

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "EYANPAHA."

NOTICE.

INDIANS who wish to take the Sioux Paper, should give their names and their subscriptions to their respective Pastors, who will forward me both.

EYANPAHA.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, N. DAK.

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THE morning of Tuesday, May 26, cast a heavy gloom over the Indian Industrial School at Fort Yates N. D. as on that morning at 7 o'clock Ven. Sister Grace Schoenle O. S. B. departed from this life to her eternal reward. Her funeral took place on Thursday, May 28, when she was buried by Father Martin, O. S. B. in the Catholic Cemetery near St. Peter's church amid a very large attendance of people—Whites and Indians—Catholics and Non-Catholics who were all anxious to cast a last farewell glance on her mortal remains. Sister Grace was born in Maryville, Mo. twenty four (24) years ago. When still very young, she came to the Indian School at Fort Yates, conducted by Benedictine Sisters, and worked with them as Teacher. Later on she went to the Sisters' Novitiate in Yankton, S.D., taught in the Parochial school of that place for some time after her profession, till obedience called her back to the Indian work in the year 1891, and ever since spent her useful life in instructing and educating her Indian pupils, who were very much attached to her. Although young in years she did a great deal of work, and her life, although very short, was certainly blessed with good deeds and most fruitful labors for those entrusted to her tender care. Sister Grace proved herself a useful person everywhere, and seemed to be everywhere at the right place—no matter whether it was in the schoolroom as teacher, in the recreation room or on the playground or in any other departments as prefectess and disciplinarian, around the altar as sacristan, at the organ as skillful player or in the choir as accomplished singer, everywhere she did her work in a very satisfactory,

cheerful way, pleasing to everybody, and was therefore welcome, wherever she went, well liked and esteemed in and outside of her community. She was not only a good teacher, but also a faithful religious. Beside her many employments she always found time for her religious exercises which she never neglected, but was always sure to direct her steps towards the chapel at the right time. Her visits to and her prayers before the Tabernacle made her a devout adorer of the Blessed Sacrament and a true venerator of the Sacred Heart of whose devotion she was a most zealous promotor, especially intent on planting and nourishing the love of our Redeemer's Heart in the souls of her pupils. Always modest and pure, always in good spirits, gentle and kind and thereby making religion appear as a very pleasant thing to others, always dutiful, pious and truly religious, she walked through this life spreading the fragrant odor of virtue and good example on her way for which God may reward her with His everlasting repose and the eternal crown of His Elect.

R. I. P.

PROGRAMME OF CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE AGRICULTURAL BOARDING SCHOOL, STANDING ROCK AGENCY, N. D. JUNE 1893.

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Song. "Welcome" Pupils.
Dialogue, "All about two Dolls," Martha Cowhead, Agatha Shooter.
Instrumental Solo, "Home, Sweet Home" Josephine Whitebull.
Recitation, "The Little Patriota," Seven Little Boys.
Instrumental Solo, "Mary's Pet Waltz," Mary Charging-eagle.
Trio, "The Three Friends' Waltz," Clementine Differentail, Emily Landry, Annie Whitesell.

THE SUNFLOWERS' CHORUS OR GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

CHARACTERS;

Mistress Carey, Emily Landrie.
Goodman Tabor, Jesse Tuigg.
Chorus of Sunflowers, Boys and Girls.
Duet "Gallopede," Mary Charging-eagle, Josephine Benoist.
The Whitches' March and Broom Drill, Thirteen Girls.
DIALOGUE, "Have a Shine Sah."

CHARACTERS.

Bootblack, Samuel King.

Newsboy, Patrick Shell.
Countryman, Emmory Harrison,
Dude, Patrick Kenedy.
Policeman, Lawrence Chargingbear.

Instrumental Solo, "Columbia World's Fair Grand March, Marcella Alkire.
Song, "Little Birdie," Sixteen Little Girls.

Instrumental music, "Floating Breezes" Marcella Alkire.

DIALOGUE, "District School,"

Scene I. Examination of Teachers.

