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KATERI

NO. 83

THE ANASTASIA ROLL

ODDMENTS

HAPPY EASTER!

KATERI IN BASEBALL

FOR A BETTER INSIGHT

A FEW LETTERS

LILY OF
THE MOHAWKS

Spring • 1970
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada



The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha

Kateriana obtainable from

Office of the Vice Postulation
(The Kateri Center)

Box 70, Caughnawaga, P. Q., Canada

Medals

Aluminum: 5¢ each — 50¢ per dozen.

Pictures (prayers in English or French)

1. Colored picture by Mother Nealis. 10¢ each.
2. Colored picture by Sister M. Fides Glass. Spanish prayer also. 5¢ for two.
3. New heliogravure picture of Kateri, 5¢ each. Thirty for \$1.00.
4. Mother Nealis' colored picture of Kateri (9¼" x 13¾") for framing. 75¢.

Touch Relics

1. Small Kateri pictures with silk applied to relics. 20¢ each.
2. Heliogravure picture with touch relic. 15¢ each.

Ceramic Plaque

A four inch square enamel picture of Kateri on mushroom colored tile to blend into any background. By Daniel Lareau. \$2.25.

Novena (English or French)

In the form of a short biography. 25¢ each.

Statues

Colored 8½", \$3.75.
A wood carving 6½", \$15.00. (Limited Supply.)

Books

- In English* — "Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Maid", (for teen-agers) by Evelyn M. Brown. \$2.50.
In French — "Kateri of the Mohawks" by Marie Cecilia Buehrle (Paperback). \$0.60.
In French — "L'héroïque Indienne Kateri Tekakwitha" by Henri Béchar, S.J., \$3.50.
In French — "Kateri Tekakwitha, vierge mohawk", by Evelyn M. Brown, translated by Maurice Hébert of the Royal Academy of Canada, illustrated by Simone Hudon-Beaulac. \$2.25.
 — "Kateri, vierge iroquoise", by Pierre Théoret. \$2.10.
 — "La Vénérable Kateri Tekakwitha, jeune vierge iroquoise, Protectrice du Canada", by Canon Paul Thône. \$1.50.
 — "Kateri Tekakwitha, la petite Iroquoise", illustrated album by Agnes Richomme, \$1.00.
In Italian — "Il Giglio degli Iroquesi", by Dr. Fernando Bea, 62 pp. \$1.50.
In Spanish — "Una India en los altares? Kateri de los Mohawks", by Maria Cecilia Buehrle, 180 pp. \$2.50.

Special

In English — "The Visions of Bernard Francis de Hoyos, S.J.", by Henri Béchar, S.J., 178 pp., profusely illustrated. \$3.50 a copy; three copies: \$10.00.

Recordings

In Iroquois, Two records (45 rpm), of the Mixed Caughnawaga Choir. For both: \$3.50.

Film strip

Kateri film-strip in color; four reels with captions in French. \$25.00.

Sympathy Cards

You will find the Kateri Sympathy Cards in perfect taste, beautifully printed and very convenient to have at hand. Try them and see. To the family of the bereaved the Vice-Postulator will be happy to send a personal note of sympathy. No soliciting of any sort will follow.

One box of twelve cards: \$1.00. Each yearly enrollment in the Kateri Guild: \$1.00.

Subscription to "Kateri"

One dollar a year. Please renew your subscription without being advised.

**How many copies
of Leonard Cohen's
obscene book on Kateri
have been sold?
More than 500,000!**

**How many written promises
of one daily Our Father
and or/one daily Hail Mary
to hasten Kateri's Beatification
has the Kateri Center received?
Exactly 1176.**

Fill out the following form
and rush it to:
The Kateri Center
Box 70
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada

MY PLEDGE TO KATERI

Date

I the undersigned pledge to offer up each day one Our Father and/or one Hail Mary until the second duly verified miracle needed for Kateri's beatification is obtained.

Name

Street or Box

City or Town

Province or State Zip or Zone Code

Country

For Your Faithful Departed

This second roll of two hundred names, as yet incomplete, was named after Anastasia Tegonhatsiongo. She was the elderly Indian woman who became Kateri Tekakwitha's spiritual guide during the last years of the latter's life — the most beautiful of all, because it was then that she attained union with God.

In a few weeks, under the direction of the one she called her "teacher", Kateri advanced more than all the others in several months. The Venerable trusted in her completely. Anastasia had known her parents in Mohawkland. Before coming to live at St. Francis Xavier's, she had also known Kateri. Anastasia sponsored her admittance into the Holy Family Association.

When, after her death, Tekakwitha appeared to her "teacher", she called her "Mother!" This glorious vision comforted Anastasia Tegonhatsiongo in all her trials until her death.

How do you have a name inscribed on the Anastasia Roll? Send in five subscriptions (names, addresses of the subscribers with \$5 — one dollar each) to the Kateri Center, Box 70, Caughnawaga, Quebec, Canada. With these five subscriptions, it is your privilege to have the name of *one* of your beloved dead listed, free of charge, on the Anastasia Roll. When the Roll is filled with two hundred names, in gratitude to you, one hundred Masses shall be offered for the persons inscribed. Meanwhile they are not forgotten as the Vice-Postulator promises to remember them daily during Mass at the Memento of the Departed.

The Anastasia Roll

1. Mr. William Addison Miller
2. Mrs. Amanda Elliott Miller
3. Mr. Robert Mellor
4. Mrs. Mary Dabney Mellor
5. Mr. Conrad Bellefleur
6. Mr. Jean Marcotte
7. Mr. William James Bernard
8. Mr. Arthur Laporte
9. Mr. Paul Vigneault
10. Mrs. Rose-Alba Fafard
11. Mr. Roger Fafard
12. Mr. John Corcoran
13. Mrs. Eugene Paradis
14. Mr. Donat Jalbert
15. Mr. H. J. Daman
16. Mrs. H. J. Daman
17. Mr. John Bernard
18. Mrs. John Bernard
19. Mr. John Scouvell
20. Mrs. John Scouvell
21. Mr. Raymond Dupras
22. Rev. Hermas Lavallée
23. Mrs. Luce Norton
24. Mr. William A. Lockman
25. Mrs. Roseanna Brodeur
26. Dr. Stephen A. Mahoney
27. Miss Katherine Fiutko
28. Mr. John Fiutko
29. Mr. Ian James
30. Miss Sophia Bizga
31. Mr. W. F. Thurston
32. Mr. E. Nadeau
33. Mr. Napoleon Paul
34. Mrs. Catherine Paul
35. Miss Jane Williamson
36. Mr. Louis Grivetti
37. Mr. Edward J. Connor



KATERI No. 83

Vol. 21, No. 2

AIM

1. Our quarterly bulletin, "Kateri", published by the Kateri Center, intends to help you obtain favors both temporal and spiritual through the intercession of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. It is hoped her Beatification will thereby be hastened.
2. It aims to increase the number of Kateri's friends and to procure from them at least a daily "Hail Mary" for her Beatification.
3. It seeks also your donations, for without them practically nothing can be done to make Kateri known and to have the important favors attributed to her intercession examined and approved.

CONTENTS

Each issue of "Kateri" contains :

1. One or several pages on Kateri's life and virtues;
2. News from Kateri's friends everywhere;
3. The account of favors due to her intercession;
4. News concerning the Indians of America, with special reference to the Caughnawagas and their friends.

PRIVILEGES

Your contribution (\$1.00 a year, as long as possible) enrolls you among "Kateri's Friends" for whom

1. A weekly Mass is offered;
2. The Vice-Postulator prays at the Memento of his daily Mass;
3. As benefactors of the Society of Jesus, 190,000 masses are offered annually;
4. The spiritual treasure of the good works of some 35,000 Jesuits is opened;
5. Extra graces are merited by working for Kateri's Beatification.

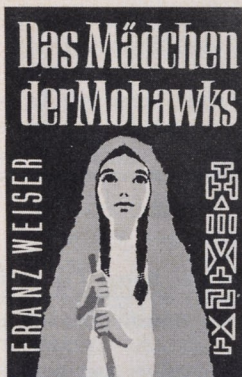
MARCH, 1970

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CAUGHNAWAGA, P.Q., CANADA

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Oddments



(Armour Landry Photo)

Das Mädchen der Mohawks. By Franz Weiser. Regensburg: Verlag Josef Habel. 212 pp. Approx. \$3.75.

