



COMPLIMENTS
of the
Caughnawaga
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS CLUB



PC11
ESN 111



KATERI

NO. 67

GOD'S FAVORITE
FLOWERS ALSO
STE. MARIE AMONG THE HURONS
RED LIKE ME...
BENEATH THE CHURCH
BOTH NEW AND OLD

**LILY OF
THE MOHAWKS**

Winter • 1965
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada.



The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha

Kateriana obtainable from
Office of the Vice Postulation
(The Kateri Center)
Box, 70, Caughnawaga, P. Q., Canada

Medals

Aluminum: 5c each — 50c per dozen.

Pictures (prayers in English or French)

1. Colored picture by Mother Nealis. 10c each.
2. Colored picture by Sister M. Fides Glass. Spanish prayer also. 5c for two.
3. New heliogravure picture of Kateri. 5c each.

Touch Relics

1. Small Kateri pictures with silk applied to relics. 20c each.
2. Heliogravure picture with touch relic. 15c each.

Ceramic Plaque

A four inch square enamel picture of Kateri on mushroom colored tile to blend into any background. By Daniel Lareau. \$2.25.

Novena (English or French)

In the form of a short biography. 25c each.

Statues

Colored 8½", \$3.75.
A wood carving 6½". \$15.00. (Limited Supply.)

Books

- In English* — "Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Maid", by Evelyn M. Brown. \$2.50.
In French — "Kateri Tekakwitha, vierge mohawk", by Evelyn M. Brown, translated by Maurice Hébert of the Royal Academy of Canada, illustrated by Simone Hudon-Beaulac. \$2.25.
— "Kateri, vierge iroquoise", by Pierre Théoret. \$2.10.
— "La Vénérable Kateri Tekakwitha, jeune vierge iroquoise, Protectrice du Canada", by Canon Paul Thône. \$1.50.
— "Kateri Tekakwitha, la petite Iroquoise", illustrated album by Agnès Richomme. \$1.00.
In Italian — "Caterina Tekakwitha", by Dr. Fernando Bea, 176 pp. \$3.00.
— "Il Giglio degli Iroquesi", by Dr. Fernando Bea, 62 pp. \$1.50.
In Spanish — "¿ Una India en los altares ? Kateri de los Mohawks" by Maria Cecilia Buehrle, 180 pp. \$2.50.

Special

In English — "The Visions of Bernard Francis de Hoyos, S. J.", by Henri Béchar, S. J., 178 pp., profusely illustrated, \$5.00; or five one-dollar subscriptions to "Kateri".

Recordings

In Iroquois, Two records (45 rpm), of the Mixed Caughnawaga Choir. For both: \$3.50.

Film-strip

Kateri film-strip in color; four reels with captions in French. \$25.00.

Sympathy Cards

You will find the Kateri Sympathy Cards in perfect taste, beautifully printed and very convenient to have at hand. Try them and see. To the family of the bereaved the Vice-Postulator will be happy to send a personal note of sympathy. No soliciting of any sort will follow.
One box of twelve cards: \$1.00. Each yearly enrollment in the Kateri Guild: \$1.00.

Birthday Cards

Same conditions as for Sympathy Cards.

Compliments of

JEAN BÉDARD, LTÉE

Hervé Bédard, President

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The ideal place to eat close to Kateri's Mission

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Accommodations for 300 persons

Reservations 691-2444

Jules Dumouchel, *prop.*

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KATERI: No. 67

Vol. 17: No 1

AIM

1. Our quarterly bulletin, "Kateri", published by the Kateri Center, intends to help you obtain favors both temporal and spiritual through the intercession of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. It is hoped her Beatification will thereby be hastened.
2. It aims to increase the number of Kateri's friends and to procure from them at least a daily "Hail Mary" for her Beatification.
3. It seeks also your donations, for without them practically nothing can be done to make Kateri known and to have the important favors attributed to her intercession examined and approved.

CONTENTS

Each issue of "Kateri" contains :

1. One or several pages on Kateri's life and virtues;
2. News from Kateri's friends everywhere;
3. The account of favors due to her intercession;
4. News concerning the Indians of America, with special reference to the Caughnawagas and their friends.

PRIVILEGES

Your contribution (\$1.00 a year, as long as possible) enrolls you among "Kateri's Friends" for whom

1. A weekly Mass is offered;
2. The Vice-Postulator prays at the Memento of his daily Mass;
3. As benefactors of the Society of Jesus, 190,000 masses are offered annually;
4. The spiritual treasure of the good works of some 36,000 Jesuits is opened;
5. Extra graces are merited by working for Kateri's Beatification.

DECEMBER, 1965

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Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

CAUGHNAWAGA, P. Q.



*d'après une gravure
André J. de Poot*

From a 1645 engraving conserved at the
St. Francis Xavier Mission, Caughnawaga

KATERI'S SMILE UPON YOU FOR CHRISTMAS AND 1966 !

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. F. J. K. !**

Enclosed is a check for fifty dollars for the Kateri cause. May I have your prayers for a special intention pertaining to War Veterans? . . . (Lancaster, Penna.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Rev. J. O. L., P. S. S. !**

On March 18, an automobile accident on route Marie-Victorin and Verchères resulted in two deaths (the bodies were found in the wreckage of the car), a third seriously hurt who died a few days later and a fourth who got out of it with only his legs broken above the knees. If coming out of this catastrophe alive was a miracle—and nobody doubts it—it's another miracle after six months in the hospital to see this priest walking without a cane or crutches. The most optimistic after having consulted my X-Rays never thought I would walk again. For this cure, I thank the good Lord, but I'm also convinced Kateri was not a stranger to this miracle. For more than 25 years I have been carrying about on my person a signal relic of Kateri given me by the Very Reverend Father B., Provincial. It seems to me that I have the right to attribute this favor to her and it is with a sentiment of profound gratitude that I do so. May the Lord soon grant her the honors of the altar and thus officially give us another protectress in heaven. Glory to God and thanks to Kateri! (Montreal, P. Q.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. R. M. K. !**

Enclosed, find a check for \$10—a half for Kateri and the other half for you to use as you see fit. Your prayers along with those of many friends for Mrs. M. W., a patient in Good Samaritan Hospital here, were certainly answered. It is a miracle that she is alive and feeling fine . . . (Cincinnati, Ohio.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs Y. B. !**

I thank you, dear Kateri, for the favor I had asked of you last week: a job for my son-in-law. He got one. Enclosed \$5 . . . (Montreal, P. Q.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. E. C. !**

Two years ago last spring, our little foster son had a malignant tumor of the brain. You sent us a small relic of Kateri. Our little boy died within the month. However, our daughter, Mrs. J. S. developed grand mal just after and we gave her the relic. She had three bad seizures and was anointed but is fine now and has been so for two years. Our thanks to Kateri! (Udney, Ont.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, M. A. D. !**

I am sending you one dollar because Kateri had me promoted to the fifth grade. I am nine years old . . . (Hochelaga, P. Q.)

God's Favorite, Kateri Tekakwitha

LAST SUMMER, I spent the holidays at the Iroquois Mission of Caughnawaga. The fine hospitality of the Fathers and Brothers, the charity and the hearty laughter of the Pastor, Father Léon Lajoie, S. J., are unforgettable memories that warm my heart. The first Sunday, I allowed myself the joy of listening, at the High Mass, to the choir singing in Iroquois the liturgical texts according to a custom that reaches back over the centuries. As I listened to the vocalizing of tenors and sopranos, with the accompaniment of the deep basses, I felt that many parishes would be happy to be able to enjoy such a wealth of beautiful voices so harmoniously blended together. What marvels of musical and linguistic culture were accomplished by the authors who adapted to the music written for the Latin words a faithful Iroquois translation of the liturgical texts! And what a gesture of love on the part of the Church,

which grants to a nation proud of its traditions, a privilege no other nation of Christianity was allowed until quite recently. That Sunday it seemed to me that the singers' voices were particularly mellow and firm as if the entire nation wished to express to God its gratitude and its legitimate pride.

