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## How Rev. Father Charlebois, O. M. I. and His Indians Rejoice When Their Bishop, The Right Rev. A. Pascal, O. M. I., Visits Them.

Rev. Father O. Charlebois, O. M. I., the Indian Missionary of Duck Lake, Sask., has been requested by readers of this paper to write some more accounts of his experience among the Cree Indians of the Northwest, as they find it novel and interesting, so he sends the following letter:

Five years ago I was passing through a vast forest on my way to my different missions which I had to visit in turn: at one point I saw that it would be a suitable spot at which to found a little mission. The Indians regarded me with great wonder, for never before had they seen a priest. They thought that I was not from this earth but from another world and was a sort of a god, as my cassock and my crucifix distinguished me from other men. But there was one Indian, who long before had seen a "black-robe," as they called a priest, and he cried out: "Friends, friends, look, look, here is the true man of prayer (religion). Here is a priest." He took me to his tent, gave me a good piece of sturgeon for my breakfast, and said: "Nota, Mon Pere, I want to be baptized. They call me Pakwayis (Catholic), but no priest has yet poured water on my forehead. I wish to be a true Catholic."

It grieved me that I was obliged to defer his baptism for the time, as I had to hasten on to a mission where Indians were expecting me, and he was not sufficiently instructed to receive baptism. He cried when I told him this, but I was unable to do otherwise.

Two years afterwards I passed there again. My old Pakwayis was still alive and glad to see me. "This time," said he, "you will not leave without baptizing me. I may die soon, and I want to go and see the Great Spirit" (Kisimantio). I baptized him and he was very happy. I gave him a crucifix, which he put on a cord around his neck. A Protestant Indian laughed at it and wanted to pull it off his neck, but good Pakwayis gathered all his strength and pushed the scoffer far away, saying, "No, I am not ashamed of my crucifix; you would have to kill me to take it from me." After that nobody dared to laugh at him. A few months later this good old man died and went to God. He was happy on his death-bed and was well prepared to die. I think that he prayed fervently for his Protestant friends, for since then nearly all of them have become good Catholics.

With the aid of four men, I once put up a little chapel in the woods. It took us six days to build it. It measured 22x15 feet. We had to cut the wood and carry it on our shoulders through the forest. Then we put it in our canoe and floated down the river to the place where I wished to put up the chapel. When we arrived the Indians gathered around and advised me not to build there for their Protestant minister would try to make me leave. I stayed there on the shore all night, although it was very damp and malarious. Next morning I said Mass in my tent and did not forget to pray for the minister. I asked some Indians to help me to build and so managed to get my chapel up.

I said Mass there and gave instructions twice a day to all who came. Many Protestants desired to become Catholics in spite of their minister, who tried to stop them from helping me with my chapel. I waited here for the visit of our good Bishop Pascal from Lake Car-

bou. When he arrived he was greatly fatigued and severely bitten by the mosquitoes. He had had a narrow escape from drowning in the middle of the lake, but the "Mother of the Missionary" had protected him. His Lordship stayed four days with me to our great joy.

The Catholic Indians were eager to see him and to hear him speak. As his canoe touched the shore, they ran to me, saying: "We want to hear the great man of prayer speak." Tired though he was, the good Bishop satisfied their desires. "I wish," said he, "to get acquainted with all my children." He was so kind and gracious to them all that they grieved when he was about to leave with me for another Indian camp. "When will we see him again?" they asked of one another. "It may be a long, long time, for he has come a great distance. But he has prayed for us to the Great Spirit and he has blessed us. We will meet him in heaven."

Amid the ringing of bells, we embarked in our little boat and pointed our course to Grand Rapids. A week after a long sail the Indians caught sight of our canoe and there was a great shout of welcome. "Behold!" they cried, "there is the great man of prayer."

All the men, women and children made a rush for the little chapel. They posted themselves at the door, awaiting our coming. They saluted us with many bows. A large number of them were Protestants. After some prayers in the chapel the good bishop addressed them, and they were very attentive. They regarded him with respectful curiosity, for only three or four of them had ever before seen a Bishop. They were astonished with his simplicity and charity, when he extended to them his hands and caressed their children. The poorest and lowliest among them was treated with a respectful and tender sympathy and it was a marvel to them that he whom they expected to consider as so high above them should be so gracious and sweet. "No wonder," they said, "that the Indians love this great Prayer Chief. The Protestant Bishop would not let us touch his hand. He keeps us away from him as if he is so much better than we."

His Lordship gave Confirmation, blessed the little chapel and the cemetery, and during the three days that we stayed there we gave instructions. The Bishop's throne was a simple little bench; the carpet on the altar steps was a bed quilt. We had four candles in the altar, and a small crucifix on the tabernacle.

Many Protestants came to the services, although their minister forbade them to do so. He threatened to put them out of his church if they listened to our sermons. They replied to him: "We heard only good words which make us love the good God in the Catholic Church. We never hear such holy words in your church, for you tire us when you preach to us." The minister did not know what answer to give, for they had told him an unpleasant truth.

The Bishop would like to keep a priest here all the time if he could afford it, which is impossible for him to do owing to want of means. The Indians are glad to hear the word of God. A priest could do much in the way of conversions with these poor people if he could remain among them. The mission field is abundant but the workers are few and the sting of poverty limits the success of the missionary. It is

right here that the Catholic laity can come to our aid and by their charitable help can furnish us with the means of sustaining our lives in these wildernesses. A little aid from a good many would be a powerful means of winning souls for God among these abandoned Indians.

