

**PATIENCE.**

If your life be weary,  
Do not fret;  
If your day be dreary,  
Do not regret.  
Pain does not last for long;  
Just bear up and be strong,  
There will be sunshine yet.  
Through all your lonely years,  
Only try  
To banish care and fears;  
Look on high,  
For God's own mighty arm  
Will shield you from all harm—  
He hears His children's cry.  
And when you are quite brave,  
And can bear  
Affliction's mighty wave  
Without care,  
Then in God's own good time—  
Perchance in your life's prime—  
Will come a season fair.  
Press on, be not afraid;  
Do not grieve;  
Be brave; be undismayed;  
And believe;  
When you have learned to wait,  
You shall, e'en tho' it be late,  
Your heart's desire receive.

**AN INDIAN MARRIAGE.**

WITH A MORAL.

Some two years ago, when the writer had charge of the Osage Mission, Indian Territory, the chief, Charley Mashonkaske, a full blood Osage Indian, came to him to arrange the preliminaries to the marriage of his daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen who had been two years in our convent. The bridegroom, Joe Little-Bear, a full blood youth of about eighteen being also a Catholic. The marriage was to be solemnly blessed in the open air and in the presence of the whole tribe. Many white friends were also invited from the neighboring State of Kansas, for Charley is a well-known and highly esteemed character, though he wears the blanket and prefers the ways of his tribe. He insisted that I should permit the Indian marriage custom to take place either before or after the Catholic

ceremony; as there was nothing in them in the nature of a contract, I decided that they should take place before.

So, here we are, on the auspicious morning in an immense prairie, the usual camping ground of the Tribe. About one hundred tents and tepees are scattered on its broad surface, and the whole scenery is alive with men and women in blankets and citizen clothes; on foot, horseback or in carriages—all hastening toward the center of attraction, the tent whence the bride is to sally forth. It was as picturesque and good-humored a motely crowd as I ever saw, and the blue sky above seemed to smile upon it.

Among the white it is the custom that a young man who contemplates marrying, should court the lady of his choice; among our Indian friends however it is quite the reverse—and even worse than the reverse—it is the bride's mother who does all the courting to the young brave. Let us fancy, gentle reader, an elopement under such circumstances—an ill favored, ugly squaw of some fifty or sixty Indian summers running away with the one she has selected for her daughter's husband;—what a fine pair!

As the bride's mother was the principal agent in the courtship, she, likewise opens up the proceedings for the marriage ceremony (so called). She begins in her tent, in a low tone of voice, a kind of wailing, it is meant for an appeal to the bridegroom to come forward and to make his bride happy; but the brave keeps in hiding, according to the Indian ritual until almost the very end of the ceremony. Little by little the honest old squaw works herself up into a passion of sobs and tears and raises her voice to its highest pitch. The bride here joins in, and these two women sobbing and wailing soon set all the dogs in the camp (and their name is legion) barking, yelping and howling.