

tined. He at once returned to Crab Tree, and in order to be near the church he took up his quarters in temporary improvised rooms in the stable adjoining the parish residence. Here he remained day and night engaged in the arduous duties involved by this fell scourge among his people, and it was not for four weeks that he could occupy the parochial residence.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Last Monday evening Rev. Father Lacombe was a passenger on the west bound transcontinental. It was just fifty-four years and six weeks since he first passed in a dog train through Fort Garry, long before Winnipeg was dreamt of. The Rev. Mother General of the Sisters of Misericorde, accompanied by Sister St. Victoire, was on the same train en route for Edmonton to see about a new maternity hospital to be built there.

It will not be necessary for Rev. Father McCarthy to go to Calgary, as arrangements have been made to appoint one of the Edmonton Oblate Fathers, probably Rev. Father Lemarchand, to the rectorship of St. Mary's, Calgary.

The Holy Father remarked the other day to Decurtius, the distinguished Swiss Catholic that he had ten "Motu Proprios," each of them effecting a reform, ready in his desk. One of these probably, bears on a universal catechism for the whole Church. Pius X., is about to appoint a commission to study this question. "I should like," said he lately, "to appoint a number of primary school teachers as members of this commission. They are the best judges of what is adapted to the intelligence of children, and what is the best way of appealing to it. An elementary catechism should contain no words or phrases likely to puzzle children. Unfortunately this cannot be said of many of the catechisms now in vogue. Some of them are in parts unintelligible even to adults."

The new edition of the "Gerarchia Cattolica" (Catholic Hierarchy) for 1904 contains one noteworthy change. Hitherto the lists of the Roman Pontiffs from St. Peter to Pius X. have given the number as 264. But, in deference to the recently published investigations of the famous historian, Mgr. Duchesne, the Gerarchia eliminates eleven non-existent Popes or anti-Popes and restores five duly elected Popes, thus reducing the total number to 258. For instance Anacletus is identified with Pope Cletus, the second successor of St. Peter; Donus II. who was supposed to have been Pope for a few months during the year 973, as a matter of fact never existed. On the other hand, Leo VIII., who, owing to the confused history of the tenth century, was commonly regarded as an antipope, is now recognized as legitimate, having reigned for a short time between John XII. and Benedict V.

Rev. Father Lorieau, E.M.I., has assumed the superiorityship of the Chavagne community of St. Adolphe, in place of Rev. Father Thibault, E.M.I., who sails from New York for France on March 5.

LECTURE BY FATHER LACOMBE
A Dramatic Incident in His Early Missionary Career.

On Friday evening, Feb. 26, His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Very Rev. Father Magnan, O.M.I., Rev. Father Poitras, O.M.I., Rev. W. Kulawy, Rev. Father Cloutier, Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, the Rev. Brothers of Provencher Academy and two of the Brothers of St. Mary's, the Fathers and students of the College, and several ladies and gentlemen invited for the occasion, assembled in the College hall to hear a lecture from the venerated and dearly loved missionary, Father Lacombe. After an orchestral overture by the College band, the Rector introduced the lecturer as "the dean (doyen) of all the Indians of the Northwest, who is going to tell you some marvellous

tales about his nation." When the burst of hilarity and applause which this introduction produced had subsided, Father Lacombe ascended the platform, on which he remained standing during his entire lecture, apparently insensible to fatigue in spite of his 78 winters. He spoke as follows:—

Your Grace, Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentlemen, and especially you, my dear students of St. Boniface College, although somewhat indisposed, yet I thought I ought to accept the pressing invitation of your dear Archbishop and of the faculty of the College; for, though I never had anything to do with the management of this institution, I have watched its progress for many years. I saw the interest which Mgr. Tache, of venerated memory, took in this house, and all that he did for its advancement. And now I am delighted to see his beloved successor glorying in your own success. For my part, throughout all the Northwest as far as the rocky mountains I have heard nothing but praise of the College, of its classical and commercial courses. You are aware, my friends, of the rapid growth of prosperity and population in those far western regions. Well, the children of all these new settlers have to be educated, and when the parents come to us for advice, we try to persuade them to send their children to St. Boniface College; it is so far to send them to Ottawa. Besides, the pupils who have finished their schooling here and returned to their northwestern homes, have spread abroad the good name of this house. Hence, you will understand what a consolation it is for me to be here with you, in presence of the Archbishop and the Fathers, to lecture to you. Is it not a rather funny idea for an old Indian to give a lecture? Lecture means reading, and I have nothing to read, only some recollections to relate. I am not here to speak in set phrase like those who deliver great lectures. That is not my style. Provided you understand me that is all I want. On my way to the College today I said to myself: These boys, in a few years, will be filling various situations in the world. It is well that they should know something of the past history of this country, which formerly belonged to the Indians, it is well that they should carry away with them a vivid picture of the manners and customs of those Indian tribes. What I shall tell you this evening is my experience. Experience is a great school, where we learn more than in books. We all have our experiences; why should not a missionary have his, especially a very old-timer like myself?

THE DRAMA.

