angel delivered the joyful message, when the heavens were suddenly opened and they beheld a heavenly choir singing praise to God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

The shepherds have heard the words spoken by the angel. Trusting in the wisdom and goodness of God and guided by the feelings of their grateful hearts, they say to one another:

"Let us go to Bethlehem and

see this Word which has come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us."

Their obedience is prompt; they go with haste, for the Lord has been pleased to speak and make Himself known to them.

Arriving at the little cave they found Mary and Joseph and the Infant Child, Jesus, Who was lying in the manger.

Is not this a fit reward for their humility and obedience? The poverty of the Infant does not discourage them. But rather it gives them an encouragement to approach the Savior.

They kneel down, praise Him, adore Him and offer Him their humble presents. They spent the whole time praying in this heavenly grotto and giving themselves to the infant Jesus.

When the shepherds returned from Bethlehem, they could not keep to themselves what they had heard and seen. Their gratitude urged them to speak. Everywhere they told about the birth of Christ, the appearance of the angel, and the beautiful hymn of peace sung by the heavenly choir. Everyone who heard these facts related by the shepherds, wondered at the great things of the Lord.

These are the great joys of Christmas Day. The joyful message which the Angel of God delivered on the first Christmast night to the poor shepherds, guarding their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem, is still alive and is echoing throughout the world in the same clearness of voice as when first announced.

We celebrate this day with excedent joy not only in the morning, in church, but all day at home, and it is thus celebrated over the entire world. As did the shepherds, so let us hasten to the Infant Jesus on Christmas Day, and "see this Word that is come to pass which the Lord hath showed us."

—A. Bratina.

**"Santa's Work-Shop."**

By Winifred S. Jewell.

Splash! O, me, oh, my, if that horrid old man would only stop slapping me in the face with that brush — there it comes again, right in my eye. Oh, I hope my whole life isn't going to be as bad as it appears now. Oh, I must surely be going to die, I have the most terrible feeling in my head, feels just as if someone were pressing me down, down, down. Oh, why does that man treat me so roughly? All these ejaculations came from a little Jack-in-a-box in Santa Claus' Work-Room.

Twas the night before Christmas Eve and there was so much to be done. Pretty dolls with dreamy eyes were sitting in corners waiting to have their flaxen locks curled; tops must be painted, trains and toy automobiles must have their wheels screwed on, tassels must be put on horns, oh, there was so much to be done! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus had so much work to do.

Just as our little friend the Jack-in-the-Box such a funny feeling came over him, Santa entered his work-room. When he saw all the toys unfinished he threw up his hands, but not as you think — in disgust; but with a hearty laugh, he gave two shrill whistles. Quick as a flash six little fairies stood on each side of him.

"Here Crystal, you paint all these chairs and tables, Snow Flake quickly pack all those Christmas balls, Dew Drop and Icicle paint the cheeks of the clown dolls — here Silver Bells and Swift Foot, don't stand there with such blank expressions on your faces; wake up, there is no time to waste!"

All this time poor little Jack-in-the-Box was lying in a heap with other toys — some in need

of glue and others lacking parts of themselves. In one corner sat old Santa diligently working on toys, and in another, sewing for the waxen dolls sat Mrs. Santa. The hours flew by swiftly and soon, ah! Almost too soon for Santa and his helpers, the bewitching hour of midnight drew nigh! Then what a hubbub, for that is the hour, so we are told, that toys have the power of speech.

A sham battle was raging between the birds of the air and the airplanes. All the animals in Noah's Ark were let loose, the mighty roar of the lions and the growl of the tigers were terrible to hear, so dreadful that the pretty wax dolls with rosy cheeks and dancing blue eyes, jumped down from the shelves and up from their beds to run to safety.

"Oh, dear," said a dainty little dancing doll, "that French Doll yonder thinks she is the most beautiful creature in the wide world — such conceit, why I don't think she is so lovely, do you? I hope she doesn't go to the same little girl as I do tomorrow night, for I am sure that I would never be able to tolerate her. Please keep your hands off me, if you don't my new silk dress will be all dirty — and oh, leave my curly alone — why, of course, they are much prettier than yours. I am the prettiest doll in Santa's Work-Shop."