This most recent biography of Kateri Tekakwitha, written in German, came out in January, 1970. Fr. Franz Weiser, S.J., the well-known historian, did a thorough job of research in order to have at his disposal all possible authorities concerning the Iroquois Maiden. He twice visited the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at Caughnawaga, P.Q. His psychological characterization of Tekakwitha vividly conjures her up before the reader's eyes. Like Fr. Weiser, it is high time that intelligent and broad-minded writers offer the reading public lives of saints that do not exude boredom. In the last days of his life, Pius XII wrote: "...it is clear that a century and a society wherein the cult of saints is abandoned and the meaningful admiration for their virtues is diminished, are not the fields best adapted for a splendid flowering of sainthood."

The Mohawk Indians and their Valley. Being a Chronological Documentary Record to the End of 1693. By Thomas Grassman, O.F.M., Conv., Director: The

Mohawk-Caughnawaga Museum Fonda, New York. 724 pp. \$20.

For nearly fifty years, the Author painstakingly gathered his material for this work. His book is now a must for anyone interested in the Mohawks, in the Jesuit missionaries of the Five Cantons and in the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. A comprehensive index adds to the value of the book. I don't wish to cavel but I noticed that St. John de La Lande's name is missing. *The Mohawks and Their Valley* is a masterly achievement.

He and I. Translated and condensed by Miss Evelyn M. Brown. Editions Paulines, 250 N. Boul. Saint-François, Sherbrooke, P.Q. 191 pp. \$2.75.

Miss Brown is a distinguished writer. Her biography, *Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Maiden* in the *Vision Book* series, published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy of New York, is now in its seventh edition. In 1959, it was done into French and launched by the *Editions du Pélican* of Quebec. A recent book, *He and I* is the translation of *Lui et Moi*, a work of several volumes, edited by *Beauchesne et Fils* of Paris. It is purported to contain the words of our Lord to a French woman called Gabrielle Bossis, a person of culture and wealth, who died in 1950. There is no better time than the present to offer to the English world the spiritual wealth enclosed in these tomes. Miss Brown has accustomed us to nothing less than perfection in her writings. She abides by this high norm in *He and I*. No wonder Cardinal Daniélou warmly congratulated her.

As we are about to go to press, the sad news of the death of Fr. Charles Miccinelli, S.J. has come to the attention of the members of the Kateri Center. For many years, he was the Postulator General for the Cause of Beatification and Canonization of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. In the next issue of *Kateri*, will be featured a summary of his untiring efforts to hasten the Mohawk Maiden's Beatification. R.I.P.



(Armour Landry Photo)

Kateri's Second Communion.

Happy
Easter
Kateri
Style!

...Easter was drawing near; and those who were not far from the village, on the hunt, returned to the mission according to their custom, to celebrate the great day. It was the first time Kateri celebrated it with us for the great good of her soul. She assisted at all the services of Holy Week, and admired all these solemn ceremonies, receiving from them a new esteem for religion. She was so touched by sweetness and consolation that she shed many tears, especially on Good Friday during the sermon on the Passion of Our Lord. Her heart melted at the thought of the suffering of the Divine Savior; she thanked Him a thousand times for it, she adored and kissed His cross with feelings of the most tender gratefulness and the most ardent love. She attached herself to the cross that day with Him, taking the resolution to repeat on her virginal body the mortifications of Jesus Christ for the rest of her days, as if she had done nothing until then. On Easter Sunday she received Holy Communion for the second time, and did so with the same disposition and ardor and spiritual fruits she had on the feast of Christmas...

Pierre Cholenec, S.J.
1678, at the Mission
of St. Francis Xavier

Kateri Has a Part in Baseball History

An "Indian" uprising appears to be in the making — but with friendly undertones on the shore of Lake Erie in Cleveland, Ohio.

Kateri — Lily of the Mohawks — could have an important piece of the action!

More than 900 friendly witnesses indicated a desire to support such happenings as they gathered in a public demonstration on Monday, January 26, 1970 in a large downtown hotel in Cleveland.

That's when and where Sam McDowell was proclaimed "Man of the Year" for a lowly band of Cleveland's Baseball Indians who finished in last place in the American League.

On this auspicious night, a humble and deeply moved baseball veteran at the young age of 27 accepted his plaudits with a determined —

"My success was not mine alone, I had help. We will change things for the Indians from now on. . . !"

The "we" was not fully understood by the gathered multitude, except for maybe one loyal supporter.

With mixed emotions that gave strength to a trembling hand, the loyal supporter who knew, slowly

removed a crumpled letter from his pocket for the umpteenth time and re-read the closing paragraph once again —

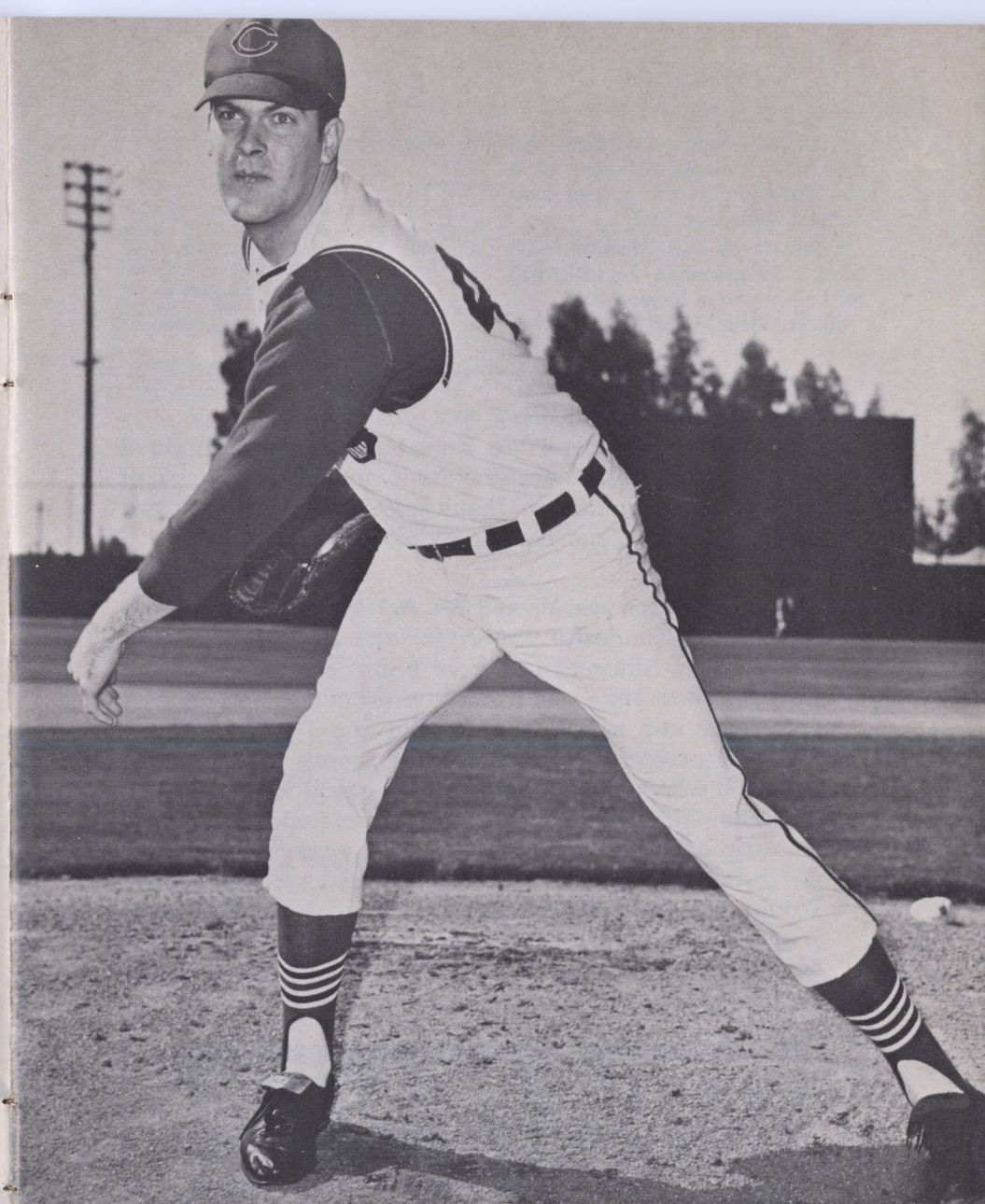
"...also Joe¹, I think you might like to hear about this. Nineteen hundred and sixty-nine was the best season I ever had. I lost the first five games. Then you sent those medals. From then on I had them in my pocket on the field for every game. And they turned the whole season around to be my greatest... Keep the Faith! Sam."

The power of prayer was preciously packed in the pocket of a young man who is destined to become one of the greatest pitchers in all of baseball.