Quite naturally there came to my mind another singular grace granted to the Iroquois people, a truly royal gift from heaven — Kateri Tekakwitha. The spiritual and moral beauty and the holiness of this Iroquois maiden is well known. I wish to stress her extraordinary and marvelous character. In the heart of pagandom, enlightened and directed by God Himself, without any human means, Kateri practised the noblest and most authentic virtues. Doubtless, her mother, a Christian Algonquin, was able through prayer to plant a germ of faith in the soul of her little one. The child, however, was only four years old at her mother's death; it was impossible for her to receive much religious instruction. The Holy Spirit was her only master and guide. And what marvels he accomplished in her! The expression is not too strong. Let the reader be judge. During the sixteen years she lived in a pagan environment, she led a pure and saintly life, gave proof

Father Emile Gervais, S. J., national secretary for the Committee of the Founders of the Canadian Church, recently published a study of these future saints, five of whom are linked in some way or another with Kateri. His book, Les Six, examines the lives and virtues of Bl. Marguerite Bourgeoys, Bl. Marguerite d'Youville, Ven. Bishop François de Laval, Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance and Mother Catherine de St. Augustin.

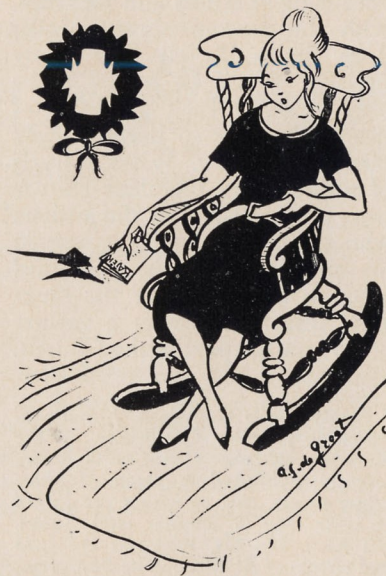
of an acute awareness of good and of an exceptional wisdom. All the missionaries unanimously testified to this. Always charitable and willing to help, patient in the most difficult trials, she kept herself from the corruption reigning about her. In such surroundings, a life so pure and virtuous can be explained only by a well balanced temperament, and by a natural inclination to virtue. She was the fruit of grace established in her soul. According to the missionaries in whom she confided, she never committed a mortal sin, even before baptism.

What proves particularly that she was the object of enlightenment from on high, was her love of perfect chastity. In opposition to the current ideas and habits of her entourage, which pledged all women to marriage as the most enviable social condition, Kateri resisted all the pressures that were made to bear upon her. She rejected the finest matches proposed by her tutors. She unraveled the intrigues and the many wiles to marry her by surprise. She voluntarily preferred virginity through a mysterious sentiment and reverence of chastity deposited in her soul by the Holy Spirit.

Kateri's holiness is not only a gift to the Iroquois nation, it is a favor granted to all mankind. A favor destined especially to souls anguished at the thought of the startling number of men who do not know Christ and will not, it would seem, profit from the fruits of the Redemption. At the sight of the marvels reflected by grace in Kateri's soul

in the heart of paganism and without any human intervention, it is quite reasonable to believe that God will give the same privilege to all sincere people walking in the shadows of unbelief. The case of our "saint", seems to be the confirmation of this truth, affirmed by St. Thomas, that God gives to any manifestation of good will, the lights and the necessary helps to salvation, even if a miracle were necessary to achieve it.

Kateri, God's favorite, is a divine flower of hope. Let us hasten the day when she will shine in full splendor as the Church solemnly glorifies her for the honor of the Iroquois people, the Canadian nation, and for the consolation of all humanity.



"My subscription to 'Kateri' makes me feel so happy, so secure!"

* Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. L. L. L. !

Ever since I was small, I had a great devotion to Kateri Tekakwitha. Fortunately, one of our religious at St. Francis' Indian Mission School was able to give me your address.

A large statue of Kateri is being worked on now for the school; the mission is under the supervision of the Jesuits, who take a great interest in her. This is a Sioux Indian reservation called "Rosebud". My husband is a Sioux or "Dakota", as they are called here . . . (Rosebud, South Dakota.)

* Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. R. M. M. !

. . . I wish to say that already years ago, I read of the Iroquois "Saint" Kateri Tekakwitha—strange to say, at first in the Akwesasne pamphlets of the non-Christian Mohawks, and I was astonished that they spoke with such reverence of the "Lily of the Mohawks". It seems that she has long been revered among the Indian people although her beatification has not yet taken place. Also, a Shawnee sent me a postcard with a view of the memorial Shrine to Kateri in Stoystown, Penna.

I am a friend of the Indians and hope Kateri will also smile upon me although I am German, for I have a deep sorrow regarding a soul I love . . . I am happy to have found an Indian friend, Mrs. A. J., in Caughnawaga. In the Catholic Digest, I read an article "Irokesen singen Choral" (Iroquois are singing choral music) which must be wonderful to listen to. I am sorry that I will never be able to hear it . . . (Lorsbach Taunus, Germany.)

* Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. K. T. S. !

Here is an offering (\$20.) in thanksgiving for several favors. Please use it to make Kateri better known and pray for me . . . (Albuquerque, N. Mex.)

* Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. J. M. R. !

You will find enclosed a \$5. money order for a favor obtained through Kateri: my son's success in his liberal arts course examinations. I always pray to Kateri . . . (Montreal, P. Q.)

During the Sacred Heart Bicentennial
read and have your friends read —

THE VISIONS OF BERNARD DE HOYOS, S. J. Apostle of the Sacred Heart

by Henri Béchard, S. J.
Profusely illustrated (\$5.00)

Flowers Also

ON NOVEMBER 2, 1669, Father Pierron decided to go visit his Indians fishing some thirty miles from the village¹. On arriving at the place he expected to find them, not a soul was to be seen. As he turned back, to take shelter for the night under a bark roof he had noticed in passing, he came upon a little path and footsteps in the snow. Feeling they would lead him to his friends, he took to the forest, but not without a stab of anxiety, for night was closing in. After walking for some six miles, he safely arrived at the temporary cabins of the Indians.

All were delighted to see him, but Father Pierron claims he was even more delighted than they. Better than their kind reception and the fish they gave him for supper, was the opportunity to exercise his priestly ministry. He baptized a little child, and heard the confession of a dying man who had, for a long time, led a loose life. Immediately afterward, "both", as he put it, "left the earth to go to Heaven".

On another occasion a warrior, dangerously ill, slept one night

in the village where the priest was working, probably Gandaouagué. On being informed of the sick man's arrival, Father Pierron hastened to his longhouse. He spoke to him about his salvation, taught him to pray and prepared him for the grace of Baptism and for a good death. He then left him, with the intention of soon returning to complete his instruction and baptize him. But when he came back, the man was no longer there. The missionary was greatly disturbed for he feared that through his fault the man would die without Baptism. Fortunately the sick warrior had only been carried to the neighboring village six and a half miles or so away. Father Pierron followed him there and to his great joy found him alive.

One of his uncles, a friend of the Jesuit, spoke to him: "My nephew, here is the one who speaks the word of God. He has come to seek you, knowing the danger you are in, and he wishes to obtain you eternal happiness. Listen well to what he will tell you and don't fail to put it into practice."

The nephew declared he would willingly listen to the Blackrobe. Accordingly, the missionary in-

structed him about God and the great hopes given all by the Christian faith. They prayed together and on the night before he died, the moribund Indian received Holy Baptism.

Father Pierron noted in his annual report to his Superior: "I met another man, while paying my ordinary visits. Poverty had rendered him as pale and emaciated as a corpse. I hailed him, and encouraged him to suffer his affliction with patience, having at that time no leisure to converse at any length with him. On the next morning, I went to see him to speak to him concerning his salvation. He took so much pleasure in this, that he begged me not to leave him in so important a matter. A few days later, finding himself sufficiently instructed and deeply moved, he sent me one of his relatives to beg me to come and baptize him.