Hearing all the racket, our little Jack-in-the-Box commenced to share in the mutterings that were filling the toy room.

"All I hope is that I arrive safely tomorrow night into the hands of somebody who will love me just a little bit." The clock struck one, and in the instant all the toys were back in their places.

Christmas Eve dawned brightly, a heavy blanket of snow covered the whole earth. Santa and his faithful assistants arose early and hastened to the work-room. Crystal, Snow Flake, Dew Drop and Icicle hitched the reindeers to that glorious sleigh, while Silver Bells and Swift Foot brought Santa his riding habit, that wonderful woolly suit with its pussy trimmings, his heaviest rubber boots and new driving gloves — hurrah — soon we will be off. By this time Mrs. Santa had picked out little the Jack-in-the-Box from the pack and thrown him into Santa's pack. Thud!!!!

"Ouch!!!! Oh, my head, oh please move over a little bit, you have all the room."

"I can't, that proud old French doll is standing on my tail," said the curly white poodle.

"Wheeeew, I can't get my breath, it is getting so dark in here! And no — air — I am surely going to die," exclaimed our little friend.

"Ouch! Oh my, somebody is picking us up. O, dear, my head!" all the toys were crying and complaining.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," went the sleigh bells. "He, ha, ha," came Santa's merry laugh. Off they went, over hills and through valleys went the sleigh thudding, bumping and crunching the ice beneath the runners.

Quietly sleeping in Santa's pack lay the Jack-in-the-Box, when all of a sudden he fell over into the lap of the proud French doll. Santa must be reaching some little girl's house — yes — whizz-zipp-bang!!! Down the chimney went the pack! Surely the end of the world must be near. Next came Santa. "Here Snow Flake set this tree in that corner, be quiet, do not wake the kiddies."

"Dew Drop open my pack and give me that French doll, a carriage and those toys in that large box. Don't make a noise!

And oh, I almost forget, the largest Jack-in-the-Box! When our little friend heard these words he heaved a sigh of relief — "but to have to live with that proud French Doll, after having had all those quarrels coming in the sleigh."

"Well, here I am — on a very prominent place on a happy little girl's Christmas tree — but oh, I am so tired, so wishing you all a Merry Christmas, and hoping Santa stops at your house next I must say yaaaah!!! — ummm!!! 'Good Night'"

—Schoolmate.

**Origin of the Finest Christmas Hymn.**

The finest Christmas hymn in the world is "Silent Night," which is sung wherever civilized people dwell. The English version is pretty enough, but it is said that it does not entirely catch the spirit of the original German hymn, which is majestic in its simplicity.

The hymn was written in 1818 by a German priest, who had undertaken to conduct a children's Christmas festival. He wanted something original for the occasion, so he wrote "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

Then he took his verse to the organist, who officiated at his church, and asked him to compose a tune that would fit.

The organist, a dreamy old man, composed the immortal tune offhand, and then played it on the organ. The preacher pronounced it grand — little realizing how grand it was.

The children were drilled for days together, and, when the Christmas festival opened, an enormous crowd was present. The hymn was sung, and after the last notes died away the great audience sat perfectly silent for a long time.

The Germans are born music lovers, and the new hymn touched every heart to its profoundest depths.

At last there was such a tumult of applause that the building trembled. Then the "kinderchor" had to sing the hymn again, and yet again, and over and over, and the rest of the program was forgotten.

The hymn traveled over the world with a speed never yet attained by a ragtime song, and now it is the supreme Christmas classic in a dozen countries.

Meanwhile the writer and composer went on doing their work in their humble way, and both died in obscurity and comparative poverty.

**A Christmas Gift.**

On Christmas Eve, in the year before the Great War, a little urchin was painfully picking his way along the road that led from Mutzig to Saint Die.

It was one of those glorious winter nights which show the heavens in their real splendor, studded with stars whose twinkling makes them seem like so many fireflies. But little Marc, suffering with hunger and clothed with rags which gave him slight protection against the fierce wintry blasts, saw little of this beauty.

He was an orphan who had been staying at the home of his cousin, but because his cousin was barely able to take care of her own little ones, she had turned him out of the house that very morning, with directions to go to his aunt, who lived in one of the several hamlets that spread out along the highway.

