

glad to see them for I was a sort of Indian myself. Then I asked who was the chief. They pointed out the oldest man in the crowd with white hair. I offered him the pipe; he accepted it, turned it towards the four points of the compass, and began to smoke. This was a sign that he wanted to hear me. Praying inwardly to our Lord I reminded Him of His word that those of His disciples who stood before princes of this world need not worry about what they should say, for that He would put into their mouths what they should answer. "Now is the time," I cried, "to make good your word, O Lord!" (The tone in which Father Lacombe said this was so natural and realistic that the audience laughed loudly). I began my speech by giving them a piece of genuine news. "You know," said I, "so-and-so," naming a celebrated Indian, "he had three wives, and now he has only one, because he has joined the Prayer (become a Catholic). My kinsmen, I come as the messenger of the Great Spirit, bringing you something very precious. I am honest with you when I say that God himself hath sent me to you. Are you going to be the only ones not to join the prayer." By this time it was getting late, though the moonlight was beautiful. The children were asleep. I said I would remain for some time. One chief said: "All right, go to bed." But the white-haired old fellow stopped the women as they were taking the children to bed, and shouted out to me in a very fierce tone: "What right have you to come here? Do you think the land belongs to you?" I said to him very quietly, "Don't get angry, I will explain." Then he began to mock at me, and for mockery the Cree language is inimitable. "You say it is God that sends you. Yes, you say that; but the pale faces are great liars. Prove that God sent you." I was speechless. "You speak of the Son of God," he continued; "have you seen him? Were you with the apostles when they say they saw him? Did you work at the great book (the Bible)?" All the old Indians loudly applauded the speaker. He went on: "You say we must change our religion, and that if we do not we shall be very miserable after our death." Then turning to his friends, he told them a tale the importance of which rests on the fact that the Kootenay Indians, evangelized by the Jesuits some ten years before the date of my story, became exemplary Christians and have remained so until the present time. I could not contradict the diabolical lie invented by the old chief, because I had no proofs of the contrary. O, how I longed for the power of working a miracle! This is the

OLD CHIEF'S TALE.

"My friends, you know that I have travelled a good deal among the Kootenays. Now their chief, White Eagle, related to me his terrible experience and it proves that these men who come to us in black robes and say that God has sent them are deceivers. The Kootenay chief told me that he himself had died and come to life again. After his death his soul came to a fork in the trail. The Manitou that guided him explained that one road led to the Indians' heaven and the other to the heaven of the palefaces. The chief was impelled by the spirit to choose the paleface road. As he approached the heaven of the whites he heard a great noise of carousing, singing and music. Then several of the palefaces exclaimed, "What business has an Indian here?" White Eagle felt ashamed. True, some of the heavenly palefaces noticed the cross and medals which White Eagle wore, but the majority despised him. Suddenly he saw a great light, it was the Great Spirit, who looked at him with flashing eyes, and exclaimed, "What do you want?" White Eagle replied, "I come to you, the Master of life."—"Go away, your skin is not the same as that of the people here; I did not create you for this heaven." White Eagle, thus repulsed, left the paleface heaven and returned to the fork in the trail, whence he took the road to the Indian heaven. On his arrival there he saw vast herds of buffalo covered with sweet fat that would melt in the mouth, he saw the fleetest

of horses and the most beautiful bows and arrows. Presently he espied his grandmother whom he had once dearly loved. She would not look at him. Nobody would look at him. When he said, "Don't you know me? I am White Eagle." They laughed him to scorn, they pointed to his cross and medals, and said, "We disown you as you have disowned us and taken up with the religion of the whites." Here the wicked Cree chief turned to me (Father Lacombe) and said bitterly, "There is the result of all your preaching. When the poor Christian Indian comes to die he has no place to go to, he knows not what to do." And all the other Indians said "Quite right."

