

Good Hope Mission.

Adventures of Missionaries in North West, Published From Time to Time, Continued.

On or about January 3rd, 1872, Bishop Clut and I, having said our Mass long before daylight, (which in those remote latitudes and at that time of the year cannot be expected before 9 o'clock) were already prepared to undertake our long journey on the snow. The great festivities were over. His Lordship had remained to solemnize them by his presence and to welcome our dear Indians, who came in great numbers to them.

It was, indeed, a very consoling and edifying spectacle to see the faithful Hare-skins filling every corner of the church; even the choir was crowded with them. The shepherds at Bethlehem did not have to travel far to the crib; they watched their flocks in the neighborhood.

Most of our Indians, women and children not excepted, had to face cold and fatigue, walking during two or three days in order to bring their humble tributes of adoration and love to the feet of the Infant Saviour.

From four o'clock in the morning until midnight, even to the very beginning of the solemn high Mass, we had to stay in the church to hear confessions. Hardly could we get a few minutes to take our meals.

How glorious it was in the mysterious silence of midnight to hear the joyous ringing of the little bells, which had not been heard for centuries before in those wild regions. That loving "call of God" to which there was a loving response from the poor children of the wood.

The Christmas canticles were sung in the strange accents of a savage language, but so full of a lively faith and hope sweet to God, Who loves men of good will.

Above all, that general Communion of some of the most miserable of the world, invited to the table of their Creator and Redeemer, Who has said: "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." There were women, too poor to cover their old deer-skin dresses with a decent shawl. Charity came to the rescue, and the fortunate owners of a shawl loaned it to the unfortunate, to do honor to the King of Kings.

After the three Masses were offered and the divine services were ended for the day, many of our Indians remained in the church, grouped around the manger, singing canticles and reciting the Rosary aloud, until the break of day.

These poor Indians loved to contemplate the image of their Saviour, humble and poor like unto themselves.

A week after came New Year's day, with its volleys of musketry. Our dear friend, Mr. Gaudet, the clerk of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s post, always on this occasion gave to the Indian chiefs a keg of powder, and they set to awakening missionaries and traders with the hundredfold reports of guns, as a sign of honor and friendship. When the shooting was over we welcome the noisy troop inside the house, shake hands with them all and present each one of them with a bit of tobacco and give them an encouraging word. On this day, also, our church is crowded with our faithful Indians. There would not be again such an assemblage until the next Easter. Bishop Clut was to return to Providence Mission, his residence, and it required 26 days of marching before he could reach it. I was sent to visit and convert the "Hare-skin" Indians of Great Bear Lake, distant about 100 miles. Three years before, Father Grollier, of holy memory, had visited the few families there. Two young Hare-skins of Good Hope were engaged to accompany us and to trace out the road through the snow, going ahead of the dogs. Our two sleighs were heavily loaded. On account of the long distance we were going, we had to carry our supplies, which consisted mostly of dried reindeer meat, over eighty fishes for food for our dogs, our blankets, our chapel for divine services, axes and other implements, all necessary for a long journey. We had no other prospect than to walk on snowshoes all the way, following behind the dogs, in the deep snow. The dogs belonging to the Bishop were young and strong, but mine were old and wasted from long hard trips. Would they be able to go the long journey? That was an anxious and doubtful question.

We started, however, after our Mass, at day-break. The thermometer reached away below zero, and we had to face the lashing of the north wind. We had to fight hard against the cold, rubbing continually our chins, ears and noses to keep them from freezing. It was impossible for us to run, owing to the heavy loads and the deep snow, which we could not beat down enough for the sleds to slide through although we walked before them. But we managed, anyhow, to travel thirty miles a day.

As usual, we halted towards noon, to take our dinner and to allow the dogs to rest a little while. There is much less work about getting a dinner than there is about preparing for a night's encampment; a little excavation in the snow, some branches to sit upon, and a good fire in front, that is all. But let the inexperienced traveller beware that he gets on the right side away from the wind, otherwise he will be suffocated by the smoke. He may take his spruce branches to carry them to a better spot; while he is doing so, another surprise awaits him. The fire, blazing up

rapidly, burns away the support on which the tea-kettle has been poised, down it goes, with all the water upset on the ashes. Worse still, the dogs looked so tired that one would fancy they would lie down and rest. But lo, when you look for the dogs, you find the traces cut through and the dogs at liberty, roaming around.

Here you are, more perplexed than a traveller in the moor. Dinner is over, the fire dying out on its snowy bed and the little maggies hopping about, waiting for us to go away so that they might pick up a few crumbs left from the meal.

Forward again till dark. "March, Caesar. Spring, Sport!" and the poor animals stretch themselves, yawn, and seem to complain that their dinner was a very light one for the night.

