

"Poor little thing," said Brother Jim, looking down into the bright black eyes that opened to meet his. "Poor little thing, it is almost dead; at least it must be, left out under this terrible sun. How could it have come here?"

I took the little creature from his arms and, without a word, hanging it like a great eonoc at my saddle, rode away at so good a pace that the astonished Brother forgot all his troubles in his endeavors to keep up with me. Five minutes brought us to the outskirts of the reservation. There a motley crowd of Indians and whites were lounging about the government house in expectation of the new arrival. Looking slight of Brother Jim in the rough salubrious of his friends, I made straight for the mission chapel, on the way picking up an old man and a little girl, both of whom followed me into the sacristy and stood with wide eyes waiting for further orders.

As I laid the bundle of bark on the vestment case the girl darted forward and, with eagerness, snatched at a piece of shining metal suspended from the infant's neck by a piece of fish-bone. On the instant a tiny hand closed over the glittering object, and the little creature broke into a piercing cry, so that the girl drew back.

I took a closer look at the object, and found, to my delight, that it was a miraculous medal of Our Lady.

"Hum," I said, "Catholic! Strange it should have been deserted. We must baptize it conditionally."

I was just wondering what name to give the little founding, when a familiar voice near me asked, in a low, anxious tone:

"Do you think it will die, Father?"

Without answering or showing my fears, I said in a cheery voice:

"You found him, brother, so you must name him. What will it be? James?"

The good brother hung his head. "I came near leaving him to perish. You put the heart into me to keep on."

After a moment's reflection, I said:

"We take our names out here from some accident of early life."

"So! Then call him James Faint Heart," said Brother Jim.

"Allright! Then here goes! James Strongheart."

Thus it happened that, with the old man and the little girl as godparents, we proceeded then and there to make a Christian of "Little Chief Strongheart."

Life at an Indian reservation may be pleasant enough for the descendants of the kings of the forest, but to one bred among the conveniences and intellectual companionship of large cities, it requires no ordinary amount of courage to resign one self to the simple, almost crude manner of living adopted by these remnants of a once numerous people.

A log hut of but one room, the simplest of furnishings and monotony of daily menu, are a continual source of inconvenience, not to say real discomfort, for the city bred white. Brother James had sacrificed much to devote himself to the new mission. The first-breaking of community ties was trying enough, but grace had made that sweet. Nevertheless, we have seen how he almost gave up at the first sight of the deserted Western prairie, and this temptation to abandon the life was not the last. As he rose each morning a strange feeling of aversion towards these dull unresponsive red men came over him, and visions of all the good he might now be accomplishing at some large city parish school or college would, by their brilliancy, cast a gloom over the many little distasteful duties of his day. At such times he invariably went back in memory to that first temptation to despair, and he would say to himself,

"Who knows but some poor wretch's salvation depends on my remaining here." The thought, though far from convincing, was enough to make the present duty more bearable, and call forth an act of sincere resignation.

Besides his regular class in grammar and arithmetic which occupied the morning hours, Brother James took care of the dormitories, watched the boys at their meals, and kept them amused during recreation, joining in the quieter sports, and seeing to it that their wild natures did not carry them too far. The days were full of activity, and the good brother slept without rocking, indeed, too soundly, as the event proved.

Three years of mission life had passed, and Brother James had grown used, if not resigned, to his vocation. Young Strongheart, whose Indian blood had stood the harsh shock of his desertion, was a plump, brown-skinned baby crawling about the rough floor of a befriending cabin, whither he had been taken by an old squaw whose only ray of sunshine he had proved. By some strange providence the little fellow never realized this orphan condition, and would insist that the image on his medal was that of his mother, who would one day come to claim him.

It was calling time, and down the long rows of beds giving a pull here and a pinch there, all the while ringing a large dinner bell with his right hand, he came upon an empty cot, the coverlet was neatly spread, the locker empty. "Joe White Crow," he said to himself, "poor boy! So the big chief has run away; I half suspected it."

There was no small excitement in the mission when it got around that Joe White Crow, the only surviving son of the late Sioux Chief White Crow, had grown tired of reservation life and broken away.

Joe was but twelve years old, but well matured and full of that war-loving nomadic spirit of his father, the big chief. Brother James could only find pity in his heart for the runaway, and it was with a prayer that their search might be vain that he handed the boy's name over to the government officials. Besides, the young chief had won his heart by his frank ways, and with his departure a gloom impossible to dispel settled over the whole school. It was while taking a few moments' rest after the dinner hour and endeavoring to become resigned to the boy's departure that the news of another sad event was brought to poor Brother James. One of the boys came running in to tell him that little Strong Heart had been kidnapped and that his adopted mother was inconsolable at the loss.

