



MARTYRS'
SHRINE

Message

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HELP FOR
THE AFFLICTED

By Allan MacDonald



of Fort Ste. Marie in memory of the Jesuit Martyrs
onaries who laboured at Fort Ste. Marie, 1639-1649:
de Brébeuf, St. Isaac Jogues, St. Gabriel Lalemant, St.
Daniel, St. Charles Garnier, St. Noel Chabanel, Paul
Francis Le Mercier, etc., etc." *Government Officials*
Reeve Dutton, Victoria Harbor; Hon. Dr. L. J. Simpson,
of Education; Mayor Gregg of Penetang; Lt. Col. George
M.P.P. for East Simcoe; Dr. Tanner of Midland; Hon.
ayson; Mayor Mackie of Midland. They are pictured here
with Fr. J. McCarthy, S.J., of the Shrine Staff. *An Indian*
ume forward to greet the Lieutenant-Governor after the
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Jocko and their son Joseph. Fr.

Stanislaus Bouvrette, S.J., of Waubaushene stands at their left,
the Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, of St. Augustine's Seminary and
Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto, at the right with
Lieutenant-Governor Matthews. The religious observances of
Sunday, August 6, were rendered illustrious by the presence of
Henry Cardinal Gasparri. The Most Rev. Joseph F. Ryan, Bishop
of Hamilton is at His Eminence's right. *Benediction of the Blessed*
Sacrament was given on Calvary Hill, the Twelfth Station. Fr.
Bouvrette, Very Rev. Fr. Mullally, and Cardinal Gasparri.
Honored Guests: Cardinal Gasparri, Most Rev. James C. Mc-
Guigan, Archbishop of Toronto, and Captain Flanagan, host to
the Cardinal.

Lily of



At the Shrines of the Martyrs, Kateri, the first fruit of their sacrifice, is honored. Above, at Midland. Right, at Auriesville, N.Y., her birth-place.

THERE IS something preposterously optimistic about the names bestowed on most of us in Baptism. I mean that though the ideal that they suggest is generally splendid, and the support of our patrons that they enlist is eminently desirable, they do often rather fail to describe us. And what else is a monicker for? Had you, for instance, when you were Christened—puny child that you were, of insignificant habits and destiny obscure—had you done anything at all to merit the appellation of Leo, or John, or Armenius, or Anastasia, or Veronica, or whatever sainted and noble title you received? Are you, alas, more worthy of it now?

But the names which spontaneously attach themselves to us as we develop, as our character becomes manifest and our appearance interesting to the curious eye of relatives and friends, are apt to be full of humor and observation, and of greater use to posterity than a history or portrait. When you were little better than a promise your mother determined to call you Char-

lemagne, but the neighbors nick-named you Dopey after seeing what you could do. Which of these friendly designations contains a more accurate report on your achievement?

THE SAINTS, like us, had family names, to tell them who their parents were; and, like us they had Christian names, to tell them who it was they ought to pray to. But the world nearly always managed to find other names for them, telling itself not who they were, but what.

These pseudonyms, or pet-names, which the Saints and other notables acquire, provide material for the most delectable of all forms of mental solitaire, as absorbing as the study of an album. Just leave their names floating about in your brain for a while, like a shimmering bait to fish out pleasant fancies, and you will find you know as much about the possessor as you could have obtained by a personal introduction.

The information that Kateri Tekakwitha was the child of a "Prayer", or Christian Indian mother, orphaned early and baptized late; that her attraction to religion was natural and steady; her resistance to the fashionable licentiousness of her tribe heroic; her innocence extraordinary; and her penance more than impressive, is very necessary to an understanding of her delightful character, and can be obtained from many books. But all that learning is cumbersome once her story is known; it can be admirably compressed for daily use into a convenient packet of a few brief words: "Lily of the Mohawks,"—the name she earned. Allow that to rest quiet in your mind for a while and it will begin to unfold like a biography.

The Mohawks, it will be recognised by all who have ever witnessed a Cowboy Movie or attended a Wild West Show, were not a tribe devoted to the cultivation of lilies. So we are at once aware that the presence of one among them—human or vegetable—was something miraculous, an instance of the Divine solicitude, bounty and power.

For Kateri grew up among her tribesmen as little cherished and as unadmired for what she was as the random lily, an unexpected, rare,

the Mohawks

The Story of Kateri Tekakwitha

By Patrick Mary Plunkett, S.J.

and exquisite weed, may grow in lonesome dell, or dank, unvisited corner of the forest.

KATERI had the virtues of a cloistered nun in a society which observed the conventions of a brothel. Yet, in spite of the absolutely ruthless determination which this required, in spite of her austerity and reserve, she could not have been repellent. Otherwise they could not have called her the Lily! "Tomahawk of the Mohawk" is a sort of crackling soubriquet, which the coarse rhyme of the syllables, and the racial flavor in the metaphor does much for the impaling of some wild and denunciatory savage-christian virago. But the nature of Kateri does not seem to have invited comparison to a battle-axe. "Tomahawk of the Mohawk" she was never called.

Because of the groping shortness of her sight, but with a symbolism wonderfully apt, though only accidental, she was sometimes called "The Girl Who Moves All Before Her". And, in testimony to her industry and helpfulness, but again with a remarkable, unintended, spiritual and prophetic sense: "The Girl Who Puts All in Order". And she had other names as well, beautiful some, others merely quaint, ingenious or grotesque. But "Lily of the Mohawks", it was agreed by all, was the phrase that best became her. And when they christened her Catherine at the age of 24, they were only confirming the popular opinion. Because "Catherine" means the purity which the lily represents.

NEVERTHELESS, some of us, while we play this game of musing upon her title, may prefer to detach from this resolute, little Indian maiden, too close an association with the lilies we know best, a luscious and expensive, imported Easter bloom. The lilies which the artist-hand of God thought fit to scatter through Kateri's forests are of another sort. They are,

like her, simple and demure, and, like her, dusky. They are vivid and fresh, growing singly on the blunt stalk, praising God all alone in the coolness of the deep wood. They seem to suggest—purity, indeed—their chalice is crisp, and so untainted—but the passion and ardor of divine love is written in them, too, for they are red in color, and in shape like a twisted fire. We call them "Tiger Lilies", and I think the "Lily of the Mohawks" must have been one of these.

