

debt of gratitude that I owe has never been canceled, and now that the scale is turned I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue.

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased and his business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley; "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet, you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even better by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise; "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part I could not obtain a dollar credit, the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling; "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment?" echoed Mr. Hawley. "What investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"

"O, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance; "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me \$75,000. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and, drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business, with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

OBLATE MISSIONS.

The Very Rev. Father Soullier, O. M. I., Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Visits the Mission and Industrial School at Qu'Appelle (N. W. T.).

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

On the 17th of May, 1894, Very Rev. Father Soullier left Winnipeg on the train going west, for the purpose of visiting the Indian missions around Qu'Appelle. On the following day the train reached Qu'Appelle station, where a delegation of Catholics, with Rev. Father Roy at their head, met the distinguished visitor and tendered him a hearty welcome. During his brief stay at Qu'Appelle the Rev. Father was highly interested. He was greeted with musical and dramatic entertainments by the children of the Industrial School, and he had the pleasure of beholding one of those great Indian demonstrations which rarely falls to the lot of a European, or any other white man to witness.

THE RECEPTION OF A CROSS.

On Saturday, May 19, the whole forenoon was devoted to plays and games of different kinds in which the children of the Industrial School were the principal actors. In the afternoon a very imposing ceremony took place.

In the month of October, 1865, nearly thirty years ago, the Venerable Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Tache, O. M. I., selected the spot on which the mission of Qu'Appelle now stands. At that time not a single Christian altar was to be found among that vast wild inhabitants of that vast territory. The only believers in the faith of Christ who then resorted to the country were the Catholic half-breeds, who came from time to time to camp there for a few months to hunt the buffaloes. All must admit that the fact of establishing a mission under such circumstances was in itself an heroic act of faith. As a sign that he had taken possession of that immense country in the name of Jesus Christ—a country where until that moment satan reigned supreme over those poor wretched Indians—the great missionary Bishop erected a cross on the top of one of the highest hills surrounding Qu'Appelle, and exacted a promise from the half-breeds and the Indians then present, to respect, and cause to be respected, the emblem of salvation, as well as the lands and property of the future mission. They pledged their word, and kept it faithfully. It is time alone, that merciless destroyer of works, that has shaken this noble monument of our holy faith; and during the last few years the cross had ceased to bear public testimony to an age that has passed away.

To link the present with the past, and to proclaim once more the authority of Jesus Christ over those regions, the Very Rev. Father Soullier erected a cross fifteen feet high and covered with white tin. Two hundred school children with the Sisters and all the employees, and a large number of white people, half-breeds and Indians, marched in procession, with the cross at their head, and singing canticles in its honor, to the summit of the hill where the ceremonial was to take place.

A large number of Pagan Indians joined in the procession, and during the whole proceedings their attitude was most respectful. Rev. Father Theophilus Campeau, O. M. I., very willingly took upon himself the task of heralding the good news in all directions. He went about to all the different huts scattered among the glens on the hill sides, or around the camp, and exhorted all the Indians to be present at the grand demonstration.

The procession having reached the summit of the hill, the Very Rev. Superior-General spoke a few words in French to recall the circumstances which attended the erection of the first cross, the shattered remains of which was still to be seen. Immediately after the Superior-General, Rev. Father Allard, O. M. I., V. G., delivered an eloquent discourse in the Ojibway language. The Indians were delighted to hear a white man speak their language so fluently; and at the end of the discourse they came forward in large numbers to express their satisfaction to the speaker. Rev. Father Favreau, O. M. I., spoke a few words in Sioux, after which the proceedings were brought to a close by reciting a few prayers in French and English at the foot of the new cross — first of all for His Grace the Archbishop, again for the conversion of Infidels, and finally for the souls in purgatory.

At 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, May 20, the sacrament of confirmation was administered to one hundred and sixty-five persons by the Very Rev. Superior-General, to whom Archbishop Tache had very kindly granted all the necessary powers. The High Mass, which began at 10 o'clock, was followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The white people, representing American and many European countries, were unusually numerous—English, Scotch, French, Irish, Germans, Swedes, and several Canadian settlers from the Province of Quebec were present on the occasion. The Indians did not lack in numbers. The band belonging to the Industrial School, and all the children, dressed up in their holiday costumes, with banners of different colors in their hands, went forward in the procession before the clergy. The Pagan Indians came from all parts to behold this strange and imposing ceremony. Rev. Father Antoine, O. M. I., carried the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by Rev. Fathers Roy and Rocan as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus, patron of the parish of Qu'Appelle, cannot but shower down abundant blessings on those pious people, on their orderly, well-conducted children, and on all those poor unfortunate Pagan who are still ignorant of Jesus Christ, and who are living as if there were without God in this world.

