SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONELL, KNOWN AS 'SPANISH JOHN' WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES F THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OPERATING IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

VIII.

My cousin John, Glengarry, was the head of our family and my chief, and to him I determined to apply. I therefore set out at once for Invengarry, where I found the castle entirely dismantled and abandoned, so that when the Duke of Cumberland appeared somewhat later he found only bare walls to destroy; but destroy he did, so completely that he did not even leave a foundation.

I found Glengarry easily enough, living in retirement in a safe place among his own people, and paid my respects to him with great good will; indeed, few chiefs had greater claims than he.

His father, Alastair Dubh, was one of the best warriors of his day, and had performed feats at Killiecrankie that a man might well be proud of. There, too, the chief's elder brother, Donald Gorm, fell gloriously, having killed eighteen of the enemy with his own sword.

His eldest son, Alastair, was now in the Tower of London, a prisoner, and AEneas, his second, had been accidentally shot at Falkirk six months before, whilst in arms for the Prince.

He himself, had not been out, but no more had Clanranald; indeed, in many cases it was thought best the heads of the families should not be involved, in the event of the rising not proving favourable; but this turned out to be a sorry defence in more cases than one, amongst which was Glengarry's own.

After hearing my story, he said, laughing, "Man! but this would make a pretty quarrel with the McKenzies if we only had these troubles off our hands. I would send with you men enough to turn their whole country upside down, and you might consider the money as safe as if you had it in your own sporan. But what can I do? You dare not take any body of men across the country, and, more than that, I haven't them to send, even if you could. But let us sleep over it, and we will see what can be done in the morning."

I told him my plan was to go straight to Dundonald, who was an honorable man, and through him try and work on his uncle, old Colin Dearg; and could he but provide me with five or six men, by way of a life guard, it was all I would ask.

When we parted on the morrow, Glengarry said: "There are your men! but promise me there will be no lives wasted unless something can be gained. I have given you five picked men, and they must not be thrown away; but if the money can be got, and fighting is wanted, you have five better swords at your back than ever were dreamed of among the McKenzies; and whether you send them all back or not, I'll be satisfied so long as you make good use of them."

We made our way with all possible speed and precaution until we arrived at Dundonald's, and with him I was well pleased, more particularly at his reception of my plans, and his promise to send for old Colin and have him meet us at a place appointed.

Thither we all repaired, and after inquiring from Dundonald the particulars of the house, which I found simple enough, for it was one floor without partitions and but a single door, I laid out my plan of action to my men.

Should old Colin keep the appointment, it would most probably be after dark, and he was sure to come with a strong following, more particularly if he suspected I was in the matter, which well might be the case after my meeting of the previous week. So I determined as follows: my men should seat themselves just within the door, not allowing anyone to separate them, and see they kept their arms clear that they might be drawn the moment I made the signal. At this, the two I named were to keep the door, and the other three pass out and at once fire the house at both ends, and then return to back up the others at the door, where they could easily cut down the McKenzies as they attempted to make their way out.

As for me, I would seat myself between Dundonald and old Colin Dearg, and at the first serious offensive motion I would do for both of them at once with my dirk and pistol, knock out the light, and try to make for the door. If I chanced to get there alive, they would know my voice, as I would shout our rallying cry, "Fraoch Eilean!" but if I failed, to see that every soul within perished along with me. There was a good chance of escaping, as I held the start of the fight in my own hands, and I counted that between the surprise and the dark I ran no risk beyond the ordinary. I regretted that my plan should include Dundonald, but as he was a McKenzie that could not be helped.

I was right in every particular, for it was dark when old Colin appeared, and he was followed by forty or fifty men, carrying, apparently, only short sticks, but under their coats I perceived they had their dirks ready. They entered the house, and, without giving them a moment to settle or to disconcert our plan, I entered boldly and seated myself as I proposed, my men keeping together near the door.

