ANNALS
OF THE CONGREGATION
OF THE MISSION
THE VERY REV. RENÉ ALMÉRAS
SECOND SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION
(1661-1672)

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SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

ANNALS
OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION
OR
A COLLECTION OF EDIFYING LETTERS
WRITTEN BY PRIESTS OF THE MISSION AND SISTERS OF CHARITY
ISSUED EVERY THREE MONTHS
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SAINT JOSEPH’S HOUSE
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THE YEAR 1908.

Six years have elapsed since the General Assembly of 1902. This year, 1908, the Sexennial Assembly will be held at the Mother House. The Superior General has appointed for its opening, July thirtieth, a few days after the octave of the feast of St. Vincent de Paul.

In his Circular of January, the Superior General reminds the two religious Families of St. Vincent de Paul, that the year 1908 brings us the fiftieth anniversary, or the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius X. He invites every member to give his or her prayers, and each house to contribute its offering for the occasion. He announces that he intends to go in person to Rome, to present to our Holy Father the Pope, along with this offering, the homage and the good wishes of the double Family of St. Vincent de Paul.

ESTABLISHMENTS.—The following are some geographical descriptions of the establishments which figure for the first time in the Catalogue of Personnel and Establishments:

ABRANCHES. This locality is situated about three and a half miles north of Curityba, capital of the state of Parana in Brazil. It is a colonial settlement of about three hundred persons, one third of whom are Brazilians, and the rest Polish immigrants. Their religious service is attended at Abranches and the surrounding parts by two Polish Lazarist Missionaries. (See Annals, 1907, p. 249.)

BARI, from the Latin, Barium, a city of Southern Italy, is the seat of government for the “Land of Bari”, a part of ancient Apulis or Pulia. This city is sixty-six miles north-west of Brindisi and one hundred fourteen miles north of Tarento. It is a station on the railway along the seashore. Its population is fifty thousand (1871). Bari is in an agreeable location on the Adriatic sea. Its extensive harbor has two natural divi-
sions or mooring-places, separated by a tongue of land. There is an archbishop’s see, a seminary, and a lyceum.

Though subjected by the Romans, Barium preserved its magistrates. After the fall of the Empire, it became the possession of the Saracens, who lost it to the Greek Emperors in 1841. It was taken by the Normans in the eleventh century, who made it the capital of their principality. Thence it passed to the kings of Naples, remaining under their dominion until its annexation to the kingdom of Italy. The Priests of the Mission have had a mission house there since 1745. (La Congr. della Missione in Italia, pp. 256, 512, 597). In 1907, they were called to the spiritual direction of the seminary.

Reggio di Calabria (distinguished from Reggio in Aemilia) is a seacoast city of Southern Italy, and the capital of Farther Calabria. It is built on the eastern side of the Strait of Messina, nearly opposite on the other side of the strait. The celebrated rocks of Scylla and Charybdis are situated on either side of this strait. It is the seat of an archbishopric, and contains a population of about twenty-five thousand.

Reggio was founded in the year 670 B.C., and was one of the most flourishing cities of Magna Græcia. It fell into the power of the Romans in 281, and Caesar gave it the name of Rhegium Julii to distinguish it from Rhegium Lepidi (Reggio in Aemilia). The use of the Greek tongue was preserved there until the beginning of the fourteenth century. After the fall of the Empire, the city often changed masters, and was often devastated as well by armies and pirates as by earthquakes. After that of 1783, it was entirely rebuilt on a regular plan, with wide streets and new buildings. It possesses a beautiful new cathedral, an archbishop’s see, a seminary, a school of special instruction, a museum, and a public library. The admirable views of the sea and the shores of Sicily add still more to the charm of its situation.

The Priests of the Mission have the spiritual direction of its seminary (1907).

Girgenti, a city situated near the southern coast of Sicily, was the Agrigentum of the ancient Romans. It is sixty miles south of Palermo, and is a station on the railroad to Palermo, Caltanissetta, and the seaport of Empedocles. It is the capital of the province, the seat of a bishopric, and has eighteen thousand inhabitants. In ancient times its population was much larger. Its harbor, about two miles away, is very busy. The city is not well built, but it enjoys a superior prospect. About a mile away is Girgenti vecchio, where may be seen the ruins of the ancient Agrigentum. Girgenti itself occupies the site of the ancient citadel, built by Daedalus, at the request of the king of the country.

The Priests of the Mission were formerly established at Girgenti in 1753. (La Congr. della Missione in Italia, p. 287); they returned in 1872 (Ibid., Continuazione, p. 373). In 1907, they received the direction of the seminary.
Calbayog is a city of the Philippine Archipelago, in the Island of Samar, diocese of Cebu. It is situated on the western shore of the island of Samar, at the mouth of a rio, descending from the mountains that fringe the coast. The area of the commune of Calbayog is extensive, containing mountains and valleys, forests and solitudes, together with a populous region. The number of inhabitants in the whole commune is 20,700. — Dictionnaire de Géogr. Vivien de St. Martin; Supplément, 1897.

The Lazarist Priests have a college there (1907).

Sucre is the capital of the Republic of Bolivia; this honor previously belonged to La Paz, whose population is greater.

Sucre, called by the Spaniards La Plata, was formerly a native city, named by them Chuquisaca. The recent name of Sucre was given to it in honor of the General of that name, who won the decisive victory in 1824, during the war of independence. 24,000 inhabitants.

Chuquisaca was founded by one of the companions of Pizarro, in 1529, on the site of an old Indian village, called Choquechaka or 'the Bridge of Gold' in the Guichua tongue. This was in allusion to the riches that the Incas bore with them, when crossing it on the road to Cuzco*. The city is constructed in the midst of mountains, on a small, slightly irregular plateau, with deep ravines surrounding it. Its streets are straight, wide, and clean; its houses are well built, and arranged so as to combine the useful with the agreeable. Most of them are one-story buildings and in the adjacent courts a fine stream of water constantly moistens their pavement. Chuquisaca was made a bishopric in 1551; in 1608, it was raised to the rank of archbishopric.

The easiest route for the traveler from Europe to Sucre, is by way of Buenos Ayres, thence by the Northern Railway to its terminus; whence a few days' journey on horseback will bring him to Sucre.

The direction of the seminary was confided to the Priests of the Mission in 1907.—

Our engravings.—We placed at the beginning of the volume of last year's Annals the fine portrait of St. Vincent de Paul, engraved by Raffoux; at the head of this year's volume we give that of the successor of St. Vincent, Father René Alméras, second Superior General of the Congregation of the Mission. We propose hereafter to place at the beginning of each successive volume the likenesses of Fathers Jolly, Pierron, and the remaining Superiors General in turn. This will make a complete set of portraits of the successors of St. Vincent de Paul at the head of the Congregation of the Mission.
EUROPE

FRANCE

MUSINES, NEAR BELLEGARD (AIN)

SISTER MARIE DESCHAUX, DAUGHTER OF CHARITY.

The well known devotion of Sister Marie Deschaux to the double Family of St. Vincent de Paul was most remarkable and generous. We make it our special duty to revive her memory here by presenting a few notes. A sketch of the virtues of this worthy Daughter of Charity is reserved for the regular collection appearing on the first of January every year.

Marie Léonie Bouquet Deschaux, Daughter of Charity, foundress and Superior of the Asylum of Musines, near Bellegarde (Ain), surrendered her soul to God on September 15, 1907, in the eightieth year of her age and the sixty-first of her religious vocation.

She was born at Moulins (Allier), in 1827. Her family was attached to the nobility and had carefully preserved its Christian traditions. This combination of lofty rank and profound virtue impressed on Sister Deschaux the stamp of great natural dignity and a real sanctity, which was never effaced.

The child had been early deprived by death of the affection of her father. Among the memories of youth which sometimes escaped her, the evangelical rigor with which her mother had trained her showed itself clearly.

At the age of seventeen she sought admission to the Company of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. She postulated at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Paris. After finish-
ing her novitiate and receiving the Habit she was stationed in November 1846, at the Mother House, Paris. She was, notwithstanding her youth, six years in the hands of her Superiors an elect subject, on whose devotion and capacity they could rely, and whom they employed according to circumstances and necessity. "They loaned her out," said her companions, and she on her part, lent herself out to everything as it was presented. Dijon was her first assignment after Paris; recalled to Paris by Superiors she was employed in the secretariat for the correspondence work of the missions. Bergues and Douai were the next fields of her zeal, when a new sacrifice was asked of her, and she was placed in her definite station.

She visited Paris July 1852, for the annual retreat. We insert here a brief note left by her on this subject. During the last days of the retreat she wrote, "The mission of Grand-Sacconnex was proposed to me;—twenty-four hours to reflect—if I do not accept the sisters will be recalled, the house abandoned......" Those twenty-four hours of reflection must have been very trying, for she continues: "July eleventh. An awful night." The proposition was indeed a grave one and her agitation may be easily imagined. She was but twenty-five years of age, and the establishment offered for her to rescue was threatened with destruction. Through God's providence she remembered Sister Amadieu, a former superioress of Grand-Sacconnex, whose holy life when read in the Seminary had impressed her. This memory joined to her confidence in God, strengthened and decided her.

On July twentieth, Sister was at her new post where for twenty months she remained simple companion. When not quite twenty-seven named superioress, she not only faithfully preserved the deposit of her "Sacconnex" as she called it, but even enlarged it. On arriving she had found but one building miserably managed one might say for

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a school and an ouvroir for externs. Soon, however, she undertook to receive orphan children, to found an asylum, and establish a hospice for old people. Missionaries were needed besides. Our Sister fully realized her design. For twenty years, Sacconnex and its surroundings were witnesses of her active zeal, and the presence of this admirable Daughter of St. Vincent produced so deep an impression that succeeding years have not effaced it. A proof of this was given scarcely three months ago: the memory of Sister Deschaux was still present and living there after thirty-five years of absence.

A persecution arose in the canton of Geneva in 1872, when the good Sister was about to enjoy the fruits of her zealous labors. The orphans and invalids were to lose within a few days the home she had labored so hard to provide for them. Resolving at any cost to procure them a new one, she vainly attempted to realize her wish outside of France, where she finally obtained a location for her new establishment, near Bellegarde in the department of Ain, close to the Swiss frontier. The small hamlet of Musinens is a short way off; the site is a picturesque one, commanding the gorges of the Rhone and the Valserine, on a plateau surrounded by stalwart ramparts of mountains. Sister Deschaux transferred her establishment here from Grand-Sacconnex in order to save it from the threatened destruction.

Her new home was to be the field of her labors for thirty-five years. Like a true Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, she nobly continued her self-sacrificing career. She showed herself constantly more and more worthy of admiration by her disinterested charity, and by the charm of her kindly manner. On her feet to the end, she terminated her mission of devotion there at a green old age. She expired after a few days of exhaustion from fatigue, almost
without sickness, her faculties unimpaired and her will-power undiminished to the end.

During her long and busy life she had suffered much and made many sacrifices. A holy life has its thorns which are not only often concealed, but which it even strives to dissemble. The character of Sister Deschaux was of this kind, as could easily be seen.

A letter written to her in 1852 by Blessed Jean Baptiste Vianney, the holy Curé of Ars, began with these words: “The good God has placed you at the foot of the Cross. This is good news; the bride is next the Bridegroom.” Sometimes, indeed, this cross weighed heavily on the shoulders of the worthy Sister Superioress, but she bore it generously. While the letter written by Blessed Vianney made reference to the Cross, he mentioned also the consolation procured by a lively faith, and confidence in God. “You are happier than queens on their thrones,” said the good priest, “thank the good God who keeps you bound to His feet.”

We feel certain that her beautiful soul is in heaven; we beseech her to pray for us.

P. RIGAL, C. M.

IRELAND

DUBLIN

A JUBILEE

Under the above heading the Freeman’s Journal, of Dublin, June 6, 1908, published the following:

Yesterday, June fifth, a ceremony occurred at St. Vincent’s Asylum (house for women afflicted with mental derangement), which deserves special mention, though it was
lacking in external brilliancy. The celebration was in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of this establishment which has wrought and still continues to effect so great good. A number of invited guests, among whom were many clergymen, had attended the Solemn Mass of thanksgiving, presided over by His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop. The Mass was followed by Benediction and the chanting of the _Te Deum_.

We read in the "City of God," that marvelous work of St. Augustine, that of all the ills that harrass humanity, sin is the greatest, and after sin, folly. Those who are not in daily contact with persons deprived of reason do not suspect what suffering they endure. St. Vincent’s Asylum was founded in order to procure peace and consolation to the unfortunate of this class, and it has perfectly corresponded with the expectations of its founders.

Its history is very simple; a little more than half a century ago, some thousands of pounds sterling were left by will for a work of charity, without any special designation. It happened providentially that the decision for the use of this money fell to Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, a physician of Dublin, who did honor to his religion, his country, and his profession. Though of a modest and reserved appearance, he was not of an ordinary character. He was endowed with rare good sense, and a compassionate disposition. He knew the necessity of a home for the mentally deranged, which should be a medium between the luxurious private establishments, and the asylums for the needy. After mature reflection, he acquired a property at Fairview, in order to receive ladies who were thus afflicted, and who belonged to families in moderate circumstances, and particularly to accept members of poor religious communities.

To assure the success of the establishment, he entrusted its direction to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and we can truly say that, for the fifty years past, they have
accomplished marvels of charity, through their devotion and the delicate attention bestowed on persons attacked with mental malady, which is a far more pitiable infirmity than physical ailment.

The foundation, beginning with seven or eight patients, was obliged to widen its circumference, little by little, and add building to building, so that it can at present contain one hundred twenty patients, who find themselves as well off here, as they could be in the best appointed homes of this kind, the property which was first valued at $20,000, is worth to-day, $210,000.

During the past fifty years, 868 patients have been admitted, of whom 405 have gone out cured.

While the moderate payment, received for the majority of the patients, hardly suffices for their support, there are some ladies of better circumstances, who pay a high price, thus permitting the reception of a much larger number of poor boarders. The administration, composed half of clergymen, half of laymen, is under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop. Every quarter the Superioress renders her accounts, and if there be a surplus it is applied solely to extending the benefactions of the establishment.

By a happy coincidence the celebrant on this occasion Mgr. Fitzpatrick, was the son of the venerable and lamented founder.

Before leaving the house the Archbishop expressed the lively satisfaction he had experienced on this occasion and addressed words of congratulation and encouragement to the sisters. As His Grace had an appointment elsewhere he was prevented from sharing in the excellent luncheon prepared for the guests, to which each one did honor.

One of the sons of the worthy founder of St. Vincent's Asylum entered the Congregation of the Mission, of which he promised to become an ornament, but he was found ripe for heaven, almost at the outset of his apostolic career.
HOLLAND

As the two Families of St. Vincent de Paul, Priests of the Mission, and Daughters of Charity, have establishments in Holland, with pleasure we invite their attention to a book, written on occasion of a truly dramatic and heroic event,—the martyrdom of the Dutch Catholics of Gorcum; this book will help them to a better comprehension of the general religious situation in Holland.

We present here the first chapter which gives a general view of the work.

THE MARTYRS OF GORCUM ¹

By
HUBERT MEUFFELS, Priest of the Mission.

CHAPTER FIRST
JULY 9, 1572

The sanguinary, though glorious page of events related in this unpretentious book, refers to an epoch of some centuries ago.

The city of Briel, in Holland, saw on Wednesday, July 9, 1572, the completion of a sorrowful drama which had commenced a few days before, at Gorcum. Briel was at this period the principal city of the island of Voorn, formed by the Meuse river and an arm of the sea. It is situated in the northern part of the island, only an hour distant from the outlet of the river into the North sea, and fifteen or eighteen miles below the Hague. It had been an obscure, unimportant city before that time, but a complete change in its exterior had lately appeared since the Spanish rule over the Netherlands had begun to decline there. The event we narrate occurred on April 1, 1572. On this date, the Tuesday after Palm Sunday, the city had

¹ This narration is from the collection of Les Saints, published under the supervision of M. Henri Joly, of the Institute. It will be ready, January, 1908, Lecoffre, Rue Bonaparte, 90, Paris. Price: stitched, $0.40; with special binding variegated edges, $0.60.
fallen into the hands of the *Gueux de Mer* (Sea Beggars) commanded by Count William de la Marek. We shall soon become better acquainted with these ferocious adherents of the Prince of Orange, most of whom were Calvinist madmen who united in their one hatred the Spanish dominion and the Catholic Church. Under the influence of terror, and that fund of levity and inconstancy which too often appears in the multitude, the population had readily changed its religion. It had even quickly become inured to the scenes of sacrilegious atrocity which its new masters so frequently offered. When on their returning from the incursions into the environs, they brought back to Briel priests or monks torn from their presbyteries and their convents, there could be seen a people only yesterday Catholic; fill the measure of torture for these victims and with stern and mocking countenance witness their sufferings and their death. Great thinkers have often pictured to us the strange sight of a nation which until that time had shown no sign of impiety or malice, now suddenly yielding to the wildest madness. Bloodthirsty passions hitherto unknown to the very possessors of their latent germs, have quickened and raged, and spreading from one to another until they attained such a height of bitterness and unruliness as their subjects themselves can scarcely realize after their frenzy is over. These are the terrible outcroppings of the human beast slumbering within us. They are most deserving of pity who suffer their attacks, but they are guilty and thrice accursed who excite them, and who for sake of interest or passion maintain and employ them.