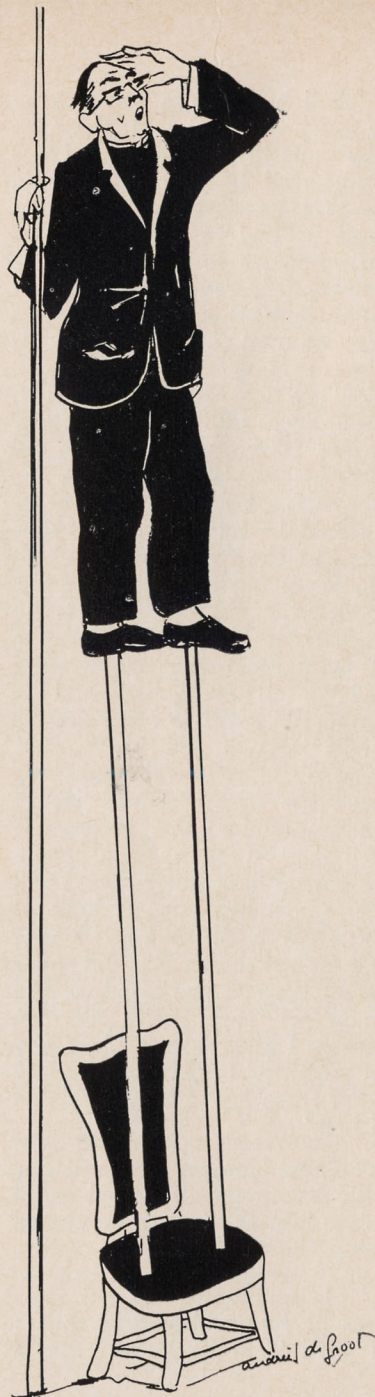
"When I saw him so resolved to do all that I had told him and, above all, never to make use of those who invoke evil spirits in their remedies, I baptized him though the danger of his disease did not yet appear so evident. But I did so that he might profit by the little time there was left for him to live. Truly, the more his sickness increased, the more he thought about the other life and the less difficulty he had in leaving this. If I did not go visit him three times a day, he would send for me: 'Come, my brother,' he would say, 'let us pray to God.'

"And he had the will to pray so much at heart that, if I gave him some little sweets that I was accustomed to give to the sick, he was unwilling to take any until he had first rendered this little homage to Our Lord. The following were his good sentiments and his customary prayers that he used to offer during his illness: 'Jesus', he would say, 'You are the Master of my life. I thank you for having taken pity on me. I know now that you did love me. For, had I died in the war, where I have so often been, I would be burning at this moment in the fires of hell, which are never put out. You had the goodness to prolong my life for some time, and to send me one of those who bear Your word and go all over the world to preach the Faith, in order that he might instruct and baptize me. After this, you will make me leave the earth to lead me to Heaven, where I shall be eternally happy. I thank you, Jesus, for having remembered me. I will also remember you as long as I live. With all my heart I offer you my sufferings. You did suffer for me because you loved us, and I, on my part, suffer for You because I have sinned. Have pity on me then; forget my sins, and suffer them not to drag me down to hell.'

"These prayers inspired me with devotion and obliged me to go see him as often as he wished before he died.

"He summoned the few relatives he had and said to them: 'I wish it to be known that I

1. Gandaouagué on the Mohawk River, where Kateri lived before becoming a Christian.



The V.P. is looking everywhere for subscriptions !

am a Christian. So listen to the voice of this Father, who baptized me, and who opens for me the road to Heaven, where there is eternal happiness. Do all that he will order for my burial, for I wish to be buried like the Christians. And if you love me, you will do as I have done, and will all die Christians.'

"He then had the most fervent of our Christian women come to him in order that she might make known what he had just said. And he gave her the few personal effects he had, for fear they might be buried with him according to the custom of the country. He then asked to be carried into the chapel to die and to be buried there. For his consolation, I encouraged this hope in him as long as he lived, but could grant him only a part of what he asked : he was buried there. This request he often repeated to me at each visit, saying that since he was wholly God's, he could not die better than in the house of God.

"I watched with him until two hours after midnight. He gave up his soul to God on January 27th, at the age of thirty-eight years, having lived only a month after his baptism. He passed all this time with as much piety as could have been shown by a very fervent religious in preparation for death. He also showed an admirable patience, in very violent pains suffered by him during his illness. He was called Tegannahkouahsen; I had given him the name of John at baptism."

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Miss D. F. !**

Thank you for the medal . . . I was able to see E. F. at the Academy of Music. The day afterward, I sang in a concert and it was a huge success. There are little things I asked Kateri and she granted them right away . . . I'm afraid I overwork her. If anyone asks me for a good saint to pray to, I'll always answer: "Kateri!" Next month I'll be fifteen and I'll have known Kateri for five years . . . (Warminster, Penna.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Rev. P. T. !**

I was very happy to receive your answer which was also an answer from Kateri. I made a novena to her for my sick father and he is recovering well . . . Enclosed is \$20 to be used as you see fit . . . (Waterbury, Conn.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Miss G. F. !**

Enclosed is an offering made up of dimes and quarters which I have deposited in Kateri's "piggy bank" over the past few months. Please pray for friends who are having serious domestic problems . . . (Montreal, P.Q.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Sister M. F. C., R. V. M. !**

Enclosed is one dollar for my enrollment as a member of the "Tekakwitha Guild". This amount is very little, but it is heartily given as a help for the cause of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. Four friends have contributed . . . (Hagonoy, Bulacan, Philippines.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. L. L. !**

I wish to relate a cure I obtained, thanks to Kateri. I was to undergo surgery. According to three doctors, I had no choice. I consequently prayed to Kateri with great trust. One novena followed another and all this time I got worse and worse. This lasted for eight months. Suddenly I began to feel better and a little later, fearing that this change for the better might have been temporary, I made an appointment with one of the surgeons who wanted to operate on me. After having examined me, he asked me what I had done. I told him that I had prayed to Kateri and he answered that one must yield to facts: it was a miracle! On my card he wrote: "cured!" This took place 15 years ago and I'm very well. I have the greatest trust in this saint-to-be . . . (Lasalle, P. Q.)

✧ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. J. H. !**

Please include me among "Kateri's Friends!" She favored me in great sickness and my recovery to such an amazing extent is due in many ways to the favors Our Lord has given her to grant. She is a charming and wonderful benefactress as I hope you have found out . . . (Santa Barbara, Calif.)

Their Christmas and Yours

AS A CHRISTIAN, the Lily of the Mohawks enjoyed her first Christmas in 1677, a few miles from the spot where St. Isaac Jogues, St. Jean de Lalande and St. René Goupil died for the faith. On January 3, 1943, His Holiness Pius XII in his decree on the heroicity of Kateri's virtues, linked her with the Martyrs. To her, the pope applied Tertullian's often quoted words: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians".

In his biography of Kateri, Father Chauchetière, writing in 1685, five years after her death, stated: "The honor and the respect that I owe to the memory of Reverend Father de Brébeuf and the other Jesuits who began the Iroquois missions, have obliged me to break a five year long silence that I kept concerning what took place at the death and burial of her whose life I am writing..."

Four years ago in the Christmas issue of the *Kateri* quarterly, the Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville was written up; in the

present issue the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland, Ontario, is highlighted.

Perhaps you may feel as I do. On those Christmas Days of three centuries ago, far from their homeland, among the snow-covered pines of the virgin forest, the five future Martyrs of Huronia offered to the Infant Savior their prayers, their efforts and their lives for the spread of the faith in the New World. They had received much from Our Lord; in return they offered Him everything they had. Doubtless, as we sit down to a well-laden Christmas table, in the midst of those we love, the thought may occur to us that we too have received much. Compared to the Martyrs, compared to the Lily of the Mohawks, what shall we offer in return?