There is no better salve to a troubled breast than to spend itself in healing the wound of another's afflicted heart. And so it was that, in tendering his poor words of consolation to the bereaved mother, Brother James found relief in their common sorrow. Indeed, so passionate were the sentiments of revenge which found expression in the words and gestures of the distracted mother that he found it necessary to speak in a manner quite contrary to his personal feelings, thus forcing himself into the practice of his preaching.

It was Thursday, and so he had been free to spend the whole afternoon with the desolate woman. It was not till after the regular community supper hour that he returned to the mission and, sick at heart, was about to retire straightway to his room, when he remembered that he had not reported to his superior the day's happenings, so he turned down the narrow corridor at the end of which was Father Superior's room. With his eyes cast down and dejection showing in every line of his face, he passed along.

"Well now, Brother Strong Heart," said a cheery voice close to him. There was his superior smiling mischievously at him. Brother Jim was thinking only of the past events, and being in no mood for joking, answered peevishly but respectfully:

"You know, I suppose, Father, all that has happened?"

"Yes, Brother, and you shall come with me to-night on a real sick call."

"How so?"

"At seeing the crestfallen look, I suppose you want to excuse yourself."

"I was going to ask leave to go to my room and have Brother Jonathan take the boys to night. But I'll stay up and go with you if you wish, Father. I guess I am more disheartened than tired."

Father Superior stood reading the dejected countenance before him a minute or so, and then said, slowly and gently:

"You may go to your room if you care to, Brother. I really think it will be better to come along and see the example of patience my poor sufferer has been giving for years. Now, as you like, Brother, what will it be?"

It was pitch dark when we set out on the call. Brother James, on the same little shaggy pony that had brought him from the station three years before, went first, holding a lantern. For the way was now over miry wagon roads, now along circuitous foot paths, both alike winding in and out among the deserted log huts and summer tents of the Indians.

We made a halt finally before a large seemingly deserted log cabin. Brother James handed over the ponies to the care of a tall, sullen Indian who kept staring at us till the door closed. We found ourselves in a large bare room, in the corner of which, seen by the uncertain light of a candle, were the only occupants of the place. An Indian squaw, evidently the object of the visit, was stretched full length on the floor with no covering save a rough blanket. Beside her crouched another figure which, upon our entry, rose and, with a low whining noise, passed out through a rear door, never once glancing in our direction nor so much as letting its face be seen.

As we approached the sufferer she rose somewhat from her rude bedding, and revealing a face scored and withered, mumbled in Sioux, "Lakota iyapi sholya wo?"

"Do," replied the priest. The wearisome sorrows of the past twenty-four hours were obliterated from Brother James' mind as he stood near that patient sufferer and listened to the low responses made in her own tongue while the father administered the last rites. They moved to the feet of the sufferer. The father drew back the tattered blanket, Brother Jim knelt down and leaned over holding the Holy Oils conveniently near. For a moment his attention was fixed on the father's hand, but as he followed the motion his eyes fell upon a sight that made his blood run cold. He rose with a shudder and turned his head away. The father, too, had risen, replacing the blanket.

As their eyes met the father leaned over and whispered: "Poor soul. How she must have suffered, and never a word. I knew the disease had eaten into her arms and chest, but this—"

Again he spoke to the dying woman. Brother Jim then and there made a resolution that heaven heard with joy.

They were on their way home now, having stayed until the end. What a peaceful passage that had been. The poor creature's body, all but eaten by a fearful disease, made no

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struggle for life. Life was now a living death, and death but a beginning of life.

"Good night, Father," was all Brother James trusted himself to say as they entered the hall of the mission house. "I have learned a lesson of patience this night."

"And your reward is to be given in advance, Brother," answered the Father, smiling at poor Brother Jim stood puzzled beneath the swinging hall lamp. The Father took both his hands in his own and said kindly:

"I thought it was better to let you alone with your reflections and resolutions, but now let me tell you something that will make you happy. We have seen little Strong Heart's mother on her way to heaven, where she is now, no doubt, praying for us. She was not only little Strong Heart's mother, but the mother of another of your friends, Joe White Crow, who, by the way, is now with his little brother upstairs in the dormitory."