Now he was lost, and could not go any farther, when before him he spied a large cross by the roadside. He rushed up to it, and falling at its foot in the snow, began to sob out a prayer for help to the Divine Master.

"Dear Jesus, I once had a mother, and You took her away from me. And when she died she told me that You loved me, and when I needed anything I should ask You for it. And to-

night I need Your help. My cousin sent me away, and I cannot find my aunt. I am hungry and lost, and do not know where to go. Please, good Jesus, help me. Tomorrow is Christmas, and you give so many children all the things they ask for, please grant me the one favor, that I may find my aunt."

With tears in his eyes the little figure crouched still closer to the foot of the cross and staring up to the crucified Master, soon fell asleep.

He is coming in the snow As He came so long ago, When the stars set o'er the hill, When the town is dark and still, Comes to do the Father's will. Little taper, spread thy ray, Make His pathway light as day; Let some door be opened wide, For this guest of Christmas-tide, Dearer than all else beside.

Mary, all beautiful!

Mary, all mild!

Keep me in all my life

Just like a child!

**On Christmas Day.**

The little Christ comes down today

And you may meet Him on His way —

Perhaps He comes with timid feet

Along some crowded city street, Or maybe sick or old or poor, Or even begging at your door — He does not wear His kingly crown

When to this earth He has come down — There is no sign that you can read,

Save He shall seem to be in need —

In need of comfort sweet from you, Or some small service you can do.

Ah, heart so full of other things, Than business of your heavenly King's,

Take time this holy Christmas Day

To meet the Christ upon His way!

—Selected

Hail Mary, full of grace divine, Thou blessed chosen one,

In holy joy we praise thy name, Hail, Mother of the Son!

**The Thief and the Innkeeper.**

A thief hired a room in a tavern, and stayed some days, in the hope of stealing something which should enable him to pay his reckoning. When he had waited some days in vain, he saw the innkeeper dressed in a new and handsome coat, and sitting before his door. The thief sat down beside him, and talked with him. As the conversation began to flag, the thief yawned terribly, and at the same time howled like a wolf. The innkeeper said:

"Why do you howl so fearfully?"

"I will tell you," said the thief, "but first let me ask you to hold my clothes, for I wish to leave them in your hands. I know not, sir, when I got this habit of yawning, nor whether these attacks of howling were inflicted on me as a judgment for my crimes, or for any other cause; but this I do know, that when I yawn for the third time, I actually turn into a wolf, and attack men."

With this speech he commenced a second fit of yawning, and again howled as a wolf, as he did at first. The innkeeper hearing his tale, and believing what he said, became greatly alarmed, and rising from his seat, attempted to run away. The thief laid hold of his coat, and entreated him to stop, saying:



## LIFE AND LABORS

of  
Rt. Rev. FREDERIC  
BARAGA,

First Bishop of Marquette, Mich.  
By  
P. CHRYSOSTOMUS VERWYSY,  
O. F. M.  
of Los Angeles, Cal.

What a noble example for all priests! We see here a poor Indian missionary traveling all day through snow and cold and ice, fatigued and tired with walking and carrying a heavy pack all day, and yet saving his office out in the cold, open air before a camp fire, shivering with cold. Yes, truly Father Baraga was made of the material that saints are made of! Baraga concludes:

"Having returned to my mission here, I found everything in the best of order, although I had been absent three months. During my absence the Indians assembled on all Sundays and holy days in the church, both in the morning and afternoon, and performed their prayers and singing in common as I had recommended them to do. I live here satisfied and grateful, loving and beloved as a father amongst his children, for which I thank God in the Name of Jesus."

## CHAPTER XL

Continuation of Father Baraga's Labors at L'Anse in 1848 and 1849. "The New York Observer's" estimate of his work.

## Hardships and dangers.

Scarcely had Father Baraga returned from Fond du Lac, as related in the foregoing chapter when his restless zeal for the good of souls urged him to visit the scattered Catholics of the mining country. Great was the joy of the good people when they again beheld their common father and pastor. It was seldom he could cite them for his territory was large. For several years Fathers Skolla, Baraga and Mrak were the only priests in Northern Wisconsin, Eastern Minnesota and the Northern peninsula of Michigan.

