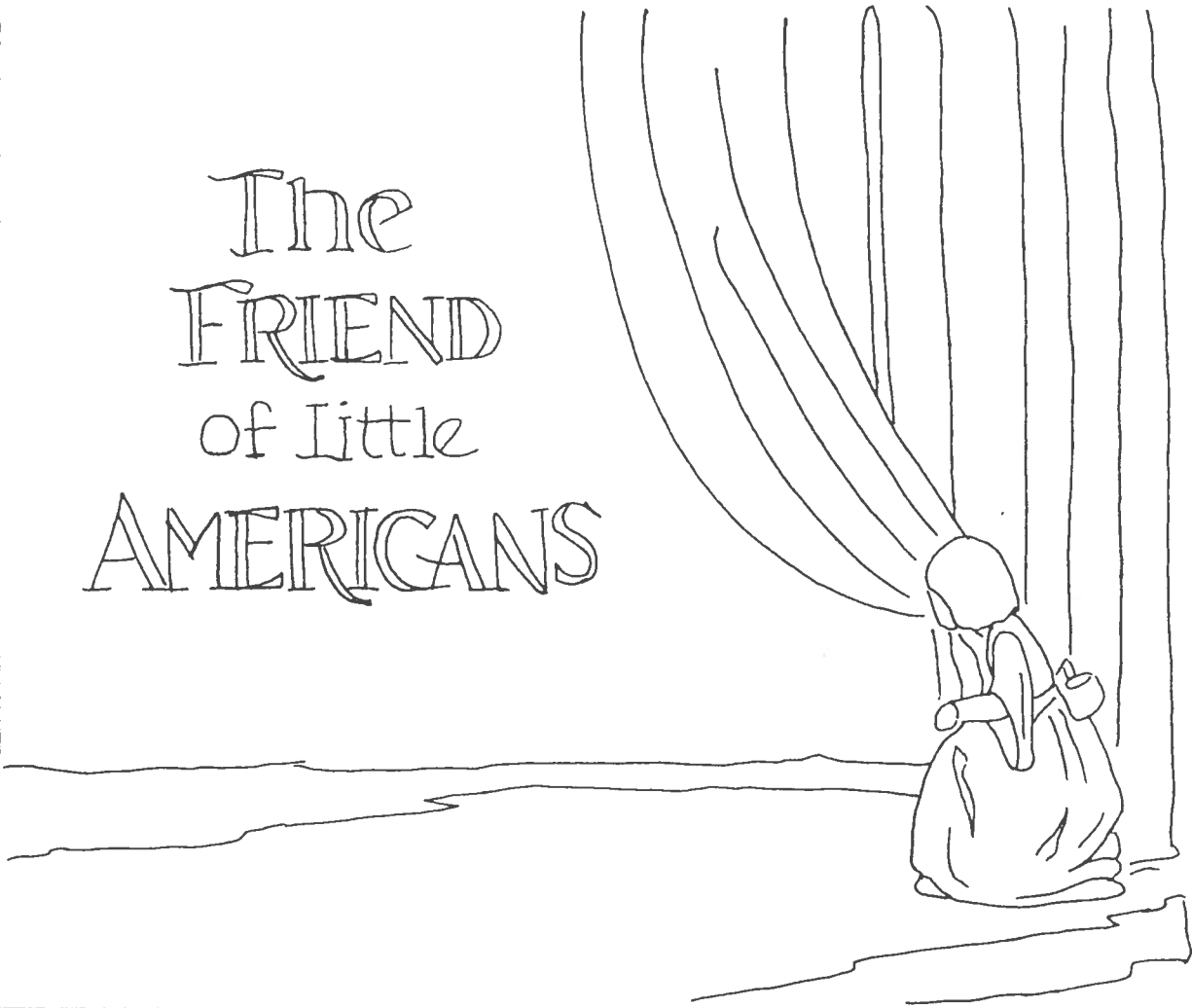


The
FRIEND
of Little
AMERICANS



Dedicated
to
All Children of the Sacred Heart
Beatification
of
Rose Philippine Duchesne
May 1940