Sam McDowell, — nick-named "Sudden" — spoke further with self-assurance in saying "I am one of the best pitchers in baseball."

The 27 year old veteran of ten years with the Indians of Cleveland now has confidence, desire and determination to achieve greater goals.

Just six years ago he threatened to write a book "How To Be A Failure at 21". Now he is numbered among the all-time greats of baseball in career strikeouts and his victory totals are mounting.



SAM McDOWELL

CLEVELAND INDIANS

"Sudden" Sam is confident that the 1970 Indians will turn on a new power to redeem part of their dismal, immediate past.

Could it be that whenever Sam takes to the mound — he will reach for help — from his pocket?

Kateri medals have been known

to work wonders.

1. Joe O'Brien, the man "Nearly Everybody Knows," President of O'Brien Chevrolet, Lyndhurst, Ohio, and President of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha Committee, sent in this story to the Kateri Center. Kateri is proud to feature it.

✿ **Kateri's smile upon you, Miss D. A. !**

Once again, my thanks to Kateri for a favor obtained through her intercession. Enclosed you will find the small sum of three dollars in thanksgiving for an important favor: my Sister and her family arrived from Egypt.

(Montreal, P.Q.)

✿ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. W. !**

I heard of wonderful Kateri for the first time several months ago. Since then I have been devoted to her. In just this short time, she has answered numerous requests both large and small. My husband and I had a serious financial problem — we faced the month of June with \$4,500.00 worth of debts, and with no real idea how they could be paid. Through Kateri's intercession, he was able to settle a lawsuit which more than covered the money we owed. I can't tell you how grateful we are to her. Would you be kind enough to send me the following articles with which I will try to work for Kateri and spread devotion to her? . . .

(Lyndhurst, Ohio)

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For a Better Insight

Saturday, August 30, 1969

During this last week of August, I didn't go to the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at Caughnawaga for my usual Sunday ministry. I busied myself instead at the St. Antoine Daniel Residence in Montreal, with the last minute preparations for my trip.

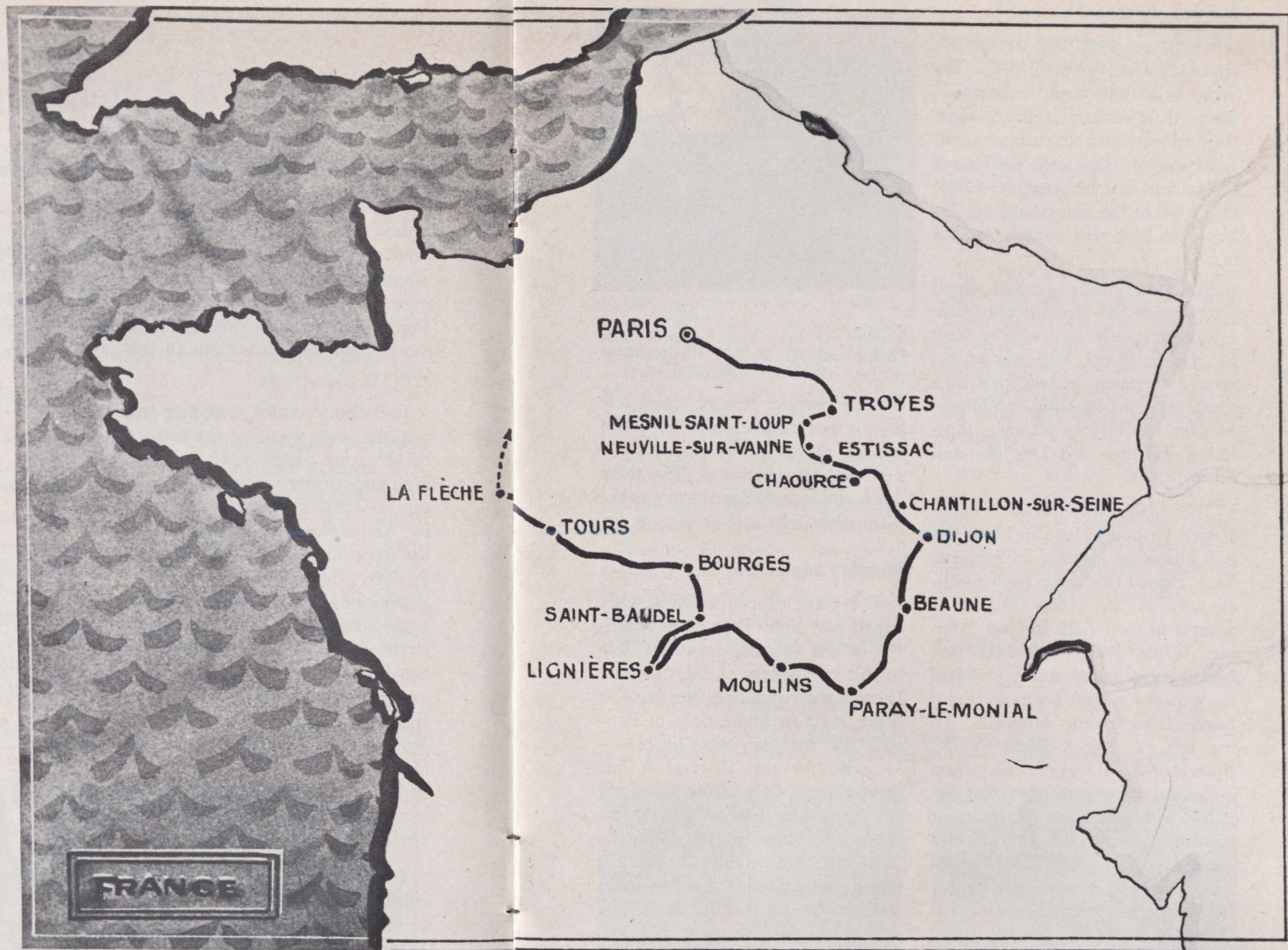
Everything seemed ready: my two suitcases were awaiting the turn of the key; my papers were in order; my passport, my vaccination certificate, a letter of introduction signed by Archbishop Emanuele Clarizio, the Apostolic Delegate, another one, by Mr. Gerard Dumont of the Province of Quebec Tourist Bureau, a card from my Jesuit Provincial attesting that I am a priest of the Society of Jesus duly authorized to exercise any priestly function, and, finally, my written commission as *pro tempore* delegate of the Committee for the Founders of the Canadian Church, drawn up by its secretary, Father Jean Mercier of Sherbrooke, P.Q.

I was about to forget a small edition of the New Testament, that I immediately chucked into the lighter of my two grips. In the month and a half that is to follow, I have obtained permission to substitute a daily half-hour reading of

the Gospels in place of the divine office.

Truth to say, I hesitated to undertake this trip. It is, however, the only way to learn something about the early years of the seven Jesuit missionaries who, at one time or another in the seventeenth century, helped the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha to achieve holiness. The only way, also, to gain a better insight into the lives of the great founders of Canada, who, directly or indirectly, contributed to her spiritual advancement.

I am simple-minded enough to believe that divine Providence sees to all the details of my life. Not a hair of my head falls without the permission of my Father in heaven. As a matter of fact, many have fallen, but then the Lord initialed the order. And blest if he didn't prompt some relatives and friends of mine to give me, on the occasion of my twenty-fifth anniversary to the priesthood, last August 14, sufficient funds to take care of the expenses of my voyage, if I didn't spend foolishly. My Provincial, to whom I referred, was of the opinion that this pilgrimage to the land of my ancestors could be quite useful to me and he allowed me to buy a return ticket. This was most heartening for a man of my age.



(Drawing by Studio Latreille)

Off for a Better Insight...

(Photo by Armour Landry)

Sunday, August 31

It was a quiet day at the St. Antoine Daniel Residence. The Fathers and Brothers trickled in from their annual retreat, from their ministry or from their vacation.

At seven o'clock, Bob Chartrand, my printer, and his daughter Claire drove me to the Dorval airport. Fr. Louis de Léry also came to see me off.

My *Air France* plane was scheduled to take off at quarter to nine. I was pleasantly surprised to meet Dr. Jan de Groot, who was on his way to Germany to take part in a conference on classical philology, Madam de Groot, *Kateri's* illustrator, and their son, Dr. John and his wife.

The plane was packed. Long-tressed Orthodox Jews in black felt hats chattered together in Hebrew. They seemed to emerge from another age; at all events they bore witness to their faith in God. African White Sisters, in their new habits, were seated close by; I had the impression their hearts were still heavy from recent farewells. To my left, a French Sister of St. Francis of Assisi was returning from a general chapter of her Congregation in Quebec. She had gracious words for Canada, but what she said about her work at Fez in Morocco was far more interesting. She belongs to a teaching Order and has charge of many Moslem pupils.

