

him relating what he saw when journeying among the red men in the wilderness of the far West.

Such is but a glimpse at the manly figure, kind ways, and lofty, beautiful career of Father de Smet. Most of the Indian missions of this century would have been nearly impossible were it not for his grand zeal, great prudence, and hardy energy. Boldly penetrating the unknown solitudes of the West, he conquered the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset him at every step. With undaunted heart he faced hostile and savage tribes whose language and very name were a mystery to the civilized earth. He came, he saw, he conquered; but not like the pagan Cæsar. He opened Heaven to the vanquished. He converted, baptized, and Christianized the wild clans of the West; and his holy and tireless apostolate was continued, year after year, almost to the very day of his departure from this world.¹

¹ The memorial statue to Father de Smet was unveiled at his birth place on the 20th of September, 1878. It was a most impressive scene. Many distinguished men were present. A eulogy, composed for the occasion, was sung by fifty voices; and a noble eulogy of the great missionary was delivered. The statue, it is said, is a magnificent work of art.

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