As night comes on the traveller looks for a place well supplied with dry and green timber; such a place was not easy to find in those great marshes which we had to cross many times on our journey. To overcome the intense cold of 60 degrees we built an immense fire of trees which we had to chop down and carry on our shoulders a long distance to the place where we cleared away the snow from the spot where we were to camp for the night.

For eight or ten hours we lay down by the side of the fire to get a little rest from the fatigues of the day. If the blaze of this camp fire were sufficient for a photographer, what a striking picture this winter camp would furnish. Look at the missionary sitting on the spruce branches, as near as possible to the fire, trying to thaw out from his beard and eyebrows the troublesome icicles clinging to them. Look at the little army of dogs, sitting around the camp on their hind paws and watching with strict attention the fishes placed on a piece of wood before the fire to thaw out a little. Oh, they feel so hungry, poor animals, after hauling all day long. "Come, now, Caesar, Doggy." Each one hears the call, snaps fiercely his fish, and goes away to enjoy it and soon comes back to get another one which he well knows is due him.

But was to the slow cook, for a rush of the dogs, and a conflict between them to see which would get the fish, would soon disable some of the combatants and put us to a great inconvenience, if we did not use our whips to prevent them from biting one another.

After the supper of the dogs comes the supper of the men; a cup of tea and a piece of dry meat.

About the tea. You might suppose that you had the most immaculate of snow with which to fill your tea-kettle. (I myself, have thought so a hundred times). When the water is boiled you will be astonished and grieved to find in it what you could not stomach. As to the dry meat, it is better not to boil it, for the few bits of grease left by the worms would disappear in the kettle and leave the meat as dry as parchment.

The meal being over, we cannot spend any time in chatting and smoking, because the supply of chopped wood disappears rapidly, and we must save some of it for the next morning.

We kneel down for our evening prayers. Having said them we put the sleighs, like a rampart, behind our heads, so that we may be able to hear any movement of the dogs, should they try to do mischief during our sleep. We bury ourselves from head to foot in our blankets. We watch in turn and keep the fire burning to scare away the wolves. But wolves or no wolves, when the cold exceeds 50 degrees, there is not a civilized person who can sleep long in it; even under a bunch of blankets. A person would rise and rise again to try to warm himself.

How many such nights have been to me hours of suffering instead of rest.

With the Indians it is different. I never could understand how they can sleep, hours and hours long, covered with only a ragged blanket, and the thermometer down to 50 degrees below zero. We would shiver in such a covering.

From such evidence we must conclude that their blood is much warmer than ours. So soundly do they sleep that it takes a good shaking to arouse them.

Our dogs are still heavier sleepers, for they are deaf to all our calls and will not move from their beds of snow. We have to find them in the dark, to catch them by the neck and to drag them to their harness. My poor Caesar, a dog 14 years old, and hairless, found it hard to part with the lid coat which I wrapped around him every night to keep him from freezing.

To my readers I believe I will not have to apologize for this description of our winter's camp, for it will be novel to most, if not to all of them.

After five days of travel across woods and marshes, we entered narrow passages which are the reservoirs of beautiful deep lakes. The winds rushing into those passages, between high walls of rock, had swept nearly all the snow from the surface of the lakes, and made walking upon the ice almost impossible, as it was very slippery. The waters are so limpid that we could see through the ice to a great depth. Our dogs hesitated at first and seemed afraid to walk upon the slippery, and, and, and, and, and the ice was more than six feet thick

and would have upheld a whole artillery of the world upon its surface, without a break. Bishop Clut and I took advantage of this part of the passage to sit on the top of our sleigh loads and to run a few miles without fatigue. On the evening of the sixth day we reached Lake Koylon, where His Lordship had to part with me and to make for St. Theresa Mission on the south-west side, so that it was the last encampment that we made together; and as his supply of dry meat seemed too short for the two days he still had to travel, I gave him a few pieces of my own.

My holy Bishop Clut had tears in his eyes and his voice was trembling when he gave me his blessing. The next morning and took his leave. "Oh, dear Father," said he, "I feel anxious and worried to part with you and to leave you with such a young companion. (The young Indian, Hare-skin, was only fifteen years old.) You will have immense steps to cross which require four days of travel, and in which there is great danger of your being lost. God bless you, Father, and lead you safe and sound to those poor souls who wait for their eternal salvation."

"Should His Lordship have foreseen the trials and sufferings which were in wait for us in that last part of our journey, how heavily would his kind heart have been oppressed.

(To be continued.)

Dear reader, think of our school of St. Michael, where we have the poor little Indian children, who inherit only poverty from their parents and come to our help by sending us some alms, either of money or of clothing. Clothing should be sent by freight only. My address for letters is: Rev. Father A. Lecorre, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

Irishman's Invention Enables Record Trip.