► Windows of the Martyrs' Chapel, Regis College, Willowdale, Ont. By Artist James Meechan of Toronto



St. René Goupil
St. Jean de la Lande

St. Jean de Brébeuf
St. Gabriel Lalemant

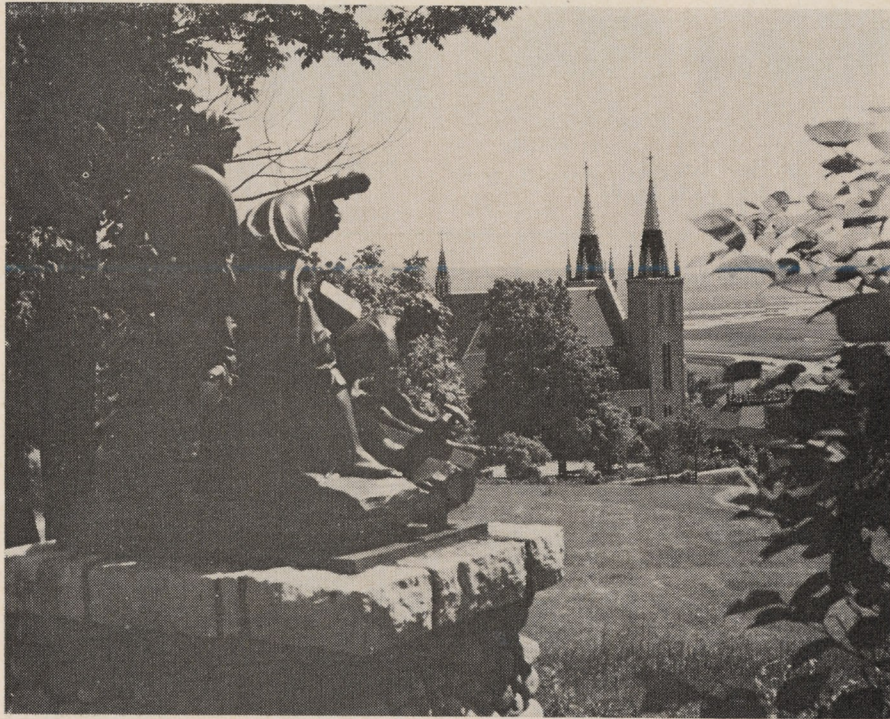


St. Isaac Jogues
St. Antoine Daniel

St. Charles Garnier
St. Noël Chabanel

Ste. Marie among the Hurons

Ste. Marie, established in 1639, arose in the heart of the wilderness, 800 miles from the nearest French outposts on the St. Lawrence. It was the center of the Jesuit missionaries' activities. It was from Ste. Marie that St. Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant had set out to meet their martyrdom in the early spring of 1649 at the neighboring village of St. Ignace. Within a year, St. Charles Garnier and St. Noël Chabanel met a similar fate a short distance to the west. The previous summer, St. Antoine Daniel had been killed at St. Joseph or Teanaostaiaë, 14 miles south. St. Isaac Jogues, who died for the faith at Osernenon (Auriesville, N. Y.), was one of the founders of Ste. Marie. St. René Goupil, newly arrived from France, was ambushed and killed on his voyage from Quebec to Ste. Marie among the Hurons.

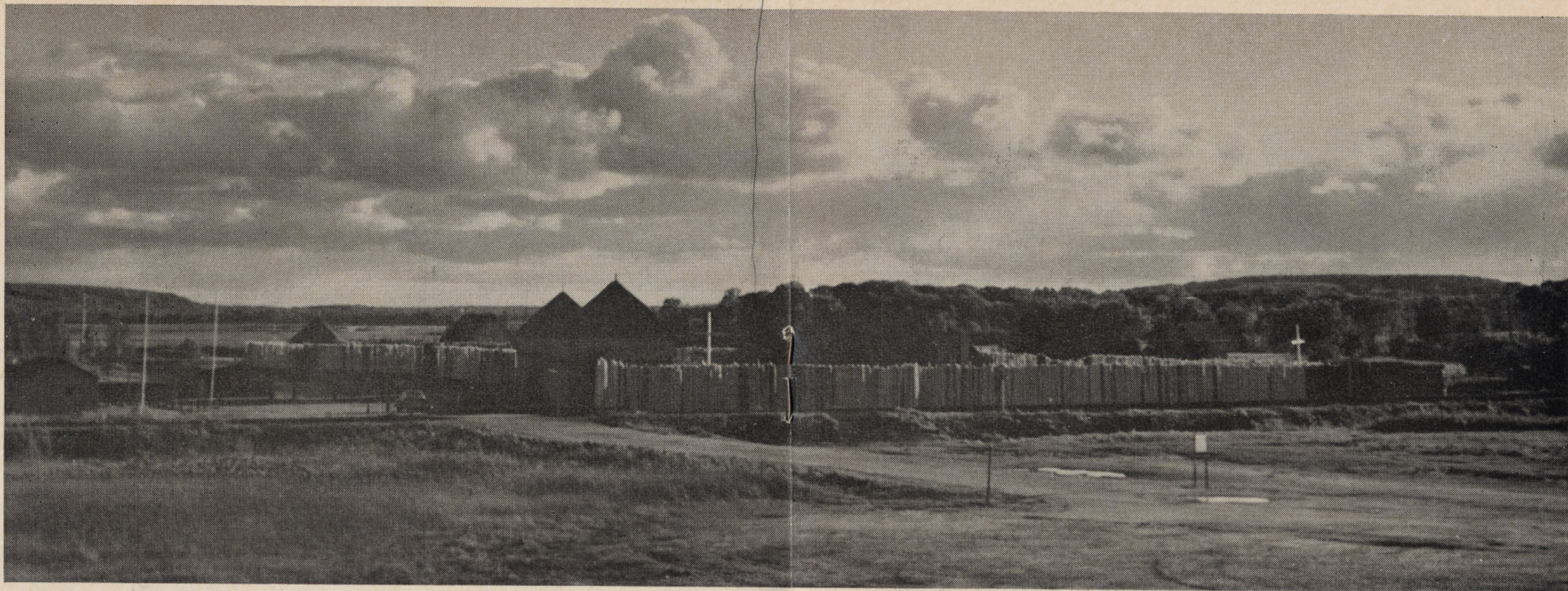


Martyrs' Shrine Photos

View of the Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, Ont.

► The Church of the Martyrs





Ste. Marie Among the Hurons, Autumn 1965

Photo: Watson's Studio, Midland

Ste. Marie Today

By 1649, with only desolation and destruction around them, the Jesuit Fathers made up their minds. Ste. Marie must be abandoned. "On each of us", wrote one of the Fathers, "lay the necessity of bidding farewell to the old home of Ste. Marie, to its structures..., and to its cultivated lands, which were promising us an abundant harvest. That spot must be forsaken, which I may call our second fatherland, our home of innocent delights, since it had been the cradle of this Christian church; since it was

the temple of God and the home of the servants of Jesus Christ. Moreover,... we ourselves set fire to it, and beheld burn before our eyes, in less than one hour, our work of nine or ten years. It was between five and six o'clock, on the evening of the fourteenth of June that a part of our number embarked in a small vessel we ourselves had built. I, in company with most of the others, trusted myself to some logs fifty or sixty feet in length, which we had felled and dragged into the water, binding all together, in order to

fashion for ourselves a sort of a raft..."

For three centuries only charred foundations, crumbling stonework, and ditches marked the historic location. During the summer seasons of 1941-1944, the Royal Ontario Museum examined the area of the still-standing stonework, and the University of Western Ontario continued the excavation, under the direction of Dr. Wilfrid Jury during 1948-1951. The total area of the fort

proved to be 765 feet long and 200 feet wide. It consisted of European and Indian compounds. Over a year ago, the Society of Jesus and the Province of Ontario came to an understanding and now, under the expert direction of Dr. Jury, old Ste. Marie stands again, though not yet completed on the River Wye. Buildings are being erected over charred foundations; water flows in restored channels; soon chapel bells will ring and smoke will rise above timber walls as it did more than 300 years ago.



Photo : Ontario Dept. of Tourism.

Pope Paul VI congratulates Dr. Wilfrid W. Jury, honorary curator of the Museum of Indian Archeology and Pioneer Life at the University of Western Ontario, London, Ont. In the center is the Very Reverend Thomas J. Swain, then Vicar General of the Society of Jesus. This photograph was taken last winter when Dr. Jury, in charge of the Ste. Marie I reconstruction, was in Europe with Mrs. Elsie Jury to discuss his work with the Society of Jesus and to continue his research in Italy and France.



Photo : Ontario Dept. Tourism and Information

The Rev. J. F. McCaffrey, S. J., Director of the Martyrs' Shrine, and The Most Reverend Sergio Pignedoli, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, at the grave of St. Jean de Brébeuf in the original Church of St. Joseph

RED LIKE ME...

There was a White man — a writer — who recently wrote “a best seller” under the title *Black Like Me*.