Continuing our story, on the night of July 8, 1572, a suspicious stir, greater than usual appeared in the city. People were going and coming on the market square near the prison, with loud talk and boisterous laughter. Amid their tumult the words *papist* and *scaffold* could be clear-
ly distinguished. A band of prisoners soon appeared—
twenty in number—these were conducted by Sea Beggars
outside the city. When ten or fifteen minutes beyond the
walls, they stopped before an old building whose appear­
ance indicated a barn deserted and falling into ruin. Prep­
arations for an execution were begun. There was no lon­
ger any doubt of their purpose; the Count de la Marek
was about to consummate one of his customary executions.

In the glare of the few torches a hideous sight became
visible. Within the old barn there appeared two scaffolds
of divers dimensions from which a number of men were
hanging. Their bodies were almost naked and bore marks
of recent blows and wounds. Three of the victims were
attached to the lower and fifteen to the upper gibbet. Anoth­
er for want of space was suspended from the top rung of
a ladder. There were nineteen sufferers all told. Some
were still young; their age might vary from twenty-four
to thirty years. The greater number were in the prime of
life. Some were aged; one seemed about seventy, another
eighty, or even ninety. Below the victims a swarm of half-
drunken soldiers moved back and forth. They passed care­
lessly among the suspended bodies, shoving them rudely
aside to free the way, or sometimes striking them violently
as they fell reeling to the ground in their drunkenness.
These men are the Sea Beggars, the new masters of Briel.
They have determined to become executioners on their
own account and show no signs of wearying as they pro­
ceed. They break out into anger against their victims;
they laugh at their convulsions; they strike them with
staves, and occasionally even with their swords or knives;
they insult their victims with grossest words. The feat­
ures of the latter contract with pain, but they manifest no
weakness, no discouragement. As their agony endures and
death draws near, these contractions are fewer and less vio­
lent; the expression of their countenances grows more gentle and serene.

Their appearance proclaims that they are not criminals undergoing the penalty of justice, neither are they rebels or prisoners of war, victims of the cruel contemporary laws regarding civil warfare and reprisals. They are priests and religious. Among their number are four secular priests, one canon regular of St. Augustine, one Dominican, two Premonstratensians, and eleven Friars Minor of St. Francis of Assisi. Nearly all were taken at Gorcum, a city of some note, forty-five miles distant from Briel. Twelve days previous, Gorcum had fallen into the power of the Sea Beggars, commanded by Marin Brant. The Count de la Marck had ordered his lieutenants to send the priests and monks to him at Briel that—the words conveyed the whole meaning—he might subject them to the fate which he everywhere reserved for those of their class. They were conducted according to his instructions from Gorcum to Briel. Efforts were employed and powerful intervention exerted to save them from the scaffold. The Prince of Orange, whose lieutenant la Marck claimed to be, commanded him not to harm priests or religious. His order only threw the leader of the Beggars into a frenzy. He endeavored to calm his anger in the bowl, while his followers were making a last attempt to proselytize their prisoners, in which their efforts proved futile. Suddenly, the Count gave orders without the form of trial to instantly hang “Those accursed priests and monks. Let none escape,” he said to John d’Omal, the agent of his death sentences. The order was accordingly fulfilled with the minuteness that could be certified by a glimpse into the aforementioned barn.

The above is a sketch of the last act in a cruel but glorious martyrdom. Our task is to make it known in its general outline and in its chief features. It is one of the most
characteristic episodes of those painful struggles which attended national apostasies of the sixteenth century. At the moment that the innovators were declaring the Roman Church to have lapsed and receded from her ancient traditions of sanctity and heroism, there appears this shining witness to her generous and supernatural life in ages.

Before directly presenting this sanguinary history, we take the liberty—for the reader’s benefit—of outlining the method we have followed.

Our undertaking has been inspired by a twofold love: first, the love of our native land—a generous one notwithstanding its official Protestantism. In our estimation it was worthy of a little space in the beautiful compilation of Les Saints, a privilege, which it did not enjoy at the outset of our task. To this another motive succeeded, namely, a love for the oppressed of other lands. We deemed that some of them might derive consolation and encouragement from the repetition of a martyrdom which was painful indeed, but very fruitful in its results. We thought, moreover, that the example of these saints would bring hope and confidence to more than one spirit. It is a living commentary on the words of a Father of the Church, that: “The elect were not of a different mold from us; they experienced the weaknesses of nature, but they overcame them.”

There have been martyrs who trembled and wept at the prospect of death; who thought of their sister, of their mother; who conjured their friends to save them, and their executioners to cut their ropes; martyrs, some of whom had been great sinners; in short, we see in them our poor human nature as each one of us feels it in himself. And when we see that in spite of the clamorings of nature, they remained faithful to God and died for their faith, we begin to apprehend, and better than from preaching, the extent of

1 Discamus... illos non naturae proestantioris fuisse sed observantioris, nec vitia nescisse, sed emendasse. (St. Ambrose, lib. of Sancto Joseph, C. I.)
man's capabilities when he rests his weakness on the grace and on the power of God Himself.

However, in fulfilling our task, we have been mindful that we were not expected to write a story of pure edification, and still less a panegyric, or an exhortation to martyrdom. It is a work of history, properly so called, and we intend to offer it to the public as such......

Hubert Meuffels.

After the detailed and striking recital of events, a glance of which we have just presented, the work ends with considerations, based on experience, and full of just appreciations, which throw light on the era of liberty and prosperity which is now the good fortune of religion in Holland.

ITALY

SARDINIA

HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION
AT CAGLIARI, AND ITS WORKS.

(Annals, Italian edition, 1907, p. 215; Translation).

On November 30, 1877, the foundations of the house of Cagliari were laid, and this year, 1907, is its thirtieth birthday. Let us tell you something of the works that we are now performing here.

1. When the Holy Father Pius X. decreed the establishment of the provincial seminaries, the bishops of Sardinia turned their eyes towards our house of the Mission, which for some years previous, had been receiving ecclesiastical students of various dioceses. The seminaries where the students were few having been suppressed as a consequence of the above-mentioned decree, the bishops forthwith
sent their seminarians to our house at Cagliari, which thus became the provincial seminary. At present, it contains forty seminarians, belonging to eight different dioceses.

They attend the course at the Archiepiscopal seminary in theology and philosophy, in order to take degrees there. In this house they strive to acquire the virtues of their vocation by means of practices of piety, prayers, repetitions, conferences, readings, etc., and by the study of ceremonies, of Gregorian chant, and sacred eloquence. They exercise themselves in preaching with especial assiduity, and each one is obliged, several times in the year, notably on festivals and during the month of May, to preach a sermon in the inner chapel of the house, in presence of the other seminarians. They exhibit piety and a good disposition, thus furnishing the best hopes for the future of their dioceses.

2. Archiepiscopal Seminary. In the first years after the foundation of the house, the archbishops of Cagliari asked and obtained a Priest of the Mission for the spiritual direction of the seminary. This priest visits the seminary several times a week for the confessions of all, clerics and collegians, as well as for the explanation of the Gospel, for conferences, catechetical instructions, etc. The school of Gregorian chant, to acquire which the clerics earnestly apply themselves, is also entrusted to a Lazarist Missionary.

3. Clergy. The work for the clergy is an additional one to that of the seminaries. Each year four courses of spiritual retreats are given. Priests come from the different dioceses of the island. During the past year their number exceeded two hundred, including two archbishops and one bishop. However, the chapel used until last year was small, unsuited to the purpose and the dignity of the house of God.

We determined to begin a new one, more spacious and more impressive than the old. Thank God, we have succeeded, though with no slight sacrifice.
Our chapel at present is the admiration of priests and clerics who attend it for retreats and sacred functions. They may learn here from experience what is becoming to the dignity of the house of the Lord. With this consideration, we sought to adorn this chapel with paintings and decorations, and in the judgment of connoisseurs our attempt has met with success. This new chapel in the month of December, 1906, was the scene of the episcopal conferences of all the bishops and the three archbishops of the Island of Sardinia. Their simplicity and piety edified not only the Missionaries, but also all the seminarians. They sought no exemptions, but regulated themselves in everything according to the established discipline of the house.

4. Missions. Although the chief purpose of the house of the Priests of the Mission at Cagliari is the education of the clergy, nevertheless, when they are called to this work by the confidence of the bishops, the Missionaries visit every part of the island to give missions. This year eight missions were given by them in the large towns of Belchidda, Simala, Senorbi, Villamar, Serramanna, Arbus, Borore, and Villacidro. Many other missions had to be refused, or postponed.

All of them, by God’s grace, produced very consoling fruit, but the last two, especially, rose above the ordinary level, and of these we make a brief mention. In regard to the mission of Borore, it suffices to reproduce what the pastor wrote in a letter of thanks to the Superior:—“I have no words,” he said, “to thank you for the great good done to this parish by the sending of Missionaries. Since the mission, we all breathe here in every spot an entirely Christian atmosphere. You could count on your fingers the unfortunates who have closed their ears to the voice of the Lord. The Communions made by the physician, the mayor, and the whole municipal council, by the apothecary, and the town clerk, have greatly edified the
people. Everything has passed off well. I thank you accordingly, in my own name, and in that of the town also.”

The mission of Villacidro, which was the last in order of time, was the first in the fruit obtained. Villacidro, a large town of six thousand inhabitants, is situated on the summit of a high hill, and possesses all the beauties of nature.

On their arrival, the Missionaries were received by the clergy, the mayor, the civil and military authorities, and a large concourse of people. The ceremony attending the first Communion was specially worth mentioning; about three hundred children participated, boys and girls, from twelve to twenty years of age. The little sermon preached to them before the Communion was interrupted by the weeping of the children and parents present. The same scene was repeated at the baptismal font during the renewal of the baptismal vows.

During the mission, all the different works that are customary on these occasions were successfully performed. The sick, forty in number, were visited and given Communion by the archbishop. Those confined in prison also obtained the privilege of the mission, and approached the Sacraments. Thirty marriages were legitimatized, and peace was restored between parties who had been at variance.

The Miraculous Medal was distributed to four thousand persons of every class, and all, both great and small, rich and poor, were glad to receive it. The general Communion on the last day was most consoling, for in its large number among the first at the rail were the mayor, the city clerk, the councillors, and the authorities. The general Communion on the following day, for the departed, was received by scarcely a less number.

On the evening of the last day, a cross was planted on the highest summit of the surrounding country, as a re-
minder of the mission. It is over fifteen feet high; the number present at its elevation was estimated at four thousand persons.

The establishment of the Ladies of Charity was also effected as in the other villages visited, and it gives fair promise of its future harvest.

The departure from Villacidro was truly indescribable. After their parting visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the Missionaries found it a difficult task to reach their carriage through the densely packed crowd. The people cried out, they wept, they sobbed, they pressed the hands of the Missionaries who at last, succeeded in escaping, and started away. The mayor and the authorities courteously accompanied them to the Station of San Gavino, two hours distant from Villacidro. We must not omit mention of the generosity of a wealthy citizen who offered the Most Reverend Archbishop a handsome dwelling to be used for an asylum, and a large sum of money for its immediate expenses.

4. In the City Establishments. To the establishments of Daughters of Charity in the city, twelve in number, more than a hundred sisters are attached. The Missionaries visit these establishments for the confessions of the sisters, to whom a conference is given every Sunday, and once a year the retreat. In several of these establishments the Missionaries have the direction of the intern pupils, and of over seven hundred Children of Mary who are divided into nine sections. To these an occasional conference is given, and once a year a spiritual retreat.

In the city, for some years past, the Missionaries have been requested to preach retreats for men, and to perform various other services of the ministry.

These are the occupations to which the Missionaries of the house of Cagliari consecrate themselves.
TURKEY IN EUROPE

MACEDONIA


The Bulletin of the Work of the Schools of the East (September 1907), publishes the following letter from Father Cazot which he prefaces by the lines presented here:

"We recommend in a very special manner to the charitable attention of our readers the following letter, proving once more that the religious revival of a people can only be effected by a native clergy thoroughly formed to virtue, to knowledge, and to apostolic zeal."

Zeitenlik, May 22, 1907.

My Lord,

I have the honor to return you the inclosed receipt for the three hundred dollars which you so kindly sent us on behalf of our native seminary. I cannot thank you enough, nor even express to you and to the generous contributors to your work, one half the gratitude I feel for your offering. We shall pray for you and for those noble benefactors, asking Almighty God to cancel our indebtedness.

Our attention, as you are aware, my Lord, is given chiefly to the seminary where we are striving to form good native priests. In order to thoroughly appreciate our circumstances you should see for yourself the poor popes of Macedonia in their own families, with their wives and children; good fathers to their families, and good workmen they are most certainly, but poor priests, wanting instruction, incapable of preaching, hearing confessions, or even of instructing in the catechism, or saying Mass, well or ill. When the pastor is of this kind, what of the flock? An extraordinary ignorance exceeding the bounds of credibility prevails, as the result of long centuries of schism. There
remain of religion only traditions mingled with superstitions; outside the younger generation, which has attended school, there are but few men and scarcely any women who know how to read and write. Entire villages exist, where not a single mother of family may know The Lord’s Prayer. What can we expect from the children of these mothers? Neither education, nor cleanliness, nor the simplest hygienic precautions obtain in these families, and their dwellings are completely bare; neither chair, table, nor bed is to be found; they sit and sleep on the ground; lie down promiscuously, the animals on one side, the family on the other, and the child grows up about like the animals with which he lives, following the bent of his whims, his defects, and sometimes of his vices. Picture to yourself the misery and degradation which must necessarily result from these baneful conditions and the general disorder prevailing in a land of epidemic uprisings, where bands of insurgents, dispersed by the winter, re-assemble every spring. Massacres, robberies, and incendiarism occur from time to time.

This is the unpromising field of the Father of the Family, which Holy Church has given us to break and cultivate. With these obstacles staring us in the face we had to commence our task of regenerating the people, by first regenerating the clergy and providing for each village a good Catholic schoolmaster. This is the twofold object of our seminary. Thank God, worthy priests have already gone forth from it, and all the schoolmasters of the mission have been trained by us.

Our enterprise is a difficult one from other standpoints besides, viewed in a temporal aspect, we are obliged to furnish board and clothing for fifty-five seminarians, exclusive of six professors who are Missionaries, besides three who are non-residents; the religious prospect is scarcely less unfavorable. Our material for forming priests is of poor
quality; it is no easy matter to inculcate piety when the child has not learned it at his mother’s knee.

While waiting for well-trained priests, we do not neglect our poor Catholic popes. We give all of them offerings for Masses to help them to live, we aid them to the extent of our ability in the maintenance of their church, and every year we give a retreat in our seminary for them, and also one for the schoolmasters. It is a rather heavy burden for us; we must not only board them, but moreover pay their traveling expenses as well. However, the retreats are a powerful force of the apostolate, and afford us the greatest consolation.

Besides our seminary and its activities, we have other means of apostolate, through our residences. These residences were established six years ago with a twofold object in view: to enable us to preach to the villages in the environs, and to provide the young priests, who are alumni of our seminaries and all celibates, with a safeguard for their virtue by occasional taste of social life with a Missionary and with a source of guidance for their ministry. Only the most praiseworthy results have followed from the application of this plan.

The Missionaries start from these residences every Saturday to make the circuit of the neighboring villages. They visit schools, instruct in catechism, preach, hear confessions, and leave behind them words of encouragement and aspiration heavenward. They return Sunday evening or Monday morning to resume their teaching and direct the school attached to the residence.

