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Tegiaguenta reached the cabin a short while before Extreme Unction was administered. After she had received all the Sacraments, she spoke to Marie Therese. At the sight of her friend in tears, with a failing voice she said:

"I am leaving you, I am about to die. Always remember what we have done together since we knew each other; if you change, I will accuse you before the tribunal of God. Take courage, despise the discourse of those who have no faith, when they wish to persuade you to marry; listen only to the priests. If you cannot serve God here, go to the Lorette Mission. Never give up mortification. I will love you in Heaven, I will pray for you, I will assist you."

With these last words Kateri lost her voice. For some time she had not been able to see; now, she could not speak, but to the very last breath she could hear well, and when some act was suggested to her she took new strength. Her face appeared more like that of one in contemplation than the face of one dying. Thus she remained until her death. One of the priests, kneeling at her right side, noticed a slight contraction of the nerve at the corner of her mouth, and so she died as if she were falling asleep.

When all were assured of her death, her friends delivered her eulogy in the cabin to encourage everyone to imitate her. The Indians regarded her body as a precious relic, kissing her hands and keeping as souvenirs whatever belonged to her. They spent the night near her, regarding her countenance, which changed gradually in less than fifteen minutes. It aroused devotion, for when her soul was separated from her body, it appeared more beautiful than it had been when living. This gave joy to all and fortified each one in the faith he had embraced.

It was not the custom of the Iroquois to make great preparations for a funeral. They greased the hair and the face of the dead and gave them new sandals. Sometimes they only covered them. At the Sault, they made Kateri a decent bier. A Frenchman, who was in the village, wished to make her a coffin through devotion to her. They placed the body in it as usual, but did not cover the face until they placed her in the grave, as all wished to gaze on her now beautiful countenance.

Her death was an occasion for both sorrow and joy. The Indians mourned losing her so soon, but they rejoiced to have her as the guardian angel of the Sault. (To be continued.)

☪ During Lent, why not make a daily sacrifice for the prompt beatification of Kateri? ☪

BOOK-REVIEW

DRUMS OF DESTINY, KATERI TEKAKWITHA. By Harold William Sandberg. 98 pages. \$2.00. The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana.



"A tiny starflower came to bloom in the beautiful valley of the Mohawks." Such are the freshness and purity which emanate from H. W. Sandberg's little biography of Kateri Tekakwitha. It reads as a poem. At

times you would think yourself in the forest with the Poor of Assisi. This sylvan atmosphere, enhanced by excellent full-page illustrations, pervades the entire story. Silence and peace of soul are stressed. In the turmoil of our century, every Christian must look for these green pastures. And then "as the hart panteth after the fountains of water", so he will be refreshed by the living waters. For it is in the solitude and calm of the valley and woods of the Mohawk that Kateri lifted up her soul and kept in closer union with God.

One must not look for too many historical references in this biography. One, rather, finds an evocation of the life in the early days of America and the virtues of the Indian maiden. In places the author overemphasizes the spectacular rather than the ordinary things in her life. The title of the book itself, "Drums of Destiny", announces more a drama than a straight story. But it will hold the reader, especially the teen-age reader, captive.

Each character will strike a responsive chord in most hearts. As a matter of fact, the author's characters stand one above the other in the brilliant colors and striking relief of a totem pole. At any rate, the reader is sure to fall in love with Kateri. "She was the most beautiful maiden in the Mohawk village for kindness radiated from her tender smile... The first blossoms of springtime pale beside your loveliness, Tekakwitha."

"A tiny starflower came to bloom in the beautiful valley of the Mohawks" in 1656. But in 1680, this star climbed to God's Heaven. Since then it shines and leads the way to all men of good will. Tekakwitha does what her name signifies: "moving all before her." She goes before, putting all things in order. Kateri's message to us through the "Drums of Destiny" consists in "a great abiding love for mankind and faith that knows no end."

JACQUES BRUYERE, S.J.

HER "MIRACLE" CAME TO PASS BY PRAYER

(The Montreal Star, Jan. 4, '52.)

Sir,—Please excuse my writing as I am blind. But I like to do all I can for myself. This may interest you or may not. But I hope it does. I know that The Star has always shown interest in the things concerning the Caughnawaga Indians.

One year ago on November 27th, I, Kateri Curotte Walker, was admitted here, helpless and nearly dead. All I could move was my head and hands. I had an open wound at the base of my spine, as large as a man's fist. The doctor told Madame Alma Bariteau, directress of this place, that I would not live long enough to heal it, let alone walk again. But I am a living proof of the miracle of prayer without medicine. By just prayer to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, the holy Indian maiden also

known as the Lily of the Mohawks, I am healed. I can sit up, wash, feed and dress myself. And now I am learning to walk again, after being unable to do so for two years, in a special gift "walker" fitted with adjustable crutches. I owe all this to prayer and to Father Lalonde of St. Francis Xavier Mission Church at Caughnawaga; and to the personal, tender care of the most wonderful little lady in my life: Madame Bariteau, whom I call "Mother." We Indians sensibly adopt those whom we love and admire. And believe me, everyone does love our little Mother Bariteau. And it was a "miracle" that brought me here. For you see, I can stand upon my own feet now and take a few steps. So I am confident I shall eventually walk again. I intend to write a book later on all about my own "miracle."

—Kateri Curotte Walker.

☪ May the joy, the Christian joy, that was Tekakwitha's, be yours on Easter Sunday! ☪