

As I write my acknowledgements my memory carries me back (nigh nine years ago) to his one room in the Catholic University of St. Louis, Missouri. In memory's clear painting I still see that dear old man who for me will ever inhabit that cell as at our first interview. Everything connected with it is so vividly before me. The sun-light still seems to stream through the window over his face as it then did, goldening the white locks straying from under his Biretta. His own pet Mocking-Bird, with its quiet saucy ways perched upon his shoulder, the sleeve of his Soutane, or the peak of his Biretta, else resting lovingly upon his hand, as it did those years ago in his Convent cell. It is indeed a pleasure to remember the missionary De Smet, who with his own hand turned for me the pages of his manuscript notes, who showed and explained to me his sketches on Indian life, made roughly oft-times upon the Western Prairies. It is a pleasure to recall that voice unravelling what I, with my European ignorance, could not understand; and I have always treasured up his permission to make what notes I wished from his conversation, and the manuscripts lent me to peruse in my several visits to him.

A pioneer of the Western Prairies, a Traveller, a Geographer and a Scientist, his notes and maps relating to Indian Territory were valuable to the Government of the United States and his "Society." The grandest monument to him, is the