We are trying now to increase our activities, and have lately set about giving regular missions in the villages. We intended to do this work for many years past, but obstacles to its fulfilment had always arisen. In the first place the ground was not ready: we were not well enough known, and our villages did not contain a sufficient number of
Catholics. We succeeded in preparing the soil by our constant visitation of the villages; but when we wished to commence the missions a few years ago, political disturbances arose to prevent us. During the present year, we have availed ourselves of a quiet interval which may not be long. The two first missions we have preached have been successful beyond all our expectations; we trust that this new venture may cause some light of truth to penetrate into the minds of these people so woefully ignorant.

Our works in short comprise all such charitable establishments as churches, schools, etc. During the present year the village of Deli-Hassan has become Catholic; as there was no church there, we purchased a house to be used for a chapel. We did the same at Stoyakovo, where a few Catholics still remained, but without a church. We purchased a church for them and a cemetery. We have had an iconostasis made for our church at Mouine. We assist the poor and unfortunate who throng Macedonia in these harrowing times. Our constant regret is that we do not help them enough. We maintain a bed at the hospital at Salonica, for the sick among our poor Catholic Bulgarians, and you can be assured that it is always occupied. In fine, we try to act as the agent of Providence for the afflicted in this land, where insurrection has been the cause or occasion of abundant misfortune for years back. Whenever a calamity occurs in any locality we proceed immediately to the spot and bring relief.

This is our work, my Lord, it is worthy, I feel sure, of all the interest you manifest in its favor. I trust that you will kindly continue the allowance you grant our seminary, and also the special assistance you give us for the Bulgarian schools.

Accept, etc.,

E. Cazot,
Superior.
ASIA

CHINA

TROUBLES IN SOUTH KIANG-SI

MASSACRE OF A MISSIONARY

Toward the close of September 1907, the following disastrous reports appeared in the newspapers, which were later to be confirmed and supplemented:

The telegrams from Shang-Hai announce the outbreak of a rebellion in Kiang-Si. The Lazarist mission has been burned, but the Fathers attending it succeeded in effecting their escape, and reached Kian to the north. There they telegraphed for assistance to Nan-Chang, stating that the Chinese officials were unable to protect their lives.

The Protestant missions of Kang-Chu were also attacked, and their chapel was burned. The lady missionaries were obliged to take shelter with the governor of the city. The governor of the province is forwarding troops to the spot.

In the same locality an Italian priest named Canduglia, and a number of Chinese converts were killed at Ta-wo-li, a town located near Nan-Kang, between Kang-Chu and Nan-Ngan.

The province of Kiang-Si was also the scene of a massacre that occurred last year; the city of Nan-Chang where a Catholic mission exists was the principal sufferer at that time.

1.—THE PRECURSORS AND CAUSES OF THE PRESENT DISASTER.

This painful news confirmed the presentiments and fears recently felt by the Missionaries of that region.

Mgr. Ferrant, Vicar Apostolic, of Kiang-Si, wrote, October fifteenth:

"I have no news of disasters in South Kiang-Si, nor of the martyrdom of the good and holy Father Canduglia, who was ordained with me, and was my fellow traveler on
my first voyage to China (1884). You have already re­ceived news of these troubles. Poor Kiang-Si! The per­secutions there are chronic. Moreover at the present mo­ment all of the southern part of China is threatened by a great revolution. The imperial government will, it seems to me, experience great difficulty in suppressing a revolt against the dynasty; an uprising will affect the whole South, if not all China. Our missionary works will suffer a fa­tal blow in consequence. And after that? Will the situa­tion be better or worse? We leave the answer to God. Our confidence is in His Providence, and in the promise that all things happen for the good of the elect: Omnia prop­ter electos.

A letter received from Father Faveau, written a week previous to the one above quoted, contained the following information from the vicariate of Che-Kiang, which is contiguous to that of Kiang-Si, where the tragic occur­rences just related took place. (October 3, 1907): “We are enjoying peace at this place, but this peace is only a superficial one, and the revolutionary spirit which is abroad can scarcely spare us in its destructive campaign. The government, threatened in its own existence is multiplying precautions to thwart the movement. We hope that it may succeed, for any political disturbance would probably cause us great injury.

As we shall explain further on, the present movement is a revolutionary one, similar to that of 1900, and instigated by the society of Boxers.¹

¹. It is curious to recall a notice published some months ago in a morning paper. It read as follows: "For some time past, the English and French correspondents have sent messages to their papers announcing the impend­ing outbreak of very grave internal troubles in China."

"What are we to think of these movements, whose deep-lying causes may doubtless escape the observation of the European to whom China is still a somewhat unknown land?"

"A young Chinaman, resident of Paris, continues this paper, has fur-
The reader will find after a narration of the causes of the disaster, the letters of Missionaries who were witnesses of the events they relate. Following these is an extract from *l'Echo de Chine*, a newspaper published at Shanghai, in which the order of events in chronological succession may be easily traced.

We shall borrow from this paper a description of the Boxers of Southern China who are the authors of the existing troubles, and another on the fixing of responsibility for these tragic occurrences.

II.—LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES

1. **Letter from Rev. H. Lecaille, Priest of the Mission, to Very Rev. A. Fiat, Superior General.**

Shang-Hai, October 9, 1907.

The good God has struck us a terrible blow in our establishments in South Kiang-Si. Father Canduglia has been killed! Fifty Christians massacred! Our residence at Tawo-ly, that of Kang-Chu and our two churches have been burned! Twenty-five to thirty Christian villages have been pillaged and burned! All our Christians are scattered and without means of subsistence!

The oldest and most flourishing Christian settlement of the vicariate—Christian for three hundred years—is annihilated and may not recover for years to come, unless Father Canduglia from his throne in heaven obtain for us some hitherto unpublished information on this subject, which is such as may interest the European mind.

"China," says he, "is at present in a state of complete transformation. What our papers consider a revolt, dangerous to foreigners only, is the beginning of a democratic revolution.

"This revolution has been brewing for a long time, and the southern provinces are almost all won over to the good cause.

"We are pursuing a policy looking to the overthrow of the reigning Manchu dynasty,...We constitute the Ken-ming-tang (revolutionary party), and are formed into a secret society."—January 20, 1907.
MAP OF CHIANG-HSI (CHINA)
a quick and thorough restoration of peace, and these poor Boxers' heads become calmed. We have encountered a real Boxer insurrection similar to the one of 1900 in the north of China. There have been the same calumnies against us to excite the people; the same diabolical incantations have been employed; the same spontaneity and rapidity have distinguished the movement. It began to spread openly in June; it ended in the drama of September twenty-fifth.

Poor Father Canduglia! He did all in his power to defend and protect his flock; he wrote letters to the mandarins who pretended to see no danger, sending troops with orders not to fire; he neglected no means, human or divine, to avert the blow that we felt was coming, especially during the past month.

He was twice besought to enter the city where his life would have been safe; he always answered in our behalf: "My life is of little consequence; protect my Christians, above all."

On the twenty-fifth of September, at half-past one o'clock, we were surrounded by ten thousand Boxers, who fortunately waited to set fire to the first Christian villages, without coming direct to our residence. At half-past five, Father Canduglia, instead of returning to the church with me and our Christians as they were driven back, took the road to Kang-Chu followed by twenty or thirty Christian men and women and escorted by a Chinese officer and his ten soldiers who had arrived that very morning. They were all killed about ten or twelve thousand feet farther on by the Boxers who had hastened to bar their way and surround them. Father Canduglia received four thrusts in the breast with a pike and was immediately decapitated. He did not suffer much or long physically, I believe; but for

1 Anthony Canduglia, born at Aversa, Southern Italy, June 13, 1861; received into the Congregation of the Mission, May 2, 1880.
two or three weeks previous he had suffered a daily moral martyrdom.

Returning to the church with the greater number of the Christians, I went straight inside in order to bestow a general absolution; then I busied myself repelling the attacks of the Boxers; thus we awaited the approach of night. At times in the gallery, other times at the main door, along with some Christians who kept their heads, we succeeded with our Chinese guns in repulsing the pagans, they soon returned, however, creeping on the ground and succeeded in setting fire to the four doors and the school; then they retired, hoping to see us roast alive, or else that they might kill us if we attempted to escape. The roof of the school crashed through, the burning brands fell upon our bell hanging beneath; it began to ring in lugubrious notes as if tolling our death knell; it sounded ominous! I succeeded in arresting the flames, nearly or entirely at the doors. I had the beams connecting the school and residence sawed apart. The walls of the school remained standing. Father Canduglia was already visibly protecting us from the heights of heaven, I feel sure! Night fell; I imparted to the Christians my determination to leave at any cost, for the morrow would surely bring death if we remained where we were. I half opened a door which was still slightly burning...I saw no one! I advanced some steps...; then returned in order to conduct the Sisters of St. Ann who were still in the church with the other Christians. A hundred persons men and women followed me. We advanced this way and that, avoiding the principal highway. About a third of a mile from Ta-wo-ly we divided into two bands; those that separated from me were almost immediately attacked by the Boxers who were again on the offensive. The Christians, however, succeeded in driving them off; the other Christians who had remained in the church also escaped during the night. But what became of the women, the children, the
aged? They told me that there were two hundred Christians killed, which I can readily credit; at present, however, I estimate the number of our martyrs at no more than sixty. Martyrs they truly are, killed through hatred of Europeans, it is true, but likewise and chiefly through hatred of religion; for the bonzes and fasters were associated with the movement. They stirred up the people, saying: “If everyone becomes Christian, who will come to worship our pousah’s and buy our red candles?” Father Schottey will write you, I believe, a description of the sack of Kan-Chu.

Deign ever to believe me, etc.

H. LECAILLE, C. M.


Ki-ngan, October 3, 1907.

Very Reverend Visitor,

The grace of our Lord be ever with us!

This little nest at Ta-wo-li, which you visited last year, is now destroyed; the flourishing Christian community which lived in the shadow of our church has been scattered, and many Christians killed, along with Father Canduglia, some before, some after him. I have sent a messenger to-day to learn the exact number of killed, and to recommend the survivors to Father Chu.

The question naturally arises how so many calamities could happen to us in so short a time? A fuller understanding of the situation may be gained from the notes I have taken and have forwarded to Father Pêrès.

All that I wish to relate in this letter is an account of my experience, during the last few days, and my last moments with Father Canduglia,
On September 21, 1907, at noon, we learned that four hundred Boxers were advancing on Ta-wo-li; the Anamites and all the Christian inhabitants took refuge in the church with Father Canduglia, who tried to establish a kind of order among them. The alarm proved false.

22nd; no untoward events occurred. The men with me kept guard, nevertheless; we were armed for defense day and night. We hoped that our attitude would impress the Boxers, and gain time for the arrival of the soldiers.

23rd; matters continued the same; we no longer slept. At noon, there was a fresh alarm; we took refuge again in the church. I went outside with the Christians where we saw about two hundred Boxers on the surrounding hills, but they did not dare approach.

24th; at noon, about a thousand Boxers surrounded us with a frightful shouting and beating of gongs. The women again withdrew to the church. We remained outside along with our Christians, facing our opponents until five o'clock. A division of the latter broke away at that hour, and moved towards us; we ran to meet them, and a five minutes' contest ensued. One Christian and a pagan were killed. The pagans fled away carrying their dead and wounded. I was obliged to withhold our Christians from pursuit; they wished to set fire to the pagan village, but, I admonished them to be satisfied with self-defense. After these occurrences, sixty soldiers arrived, sent by the tao-tai; these were divided, twenty going to the city of Nan-Kan, and forty to the great market of Tan-Kiang, with orders from the under-prefect of Nan-Kang not to go to Ta-wo-li. This latter order was scarcely necessary, as the soldiers would not have ventured, knowing that we were surrounded. Despite the urgent letters from Father Canduglia to the tao-tai, the latter acted only through his subordinate, the assistant-prefect of Nan-Kang. On the evening of this day a mounted Christian started to
FATHER ANTONY CANDUGLIA C. M.
PUT TO DEATH AT CHIANG-HSI, CHINA
SEPTEMBER 25, 1907
(From a photograph taken in 1896)
warn our confrères at Kang-Chu Father Schottey renewed his appeals to the tao-t’ai, the latter sent a tong-ling (military officer) and ten soldiers with orders not to fire, but if possible, rather to parley with the Boxers.

25th; at half-past eight or nine o’clock, the tong-ling arrived. We began to think ourselves safe, but unfortunately this was the last day for Father Canduglia and a large number of Christians. At noon ten thousand Boxers renewed their attack. For the third time, the Anamites and women sought refuge in the church. The tong-ling rapidly wrote letters to the tao-t’ai. I remained outside with my Christians and the ten soldiers. Soon the Boxers set fire to all our Christian villages in succession. Seeing that the soldiers withheld their fire, our Christians began to lose courage. The Boxers approached, entirely surrounding us. I shouted: “Every one to the church!” The majority followed me there. When inside, we closed the doors. The tong-ling started to escort Father Canduglia, giving him the horse of one of the sao-koans who had accompanied the ten soldiers. The tong-ling entered his portable chair and all this little band which could also have taken refuge in the church, along with some Christian men and women who were determined to live or die with the priest, started on their way from our terrace above. They had not taken a hundred steps when the Boxers fell upon them, armed with long pikes; they killed the tong-ling, seven or eight soldiers, two sao-koans, and many Christian men and women. Father Canduglia’s horse was killed; he fell to the ground where he was pierced four times with a pike, then immediately decapitated.

Having returned with my Christians to the church, we could only await the approach of night. What a heart-rending sight, women and children weeping, men terrified. I entered the church and cried out for all to make an act of contrition. They recited the prayer and I pro-
nounced the formula of absolution. Then we hurried back and forth, from the gallery to the main door, with our Chinese muskets loaded with powder and scrap-iron, repelling those who attempted to set fire to the building. The incendiaries departed only to return, creeping along in order to set fire to the four doors and to the school; the situation looked ominous. I succeeded with the help of some Christians, who were not senseless from fear, in extinguishing the fire at the four doors, but not at the school, where the roof fell with a crash, while the walls remained intact. Night came on, the Boxers withdrew from one side for refreshment and rest from their labors. About seven or eight o'clock, I started from the church, leading the Anamites through a door still burning, and which the Boxers had left unguarded. Many Christians followed, others came later. Silently and by side ways we traveled, reaching Pin-lou at one o'clock in the morning. We were at Kang-Chu, by dawn, this was burned that same day. We were put aboard ship, but not until we had experienced the liveliest fears at the local magistrate's palace. We are now safe at Ki-ngan. We fervently implore the Virgin of the Holy Rosary to save Ki-ngan-fou to us, as we may then repair the damage done.

Believe me ever etc.,

HENRY LECAILLE.

3 — Letter from REV. A. SCHOTTEY, Priest of the Mission, to VERY REV. A. FIAT, Superior General.

Shang-Hai, October 17, 1907.

You are already acquainted with the sad course of events which have happened in the two districts of Nan-ngan-fou and Kang-Chu-fou.

I have informed you of the casualties in my district and
the share I had in those of Father Canduglia's district through my negotiations with the Chinese authorities.

About July twentieth, I first learned of a sect of demoniacs called Cheng-ta-houei, which means a "Society of the contest of the spirits, or society of the spiritual combat." Saving the name they are the same as the Boxers of 1900 in the North of China. They have the same practices, the same drills, and the same purpose; namely, the extermination of foreigners and Christians.

As the Chinese priest who is in regular charge of our relations with the mandarins was absent, I awaited his return to officially inform them of the existence of this sect. The occasion presented itself shortly before the festival of the Assumption. The highest dignitary of Kang-Chu called the tao-tai, which means much the same as prefect, replied to our communication, stating that he was aware of the existence of this sect and was already exerting himself to suppress it. He added that there was no reason to fear that the members of this sect would be able to realize their designs. Subsequently I had the names of the society's meeting place forwarded to him, together with those of its leaders. He caused an investigation and arrests to be made through his inferior officer, the sub-prefect of Kan-shien, the home of my principal missions. His efforts succeeded in counteracting this hostile movement and arresting the rumors and threats in my district.