In order to write the truth he altered the pigmentation of the skin for a while and entered the Negro world as a Negro — hence the title. Previous to his alteration of skin pigmentation, he had studied all that a White man could study about the Negro world. But when he entered it like one of them, all his previous research paled into insignificance. For he became part of a tragic world he never even dreamt existed!

I read the book. Read it and asked myself the pertinent question: “Is it necessary to alter the pigmentation of one’s skin, and perhaps even do some plastic surgery to one’s face, to *identify oneself with one’s brother*?”

I granted that it might help. But, nevertheless, I think what is more necessary than any physical alteration is a complete re-birth of one’s soul!

One must truly “break one’s heart”, as it were. Break it wide open. *Yes, wide open, to let one’s brother in Christ in!* One’s

brother in Christ be he Negro, Indian, Chinese, White, or whatever race, color, or nationality that this brother may be!

To achieve this change — this deep inward change — to break one’s heart that wide open is a harder job than just changing the pigmentation of one’s skin! It means, in a word, changing oneself completely!

It is a change that demands Faith and Love, but demands even more. For it demands also death! Death to self. Death of self. That self which stands between us and the *Love who is a person, who is God and whom we must encounter in our brothers of all hues and whom we must love in them*. Yes. Love in them as we love them in Him if we want to have the right to call ourselves Christians!

I have lived in the Harlems of New York, Chicago, etc. in my life for close to ten years. I know that during that time my love, my compassion, my empathy... in fact all of me — such as I was and such as I am — *were and still are identified with the negro!*

It seemed natural, inescapable. I don’t know, nor could I tell anyone, how this happened — except I know that it happened. Perhaps it happened because I’ve been taught that *God is Love*. Perhaps it happened because I love God passionately in all men,

The Editor does not accept the responsibility for the opinions expressed in this article as many of them do not apply either to Caughnawaga or to St. Regis, of which he has first hand knowledge.



Photo: Ontario Dept. of Tourism

▲ The Huron Mission Church of St. Joseph

▼ Basic structure of Huron longhouse in the Indian compound

and that this loving Him in all men brought me closer to Him in a strange and inexpressible union.

Today, I — who have only had fleeting and seemingly casual visits, so to speak, with my Indian brothers... while making visitations of our mission houses dedicated to them in Whitehorse, Yukon; or visiting and encountering them in many ways in our apostolates in Arizona and Oregon; or just coming in contact with them at various social meetings and religious conferences; and perhaps also because on our staff there is one Metis member —... Yes, I repeat, that today I, who have had those fleeting encounters with Indians... I, strangely enough, identify myself with my Indian brothers and sisters... totally, completely, utterly!

What do I mean by this? For here I am at the headquarters of our Madonna House Apostolate located in the small village of Combermere in the depths of rural Ontario, where the nearest Indian can be found about fifty miles away on the Golden Lake Reservation. I have nothing to do with that Reservation either socially, factually, physically, or apostolically.

Yet, I live on a Reservation. In fact, I live on every Indian Reservation across Canada and the USA. I am part of that Indian family that lives in a little shack... in that prefabricated house... or in a tent made out of branches and pines... Or in just an ordinary tent as they do in northern Canada!

My body knows the heat of the day and its cold. It knows the lack of water supply. I know the smell of garments that have to be used day in and day out. My bare feet can feel the dust of the Arizona desert as I trudge across well-known, well-worn paths that my ancestors and I cross. I wince at the sight of "White man's grub". True, I am accustomed to it already. But from somewhere within me, from some tribal or ancestral memory, my mouth still can taste the tastes of caribou, buffalo, wild fowl, and deer that our men hunted for so excitingly and so bravely and that our women prepared so joyously.

I am one. I am all the Indian children, who by the decrees of a paternalistic Government, are torn away from the great love that Indian mothers and fathers have for their children and are placed into Boarding Mission Schools in so many places of our land from Grade School up.

I am one with that High School Indian youth who in Canada in the Northwestern Territories is placed in palatial hostels built by the same paternalistic Government and "integrated" into the local public or religious High School with White children who accept me and don't accept me.

Yes, I am that Indian youth. And the palatial hostel that is supposed to be my home away from home is to me a prison from which I cannot escape. It is here that I feel without knowing that I feel it — such a total loss of my own identity... that I live

in an unreal world that borders on the schizophrenic!

It seems to me that I am going mad. It seems that hostility and hates that I never knew before take hold of me. And though I still might be partly "a stoic Indian youth", I cry in the night for the memories of forgotten past of freedom, of bravery, of courage, of self-sufficiency! These hates and hostilities stir in my subconscious like wild chained beasts.

Yes, I, Catherine de Hueck Doherty — from my apostolic, busy headquarters of Madonna House in deep rural Ontario — *I am that Indian youth!* That Indian youth who finally has graduated from the White man's High School. That Indian youth who finally has learned words,



"That hat does something to you!... But so does a subscription to 'Kateri'!"

White man's words that have little meaning for me, such as... cow, apple, oranges, farm. These words are still a mystery to me, symbolically speaking, for a picture in a book doesn't really mean much to me. I have never seen a farm in the Yukon. I don't know how an orange or an apple grow in the Northwest Territory. I have also learned to decline French verbs though I have never understood why I should.

I know so many things about wild beasts and birds, their lives... about plants and berries and about preparing skins and painting them. Oh, I know so many things I would like to tell the White man about them and I would like to learn about them in books the White man writes, but he won't let me. I must learn about things I have never seen or touched or smelled!

Yes, I am all those Indian High School graduates. Alienated from even the life on my own Reservation. Not integrated either into the dominant White life of Canada or USA. I am youth, the youth of the twilight zone! My life is spent in a fog and a mist. The fog and mist of not knowing where I belong.

For the White man, whose Government has given me all this useful knowledge, aims to send me out into his White world and earnestly tries to do so. But the people, the White people who elected that Government and whose taxes supplied this education of mine, *segregate me in their hearts first. And this a question that repeats itself, as*

segregation spills over in their rejection of me as a human being like themselves, as their brother.

But what hurts me even more is that they reject me even as a member of their Church (where they may tolerate my presence — my physical presence at best) but in many other ways they reject me even though I might be of their own Faith, their own Christian Faith... the Faith in the Christ that made all men brothers.

I hear tell of refugees, victims of the wars and revolutions, of the people who are without a country. But I also know and I identify myself with those Indian men, those Indian women, that Indian youth that we answer — "You White people have taken away from us our country too. We are country-less like the refugees of today, but you have done even greater harm to us. *You have taken our identity away!* You have brought us to a tragic crossroad and we do not know which path to take. You have made us ask ourselves, *who are we? Where do we belong?* The answer, I repeat, is that we do not belong anywhere and that we are no one. Which means that we are *no-body*.

Yes, a strange thing happens to me at Madonna House in Combermere, Ontario, when I so totally, so completely, in a flaming love identify myself with my brothers and sisters, the Indians. I feel hope dying within me. I feel the fingers of a strange death squeezing my heart and their touch changes me into some

sort of a *living-dead*, for that is what people without hope are.

I, like my Indian brothers and sisters, can read. I have read of my people, of their religious faith, their bravery, their courage. From my readings I know that they survived under conditions that few other men could have survived. I gather signs of a wonderful civilization, an Indian civilization, across the North American continent that extends even unto the lands of Mexico — a civilization that is fast disappearing if it hasn't disappeared already. I hear the songs my people have sung in the freedom of their forests, plains, and mountains. I remember their reverence for nature and all living things. I remember other things too — cruelty and wars and all the dark things that went with that civilization as, alas, they are wont to do with all civilizations.

But the good in my people's history outweighs the bad. For we seem to have killed for a reason... Hunger... Defense of our hunting grounds and such. We do not kill senselessly as the White man does, or so it seems to me, as I go deep in the past of my people.

What has become of me and my people now?... I, identifying myself with the Indians, ask myself. We have been reduced to the anonymity of people who live by hand-outs of a paternalizing Government. Hope has been taken away from us and hopelessness has been given us with treaty money and with all the rest of it. An infinite apathy has taken hold of us and deep inside of us,

as it were, to the accompaniment of drums that are no more and become a song, a dirge in our soul — What's the use?... What's the use?... What's the use of hoping, of dreaming, of striving and reaching out for a better world?... What's the use?... *What's the use?...*

Yes, I, in this corner of rural Ontario feel like the Indian! So demoralized. So apathetic that I cannot even formulate a hope, a dream! I am like one stricken blind. I am like one from whom healing has been taken away! So, wordlessly, I cry out of my depths to the Lord Who cured the blind man, gave healing to the deaf one, and loosened the tongue of the dumb one!

