

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Weary World.

Far down the winding lane of years
The weary world is slowly wending;

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

Father Lacombe having spent some months at St. Albert's, set out again to visit the Crees.

Father Lacombe, in obedience to the wishes of M. Groulx, renewed his visit to the Crees.

"In the camp of the Blackfeet I was lodged in the tent of the great chieftain of the tribe.

the contending tribes, and the rallying voices of their chieftains, mingled in a frightful din.

"The first victim whom I met was a young woman; she fell mortally wounded at my feet, at the moment she was leaving her lodge.

"After the battle, the Blackfeet came in crowds to visit me in the camp.

"A few months later on we find Father Lacombe rendering to a forlorn band of Indians, who had fled from the river Saskatchewan, services still more striking than those we have just spoken of, as having been rendered to himself.

"My beloved Father, I cannot tell you all I suffered that terrible night.

penman to make, or no work of greater importance than education to set them to.

CHAPTER XVI.

Henry Grollier, of whom mention has just been made, was the first Oblate of Mary Immaculate to make the sacrifice of life to God in the diocese of St. Boniface.

"One of the most difficult passions to master in savage breasts, is the spirit of revenge. Terrible are the outbreaks of that passion, especially when hostile tribes encounter one another in the solitude of the desert.

"I returned to Fort Good Hope before the Mackenzie became frozen.

"The priest and his assistants toiled with that devotedness, that is a matter of course with them; nursed the sick, attended the dying, and gathered many of the orphans into their house.

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THE MORAL CHARACTER OF A SAINT.

From time to time there settles up, from unknown depths of corruption, some fresh and startling symptoms of the profound alienation of the heart of man from the supernatural.

For twenty years he labored at these works, having no materials to draw from but the sounds of the words as he heard them spoken in the Crees tribes.

"We found a little colony of some twenty houses, built on the rising ground near a small lake and river. A substantial wooden bridge spanned the latter, the only structure of the kind we had seen in the Hudson Bay territory.

"On our arrival at St. Ann's, we proceeded to the mission, where we met with a most cordial reception.

"A few years previously that spot was a howling wilderness, the Red man's hunting ground. Now it is the site of a model farm and of a model habitation.

Phantoms. They come from a land where our dead selves sleep.

There's a beautiful strain of a sweet refrain
Plunged on the tremulous air;

And our face glows with a sweeter grace,
And the lips have a smile more rare;

Sweet day-dreams of youth that were never fulfilled;
God counsel a mother gave:

By the vision leading the angel stands
With the hand on Memory's door;

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MARGARET.

New Orleans has the credit of erecting the first open air statue to a woman in America.

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