After dinner, a picture was shown, starring Michèle Morgan. Though it wasn't quite a bed-



(H. B. Photo)

Fathers de Léry and Béchard, Miss Claire and Mr. Robert Chartrand at the Dorval Airport.

chamber movie, it was completely boring and meaningless. So I did not use the ear-phones, and as the windows have blinds, I drew them down and quietly dozed away as the plane flew into a clear sun-lit sky.

Monday September 1

The plane dipped down at Orly at half past eight. France was beautiful in the morning sunshine. No trouble whatsoever at the Customs. Despite the reputation they have at home, my first impressions of Parisians was that they were likable — even the taxi drivers. A bus took us from Orly to the *Invalides*, and from there I went to the Jesuit residence in the Rue de Grenelle. It is an international house for visiting religious and for those who are studying in the French metropolis. Father Minister's welcome was all that I could wish for.

For lunch at half past twelve, there were perhaps a hundred Je-

suits present. My neighbor at table, an elderly, very pleasant and scholarly Father, talked to me about Philo Judaeus. Over the walnuts and wine, he willingly acknowledged Cardinal Daniélou's merit — after all, the latter is an *agrégé* — but took him to task for not always referring directly to the original patristic authorities and for often making shrift with a Latin translation. After lunch I was introduced to the Superior. He spoke highly of John XXIII, whom he had known quite intimately as Papal Nuncio in Paris. He did not mention Paul VI, who, it must be added, never resided in France.

I met one of my fellow novices, Fr. Ludger Guy from St. Boniface, Manitoba, Fr. Bernard Laperrière, a Montrealer, and Fr. Marcel Messier, a onetime member of the French Canadian Jesuit Province, now of the Province of Northern Brazil. His heavy jet-black beard could well make Castro turn green with envy.

As the Jesuit residence is not far

from the Rue du Bac chapel where the Blessed Virgin revealed St. Catherine Labouré the Miraculous Medal, I walked over to the convent, and as I walked the thought came to me to offer Holy Mass there. An aged, diminutive Sister, whom I consulted, invited me to return the following morning at half past nine.

By Metro, or subway, I got to the Quebec Hostel (66, rue Pergolèse, Paris, 16) on the other side of the city in the hope of meeting Mr. Robert Prévost, commissioner general of the Travel Bureau, but he was still in Canada enjoying his vacation.

After an evening dinner at the Rue de Grenelle house, I chatted quite a while with two young scholastics from New York and a third one from Australia. Each one had a head on his shoulders.

Tuesday, September 2

The change of air and of food upset me. So I took it easy today.

The Church of St. Louis and St. Paul, formerly the Chapel of the Professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

(H. B. Photo)



As I made my way to the Miraculous Medal Shrine, someone called out to me: "You are not a Parisian, are you, Father?" I turned to see who it was. It was Mrs. Yvonne Lestrade, who had visited Caughnawaga in 1967. She has a very favorable recollection of Canada. I promised I would go speak to her about Kateri later on in the forenoon.

I was overjoyed to say Mass at the altar of the Virgin Most Powerful, at the spot where, in 1830, our Lady appeared to St. Catherine Labouré. I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the intentions of the benefactors, thanks to whom I am able to take this journey, and for those of the Lily of the Mohawks' friends; I also commended to the Virgin Most Powerful the prompt beatification of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. The chapel of the Daughters of Charity at the Rue du Bac is an island of prayer. One of Sisters told me that the chapel is empty only late at night. As I was about to leave, a numerous German pilgrimage filled it to overflowing.

Faithful to my promise, I then went to the Jesuit chapel at the Rue de Sèvres. Mr. and Mrs. Lestrade are its kind *concierges* or caretakers. With this good Parisian friend of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier of Caughnawaga, I talked for a while about Kateri Tekakwitha. Mrs. Lestrade prays daily that the Lord will glorify here on earth the young Iroquois maiden evangelized by French Jesuits in the

seventeenth century.

She then offered to show me the renovations at hand in the chapel, doubtless in anticipation of the centenary of the Martyrs of the Commune in two years. The high altar has been much enlarged to facilitate the Eucharistic concelebrations. A large passageway, adjacent to the chapel, and which was used by Le Corbusier until his recent death, is now empty. It was there, in 1871, that Fr. Peter Olivaint was taken prisoner before being thrown into the cells of the Commune to wait for death. Then it was that he once again followed the Spiritual Exercises for thirty-three days. His notes are still conserved. His contemplation on hell is one of the most pacifying that I know and I have often used it in retreats.

On returning to the Rue de Grenelle, I was informed that Fr. Le Grelle had telephoned from Dijon and that he would join me the next day.

Wednesday, September 3

As Fr. Le Grelle didn't show up this morning, I went by Metro to the Place des Vosges, which dates from the time of Louis XIII. Our missionaries of old certainly were acquainted with it. In the neighborhood is to be found St. Louis and St. Paul's Church, built in 1637. It used to be the chapel of the Professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Many Jesuits had their official departure ceremonies within its walls before leaving for Canada.

The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha and Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys

Bl. Margaret
at
Mary's Feet.



(Armour Landry Photo)

Like the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys, beatified in 1950, is clearly a daughter of our Lady. She was born on April 17, 1620, at Troyes in the Province of Champagne, the third of seven children. Her parents were Abraham Bourgeoys, a master candle-maker, and Guillemette Garnier. In her teens, she was worldly-minded. Several years later, on the feast of the Rosary, the Blessed Virgin smiled to her and she dedicated herself to a life of austerity and devoted courage.

In January 1653, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, who had come home from Canada, visited Troyes, where his sister, Mother Louise of St. Mary, lived. To the future governor of Montreal, she introduced Mademoiselle Bourgeoys, who offered to work at the Ville Marie mission and was then and there accepted.

When she reached La Rochelle, the port from which she was to sail, she hesitated to board, but a Jesuit reassured her with respect to her Canadian vocation. Much better than the Jesuit, our Lady reassured her also: "Go," she told her, "I will not abandon you!"

This daughter of France, who was going into exile, was aware that Montreal had been founded for the evangelizing of the aboriginals. She would do her share on arriving, on November 16, 1653, by helping the settlers definitely take root in the great river island. She could not teach for there were not yet

enough children. She visited the sick, tended them, buried the dead, consoled the afflicted, taught catechism, washed and sewed the soldiers' clothes.

On January 22, 1658, Margaret Bourgeoys was given an abandoned stable by Maisonneuve, which she transformed into a school. At the end of the same year, she returned to France to recruit teachers. She brought back four, three of whom did devote themselves to teaching. She was entrusted with thirty-two *filles du Roy*¹. Other young women volunteered to join the initial trio. In 1660, she opened a school called *La Providence*, for the children of the settlers and small craftsmen. The time had come to invite her companions to join in pronouncing religious vows. But the foundress wanted no cloister for them. This was a new concept of religious life. No wonder Bishop de Laval was hesitant about it. On May 16, 1669, however, the prelate authorized Margaret Bourgeoys to receive novices. Thanks to Colbert, she obtained royal letters patent on June 10, 1671. But it was from Bishop de St. Vallier, Laval's successor, that came the final approbation of the Congregation of Notre Dame in 1698.

After nearly a half century of work in Canada in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys died at the age of eighty-four on January 11, 1700.

Besides having actively collaborated in the foundation of Montreal, which made it possible for the Mission of St. Francis Xavier to exist, did the Beata do anything else for Kateri?

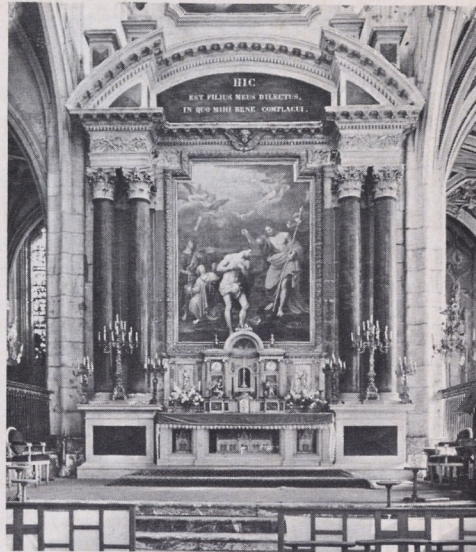
As early as 1663, she had done something which was to greatly influence the Lily of the Mohawks. On Father Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot's invitation, she recommended, in a novena to St. Ignatius Loyola, the foundation of the Holy Family Association — a movement of intense Catholic life.