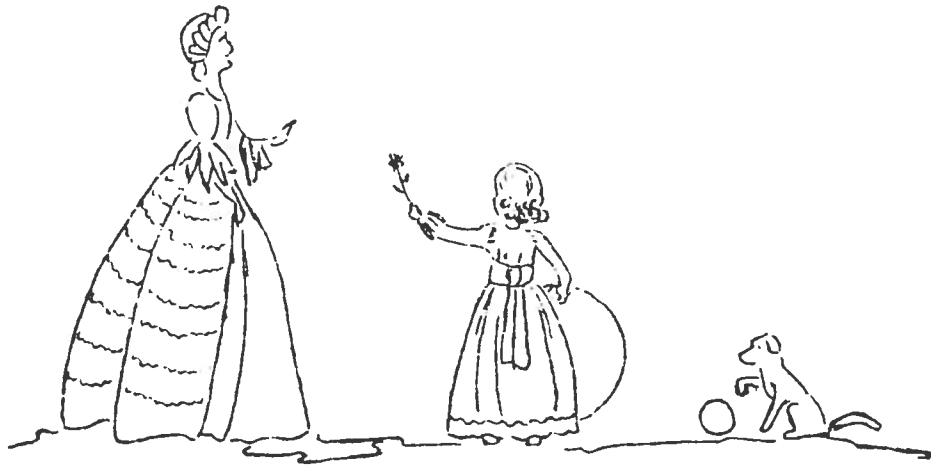


The Story OF Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne

Once upon a time more than a hundred years ago, there was born in Dauphiny a beautiful place in France, a little girl whose name was Rose Philippine Duchesne. France was in trouble in those days, and some bad men tried to make good people give up loving God just as some try today. Little Philippine's father listened too much to these men, but you will see that her prayers brought him back to God before he died. The men to whom Philippine's father listened were wicked men who treated nuns and priests very badly.



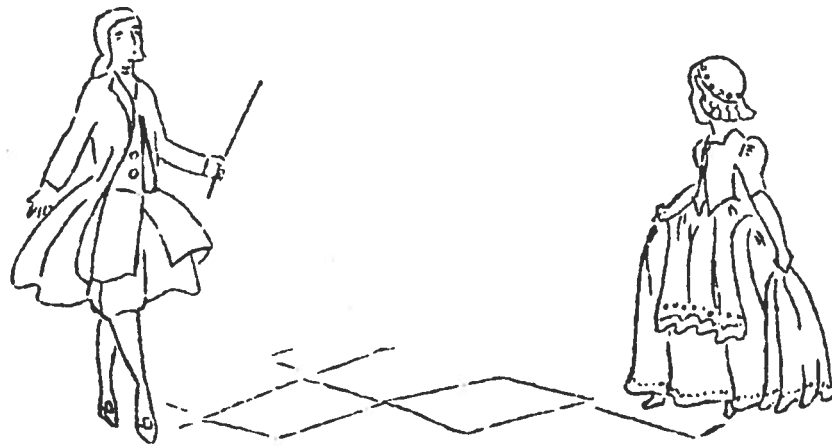
Philippine's mother was wise and good. She saw



that her little girl was a fiery little soldier with a strong will. But she wasn't spoiled nor given her own way, and so she learned to be generous and unselfish. She played with her sisters and was never jealous of them, no, not even when people said they were pretty. She knew she was not pretty because she had marks of smallpox on her face.



Philippine loved the poor and used to give her pennies away. "Here, little one," her father said one day, "this money is for yourself. You can buy candy and things that please you."