After a short pause, every one eying me and mine, and we returning it, though without offence, Dundonald mentioned the cause of our visit in as becoming a manner as the subject would admit of, speaking in English, so that what was offensive might not be understood by the men.

"And why, Dundonald, should you come inquiring of me about a matter of which I know nothing?" asked Colin Dearg, in a silky voice, like the old fox he was.

"Now, Colin Dearg McKenzie," said I, shortly, "I have neither time nor stomach for smooth words. You cut that gold out of my portmanteau with your own hands and kept three hundred guineas of it, while the other six went to your fellow thieves. I have it from the wretch your bribed with twenty-five more to murder me if I saw you at your dirty work. So none of your lies, but make what restitution you can, and prove you have some honesty left in you by handing over the Prince's money."

The old man made an attempt to defend himself, but after a minute said, sulkily, "Och, well! There's no use making such a pother about the matter now; the money is gone, and I cannot give it back if I would, so there is an end of it all."

"No," I said, in Gaelic, so all might understand; "because the thief has spent the money that does not end the matter."

"What more would you have?" asked the old man, still sulkily.

"The gallows!" I said, firmly; and with a growl the crowd caught at their dirks; but at the same moment I whipped out my dirk and pistol, and, covering both old Colin and Dundonald, swore I would kill them both if the first step was made towards me, and, as I spoke, my men took possession of the door.

"For the love of God, my children, stand you still — stand you still!" screamed old Colin, and not a man moved.

Every man in the room was on his feet, crowding towards the table where we stood, I facing them all, holding both Dundonald and old Colin as my sureties at the point of my weapons, my men keeping the door as I knew, though I dared not so much as glance towards them, and every one strained up to the point of outburst, only waiting for the next move.

I chose to keep the lead in my own hands. "Now, then! What have you got to say for yourself?" I demanded from old Colin.

"I might say I have only taken my own," he returned, with amazing quiet. "But 'tis ill talking with a dirk against one's ribs. Move it a little from me and let me talk as a gentleman should," he went on, with a coolness that brought forth a murmur of admiration from his people.

"Your own?" I cried, amazed at his audacity.

"My own, certainly; and not only mine, but my children's as well! Think you a few paltry gold pieces will pay the debt of the Prince towards me and mine? We have given what your gold is as dirt beside! We have given lives that all the gold under Heaven cannot buy back. We have broken hearts for his sake that all the louis d'ors in France cannot mend. I and mine have ruined ourselves beyond redemption for his Cause, and, when we have winter and starvation before us, why should I not take what comes to my hand for those nearest to me, when it can be of no use elsewhere?"

There came answering groans and sighs of approval from his following at this fine-sounding bombast, and I was at a loss how to cut it short or see my way to an end, when, taking advantage of my distraction, he suddenly gave some signal, and, quick as thought, a blade flashed out beside him, and I only saved myself by a chance parry with my dirk.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOLLIE'S ROSARY.

Little Mollie Sullivan, aged nine years, was the eldest child of a poor Irish laborer living in the dreary district of East Marsh, on the outskirts of London. Almost from the dawn of consciousness she had been accustomed to the pinch of poverty, and as she never saw on the family board any but the cheapest food, and that often very meagre in quantity, it will not surprise you that she heard almost with incredulity that there were people—ay, and little children even, who had meat every day. The information was imparted to her by a neighbor who "went out charing and doing for people wot could pay." It should, however, be remembered that Mollie was only six years old then, and that she had learned many strange facts between that time and the date of this little history.

Now most children have some little article they measure as their own, and Mollie was no exception to the rule; but the thing she prized beyond all was a plain little Rosary of brown beads that had been given to her by her parish priest, Father O'Mahony, after his return from a pilgrimage to Rome. As he placed the Rosary in her little hand he had remarked, "This Rosary has been blessed by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., keep it safely, and whenever you use it pray for his intention." With child like awe she gazed at the tiny brown beads, and then with a face flushed with gratitude she looked up, and said, "I will do that, and for you, too, Father."