The church of Qu'Appelle contains a magnificent piece of sculpture representing the scene on Calvary, which was donated partly by the parishioners and partly by some pious souls around Montreal. If some other generous Christian would establish a Calvary on the spot where the newly planted cross now stands, together with the Stations of the Cross on the hill-side, the work would be complete and the next altar of repose could be erected on the summit of the hill—*Deus, qui in altis habitat*, "God who loveth to dwell on high. Who, let us ask, will be kind and generous enough to afford Him this pleasure?"

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon began the devotions for the month of May. A sermon was preached in French by the Very Rev. Superior-General, who was able to state before his audient that he had already seen the Blessed Virgin honored in four of the great divisions of the globe—in Europe, Africa, Asia and America. Rev. Father Langevin, O. M. I., Vicar of missions, spoke after the Superior-General, and proved that the worship of the Blessed Virgin was nothing new. He showed that at the present day Protestants themselves are beginning to acknowledge their past errors, for they are coming back again to the ancient worship of her who was once honored throughout the length and breadth of the English nation.

amount of curiosity, caused a considerable number of the native Indians to traverse the prairies. Had the invitation been general we might have seen 2,500 or perhaps 3,000 Indians assembled together.

In the newly-constructed hall, which serves as a gymnasium for the school children, were to be found Crees, Ojibways, Sioux and Assiniboines, patiently awaiting the opening of the sentence. Accompanied by the Rev. Father Antoine, O. M. I., Rev. Messrs. Roy and Rocan, and the Rev. Fathers Langevin, Allard, Campeau, Magnan, Hugonard, St. Germain, Campeau, Favreau and Comeau, O. M. I., the Very Rev. Father General took his place on the platform and the Congress was declared opened.

Through politeness as well as diplomacy they wished to let the Pagan speak first; but for similar reasons, as we may suppose, the latter refused to do so. Then one of the Christian Chiefs rose up, and after having shaken hands with all the missionaries, according to the Indian custom, he first of all expressed his great joy at seeing before him so great a Chief, come from beyond the Great Salt Lake (the Atlantic Ocean), and he made a courageous profession of the Catholic faith in the presence of his Pagan brethren. He then began to make some complaints against the Government, and as one of the missionaries reproached him with having violated the rule which they had all accepted — namely, to say nothing about their grievances—"Oh, well!" said he, "if we say that we are happy and contented and well fed, it will be reported to the Government, and they'll all give us nothing more. We must make it known to all that we are poor and suffering." Having finished his discourse, he shook hands again with all the priests and went back to his seat.

Another Catholic Indian—a neophyte who was baptized only at Easter, and received confirmation that same morning from the Very Rev. Superior-General—asked permission to say a few words. To the great astonishment of all the Fathers who knew the fanaticism of the Pagan among whom he lived, this brave Indian made an open profession of his faith with a firmness that was really admirable. Evidently he had received the holy gift of fortitude that morning in confirmation. "I am in mourning," said he, "I have just lost my father; but the joy of your presence is so great that I wished to forget my sorrow in order to come and touch your hand (shake hands), and to tell you that I am very happy since I began the prayer of the white men. You say that you have come in the name of the Great Chief of prayer, the Pope. Well greet him on my behalf, and tell him that we are his children and that we love him sincerely."

Just then the old chief, Pia-pot, was called on to deliver his discourse, and he rose up immediately. Having cast aside his blanket, which was white, he appeared in his close fitting robe of caribou skin, decorated with leather epaulets and fringes. A mocking smile was visible on his lips; his little eyes sparkled like carbuncles, and his long uncombed hair fell carelessly about his cheeks and shoulders. He seemed to feel quite conscious of the interest which he excited, and appeared to take pleasure in the same.

Pia-pot spoke in Cree, which was interpreted in French by Rev. Father Hougonard, O. M. I. After having gone through the ceremony of shaking hands with all the missionaries he began his discourse in the following manner.

PIA-POT'S DISCOURSE.