The following letter to the Boston Pilot throws light on the recent record breaking trip of the new ocean steamship Lusitania. It shows the record was broken by turbine engines, invented by an Irishman.

During the past week, a leading source of discussion was afforded the civilized world by the splendid performance of that newest marvel of marine engineering and ship building, the Lusitania.

It may be well to state some facts of history in connection with the family of Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, the inventor of the system of marine engines known as the "turbine," which has enabled the Lusitania to make her record trip.

Charles Algernon Parsons, the inventor of the Parsons Turbine Engine, is the son of the Earl of Rosse, who, some years ago, built on his estate in Parsonstown, Kings county, Ireland, an observatory in which he placed a telescope at a cost of over £20,000. This Earl of Rosse was a member of many scientific societies in Ireland. But perhaps of all the relations, the connection of Sir Lawrence Parsons, his grandfather, who was a member of Parliament, and sat in the Irish Parliament at various times for Dublin university and for Kings county, in the last years of that Parliament, is of most interest to readers of The Pilot.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, in his memoirs, tells us that his first instructor in Irish national principles was Sir Lawrence Parsons, whom he (Wolfe Tone) considered the most honorable member in the Irish Parliament.

Sir Lawrence Parsons, in his actions and work for Ireland, came as near to being a United Irishman as could a man who was not one. And Irishmen are proud to honor his memory as being a man who sought the best interest of Ireland.

The family of Parsons first settled in Ireland about the year 1600 and have had some very stirring episodes to narrate. But for my purpose the foregoing narrative is sufficient—as a set-off for the self-laudation which is sure to follow upon the victory of a product of "Anglo-Saxon" brains.

My authorities are: Burke and Lodge, Peerage of United Kingdom. "Who is Who," Lecky, "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. 3, pages, 6, 7, 8 and foot notes.

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Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

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(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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A Marriage. "St. Lawrence," "Tales Longworthy," "Songs"

CHAPTER VIII.—Biddy Katharine's life at this time was a life of trouble. She often wondered whether St. Theresa's was nothing but a world, for people in the world, difficulty was that she was sure whether she was doing wrong. What seemed to her was sure to be wrong. Sherwood's eyes. And then, weary of the constant about her manner of speech, Sherwood, like many other persons who have had a glimpse of life in England, modelled her life in England, on what she believed to be the best English she could tolerate social life, but she looked on a "dozen" on the tongue of "gloriam" with horror. If it had not the refugees from outworn nations with which the country supplied her, she would utterly disheartened by that she was not only ignorant, but a sense that she did all in her power to do. But she had her devotions, dear Rosary was the trustiest friend.

Katharine admired the things around her; she could not be so rich, felt, too, that it was more to be free. Evening after as she sat in the softly-lit flower-scented drawing-room, rounded by a hundred marks of good taste and well-learned earnestly for the similes. There, in spite of her, she was free to be in show the best that was in, she was exceedingly kind, Sherwood protested that she should not have Katharine petted and indulged, and she had little spend with him, because he kept her busy with dressmaking, milliners, and a master of the art, who came to teach her, ment, who came to teach her, when her uncle was at Mrs. Sherwood resolved that her husband should not interfere with her plans, and in her heart was just a little jealous of her husband had for his dear Mr. Sherwood, too, was when left to himself, to from the high social ideals I had laboriously built up for her, she had absolutely no social perspective; he would shake her own servant, and he had known to take off his hat, cook one day when he met the street. Mrs. Sherwood, might not happen if he did that Katharine was capable of acting as if people in a lot of people were to be considered the light of equals! Mrs. Sherwood, in that event, might be compared to a combination which might destroy the symmetry of her arrangements. She had little where the Percivals and other happy, like Buddha, on his lotus, and she had less hope of her hands. And yet, the chance of the girl making a age of reason, and for this Sherwood felt it her duty to go. In fact, she was as much a martyr to her social duties as a poor woman is to those of her class. Her life was as horrid as that of many a woman. The luncheon and afternoon tea and the calls she were as sacred to her as the catalogue, and she worked like an in order to pay off the only debts she recognized. When she began to understand that was terrified. It seemed such a long time of time; and she was an old legend she had heard of, who, opening his arms should have been filled with a burden of gifts, displayed a few withered leaves. Her anxiety to be "in the swim" of the rich man of the day, to what end was all this this weariness, this constant session of gaiety that had been longer gayety because it was "of routine"? It made her heart meanly envious and burning and heartless calculation. And life must mean all this Katharine, if she did not strive all her might to rest in the her aunt was bringing to her

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