Had the beads been of precious stones and the wire on which they were strung of fine gold, she could not have prized them more. "The Holy Father himself has blessed this Rosary" she thought, when she knelt to pray, and her faith was akin to that which the Master had said may "remove mountains."

Ah! It was a hard struggle for existence, that which her parents waged daily. Rent for their dreary tenement was high, and the cost of the plainest fare obtainable was to them considerable, but so long as work and wages were regular the wolf was kept from the door, although they could hear his savage bark at times more loudly than was agreeable.

But at last there came a black Friday night, when Denis Sullivan came home more weary than usual with despair in his wan face, and told the pitiful tale of "no more work." The winter had caused trade to slacken, and business was growing worse, with no sign of improvement; employers were consequently compelled to reduce the number of their hands. (Oh! the bitter irony of the word "hands," not men and women made in the image of the great Creator with immortal souls and hearts that clung to their little ones with as true affection as their more refined and delicately nurtured fellow beings—No, only "hands" to toil for the employer, "hands" to gather, to make, to store up for the more favored capitalist. "No more work," that was all poor Denis could say. Then it was that his faithful helpmeet proved her heart was more than a "hand," or even two hands. "Arrah now, Denis, ma bouchal, don't give way! Sure the good God that made us, and brought us together in the ould country, knows all about us, and our dear Lady, who has a true mother's heart, will not forget us and the childer. We are not so poorly off as He was Who had no place to lay His head. Think of what the good Mission Father from Haverstock Hill told us last Lent. 'You make excuses, said he, for staying away from your duty, saying you are poor and have to toil hard for your work, and the church is too far and ye are too tired; but is there one of yer so poor as He was, Who had no place to call His own—no place to lay His head? Tired are ye! What of Him Who walked miles and miles day after day to help and comfort people Who had little thought of Him when His hour of desolation came.' 'Listen!' said he, 'if any of you had lived in those days, and in that land, you could not have pointed to any house or shed and said "That is where Jesus lived," and if you had asked any of the people, none could have replied, "That is the house where Prophet Jesus Christ lives," and yet you say you are poor—too poor to think much of religion.'"

Here poor Norah broke down, and as the tears streamed down her face, she sobbed, "It's all true, so it is," and Denis took her into her arms and tried to soothe her, whilst his own utterance was choked with tears. "Ye put new life into me alanna, and we will not give up hope, and maybe I'll get work yet before we spend our last."

For a time there was silence save for the rattling of a cup as the humble family sat at their frugal tea; but little was eaten that evening, for, in spite of faith, the sombre shadow of want was very near, and they, poor souls, were very human.

Little Mollie sat with a preternatural air of gravity. Full well she realized the critical position of affairs—yet in her heart she was brooding over certain words of an ancient prayer. "We fly to thy patronage O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin." Then the thought of the little brown rosary that had been blessed by the venerable Vicar of Christ—that link between the poor child of a humble Irish laborer and the great Head of Christendom—came into her mind; she would pray, with those beads in her hand, and she would surely be heard, for did not the good Mission Father when preaching to the school children tell them what was said by a good man, long long since, that "God would hush the song of Archangels, if necessary, to listen to the prayers of little children." How long the time seemed before the pretense of eating was concluded; and then there was the washing up to be done; but at last she was free to rush into her little room and lift her rosary from the box where she kept her tiny store of treasures, a few medals and such like things; then returning to her parents, she shyly held up the beads and looked first at her father and then at her mother.

The effect was startling. In a moment they were on their knees, and the five sorrowful mysteries were recited—as Denis had often recited them with his parents in the lonely cabin amid the Kerry hills.

Then at the close, moved by a sudden impulse, Mollie broke out, "We fly to thy patronage, etc.," and with a sob in her sweet little voice and tears in her eyes she added, "Oh, Jesus, Who was once a little child, hear another child, and send my 'daddy' work."