As we were about to leave our people there was great sorrow among them. It was like a loving father parting from his children. Bishop Pascal blessed them all, bade them remember the instructions we had given them, and we entered our little boat. By way of farewell the Indians fired off guns and it was a pretty sight, to say the least, when the smoke of the powder rose to a certain height and formed into a crown. It circled directly over the very spot where the Bishop had stood when he was speaking to them. Seeing this, the Indians cried out: "Behold, how the Great Spirit honors this holy man, truly God has sent him to speak to us."

Commending our Indian charges to Divine Providence, we steered our canoe, and as we sped down the broad river we cast a last look at the white cross surmounting our little chapel. After visiting various camps my good Bishop parted from me to return to his home, while I went to my lonely mission. His companionship had given me great pleasure, and the sorrow of parting was very keen.

I make it a practice to visit my Indians in their cabins, for it is a good way to reach them, and to listen to their troubles and to counsel them. The Protestants are also reached this way. The elders approve of my instructions and say, "Euch, euch!"

At one camp a Catholic young man was lying very ill, and I received a cold reception when I went there to see him. His Protestant mother tried to prevent me from seeing him, but I managed to hear his confession when they went out of their tent.

There was at one time in a part of this country a Protestant minister who expected to give a powerful blow to the Catholic Church by means of his talent for painting. Getting out his paints, he pictured upon his canvas a view of the road leading to heaven, which led up the way Wesley had walked. The Indians following that route had upon their faces the stamp of bliss. On the left-hand side were Indians listening to the words of an Oblate priest, and below them in close proximity were the flames of hell yearning to envelope them. "Surely," thought the minister, "that picture will keep my Indians from listening to any priest's instructions." Thanking Providence for the wondrous talent bestowed upon him, and through which he was to wrest souls from Rome, he waited results. They came speedily and in numbers to his astonishment. The fair-minded Indians recognized in the picture of the priest the portrait of a most holy Oblate, the good Father Bonald, O. M. I., who for a lifetime had devoted himself, in spite of the greatest hardships and difficulties, solely for the love of God and the good of souls, to the work of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They resented the action of the fanatical minister, for they had heard of and admired this good priest, and they rejected the slander their preacher wished to convey. They sought baptism in the Catholic Church and abandoned the Methodist. The minister then found it convenient to leave for civilized parts and the next one who took charge of his diminished flock admitted that even good Catholics might be saved.

You see, my friends, that a missionary has to strive against difficulties and therefore his gratitude to those who help him is extreme. A beautiful recompense will belong to the charitable who aid him. Our Indians and myself pray continually for our benefactors. An offering of money to assist me in my work among them will be gratefully acknowledged. It can be enclosed in a letter addressed: Rev. Father O. Charlebois, O. M. I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

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## POPE'S BLESSING FOR THOSE WHO PROTECT DUMB ANIMALS.

Since St. Francis of Assisi preached to a multitude of singing birds in the marshes of Venice, and to a multitude of swallows at Pavia, commending them to human mercies, no expression has been put forth by any authority of the Catholic Church that is so far-reaching as the special blessing issued "unto all those who protect from cruelty and abuse the dumb servants given to us by God," which the present Pontiff, Pius X., gave in connection with his approval of the work of the Neapolitan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Kindness to animals has always been taught in the Catholic Church, but this is the official recognition of the dumb servants of man that has received the seal of the Holy Father. In Genesis it is said: "I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, of every beast of the earth with you." Later the wise man of the Scriptures said: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

The Scriptural precedents, his natural kindness of heart and his known great sympathy with all suffering and helpless creatures have doubtless moved the Head of the Church to extend his special blessing to those of his flock who are moved by the spirit to which he refers. Doubtless, too, for he has shown it in other ways, his approval of the work of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals is broad enough and thorough enough to allow its extension to all who work in the spirit for which there is the highest Scriptural, ecclesiastical and temporal authority.

There is a touch of deep human emotion which will endear the Pope to many not of the communion by this thoughtful and kindly act.—Newark Catholic Monitor.

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Dr. Ogden Moore, late official chair and let eyes rest critically upon pathetic faces before the clinical hour of the day sweltering hot patients, victims for the the persistent sultriness of that potent therapeutic little brightness in lives, must soon march through the furnace-like suffocating kennels had their wretched being.

His eye picked out several "chronics"—a little ex-officer of the French ty woman of not more than two, who gave her name as "Morell," and who was from a rather suspicious poisoning; two little shapely, pathetically cheerful, tough old adventurer—er racked from disipation but handsome Armenian—a pleasant voice and was the fine brow of the w

Personally, he was in contrast to his patients; some, elegant, a production in the land. Immaculate top of his aristocratic tip of his polished boots as impregnable to the a ger germs as might a c

A thought flashed through mind, was dismissed without crawling back, then was and put in action.

"The following patients remain." His voice was the whirl of the fan above. He called a dozen named patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to said, 'because I feel the need a little outing for treatment, and I wish to you will be my guests to a trip down the Sound.' There was an astonished

"I should like to have me to-morrow morning on the pier at the foot of Twenty-sixth street. I all the arrangements, and you wish to bring a member family or some friend I s to have you do so. T Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, the Frenchman, M. Lejoux, ward with a bow. "M. le Docteur honors will give me great pleasure the invitation."

"Good," replied Ogden. "How about the rest of will have the boat all to The astonished patients, this time recovered, their unanimous acceptance.

"That's first rate," "I'll look for you to-morrow. Mind you, don't dis it's part of your treatment know," he added with smile.

The Japanese lanterns the veranda of the club house. Sachem Harbor were blue yellow in the white blaze mid-summer moon. In the sions of the dances there ed across the still water of mandolin and guitar laughter and deeper voices by the amplitude of space fleet of yachts at the basin.

Miss Gladys Harte rested elbows on the rail of the mer house on the point

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