

ber is authorized by the priest to instruct the other members in their hymns, prayers and catechism and exhort them to lead good lives and hold fast to the faith. At home the members don't forget to recite their morning and evening prayers and before and after meals. I told them I cannot account why, unless it be in the Kansas climate, that they are such unwavering Catholics and lead such faithful Christian lives, as down our way at Sacred Heart, Okla., we have a big house full of . . . priests and . . . brothers—that we see and converse with them every day, and that we have a . . . church, but so far as we Indians are concerned, although good hearted enough, we are far from being Saints—that, at any rate, cutting off the hypocrits and infidel mob of us, we have hopes that God Almighty may deign to choose one of our number for His right hand instructor to His people and that is Albert Ne-gahn-quet.

J. M.

Albert Ne-gahn-quet is a full-blood Pottawatomie Indian raised at Sacred Heart. He made his primary, commercial, classical and began his theological studies here. Since three years he is at the Propaganda Fide, Rome, where he will (D. V.) be ordained to the priesthood June 6th of the current year.

ED.

What a sublime exhibition of Christian forgiveness and charity is presented in the following incident: A short time before the Civil war a Sister was walking on some errand of mercy. In turning the corner of a street she was insulted by a young man who, without any provocation, hurled some offensive epithets at her. She merely glanced at him, and quickly pursued her course. When the war broke out this young man entered the army. He was afterwards wounded and sent to the hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity. He was filled with gratitude and overwhelmed with confusion by the devotion of the Sisters. One day he remarked to his attendant: "Sister, I am deeply grateful for your kindness to a stranger, who is not of your faith. There is one thought preying on my conscience. I once insulted one of your companions, and I could die in peace if I could only know that she forgave me." "Set your mind at rest," replied the Sister. "I am the person you offended. I recognized you when you entered the hospital, and I forgave you from my heart."