Had you, my reader, been privileged to see those lovely people when they rose from their knees, you would not have doubted the reality of their faith. Superstition the world calls it, which is somewhat like an untaught savage expressing an opinion on the doctrine with the Aorist.

Leaving the Sullivan family cheered by the devotions and planning the best way to seek for work on the morrow, let us turn for a few moments to another scene in a neighboring street.

In an upper room, poorly furnished but scrupulously clean, a young woman is sewing busily, repairing a childish garment. She is not very prepossessing in her appearance—in fact, some of the young people she meets at St. Bernard's call her "an old grump," who wears clothes "they wouldn't be seen in," and some will tell you "she's got a fad of going about among people when they are ill like a nun, and what does she get for it, only sauce when they get better." At the present time she is patching a little frock belonging to a poor child whose mother is in the London Hospital with a broken limb. The child is sitting by her benefactress enfolded in a blanket whilst the necessary repairs are being made, and watches every movement of the needle as it swoops down upon the garments and then is drawn out with a curious clicking noise.

Presently the silence is broken by the young woman who is known as "Maggie Reid," asking the child, "Were you at school to day?"

"Yes, both morning and afternoon, and Father O'Mahony came in once and told us the treat will be on Monday, won't that be nice? Did you go to treats when you were a little girl, Maggie?"

"Oh yes! I went to treats every year, when I lived—far away from here—and now I'll tell you a secret. Father O'Mahony has asked me to look after you—now wouldn't that be kind of him?"

Maggie having completed the sewing, took a heated iron and deftly passed it over the edges of the patch, much to the astonishment of the child who beheld such an operation for the first time. Quickly the frock replaced the blanket, and Maggie, taking the child by her hand, led her home to her father.

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Now, I fancy some youthful reader is asking, "What has all this to do with Mollie's Rosary?" Be patient, my young friend, and you will see. The father of the child was a member of the same congregation as the Sullivans and Maggie Reid—St. Bernard's Mission, under the pastoral care of Father O'Mahony. Hence the man was not quite so awkward in his acknowledgment of the kindness shown to his little girl as he would have been if Maggie had been a stranger. So he thanked her in his best manner, and then spoke of what he called "The uncommon luck of an old chap at the factory—our night watchman, you know, been at the place more than twenty years. He and his daughter live on the premises, three rooms and pound a week; well, he had a visitor this afternoon, a smart foreign-looking fellow, who turned out to be his son Tom, who ran away from home when a boy, to go to sea. Then after being a sailor for nigh on ten years, landed at Sydney one voyage and went off to the diggings, had hard luck there, but a year ago had a legacy of over twelve thousand pounds left him by an old chap he had found in the bush years ago, lost his way, and then broke his leg falling down a gully. The old man was nearly gone when Tom appeared on the scene. He pulled round, however, and Tom set him on his horse and led him carefully home, a matter of over sixty miles; they only saw one house, a shepherd's hut, all the way. He was four days doing the journey. It was a long yarn, and I don't know if I have got the rights of it quite, but one thing is sure, the old man and his daughter are not going to stay at Bartlett's shop. Tom says he means to make the old man happy for the rest of his life, so the governor will have to get a new watchman—and that will be easy enough—although it won't suit every out of work chap. He'll have to be as honest as a saint, and no drinker, no, nor smoker either, least ways when on duty. There is a lot of valuable stock in the warehouse, and he must make the round of the premises every half hour between 10 and 6 o'clock. There's a funny sort of machine at each end of the premises, a sort of patent tell-tale and the watchman has to press down a peg every half hour; if he's a minute late he misses it and then the governor knows in the morning that he didn't do his duty. Well, I mustn't keep you listening to my yarns, so 'good night' and 'thank you.'"