Let me first introduce you to the part of the country where this drama took place 42 years ago. How things have changed since then! Where at that time there were immense herds of buffalo, now there are none. All the fun of the olden time is gone. Those wretched whites have taken this away from us (Laughter). I often used to say: You whites think that because you are white you will crush and stamp out the Indians, but they will have their revenge one day, before the dread tribunal of God.

I call this drama "The Arrival of the Blackrobe in an Indian Camp." The scene is laid in the great prairies that extend from the Missouri River to Edmonton. These prairies were then covered with buffaloes. There the Indians were happy. Of many things we deem necessary they never felt the want. When one does not know the taste of bread; one does not feel the want of it. Why, many of the Indians despised all other foods but buffalo meat. They had ducks, geese, prairie chickens, deer,

in plenty, but many Indians scorned to put their teeth in anything but buffalo.

At that time priests used to be sent to accompany the Christian Indians who followed the buffalo for months together. I was one of the first to be chosen for this kind of missionary work. The celebrated old missionary, Father Thibault, began the first missions in the direction of Edmonton. My superiors saw that I had a facility for learning Indian languages, and that I liked the life; so it was decided in a vicarial council that I should spend the summer with the Cree Indians. This tribe is an offshoot of the great Algonquin family, whose language the Cree resembles, although the latter is easier to learn and handle.

The Crees were supposed to own the country from River La Biche to the north branch of the Saskatchewan, while the Blackfeet and Piegiens claimed the land south of River La Biche down to the Missouri. But often hunger and the buffalo did not respect these territorial limits, and then hostile tribes were likely to meet on each other's territory. What added to this likelihood of hostile encounters was the Indians' passion for horses. They were fonder of their horses than of their wives. They gloried in the number of their horses; one Indian often owned forty horses, and the chiefs would claim a whole herd. So, when they were short of horses, they would often steal them from the great herds along the Missouri River, and then there would be reprisals. When I set out on that great journey 42 years ago I knew the Cree language as well as the Indians themselves, perhaps better, for God had given me special facilities and opportunities therefor. My companions were two Indians: Alexis, a Cree who had been many years with me, a good Christian and very devoted; Francois, also a trusty fellow, who, besides the Cree, knew the language of the Kootenays, because he had visited the country of this tribe on the western slope of the Rockies. We had five good horses, not too many for a journey that would last all summer, and to carry our baggage, especially the tent in which I said Mass.

We arrived at the place where Calgary is now. There we found the Bow River so swollen that we could not cross it that evening. So I had a chance to admire that beautiful valley and the Rocky Mountains in the distance. I said to myself: "What a beautiful place this would be for a city!" Just then a small herd of buffaloes came down the hill to drink and cross the river. One of my men killed a buffalo cow on the site of the Calgary post office. The next morning we resumed our journey. We met a band of Crees who were delighted to see us and gave us something to eat. Although I had at first expressed the wish to go on, I was prevailed upon to remain with them ten days, preparing four or five adults for baptism and baptising some children. When I told my friends that I was going to visit Chief Wahpishtigwan, they tried to dissuade me, saying that those Crees were all mad Manitous, especially the chiefs. The more they objected, the more anxious I was to go; perhaps, I thought, these Indians may become Catholics. I told my new found friends to remain behind, and then I set out. It was a beautiful day at the latter end of June, and as I rode on into the unknown I repeated the words, "In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terrae verba eorum" (The sound of them hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world). Looking to the left I saw a great mirage and asked what it was. My companions replied that they saw Indian

The Northwest Review

JOB DEPARTMENT

Has special facilities for all kinds of
CHURCH PRINTING

**

BOOK, JOB & COMMERCIAL STATIONERY
Printed in Artistic and Catchy Style

P.O. BOX 617 Office of Publication:
219 McDermot Ave
Winnipeg, Man.

MANITOBA

CROP OF 1902:

	BUSHELS
Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
Peas	34,154
Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343	

The Province of Manitoba has yet room for thousands of farmers and laborers. There are 25,000,000 acres that can be cultivated, and only 3,000,000 acres under cultivation.

THE LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY is rapidly increasing; opportunities for stockmen and dairymen are to be found in many districts.

Lands for sale by the Provincial Government are the cheapest and most desirable in the Province.

For full information, maps, etc., (FREE), and all applications for farm hands, address

L. J. HOWE, or **J. J. GOLDEN,**
Acting Chief Clerk Provincial Government Agent,
Dept. of Provincial Lands, 617 Main Street, Winnipeg
WINNIPEG

THE MOORE PRINTING CO., LTD.

Printers & Publishers

Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps

All Kinds of Book and Job Printing
for Country Merchants * * * * *

Statements, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, etc.

Mail Orders receive prompt attention. *

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO—
The Moore Printing Co., Ltd.
219 McDermot Ave. - - - Winnipeg, Man

lodes, but could not distinguish to what tribe they belonged. At that time the Crees and Blackfeet were at war. I said, let us go and see; but the others were afraid for themselves, though they admitted that there was no danger for me. On the one hand I did not want to expose my friends to danger and on the other hand I felt ashamed that a priest should hesitate to face peril. So I offered to protect them with my body by going ahead.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew is the author of this story:—
"One day I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man and I asked him in which battle he had been wounded.
"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.
"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.
"Well, sir," said the man half apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two, I got careless and looked back.'"

To be Continued.

