

self-knowledge and their defective power of expression.

From the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for 1885, we learn what precedes and in fact the writing of this essay has been suggested by two articles in that magazine, wherein the authors summarize the arguments for and against classical

education adduced in publications of the above mentioned year. To conclude all this, I would say that a liberal education must make a happy combination of the ideas of the classicists and the modernists, but that it must ever give classics the first rank.

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ON LAKE AND PRAIRIE.

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NE of the first and most trying difficulties Father Legoff had to overcome was the repugnance he always felt in partaking of food prepared by the squaws. These worthy ladies, it must be remembered, have none of them as yet made a course of domestic economy, and are not naturally models of cleanliness, as the ideal disorder and filth of the huts under their care clearly testify. We can easily understand that the missionary must feel rather uncomfortable in these Indian camps, where he is surrounded by the swarthy, rough red men and untidy children, and where he witnesses the preparation of a meal by the still less scrupulously clean squaws. How trying it must have been to the good father, fatigued and hungry after a wearisome journey, to be unable to taste a morsel of food on account of the revulsion of the stomach at the sight of its preparation. In conversation with Father Legoff, or with any of our Indian missionaries, a great many of the characteristics that make the "Noble Red Men" of romance, vanish from our minds, and we find the "brave" very often cowardly. This is but natural, for savages, as a rule, are cruel, and cruelty and cowardice are twin brothers. An incident in the life of Father Legoff will serve as an illustration. During the late rebellion, which increased the wretchedness of the already wretched aborigines, the missionary was living not far from Frog Lake where two of his brother Oblates were shot by some pagan savages. The uprising of the Indians was nearly general; they expected

to rid themselves of the whites whom they considered as usurpers, and thought that after this riddance the ancient days of plenty would return. Many are not yet converted to the true faith and these would have considered it an act of patriotism to kill a white man even should he be a missionary. Father Legoff knew that there was danger brewing; the fate of the two unfortunate Fathers at Frog Lake proved it to him; yet he did not leave his post. He staid to encourage his little flock and to bring to them when needed the comforts of religion. What was his astonishment when the men for whom he had staid told him that there was danger for him, but that they could not protect him, for, they remarked with a cowardly naïveté, they might be killed themselves if they attempted to help him. Thus did they reward him for his devotedness to them, they then fled, leaving the Father a prisoner in the hands of Big Bear's followers and he was brought to the camp of this famous chief. He was violently abused by these rebellious Indians and had to hear all the reproaches that the red men could make to the white invaders without any distinction between those who came thither to help them, to educate and enlighten them, and those, who it must be said, unfortunately wished to see them all wiped out and hence had no consideration for them. As they were growing more and more passionate in their insults they threatened to kill him, and time and again levelled their rifles at him. The poor Father was sure that his days were numbered, yet he was perfectly calm and collected; not a sign of fear did he betray, he looked steadfastly into the faces of his would be murderers. This firmness and boldness on his part surprised them