ABBE ADRIEN ROUQUETTE (CHAHTA IMA).

O! Poet Priest, of Louisiana fair,
Who loved to wander through her forest wild,
To gather all the Indians 'round thee there
And Christianize each savage red-skinn'd child,
Thou loved'st well that poor abandon'd race,
Which dwelt in forest lone, primeval, dark,
The Choctaw tribe, fast driven from its place,
Redeem'd and taught by thee with Heaven's spark!

How few remember, thee, in days of old,
When rose thy voice within Cathedral dim,
In tones of eloquence, with accents bold,
Like mighty voice of Prophet's sacred hymn!
How oft' thy steps did'st stray in thought along
Lacombe's fair Bayou, winding 'mid the shade
Where thou did'st steal to lift thy soul in song,
And write thy verses grand in sylvan glade!

How oft' thou cam'st to see thy children dear
Within the silent woodlands far away,
Where thou could'st share their joy, or wipe their tear,
And teach their wild untuter'd lips to pray!
At length thy life thou gav'st in sacrifice,
The haunts of man forgotten for God's cause;
Dire poverty and hardship was the price
To save the Indian, by Christ's Holy laws.

The Indian, like a shadow, fades away,
But Chahta Ima's name will ever shine,
Like brightest star to shed a burning ray,
A soul imbued with God's great love Divine!
Thy mind was fill'd with thoughts of forest lore,
And well thou lov'd'st each grove and forest tree;
Ah, Pere Rouquette, thy songs are heard no more,
But ever lives thy name in memory!

RIXFORD J. LINCOLN.

New Orleans, October, 1911.

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