Father Canduglia applied for the most part, to the sub-prefect of Nan-Kang, where his chief missions were located. This mandarin was less solicitous to repress the Boxers and their number and audacity continued to increase. Those of my district prepared to imitate their example; they boasted openly that as soon as the churches and missions of Nan-Kan-shien were burned, they would also burn those of Kan-shien. Their boast was realized. After several times fixing dates for their destruction, they, finally, set
about executing their plans; on September twenty-first Father Canduglia warned me that the danger was imminent. I immediately advised the tao-tai of conditions; thereupon he sent sixty soldiers, forty of whom were installed in the city of Nan-Kang, about ten miles from Tá-wo-ly; twenty were despatched to guard a great marketplace about four miles from Tá-wo-ly.

On the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth new appeals were made in behalf of Father Canduglia. I completed fresh negotiations with the tao-tai, who sent a colonel as special delegate with ten soldiers and authority to summon all those stationed in that locality.

This delegate arrived at Tá-wo-ly with his ten soldiers on the twenty-fifth, about eight in the morning. Father Canduglia wrote me a letter full of hope and expressions of gratitude to the tao-tai.

Alas, this poor confrère thought not that it was the last day for him as well as for many other Christians.

Meanwhile about one o'clock in the afternoon the Boxers returned, more numerous than on the preceding days. They completed the destruction of the Christian settlement at Tá-wo-ly, as narrated by Father Lecaille.

On hearing this sorrowful news, during the nights of the twenty-fifth—twenty-sixth, I immediately foresaw that the missions and rectories of my district were doomed. I hastened immediately to the tao-tai to devise for the safety of my flock. We agreed that the Missionaries should take refuge at his palace, and the personnel of the orphanage at the palace of the sub-prefect. Returning to our residence, I sent a messenger post haste to call Fathers Molinari and Verrièrè to the city from Ping-Lou, a town about seven miles distant from Kang-Chu. They had anticipated my order, having learned before me of the disaster at Tá-wo-ly, so that they arrived at Kang-Chu at two in the morning as I was finishing Mass; seeing there was no time to lose I
had all the personnel of the orphan asylum, conducted to the palace of the sub-prefect at four in the morning; Father Lecaille, who had escaped the massacre by a special Providence, arrived also at Kang-Chu the twenty-sixth, at eight in the morning.

At ten o’clock, we all five—including Brother Van den Brandt—quitted our residence to proceed to the court of the tao-taï. Our house had already been attacked by marauders at the moment we were leaving it by a private doorway. I suggested to the tao-taï to send a force to drive off the plunderers. He replied that it was impossible to fire on the crowd without creating a general riot throughout the city. The pillagers and destroyers were thus enabled to pursue their task uninterrupted. At three in the afternoon, from the windows of the tao-taï’s palace we beheld the flames consuming our orphanage, preparatory seminary, church, school, residence, and out-buildings.

An excellent mission of my district about ten miles from the city had been sacked and burnt at an early hour the same day.

With everything gone but the garments we wore,—house, churches, missions, sacred ornaments, and chalices; fearing a revolt in the city, moreover, being obliged to provide for the safety of my confrères, I determined to leave with them for Ki-ngan. I informed the tao-taï of my resolution and during the night we left on boats, rented for us by him, and escorted by a gun-boat.

I had provided beforehand for the maintenance of the personnel of the orphanage during our absence. I cherished strong hopes that our Chinese priest would return to Kang-Chu the next day and enter into communication with the mandarin, the orphanage, and the dispersed Christians.

When we reached Ki-ngan we met there all the confrères of the northern portion of the vicariate, who had just ended their retreat.
As Ki-ngan was still comparatively quiet, Father Pérès kept us there; some days later the Reverend Visitor summoned Father Lecaille by telegram to Shang-Hai, in order to give him and the consul a more precise and detailed account by word of mouth.

A Schottey.

III.—DESCRIPTION OF THE BOXERS OF KIANG-SI, THEIR SUPERSTITIONS AND PRACTICES.

This study is taken from l'Écho de Chine (nos. October 18, 19, 1907):

We have seen in our foregoing articles the disastrous effects of a sudden outburst of boxer fanaticism near the frontier of Kiang-Si, at Ta-wo-ly, and in the prefecture of Kang-Chu. An Italian Missionary, fallen in the full glory of his apostolic mission, hundreds of native Christians, men, women, and children, butcheted collectively; churches, residences, and schools destroyed by fire or pillage; whole villages aflame, more than four thousand Christians shelterless—such is the mournful tally of the last week of September in this desolated region.

The horror of these scenes whose cause may be summed up as an attack of foreign hatred, induced the publication of a recent imperial edict on the subject of the respect and tolerance due to missionaries generally. Alas, from the time of Kang-hi this is probably the eighteenth edict of the same kind published. We have the strongest fears that it will not prevent the occurrence of new tragedies. It will not extinguish the glory of the martyrs and we shall again see instances of sublime deaths crowning lives of sublime abnegation.

We have had the privilege of seeing two of the heroes of these distressing events and conversing with them. They have lately arrived here. They are the courageous Father Lecaille who was so near death at Ta-wo-ly and the
excellent Father Schottey who had the immense satisfac-
tion of receiving his confrère at Kang-Chu after believing
him dead with Father Canduglia.

Through their kindness we have been enabled to secure
a long and detailed account of the boxer movement in gen-
eral and the sacking of Ta-wo-ly.

The society which operated at Ta-wo-ly bears the name
of Cheng-ta, meaning: struck by the spirits.

At the epoch of the well-known uprising of 1900, which
starting from Shan-tung and the East of Chi-li threatened
the whole of China, we know that the sect most in evidence
and directing the general movement was styled “I-ho-
kiuen,” “The Fist of Public Order” or “Stragglers for
Justice and Concord.”

These sects are connected with the sect of the “Pai-lien-
kiao” (white water-lily).

Whence is their origin?

Mr. E. H. Parker says that a Chinese writer traces them
to the dynasty of the Sung, destroyed in the eighteenth cen-
tury by the Mongols; previous to this dynasty, however,
Turkish and Tung sovereigns of China played polo and
attended boxing contests.

The names the members assume, and their incantations
place them among the Sie-kiao or heterodox sect, formerly
condemned by the emperor Kia-king and lately revived by
the spirit of foreign hatred. Its distinguishing note from
other secret societies lies in its practices of magic. The
members believe that spirits descend upon them.

The applicants for membership are subjected to an ini-
tiation ceremony. This consists in entering into a state of
nervous ecstasy, deadening the sense of pain and realiza-
tion of danger. Deafening cries, wonderful contortions, a
rude kind of fencing with lance and sabre prepare them
for this state.

Influence is exerted on the imagination by means of
charms, incantations, and peculiar practices. There must be among them phenomena of suggestion and embodiment similar to those witnessed among the Jansenist convulsionists or the clairvoyants and mediums of our own day.

Father Lecaille related to me that from the first of the eighth moon (September), meetings assembled nightly in either of two pagodas, situated one five miles, the other about ten miles from his residence.

Hundreds of applicants sought entrance at these meetings. Only young men from thirteen to twenty-five years of age were accepted: Every night the gong could be heard summoning the assembly.

One practice among many may be mentioned. Two candles were placed on an altar; two young girls twelve years of age stood by. The members who sought to acquire the necessary power took their station opposite the candles, a short distance from them, fixing their eyes on the points of flame, under the direction of a Tzeu-fou, or master-instructor.

This practice is one of hypnotism. The effect soon became apparent. Favorable subjects fell into a secondary or hypnotic state. It is very probable that the Tzeu-fou, at this time taking advantage of their impressionable state, inspired them with sentiments of hatred for foreigners, and others of like character. It is probable too, that some of these instructors were not thorough masters of their art, as they were not always able to restore their subjects to a normal state afterwards. All who are familiar with hypnotic phenomena know the dangers to which subjects are liable, if not thoroughly awakened.

To this we may trace the grave organic disorders noted in certain of the Boxers, a result of faulty initiation. Some continued their contortions at home, breaking everything in their way, as if possessed; others lost their sight, or went crazy gazing at the candle-light.
It is known that the main object of the Boxers is to attain invulnerableness. They are supposed to be invulnerable to bullets after a state of trial lasting ninety days. Should they fall, an explanation is at hand. Either the noviceship was not completed and in that case the deceased was only half a Boxer, or else they seriously affirm that he is not really dead, and that in a few days he will revive ready to renew the struggle.

The following extract on the subject of invulnerability was written by Father Ignatius Mangin, who later fell a victim to the Invulnerables:

"On October 2, 1900, a market-day at Song-Menn, a town ninety miles west of Kang-Chu, the sectaries proceeded to a solemn dedication of a cheng-tseu (central arena) and announced experiments in invulnerableness for the next market day.

On the day appointed thousands of curious spectators assembled at Song-Menn, anxious to enjoy the promised spectacle. They were deceived; the exercises were postponed to the thirtieth. The crowd on this day was only larger and more eager. The appointed chief of the ceremony and two disciples knelt before tablets inscribed with names of the spirits of the sect. They made frequent protestations, burned sticks of incense, and recited a number of prayers and incantations. The spirit did not come. Finally about four in the afternoon the chief arose with a start; his features were altered and he seemed like one overcome by an irresistible power. The two disciples also arose and loaded a gun. The master partially disrobed and exposed his breast. A shot was heard, the unfortunate man fell first on his knees and then full length on the ground. The shot piercing him through had burrowed a wide, deep wound. Quickly his companions wrapped him up and bore him away covered with blood; he soon expired."

The credulity of the spectators was not affected. Through the subterfuges of the chief managers, the superstition prevailed none the less over the minds of the spectators.

Did they not affirm at this same time in their notices:

"The I-ho-kiuen are in a golden bell so that they fear neither sword nor axe; they can protect themselves from guns and cannon." They added: "Arise, O people! Have but one heart and one soul to kill the demons of the Oc-
cident. From all ages, the Chinese of the Middle Empire have been distinguished from the foreign barbarians; but now they begin to intermingle. To whom does the Empire belong? Confucius and Mengtsu weep continually and their tears steep their bosoms."

In describing the members of the Cheng-ta, the present day sect which becomes so ill-renowned at Kiang-Si, we have spoken of the I-ho-kiuen of 1900. We shall now give some details relating to these latter, in order the better to reveal the general aspect of the question.

Baron d’Anthouard in his work on the Boxers thus describes the bands operating in 1900. The extract is a translation from the Journal of a Pekinese Notable:

"I, a peaceable inhabitant have taken these notes, written as they are with a borrowed style in midst of the trouble:

"The Boxers came, so it is said, from the region of Pa-Koua, formerly well known. All wear blue garments, with colored handkerchiefs on their head; some wear yellow and others red girdles. They are divided into eight sections, each one having its distinctive color. Invulnerable to wounds, they fear neither sword nor gun nor fire-arms. Armed with sabre and lance they enjoy a magic power by which they recognize Europeans and Christians. They do no harm to Buddhists, but kill Europeans and Christians without mercy. Each one carries with him two biscuits cooked by steam, and five sapeks [a small coin of China and India]. They have the extraordinary power of preserving intact their small supply of provisions, though they eat their biscuits as often as they wish and spend their five copper coins as often as they please. If they go to battle they feel neither hunger nor thirst; they are of incomparable activity and never experience the slightest fatigue. They do not perpetrate thefts either in the streets of the villages, or in the market-places; no, they allow every one to attend to his own affairs in peace. They truly seem to observe a heavenly doctrine, and are fully worthy to be called the support of the dynasty and of the people."

We see how the peaceful citizens were impressed with the movement at this period.

Besides this, inflammatory pamphlets were widely circulated. Cordier, in his book on l’Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec les Pays Étrangers, quotes several. We borrow the following extract which seems typical:
The four points of the compass and the eight horizons are growing to be theatres of war. You who have good fates mount quickly toward the edge with one blow you will arrive in your country. I am an immortal, coming from the Occident, from the mountain of chaos, from the cave of the gilded rainbow; my name is Tao, my title Tsing-tsin (tranquillity), I am a messenger from Tai-kong-laotsu (founder of the Chen dynasty, 1,200 B.C.) to warn the good men of this pagoda, to spread this proclamation on all sides, and exhort the people to follow the I-ho-kiuen. Train soldiers quickly, for thirteen foreign kings are coming to attack the Celestial Empire. China will be deeply stirred, soldiers will come in a mass like a mountain, there will be generals great as the ocean; there will be mountains of bones, and blood will flow like rivers. We must all, without distinction of sex or age, engage in the divine exercises to learn the art of the immortal genii, that we may escape the peril of war and avoid this great catastrophe. This distress will last thirty years, then peace shall reign.

More than seventy kingdoms will soon invade us like a flood. Good people, make a quick resolve that we may oppose them with armies.

The Europeans spread poison in the wells, in the rivers, in the seas, in the grain, and in the markets: only those well skilled in the divine art can escape its power. Our people who have been won over by the demons of the Occident are the ones who spread these poisons; what is not bought at the market-places is poisoned also. Beware!

We have taken all these details from the immortal genius; those initiated will understand my words.

Some officials, nevertheless, made timid protests. One of these, a prudent and wise man, circulated this anonymous answer:

Members of the I-ho-kiuen, who are concealed in a golden bell you violate the law, you depart from the path of righteousness. I exhort you not to be like madmen, for the invincible army is near. They have guns of perfect make. In the rear they have cannon with powerful projectiles. When you are attacked, your ancestors and masters will be powerless to succor you; incantations will then be of no use. When these misfortunes fall upon you, it will be too late for repentance. Repent as soon as possible, do not become headstrong.

We know that it was too late for them, and that the army of the “foreign demons”, heedless of their charms and incantations forced them to beg for mercy.

* * *

We have seen that among the reproaches leveled against
the Europeans was one of poisoning the wells and the grain in the market.

In Kiang-Si, the same charges were framed. They were accused of poisoning the salt. "Those who use it", said their chiefs, "will die at the end of one hundred and twenty days".

The belief spread quickly and the fear grew to such proportions that the use of salt was abandoned in that district. The sub-prefect of Nan-kang was finally obliged to issue an edict declaring that the current rumors were false. Chinese salt was sold by the mandarins, and the sub-prefect was obliged to send a subordinate to the different houses in order to make sure that salt was again in use.

This happened about the seventh moon (August). The Boxer chiefs were evidently exciting the mass of the people to be ready and in a state of paroxysm and frenzy for the fifteenth of the eighth moon (September twenty-second). (It may be recalled that this was the date of the Boxer uprising in 1900.)

We may make the remark at this juncture that the movement had in the beginning a twofold object: 1. It was meant to stem the modernizing current manifested in new schools and new habits of dress. Thus, among other things, they looked with sinister countenance on a young seminarian who would engage to teach Latin in a school for seventy dollars a year. Again they became angered at young men who wore sleeves tight at the wrist in European fashion instead of the traditional flowing sleeves. These were driven away from the nightly meetings at the pagodas.

2. The agitation was also directed against the Christians and Europeans.

Thus more than once this threat was made against the native Christians: "We are not after your goods but your lives. We shall massacre you and not let you return." However, they were not completely blind to worldly con-
siderations as they had already divided and shared among themselves the lands of the native Christians.

Boys from thirteen to fourteen enlisted; when asked for what reason they answered: “The fifteenth of the eighth moon we shall all go down to Nan-Chang to fight the Europeans.”

Almost the entire male population were forced to enroll. Those who refused were threatened with reprisals. The notables and the educated were in this class. Their absence gave the mandarins reason to conjecture that the movement would prove a failure. When officers of the law sought entrance to their meeting-places, they were driven away with pikes.

Strange enough when Christians attended even where they were unknown, they were immediately discovered and denounced by the spirits of the place. So, at least, these Christians themselves believe. (This shows a strange resemblance to the clairvoyance of mediums in the West.)

Most of those attending the meetings were young men from thirteen to twenty-five years of age. No one was accepted beyond this latter age. Doubtless their nervous temperament was more suited to the moral derangement expected of them.

Some young females were admitted, probably exceptional subjects or superior mediums. Half clad, contrary to the strict propriety of the Chinese, they fell into a hypnotic state with leaping and contortions.

Some went from town to town, exhibiting the spectacle of their frenzy. We may remark that they were not highly esteemed by the respectable population whose sense of decency was shocked.

They were the daughters of peasants and absolutely without education. Their feet are not compressed, as it is not the custom in this region. They possess a marvelous faculty, when in their quasi-trance, of speaking the purest man-
The members of the sect did not stop at the initiation ceremonies of gazing at the candle-light, prostrating themselves and uttering enchantments before paper Buddhas pasted on the wall, or leaping aloft.