The white settler at the mines wished very much to have a priest of their own, whom they could well support, and they asked Father Baraga to request Rt. Rev. Bishop LeFevre to send them one, but the latter answered that with the best will he could not give them a priest, as he had none to spare. The foremen at the mines, although for the most part non-Catholics, being generally men of no particular religion, were also desirous of having a priest stationed at the mines, knowing from experience the immense influence for good which a worthy priest wields amongst his people. As to the public esteem in which Father Baraga was held by all classes of people, Protestants as well as Catholics, and of the great influence exerted by him and other Indian missionaries, we will give an extract taken from a political paper of that time, called "The New York Observer." The writer remarks:

"To the most common observer it is not difficult to assign the reasons why Catholics have such good success. The number of Catholic whites married to Indian women is greater than that of Protestant. Through this kind of influence the confidence of the Indians is more easily gained than through any other. The children of such marriages are a sure gain. The way to gain a ready hearing on the part of the relatives is thus also facilitated.

"Another reason is this, that

it is more apparent in a Catholic missionary that he devotes himself wholly and entirely to the cause which he promotes, since he labors continually for others, since he fearlessly exposes his health to danger in the service of the sick and dying, and since he is more willing at all times to suffer privation.

"An example of this kind is told of Father Baraga at Keweenaw Point, a man almost 60 years old ('I am 51 years old, but my almost 18 years of missionary service, and especially my difficult winter-trips, have used me up considerably, so that many people, when they saw me for the first time, took me for a man of 60 years. All for the greater honor of God') who devotes the whole of his large income ('The kind contributions for my support, which the Leopoldine Society sends me from time to time.'), as also his personal services to the cause, he has taken upon himself and receives no compensation for the same.

Last winter he went on snow shoes from L'Anse to Copper Harbor, a distance of 57 miles. ("I perform also other missionary duties. It is, however, certain that I myself, and every Catholic missionary, would be willing to travel, not only 57 miles, but also 570, solely to procure eternal happiness through Holy Baptism for one single immortal, infinitely precious soul.") Through an uninhabited region, solely to baptize a child, of whom he had heard that it would probably die. Such proofs of self-sacrifice are not without influence on the observant mind of the Indian.

The Catholic missionary is everywhere at home wherever he happens to be. Neither wife nor children are placed in a disagreeable position, when the night overtakes him in an Indian wigwam. He partakes with gratitude of their homely meals and seeks nothing better. He lies down on their mat to rest and thanks his Savior that he is so well provided for. He does not waste a full half of his precious time in enjoying the pleasures of life, nor in the fulfillment of household duties, or in the care of an ever-increasing family, but through his simple and self-sacrificing mode of life, he gains entrance into the hearts of the savages and then their obedience is easily gained to the requirements of the Roman Church. Doctrines, which are taught by visible signs, are easier understood by simple people than moral explanation, no matter in what form of words they may be clothed."

(To be continued)

## V dolini smrti.

Sredi dajnega in neraziskanega področja v notranjosti Brazilije, ki se razprostira med rekama Rio Roosevelt in Rio Paraguay, leži dolina, ki ima mračno ime "Dolina smrti." To ime nosi zato, ker se tisti, ki so držali prodreti v te kraje, nikdar več niso vrnili domov, ker so bili brez sledu in glasu.

Tudi reke, ki tečejo po tej dolini, so imenovane Reke smrti. Po vsej tem območju prehaja divja indijanska pleme, ki so ne umirajoča senčko pred prodrijočo civilizacijo. Med temi indijanci so najkrvoležnejši Chervanti. Gorje belokočes, ki žade med nje. On postane gotovo žrav dvuh in pol metrov dolgih pušč, omočenih v stranem strupu, že majhna rana od take pušč je absolutno smrtna. Vjetim belokočem odsekajo Chervanti glavo, ki jo najprej izsuše s tem, da jo zakopljajo v vroči pesek, potem pa jo vso pobavajo s pisanimi varvami in jih zataknijo nekake umetne odi. Te lobanje so bojni trofeje, ki jih hranijo v posebnih kočah.