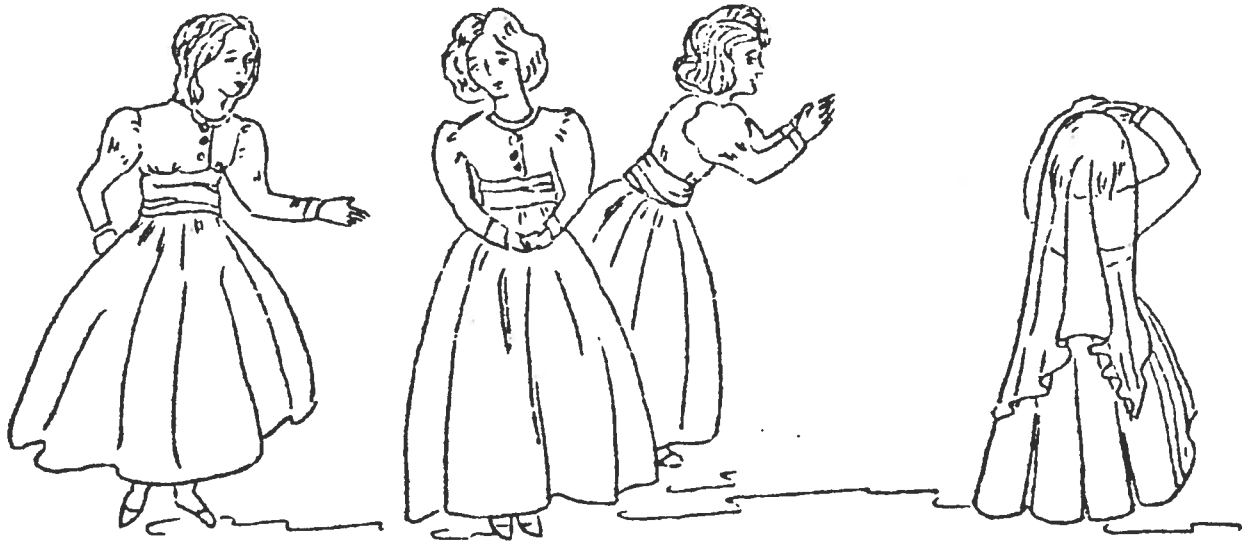


"But supposing it pleases me to give it to others?" she asked with a smile.

Yes, that is what Philippine did all her life—she gave to others: her time, her pennies her help and her love. She heard stories of the Indians in America and she made up her mind to go there when she was grown up, and tell them all about God and Heaven. But while she was waiting for that time to come, she learned dancing and painting and music in her own home.



When she was at school at the Visi-



tation Convent, she loved to go to the chapel and pray. The other little girls teased her and said she was trying to be good and would soon give it all up. But she didn't give it up, and she told Our Lord that when she grew up she would belong entirely to Him and that she would win the souls of the Indians for Him. Our Lord was pleased with her offering, but like a real soldier she had to spend many years in training first.



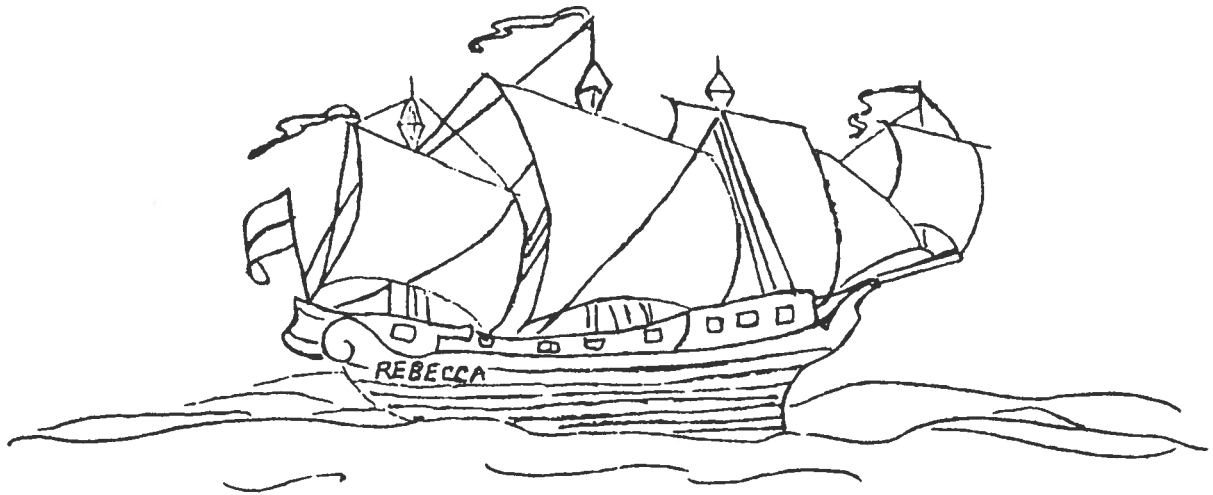
When she was a young lady, she spent much of her time helping God's poor, visiting the sick and the people who had