They cut paper manikins representing the Europeans they intended to destroy and exclaimed as they pierced them with their pikes: "One more killed!"

We could hear their death-cries far into the night from the residence.

A. Monestier

IV.—A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE TROUBLES IN SOUTH KIANG-SI

This narration of the death of Father Canduglia and the escape of Father Lecaille and his Christians is taken from l’Echo de Chine of the twentieth and twenty-second October. The events are related in their chronological order so that their mutual relation is evident.

1.—Murder of Father Canduglia

The minds of those fanaticized by the Boxer chiefs were haunted with murderous ideas. Their immediate objective point was Ta-wo-ly. Ta-wo-ly was a collection of nine villages which were for the most part Christian. Its origin we are assured ascends to a family emigrated from Koang-ton more than three hundred years ago. Father Canduglia had labored in the apostolate at this place for twenty-two years. He devoted all his energies to his work; the sincere veneration in which he was held by his flock made him an especial object of hate to the sectaries. His companion was Father Lecaille, a man of prudence and great energy who
efficiently seconded him four years in the manifold duties of his mission.

The two Missionaries fully realizing the danger threatening from what they saw and heard, and from reports of their Christians sent a number of appeals to Kang-Chu, the prefecture. The tao-tai, Kiang, was not indifferent it is true to their representations. But what measures of prevention did he take? In answer to one of the first appeals he sent forty soldiers to the threatened district, comprising Nan-kang, Ping-lou, and Ta-wo-ly.

This was but a handful compared with the constantly increasing numbers of militant Boxers who could easily be counted by thousands.

From the month of August, not a week passed without an alarm at the residence. September seventh, the fears became more acute. Threatening bands were drawing near.

At night, in the pagodas near the church, after the meetings which had now become regular occurrences, the death-cries grew longer, more numerous, and significant. The multitude were growing more fanatical.

September twenty-second; that day there was no report. The fanatics celebrated the anniversary with festivity and rejoicing.

The Christians, at any rate, organized for the defense. These numbered about eight hundred. They fashioned pikes of long bamboo rods and polished some old rusted sabres. Others who possessed Chinese guns bought wire at the market to cut up for bullets. The church too was prepared for defense. The casements were barred and a heap of stones and chalk was piled near the windows in the side galleries to cast on assailants in case of attack.

September twenty-fourth, a skirmish occurred. Ta-wo-ly

1. Ta-ho-ly or Ta-wo-ly a town between Kang-Chu and Nan-ngan, about seven miles north of Nan-Kang-Shien. Editor's note.
is surrounded by hills. About a thousand Boxers were seen descending them; they stopped part way on the descent, then separated into two bodies. One remained where it was; the other advanced resolutely on the town with banners flying.

The majority wore a turban and girdle of red color the most fanatical being in the van. The chief commanders prudently kept the rear. The Christians awaited their advance with a firm stand. Those armed with guns fired but without much effect. The Tzeu-fou affecting the greatest calmness waved their fans as if to signalize the uselessness of bullets.

The Boxers continued their advance, armed with pikes they broke into a run. A clash followed with a great uproar and clamor. Notwithstanding their enchantments and special powers these great warriors are not so much to be feared.

The conflict lasted five minutes. It was not comparable to the combats of the middle ages between Crusaders and Saracens. The horses could not wade up to their bridle in blood. On the side of the Christians one man was killed and one wounded. Many of the Boxers fell, in spite of their “golden bell” and invulnerable properties. Unable to succeed even with the protection of the spirits, these bold warriors withdrew bearing away their dead and wounded.

It was five o’clock, and nightfall was at hand. The situation notwithstanding was a critical one. No assistance was coming from the mandarins. It was evident that thenceforth there was a breach in the rampart. The Boxers would return the following day in crushing numbers, leaving us no alternative—unless reinforcements arrived—but flight or death. A special messenger was dispatched to the authorities to acquaint them with the facts. They could not be of graver consequences.

The following day at dawn a force of ten soldiers arrived under command of a colonel. This was our reinforcement.
The officer, a generous man, summoned the forty soldiers scattered in the vicinity. They declined the summons alleging their inability to remove without instructions from the sub-prefect. This unspeakable official pretended to the end that there was no danger, that we should not arm for fear of exciting the Boxers. Yet for three months previous, threats were made almost daily in the secret meetings to drive the Christians and Europeans toward Nan-Chang.

The result was that the officer could obtain only three new under-officers for his force. He sent these out to reconnoitre. They returned with every sign of manifest fear: "The Boxers are coming in too great force, we can effect nothing."

Noon came; the sun was dazzling. Suddenly, about one o'clock, an advance line of Boxers appeared crowning the surrounding heights. Their numbers palpably increased. Their declivities swarmed with troops of men.

They might have been ten, fifteen, twenty thousand strong. Their cries reached the Christians who became terrified at the spectacle that presented. The fates were about to be fulfilled.

At four o'clock the Boxers set fire to the foremost Christian villages. At five they were near Ta-wo-ly. The colonel sent a message to Father Lecaille asking whether or not he took the responsibility of giving the order to begin to fire. This was peculiarly Chinese prudence. Father Lecaille replied that the defense regarded him as an officer. In truth this officer wished to save himself in the eyes of both mandarins and Boxers. It was evident that he had received no instructions.

The soldiers also seemed terrified and presented a pitiful appearance although they were armed with excellent rifles. Soon the orphanage of the Sisters of St. Anne was set on fire, two hundred paces from the residence. The brigands would come that way. Father Lecaille who pre-
served the greatest coolness comforting every one, shouted three times for all to take refuge in the church.

The colonel wished to flee, and climbed into his portable chair. He was a very pacific warrior, of a kind plentiful in China. He thought a way of retreat was still open. He had Father Canduglia to mount the horse of one of his under-officers and attended by his soldiers and a small body of Christians he left the residence. Hardly had the little troop progressed a hundred steps when a large force of Boxers suddenly blocked their way. The moment was a solemn one. Father Canduglia blessed everyone and clasped, for the last time, the hand of his faithful servant Cheng who chose to follow him to death.

But the colonel glided out of his chair and knelt before the on-coming fanatics. He begged them to be pacified and return to order. A shot fired straight at his breast threw him, in a death agony, on the ground. Meanwhile Father Canduglia was the first one surrounded. His horse was killed and he fell to the ground. Immediately four pikes were thrust into his breast and one of the fanatics leaping with uplifted sabre at one blow severed his head from his body.

It is done. The blood of a martyr has flowed.

2.—Flight of Father Lecaille.

After Father Canduglia had fallen beneath the blows of the Boxers, his head was fixed on a pike and his body was hacked into bits. At the same time terror reigned in the church at Ta-wo-ly. The people had taken refuge there with Father Lecaille. No doubt after the extermination of the soldiers and fugitive Christians, the fanatics would return and sack the church. The doors were closed and barricaded; general fright prevailed. The women and children wept and lamented; most of the men had lost all courage. Families huddled in groups knelt and implored
the Divine Clemency; others dragged themselves to the feet of the priest entreating him to save them.

The priest was everything to these simple people at that supremely critical moment. He alone could help them now.

Father Lecaille is happily a man of uncommon temper. Far from permitting himself to be overcome by this spectacle of distress he imbibes new energy from sense of the common danger. He had not slept, or scarcely slept, for the four previous days of constant alarm. He cries out that all should make the act of contrition and a scene of grand and pathetic beauty follows. In the midst of tears and sobs an ardent prayer breaks forth from all these fervent hearts and ascends to heaven. The priest utters the formula of absolution after which all these dazed creatures, enlightened by faith, are ready to make the sacrifice of their lives.

But Father Lecaille is moreover the defender of his flock.

By what miracle is the church still standing?

It is five o’clock. The flames of burning buildings color the horizon. Father Lecaille has a gun in his hand. With some energetic companions he maintains the fire. From the side-gallery and main door they command the immediate surroundings and fire on those that attempt to destroy the building. Their Chinese guns are loaded with powder and scrap-iron, and their fire seems effective against the Boxers. Vain is the “bell” of gold with which they believe themselves protected....

[However in the end the fire caught. Father Lecaille hastened with some companions] who were still unterrified to extinguish the flames except at the school where the roof soon fell with a crash.

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Happily the church was saved. Night fell, the bands of Boxers dispersed. Some started to pillage the burning
villages, while others returned to their homes for the evening meal. The time was favorable for flight. It was no longer possible to remain at the church; the morrow would bring certain destruction. The Boxers dazed with success were sure to return in strength and complete their grand exploits.

At seven or eight o’clock Father Lecaille left the church through a door that was still burning and had been left unguarded by the Boxers. A number of Christians followed him by the Ping-lou road. They numbered one hundred all told. Their progress was slow. The women and children caused delay. The native sisters of the house of St. Anne, twelve in number, were also in the group under the protection of the armed Christians. At a given moment the company separated into two bands following two different roads in order to attract less attention.

Father Lecaille had no more than sixty persons in his company.

About six miles from the spot of separation a river of considerable width barred their progress. On the opposite side a boat was moored. Two natives swam across and rowed it back. The whole company got aboard, each one as best he could. Suddenly, the sound of trumpets is heard; it is the troops, we are saved!

Soldiers did indeed appear, sixty, perhaps all told. They saw the boat clearly defined by the moonlight on the water, and coming towards them. They thought its occupants were a band of Boxers ready to attack them. These brave warriors immediately exclaimed: “Don’t shoot, don’t shoot.”

The Christians reassured them: “It is the priest!” they cried. It was eleven o’clock at night. About two in the morning they reached Ping-Lou. There were only a sub-officer and three soldiers at this town.
Happily, the tide of boxerism had not yet reached it. A rest of several hours was taken here.

At early dawn, the journey was resumed to Kang-Chu, where they all arrived about ten in the morning. There the excellent Father Schottey, ex-chaplain to General Bail-loud, who had already learned of Father Canduglia’s death through one of the fleeing soldiers, had the great happiness to receive the refugees and embrace his confrère, Father Lecaille whose fate he had not known till that moment.

The wanderings of the Missionaries were not yet ended. New misfortunes were about to burst upon them.

3.—Murder and Destruction.

Father Lecaille reached Kang-Chu on the morning of September twenty-sixth, after enduring the most distressing anguish. His confrères received him with open arms. There were Father Schottey, Father Molinari of Ping-lou, who being warned the night of the disaster at Ta-wo-li had fled an hour before Father Lecaille’s passage, Father Verrière of Sinfong, who by good fortune happened to be there on vacation, and Brother Van den Brandt.

Although the Boxers were not in the city the news of the surrounding massacres had provoked a great agitation which was further increased by the coming of the Christians. Conditions were by no means safe. Seeing this, Father Schottey judged it prudent to visit the office of the tao-tai. He went accompanied by the other Missionaries. They found the former tao-tai, Kiang, who had shortly before been nominated a superior judge, but since then both he and the new tao-tai, Mao, have been removed from office. His Excellency Kiang promised them protection, saying he would die if need be rather than allow them to be massacred by the rioters. Such a promise at a moment of so great excitement did not seem a sufficient guaranty to those interested.
The official offered them an escort to Ki-ngan if they preferred flight.

About three in the afternoon the populace broke loose. They burned the residence, church, seminary, and orphanage. Father Schottey displayed an admirable composure and foresight. The place was no longer tenable and it was necessary to flee. He regulated the details of this flight. The Sisters of St. Anne and the orphans of the city were entrusted to the sub-prefect.

Night came and about ten o'clock the five Missionaries left the palace under escort. Marshal law ruled in the city. Patrols circulated through the streets. Along the path of the Missionaries a cordon of soldiers with lanterns was lined. At the gates a crowd of people had gathered, but not a hostile cry was heard.

Two boats awaited the fugitives at the river-bank. They boarded them and started for Ki-ngan, escorted by a river gunboat.

With sad hearts they took a last look at Kang-Chu. Would they ever return? Kang-Chu is an important prefecture and Christianity was flourishing there. Mgr. Coqset, now at Ching-ting-fou, had intended to establish there his residence which was formerly at Ki-ngan. To-day the prefecture is in ruins. Everything is demolished, burned, or plundered. The provisions in store were not carried off for fear of poison, but the marauders destroyed them. This is the second time during the twenty years Father Schottey has labored at this mission that he has seen it destroyed. In 1900, the carpenters of a whole section who had worked in the construction of the residence started to destroy it stone by stone.

On the following day, the establishments of the “China Inland Mission” suffered the same fate. Happily, the Missionaries secured a refuge at the official residences and succeeded in saving their lives.
Kang-Chu is situated one hundred fifty miles south of Ki-ngan. The Missionaries were obliged to follow the famous historic route of the Eighteen Rapids. Father Ricci toward the close of the seventeenth century, took this route on the way to Pekin. He was the first to descend the rapids; on one of his later passages his boat was wrecked at Santze-Chang. The journey of the Missionaries was made without incident. On the way the boatmen as they pushed along, shouted the news of the massacres to the fellow craftsmen whom they passed.

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After five days they reached Ki-ngan. The city was calm. Father Pères is vicar-apostolic here as the place is at present without a bishop. Father Cicéri, the procurator at Shang-Haï, had been named but asked to be excused on account of ill health. A new choice is at present under consideration.

Father Pères is known here by many of our residents. He was formerly a schoolmate of Commander Leblanc of the Décidée, who recently sailed for France. A man of ability and much experience he judged it preferable not to leave Ki-ngan at this critical moment. He had not lost confidence in the mandarins.

The colonel in command of the place disposed of a force of three or four hundred men. In 1900, with a handful of men, he had made a victorious defense of Ho-kien-fou against the Boxers. Furthermore there were no alarming reports.

The fugitive Missionaries were now able to rest after their fatigues and anguish. Those at Ki-ngan were Father Legris, director of the ecclesiastical seminary, former chaplain of General Bailloud; Fathers Pruvot, of Yun-sin; Bonanate, of Ning-tou; de Jenlis, of Ta-ho; and Wathé, of
Providentially they had come to Ki-ngan for the annual retreat.

After eight days’ rest, Fathers Schottey and Lecaille continued their journey alone to Shang-Hai to furnish Father Guilloux, the Lazarist Visitor, with such information as he desired.

But this storm of boxer enthusiasm was far from calming. It still raged with considerable force in the neighborhood of Ta-wo-ly.

Father Molinari, as we have seen, was able to effect a timely escape from Ping-lou on the night of the twenty-fifth. The troop of soldiers met by Father Lecaille in his flight had not ventured much farther. Seeing the flames light up the horizon their leader adverted to his rashness and retraced his way. The rebellion triumphed in that district.

Twenty-sixth, Ping-lou afire.

Twenty-seventh, Nan-Kang, sub-prefecture about ten miles from Ta-wo-ly became the prey of the rebels. It was sacked during the night.

We have already alluded to the more than dubious behavior of the sub-prefect of that district. His answer to all petitions for help during the long period before the disaster was, that there was no reason to be alarmed. He even reproached the affrighted Christians for arming, and alleged that their conduct contributed rather to stir up the populace.

He was about to exhibit still greater remissness.

When the Boxers advanced towards the city the inhabitants closed the gates. Under pretext of reconnoitering, this incomparable mandarin went to the north gate and ordered it to be opened.

The rebels poured in. On seeing them the sub-prefect returned to his palace, leaving the mob unopposed to assault.
the residence and home of the Holy Childhood. The doors were beaten in and the buildings set aflame. Ten soldiers were on guard. One named Sinly who had long since been on the best of terms with the Tien-chu-tang (the Catholic church) made an attempt to escort the three Sisters of St. Anne with the twenty and some odd orphans under their charge, to the sub-prefect's palace. They were immediately traced. All were stripped, robbed, and some were drowned. The soldier succeeded in saving the three sisters and went to the palace with them. The sub-prefect reproached him exclaiming: “I have nothing to do with the members of the Tien-chu-tang.” The soldier was dismissed.

A former guard however deigned, out of the merest pity, to take charge of the three sisters. The fate of the orphans is unknown.

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Nan-ngan-fou, situated about fifty-five miles from Ta-wo-ly the station of the Chinese priest Chu, was saved as if by miracle. At Chan-tze-chang more than a hundred Christians were killed.

At Ta-wo-ly, where the rebellion triumphed, thirty persons, women and children were killed at one time.

The murder of Father Canduglia was to give a special frenzy to the fanatics at this place. After decapitation, the head of this truly worthy Missionary was fixed on a pike, with which his slayers paraded three days through the surrounding towns, and then cast it into a marsh. His heart was torn out and eaten by three of the principal leaders. His entrails were hung on a tree to be devoured by birds.

