



THE SHRINE

LONG HOUSE VILLAGE

CAUGHNAWAGA
(Near Montreal)



C. R. CORNEIL, LTD.
MONTREAL

TEKAKWITHA

She Who Moveth All Before Her.

Tekakwitha, hallowed Maiden,
Heal our wounds and draw us skyward:
We, your Sisters; we, your Brothers,
Are in need of exaltation.
Let our factions be cemented
In the glory of your presence.
You, who frowned on pagan vices,
You, who throve on pagan virtues
Till the mantle of the Christhood
Draped you in a dear embracement;
Till earth's lure fell from your vision,
And the mystic Church upheld you:
Be our guidance, be our beacon.
We would emulate your passion.
Let the Paleface then acknowledge
We have gathered fragrant fruitage
From the Great White Spirit's planting:
It will lessen tribulation,
It will bind the ties of friendship.
We have striven, we are striving;
Tekakwitha, give your blessing.
May your cause thereby be strengthened:
You so saintly—we desiring.



A. R. R.

(Princess Kawennaroroks
of the Iroquois)