phantom death, wolves skulking past the wind-blown tent-flaps unmolested, none remaining to bury the dead but the one man whose hands are overbusied with the dying.

"And not every hero is as unaware of the world's blare as a child; and as indifferent to it. Such is Pere Lacombe, known to all old timers from the Mackenzie River to the Missouri....

Two kinds of men make desolating failures in a new land. There is the one who sits moused up in a house, measuring every thing in the new country by the standards of the old; and there is the book-full man, who essays the wilds with city theories of how to do everything from handling a bucking broncho to converting a savage, only to learn that he can't keep up with the procession for the simple reason—as the French say—that one has to learn much in the woods not contained in "le cure's pet-ee cat-ee cheesm."

"To neither of these classes did Father Lacombe belong. He realized that one is up against facts in the wilderness, not theories; that to clothe those facts in our Eastern ideas of proprieties, is about as icongruous as to dress an Indian in the cast-off garments of the white man. Instead of expecting the Indian to adopt the white man's mode of life, Father Lacombe adopted the Indian's. He rode to their buffalo hunts with them half a century ago, when the herds roamed from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan in millions; or he broke the way for the dog train over the trackless leagues of snow between the Saskatchewan and Athabasca. Twice he was a peacemaker with the great Confederacy of Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans. Yet when honorable peace could not be won, he won another kind of peace — the peace that is a victory."

Miss Laut gives a dramatic account of the memorable fight between the Blackfeet and Cree Indians in the winter of 1870, between whom was the bitterest enmity. In those days there were only about half a dozen Oblate missionaries in the far Northwest, and the missions were two, three and four hundred