"The story is too long to tell all here. Chief White Crow, as you remember me telling you, left the reservation three years ago, placing Joe with us. He did not tell us that he never intended to come back, but so it really was. For upon the birth of our little Strong Heart the child's mother was stricken with a terrible disease, which made living with her a burden to the chief that he left her and the infant with some pagan relatives and departed. He has never been seen since. The poor mother begged her husband's relatives to have the infant baptized and placed in good hands, but the result of their fidelity you were just in time to forestall." Brother James hung his head. "Joe," the Father went on, "was not allowed to see his mother, who received little or no medical aid, and not until two days ago did he dare to go near her. On his arrival last night he found her alone and dying. She told him of her desertion, and besought him to bring her little boy to her before she should die. With all the astuteness of his people from dates and other circumstances, as well as by the miraculous medal which little Strong Heart was so proud of Joe discovered that he was his brother. Without waiting to inform his child's adopted mother he had literally stolen him and brought him to their dying mother."

That night Brother James stopped longer than usual at the dormitory door. Joe White Crow's bed was certainly occupied. But there were two dark little heads on the pillow. Fast in each other's embrace, dreaming of their mother in heaven, lay the big and little chief.

GOOD MAY COME FROM ATTACKS ON CHURCH

When a subject that usually does not interest becomes a "live issue," the great opportunity has arrived for those who would spread the light in behalf of that subject.

It is too bad that the Catholic Church is being slandered every week by 1,000,000 copies of the Menace. But says the New Century, of Washington, let us recognize that the attack creates an interest that we may utilize. We may say, "Hear the Catholic side, please." And they are inclined to say, "Yes, we want to know what answer you have for these charges." What have you got to offer them?

Most of the people who hear the Church assailed do not believe all the absurd stories told against us. But an unfavorable impression is created in a general way. Most of these people are not narrow or hateful or bigoted. They may be upon inquiry. It is possible to liberalize their views. But not by mere "We will not obey when we hear of Peter and Paul." When many choose to leave the ancient Bark of the sea of life alone. They were dark years and many thought the Church was overthrown. Yet it was not so, for indeed

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again. The eternal years of God are here; But error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among her worshippers."

No! We should not grow discouraged at the scoldings of the enemies of Christ. Rather should we endeavor to show our love stronger toward the Church and toward her ministers. Rather should we increase our activities for good in proportion as they increase theirs for evil. The progress of the Church here in America is a matter for joy and sincerest congratulation. While the bigots rave, the good well-meaning Protestants see the great and noble work which the Church is doing and witness the zeal of her priests, bless the disinterested work of the hospital Sisters, and repudiate the villainous campaign now carried on against them.

How many non-Catholics have felt as did Montalembert thus: "I have looked upon this singular spectacle, which the Church of Jesus Christ alone has been able

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

### IT HAS SEEN THE MIGHTY RISE AND FALL

Long years have passed since there was such a concerted, persistent, scientific and methodical attack upon the Church as exists at the present time. France, for centuries the most devoted and docile of her children, the country which for so long a period furnished missionaries to carry the gospel of Christ into every part of the world, is now vigorously opposing her. Mexico, the home of the Church for decades, is now like a youth among the Hottentots, who endeavors to prove his manhood by beating his mother. And even America, that sets forth the claim of being the land of civil and religious liberty, has to some extent also entered the lists against her.

We who witness the activities in diverse ways of the bigots of our day are liable to take a pessimistic view of the whole situation. We are exposed to be led into thinking that the Church is losing her hold on the hearts of men, and may suffer greatly from the aspersions heaped upon her. This temptation will be allayed, if we gaze into the vista of history, and into Sacred Scripture, and read what is there said of her. We stand as one in the belief that Jesus Christ is very God, as well as very man, and what He said would remain through-out eternal ages. He has said, "I will pass away, but My word shall not pass away." He founded no system that in later times could be reformed. He said nothing that future science or higher criticism could cast away. He enunciated truths that must and will endure through time and through eternity. The words which He uttered among the hills of Galilee are as true in our own day as they were then. He gave the Church which He founded a solemn promise in the words, "Upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Surely He foresaw all that His bride would suffer through the malice and hatred of men, and He prepared His Apostles in the warning, "The servant is not above his master; they have persecuted Me, and they will persecute you."

The Church stood out against a powerful Nero, a Domitian, a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, a Septimius Severus, a Maximian, a Decian, an Aurelian, a Valerian and a Diocletian. These conquered the world and made it tremble at their power but the twelve illiterate fishermen, sent by the humble Man of Nazareth, were invulnerable to all their most cruel and diabolical acts. The doctrine which the apostles preached was not taught by man, and hence by man it could not be destroyed. The tiny seed which they planted and watered by their blood, has taken root and spread its branches into every part of the world.

