

ceive Catholic teaching—saw how he flocked to the Catholic schools. They saw the reverential awe with which he looked up to the black gown. They saw likewise the docility with which he listened to the meek and tender voice of the nuns, and therefore they intruded themselves into Congress, and there they clamored that the appropriation given to the schools should be withdrawn. And, be it said to the eternal shame of the American Congress, and we must hang our heads in mortification when we do say it, in a moment of weakness, vacillation and alarm, panic-stricken and terrorized, yielding to the pressure, they revoked the appropriation given to our Catholic schools.

We found ourselves, gentlemen, in a most awkward predicament, a most perplexing situation, and a crucial moment in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. What was to be done? How was it to be done? In that moment, gentlemen, when counsel was dear, when help was not in sight, there stepped into the midst of the Archbishops, assembled in Washington, a meek and modest woman, and in words breathing the very soul of humility, said: "Fathers in Christ, if the government will not support those schools, I, by the help of God, will support them until such a day when the Church can make provision to support them." (Cries of "bravo" and applause.)

This woman, and her name is enshrined in the heart of every Indian—this woman, and her name should be uttered in perpetual benediction by the lips of every one who claims to be a Catholic—this woman was Rev. Mother Katherine Drexel. (Applause.)

Since that day, gentlemen, she has been supporting our Catholic schools. True, we had to abandon some schools. True, we had to send adrift sixteen hundred children from Catholic influences. Since that day she has virtually carried the Red Man's burden. In one year she gave no less than