been put into prison by men who hated God. She taught the little boys on the streets their Catechism and they used to love to meet her and carry her bundles for her.

Finally she was allowed to go to be a nun. She loved St. Madeleine Sophie dearly, and was so happy when she could be one of her nuns. She used to beg to go to America to teach the Indians but St. Madeleine Sophie knew that America was very far away. Besides she had only a few nuns and very little money. She told Mother Duchesne to be patient and to pray.

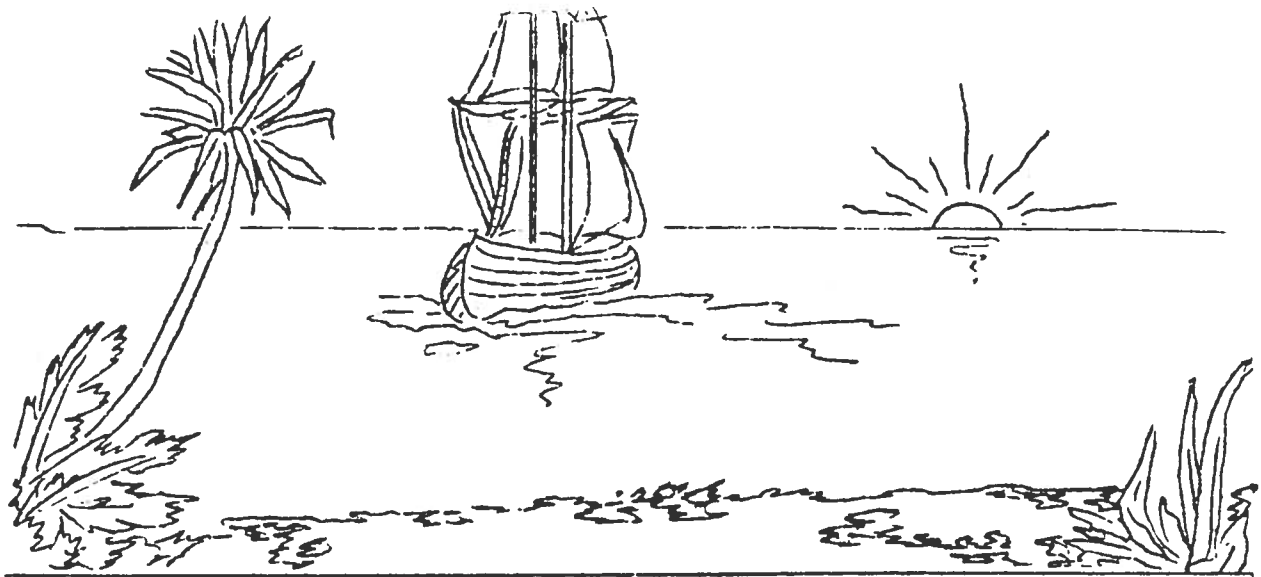




After twelve years of work and prayer, she was allowed to go. Imagine her joy!— In those days the boats were very different from our steamers. They were small and dingy and uncomfortable; they had no engines and ran by sails only. Mother Duchesne and four other nuns went aboard the REBECCA (that was on Holy Thursday). They had a dreadful trip. The captain thought the boat would sink. They met one storm after another and they were always on the lookout for pirates.