But even the Lord to Whom I cry out of my depths is hidden for me as He is hidden for so many Negroes by the Christians who render Him lip service but do not incarnate His Gospel of Love into their lives! It is hard, from where I stand in my depth, to see the face of God. For those lip service Christians who are as yet in the majority and who speak so well at meetings, at conferences about Indians, Eskimos and Negroes, are the same Christians who when we ring their doorbells in answer to all that they advertise so openly to get jobs close those doors gently but firmly against us. It is easy for them to do so because they have never really opened the doors of their hearts to us!

That is what I feel in Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, with my Indian brothers of whom I so strangely, through my love

for them, become one without painting my face red or changing the shape of my face.

All I have said about the Indians includes the Metis also. For who is he, this Metis? In most cases, the product of the lust of the White man for the beautiful Indian maidens. Rarely a proper inter-racial marriage. When I identify myself with the Metis, then in addition to my identification with the Indian, I seem to feel the inexpressible burden of an additional pain that the Metis must feel. For if the full-blooded Indian has been relegated to that twilight world we all know about but do not want to face, what happens to the Metis, who by blood and by inheritance, belongs to both and is not accepted but bears also another cross — the rejection by that same paternalistic Government which leaves him alone to tend as he can by himself. Even the crumbs of its paternalistic table are not given to them.

Red like an Indian? No. I am White, blonde, blue-eyed. But my soul, my heart, and I are one. The whole of me is one with my Indian and Metis brothers and sisters. One in love! That means one in identification. Total. Complete, as only love can make it!

Indian and Metis brothers and sisters of mine, I have nothing to give you. For I possess neither gold nor silver. But I offer you the inn of my heart, the bread of my love, and the wine of my identification with you. That is all I have to give you for that is all I have.

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Sister M. B., M. S. !**

Before departing for Hong Kong, I am subscribing to "Kateri", asking that her Quarterly be mailed to me at the address given below. This is a gift from Mrs. R. F. of Santa Rosa, California, where we met during a Cursillo last February. Our group—a round table—was named "Kateri" (my choice) and Mrs. F. had a picture of our little "saint" in her wallet. Many of the ladies were not acquainted with Kateri so Father B. asked us to give a brief run-down on this unique Indian maiden. I believe that her heavenly influence had much to do with that blessedly happy "De Calores" weekend.

Only last week I returned here to our Motherhouse from California. Imagine my delight when walking around the grounds what I came to "Kateri's Grove". A large statue of her likeness beckons the picnickers and children to "come, rest a spell!" Interestingly, too, our regional superior in the Bolivia-Peru Region is Sister M. Kateri. Down there, other mountain Indian tribes are her concern. It will please me to receive your magazine as well as the corresponding spiritual privileges. In your prayers for "fields afar", kindly remember Maryknoll and our work among the refugees in Hong Kong. (Kowloon, Hong Kong.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. G. B. !**

I wish to subscribe for two more friends. I had an eye operation and everything went well. Please publish it in the Kateri quarterly under favors obtained . . . (Biddeford, Me.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. A. A. P. !**

Enclosed is a small donation to be used for Kateri's work. I found great consolation in Kateri at the time of my mother's death. Say a prayer to Kateri for me, please . . . (Chicopee, Mass.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. C. A. B. !**

Enclosed is an offering of \$5 to thank Kateri for finding a book of her life and a letter written years before that (which had been mislaid) proving she had done me a favor. We were so happy to see her shrine this summer after wishing to see it for such a long time . . . (Windsor, Ont.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Miss A. F. !**

I would like to report a favor I received from Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha. After years of praying to little Kateri for a wheelchair, my chair has arrived. Now I will pray to her to get the step removed from our door so that I can get in and out easily. I do not say long prayers to Kateri, just the prayer for her beatification. I have the novena booklet I got from someone a few years ago and I have just completed nine days of thanksgiving . . . (Tullyesker, Monasterboice, Drogheda, Co. Louth, Ireland.)

Burials Beneath the Mission Church

(III)

1847

7.5: Joseph, son of Pierre Tiohak8ente¹ and of Marie Tekanehorens, 8 mths. * 20.9: Anastasie Te8enniiosta, widow of Thomas Irak8enton. 67 yrs. * 25.10: Martine Tieson, widow of Thomas Nikentsiakko8a alias Onakarakente, 67 yrs. * 24.12: Agnès daughter of Ignace Sakohentetha and of Elizabeth Kon8a8ennore, 22 mths.

1848

14.8: Marie Karonhianoron, widow of the late Ignace Kanatakta, 66 yrs. * 27.12: François Xavier, son of François Xavier Atoharison and of Françoise Ka8ennison, 15 days.

1849

25.2: Anon. son of Constant Macomber and of Louise Aubert de Gaspé, deceased after an emergency baptism. * 15.9: Marie Magdeleine Isennontion, wife of François Xavier Aronhiente, 26 yrs.

1851

19.3: Pierre Honoré, son of Alexandre Macomber and of Justine Tongas, 8 mths. * 9.4: George Edouard, son of Charles Gédéon Giasson and of Agathe Macomber, 6 mths. * 23.5: Marie Phobé Allard, wife of Antoine Dalvida Giasson, Montreal workman, 26 yrs.

1852

20.9: Marguerite, daughter of François Xavier Teharihorens and of Marie Joseph Osennaie8as, 16 mths. * 3.10: Jean, son of Pierre Tihretha and of Marie Anne Karonhianronk8as, 7 mths. 22.10: François Xavier, son of Laurent Ostasenserahes and of Anne Oronhienha8i, nearly 2 yrs. * 22.11: Mrs. Adélaïde de Lorimier, widow of the late Vincent Ducharme, from the parish of Châteauguay, 57 yrs and 9 mths.

1853

5.1: Pierre Tihak8ente, husband of Marie Tekanehorens (4th wife), found frozen to death in the woods, appr. 68 yrs. * 24.2: Alexandre, son of Pierre Tha8enrate and of Scolastique Kaniserentha called Picard, 9 mths. * 28.5: Agathe, daughter of Antoine Anataras and of Louise Karak8ine, 7 mths. * 16.7: Guillaume Etienne, son of Alexandre McDonnel, teacher, and of Marie Anne O'Reilly, 4 mths. * 22.7: Marie Louise Rebecca, daughter of David Antoine Giasson, Montreal workman, and of the late Marie Phobé Allard, 2 yrs 9 mths. * 7.11: Marie, daughter of Antoine Anataras and of Louise Karak8ine, 2 yrs. 10.12: Louis, son of Joseph Kanatakta and of Marguerite Kon8ahentense, appr. 15 mths. 11.12: Louis, son of Gervase Macomber and of Hyppoline Vincent, 6 yrs. and a half.

¹ Editor's note: Last January, when the restoration of the mission Church was begun, the remains of many faithful were discovered buried beneath it. We continue here the list of their names. Please note that 8 = w.

1854

23.3: Anon. son of Joseph Onasakenrat and of Catherine Kahon8entha, died immediately after an emergency baptism. * 24.4: Michel, son of Joseph Onasakenrat and of Catherine Kahon8entha, 2 yrs. 4 mths. * 1.7: Jean Baptiste Benjamin, son of Charles Gédéon Giasson and to Agathe Macomber, 12 yrs. * 11.8: Ignace Giasson, husband of Marie Pollard, interpreter to the Indian Department, 58 yrs. * 22.9: Jean Baptiste, son of Joseph Kanentakenhna (Garrault) and of Marie Katsitsia8akon, 1 yr 4 mths. * 22.12: Alexandre Macomber, husband of Justine Tougas, 39 yrs.