Thirty soldiers were sent to look for the body. It was found near the place of massacre almost opposite the residence. The clothes had disappeared, the body was opened and the thighs were a mass of wounds.
By dint of a reward of two dollars the head was recovered; the beard had been torn out, and the lower jaw was lacking, but it was recognizable by the light-colored hair and a portion of the forehead that remained untouched.

The servant of Father Canduglia when brought into the presence of the body was enabled to identify it through a garter fastened by a catch around the ankle. Though exposed to the air the body had not suffered much corruption but began to decompose as soon as it was put in a casket. It was carried to Kang-Chu where it arrived on the twenty-eighth of the eighth moon, (fifth of October). There a score of Christians recognized it.

The mandarins had it clothed in garments similar to priestly ornaments and a tsikin (kind of mitre).

It was then transferred to the military camp outside the city. There it awaits the official inquest.

A. MONESTIER.

V.— RESPONSIBILITIES

This article is taken like the foregoing one from l'Echo de Chine, October 24, 1907.

It is now seven years since the events of 1900, and in spite of the severe lesson then administered to China, a boxer movement of considerable magnitude has been discovered, casting terror into a prefecture of Kiang-Si. During a fortnight it dominated a region dependent on the viceroy of Toan-fang, whose army, however, is a large and strong one.

Entire villages were sacked, Christian residences were burned, and hundreds of natives were massacred, an Italian Missionary being among the number. The disaster lacked little of being still greater, and other names might easily have been added to the funeral list. Father Lecaille and two catechists had a price set on their heads. Fortunately,
the Fathers that fled from Kiang-Chu made a providential escape.

During whole months the sect of the Io-Cheng-ta was enabled to organize at ease and pursue its occult designs without obstacle. Enthusiasts went from town to town, preaching fanaticism. The gong assembled the crowds at night in the pagodas, whence Christians and guards were expelled. Significant threats were uttered in the European and Christian quarter, and no serious measures of repression were taken.

In vain had Father Canduglia sent complaints indicating all the gravity of the situation to the mandarins. The only reply was the dispatch of forty soldiers who were distributed at Ton-Kang and Nan-Kang. In the face of the pressing danger, Father Canduglia wrote that if efficient protective measures were not taken he must resign himself to the expectation of calamity. He had to pay with his head for the carelessness and perhaps the complicity of certain mandarins.

* * *

We have more than once had occasion to censure the guilty conduct of the sub-prefect of Nan-Kang. We have seen him first treating as fanatic the forebodings of Father Canduglia, reproaching him for permitting the Christians to arm, though these latter only sought self-defense. He left his soldiers without instructions, when the officer Huang-Shu-Shan wished to muster them at Ta-wo-ly. Finally, he himself opened the gates of the city to the rebels, and allowed the human flood to swallow everything in its progress.

It may readily be understood that when such mandarins are in power, imperial edicts for respect and toleration are useless. Such too will be the situation for a long time to come, however much these proclamations be multiplied.
The responsibility of another mandarin is equally affected. The tao-tai, Kiang, of Kiang-Chu, who strongly protested his devotion to the Missionaries during the trouble and even proposed to die with them, if necessary, seems not to have understood the gravity of the situation in its primary stages, nor to have taken adequate means to prevent these lamentable results.

The four Shiens (sub-prefectures) of the prefecture of Nan-ngan: Ta-yu, Tsong-hi, Chang-iou, Nan-Kang, have been harassed by the sect of the Io-Cheng-ta, since July. The whole country-side is in a manifest state of effervescence; thousands of fanatics will arise from their lairs to carry fire and sword among the peaceable Christian people; and this mandarin who was warned in every way only sent as help, first forty soldiers to the threatened district, and later, an officer with ten men, but without orders to fire.

This shows an unspeakable want of foresight, so much so that as the insurrection gained ground, it even threatened in its turn Kiang-Chu itself, a strong city with a military camp and surrounded by walls.

On the twenty-eighth, in effect, several hundred Boxers clothed in yellow costume advanced to view the city. A force was sent against them. Two leaders were killed, another was captured and executed.

On the twenty-ninth, the soldiers crossed the river and pursued the rebels killing ten more, besides capturing some of their leaders. Among these was a young girl who practised the black art. All the prisoners, furthermore, were executed after an investigation.

The revolution gained such headway, nevertheless, that the forces stationed at Kang-Chu were judged insufficient to suppress it. It became necessary to call on the numerous troops of the province, who fortunately arrived in time to prevent a greater disaster.
Thus the responsibilities are well defined, and those whose duty it is to settle this unhappy affair will have no trouble in doing so.

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They will experience the less difficulty because there can be no doubt in regard to the causes of a movement of a purely boxer character. If the affair at Nan-Chang in the spring of 1906 seemed involved, this one on the contrary is clear. The Chinese press in general has maintained a correct attitude. The native paper at Kang-Chu has itself wisely recognized the facts, and properly denounced their authors as plunderers and Boxers.

Mention has been made, it is true, of the story of the beeses; but this was employed to give a semblance of an explanation and a palliation to a certain degree of the guilt of the mandarins responsible. We would not dwell upon it, were it not that the incident in itself is an instructive one as we shall see.

Pin-cheng is about fifty-four miles from Nan-ngan-fou; there is a beef market there which the Cantonese attend for the purchase of provisions. They drive their purchases as far as Nan-chang (adjacent prefecture to Kiang-si), by the famous pass of Mei-lin. There special flat boats convey them to Canton, Macao, and San-teou.

This traffic is forbidden by law, but the mandarins seldom obstruct it. Generally the guards permit it for a bribe. Besides this, some daring pagans from neighboring villages post themselves along the highroads leading to Pin-cheng. They stop the cattle as they pass and exact an ordinary ransom of thirty sapeks a head. If the drovers pay, they are allowed to pass; if they refuse, the cattle are driven off by the robbers.

On this account, frequent lawsuits and quarrels occur, which sometimes lead to a tragic termination.
The mandarins seldom concern themselves with these cases, if a suit arise they send officers to fetch the stolen cattle to the yamen. There they are poorly fed and soon perish.

Two unruly Christians of Fon-ching-teou were engaged in this pursuit of stopping cattle from time to time.

Father Canduglia, who was acquainted with this fact, had them twice put in prison. As soon as they were released they returned to their evil trade, as the mandarins did not show much severity in punishing this kind of crime.

It is possible that these Christians conspiring with a pagan of the family of Cheng may have again obtained cattle, and consequently given rise to disputes.

It must be remembered, however, that this incident which was entirely a local one occurred in the early part of September. It does not account therefore for the preparations of the Boxers running back to the month of July and even before. Neither could it authorize any general hostile movement against the Christians and Europeans, and still less the bloody massacres of September twenty-fifth, and following days. The impartial administration of justice by the mandarins should be sufficient to regulate matters of this kind. Thus we repeat that the case is manifest, it cannot give rise to ambiguity in its causes, and we shall not see the negotiations drawn out as they were after the massacres at Nan-Chang.

Inefficiency, carelessness, negligence, not to say worse of the mandarins are the causes that permitted so many outrageous deeds to be perpetrated. We must not suffer the spectre of boxerism to be again shaken in the face of Europeans by the lawless element. China is in general inhabited by a sane and excellent population. They must not be thrown into the delusions of anti-religious and anti-foreign fanaticism through the fault of some blinded or senseless mandarins.

A. Monestier.
Mgr. Lesné writes, October 19, 1907.

"The works of the Missionaries at Teheran comprise parish work for the colonists and natives, spiritual direction of the Community of the Daughters of Charity, and the religious instruction of the children under their care, together with hearing confessions. Besides, the Missionaries receive at their own house sixteen intern pupils, have morning and evening classes, for over ninety boys who study Persian, English, Armenian, Chaldee, and French.

"In 1897, I found at the Missionaries' house, Teheran, seventeen children, intern and extern pupils; this year (1907) there are more than ninety boys intern and extern. If we could receive all who apply the number might easily be doubled; but although the classes have been considerably enlarged, space is still wanting. Pupils are daily refused; the number of teachers is also insufficient, although the Missionaries have extern teachers to assist them. Had we one more Missionary we could receive several Mussulmans who for a long time have been persistently seeking admission; surely these would furnish an annual tuition fee, and thus enable us to pay the professors and to support the house; besides to receive and teach Mussulmans would draw upon us the benevolence of distinguished people who desire more and more to become learned."

Published by Via Sapientiae, 1908
Tauris, November 4, 1907.

Up to the present, our works in Tauris have been vegetating; this year we have endeavored to establish them on a surer footing; and God be praised, the sacrifices we have imposed upon ourselves for this end, seem to have secured us the large number of children attending our school.

Just now there is a considerable movement amongst the young Mussulmans weary of stagnating in the state of ignorance in which hitherto they have been held. Our school is literally invaded; we have not a spot in reserve not even a room for a visiting confrère. We have utilized the space as best we could for class rooms but our children are overcrowded and in the next scholastic year we must, if possible, have for them a place more suitably arranged.

It is my conviction that Tauris is a mission of the future; in every respect it has the best situation of any city in Persia; in my humble opinion we will do here a great deal of good.

If you please, my esteemed and dear confrère, use all your influence to aid us.

Believe me, etc.

F. Berthounesque.
SYRIA

JERUSALEM

Letter from Sister Marie Sion, Daughter of Charity, Superioress of the Hospital of Jerusalem, to Rev. Émile Villette, Procurator General of the Lazarists.

The inauguration of the annex destined for contagious diseases, which has just been constructed at the municipal hospital, took place on September twenty-fourth. During the preceding week our sisters had prepared and arranged everything, until all was in readiness.

On Tuesday, September twenty-fourth, at four o'clock in the afternoon this great ceremony took place. His Excellency the governor of Jerusalem, the cadi or judge, the military pasha, the principal members of the seraglio in full uniform, all had been convoked. For several days the façade and entrance of the house had been decorated with flags bearing the colors and arms of the Sultan. From three o'clock the way was obstructed by the crowd. The Turkish soldiers greeted the arrival of each dignitary by a short piece of music.

Precisely at four o'clock, the governor descended from his carriage, followed by his military staff, with the invited guests all going immediately to the new building. My companions, with me, were standing at the foot of the staircase on the first floor; he saluted us very politely and said:

— Good-day, Mother; how are you?

He invited us to follow him, which we did, but allowed several of the most distinguished Turks to precede us.

The president of the hospital presented him the keys of the new building, in the centre of a silver plateau surrounded by flowers. We were behind and far from the pasha, when suddenly he signified his wish for us to come nearer,
and insisted on our placing ourselves at his right, declaring that this honor was our privilege. Imagine our confusion, but it was idle to resist. The pasha opened the door of the annex and was the first to enter. In the last room, a short discourse was addressed him in Turkish. Then outside, just in front of the door, a sheep was killed; at this moment the pasha, turning toward me, said very amiably: “I cannot bear the sight of blood, Mother, it makes me sick.” He hid face in his hands; during this time an Iman prayed for the Sultan, and at each supplication, all the mussulmans, with hands extended, replied: Amin. At three different intervals, the band played a soft, I might almost say pious air; and all, with one voice, replied by a sort of “Long live His Majesty;” this was truly solemn.

The ceremony over, the pasha, with his suite, proceeded to the reception room. There again, thinking that all was over, we did not appear. His Excellency had us called; at our entrance, the assembled company rose; picture our embarrassment. What was much worse, the high functionary, pointing to the only unoccupied chair at his right, assigned it to me saying:

— Come here, Mother, near me, I beg you.

— Please excuse me, Your Excellency, it is too great an honor; permit me to place myself at your left, near my companions.

A small round table separated me from the governor; at his right the cadi, the pasha, the commander, and other persons in authority had taken their places. Sister Vincent counted these gentlemen, there were forty-nine, all more or less decorated. In this whole assembly, the pasha alone spoke, and the cadi or myself replied, according as we were addressed. For an instant there was an imposing silence.

At length, after having taken some coffee and smoked a few cigarettes, His Excellency, followed by the company, retired.
DAMASCUS.


Damascus-Midan, November 11, 1907.

Let me tell you of our primary school in the Midan, for which the contract was signed on October eighteenth.

The word Midan signifies plain or vast space, where the Arabs and Orientals have their horse-races.

At present, Midan is a large suburb of Damascus: it contains about 35,000 Greek Catholics, 4,000 schismatics, a few hundred druses, and nearly 70,000 mussulmans.

Some very ancient and noble mussulman families reside here. In 1860, one of them defended the Christians and prevented their being massacred; the chief of this family carefully preserves the decoration, the snuff-box and sword, sent him by France.

This part of Midan is traversed by an electric car line, and by a railroad with two stations, one for the French Company and the other for that of the Hedjaze. The Christians of this quarter have no good schools, and are obliged to move to the city to educate their children.

In vain have they represented the state of affairs to their priests and to the brothers; no one wished, nor was able to satisfy them. They then turned towards the Children of St. Vincent de Paul, and for five months made strenuous efforts to secure them.

The contract that confided to us the direction of the boys' school, and to the Daughters of Charity that of the girls' was signed on October eighteenth. The old school buildings, in good condition, have been assigned us, and we receive a small salary which will at most help us to pay our collaborators. For ourselves, we rely on Divine Providence, never wanting to those who confide first in God and then upon the generosity of good souls, desirous to aid
in the education of these poor children whose lot is cast among mussulmans and schismatics.

On November fourth, we opened our school as well as we could and registered one hundred fifty children, without counting the little ones, for whom an asylum must be provided as soon as some generous gifts furnish the resources.

What is wanting? Everything: our class rooms are bare, our chapel is the same. Moreover, we must supply the poor with books free of charge.

Meanwhile, we are working, for we devote seven hours a day to teaching.

Help us by your prayers, etc.

Joseph AOUN.
MAP OF ABYSSINIA

The Congregation of the Mission: A Collection of Edifying Letters, Vol. 15 [1908], No. 1

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AFRICA

ABYSSINIA


Gouala, July 24, 1907.

After having paid you my respects as a dutiful son, I shall give you an account of our journey to Adowah, which no white priest has ever entered since Mgr. de Jacobis.

The Superior, always anxious to give pleasure, had written me to bless our new chapel in Gouala, reserving for himself, on Monday evening June 10, 1907, only the erection of the Stations of the Cross. To be enabled to bless in Gouala a chapel that did not resemble a cave, was indeed a great consolation. Our former chapel, the only opening of which measured but 85 × 45 centimetres, not being sufficiently spacious for our parish, we had for a long time thought of enlarging it; but the fear of troubles deterred us until Easter: at last we have elbow room; we no longer need candle light to see our parishioners when we preach to them.

The next day, June eleventh, called by the new chief who unites, by the will of the Negus, the functions of the chief of Tigris and the chief of Agamia, the Superior and your humble servant set out for the city of Adowah (population 5,000) situated 76 kilometres from Adigrat. Alas! the road we followed had been traversed ten years before by an army of Europeans marching to defeat, and we, in turn, asked ourselves if the reception awaiting us would not be
a disappointment also, our new chief having formerly coun-
selled his predecessor to force us to leave when, in 1904,
the latter received two imperial decrees ordering our expul-
sion.

We had to pass through Entitchio, known to us only by
the sojourn made there by Mgr. de Jacobis. We could visit
neither the church nor house of the Apostle of Abyssinia,
for we were informed that no trace of these remain; but
knowing that the mercy of God is great, and that from
above, the apostle is always praying for his flock, we poured
forth our supplications for these Catholics of former days,
apostates no doubt, but repentant perhaps, at the moment
of death, and for these Italian soldiers who, on this inhos-
pitable soil, so bravely shed their blood: *Requiescant in
pace*. Oh! why have we not the holy audacity of Mgr. de
Jacobis, there to pitch our tent, and reap the harvest which
doubtless will soon be ripe. Only a saint can perform
prodigies!

On the evening of the second day, we were anxious to
camp near a village where formerly there were many Cath-
olics: today there is only one Catholic family, and not hav-
ing been notified of our arrival, the father had gone on a
distant trip, and the mother to another village; they would
have been delighted to hear Holy Mass. We camped un-
der the palm trees, and then in the middle of the night
were joined by the subchief of Agamia, who, like ourselves,
was journeying to his chief. In this country a regiment on
the march, does not carry provisions: it lives by rapine, if
the people do not willingly give the soldiers something to
eat. Therefore our subchief had dispersed his soldiers for
the night bidding them provide for themselves. Perceiv-
ing our camp fire he himself came to us; but he did not
dare pillage us. The next morning his importunities pre-
vented our saying Holy Mass. At last, having given him
a little coffee and about five litres of barley flour, he was
quite content. I see this chief occasionally, and he does not appear to be hostile to the mission.