"Good-night!" and Maggie went on her homeward way. Was it chance, think you, that led her to pause near Mollie's door, or was it something of divine direction? It was rather late for a friendly call, and she knew nothing of the trouble that had visited the Sullivan household, yet she felt strangely drawn to the door. "Well, I'll just call and wish them good-night, anyway," she murmured to herself, and then knocked. "It's rather late, Mrs. Sullivan, I know, but I did not like to pass your door without calling—" she began, but the warm hearted Irish woman would not listen to apologies, but drew her in and then bade her sit down whilst the sad news of Denis' lack of work was recounted; and with motherly pride the story of Mollie's prayer was told to the sympathetic ear of Maggie Reid.

"I think I see now why I was so drawn towards your door, Mrs. Sullivan, for within the last few minutes I have heard that the night-watchman at Bartlett's is leaving suddenly, and they will want a respectable, reliable man to take his place; he will have to be a teetotaller, I'm told, and the pay is a pound a week with three rooms over the warehouse, just the very thing for your husband, if he can get it, and somehow I think he will."

"Oh, may God bless you, alanna, for your good news. Hark to that now, Denis, shure ye must be up to the factory first thing in the morning and see the foreman—if ye can't see the master."

Need I say that the next morning Denis Sullivan in his best clothes was waiting outside the factory gates, waiting for the great doors to be opened—that the foreman, pleased with the respectful demeanor of the applicant, told him to come again at 10 o'clock, when he would have a chance of seeing Mr. Bartlett, and after a searching inquiry into Denis' antecedents, he was duly installed in the vacant position. Mrs. Sullivan was so overjoyed at the answer to her prayers, and so full of admiration of the "illigant large rooms and the foine kitchen range" now under her control that she hurried off to Father O'Mahony and requested him to offer a Mass of Thanksgiving for the blessings showered down upon her when she least expected them. But Mollie would not agree with the last part of her mother's remarks, for said the child: "I expected something, although nothing so good as this, for you know, mother, I prayed with the rosary our Holy Father blessed."

"The colleen is right," said the good priest, "and now both of you learn a lesson. No good act goes without its reward. If Maggie Reid had not noticed the torn frock of little Annie Watson, and undertaken at that no more to mend it, she would not have gone to Watson's house and heard the news of the vacant place, and if she had not felt impelled, and obeyed the impulse, to call upon you when she did she would not have seen you or Denis before Sunday, and on Monday the place would probably have been filled up, and a score of disappointed applicants would have met Denis hurrying to the factory, himself a day behind the fair. But for all that I think little Mollie's prayer was the first link in the chain, when she knelt with her beloved rosary."—The Rosary.

EASTER.

It seems to me as if one should cry out this glad, glad time, "Peace on earth and good will to all men!" The world is so full of joy, so lovely, so fresh and young and most dear. Here in the great city, the snow, the rain, the slush have all gone. The parks are greening. The milliners' shops, all the big shops are glorious gardens. The florists—ah, the florists!—with their big, dewy, nodding roses, their little pots of Christ lilies, their tall, stately Easter lilies; their groves of palms, banks of violets, most lovely pots of azaleas—the fashionable Easter flower this year, with their wreaths of smilax and fern, tied with broad sashes of green, white, crimson. How one lingers outside those gorgeous windows watching the lovely flowers! Then, too, the cheeky city sparrows, fighting, if you please, in city churchyards—fighting like mad up on high leads, on gutter pipes everywhere, and out in the Bronx all the birds singing together. Such little trills! Little broken bits of bird music, chaotic but lovely; such a preening of feathers, too; such scoldings and preparations for the Spring housekeeping, such bad little boys of cock robins, and such demure little hen birds! Fuss and feathers everywhere. Pretty women jostling each other in the shops, trying on big flare away hats, Charlotte Corday hats, weird little cockaded turbans with long streamers and strange drooping feathers.