1855

4.4: Guillaume Sakohronk8as, husband of Thérèse Kanatison, 69 yrs. * 5.5: Ignace, son of Joseph Aniatarison and of Marie Suzanne Ononk8irohon, appr. 2 yrs. * 19.5: Anne Kane-sentha, wife of Louis Kantsionko8a, 18 yrs. 29.5: Joseph, son of Louis Mantsionk ko8a and of the late Anne Kenesentha, 20 days. * 30.5: Rev. Joseph Marcoux in the burial vault of the mission church of Sault St. Louis on the Epistle side, 64 yrs. * 1.6: Charles Edouard, son of Charles Edouard Cherrier and of Sophie Robineau, 2 yrs. * 4.7: Joseph Onasakenrat, husband of Catherine Kation8entha, 45 yrs. * 11.10: Marie Louise, daughter of François Xavier Aronhiente and of Henriette Valois, 11 mths.

1856

1.5: Louise Ka8ennitakhe, daughter of Joseph Ahrihon and of the late Marie Anne Kanataiahont, 17 yrs. * 27.5: Vital Limoges, husband of Marguerite Riel, appr. 35 yrs. * 15.6: Basile and Paul, twin brothers, sons of Joseph Aniatarison and of Marie Suzanne Ononk8ieohon, 2 mths. * 2.7: Eugène Napoléon Albert de Lorimier, son of Antoine Georges de Lorimier and of Mrs. Louise Macomber, 23 days. * 28.8: Thérèse Tsionatiioha, daughter of Louis Te8asarsere and of the late Agnès Kon8akennhronnis, 16 yrs. * 28.8: Guillaume Toussaint Macomber, son of Joseph Constant Macomber and of Catherine Louise de Gaspé, 18 mths. * 31.10: Louis Taiehenre, son of Jean Baptiste Sahantie and of Marie Katsitsiak8as, 13 yrs.

1857

28.2: Marguerite, daughter of Ignace Aronhianritha and of Agnès Ka8enni, 4 yrs. * 23.5: Anon. daughter of Osias Meloche and of Charlotte Louise Giasson, 1 day. * 21.6: Agnès, daughter of Pierre Tahon8atihentha and of Louise Kon8ai-aki 1 yr. and a hf. * 3.7: Louis Kahetakennhas, daughter of Paul Laronde and of Marie Kaosatrissa, 16 yrs. * 26.7: Jacques, son of François Xavier Atoharisen and of Françoise Ka8ennison, 9 mths. * 10.8: Louis, son of Ignace Aronhianritha and of Agnès Ka8ennihās [no age]. * 12.8: Charlotte, daughter of Michel Kana8a-enton and of Agathe 8athaoentha, 1 yr. * 16.8: Catherine Marguerite, daughter of Georges

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Antoine de Lorimier, called Oronhiathkha, and
of Louise Macomber, 2 yrs. * 19.8: Thomas
Philippe, son of Thomas Aubert de Gaspé and
of Marguerite Viau, 18 mths. * 19.8: Anon.,
son of Thomas Aubert de Gaspé and of Mar-
guerite Viau, born, given an emergency baptism
and died. * 31.8: Marie Joseph, daughter of
Paul de la Ronde, called Nioherasa and of
Marie Kon8atiesa, 1 yr. * 6.9: Bernard Sonato-
8anni, son of Marie Magdeleine Ka8enno,
drowned, 13 yrs. * 9.9: Cécile, daughter of
Joseph Kanataktak and of Marguerite Kon8ahe-
nense, appr. 8 mths. * 24.12: Louise Karak8inas,
wife of Antoine Anataron, appr. 40 yrs.

1858

6.1: Jean Baptiste Kentiohk8en, son of Charles
Tkahatati and of Anne Tiorakose, 10 yrs.
2 mths. * 24.2: Cécile Kentiohk8en8a8i, wife
of Charles Karonhiarakon, 22 yrs. * 18.5: Lau-
rent Atsieehanonne, son of Joseph Aronhia-
8akon and of Agathe Aton8entsison, 15 yrs.
18.5: Laurent Atsieehanonne, son of the late
Joseph Aronhia8akon and of Thérèse Kon8at-
sienhonken, 17 mths. * 26.6: François Tehari-
horens, husband of Marie Joseph Osennaie8as,
30 yrs. * 29.8: Pierre, son of Charles Karonhia-
rak8en and of the late Cécile Kentiohk8en8a8i,
6 mths. * 4.9: Philomène, daughter of David
Lafleur and Henriette Desparois, 14 mths.

1859

27.2: Marie Angéline Adeline, daughter of
Henri Charron and of Marie Adeline Saint
James, called Beauvais, appr. 10 mths. * 15.3:
Marie Anne Kara8atsenri, wife of Charles
Soskonhro8ane, appr. 65 yrs. * 5.4: Joseph
Constant Macomber, husband of Catherine
Aubert de Gaspé, 45 yrs. 10 mths. * 6.4: André,
son of Laurent Osta8enserahes and of Anne
Oronhien8a8i, 2 yrs. * 10.4: Jean-Baptiste, son
of Jacques Tehatie and of Anne Tsietenharrio,
appr. 4 mths. * Louis Tekanatokan, son of the
late François Xavier Anarahes and of Agathe
Aonnhoken, appr. 23 yrs. * 16.7: Laurent, son
of Jean-Baptiste Karonhiaktaita and of Catiche
Gakoha8ison, 2 yrs. 3 mths. * 23.7: Charles
Soskonhoro8ane, widower of the late Marie
Anne Kana8atrenri, 79 yrs. * 17.8: Arthur
Sylvia Charron, son of Henry Charron and of
Adeline St. James, called Beauvais, 17 days.
* 27.8: Marie Anastasie, daughter of François
Xavier Ahnetenre and of Thérèse Sahiaronk8as,
3 mths. * 16.9: Louise, daughter of Jean Bat-
tiste Karonhiaktaita and of Catiche Gakoha-
8ison, appr. 5 yrs. * 31.10: Catherine Amable
Giasson, wife of Jean Baptiste Boudrias from
Ste Philomène parish, 61 yrs.

1860

24.1: Michel, son of Ignace Aronhairitha and of
Agnès Ka8ennih8as, 2 mths. * 25.1: Laurent
Osta8enserahes, husband of Anne Oronha8i,
appr. 38 yrs. * 21.5: Marie, daughter of Joseph
(Garreault) Kanentakonhra and of Marie Kat-
sitsia8akon, 4 yrs., appr. 10 mths. * 10.6: Cathe-
rine, daughter of the late François Xavier
Teharihorens and of Marie Joseph Osennaie8as,
1 yr. and a hf. * 29.9: Marie Suzanne Ohonk-
8irohen, wife of Joseph Aniatarison, 30 yrs.
* 5.10: Thomas, son of Joseph Aniatarison and
of the late Marie Suzanne Ononk8irohen,
1 mth. 11 days. * 28.11: Jean Baptiste, son of
Laurent Tsiniak8en and of Louise Satekaiehna,
3 mths. * 26.12: Alexandre Napoléon, son of
Jean Baptiste Taiaiake and of Manon Macom-
ber, 3 yrs.

1861

5.1: Jean, son of François Xavier Atoharison
and of Françoise Ka8ennison, 1 yr. 10 mths.
* 7.10: Zntoine Anataras, husband of the late
Louise Karak8ine, appr. 55 yrs. * 24.10: Marie
Anne Tekak8itha, wife of Michel Aronhiaritha,
80 yrs. * 8.11: Cécile Kahteraks, wife of the
late Joseph Kahon8akenrat, 27 yrs.

1862

3.3: Thomas Tauebkaneken, husband of Marie
Anne Kanerata8as, appr. 50 yrs. * 23.3: Anon.
daughter, baptized in emergency, of Ignace
Karahenhiate and of Anne Kasennena8i.
* 11.7: Marie Tsitsia8enso8ane, wife of Louis
Tsiorak8isen, appr. 75 yrs. * 26.7: Marie Hen-
riette Georgina, daughter of Pierre Tha8enrate
and of Scolastique Kaniserentha, called Picard,
1 yr. 7 mths. * 2.11: Marie Katsitsia8akon, wife
of Joseph Kantakonrat and of Marie Katsitsia-
8akon, deceased in Chicago, where she was
exhumed after two mths [No age].