In 1670, this association, which had become a confraternity, was established at St. Francis Xavier's. In 1678, Kateri was to become one of its most illustrious members: "she thought it a duty to work for her perfection, so as not to lower the fervor of the Confraternity, to which she gave a new renown of her own."

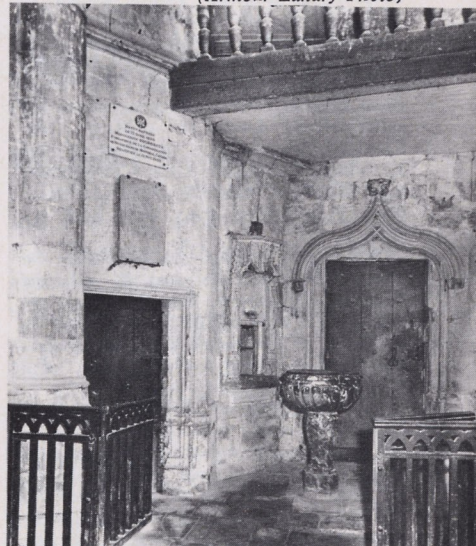
1. Young women of excellent reputation who were willing to marry and settle down in Canada.



The Church of St. Jean-au-Marché where Bl. Margaret Bourgeoys was baptized, made her first communion and often prayed during her youth: ▼ the curiously shaped minaret and the Baptismal Font; ▲ the interior of the church and the high altar.



(Armour Landry Photo)



On August 1, last year, Dr. Ernest Huant and a group of specialists and biologists founded the International Center *Humanae Vitae* "for the defense and improvement of human life and for a better investigation on the laws pertaining to natural birth control." I would have liked to visit its headquarters (9, avenue Niel). *Agué*! as the Iroquois say. Alas! I haven't got the time!¹

At one o'clock during lunch, my traveling companion, Fr. Maxime Le Grelle, arrived. We set out soon afterwards in his little *Renault*, which drives well. Our destination for that evening is Troyes, Margaret Bourgeoys's native town. The Bishop, Monseigneur Fauchet, an aimable Breton welcomed us. We called on Maître² Janvier, a member of the France Canada Association, who has much devotion to Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys.

We shall sleep at the Margaret Bourgeoys Minor Seminary, empty

1. Since my return, I have learned that the *Humanae Vitae* Center is more and more convinced of the dangers of chemical contraceptives. In England, the Committee for the Study of Contraceptives, a subsidiary of the Board for the Control of Medicaments, resolved to recommend the withdrawal of twenty-three brands of these pills from the market; in France a well-known contraception propagandist declared that thirteen brands of pills sold in France had to be eliminated. The International Center *Humanae Vitae* insistently states that all chemical contraceptives, even those that do not contain large doses of estrogen, are attended with risks and dangers either of long or short fruition, some of which can be just about immediate (hormonocarcinogenic growth). (See, *La Documentation catholique*, p. 47, January 4, 1970.)
2. Title applied to advocates.

of seminarians and now a hostel. Lazarist Father Dauvier soon set us at ease. As the electrical system is being repaired, we ate by candlelight. After dinner, we took an evening stroll through Troyes. By moonlight, it looks decidedly mediæval. At 12 Rue du Paon — Peacock Street, if you please! — we rang Canon Ledit's doorbell. His brother Fr. Joseph Ledit, is stationed at Bellarmin House in Montreal. No answer. We shall try again tomorrow.

Thursday, September 4

Early this morning, Fr. Le Grelle and I concelebrated at the Minor Seminary, said good-bye to the Superior and went to call on Canon Ledit. He autographed his latest book, *La légende dorée de Troyes de chair et de feu: The Legend of Troyes of Flesh and Fire*. A quotation from Rina Lasnier adorns the title-page. One of the chapters is headed "Montreal's Godmother, Margaret Bourgeoys." Clairvaux Abbey, now a house of detention, is not far from Troyes. The monastery was the work of St. Bernard. This also explains why his skull is conserved in the St. Peter and St. Paul Cathedral¹ in Troyes. "Clairvaux," wrote Canon Ledit, "has become once again the bitter valley, overrun with wormwood, brambles, and mildew especially in the hearts of unfortunate men." Such is not the case with Troyes.

St. Joan of Arc is not forgotten in this ancient city. In 1429, her

1. Begun in the thirteenth century and completed in the sixteenth.

The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha and Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve

Paul
de
Chomedey
de
Maisonneuve



(Armour Landry Photo)

On May 17, 1642, the Governor of New France, Huault de Montmagny, put Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve in possession of the Island of Montreal. Father Bartholomew Vimont intoned the *Veni Creator*, said Holy Mass and exposed the Blessed Sacrament. The governor of Montreal, felled the first tree, before having a redoubt built of heavy logs.

How did Chomedey de Maisonneuve, then thirty years of age, come to be the leader of this first contingent of settlers? The previous year, in Paris, he met Father Charles Lalemant, who had just arrived from Quebec. The latter introduced him to the future founder of Montreal, Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, a municipal magistrate from La Flèche in Anjou. They discussed this strange project together. Maisonneuve finally told Le Royer that he was ready to take command of his group, and that he had no greater desire than to serve God to the end of his days.

In 1645, Maisonneuve undertook the first of four voyages to France to ensure the survival of Montreal. He came back with new recruits, soldiers and provisions. The young governor immediately resumed his former activity. He was a born chief. "In twenty-four years, he drew up ten statutes, four of which related to the sale of spirits. . . , three

to the defense of the place, one to the civil rights of hirelings, another to the contributions for the support of divine worship, and finally, to judiciary administration. He untiringly attended to public morality by instituting a law-court composed of five judges." He entrusted the defense of Ville-Marie to sixty-three settlers, who formed a militia, named by him the Soldiers of the Most Blessed Virgin.

Chomedey de Maisonneuve took an active interest in organizing the civil government of Montreal. As early as 1644, he obtained from the king the recognition of Ville Marie as a municipal corporation. At the same time, with the help of Jeanne Mance, he set up the Hotel Dieu for the care of the French and Indian sick and wounded. He gave considerable thought to the education of youth and lent effective help to Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys in the founding of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

In 1663, the Montreal Company was dissolved and the corporate body of Sulpicians succeeded him as proprietor and lord of the island. In 1665, Marquis de Tracy sent the governor of Montreal back to France as "unequal to the place and rank he occupied"! Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve deserved much better from Minister Colbert and the King. He died in Paris on November 9, 1676, "in a spirit of hope", wrote Failon, "so much the more near perfection that, having received no reward on earth for his immense services, he was assured to receive it all in heaven."

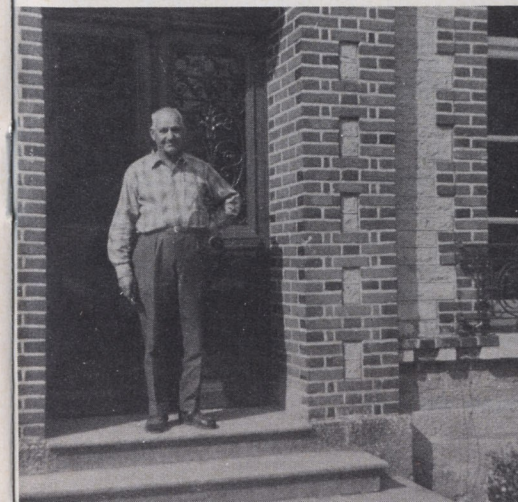
Is there any connection between Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve and Kateri Tekakwitha? Undoubtedly. In concert with Le Royer de la Dauversière, he labored to make of the settlement a center for the spreading of the Gospel to the peoples of the New World. In the shadow of Montreal, scarcely two years after Chomedey's final departure, sprang into existence the fervent Christian and Indian village, where the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha was to reach the heights of sanctity before her death in 1680.



The old manor



The Church of Neuville-sur-Vanne



At Town Hall His Honour Mayor Raby

(Photo H. B.)



(Armour Landry Photo)

The seventeenth-century dovecote

army closed in on Troyes. She was then seventeen years old. The Maid of Orleans demanded that the city open its doors. Bishop Jean Légisé was willing to do so, but the municipal magistrates, favorable to the English, refused. . . until Joan gave the order to attack. A delegation headed by the Bishop obtained from Charles the Dauphin an amnesty ordinance and, that same day, as the bells rang out, the latter entered the city. The following day Charles VII heard Mass at the Cathedral. Joan stood by his side with her standard in hand.

Each year, during July, a young lady plays the part of St. Joan and rides through the city with her escort in period costumes. The citizens of Troyes, believers or not, honor her.