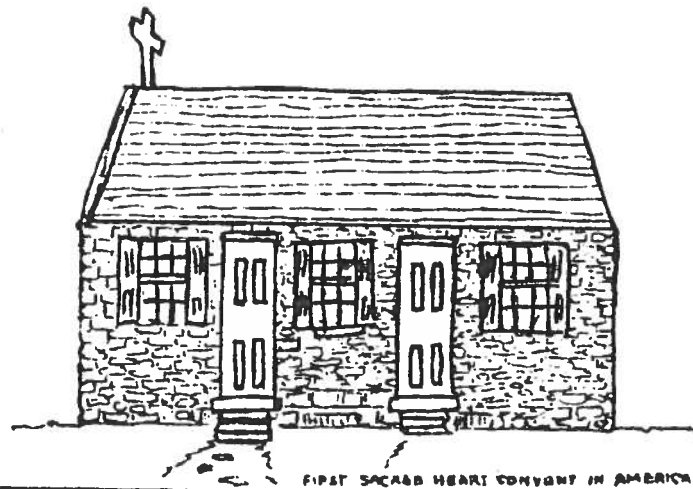
One day when they were in the middle of the ocean the barrels of wine burst open from the tossing of the ship and flooded everything in the hold. The



little water they had to drink went bad, and everybody was sick. The sailors said that the nuns brought them bad luck, and they were not very nice to them. But the nuns sang a hymn to Our Lady during a bad storm and the waters grew calm. Then the sailors liked the nuns and often asked them to sing for good weather:

After two months on the open sea the REBECCA came in sight of land. They arrived in May, Our Lady's month, and for the first time Mother Duchesne saw America, the land of her dreams. She was so happy to be there that she knelt on the wet ground and kissed the earth.





After many trials, disappointments and hard work, Mother Duchesne opened schools in Missouri. The nuns were very poor and sometimes didn't have enough to eat, because Mother Duchesne always made sure that the children were cared for first. She loved them and wanted to save their souls. She found they knew very little about God or Our Lady and that some had very bad manners and tempers.



These were little white children and she was longing to go to the Indians, but she saw that the little Americans needed her too. God sent sufferings to Mother Duchesne because He loved her. She became very ill.

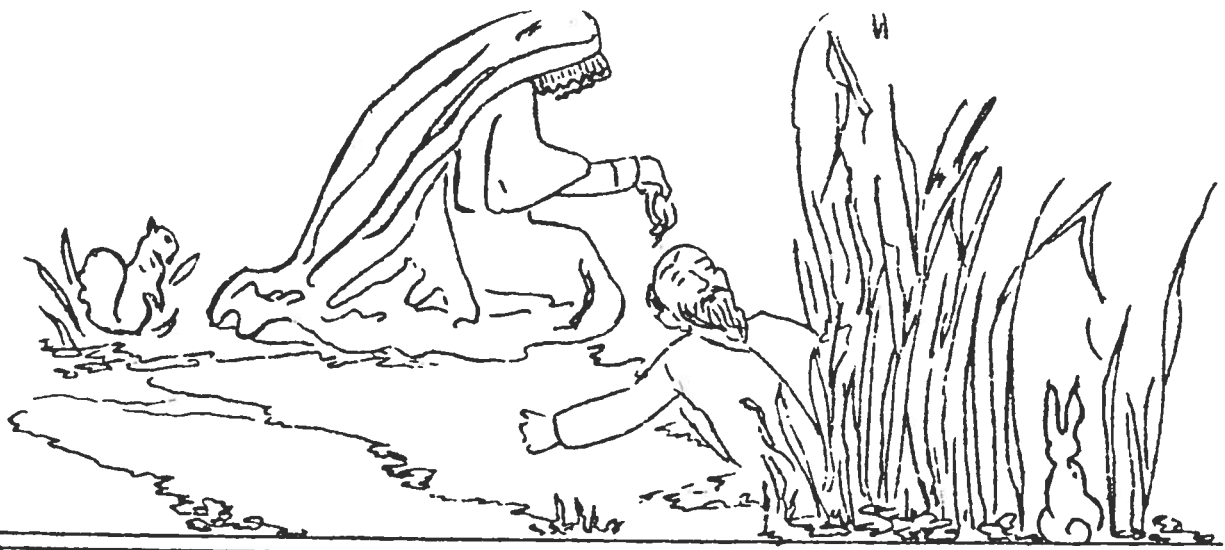


Never was she heard to complain, for she bore her sorrows and sufferings patiently, and offered them for the Indians, since she could not go to them.

