



This beautiful painting of Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha adorned the walls of old St. Mary's Church at Albany, N.Y. for many years. St. Mary's was built by Fr. Clarence A. Walworth who, with his niece, Ellen, also erected the cenotaph in honor of Blessed Kateri at St. Catherine's, Que. The canvas in a dilapidated condition with a large hole in it was carefully restored thanks to the generosity and the persevering efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Waldbillig of Slingerlands, N.Y. The present pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. James Lefebvre, intends to replace the painting with its antique frame in a place of honor in the historic church.

gaze of the young brave? A moment went by, an eternity, she thought, and then she understood. She was in the course of taking part in her own marriage! She immediately came to a decision and, quick as lightning, passed through the longhouse, lifted up the bear skin at the entrance, threw the bowl of sagamité on the ground, and slipped away in the direction of the nearest field of Indian corn.

Beside themselves with rage, the aunts ran after her and endeavored to have her return to the longhouse. All to no avail, and fuming they went home to offer embarrassed apologies to the suitor, who returned to his own house flustered and angry.

The chagrin of the aunts and the displeasure of the uncle who lost face before the entire village are easy to imagine. Tekakwitha must be forced to obey as quickly as possible. Twice or three times over, the two women manoeuvred to induce her to conform to their wishes. Each time, she skillfully eluded their pretensions.

This steadfastness, which was folly and intolerable obstination in their eyes, was unprecedented among the Iroquois, and she paid for it dearly. With each failure the bitterness of her aunts increased. "Foolishness!" they cried out, "Foolishness!" Then they had recourse to violence. She was considered a slave and was loaded down with the hardest and most disgusting work. Her most innocent actions were misinterpreted; she was constantly accused of indifference to her family and, because of her Algonquin blood, even of a secret hatred for the Iroquois nation! It was probably at this period of her life that she was sent from longhouse to longhouse according to Fr. Chauchetière's account. After her death, her friends repeated God had taken her because her people did not want her. How many nights she must have fallen asleep with a heavy heart.

This little one of fourteen years put up with angry stares, peevish questioning, insults, a little hell in itself, with a nearly superhuman patience. She kept her calm and let nothing alter her natural sweetness. How admirable was her daily heroism! And better still, with a smile on her lips, she constantly served her aunts attentively and quietly, in order to please them. Thus it was that she succeeded in getting once again into their good graces. Tekakwitha no longer heard them speak about marriage.

It was also in 1670, the same year during which Tekakwitha was practically running the gauntlet, that Fr. Pierron gave up his place to Fr. François Boniface, who had disembarked at Quebec during the previous summer. As soon as he had sufficiently mastered the difficult Iroquois language, he took in hand his predecessor's work.