The Catholic Church has witnessed kingdoms and empires rise and fall. She has seen nations grow and develop and spread their mighty power abroad, mature and at last sink into ruins. And all the while she has marched proudly on. Mighty rulers have had their day, and ruled over men and countries, and in course of time have died and are forgotten. The Church, however has outlived them all.

Social upheavals that have shocked and awed the world have taken place, like the bloody French revolution. Times when as if hell itself was hurling forth its mighty power in a supreme effort to ruin the Church and to draw all men back to paganism. Times when the bravest blanchied, and the weak lost courage and despaired, yet through it all was heard the words "Why do you fear, O ye of little faith?" And when the voice added "Peace, be still," the awful storm subsided, and men asked "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" (Cant. vi, 10).

It was the Catholic Church. Having suffered, perhaps, but still "the Church of the living God—the pillar and ground of truth" (I Tim. iii, 15). Again the Church witnessed and passed through the troublous times of these-called Reformation. A time when man in his pride rose up against authority and cried out: "We will not obey when we hear of Peter and Paul." When many chose to leave the ancient Bark of the sea of life alone. They were dark years and many thought the Church was overthrown. Yet it was not so, for indeed

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How many non-Catholics have felt as did Montalembert thus: "I have looked upon this singular spectacle, which the Church of Jesus Christ alone has been able

to produce—that of a priest, young, imposing, attractive, austere, virginal and virile, loving all that is good, great, holy and generous—a man of courage, of liberty and of honor, as well as of fervor, of penitence and of holiness. At the end of a long life, I must confess that it is the most noble and most beautiful spectacle which it has been given me to behold here below."

Thus far the lives of our good Catholics have demonstrated in an eloquent and substantial manner what their faith means to them and what their Church demands.

No one could have gazed upon the last parade of the Federated Catholic Societies, held in Baltimore, without thanking God that he was privileged to be a member of such a Church. It was a wonderful sight, grand, elevating, and inspiring. No one could look upon those lovely and angelic faces of the boys and girls, sweet rosebuds plucked from the fair garden of innocence, without feeling optimistic of the future. Without feeling that, with such recruits, to become the men and women of tomorrow, our country would have citizens of which it could be justly proud, and our Church members who would do her honor.

As they marched proudly by, within the shadow of the cross and flag, emblems of their patriotism and faith, one could not help exclaiming, "These are the coming citizens of our country, these are to carry on the great work which our nation and Church have set about to do. May God keep them spotless until the dawn of never-ending day."

As no man can remain an isolated member of society, he must be a power for good or evil. Our Catholic men banded together in such grand associations as the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Foresters, and others, have by their efforts and example exerted untold influence for good. They have clearly shown that they are, together with all good men, irrespective of creed or nation, guided by the sublime code of the Unerring Lawgiver, and gradually leading us toward that blessed day, when all will understand the import of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The wave of opposition and persecution now beating against the Church, while it may do harm in one place, will redound to her honor in nine. It will strengthen those who are weak in their religion. It will arouse Catholics to keen sense of responsibility. It will cause men who believe

"'Tis a base Abandonment of reason to resign Our right of thought."

to think and to look into matters for themselves. They will seek truth and in doing so will be led into the Church. Again, this opposition will keep the guardians of the watch tower alert to the dangers which surround their flock. It will demonstrate in an eloquent manner, the power of the press, and it will lead Catholics to support and maintain theirs in order to defend and propagate the truth. Finally, it will be the means of extending the Kingdom of Christ over the whole world, and into those parts in which the Church is but little known, as did the primitive Christians, who, persecuted in Jerusalem, separated and carried the gospel into Phenicia, Syria, and the Isle of Cyprus. Thus it has ever been that persecution has turned out to be of benefit to the Church, and in the end her enemies have had to repeat with Julian, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Bearing this in mind we may rest assured that we have nothing to fear.—W. Majella Gavin, in The Missionary.

## THE CHARM OF THE CHURCH

"This is why the man of imagination; nay the philosopher, too, will also have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in the Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, envelops human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the Church; they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art, poetry and culture. If there is a thing specially alien to religion it is divisions. If there is a thing specially native to religion, it is peace

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and union. Hence original attraction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for man's mind of that unity when once attained. I persist in thinking that Catholicism has, from this superiority, a great future before it; that it will endure while all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish."—Matthew Arnold.

More Catholics give up the practice of their faith because of difficulties with the ten commandments, than because of difficulties with the Creed.—F. P. Donnelly, S. J.

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