Three hours later we arrived at Adowah. The chief who was at the wedding of one of his cousins, did not receive us that day. However, upon receipt of our letter of salutation he gave orders to the head of the churches of Adowah, a laic, called Gébré Séllassié, Mélaké Berahnat, (servant of the Trinity, angel of lights), former friend of Father Coulbeaux, to give us lodging. Our friend, the angel of lights, designated as our place of abode the most beautiful house owned by the Church of Adowah. On our arrival the hostess of the lodging was absent: the neighbors removed everything from the house and made us take possession. We regretted this want of politeness; when the matron at length returned, she was not at all surprised to find her dwelling occupied; but we then understood into what we had fallen: it was a *domus meretricis*. Oh! my Saviour, we had been told that in Abyssinia we must expect anything, and we continue to experiment. We could neither sleep nor say Mass amid such surroundings our little tent being to us far preferable.

Soon all Adowah, and above all the schismatical priests knew of the arrival of the children of Father Picard. Why from Adowah to Gondar, were we not called as in Agamia, the children of Abouna Jacob?—A mystery: Father Picard never went to Gondar or to Adowah, while Mgr. de Jacobis made quite a long stay in both places. But here, as elsewhere, we once more ascertained that our venerated confrère, Father Picard has left in certain countries of Abyssinia a reputation nearly equal to that of Mgr. de Jacobis.—During the day, wishing to leave our prison for a few moments, we heard the street boys calling us “insulters of the Blessed Virgin.” Alas! a few months previous, some German travelers drew upon the whole white race this sad renown which it will not soon lose. Our sojourn
of several months will not suffice to efface the impression made by them in the twinkling of an eye. Oh! how pernicious to scandalize the weak!

In the evening, the wedding feast being over, the schismatical priests, returning to their dwelling, could devise no more ingenious plan than that of driving us from their city. Already, unknown to us, they had caused us to be watched, confiding their hostile intentions to our servants. Fear had entered our camp when one of our household grew bold enough to disclose what was going on. “Do not be afraid, my child,” we said to him, “if they drive us from here we will pitch our tent before the door of the chief.” During this time, our enemies (may God convert them) were discussing religion with one of our monks, former general of the vanguard, whose good sense and gentle bearing, quickly brought them to their senses on doctrinal matters: they went away, not to return.

But we were ever expecting to be called by the chief: it was not until Friday evening at four o’clock, that we were summoned to appear at five. At last we set out, we entered a square hall that had the honor of possessing a round roof. A young page offered us...wooden chairs. To sit on a chair was a comfort which I had not enjoyed for three and a half years. In handing us the chairs the page said to us in quite an amiable manner that, the chief was eating and that he would come in a moment. The Superior took the chair, and entirely preoccupied with what he was going to say, paid little attention to the words of the child. We sat down...permit me to tell you that the Superior is a little near-sighted and that in the obscurity of an Abyssinian hut, it is necessary in order to see at all, to open one’s eyes rather wide. We found in this waiting room, which was the reception hall as well, a tailor working on a Singer sewing-machine, two or three chatterers, who had nothing to do and, half lying on some very heavy cushions, a pre-
tended general, much inflated with pride, who spoke in an imperious manner as though he were head of the house. The Superior not seeing his face took him to be our chief. Having nothing to say to this balloon, I looked at him and kept quiet. Once or twice wishing to attract the Superior's attention to minor objects such as a kerosene lamp which had been placed on the table, I ventured a word or two. The Superior, always seriously absorbed by I know not what, made me no reply. I held my peace and I did wrong. After half an hour which to him appeared a century, the Superior at last said to me in French: "It is strange that a chief who calls some one from a distance at an appointed hour, remains in his presence so long without speaking to him." I replied,—But this man is not our chief.—How's that, not our chief?—No, certainly not; the young man told us that the chief is at dinner with his wife, and besides that is not his face...Oh! you have taken a weight from my heart: why didn't you tell me sooner?—I did not suspect your mistake.—Oh! I thought it was he, and that he was affecting not to wish to speak to us. I was thinking of our last interview with the Dedjatch Hagos who so pitilessly drove us out in 1901; I saw myself once more turned out of doors by this one, and I was saying interiorly: 'Oh! it is well I have brought a confrère with me: he can affirm that I have done nothing to irritate our chief, and that, if we are obliged to depart, I am not in fault.'—Calm yourself, I do not know this man but he is certainly not our chief.

Scarcely am I through speaking, when an Italian enters and greets us with fraternal affability: in a foreign land an Italian is nearly a countryman: what would you, we are so lonely here, and then our good God has given us both a white skin! We talk with him for about ten minutes, when the chief at last arrives. After cold salutations have been exchanged, he smiles at us. Then we all converse with this
Italian who is a master-mason employed in building at the expense of our chief, a villa at Axum, supposed to be for the king (who will never go there!): the mason has come to take the chief’s orders. We drink, the chief is generous for the occasion; he is as affable as possible.

Towards seven o’clock, he dismisses his master-mason and in Italian says to the Superior: “I sent for you before the rainy season that you may see my city and my residence. When I came to Adigrat, I had nothing but my tent, here I have houses. The good God has given me the government of a large part of Abyssinia, I am rich and a friend of the Emperor, who gives me more than 25,000 francs every year. If, therefore, I sometimes call you here, do not be afraid, it is not to live upon you that I summon you, I do not wish to devour your goods, be assured of that…… etc.

We thanked him for his kindness and courtesy, and at precisely nine o’clock, withdrew. The chief had received us about nightfall, so as not to show his friendship too openly; and, moreover, in inviting us, had taken advantage of the absence of the schismatical bishop who lives very near Adowah. The chief wishes to conciliate us both. But unhappily we will be his victims, for sooner or later we must expect to be “fleeced” by these chiefs, from a material point of view, for they are veritable beggars. This interview, at any rate, was most amicable.

The chief was to summon us next morning to bid us good-bye, having nothing more important to say to us, but alas! Saturday passed without our having been called. We had wished to make use of this day to penetrate farther into Abyssinia, in the direction of Tchelga and Gondar, and to visit Axum. But the chief, while cordially inviting us to visit this very ancient city, told us that we could not go there, see everything, and return, in one day. As we desired, above all things, to afford the Catholics of
Adowah an opportunity of hearing Mass on Sunday, we gave up our excursion for this time, and at our two Masses on Sunday morning we had seven Catholics, four of whom received Holy Communion. On Sunday, at ten, we had our second interview with the chief; he was again most amiable, a good omen for the future........

We called on the telegraph operator who seeing white faces gave us a warm welcome: he is a Roman from Rome, and did not wish to allow us to depart. Why cannot we make use of the isolated position of these young Catholic men, to settle near them, all along the telegraph route, and whilst presumably acting as chaplains for them, labor for the salvation of the poor Abyssinians.

Adowah, above all, would be a fine station for Catholic priests, because of the opportunity it would afford to ward off dangerous occasions from the Catholic soldiers employed by the chief.

On Sunday afternoon at three o’clock, wishing to leave our filthy habitation, as soon as possible, we quitted Adowah to camp on the Italian battlefield. We had been told that the bones of the Italians still remain unburied, ten years after the war; this inspired us with such horror, that we preferred to go another way. The first night we felt the hyena, used to feeding on human bones, graze our very tent; the second night, though again seeking to feed on fresh meat, the hyenas contented themselves with shrieking at some metres distant from our mules; at length they fled from the camp fire, to the great joy of our four servants, and a villager from the environs, brother to one of our pupils, who fearing for our safety wished to lend us his assistance for the night. We again passed by hills and ravines surrounded by arid peaks, which in Tigris parlance the Superior called “the dry breasts of the earth.” This time we passed by the famous convent of Débré Damo the richest convent in Abyssinia, situated on a flat mount-
tain, but so steep is the ascent that one has to be hoisted by ropes. Wednesday morning we reentered Alitiena, satisfied with our visit and our travels. Alas! I was far from Gouala which, however, I was obliged to reach by Friday; but before setting out, the Superior made me promise to send you an account of this trip.

I willingly draw from this journey two practical conclusions:

1. The Catholics of Tigris residing near Adowah can be visited henceforth a little oftener on similar excursions, apparently to pay our respects to the chief; these it rests with ourselves to arrange.

2. The reception accorded us by the governor who, to the knowledge of all and seen by every one, summoned us, gave us to eat and drink, procured us a lodging, and even provisions for our return, a thing most extraordinary, is in the minds of the Abyssinians an excellent sign of his friendship, or at least of his desire that we be permitted full liberty to act. It is a victory of which we must secure the advantage.

We are already called for in another place: we must not fear to go; in Abyssinia our journeys will not be useless ones, even should we not be favorably received the first time; that the chief allows us to travel about is in itself, in Abyssinian eyes a permission to embrace our religion. And then it is an incontestable fact, that the petty chiefs, imitating the Negus, are no longer as hostile in our regard; the monks themselves show us some kindness. How many times this year have I not received pressing invitations to visit the convent of Goundé-Goundé: it seems to me that for the sake of good fellowship, I cannot resist much longer, and I am assured of a cordial welcome: this reception cannot but impress the people in our favor. Pardon me for taking so long to say so little; others in America and elsewhere, tell you in a few words of the almost incredible
success of their sermons, we too, also hope for a like success when we are free to speak. Deign to bless this most needy mission.

Etienne Sournac.

MADAGASCAR

DEATH OF REV. A. COINDARD, PRIEST OF THE MISSION.


Vohipeno, October 30, 1907.

The Divine Master, calling to Himself our good Father Coindard, has again severely tried our mission. Madagascar, and especially that part called Vohipeno, is in truth the land that devours its inhabitants. Father Coindard is the second Missionary to die here within less than two years. Moreover both he and Father Marty were cut off in the prime of life; by a few years of hard labor, both were felled to the ground. The former whom we mourn today, bid fair to labor for the salvation of souls for a long while. Feeling strong and well, how many times did he not promise himself that he would celebrate his Golden Jubilee in Madagascar.

After the destruction of the station at Ranomafana, where Father Coindard first entered upon his arduous campaign and where he labored with boundless devotedness, he replaced me here in Vohipeno whilst I, forced thereto by illness, was taking a two months’ rest at Fort Dauphin. Then the death of Father Marty obliged Father Coindard to remain here. But it is certain he never forgot his first Christians of Ranomafana. He felt they needed him, that all desired him, and that off yonder they were quite abandoned. How many times he wept at the thought that since his
departure, no one had taken them the succors of religion. And this year, at Easter, he exhorted our Christians of Vohipeno and Ivato to profit by the presence of a Missionary to fulfil their Easter duties, saying to them with tears in his eyes: “My poor Christians of Ranomafana have not been offered the favors that you enjoy, they are without the means of becoming reconciled with God.”

I believe that he did not pass a single day without speaking to me of his children, and of all that he did for them. He told me also that he offered Mass for their intention every Sunday, to beseech our good God to permit him to return to them or to send them another Missionary.

This ardent zeal and affection he transferred to our Christians of Antaimours. At first the diversity of their character somewhat surprised him; but his intelligence and kindly heart soon taught him how to deal with our Antaimours. He had succeeded in gaining an immense ascendency over certain chiefs who previously had seemed to be beyond the power of religious influence; and what is more remarkable, he had grouped around him a number of men determined to give up their (fombas) Madagascar customs, to follow the teachings of religion: last month he blessed five marriages, and was preparing a dozen pagan households to receive Baptism and the Sacrament of Matrimony.

The zeal and devotedness he expended to secure these results is not to be expressed. Obliged to go to Ivato almost every day, nothing deterred him, neither rain nor sun, he went through his five villages, visited the sick, himself prepared their remedies, and sometimes even remained all night with fever-stricken children. He stopped at every hut, and his conversations always ended with an exhortation on the efficacy of prayer. How many times he helped a poor Malgash to build a hut! He taught his people to use the saw and plane, and wishing all to feel they could go to him in any need spiritual or temporal, I do not believe that
he ever refused the least service to anyone whomsoever.

The closing of his school—decided by order of Mr. Augagneur in August last—affected him keenly. We had all hoped that we would be permitted to continue our little works in peace. But Father Coindard was not discouraged: "Since I can no longer teach school," said he, "I shall be a Missionary in very deed." And he employed all his time in teaching catechism and in traveling over the villages to procure recruits for our religion.

This apostolic life rapidly wore him out: daily did fever play havoc with him, and although his robust constitution readily recuperated, by degrees his strength began to diminish. It was impossible to suggest repose; he would have believed himself to be wanting in his duty; and then, as he remarked: "A fortnight of repose will necessitate harder work afterwards." This is only too true: if we abandon our young Christians even for a short time, we experience great difficulty in reclaiming those who have taken advantage of our absence. In this part of the globe we ought always to have at least one Missionary to go to the relief of those who stand in need of repose.

Alas! you are aware of it, each year our number is decreasing; and the strength of those who remain is nothing to boast of. Meanwhile, how much work to be done in this young mission! how many souls still await the good seed! For these souls that appear corrupted and incapable of change never resist devotedness and zeal. Of this fact the life of our dear confrère is an illustration.

What bitter tears have flowed since the news of his death reached us! These good people who unmoved witness the death of their relatives, (in Madagascar death is a subject of family rejoicing), are weeping for "my father" as they call him, and imploring him to return. He was truly according to the expression of the country, a father and a mother to all.
Our chapel was not large enough to accommodate the crowd desirous of being present at the Mass celebrated for the repose of his soul. Side by side with our Christians, many pagans assisted at the office with respectful attention. All the neighboring villages wherein he was so well known, were represented.

"Your Missionary has died in your service," I said to this congregation, "he had but one desire: to lead you to God by teaching you to practise the true religion; may you recall his teachings and put them in practice. From the heights of heaven his spirit still watches over you."

Mgr. Crouzet will give you the details of our dear confrère’s last moments and of his interment at Farafangana.

On Tuesday, September eleventh, Father Coindard being in high fever, took too large a dose of calomel: the next morning he felt its poisonous effects. I did all I could to counteract them, and at once telegraphed Mgr. Crouzet of our confrère’s grave condition. Father Lasne came immediately to take him to Farafangana that he might be under the care of the army doctor.

Father Coindard felt that his end was near, asked me to hear his confession, and said as he shook my hand: "I do not believe that I shall return"......But this depression was only momentary, and his usual gayety seemed instantly to return. Saturday he wrote me that he felt much better, and that he would soon be back. Alas! Monday morning’s telegram brought the sad news of his death.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! But what a grief to us and to all who knew him! I beg you not to forget your poor mission of Madagascar which death has deprived of its laborers. I am here alone amid a population that has need of at least three Missionaries. May our good God come to my aid!

Please accept, etc.

Fernand Bertrand.

This morning we accompanied to its last resting place the body of our dear confrère, Father Anthony Coindard, who was in special charge of the mission at Ivato.

Father Coindard started for Madagascar, September 25, 1900. After a pleasant voyage, he landed at Tamatave October sixteenth, whence he was to proceed in a few days to our residences in the south. What was not my surprise when on returning, myself, from a journey to Paris and Rome, I found him again, on November sixteenth, installed with the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, along with Father Fabia, his traveling companion.

The ports of Madagascar were quarantined on account of an epidemic of the plague then raging in various parts of the large island. No travelers were allowed to land, but departure was still more difficult. Providence, finally took pity on us, and on the eighth of December, the consoling feast of the Immaculate Conception, a sailor put us off at Fort Dauphin.

Father Coindard had no sooner landed, than he was at home; his first deeds showed us the outline of the devoted and generous Missionary he was to prove himself. I kept him with me long enough to recover from the first surprise of a region that was not only new and unknown to him, but strange besides. His lively and generous nature suffered from inaction, enforced by the necessity of learning at least some words of the language, and becoming better acquainted with the natives. This, however, did not take long. He had a true vocation for Madagascar: all his affections were soon won over to the Malagassies, and they, less savage than is generally believed, conceive a love in return for those who love them.

