

APPENDIX.

REVEREND CHARLES NERINCKX.

(On the occasion of Unveiling of His Statue, June 15, 1910, at
Loretto Mother House, Kentucky.)

Long cherished, tho' at first as in a dream,
To-day we see the noble figure rise,
As if an angel-sculptor, choice of theme,
Had brought a spotless image from the skies
And placed it here. Loretto hails with joy
Her Founder, carved in effigy of stone,
And blesses those who means and gifts employ
So fitly thus true virtue to enthrone.

These same green hills in majesty around
Once saw a weary pilgrim from the East,
When first his steps, with reverence profound,
Turned toward Kentucky's lonely mission priest.
Two men, whose hearts no fire owned save zeal,
Clasped hands, with feeling each had found a friend;
The joy of Badin tears and smiles reveal,
His work will now continue to the end.

Good Nerinckx came to stay. The savage wild,
Discomforts, loneliness, ingratitude,
Could not discourage one who, like a child,
Put trust in Providence for all things good.
Nought but stern persecution could deter,
This man of God from walking fearless on,
Only when friends turned false did he infer
The Holy Will decreed he must be gone.

Heart-sick, yet zealous still, he crossed the stream,
Choosing Missouri for new field of toil,
The Indian missions never left his dream,
He might soon reach them on some western soil.
But God was satisfied. His course was run;
Lo! as he journeyed Death a summons spoke,
The labors nineteen years ago begun
Were ended now; the chain of life now broke.

Forgotten he is not, this morn hath proved;
Fame born of self-denial does not die;
And Nerinckx' name is honored now and loved
Where once he labored for reward on high.