Scene II. First Day of School.

Scene III. Closing Exercises of The Term.

Instrumental Music, "Blooming Meadow Polka," Marcella Alkire.

The Bootblack Drill, Twelve Boys.

Operetta, "A Merry Company or the Cadet's Pic-Nic."

Solo and Quartette, "Children's Farewell."

AS THE present number of the Eyanpaha is being issued, I am as yet undecided as to whether or not, I will be able to attend the Congress at Pine Ridge Agency. To travel by rail I have to go by way of Nebraska, back into South Dakota, which is a long and expensive journey.

The Indians of this reservation cannot go either, as it would take them about two months to go and return, during which time their farms would be neglected and whatever stock they have, needs looking after. They also have to cut and put up hay for the winter.

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Imelda, daughter of Heliaka Maza a Sioux Indian girl of the Sisters' School who addressed a letter, in the last number, to Miss Katy Reedy, is now in a dying condition. She received the last Sacraments June 24, and will survive but a few days.

THE LORD NEEDS YOU.

That is the reason of your being where you are. If He willed it, He might get along without you, but He does not will it so. He places some responsibility upon you, and His cause suffers just so much, if you do not act upon the ground that He needs you, to fill up the gap, to let light shine in the darkness, to give help in time of distress, to up-

hold the right in face of prejudice. The Lord needs you as His Churchman among dissenters and scoffers when they talk lightly about the Church. It is then you show your true colors when, without fear of sneers, you stand up not only for the great things which the Church preserves and declares, but for the very things they decri, though they be but the details of worship. You are then loyal to Christ. The result is your crown. In fulfilling the need Christ has of you in His Church, among the poor, the unbelieving, the ignorant, you have by His grace filled out your own nature and have made it in some measure divine.

"NO DIFFERENCE."

How often men say: "Oh it makes no difference what man believes, just so he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned last week by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make any difference?

A man endorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train, going north sincerely believing it to be the southern train. Will he bring up at the South all the same? If a man sincerely believes in a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere believe make it alright?

If a man is sincere he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking of the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool no matter what we may think about it.

"OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. The wheels of thought cannot stop of themselves; our will cannot stop them; sleep only stills them." —Anon.

TO THE MEMORY of the much esteemed and endeared, Sister Grace, of whose death we gave an account on the other side of the Supplement, we wish to add the following:—

Sister Grace was one of those happy natures, that bring life and light and good cheer, wherever they go, and therefore it was so natural to have her around and in our midst even in her sick days and in her death, that Sisters and children could hardly part with her and dreaded the thought of giving her up forever for this earthly life. It was a touching sight at the cemetery to see the Indian children passing by and looking for the last time at her gentle form, now cold in death, but yet so natural to behold, before the coffin was closed, and her mortal remains confined to mother earth.

May the good lessons of her, whose privilege it was, to be grateful in name and in nature, remain forever in the hearts, and bear abundant fruit in the future life of her pupils!

HELP FOR CROW HILL.

At Crow-Hill, Fort Totten, we have a church called St. Jerome's Church for the Indians living on that part of the reservation. It, Rev. Bishop Shanley paid \$500 for that church, and our Pastor, Rev. Father Jerome, expended \$200 on it. The assembly houses for men and women, of Sts. Joseph and Mary's Societies, connected with this church are in a dilapidated condition and in great need of repairing. The women's assembly-house has only a mud-roof, through which the rain pours freely, often during the assemblies of those good women. The men's assembly house needs repairing inside and outside, with a supply of benches and a few tables. You, our brother Indians, in South Dakota are situated quite differently from us up here. You have always been favored by the Drexel family. At their expense and generosity you have magnificent churches and schools built, whilst we, at Fort Totten are left to help ourselves the best we can, the Indians here get no government assistance but have to work for a living. Now, we have struggled for years, to form and keep church societies, the aim of which is, to strengthen union and charity among us, and to help one another especially, the most needy. It would be, then, an excellent and praiseworthy work and accomplishing

the end of our societies, if you have anything to spare to think of Crow-Hill and send your contributions to the

Editor of This Paper.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smoke stack of or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear music of birds on trees and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or His Mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true, God's finger print in the flower and field and snow flake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store my wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new fallen snow flake, to receive impressions of good and develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone into the likeness of Jesus-Christ.