There was not enough time to visit St. Urban's Church, and this I regret. It is the most remarkable monument of the city by its chasteness of style, and it is interesting to note that it was founded by Pope Urban IV, son of a Troyes shoemaker.

A church that I found highly interesting was St. John's, close by Margaret Bourgeoys's old home. This fourteenth-century church has beautiful sixteenth-century stained glass windows and magnificent marble low and high reliefs. What counts the most for me is that Margaret often prayed there. All the same, the district with its picturesque dwellings, its narrow streets, its alleys, for instance that of the Cats,

with its wooden gabled houses, would call for several hours' sight-seeing.

I regretfully quit Troyes and my companion informed me that we were on our way to Mesnil St-Loup, a fervent parish, reinvigorated at the turn of the century by an Olivetan monk. He never succeeded in gathering about him more than three or four religious, but he definitely left his stamp upon his parishioners.

The hostel and St. Pius X School, a block of modern buildings, will serve as our lodging for two days. We had lunch there — the French meal with its several courses, not heavy but varied, should be acclimated in Canada! After a short nap, we pushed on to Neuville-sur-Vanne.

What attracted us there? Neuville-sur-Vanne is the village, where on February 15, 1612, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve was born.

Mr. and Mrs. John Raby and their son Michael, proprietors of the first governor of Montreal's, manor welcomed us warmly. Mr. Raby is mayor of Neuville-sur-Vanne. His son Michael visited Montreal during Expo 1967; he was interviewed on TV and was the guest of Mr. Raymond Denault, President of the Canadian Mirco-filming Co. Ltd.

Mrs. Raby served us some fine local cider. They have a fine, large farm. In front of the house, nodding in the breeze is a profusion of

flowers, especially roses and dahlias. The mayor and his son took us around the grounds. In a far corner stands a dovecote erected in Paul de Chomedey's time.

Before we go, in the dining room of this historic building, the proprietors showed us their guest book. Cardinals and ambassadors, writers and businessmen have signed it. A Mr. Jasmin from Montreal, obviously quite young and enthusiastic, emotes about the air of liberty he breathed in France. Quite so, but in Quebec too, at least before our cryptocommunist began throwing bombs around. (A few credulous souls believe that some day English might be replaced in our schools by Spanish, thus preparing French Canada for a confederation of Cuba and Quebec!)

Mr. and Mrs. Raby think that more Canadians should visit Neuville.¹ They are right. As we were on the point of leaving, this kind couple invited us to come to lunch tomorrow. We were happy to accept.

Father Maxime and I decided to visit the little Neuville Church. It is fairly well kept though there is no resident pastor in the commune. A tablet, fallen from the wall, recalls that the first governor of Montreal was baptized there. I had only to close my eyes and there before me appeared the faithful of 1624, among them Paul de Chomedey, aged fourteen, a few months before joining the army, his two

sisters and his brother with their parents. Really the little church of Neuville-sur-Vanne is an important space-time point. Cardinal Alfrink recently observed: "Whether we like it or not, the saints are always with us." Paul de Chomedey has not been canonized: he is an authentic lay saint, whose lifework, even from a purely human viewpoint, is taking on in our twentieth century greater and greater importance.

On the outskirts of Neuville, we said how do you do to Mr. Jacques Cousin and Mr. Fernand Champlon, who are both members of the France Canada Association.

At Mesnil, I made Father Chambrillon's acquaintance. He invited me to preach the Holy Hour in the parish church. I consented and to a rather large congregation I spoke about Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Friday, September 5

I shall long remember the women of Mesnil Saint-Loup with their curious little head-dresses imposed upon them by the reformer of the parish not quite a century ago, the men — first-class craftsmen I was told — and the children who are manifestly quite at ease with their clergy.

1. I find no mention of this town in Shell maps sold throughout France. Perhaps the France Canada Association should have a map of the country printed with all the localities that have some link with Canadian history.

At breakfast, Dom Louis Marie Spick, Olivetan, came to greet us. He had us visit his monastery where he has been living alone for seven years. There poverty and decay reign though it is not his fault. During the school year, he teaches at St. Pius IX School. I believe that during the winter he resides at the hostel as the monastery is then untenable. This monk isolated from his community, a true apostle despite a certain lack of self-confidence, gave an excellent impression of himself.

As agreed, we lunched at Mr. and Mrs. John Raby's at Neuville-sur-Vanne. This is my first meal in a French family. Our hosts are not Catholics, but they graciously invited us to say grace before meal; better still, as it was Friday, they served us fish.

I regretfully left the old manor. This is where Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve was born in 1612 and passed his youthful years with his brothers and sisters. Louise, the eldest was to become Mother Louise of St. Mary, a member of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Troyes. Her brother, Odard, born in 1614, died at the age of thirty-three. The youngest child, Jacqueline, was born in 1618. She married François Bouvot de Chevilly and was quite helpful to Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys before her departure for Canada in 1653. She had a tragic end. In 1655, Jacqueline de Chomedey de Chevilly was assassinated by a sworn enemy of her family. Her husband been murdered four years before.

At two o'clock, we finally took leave. The mayor then invited us to visit the town hall, a fine red brick building, brightened up at the entrance by a mort of roses and petunias. Inside, our host showed us the new coat of arms of the commune, made up of those of Chomedey de Maisonneuve and the Province of Quebec. Through the open window, I caught a glimpse of the town's school, which is quite modern in appearance. The hour of the final farewells had come; we shook hands as they do at all hours of the day in France. The little church, neat and attractive in the afternoon sun, drew my eye a last time. No doubt about it: Canadians, and, in particular Montrealers who visit France, should make it a point of honor to spend a few hours in Neuville-sur-Vanne which gave birth to this illustrious layman, this great Christian and renowned missionary, who was Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve.

As Estissac is on our way, we stopped at the residence of the dean to pay our respects. Now Fr. Beccard is responsible for the parish of Neuville. The devotion to duty of the rural pastors of France who, like him, often have charge of several parishes is astounding. And nowadays, with their interparochial meetings, a sort of priestly collegiality which draws pastors together more than ever before, their responsibilities have rocketed sky-high.

Father Maxime took the main road to Dijon. He was in a hurry,

but at Chaource, he halted at a Gothic Renaissance church. "You must see," he told me, "the extraordinary Entombment of Christ in the little low-ceilinged room to the left of the sanctuary." The polychrome figures are unforgettably realistic. The Pietà and St. John would have moved me to tears had I been of the weepy sort.¹

At Châtillon-sur-Seine, we reached one of the great superhighways of the country. This is the city where Fr. Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot, the great seventeenth century Huron missionary, spent several years of his youth. My companion allowed me to visit the local museum but in all haste — four minutes! — while he went to the P.T.T. (Postal and Telegraph Service) so as to advise the superior of the hour of our arrival. What is there in this museum, what title to fame does it conceal to make of Châtillon a necessary stopping-place? Only a Frenchman could have told me. And that is one of the reasons why I am so grateful to Father Maxime for having consented to accompany me. At the Châtillon museum one can admire the treasure of Vix, "the archeological discovery of the century." In 1953, on Mt. Lassois² the resting-place of a thirty year old Celtic princess, was discovered. Her tiara of 500 grams of gold, perfect in design

1. Later on in the course of my tour of France, I saw more than a dozen of these *Entombments*. None were as authentic as the one at Chaource.

2. Mt. Lassois is in the commune of Vix (Côte d'Or), which only has 92

and delicate chasing, and a krater or mixing bowl, 1,54 meters high, weighing 208 kilograms, a creation of Greek art dating from the fifth century B.C. are, to put in mildly, worthy to behold. On entering the room in which they were exposed, I searched for the vase. I even asked the guardian where it was. I had expected to see a bronze vase of the size of an ordinary flower pot. There it was before my eyes, more than five feet high on its stand. I got over it by noting that I was not the only one to make the same mistake. Of course I remained more than the four minutes allotted to me admiring these marvellous works that bear witness to one of the greatest civilizations of the world. My monitor was obliged to pay his way into the museum to come and recall me to present terrestrial realities. Dijon was unaware of it, but that night it was to offer us shelter.