"Tell the Great Chief that I also am glad to see him, that I may salute him and tell him what I have in my heart. I am one of those who have sprung from the soil, and who have always been masters of this country." Here Pia-pot interrupted his discourse by remarking that he saw nobody taking down what he said. He wished that his words should go through the world (the newspapers). Having received an answer from the Fathers that all what he was about to say would be engraved on their memories, he continued: "I never gave my consent to have this land of ours sold to the white men. How could we sell the land? Does it not belong to the Master of life — the great Manitou? Consequently no price can buy it. Again, the land and my body are but one. Is a man allowed to sell his own body? But the white men have deceived us. Their mouths were full of sugar; they made us fine promises, and won over to their cause some of our people who believed in their words. For my part, I never wished to place confidence in them. They promised the old chief Peguis, near Selkirk, that they would take only two miles on each side of the Red River, and they have ended by taking all the rest. Here they are doing the same thing. We are no longer masters of our reserves. They deprive us not only of our land, but of our trees also; and they forbid us to kill an animal in our woods, or to catch a fish in our rivers. They have given us some animals, but if any of us should kill one of them to eat, he is threatened with being cast into prison. They pay us the treaty money so late in summer that we must give it away immediately after getting it, for we are obliged to contract debts in order to live. The white men are avaricious and greedy; they gather up everything on the surface of the earth for themselves. You see our emaciated faces and our clothes in rags—see how poor and miserable we are. Our race is going to disappear altogether before long. During the last few years I have lost nearly two hundred of the people

belonging to my reserve. Our religion is disappearing, and the religion of the white men is growing stronger." Here Pia-pot held up two of his fingers and asked Fr. Hugonard how he said that in French. "Deux (two)," said Fr. Hugonard. "Well," continued Pia-pot, "tell him that I wish to dance two more Sundances, and then I will see what is best to be done. I know neither how to read nor write as white men do; so if I have said anything wrong I beg to be excused. Several years ago I promised the Great Priest, Archbishop Tache, never to wage war against the white men, and I have kept my word. Nevertheless I keep my own way of praying to the Great Spirit; and I am no more willing to change my religion than to change my skin. We are told that the Indians who die after having prayed according to the way of the white men are not received in the heaven for the Indians, because they carry crosses; and they are driven away from the heaven for the white men, because their skin is black."

One of the missionaries fearing that this open profession of Pagan faith might produce a bad impression on those present, ventured to interrupt Pia-pot; and at the same time the Christians began to make protestations on all sides. "I am not expressing my convictions," replied Pia-pot, "I am only repeating what is said among us. I do not despise the prayer of the white men, for I send my grandson to school here in Qu'Appelle. I could use nice, pleasing language if I wished to do so. I know well enough how we should speak to white men when we wish to please them, but I promised to say what I had in my heart. Great Chief of the white men's prayer, I offer you my greeting."

When Pia-pot had finished his discourse, a Pagan Sioux, called "La Suisse," rose up and asked permission to speak. Rev. Father Favreau, O. M. I., acted as interpreter. In the course of his speech La Suisse declared that he felt happy to have an opportunity of addressing the Superior-General and of informing him that, although a Pagan, he entertained feelings of great respect for the priests and placed unbounded confidence in them. "We know," said he, "that the word of the black robe is honest, and that he will not deceive us. We have placed confidence in him. We school here our children in the school here and we are glad. We promised our Father (Father Favreau) and we have brought two already to our Father (Father Favreau). We know that the school is a good institution, and that our children learn good things there."

At last it came to Oshoupe's turn to address the assembly. Twenty years ago Oshoupe was a Pagan Indian who adored the sun and danced in his honor, lived with two wives and went about half naked; but now he is an excellent Christian, dressed up as a gentleman, and owns a large herd of horses and cattle. He was converted to the Christian religion by Rev. Father Decorbey, O. M. I.; and the missionaries have found in him an intelligent, zealous and powerful auxiliary to assist them in their labors. His daughter Isabella, who is now a pupil at the Industrial School at Qu'Appelle, was sent with the Grey Sisters to Chicago to represent the Institution at the World's Fair.

