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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1903.

SEPT.

- 17 Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. Anticipated solemnity of Michaelmas.
- 28 Monday: St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
- 29 Tuesday: Dedication of St. Michael, Archangel.
- 30 Wednesday: St. Jerome, Confessor, Doctor.

OCTOBER.

- 1 Thursday: St. Remigius, Bishop.
- 2 Friday: The Holy Angels Guardian.
- 3 Saturday: Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

MONSEIGNEUR PASCAL'S EXPERIENCES.

On Tuesday of last week His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., kindly consented to relate his missionary experiences before the faculty and students of St. Boniface College. The eloquent Prince Albert prelate is a charming talker. His descriptions and language were graphic that he held his hearers spell-bound with occasional bursts of applause or laughter for the latter part of two hours. We have attempted to prepare a pretty full report of this memorable lecture, but, as it was spoken in French, much of the flavor of the original must necessarily be lost in translation.

On His Lordship's arrival in the study hall of the college, packed to its utmost capacity, Rev. Father Rector said: "My Lord, we are delighted to welcome you here to-day. The Fathers of your Order developed the great missionary work begun by Father, afterwards Bishop, Provencher. It was a member of your order, the illustrious Archbishop Tache, who introduced us into this college. Another member of your order, our beloved Archbishop, made over to us this fine property. I therefore feel that in presenting to your Lordship our students we are justified in calling them yours. They, too, are overjoyed to see you among them, for they have heard of your great missionary labors in the vast territories which are the theatre of your burning zeal, where you teach true doctrine and true civilization. The fact that many of our students will in the future, as they have done in the past, consecrate themselves to the ministry of souls gives them an additional reason for rejoicing at the presence here to-day of one of the representatives of authority in the Church. I would ask you, my Lord, to give us your episcopal blessing before addressing us, so that we may all derive greater profit from your words, that both masters and pupils may be better disposed to labor according to the intentions of Our Lord."

The Right Rev. Bishop then blessed the kneeling throng, and after thanking Father Rector for his kind words, said: "When I first visited St. Boniface College, in 1874, almost thirty years ago, there was only a small wooden building with a handful of pupils under Father Lavoie, O.M.I. I was destined to the far northern mission of Fort Good Hope, almost on the arctic circle, and I here found one or two of the sons of Mr. Gaudet, the chief factor at that distant Hudson Bay post, whose acquaintance I was soon to make and whose friendship

I value highly. Seeing now so great a change in the building and the number of the pupils, I understand that Monseigneur Tache was yielding to an inspiration from God when he appealed to the members of the Society of Jesus, who are pillars of the Church, who succeed so admirably in their colleges and missions everywhere. They are the pride of the Church, which calls them especially to this educational work. Our expectations of abundant fruit from their coming have been fully realized in what we see to-day.

"In the early days of our Indian missions the missionaries were few and far between; now they are numerous and meet together easily. Thirty years ago St. Boniface was the westerly outpost of Catholic civilization, and even now one can not find west of this so well equipped a college. I feel sure that this great institution will send forth from its walls good laymen and priests. I thank Father Rector for his too kind reference to me. I am one of the latest comers in the mission field. My forerunners are gone to their reward: the great Archbishop Tache, the able Bishop Faraud, who died in my arms in St. Boniface thirteen years ago, and we have just lost the one who received me into the Oblate Order, Bishop Chut. This explains why I spoke of him last Sunday in the cathedral. I cherish a great veneration for him. In 1870 he came to France, looking for recruits in the seminaries. I remember his saying to us, for I was then a seminarian: 'You are so numerous, and we are so few, barely a dozen missionaries to evangelize thousands of Indians, who are asking for one thing only, to be taught how to pray. How can you have the true apostolic spirit, if you remain comfortably at home, while so many are calling for the spiritual help you can give them?' Our Lord and His apostles travelled from place to place, eating what they could get, a honeycomb or a little fish. So the true missionary, like St. Francis Xavier, roughs it in all quarters of the globe." I remember how these words of the saintly Bishop determined my vocation.

"In those days most of our missionaries made for the far north, where they still labor, the Jesuits in Alaska, the Oblates along the Mackenzie River. The reason was that the Indians of the plains in Manitoba and the southern territories were too comfortably off with their buffalo hunting to listen to the hard lessons of the Gospel. So the missionaries, after unavailing efforts to convert the Indians of the plain,

SHOOK THE DUST

from their feet and struck out northward. In 1847 young Father Tache appeared among the rocks of Lake Athabasca. When the slender little priest first arrived there, it was quite an event. Indians flocked thither from all points of the compass to see him. They had heard from other Indians that he was one of those black robes who go about doing good. They were anxious to see this extraordinary man. He found them a prey to all kinds of moral disorder, especially polygamy. He left them true and fervent converts.

"To come to my own experiences I will follow the order I generally observe when I lecture on the missions during my occasional visits to France. First, geography; then climate, then mode of life, then fishing, hunting; finally the Indians, their language, what they were formerly.

Some of you have been as far west and north as St. Albert, near Edmonton, but I think none of you have approached the arctic circle. So it may be as well to give you an idea of the topography of the Northland. First, there are, west of here, the immense prairies. When I tell people in Europe that it takes two days and nights of constant travelling by a first-class train to cross those prairies, they think we are drawing the long bow. When I crossed those interminable plains in 1874, we started with a faithful and skilful guide named Michel Proulx. With our six oxen it was a journey not of days, nor of weeks, but of months. The hardest part of the journey was the crossing of so many rivers, some quite large. We did so in roughly improvised rafts roped across the stream. Some of us were afraid of

the rushing waters and had to be carried to the water-washed rafts. At long last we reached the

HEIGHT OF LAND

near Lac La Biche and Portage de la Loche, some two hundred miles north of Edmonton. Here the streams flow from the watershed in two opposite directions, some towards the North Pole, others flow southwards. Then we come upon hills, then high mountains, which the clouds seem to touch. There are frequent and heavy downpours of rain. Northward the land seems to slope downward toward the pole. All the lesser streams that empty into the giant Mackenzie, such as the Liard, the Peace and the Athabaska rivers, which take their rise in the Rocky Mountains, are barred by cascades and falls. So is the Clear Water River flowing from Portage la Loche, so is another large river east of Athabaska Lake. On the way to Fort Smith there is a rapid 18 miles long. Thence the steamer Wrigley takes you to the Arctic ocean. You cannot leave Athabaska in any direction without meeting rapids. This line of cascades and rapids crossing all rivers in this region of the height of land looks as if nature meant to protect the Northland from inconsiderate invasion.

When you have left behind you the vast treeless region of prairie grass you come upon a beautiful country, half forest, half prairie grass. This is the great valley of the Saskatchewan. The soil is very fertile. This year we should have had a harvest more abundant than yours in Manitoba, had there been more heat and less rain during the past summer. Quite lately I walked through fields where the wheat was as high as my chin. At Prince Albert ten days ago the harvest was fairly ripe.

North of that fertile valley the scene changes very much; steep mountains, innumerable lakes, some of them very large, such as Athabaska, 200 miles long, Great Slave Lake, 300, Great Bear Lake larger still. There being as much water as land, we always

TRAVEL BY WATER.

Outside of the immediate neighborhood of lakes and waterways the vegetation is not luxuriant, but good large trees extend farther inland, the balsam fir being particularly large. There is a river near Athabaska Lake which is lined on each side with fine forest trees, enough to build 500 houses without making any appreciable breach in the forest. Beyond these woods the land is good only for fur-bearing animals, it is a country of wolves (un pays de loups). It is because the Indians always pitch their wigwams near the water that we always travel by water both in summer and in winter, in the latter season of course on the ice, which affords the smoothest kind of road. Thirteen times I have traversed the region around Notre Dame du Lac, Athabaska, and always on the flowing or frozen waterways.

I am often asked in Europe how it is possible to live in those regions. We must admit that the winter season is very cold. In winter it is difficult altogether to escape frost-bites on nose and cheeks. But we have warm fur coats and caps which leave nothing visible but the eyes and nose. In this Northland there are no horses, because there is little or no grass, just enough here and there at mission headquarters for a few head of cattle. Dogs are our beasts of burden. In some missions we have as many as twenty-four. They feed on fish.

Each sledge requires four good dogs. When you start for any objective point, you count by nights, it takes so many nights to go to such and such a place. You begin loading your sledge with dried meat, called pemmican, tea, sugar, blankets, a pillow, a change of clothing. Then we put on our fur coats, first tucking the caesock up to the waist. As the great thing is to keep the feet warm we

DISCARD SOCKS

and use instead what are called in French "nippes" (pronounced "neaps"). We wrap our bare feet in several squares of thick "duck," each about the size of a handkerchief and then pull on our moccasins, the throngs of which lace up and hold the nippes firmly together. This makes an ideal footgear,



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