A STARTLING RETRIBUTION.

AFTER the revolution that disgraced the close of the last century, a chaplain was called to attend a soldier very severely wounded. The priest found a man whose countenance showed the greatest serenity. He said to the wounded man, "My friend, I was told that your wounds were very serious."

Smiling sadly, the soldier answered, "Reverend sir, will you please raise the clothes a little from my chest."

The priest complied, and then drew

back with a shudder, for he perceived that both arms were gone.

"What!" exclaimed the soldier, "you start with horror at such a trifle! Raise the covering from my feet then."

The priest did so, and saw that the feet had likewise been carried away.

"Ah!" he said, greatly moved, "how I pity you, poor fellow!"

"Oh, no," answered the mangled form of humanity, "I suffer only what I earned for myself. Not long since, in an insane fury, I chopped off all the limbs of a crucifix so that the image of my Redeemer fell to the ground, and in the next battle my own arms and legs were carried off by cannon balls. As I treated Him, so He has treated me. But thanks be to God for punishing me in this world for the crime, that He may spare me in the next, as I hope and trust He will in His great mercy."

WHAT IMAGINATION DID.

IN the heat of the fray at the battle of Wagram, a French soldier was shot down by a cannon ball. He suffered no pain, but he thought that both legs had been shot off just below the knees. He was convinced that his body had been shortened at least twelve inches, and, though dazed by the shock, he yet realized that, should he ever leave the battle-field alive, he would be a legless man for the remainder of his days.

After a long while he was aroused by a surgeon who asked:

"What is the matter with you, my good man?"

"Ah, touch me tenderly," doctor," replied the soldier; "a cannon ball has carried off my legs."

The surgeon examined the limbs, and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh:

"Get up with you; there is nothing the matter with your legs."

The soldier sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs that he had thought lost forever. He had not a wound about him.

"I had, indeed, been shot down by a cannon ball," he wrote afterward, but instead of passing through my legs, as I believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.

The soldier subsequently became

one of the most famous scholars in Europe.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Rev. Father Fintan O. S. B. had quite an exciting experience lately, going from Cheyenne Agency to Bear Creek. The creeks were all filled with water to overflowing and many wash-outs. He almost lost his life, but was abundantly rewarded afterwards for the fright and shaking up, by receiving the famous Chief Spotted-Eagle, with his whole family into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

ST. Anthony lived to the age of 100 years on mere bread and water adding only a few herbs at last; James the hermit to 104; Arsenius, tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, to 120—65 in the world and 55 in the desert, to which he retired during the persecutions of the early Christians; St. Ephraïm to 115; St. Jerome to about 100; Simon Stylites to 108, and Romualdus to 120. And Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, after he had tried all other remedies in vain, so that his life was despaired of at 48, yet recovered and lived, by mere force of his temperance, to near 100 years.

ALTAR.

As his name tells us, from the Latin alta, a high, a holy place, is the chief of all things in our church, so that all turn, to that all ceremonies are directed, to that all ornaments relate.

If we wish to find the origin of the altar we must go back to the cradle of human race. At the gates of Paradise Cain and Abel built their altar, for they offered sacrifice to the Lord. The patriarchs of old built their altars, on which they offered sacrifices in thankgivings for the favors given by their God. Coming from the Ark, Noe built an altar and offered sacrifice to God for his deliverance; and Abraham raised an altar in the noble vale of Sichem, where God appeared and promised the land of Canaan to his posterity; again he erected altars near Bethel and upon the mount where he went to sacrifice his son; Isaac, after the death of his father Abraham, established his altar at Bersabee; Jacob on his return from Mesopotamia made an altar near Sichem; thus the great service of the religion of the patriarchs was sacrifice, the chief in their worship and altar.