Resuming his tale, the wicked chief continued:

"Then White Eagle went back to the heaven of the palefaces, and, standing before the Great Spirit, he said, 'My God, have mercy on me; if I have done wrong in abandoning the Indian religion I have always heard that you did not punish those who know not that they are doing wrong. We believed that you really did send the black robes to convert us.' Thereupon God laid aside his anger and becoming calm, said, 'My son, go back to the earth. Each one must serve me according to his nature, the palefaces in their way, the Indians in theirs.' White Eagle returned to life and made all his people give up the prayer, and now the Kootenay Indians have all returned to the Indian religion." After this disheartening announcement the old Cree chief turned to me and said, "Do you understand why I speak like that? Have you anything to say?" "No," I replied, "all I can do is to pray for you. I don't believe your tale, but even if I affirmed that story was false you would not listen to my words. If God willed He could work a miracle to prove that you have lied, but I cannot. If He wishes to change your heart He will do so." Then all the Indians jeered at me, even the women insulted me. They all cried out that I was free to go away, that they would have nothing to do with me.

(To be Continued).

THE APOSTOLATE IN AMERICA.

Father Elliott's Sermon at the Consecration of Right Rev. T. F. Cusack, Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers, preached the sermon, which was in part as follows: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth; going therefore teach ye all nations; teaching them to observe all things I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 18-20).

Our Redeemer gave to the ministry of preaching the high privilege of his last command on earth; as if to say, My universal sway in heaven and on earth is given to preachers. By preaching salvation I make earth and heaven one. This dominion of his spoken word he extended to the end of time to all the nations of the world. And so the Apostles understood their Lord; for "they going forth preached everywhere," as, ever since their successors, the Bishops of the Catholic Church have done.

How very proper, therefore, that the head of the Archbishop's band of missionary preachers, the New York Diocesan Apostolate, should be raised to the episcopal dignity, having by seven years of incessant preaching to non-Catholics and Catholics, proved himself worthy. His ministry of making converts is today adorned with Apostolic grace and dignity.

The Church of Christ is essentially missionary. An attitude that is merely defensive in the face of error is inconsistent with her normal condition. Woe is unto her if her ministers preach not the Gospel to all accessible unbelievers. Simply to hold her own is to be self-imprisoned in sloth. Hiding in entrenchments demoralizes an army.

Looking mainly to defensive measures against error and vice, is to the Church of Christ but a passing phase. Like her Founder, she goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

She must force error and vice into forts and ditches. Catholic truth is essentially aggressive.

The Lord never said to her: "Hold thy own, stand thy ground, and it is enough." But He gives her all his power for her preaching, and he bids her teach all truth, save all nations; and he stakes his honor for her success to the end of the world.

There is no room for racial narrowness here, nor personal religious selfishness, no, nor for the tactics of a timid defence.

God is mighty to save all by means of a living organization of preachers resolutely bent on winning all hearts to Christ's blessed salvation.

The Church's active apostolate must be equal to her charter.

It has been a reproach to the Church in America that she has had no missionaries among the heathen. Please God, that blot will soon be effaced. Today's great event shows the effacement of the deeper stain of the neglect of our separated brethren at home. There should now be an end to the objection sometimes made to the non-Catholic missions; why not expend all our energies on saving Catholics? We need every priest for our people. The Archbishop of New York answers, with his petition to the Holy See to make his chief missionary to non-Catholics his assistant bishop. "Well and good," proclaims Pius X., in the bull of appointment, read an hour ago before you. It all means that the non-Catholics are "our own" equally with the Catholics. Whose own could they be? shall the adversary have the American nation for his own? If they are God's then they are to be enlightened and saved by God's own and only Church. "Our own" are all people during all ages, for all truth, and with all the power of Christ the Lord to sustain our claim.

It is an important thing to realize that all the non-Catholics who have strayed away are Christ's sheep. "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." All non-Catholics are our brethren. They may feel kindly towards us, or they may hate us; but they are bone of our bone, children of the same heavenly Father, heirs, though lost heirs, of the heritage of Catholic truth and love. If we fail to seek them out and save them, we rob them of the Christian Faith which is theirs by as clear a title as it is our own.

And how great is this Apostolate of America. Our country is rising steadily to the supreme place among the nations of the world. In a commercial age, to be master of the wealth of mankind is to rule; and we are the richest. America offers the safest sanctuary to

(Continued on page 6).

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