As for the toy shops they have simply gone crazy. Eggs such as you never saw or heard of, crammed full of gifts. Aulks' eggs stuffed with bon-bons with a diamond ring in the very heart of them for lucky girls. Little trunks and suit cases packed with chocolates—and pearls. Autos that are only waiting to be loaded with flowers before they "tuff, tuff" to some stately brown stone mansion. Dolls that have gifts, mind you, instead of sawdust in their insides. Shoes made for Cinderella—her ugly sisters could never get one of them on; and over all, the glorious sunlight, the air, nippy in the mornings, so balmy in the afternoons! At night the whole vast town glowing like a great rose lamp—music here, dancing there; lovely women, more exquisitely gowned and groomed than any women in the world, rolling along in their carriages to the theatre and that concert hall. So much wealth, beauty, the laughter and music of life, and always the beggars on the corner, the poor streets, the coarse-faced women who shamble along in old shawl and bonnet, respectable, weary, taking life as it comes, and nearly always so kindly and good-humored. "Will you help me across the Avenue?" I asked one of those shabbily-dressed, plain faced women to-day. "I have turned my ankle, and am a bit nervous." "I will that and welcome," said my poor Bedelia. And she took my arm and brought me to my door. "Are you going to have a nice Easter?" I asked her as we ambled along. "You come from old Ireland, don't you?" "An' now, how did you guess that, ma'am? Sure I was born and rared in the County Mayo. Indeed, 'twas a nice little farm me own father had, but nothin' ud do us gurls till we came out to Americay, an' the divil a fut I'll ever put in oul Irelan' agin. We didn't do well here. Life is hard when you rare tin childre an' himself takes a drop, but shrue we have all to bear our cross, an' if it weren't for our Saviour an' His Holy Mother we couldn't do wid it at all, at all."

What faith, I thought, what dear simplicity, what tacit acceptance of the "tin childre" and love for him self, "who was a good man whin he didn't dhrink." And here are so many of us grumbling because one of our rose leaves is crumpled.

"And are you happy?" I asked, with tenderness and respect, "my poor companion."

"Indeed and I am that. There does be an odd black day, but my Johnnie is sellin' papers now, an' he gives me ivery cint, and little Tim an' Patrick do be going to the Chrystian Brothers' school, an' Maggie, the little thief of the wurld, does be helping me wid the washin.' Himself is on thim buildin' works now, an' he didn't take wan dhrop the whole of Lint. He promised Herself, the Holy Mother of our Lord, that he wouldn't taste a dhrop till Easter Day." "And you're not afraid of Easter?" "The divvle afeard. Shure the crathur earned his little divarshion, an' he won't lave a hand on me any more."

The organ man was playing "Bedelia" down the street.

"That's a nice Irish coon song," I happened to say. "Begorry," she says, "savin' your presence, ma'am, 'tis little thruck the Irish had wid the nagurs. 'Tis an Irish song out and out, that's what it is."

"Badalia, I'd like to stale ye, Badalia I love you so," I sang to her in a little whisper. "Shure that's what all the min do be sayin' before they marries ye," she said, a faint laughter glimmering on her poor plain old face. "Tis the blows they do be givin' you afther. But, shure God is good, and whin 'tis all over we'll be happy wid Him."

And then we parted. "Take care of yourself up them steps," she said, my poor "Badalia." Poor, hard worked, kindly, decent, religious woman, doing her hard work every day, going to her "duty" every Easter and Christmas anyway, bearing with many a privation, wrestling with Johnnie and little Tim, and that thief of the world, Maggie, taking in washing, minding all the rest of the "tin," and thanking her God He never deprived her of one of them; putting up with "himself" and his vagaries, and believing with the full strength of her being that her God and His Holy Mother were watching over her; that she had her work to do whether people "rowled" in their carriages or not—that hers it was to faithfully do the day's work, bear the day's trials, take what little joys came her way, and carry, not trail, her cross. Shure didn't our blessed Lord Himself dhrag His big cross up to Cavalry f r uz."