The Bishop of Florrissant where Mother Duchesne lived built a new chapel or Church beside the Convent. Mother Duchesne begged him to call it the Church of the Sacred Heart, and he did. It was the first Church in America to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart. This made Mother Duchesne very happy. She wrote to St. Madeleine Sophie and told her all about it.

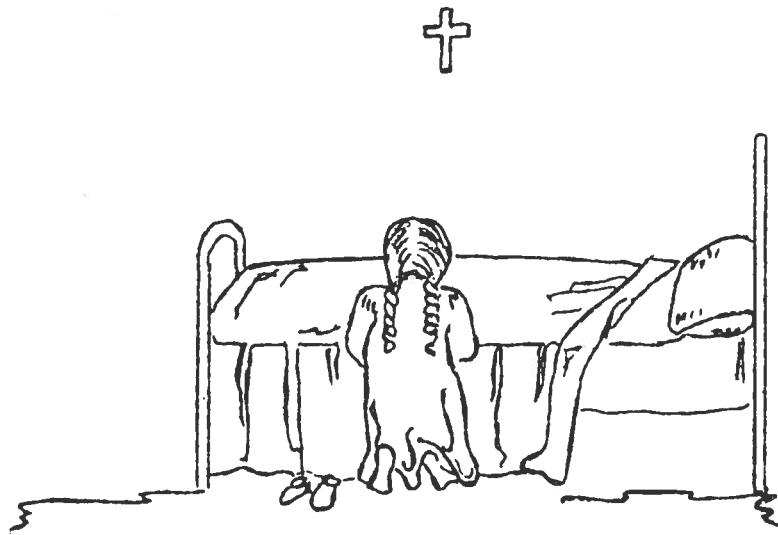


One day Mother Duchesne was visiting a new convent she had founded, and had to go



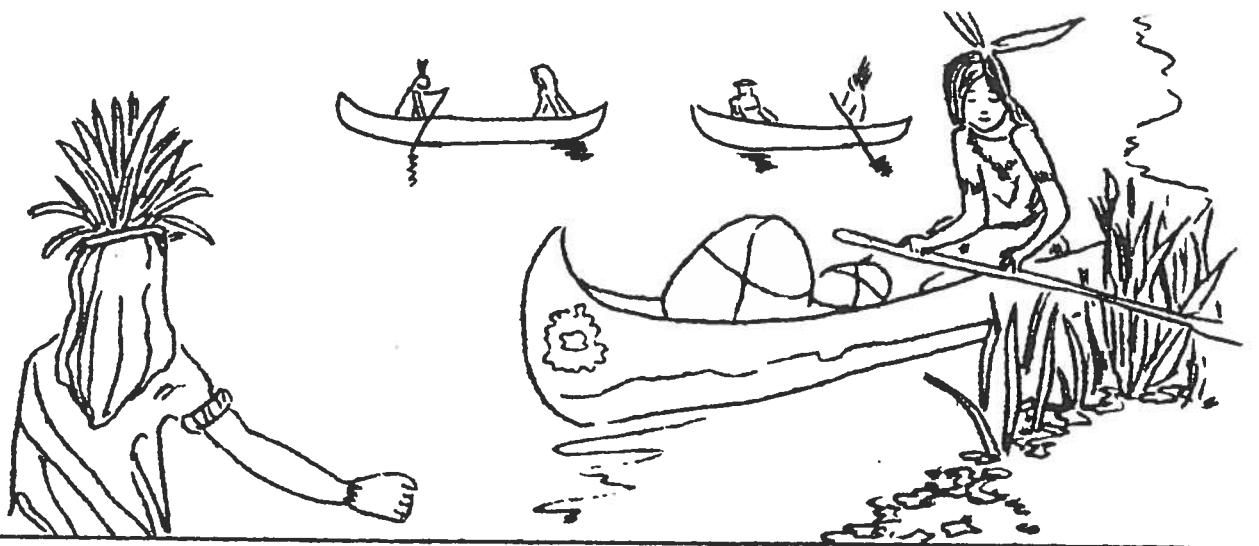
home on a river boat with people who had a dreadful sickness. It was yellow fever. The captain died and many other people did too. Mother Duchesne fell ill herself, but she didn't think about her own sufferings. She tried to help the sick people and baptized one man who had been left alone to die. When the boat reached a landing place, they put her off because she was ill. People were all afraid of the yellow fever and would not go near her, or help her. At last one kind man took her in and let her sleep where a week before his wife died of the same illness. After awhile she got better and went home. It had taken four months to get there.



