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SUMMARY.

§ T. JOSEPH'S care of the Indians. (Poetry.)
The Seminoles (continued.) Facetiae.—Gleanings of two Benedictine Missionaries through California; (End)—Medal of St. Benedict.—Sacred Heart Abbey (continued.)—Benedictine News.—General News.—Distribution of Premiums in Sacred Heart College.

ST. JOSEPH'S CARE OF THE INDIANS.

Great people! now pressed by the famine that proud infidelity made!
Poor exiles o'er river and prairies in search of Old Glory long strayed!
Behold your mother, the Catholic Church! Ah bravely to her bosom fly!
'Tis better to live in "the old Church;" 'tis better in her faith to die.
There you live happy, contented—though you many crosses surround
There you pray by the graves of your fathers, who sleep in sanctified ground.
True, good are the Catholic customs, far better than yours of old;
No longer be strangers midst Christians, whose God is your Messiah foretold!
God's blessing be upon you, great people, fast dying away;
Wild tempests have shattered your prestige, but Christ redeemed you from decay!
Great race, yet noble—though fallen, by many forsaken and lone;
Your Catholic Mother recalls you, with tears, as her sons who were gone.
Ah! demons can never destroy you, nor your faith in Jesus deface;
Christ's yoke will be sweet to you. His burden gladden you, a suffering race.
In your exile St. Joseph will soothe your remembrance of days that have fled;
He is mighty to heal your sorrows—as you weep on the grave of the dead!
Great people! that dream by the fire-pile and mourn in the light of its blaze,
Whilst snow is fast falling and drifting, when sun-light in the west decays;
Look up to the cross of Jesus, and bury your chivalrous past;
The Catholic Church is your ransom, and with her your fortune is cast;
With Jesus, Mary and Joseph make peace—they were like you, exiles three
In proud, rich Egypt, in its deserts, that strange old land o'er the sea.
Come home to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and never more wander astray;
Come to the hearts of these three exiles—whose throbbing beat for you today!
—REV. J. J. HOLZNECHT,
In the Catholic Citizen.