Oh, Badalia, my Badalia, what a lesson you taught me, what joy and hope and happiness you gave of your simple talk, your lovely soul, my pure-hearted, heavy footed Badalia. What an angel in your flapping shawl, your battered bonnet, your big shambling slippers, your heart of God's own gold!

Peace and good-will! Joy to all, to the lowliest and the poorest His own—this wonderful Eastertide!—"Kit" in Toronto Mail and Empire.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE SPENT IN HIS MASTER'S SERVICE.

Ottawa's Evening Journal.

With hair frosted by the snows of seventy-eight winters and face seamed with the lines wrought by a life of unremitting toil and anxious forethought amongst his "people" Father Lacombe, for over half a century a missionary among the Indians and half-breeds of the North-West, presents a unique type when seen in the busy but well settled life of eastern Canada. A strong, self reliant face lit up by eyes beaming with kindliness, agrees with the impressions one would form of the appearance of a man who had ventured beyond the pale of civilization to carry the message of the gospel and teach by example more than word the lesson that men should be brothers.

When approached by the Journal for an account of his life on the prairies of the West and the work he was doing there the Father was rather doubtful. He wanted to let the East know of the need of assistance for his mission, but was chary of publicity for himself. Finally, however, his interest in the work among the half-breeds got the better of his fears lest he might be unduly advertised and he entered upon a most graphic description of the people to whom he has given so much of his life. In cold print his account may appear tame, for the personality of the man, with his expressive gestures and English with a delicious French accent, is missing. That English he learned from books and newspapers—a fact which shows in a nutshell the hardworking life he has lived.

SON OF A POOR PEASANT.

Father Lacombe was born the son of a poor peasant, he says, near Montreal. He lived the ordinary life of the habitant's children in Quebec, but wanted to advance beyond it if he could. Funds for education beyond the most primary were lacking and he was apparently doomed to forego his hopes when aid came from another quarter.

"I owe my education to some good priests," said he, "who paid for my tuition and expenses through college near Montreal." Bishop Bourget he speaks of with deep affection as his special protector and guide in his struggle toward the priesthood.

A few months after he was ordained, and when but twenty-two years of age Father Lacombe started for the West as a missionary among the Indians and half-breeds. That was fifty two years ago and Ottawa, as he remarked with a smile, was but a small village as he passed through.

With him it became a passion to study the Indian and half-breed types in the West. These latter, of whom there are about 2,000 families in that country now the chiefly descendants of the French adventurers who a century ago went to that country to work for the Hudson Bay Company. Most of them came from the neighborhood of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, and while some returned to their homes after a few years hunting and trapping in the West, many remained, married squaws and settled into a sort of nomadic Indian life. Some Scots from the Orkneys followed a similar line, but not nearly so many.

HIS LIFE'S WORK.

Among these and the pure Indians Father Lacombe settled down, if such a term could be applied to his wandering life with them, for his life's work.

The Indian tribes he devoted most attention to were the Crees, Sioux and the Blackfeet. With much labor he made himself familiar with their languages. He succeeded so well that he undertook to compile a Cree dictionary. Years afterwards with the manuscript he went to Alexander Mackenzie, then Premier of Canada, to ask aid in having it published. The Indian Department allowed him $1,000 for the purpose, and his dictionary can now be found in the libraries of those who have made a study of Indian dialects as well as among the Indians in the mission schools.

For the Indian and half-breed the golden age has truly given place to the iron. In the olden times life was easy with abundance of food on the prairies simply waiting for the killing, and the people were happy enough. Whole summers were passed by Father Lacombe hunting the buffalo on the prairies with the Indians.

The chief dangers he met were from the perils of war between the Indian tribes. The Blackfeet and the Crees were in a chronic state of hostility, and at any time a raid might be made upon an encampment by members of the other tribe. As Father Lacombe was with either tribe at different times he was liable to see the party he was taken by surprise by their enemies at any time. He was in the thick of several night battles but escaped all without injury. He was never personally attacked by the Indians, with whom