1863

16.3: Jean Baptiste Saon8entsio8ane, husband
of Marie Anne A8enhoken, appr. 65 yrs. * 6.4:
Antoine Georges de Lorimier, husband of
Louise Macomber, 58 yrs. * 29.4: Wencelas,
son of Onésime Plante and of Marie Kanera-
tison, 6 mths. * 17.5: Jacques, son of Pierre
Tahon8atihentha and of Louise Kon8aiaiki,
2 yrs. 5 mths. * 6.6: Ignace Oronhia8ente, son
of Martin Sakoraiaatak8a and of Marguerite
Ka8ennison, drowned in the St. Lawrence,
17 yrs. 7 mths. * 19.7: Anne Kaientison, wife
of René Karako8anen, appr. 80 yrs. * 11.8:
Ignace, son of Alexis Thaieri and of Cécile
Kon8anerataienni, 13 mths. * 19.8: François
Xavier, son of Martin Sakoraiaatak8a and of
Marguerite Ka8ennison, 1 mth. * 10.9: Alexis,
son of François Xavier Atoharison and of Fran-
çoise Ka8ennison, 2 yrs. * 15.9: Cécile, daughter
of François Xavier Ahnetenre and of Thérèse
Sahiaronk8as, 10 mths. * 14.10: Anne, daughter
of François Xavier Takaneratsensere and of
Cécile Kaianentha, 2 yrs. 8 mths.

1864

3.3: William Wilfrid, son of Jean Baptiste
Taiaiake and of Manon Macomber, 1 mth.
* 9.3: Marguerite Catherine Kon8atiennni, wife
of the late Laurent Onenharakehte, appr.
70 yrs. * 14.3: Jacques, son of François Xavier
Ahnetenre and of Thérèse Sahiaronk8as, 3 yrs.
* 27.3: Laurent Tsiniak8en, husband of Louise
Satekaierha, 27 yrs. * 2.4: Ignace, son of Char-
les Terihonko and of Anne Kaiaientie, 1 yr.
7 mths. * 28.5: Charles Skahetati, husband of
Anne Tiorakose, 39 yrs. * 17.6: Marie Joseph
Osennaie8as, wife by second marriage of Ignace
Kanereroken, 33 yrs. * Marie Anne Kanerato-
8as and of Thomas Taiehaneakon, 49 yrs.
* 30.7: Michel Karontatsi, husband of Louise
Thekaion8aritha, 62 yrs. * 14.8: Marguerite,
daughter of Michel Otsitsiatakon and of Anne
Katenies, 1 day. * 1.9: Marie Philomène Fa-
biana, daughter of Charles Xavier Giasson
and of Césaire Véra, 1 yr. * 8.10: Louise,
daughter of Jacques Kaneratakeren and of
Marie Joseph Kahenrinetha, 9 days. * 21.11:
Jean Baptiste On8aniente, husband of Cécile
Ka8ennnotas, 48 yrs. * 25.11: Louise, daughter
of Mathieu Karienton and of Marie Kon8atonti,
1 mth.

(To be continued.)

BOTH NEW

AND OLD

For the first Sunday of September, in the wake of a quarter of a century custom, the Iroquois Mixed Choir of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier drove down to the Martyrs' Shrine (also Kateri's birthplace), at Auriesville, N. Y. The choir sang at the 10:30 Mass in the Iroquois language spoken by the Lily of the Mohawks on that very spot. The vice-postulator from Canada gave the sermon.

Two ivory crucifixes, patinated by time, lay hidden in the vault of the mission church. They are old enough for Kateri to have known them. The arm sockets had been broken, one of the feet was smashed and some of the fingers were chipped off. One of the best goldsmiths of Montreal, Monsieur Gilles Beaugrand, consented to repair them. Approximately sixty hours of superior

(Page 34, please.)

With gratitude to Kateri — Miss Beatrice Boileau

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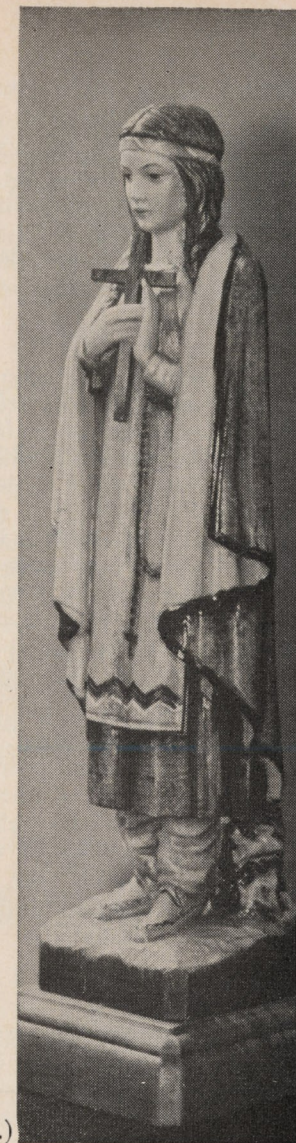
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craftsmanship went into the mending of these exquisite cor-puses. The cost, though not outrageous, is what one would expect for work so finely done. Special help in meeting the bill would be deeply appreciated.

*

William B. Newall : *Crime and Justice Among the Iroquois*, 91 pp., Montreal (McGill University Press), 1965. This thesis, prepared some years ago, is concerned with the Iroquois who lived south of the present Canadian border. The Author has not much use for the *Jesuit Relations* though Protestant Francis Parkman claims that "they hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy documents". Baron La Hontan is his fair haired boy. Fortunately, the Author uses other sources and this well printed hard cover book is what it purports to be — a clear, concise résumé of crime and punishment among the Iroquois.

If each subscriber to 'Kateri' found one or two new subscribers, the vice-postulator's financial worries would melt away into the crisp winter air. Other ways and means of helping : an advertisement in the Kateri quarterly (on request, you will receive the Rate Card No. 2) and/or insertion of your name card in 'Kateri' ($\frac{3}{4}$ " x 2") : \$10.

*

Thomas-Edmond Giroux, *Le Jour de l'Indien* [The Indian's Day], 416 pp., Quebec, 1955. This fascinating study was graciously offered to me by the Author a few days ago. Highly informative and interesting, its wealth of information is divided into three sections : 1) Life of the Indians; 2) Friction Between the Two Civilizations; 3) The Indian's Day. "No work of this sort," wrote the Abbé Arthur Maheux of the Royal Academy of Canada, "as complete, as detailed and as well researched has ever appeared in French Canada." The statement should be made to include all of Canada.



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* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. H. B. !**

Enclosed is a cheque for \$10. which I promised to Kateri and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for favors received. I would appreciate it, Father, if you would remember me in your prayers as I am undergoing surgery tomorrow in Hotel Dieu Hospital in St. Jerome. Also, my daughter Maureen who is awaiting the results of her exams and has not decided what she wants to do next year. Thanks to Kateri for the many favors received through her intercession . . . (Ste. Rose, P. Q.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. D. P. !**

I had promised Kateri \$10 for a favor plus \$1 per month for six months and to have my favor published. Three months ago my husband came home and said his detail was over. I assured him my novena would fix things. I made my first novena and nothing happened; as a matter of fact, things got worse, not only for his station house but for all the others also. But I still couldn't loose faith. I knew things would get better. After a second novena, the "miracle" happened. Believe me, Father, it was a "miracle". My husband came home and told me the detail was saved and he still had his job. My husband was brought up by a non-Catholic mother and his faith is not as strong as mine. He could not understand how this "miracle" happened when things were absolutely hopeless. My faith in God through the intercession of Kateri is so strong that I feel only happiness and joy out of praying to her. I only hope she will be canonized... (Staten Island, N. Y.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. D. K. !**

. . . I would like to thank Kateri for a favor received. I prayed to her that I might get a summer job, a good job. Before I was done with my novena, my prayer was heard. Many thanks to Kateri! Father, could you please print my letter of thanksgiving?... Enclosed \$5. (Detroit, Mich.)

* **Kateri's smile upon you, P. F. C., J. G. S. !**

I would like to subscribe to "Kateri" for one year. My father had been a subscriber before his demise and he often mentioned how glad he was to be a member of the "Kateri Guild", not mentioning the favors he received. At present I am in the armed forces (Army stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.), but soon I'll be sent to Korea for thirteen months . . . (Chicago, Ill.)

SHADOWS OVER HURONIA

by Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

Translated by J. Fallon, S.J.

Prefaced by J. S. McGivern, S.J.

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