

MAGAZINE SECTION

ALL THINGS COME OF THEE, O LORD CON'D

But this response does not mean only the collection being presented at the altar. God is not asking us to share just our worldly possessions he wants us - "our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice." Said earnestly from the heart, this response includes our time, talents, experiences, strength, personality.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

BIRTHS

JAMIESON - To Ronald and Becky, R.R.2 Ohsweken, a son at the Brantford General Hospital on October 15, 1970.

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KING - To Fred and Lauren, R.R.6 Hagersville, a son 8 lbs. 8 oz. at the Hagersville West Haldimand Hospital on October 22, 1970.

This interesting article was sent in by Mrs. Thora R. Mills, Toronto. We are pleased to share it with our readers. Many thanks to Mrs. Mills for her thoughtfulness. Editors.

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LILY OF THE MOHAWKS.

Kateri Tekakwitha.

I had never heard of early Iroquois living in California so I was amazed, last March, to see an ancient tombstone in the Mission Dolores cemetery in San Francisco with this inscription: "Lily of the Mohawks. In prayerful memory of our faithful Indians."

It was a four-foot, grey polished marble column supporting a three-foot figure of a young woman wrapped in a shawl, her dress midi length, her feet in high moccasins, her face half turned, eyes gazing upward, folded hands holding a slender cross. There was no date of birth or death, no clue as to when she died or where.

My husband and I were sight-seeing and the first stop of our San Francisco tour bus was at the Mission Dolores, built in 1776, one of a chain of Roman Catholic missions stretching up the Pacific coast from Mexico to California. We were expected to get out of the bus, follow the guide into the austere chapel, and in five minutes return to the bus by way of the garden cemetery.

"Come here," my husband called to me, "Look at this!" Neither of us could believe our eyes. A handsome monument to "Lily of the Mohawks."

We had never heard of mohawks or any Six Nations Indians on the west coast, although we were particularly interested in Mohawks because my father W.A. McIlroy, had been a student missionary at Tyendenaga many years ago. He was honoured by adoption into the tribe and an Indian name. "He who keeps us awake" (I'm not sure of the Indian spelling but it was something like this, Sha-ka-ya-what-ha -- I'll appreciate the correct spelling) Mr. Andrew Scero remembers him well.

(CON'D)