At twenty minutes past seven, we rode into Dijon, the capital of Burgundy. One of my first impressions of France, which did not change since I arrived nearly a week ago, was that the French countryside with its towns and villages

inhabitants. This mountain is an oppidum of the first and second periods of the Iron Age, girdled by a Gallic enclosure with a framework of beams. Archeologists have gathered here millions of potsherds of indigenous and imported fabrication. They also cleared away the burial-place which contained, besides the skeleton of a woman wearing a headband of massive gold and buried on the body of a four-wheeled chariot, a bronze krater (the biggest antique vase known), silver vases and Attic cups, Etruscan and Gallic bronze vases.

forms a cloisonné of a thousand and one old and new patterns, and for me, all most fascinating. Everywhere there are gates, high walls, low walls and in-between walls. In the country, the great vineyards of Côte d'Or are encircled by walls; even the cemeteries lay hidden behind high stone walls. The Jesuit residence was built in the sixteenth or seventeenth century and today stands in one of the old quarters of Dijon. It is in the neighborhood of a deconsecrated secular Carmelite chapel, at the beginning of Rue St. Ann. Canon Qir, the former celebrated mayor of the city and deputy at the National Assembly until his death, restored its original name to the old street. One of his communist predecessors had changed it. At first glance, the street looks like a rather narrow passage edged by high walls. These walls have doors which mysteriously open now and then to allow the little

French cars to enter or depart. Father Maxime magically opened one of these doors and there we were in a court crowded with automobiles.

The Superior, Fr. Xavier Perroy bade us welcome. He has retained a certain youthful slenderness although his hair is beginning to turn grey. He probably seems younger than he is. His garb was typical of what many French Jesuits are now wearing: a grey suit, a shirt and necktie of the same color and a rather large gold cross on the lapel of his coat.

Seven or eight religious made up the community. A German scholastic, quite tall, blond and quietly dressed, is taking a course in French at Dijon. A young Greek Jesuit is specializing in music. The other Fathers teach and work with students, preach retreats, and give the Spiritual Exercises.



The garden was pure enchantment...

(Photo H. B.)

The house is as bright as a new cent. Its chapel which is quite post-conciliar, invites one to prayer and recollection. The living room has been renovated by Father Minister, the former superior. Books and magazines aplenty are neatly arranged in bookracks and on tables. Behind the house stretched out an enclosed garden. I deeply felt the calm of the place in the early dusk and had the vague impression of an enormous cluster of roses, wisteria and dahlias resting on a green carpet. I shall see tomorrow.

Saturday, September 6

The garden was pure enchantment this morning. The Father who takes care of it between retreats is an artist. Verdant bowers, dwarf fir-trees from Japan, sage-green hedges, red, yellow and mauve blossoms pervaded by the scent of sweet alyssum, velvet, orange and blue butterflies helped to make it an oasis of quiet in the heart of the busy city, and, with its shaded walls, an ideal spot for prayer and serious reading.

But I had something less interesting on my program for the day. One of the first little pleasures I was gratified with since landing at Paris, was the tasty French bread. Oh! the aroma of the pastry and bakery shops of the little towns of France! Real bread made from living wheat. Not our North American loaves too white, too smooth for the eye, which has to be "enriched" after having been devita-

minized! At each meal, as everyone does, I cut my own slices, which I happily bite into. That is how I lost a filling. To think that I had made an appointment with my Montreal dentist against just such luck!

Father Maxime suggested that I try to get an appointment with his dentist, Dr. S. I instantly agreed. As school begins in a few days, all the appointments were filled, but Dr. S. none the less decided to receive me this forenoon.

On our way to the dentist, Father and I stopped for a few minutes at the Cathedral of St. Benignus (I now understand why Bossuet, a native of Dijon was called Jacques Bénigne!) which dates back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and even earlier, since it rests on an eleventh century crypt.

Dr. S.'s office is downtown. The waiting-room with its bright curtains, was crowded with children and their parents. There were two dental chairs in adjoining rooms that keep the Doctor busy. He must be in the thirties and is somewhat dark-skinned, brisk and precise. He trained the scialytic lamp on my teeth, made a few complimentary remarks about my Montreal dentist's work and revved up the drill. A quarter of an hour later, I had a new filling. Before leaving, I wanted to settle my bill, but Dr. S. had given orders that there was no charge.

Father Maxime, who gave himself much trouble and is still giving himself plenty more, returned home

to write more letters that would open up doors for us along the way.

I spent the rest of the morning at the palace of the dukes of Burgundy, which comprises City Hall and one of the finest museums outside Paris. I admired the tomb of Philip the Bold with its mourners; I smiled at Piron's stele — "*qui ne fut rien pas même académicien*",¹ which recalled to mind my student days at St. Charles' Seminary in Sherbrooke, P.Q. Of particular interest to me are Reuben's *Virgin Offering the Child Jesus to St. Francis of Assisi* and Franz Hals' *Laughing Child*. I have always been fond of Hals. Since I became acquainted with his works many years ago, I have never missed the occasion of visiting any exhibition of his paintings in my neighborhood.

After lunch, Mrs. C. Marvillet came to call upon Father Maxime and me. For the last three years, she has shown considerable interest in the beatification of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

My companion, who has prepared quite a few audiovisual reportings on Canada, gratified Madam and me with his latest. I am truly amazed at his unfailing practical interest in Canada, especially French Canada. He even sports the liliated banner of Quebec on the rear window of his car. His devotedness in making Canada and its history known throughout France makes him a valuable though unofficial ambassador for us. If he did not wear a Roman collar or if he were an ex-

priest, I am convinced that long ago the Ministry of Cultural Affairs would have granted him at least a small annual pension. . .

Later on in the afternoon, I did a little shopping in the department stores of Rue de la Liberté. The street was crowded. Tomorrow begins the annual wine festival with a High Mass at the cathedral. I met several brass and reed bands, the members of which wore their national and regional costumes, representing Alsace, Switzerland, Languedoc, Burgundy and Germany. The German players were warmly applauded — the girls with their long blond tresses accompanied by their strong, hefty boy friends. And not so many years ago, their countries were at war. . .

Sunday, September 7

During the concelebration of Holy Mass with the other Jesuits at Dijon, I thanked the Lord for my vocation to the priesthood and to the Society of Jesus. Today is the thirty-seventh anniversary of my entrance to the old Jesuit noviciate at Sault-au-Recollet, in Montreal.

This morning, at nine o'clock, began a discussion on a subject set by the Provincial of France, Father Calvez. Father Superior invited me to take part. The subject was the feasibility or non-feasibility of sectorizing the Jesuits of France. For a year, the Jesuit Province of French

1. The man "who was nothing, not even a member of the French Academy."



Canada has been sectorized, but the problem is more complicated in France. Five provinces of the Society of Jesus, each one having its own provincial, all under a super-provincial, constitute the Assistancy of the Jesuits of France.

From Lyons, came Fr. Pierre Rondet to explain Father Calvez' viewpoint, but not to impose it on the Fathers. He proceeded with clarity and measure. As the advantages of the proposed system were already known, each one tended to underscore its disadvantages.

Friends of Father Maxime, a Mr. and Mrs. François Gevrey, who live at Chenôve, a little town to the south of Dijon, invited us to lunch. Their daughter, Chantal, teaches in Montreal, and they have just returned from a visit with her in Canada.

The meal served by Mrs. Gevrey was delightful, even before the white Mersault and the red 1947 Corton wines were poured. I am more and more convinced that a nation's civilization clearly shows up in its cuisine. Fellow Jesuits, who worked for years in China and Taiwan often say that there is nothing like a fine meal served in a Chinese home to reveal at its best the polymillennial culture of the Orient.

At half past three, the Fathers gathered together again, less Fr. Rondet who returned home. Clerical celibacy was to have been the subject up for discussion; however, the actual discussion focused on an article by Louise Rinser, "*The Celibacy of the Priest and Women*,"¹ translated from German and published in the supplement of *Vie Spirituelle* (No. 89, May 1969, Paris, pp. 175-206). Fraülein Rinser hopes to prevent priests from marrying by suggesting that they cultivate "legitimate" feminine friendships. She is quite supercilious in her attitude towards the Holy Father and by and large the tone of her article irked me. The Fathers present, who have had plenty of experience in the ministry, do not agree with her.

Monday, September 8

Today is the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. It is also the thirty-fifth anniversary of my first vows as a Jesuit. What a beautiful day to drive through the French countryside!

We quit Dijon at half past eight.

1. "*Le célibat sacerdotal et la femme.*"

Our car travelled southward, and went through Beaune, where young Pierre Chaumonot, the Huron missionary to-be, endeavored to continue his education, but unsuccessfully for want of funds. Then we took the direction of Paray-le-Monial, that we reached in time for luncheon.

Ever since I was a novice, I have heard about this city, "one of the mystical high places of Burgundy." Many aged or deceased Canadian Jesuits made their tertianship¹ there.