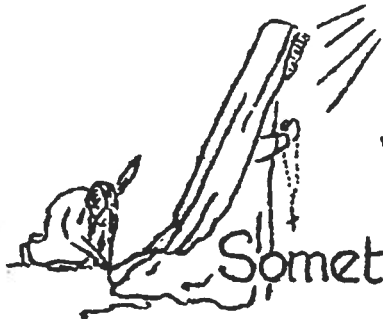


Because of the depression, the parents could not pay for their children who were in Mother Duchesne's boarding school, but she would not send them away, even though she herself was very poor. She was afraid the children would lose their chance of learning about God. She and the nuns shared everything with the children, even their poor food. Mother Duchesne loved to be poor herself, because it made her more like Our Lord, but she did not like to see other people suffer.

She still longed to go to the Indians and always had this intention in her heart. After she had worked and suffered and prayed for



thirty-five years in America, — when she was old and ill, but still on fire with the love of God and souls, she received permission to go to her dear Indians. She was past eighty, when she and three other nuns went to the Indian Settlement. She knew she could only do a little sewing or knitting and pray and love. But she did these beautifully; the Indians



loved her, and they called her "the woman who always prays." Sometimes the Indian children would steal up behind her as she knelt in prayer and would touch her habit reverently, for they believed her to be a saint. And so do I.



She would have loved to stay there for the rest of her life. But the winters were so cold and there was so little food that her superiors thought she should go back to St. Charles. She obeyed saying, "God knows the reason for this recall, and that is enough." The rest of her life she prayed for the Indians. She still could teach Catechism to the little ones in St. Charles.

Though she had been the first Superior of the Sacred Heart nuns in America, she was happy to have the smallest room in the house, a poor little room under the stairs—
—She loved it because it was right next to





the chapel, where she spent most of her time. The children, meeting her coming from the chapel, saw a heavenly expression on her face and a halo of light about her head.

One thing had made Mother Duchesne a little sad. She had not heard from Saint Madeleine Sophie for two or three years. The letters had been lost. Think how sad that made her, for she did not know whether Saint



Madeleine Sophie, her dearest friend and mother, loved her any more. But God gave her the joy of receiving a loving message from her just before she died.



Weak as she was, she still got up for Holy Mass, until two days before her death. Mother Duchesne always thought everyone was too kind to her, for she called herself, "an old stick that is good for nothing".

She received Holy Communion and said: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give Thee my heart, my soul and my life" about twenty times; then she said, "Come Lord Jesus, do not delay, come quickly, "What happiness to die in this holy house." Then she slipped away into God's arms! Since her death the great work has gone on, and that is why you and I are here today.



There are now twenty-eight Convents of the Sacred Heart in the United States, four in Mexico and five in Canada.

A holy priest said that he did not believe a holier person ever died in Missouri, and perhaps in the whole of America, than Mother Duchesne.

Now, in this month of May, in the year nineteen-hundred and forty, — she has been beatified and Holy Church allows us to call her Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne