

An Oblate Father's Busy Life Among the Indians.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O.M.I., who has been a missionary among the Cree tribe of Indians in Saskatchewan, for a number of years, sends the following account of his experience with that abandoned people:

I had long desired to visit a camp very far distant from my mission, so I started alone to see those Indians, who were either Protestants or infidels. The Protestant minister heard of my resolve, and he determined to get there ahead of me. He went a day in advance of me, and was much surprised when I overtook him on the road. He was civil to me, and grateful, when he got an attack of rheumatism, and I gave him some Pain Killer to relieve him. When he reached camp, however, he rushed to the Indians and warned them not to come near me nor to listen to what I had to say. Fortunately, they did not pay much attention to him, but came to my tent and looked at the pictures I showed them, which gave them an idea of heaven and hell.

I stayed with them for two weeks and meanwhile the minister was in despair; he wanted to return to his home, and yet he could not bear to have me stay there for fear of the Indians listening to his instructions. He went to consult his superior minister and the result was that he returned to camp bringing with him wonderful promises of what he was going to do for them. He was to build a school, a grand church etc. The Indians laughed at him. "Before this," said they, "he came only once a year to see us; now that the priest is here, he can not bear to leave us."

One of the Indians said to me: "When I become a Christian, I will be a Catholic, for I respect the men of prayer (the priests). They give all their time to religion; they are not like the ministers, who have wives like ourselves."

The child of an Indian was very ill, and he screamed out: "Papa, the devil has come to carry me off! Chase him away, I am afraid of him." The father could see nothing where he pointed to, but the boy still cried out in terror. The father then got a Protestant Bible and placed it under his head, but it was of no use to stop the child's screams. He then ran to the tent of a Catholic neighbor and got a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he put into the sick boy's hand. On the instant the child stopped his screams. He fell asleep and quickly improved in health. When he got well, he begged his father to let him be baptized a Catholic. This favor of the Queen of Heaven made a powerful impression on all those who heard of the cure. They came to listen to my sermons and it was the means of many conversions.

There was an old squaw who had treated me disrespectfully and spoke against the Church. What was my surprise when she sent her daughter to me and asked me to come and see her. I went and found in her tent a crowd of Indians from far and near awaiting my coming.

"Black-robe," said she, "my son and I are very ill. We beg that you will speak to our hearts the good words that you say to those who go to your church."

I sang for them the hymn "Blood of God that was shed for me," then I spoke to them on the Passion and death of our Lord. They paid great attention to the sermon, and the poor squaw was in tears. She declared to me that she had never heard of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. I instructed them in the Catholic faith and she said that now she saw how wrong she had been in speaking against it. She begged me to come and instruct them again. Her son had been ill for six months and he was greatly pleased when I gave him a catechism printed in Cree characters, which he could read. He read it over and over and explained it to his mother. His sister, who was deaf and dumb, asked me by signs to give her a medal to hang around her neck. The poor girl was happy when I gave her one of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

At one of the camps, where I was hearing confessions as usual, a poor squaw came to me in tears and said: "Father, I deserted the Catholic faith a year ago, and I am very unhappy. I will tell you how it was. When my child died the Protestants told me that it was because a priest had baptized it. I believed their lies then, but now I see they deceived me, for since then a Protestant minister baptized another one and that also died. My husband threatened to kill me if I stayed a Catholic, and I was in

terror of him." She was sorely distressed and sorry for her sin. I counselled the poor woman and she went away encouraged. Some time after that, one night, as I got back from a hard journey through the forest, where I had been visiting a camp, an Indian rushed into my house and implored me to come at once and baptize his child, whom he feared would die. Grasping up my surprise I followed him. We got onto the dog-eared which he had brought with him and started off on a gallop. We soon reached his tent and I baptized the child. To the great joy of her parents she recovered. The mother was the poor squaw who had come to me to confession, and she now told me that her husband was more favorably disposed to the Catholics than before.

This Indian came afterwards to me alone and said: "I am very sorry that I did not do right long ago. When I was married, the Black-robe, like you, made me promise that I would let the priest baptize my children. Lately that good priest appeared to me in a dream, and he seemed very much displeased with me, because I did not always keep my promise, and because I scared my wife into giving up her church. Now I will do better after this."

Once when I drew near a camp far from my mission, I perceived a crowd of Indians gathered around one who was holding a bible and making a great noise as if he were preaching. The attention was then drawn to me, and they came up to see me, for a priest was something new to them. This was a Protestant camp, and the Indian was taking the place of the absent minister. They offered me their hands, even the preacher doing so and carrying the big volume under his arm. I told them I had come to visit them and would like to have a tent to stay in while I was there. Not one offered to shelter me. Then an infidel came and said: "Come with me, man of prayer, and I will give you my tent. My family and myself will find another one."

Grateful to him and, above all, to the good God, Who moves the heart to do right, I accepted his offer and lodged there. The Indians came in crowds to hear my sermons and to learn about the true religion.

It is in this way that many conversions are brought about. Lately a poor squaw, aged 100 years, sent for me to baptize her. I went and two of the Sisters brought with them five of her grandchildren who are in our school. She was so weak that I had to baptize her in her bed. Two old squaws, ragged and miserable, were with her, trying to console her. She was happy upon receiving the Sacrament, and grateful to God for His mercy to her and to her grandchildren. It was owing partly to the good example, prayers and instructions of these children that she became a Catholic.

The influence of the children is powerful over their relatives, for they have the benefit of a sound training in the faith, which their unfortunate ancestors did not have. For this reason we are anxious to support in our school as many as we possibly can, teach them to earn their living when they leave us, and above all, to lead good Catholic lives.

The charitable can do an immense amount of good if they will aid me by an offering to continue my work among the Indians. Money thus given helps to spread the faith and to bring souls to eternal salvation. I can use any kind of new or second-hand clothing, so long as it is wearable, for men, women and children.

The winters here are very severe, and many Indians die for want of proper food and protection from the intense cold.

Ship it to me, at any season of the year, by freight only, in a strong box, addressed as follows: Father O. Charlebois, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

Care Canadian Pacific Railway. Mark it "charity clothing," and put your name inside and outside of the case.

A letter addressed as above will reach me.

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"Almost hopeless, is the best way to describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannett, of Athol, N.S. "My health had been gradually giving way until I reached a condition when I feared I was sinking into chronic invalidism. I was as white as a sheet, my blood apparently having turned to water. I had no appetite, suffered from headaches and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decline. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the newspapers, and I decided to give them a trial. It was a fortunate day for me when I came to this decision, as the pills have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy, and I am satisfied that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeble, ailing girls."

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MEMORIES OF HOME.

(By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J.)

Home!—what gentle memories of dear, dead days that word awakens within our minds! What full, deep meanings that word conveys of a spot where peace should always be present, and where true affection should reign supreme! What faithful messages are breathed through that word of a sympathy that never fails and of a friendship that never forgets! In time of joy the word is like an old song, learned in days of childhood, that still ever echoes in our ear with the lullaby of our earliest love. In time of trouble or of trial, the word, even though it recalls many a memory of disappointment, even though it bring back many a moment of regret, has still a strange sweetness in its sadness, a strange balm in its bitterness, for it speaks to our hearts of an unselfishness that survives death. Home!—the very word vibrates through all the deep strong chords of character with the music of a beloved melody, with the tenderness of an innocent tear, with the sacredness of an heroic prayer. For home is that charming circle within which live and love the nearest and the dearest friends of earth.

Home does not merely mean the house that happens to shelter one, nor only the furniture within. Home is something more than what is made of bricks and mortar, with added means of domestic use and comfort. Home must mean the hallowed resting place where linger the loves that are most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection. It is the sanctuary blessed by the noblest human unselfishness. It is the shrine consecrated to the highest human love. Home means the bonds

of blood and ties of tenderness which clasp into one close intimacy the hearts of those who, hand in hand, journey heavenward. Home is the moral circle within which minds and hearts share the same shelter, breathe the same atmosphere, bear the same burdens, sympathize in the same sorrows, enjoy the same pleasures, divide the same toils and contribute to the same success. Home is that one place where our most cherished human hopes blossom in secure shelter, and where God's brightest blessings fall, for there is no place like home.

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(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his home, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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CHAPTER XXXIX—C

"I had resolved long to leave the convent," Ruth Barbara did not believe in it.

"We had arranged a marriage and Paul long ago," Barbara laughing, "and I assure you bitterly disappointed when failed. The poet is not and no one can tell whether 'Florian must know,' confidently."

"Oh! dear no. They have rel of some kind after you have never since been intimate in the spring Mr. Ross his quarters and has not heard of."

"Not been heard of?" mused tremulously. "Oh! we can find him. 'If he is not in town, turn at once to Clayburg. And have him seek Love has a sure instinct. You cannot escape so easily ever. Were you aware that the poet's departure there, mystery, that he was ill and wretched when he was because of a false story of her's, that he left the hotel and that there is a sum shall I say it?"

"Suicide," said Ruth, though her face was pale. "say it, but I do not, could I live it of him."

"Nor I," Barbara added, phasis, "but the poor fellow such a sad plight and went no man knows."

"He was at my convent spring, and went northward how far or in what direction not known."

"A little money will do and when you have found may run home to Clayburg shall send him after you."

"Barbara!" protested Ruth.

"That will do," said Ruth sharply. "You know Pendleton, by this time, and they you like it or not, shall be done. You had drag me into the affair, if not wish me to interfere. Now go to bed for a few when you come down I want you with the new hemispheres—some of it in assure you."

Ruth obeyed in silence. She had not mentioned to object in visiting New York only said: "I will go as once more, be satisfied there, and then return to me. In making Barbara her companion did not seek more than to advice, and was consequently troubled in heart about interference."

When she sought Mrs. L in the day, the vivacious was carrying in both hands manual of prayer as she wretchedly through the long hall.

"You are piously engaged," Ruth, smiling at the unusual "I must be, having here," replied Barbara, smiling then I am making preparations my baptism."

"For your baptism?" an inclination to laugh. "going over to the Baptists?" "No, to the Catholics," eyes fell. Ruth stood transfixed and actually said "I congratulate you," length, but there was little in her good wishes. "When happiness come to you?"

"So long ago that I scarcely remember. It was not such a great thing. But let something more to your ears are suspicious of one. You have heard, perhaps, a man is soon to be married."

"I have heard none of the but I supposed it would be some time. Who is the happy?" "You remember that Frank who—"

"What a good choice, made!" Ruth exclaimed. "I hardly expected it from him. It will save him—surely it will."

"Save him from what?" Barbara sharply, and crossly. "From himself and the temptation which surround him in his Florian needs a check of a I think him apt to fly by his wits."

"You would make a Puritan of him. I think he was for missing you."

"It was fortunate for both."