Oshoupe expressed his joy at beholding the Superior-General in their midst, and declared that he felt proud and happy to be a Catholic. He requested the Superior-General to place a resident missionary at Crooked Lake in order, as he said, that no one may die without having the consolation of seeing the priest. Continuing his discourse, he thanked the Government for course, he thanked the Government for all that it had done for the school, and declared that he was well satisfied with everything. Then, turning towards the Pagan Indians, he addressed them in a few words: "And you, my dear brothers, I may not have as much wisdom as the old men of my tribe, but I have some very warm feelings for you in my heart. Ever since I began to say the prayers of the black robe I have felt very happy. This Great Chief who is here in our midst is about to cross the mountains to British Columbia, where he will see great numbers of Indians who are rich and happy since they began to pray with the black robes. I myself have been in that country also on a hunting expedition. When I met the Indians living out there I did not understand their language. But they showed me a beads, and immediately I took my own beads which I have here. Then they came forward and treated me as a brother. It was then I understood that the only good prayer is that which is spread throughout the whole world and never changes. You complain of being poor; send your children to school; it is the only way to make them happy. You are mistaken if you imagine that the Great Chief of the Oblates has come out here in the name of the Government. The missionaries have already explained that to us. Their sole occupation is to take care of our souls and those of our children." This eloquent discourse of Oshoupe was applauded several times by the half-breeds and the Catholic Indians.

It was now the Superior-General's turn to address the meeting. He, first of all, expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to behold so important an assembly, and to have heard such interesting discourses. "I have not come here," said he, "in the name of the Government, but in the name of your venerable Archbishop, Mgr. Tache, whom many of you know very well. I am greatly pleased with those who pray with us before long. As surely, we as missionaries are not indifferent to your troubles and your physical sufferings. You call us your fathers and we love you as our children. Your missionaries have not quitted their country, their parents, and everything that was most dear to them in order to take care of your bodies; they have come here to tell you of a better life and teach you the means to obtain it. You must enkindle within yourselves an ardent desire for instruction, and endeavor to procure the same blessing for your children. I see here before me a magnificent building which is an honor to the Canadian Government and a proof of the interest which they take in your welfare. In this school your children are gratuitously instructed in the sciences of the white men, learning all that is necessary for them in order to gain an honest and honorable livelihood hereafter. And, what is better still, they hear something about God, and are brought up in all the Christian virtues. What can be more advantageous for your dear children? This school is therefore an honor and glory to religion as well as to the Canadian Government. . . . You have requested me to send you some more missionaries. Well, I am glad to see how highly you esteem those who have been already sent to you; and I promise to do all in my power to increase their number. In conclusion I wish you all kinds of peace and happiness. Imitate the lives of those who pray well and you will obtain an eternal reward for your labors. This is the blessing which I wish you all with my whole heart."

Thus terminated the Indian Congress at Qu'Appelle. It has produced at least two good effects — the Catholic Indians have derived many benefits from it, both spiritual and temporal, and it gave the death-blow to Paganism. The Indians themselves acknowledge, and Pia-pot among the rest, that the gods are beginning to disappear.

In the meantime, let no one forget that there are souls to be converted still in the archdiocese of St. Boniface, of which Qu'Appelle, though situated in the North-West Territories, forms a portion. There are 14,257 Indians in the archdiocese, and out of that number 6,536 are still pagans! The harvest to be gathered in the diocese of St. Boniface is more abundant than that of any of the Vicariates of the North-West. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth labourers into his harvest" (Mat. ix., 38).

A Peer's Conversion.

The recent withdrawal of the Earl of Buckinghamshire from the Conservative ranks occasioned not a little surprise, because the trend of conversions among the Lords of England has almost wholly in the other direction. The House of Lords is so overwhelmingly Tory that it was regarded as a matter of course that once an Englishman became a peer he naturally was a Tory in politics, no matter what his convictions had been previous to his elevation. Recently, too, the Liberal party has ranged itself emphatically against the House of Lords, so that the peers have come to look to the Tories as their safeguard against annihilation as political factors.

The latest convert, however, is not shedding tears at the downfall of himself and his fellow-legislators. Indeed, he rejoices at the coming disaster, and intends to do all he can to hasten it. For, as he told his tenants a few days ago, he left the Tory party because he believes that the reform of the House of Lords is the gravest question of the day, and after giving the matter the most careful consideration he decided to follow the lead of Lord Rosebery, to Buckinghamshire's self sacrifice is in marked contrast to the selfish, grasping attitude of his former allies in the upper chamber.—Boston Republic.

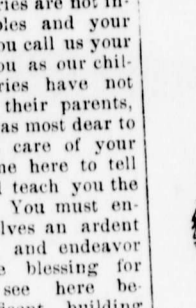
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