For years, there was no tertianship in Canada. A Jesuit had to go abroad to make it, often in France, and, in France, often at Paray-le-Monial. For the last two years, the Paray-le-Monial tertians' house has not been used by the French Jesuits and it was lately sold to the Christian Brothers as a boarding house for their students. They are to take it over in the near future. Two or three Jesuits will continue to live in this little, until recently quiet, but now expanding city; they will take care of the splendid chapel where the remains of Blessed Claude de la Colombière are venerated.

This contemporary of the missionaries who worked with Kateri, was educated in Paris at the *Collège de Clermont*; later he tutored Colbert's children. Still later on, he was named superior of the Jesuit residence at Paray-le-Monial and confessor of the Visitation Sisters. At the time of the Sacred Heart's

revelations, as director of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, he helped her in the midst of her many difficulties. After being sent to England, where he was jailed as a Papist, he finally came home to Paray and backed mystic St. Margaret until the end of her days, persuaded, as he was, of the authenticity of her message.

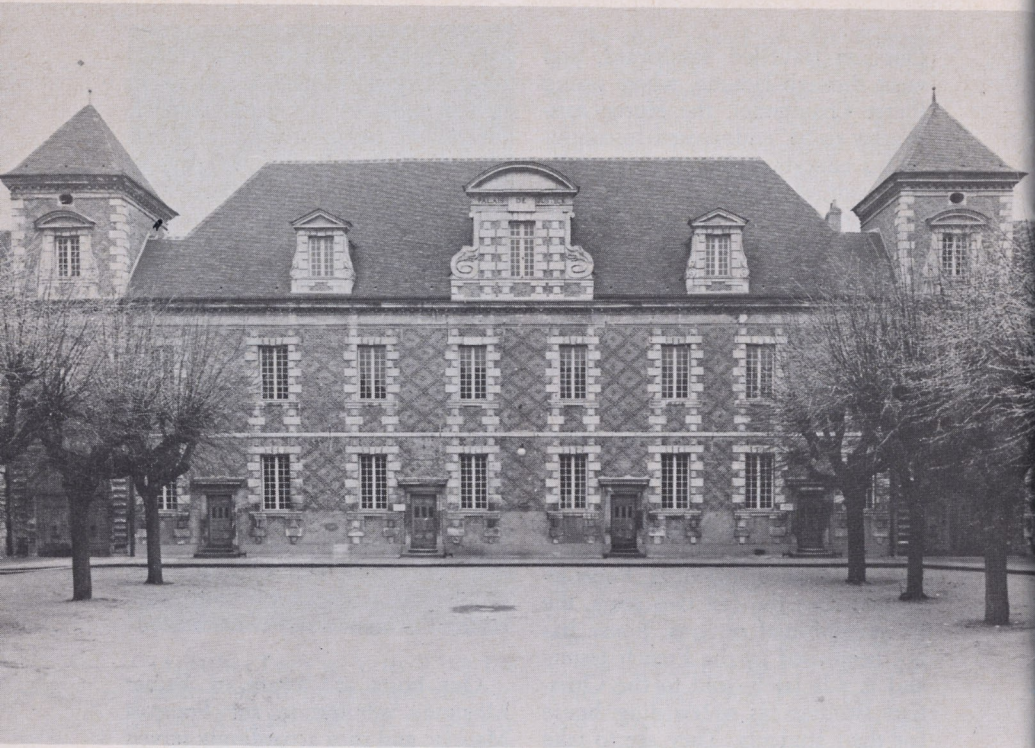
The Superior, Fr. Droumaguet, and his Assistant or Minister, Fr. De Fossa, like the other three Jesuits at table, were all old friends of Father Maxime. Luncheon was quite palatable. How far we are from the self-service set-up that is becoming customary in many Canadian religious houses, where the problem consists simply with supplying the human system with food!

Our hosts are aware of Father Maxime's admiration for François Mauriac and they accordingly served some white wine from Mauriac's vineyard which rejoiced the heart of my friend — as well as mine!

After a short nap, at half past three, we both concelebrated Mass close by the mortal remains of St. Margaret Mary in the Chapel of the Apparitions at the Visitation Monastery. During the Holy Sacrifice, I placed the Cause of Beatification of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha in the open wound of the Heart of Jesus as well as all the friends and benefactors of the Cause, my relatives also.

Before leaving the monastery, I asked if it were possible to meet the Mistress of Novices, Fr. DeFossa's sister. We talked about St. Margaret

1. A third period of novitiate or training undertaken by Jesuits after ordination.



The courthouse at Moullins (Allier),
onetime Jesuit College.

(Studio Fournier Photo,
Moullins)

Mary, whom people tend to overlook too easily nowadays.

While she was still young, the Saint became totally aware of Christ on the occasion of her First Communion. In 1671, she entered the Visitation nuns at Paray-le-Monial. She was to experience constant intimacy with Christ but, also, to be sorely tried. The Lord asked her "that a feast-day be set apart to honor His Heart on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi..." Supported by Fr. de la Colombière, she promoted devotion to the Heart of Jesus, until her death at the age of forty-three years. Her last words

were: "How sweet it is to die after having had constant devotion to the Heart of Him Who must judge us!"

I requested the Mother Mistress of Novices to prepare an article on the cult of the Sacred Heart for the June issue of *Kateri*. She agreed to do so.

Both Fathers Le Droumaguet and De Fossa to whom we went to say good-bye at the old tertian house, wished us: "*Bon Voyage!*" Towards the end of the afternoon, we were at Moullins. I was keen on stopping off here, not so much to admire, in the sacristy of the cathedral, the

Triptych of the Master of Moullins, a master-piece of French fifteenth-century art, as to visit the old Jesuit college where three of the missionaries who knew Kateri Tekakwitha once lived; Fr. François Boniface here taught the freshmen class from 1651 to 1657 and Fr. Pierre Cholenec, sophomore high from 1661 to 1662. Here also Fr. Jacques Frémin was ordained to the priesthood in 1655.

As tomorrow promises to be a busy day, we immediately looked for the college. I found it had changed along the centuries, for it has become the Moullins courthouse. As I was taking a few snapshots from the street, a gentleman on his way out questioned us: "Does this building interest you?"

Father Maxime explained to him that in the past, several Jesuit mis-



The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin
in one of the courtrooms at Moullins.

(Studio Fournier
Camille Gommard)



Seventeenth-century staircase in the
Moullins courthouse.

(Studio Fournier)

sionaries, who labored in New France, had taught there and that I was from Canada. Our interlocutor, His Honor Judge Douvreleur, though he had finished his day on the bench, invited us to visit the courthouse. He got the key, from the *concierge*, and for a good half-hour showed us up and down the stairs and through the different halls, chambers, corridors, even the library of the college. Several paintings from the Jesuit period still adorn its walls and ceilings. How will I ever pay my debt to His Honor?

Tonight we are staying at the Minor Seminary. Father Superior's hospitality is quite satisfactory and I shall sleep the sleep of the happy traveller, more than content with my day.

(To be continued.)

The Kateri Sympathy Cards!

5 GOOD REASONS for having a box on hand all the time.

At the occasion of the death of a relative or friend all you have to do is to sign them and send them. We confirm your sympathy offering in a personal letter, and enroll the departed one in the Kateri Guild, for whom:

1. A **Weekly High Mass** is offered at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier;
2. An **Intention** is reserved daily at the Memento of the Vice-Postulator's Mass;
3. The **Treasury** of more than 15,000 masses read each month for the benefactors of the Society of Jesus is opened;
4. A **Share** in the good works of more than 36,000 Jesuits is assured;
5. **Participation** in the merits gained in helping the Cause of the Mohawks is guaranteed.

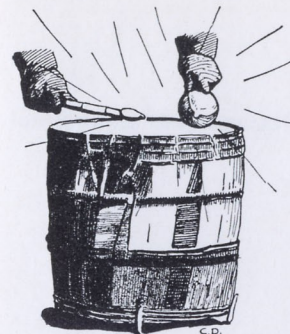
Write to the Kateri Center,
Box 70, Caughnawaga, P. Q.,
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One dozen cards boxed: one dollar. Each yearly enrollment in the Kateri Tekakwitha Guild: one dollar.

Kateri's Own

After seven years' research, Vice-Postulator Henri Béchard, S.J., for the Cause of Beatification and Canonization of lovely Kateri Tekakwitha, now has his book **Kateri's Own** ready for publication. The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha is the Indian girl who serenely smiles out from a stained-glass window of Notre Dame Church in Montreal and from the bronze doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. In reading about her friends and acquaintances, you will learn more about Kateri Tekakwitha than in any other book written about her. Are you interested? Tell us so, and when **Kateri's Own** comes off the press, you will be notified.

**The Kateri Center
Box 70
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