Nedavno tega je neki Anglez po imenu Francis Gow Smith z več tovarisi napravil ekspedicijo v deželo teh divjakov. Vendar se je moral že na pol pota vrniti. Sklenil pa je za trdno, da napravi prihodnje leto tjačaj novo ekspedicijo, od katere si obeta boljših uspehov.

Smith pripoveduje, da so krajji, ki jih je raziskal, brez dvojma silno bogati zlata in dijamantov. Vegetacija je nepisano bujna in raznolična. Tudi bogata je ta dejela na drugih manj razveseljivih stvareh: strupenih golaznih in divjih zverinah. S tem, da je Smith oddaroval Indijance s tobakom in sladkorjem, Indijanke pa razveselili z zelenimi srajcami, se mu je posrečilo pridobiti njihovo prijateljstvo. No, zupati jim vseeno ni smel mnogo, posebno ponocne, ker je "vojni svet" zboroval noč in dan in utegnil priti do kakšnega, za belokočes neprjetvenega sklepa. Zato je Smith ponocni previdno ostajal na svoji barki, čeprav mu je tam pretila nevarnost od strupenih vodnih kač, ki jih tam kar mrgholi in ki napadejo cloveka tudi v čotnu.

Pet dni zaporedoma je plula ekspedicija po reki, navzgor. Scenerija, ki se jim je odpirala, jim je dajala neizbrisne vteze. Brezove reke so obdajali gosti, temni pragozdi, polni najaznovrstnejših živali, pisanih, metuljev redke lepote in nevarnega jaguarja.

Naenkrat pa se je slika izpremenila. Chervanti so gotovo bili zaključili, da belokočes ubijejo. Za drevjem so prezali divjaki v zasedi, tu in tam pa

so se dvigali gosti oblaki dima, naznajajoč sosednjim rodom, da se bliža tujec sovražnik.

Sesti dan so Chervanti presli v napad. Z vseh strani so zasikale pušice, in barka se je morala hitro obrniti nazaj. Leta z največjim naporom veslačev se je ekspedicija resila gotova smrti. Vendar je Smith dosti časa preživel med temi divjaki, da je vsaj nekoliko spoznal njih življenje in še. Chervanti se tetovirajo kakor drugi Indijanci po vsem telesu. Žive v enoženstvu; zakonsko nezvestobo kaznujejo z izgonom. Deklice se može s 13 letom, fante se ženijo s 16 letom. Zakone sklepajo brez vsakih ceremonij, zato pa slavijo rojstvo otroka z velikimi svečanostmi. Takoj ko se je otrok porodil, ga okopljajo v mrzli vodi reke, potem pa se začne velika gostija.

Smith je prinesel od tega plemen veliko zanimivih predmetov in fotografičnih slik.

IZ PODZEMLJA PRI CRNOJELIU V SLEJ KRAJINI.

V Podzemlju, kjer ni bilo nikoli poseljega življenja, vstaja zdaj novo življenje. Poslovno življenje dovrši zbor fantov in deklet, ki ima izredno vselejo do petja, kar le radi ne zupaj pokazat. Zbor 30 petcov je namreč pritradi polici 4 cerkvane plesne prireditve ali koncerte, in sicer v Podzemlju, Metliki, Crnojelu in Semicu. Še drža je bila misel na cerkev koncert, izvajata od preprostih kmetcev, zlasti še v Metliki in Crnojelu, ki sta v glasbi dokaj razvajeni in sodeljujejo mestni. In vendar, podzemljani petci so koncerte izvedli, in s končki upehli! Pleske točko so nadile na poslušalce globok utis, zlasti v Crnojelu, kjer so medčini do kraja napomnili tujno cerkev. Zato je bila temu primerni tudi kritika. Crnojelci so postavljenci pred g. M. Rotancem, ki je znan komponist in izobražen glasbenik, ki je poročal o našem koncertu v "Cerkvi Glazbeni" in mod dresnim zapisih.

"U sedelje 28. julija t. l. sta bila Sedmice v Crnojelu prizorne prenesene s prisotnosti četrtinske koncerta. Koncert se je vpletal v četrtinsko opoldne, v Crnojelu pač. Prisotni v Crnojelu je bila vsočna in občutljivo prisotna. Muslimi, ki so v tej starici crnojelski cerkvi tako lepo petja pa nizkar na Nio: nihče izmed poslušalcev ni moral imeti včasa, da cuje zbor, seznanjen iz preprostega Hudutja. Predstavitev je bilo nujno v intimnih, nečim lokah, polegovačem pa je prislo in veljave v veličastno-mognocnem mestih. In v koncu se doda: "Naj bi cerkvena petja v našem mestu ne začestalo za onim v Podzemljiju in naj bi naš domači orgle vsako nedeljo tako donete, kot so na dan prevega cerkvenega koncerta."

Ti koncerti kažejo, kaj zmorcejo na Podzemljiju z vtrajno pridnostjo. Ravnino v belokraskih ljudeh počivajo velike zmožnosti, katere je treba le o pravem času vznigiti in vezbiti. Zagreb, da tega v Podzemljiju ne moremo! Niroman prostora, kjer bi sploh gojili izobraževalno delo: predavanja, poučni tečaji in večeri s sklopničnimi slikami, dramatični prizori, pouk v govoristvi, deklamaciji, potem telovadba itd. ... nimamo društvenega izobraževalnega doma! V Metliki, Crnojelu, Semicu, Adleščiču ga imajo, pri nas pa je samo sanjam, kako prijetno bi bilo, ko bi si ga mogli zgraditi. Ali kaj, ki niščimo sredstev? Les in kamca bi nadzadno se spravili skupaj, toda kdo bo piščal zidarie, sesače, mizarje, kovača, kleparja? Posojila ne dobimo, ker nimamo porokov; sami sploh nismo nima, a narod v tej denarni krizi ne more zlagati.

Društvenega doma moramo na vsak način priti. Po fari se mora siriči izobraževalno delo — že zavoli osih, ki tavorajo koi izgubljeni in podvignuti po gostih in slabih potih. Mlad človek potrebuje veselja in zabave, se bolj izobraže in srčne omike. Naša Bela Krajina je tak kulturno zelo začestala za ostalimi Slovenci. Kdo naši pomaga k napredku? Najprej sola; ali ona ostane le pri otrocih, do soli že odlastili fantov in deklet na nimva vpliva. Tu so poklicana edino izobraževalna društva; da dopolnijo, kar je še sama pričela. Da je naš slovenski narod v splošnem najbolj kulturni in izobražen v Jugoslaviji, ima to bivalčen organiziranemu izobraževalnemu delu po naših društvenih domov!

Predragji rojaki, ameriški Slovenci! Vasi sorodniki in žančci iz Podzemljija, lastni mladi fantje in dekleta. V Vaši rojstni vasi Vas prisreno prosimo: poštevajte vsej moči naš društveni domu na ohran. Znamo, da imate sami svoje potrebe in izdatke; ali hkrati pomislite, da smo skrajno potrebeni. Vse pomoci tudi mi. En dollar, ki ga prinašate, je priča, da se društveni dom, Ti ne prizadene nikake skede, nam pa veliko korist, vreden je nad 60 dinarjev. In v nekaj sto dolarij — največ do 1,000 dolarij — si zamoremo postaviti kranjski izobraževalni dom. Vsi nisi rojaki, dajte, zganite se, lepo Vas prosim! Naša želje ne presliša našega izrednega cilja in proračuna! Sej ne bo zaston: vsak dag Vam bo nekoc obilježal — Obračame se s prispevki za prispoke, tudi na druge Belokrasic in Slovence, — Amerikanec: idor lahko zmore vsaj malo in mu je pri tem napredek slovenškega naroda, naj se nas bogato usmilj. Ali se vrne v slovensko domovino ali nikjer ne klije temu si je ostane Stevanec, ki ne smuči pozabiti na svojo narodno dolžnost, zlasti kadar Te klije sreča domovina na pomoti? Členska nadesarjevca bodo objavljena v ameriških slovenskih listih (Glasnik K. S. K., Ave Maria itd.), kakor tudi pri nas v slovenski domovini. Prispevki in darove sprejemajo g. Martin Tomc, 1644 Walker Cr. Chicago, Ill., tukaj nabirajo. Kdor hitro da, dvakrat da!

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