In the early months of 1901, I sent him to Ampasimena,
the unattractive region of the Romeloko, where Father Cotta was already established. This mission was rather difficult than otherwise, and the soil which our young Missionary was to cultivate in the sweat of his brow had ever shown itself more fruitful of thorns than of roses. Father Coindard was not frightened or startled; he began to bestow his energies on this work, as on everything else, with a whole-hearted devotion.

A much wider field was soon offered to his zeal, and there best of all did he prove his entire immolation of self.

A center for missions was established at Ranomafana, at the entrance to the valley of Ambolo, about twenty-four miles from Ampasimena. Father Coindard—he had hardly been here a year—was placed in charge of it. He at once removed there, and what a life he then led! He became engineer, architect, carpenter, joiner, mason, schoolmaster, catechist. His activity sufficed for all emergencies, and in everything he was the priest, the Missionary.

It is not difficult for us to recall here the deep emotion he could scarce control, when on February 2, 1902, by a happy concurrence of fortunate circumstances, he saw gathered about his residence the most imposing assemblage he could have dreamed of. The civil and military authorities of the province, officers, sailors, colonists, assisted with a profound recollection, which astonished even the natives, at the blessing of his magnificent church which, rising on a height commanding the valley, gave promise of abundant fruit.

Soon he was the man of the hour, all to all. With him, the Malagassies, above all the children were at home. The children, how he loved them and busied himself with them. Nothing affecting them was indifferent to him. By means of the children he won the parents, and he created about himself and his mission an air of confidence from which his labors were soon to benefit.

Two years later, in 1904, where he had not found one
baptized person on his arrival, he had the consolation of seeing his schools assiduously attended by more than one hundred fifty children. He distributed every Sunday the bread of the Divine word to the congregation that flocked to the house of God. A large number of young people, docile to his teaching and yielding to grace from above, were regenerated. Several times the touching ceremony of first Communion was carried out; the Christian spirit developed, spread, and gradually expelled the poisonous atmosphere of fetichism, which was debasing the character of the inhabitants.

The work of God, however, meets with contradiction. This same year, 1904, the breath of rebellion and revolt was stirred and blew into a great tempest. A hurricane swept through the mission, and a black cloud burst over the head of our dear Missionary.

December second, a band of armed men, arose as by magic, on the military parade of Ranomafana. They started the cry for blood and slaughter. Forgetting his own danger, Father Coindard pushed into the midst of the frenzied crowd. He recalled that inside the fort, guarded only by native sharpshooters little to be trusted, was a French woman, the widow of an official, killed two days before, weeping, lonely, and friendless. He parleyed with the savages and strove to soothe their ferocious sentiments; a friendly voice spoke quickly in his ear: "Hasten away, Father, or you will be killed."

Before going Father Coindard caused everything to be destroyed which might be of service against the Europeans, and accompanied by some armed soldiers of the militia he succeeded,—at what a cost,—in escaping and getting to Fort Dauphin, there saving the unfortunate woman, bereaved of her husband three days before. In a short time nothing was left of the fort or the mission.

It is impossible to describe the pain our dear confrère ex-
experienced at his loss. He felt depressed, though not discouraged; admirable to relate, he was able to resist any sentiment of bitterness at this act of savagery. I must add that God provided him with consolation in the affection and attachment of his flock for him.

In 1905, Father Coindard received orders to proceed to Vohipeno, district of Farafangana. His mission was to be in the locality of Ivato, already Christian for some years past.

In this new residence, his chief desire was to effect good; he consecrated himself with ever increasing zeal to the Christianization of the people of Antaimoro, and his efforts were crowned with a real success. The demon had met an invincible opponent in him.

Three days before his death, when nothing could have forecast it, he was seated on his bed, and I was conversing familiarly with him on several of my projects concerning him. I allowed him to surmise that he might return to the valley of Ambolo, and the village of Fenoambany. He had even signed a petition to the administrative officers for a concession of land, for his works. I had proposed to him a rest at Fort Dauphin, which he gladly accepted. We were preparing for this short journey when he said: “Shall I not go with you to Ivato?”—“No,” I answered, “you are too much fatigued.”—“I feel so,” he said, “but if you go you will see how delighted you will be with my parishioners.” It pleased him to talk of them.

But to return to my story. On Wednesday, September eighteenth, I received a telegram from Vohipeno, signed by Father Bertrand, letting me know that a serious illness had attacked Father Coindard. I asked immediately if it was possible to bring him to Farafangana; but received a reply in the negative. Thereupon, Father Lasne, Superior of our house, who is always ready to spend himself for his confrères, started to go there. Thursday even-
ing, he was at Vohipeno, and sent me a telegram that Father Coindard’s illness was due to an accident, and that all danger seemed past.

The following day, I received a dispatch with further explanations. On the advice of a physician, I gave orders to have our dear confrère brought to Farafangana. He came, accompanied by Father Lasne, Sunday morning, the twenty-second. The physician assured us there was nothing serious in his case and arranged the time of his periodical visits; Father Coindard resumed his cheerful manner. Simultaneously a marked improvement occurred in his condition.

On Sunday, twenty-ninth, Father Coindard was permitted to rise from his bed, and on Monday a greater amount of nourishment was served him, still according to the physician’s prescriptions. I then resolved to start for Vohipeno, and summoned my carriers to be prepared for the journey at dawn on the following Wednesday.

Monday, the thirtieth, at four o’clock in the afternoon, a frightful storm burst upon Farafangana. Lightning and thunder followed each other with apparently growing swiftness.

Father Coindard had had his easy chair carried beneath the veranda of the house. Suddenly, blinding light was seen,—lightning, a crash of thunder and a stream of flame followed. The lightning struck the belfry. The spark tore off splinters, planks, and beams, throwing them one side; it entered the church, opened the doors, struck the columns, twisted into the sacristy, and at last disappeared....Father Coindard was scarcely sixty feet away; in less time than it takes to describe it he arose, leaped, and ran to Father Hiard, who took him in his arms, and placed him on his bed. He was pale with emotion and could make no further exertion.
A few moments later, he became tranquil; going to his room he took a slight repast and retired.

On Tuesday, the day after, Father Hiard visited him. It was half-past six o’clock. Father Coindard, laughed, joked, and asked for a little coffee; after breakfasting, he wished to rise again. Hardly had he risen, when he fell; he called for help immediately, and we responded. He complained of severe internal pains, coupled with strangling and shaking. We sent quickly for the physician, but he was not at home. The sisters were summoned.... We gave him every attention in our power... his agitation subsided, and his pains diminished. He felt that the end was approaching. In full possession of his senses, he made his confession... his sufferings became more violent, and our dear Missionary expired in our arms after receiving the last Sacraments.

Father Lasne, Father Hiard, Father Fabia and I fell upon our knees, and poured out our sentiments with tears and prayers. For the second time this year we had been wounded in our dearest affections.

The sad news spread throughout the city, and we soon realized the lively and sincere sympathy felt towards him.

The pupils of our schools followed one another in procession around his bier, and during the entire day our young Christians recited the beads for the repose of his soul. What touched our hearts most profoundly, however, was the attitude of our dear parishioners. Every member of the native Catholic community, men, women, and children, called at the residence, and requested and obtained permission to pass the entire night beside the body of our dear deceased confrère; they watched with an order, a sentiment of piety and affection that went to the heart. The Malagassies pressed about their father, and gave at his bier this testimony to their admiration and gratitude.

The people wished to assist at his funeral service. The
civil and military officials, the merchants and natives, swarmed into our church which was too small to accommodate them. During the Requiem Mass, followed by the absolution, at half-past eight in the morning, all observed a profound recollection. They then accompanied the casket in a long procession to the crossing of the river, which separates the fields from the leper-home of the city.

The cortège was ferried across in flatboats from one bank to the other, and our dear Missionary was laid to rest in his last earthly abode, in our little cemetery. Where Father Marty and Sister Mary Magdalen already repose, we buried him, with the permit of the civil authorities.

What can I add, Most Honored Father? My confrères and I are in the depths of the keenest sorrow,—I was about to say of despair, but the word is not Christian. It is heartrending to see the stricken thus depart, young men, ardent, generous, prompt to give so many proofs of their zeal and ardor in cultivating the field of the Father of the Family. We bow our heads, indeed, under the hand of God, but the trial is a hard one.

Tomorrow I shall be at Ivato: I shall pray in the church where Father Coindard catechized and baptized. What shall I say to his weeping flock? Ah, I shall teach them, doubtless, that he who loved them here on earth, will watch over them from the height of heaven. But...you also, Most Honored Father, must answer our prayer and send me soon, very soon, men, Missionaries, friends, like the one for whose loss we mourn.

I am in our Lord,

Yours with religious devotion,

† J. B. Crouzet,
Vicar Apostolic.
NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

PENNSYLVANIA


St. Vincent de Paul’s Rectory, Germantown, Philadelphia, October 13, 1907.

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing if you please!

To hear of mission work must be ever interesting to you and more particularly so when it is the labor of your confrères and Children. Our mission band is small in number and while we are sorry for this, we console ourselves by reflecting on the wisdom of the first great Missionary whose chosen band was small.

Five in number, we have given missions during the last year in a dozen dioceses; heard about forty-five thousand confessions, and made many converts. It is a great pleasure to tell you that the men, as a rule, make the mission in as large numbers, and as well as the women. No disappointment is expressed by the pastors and we are always highly gratified.

Ours is a large field with grand opportunities, no interference whatever, from the State and even non-Catholics are generally anxious to have those depending on them make the mission. Protestant superintendents will send their employees from work to go to confession, and public school teachers will excuse Catholic children for the Mass and instructions. By all, a mission is considered a good
moral influence in a place. Our own people are always earnest and self-sacrificing in attending the exercises, and many non-Catholics come and listen respectfully to what we have to say. As an instance to the last mission I gave, the Episcopal minister and his wife came and expressed themselves as well pleased with the sermon on marriage.

A strenuous life, the mission labor. The work begins at five o'clock A.M., and continues until ten P.M. Three instructions and one sermon a day. Ten hours in badly aired confessionals, and a journey of five hundred to a thousand miles, to the next mission. Then the audiences are critical and exacting. There were days when assertions, stories, and the relation of pious examples entered largely into mission sermons and instructions, but they are gone. Now as the expression has it, "one must have the goods." To impress the people requires the best effort of memory, intellect, and vocal delivery. Everything here is intense, nothing slow or easy-going. The pulpit is no exception, a constant strain for all who will arrest and impress public attention.

There is no way of reaching so many and so effectually as by the mission exercises. Hence it is of the greatest benefit to a parish, even from an instructive standpoint. Nothing is more needful than explanation of the great truths and Sacraments of Christ, especially for us who have to protect ourselves against the religious hatred, socialism, and ignorance of the vast throng of foreigners we are trying to assimilate every year. They come in hundreds of thousands, badly instructed, with none to care for them; most of them are lost, but we must look after the children and be on the alert against their lowering tendencies. The greatest scandal to our Americans is the manifest want of religious practice, by those who come from countries imputed Catholic.

The great means of keeping the faith alive is the living
voice and example. Thus God makes use of the missions for the best interests of this country, yet in the formative period.

Would we had more Missionaries for this vast field! There are many places within a few hundred miles of our large cities which have not had a mission for ten, twenty, thirty years.

Great is the work, few are the laborers. Let our prayer be for an increase of zealous workers.

I remain

Your obedient Son in St. Vincent,

THOMAS J. MCDONALD, C. M.

MEXICO

Letter from Rev. L. Daydi, Priest of the Mission, to Rev. T. Moral, Visitor.¹

(Annals, Spanish Edition, No. 4, 1907; translation).

We, the Missionaries of the Central House of Mexico, when we return there to repose after our labors, have great reason to repeat the sentiments that formerly agitated the heart of St. Vincent de Paul, our Founder, on his return from his apostolic travels. He feared that the gates of Paris would fall on him, because, he said, although he had evangelized many villages, there were still many more clamoring for the same grace.

In fact, the number of the parishes inscribed, soliciting missions is so great that while laboring incessantly as we do

¹ The very estimable Father Moral, so commendable for his zeal in our works, and particularly in establishing the Associations of the Ladies of Charity and Children of Mary in Mexico, died there November 13, 1907, amid universal regret.
for nine months of the year, still we could not satisfy the
desires of all in two years’ time. We may add that new
demands are made on us daily: Messis multa!
The missions of Tultepec and Temascalapa are the last
of the course of 1906-7.
The missions at Tultepec lasted thirty-seven days. Fur­
thermore starting from this parish as a center, we evangel­
ized the villages of Teoyahualco, Tenopalco and Visitacion.
We have had 2,801 communions of adults, 253 of children,
and have legitimazed 47 marriages.
The mission of Temascalapa lasted thirty days; 2,193
persons approached the Sacraments of Penance and Holy
Eucharist. There was a first Communion class of one hun­
dred twelve children, sixty-nine marriages were legitimazed
and the ceremonies and functions proper to our missions
were piously and exactly observed.
The surest sign of God’s blessing on our labors is the re­
production on our missions in Mexico of the marvels real­
ized in the time of our Holy Founder.
Filled with admiration and enthusiasm Saint Vincent
de Paul in a Conference of August 20, 1655, given to his
Missionaries on the subject of the simple method they were
to observe in preaching, spoke as follows: “I would never
finish were I to relate the least portion of what God has
been pleased to operate through means of our method. So
many examples occur that I would not end narrating them
this evening. We shall take but one or two, so as to per­
ceive better, the great advantages of this method. The fol­
lowing is one such as has not been seen before our time; I
have never heard it told, I who am so unlearned, that any
preacher ever succeeded so well. Bandits, as many of us
know, Gentlemen, is the name applied to the thieves of
Italy, who infest the country-side, robbing and plundering
wherever they go. Many murders occur in that country on
account of the fierceness of the feuds existing, one side ex-
terminating the other, without ever forgiving. These peo-
ple, after ridding themselves of their enemies, flee to the
woods in order to escape justice; there they remain, emerg-
ing to rob and plunder poor travelers. They are called ban-
dits, and are so numerous that Italy is swarmed with them.
Few, if any villages are without banditti. Now when the
mission was given in some of these villages, the bandits
there abandoned this cursed life, and by God’s grace be-
came converted. Such a thing was until now unheard of.
Never had bandits been known to abandon their rapine on
any account. Yet God was pleased to effect this wonder
through the poor little Company, preaching according to
the little method. Is it not true, Father Martin, that the
bandits in Italy were converted at our missions? You were
there, were you not?—‘Yes, Sir, it is true; in the villages
where the mission was given, the bandits came like the
others to confession.’— Here in Mexico we have seen
daily on our missions wonders like those that filled our
Blessed Father with admiration. Ecce non abbreviata est
manus Domini.

One day we arrived at a small village surrounded by a
thick wood. A troop of bandits, the terror of the surround-
ing region, had been pursued on the preceding days by the
rural police. Some were killed, their chief was wounded
and captured, and those who succeeded in escaping justice,
concealed themselves in the mountain glens. During the
night, taking every precaution to avoid discovery, they left
their lairs, and came to listen to the mission sermons. Re-
remaining in a concealed part of the church, one of them
sent me word that he wished to meet me to make his con-
fusion at night, after the people had gone away. I gladly
consented; a signal was agreed upon, and I selected a secret
meeting-place, where we could speak without interference.
One night we were taking supper after the close of the mis-
ion exercises. We were in an apartment which we had
transformed into a dining-room by the addition of a few boards and some straw work. Suddenly I heard a rap on the board between us and the outside; in response to my query, “Who is there?” I received the reply, “Father, Joseph has come.”—“Have him wait for me, and I will come,” I said, recognizing the signal agreed upon. After finishing supper, I left my companions and went to keep my appointment with the bandit of the mountain. There under cover of night this unfortunate man made his general confession, kneeling at my feet, weeping profuse tears of sorrow and repentance. Having received absolution for his faults with a feeling of regeneration in the eyes of God, this man embraced me in his nervous arms, and promised to do all I prescribed him to regenerate himself in the eyes of men also. With these sentiments he departed and was soon lost in the forest. Can we not repeat St. Vincent’s words: What wonders do we see; bandits are converted by the grace of the mission!”

During the year the Miraculous Medal has wrought its usual prodigies. I will mention only one because I would never finish relating all the marvels God operates through this blessed Medal.

A man who was entirely withdrawn from the Church and from every religious exercise, urged his intolerance so far as to forbid his family the fulfilment of their Christian duties. When they spoke of religious subjects, he became like a demoniac; the presence of the Missionaries in the country inflamed his ferocious instincts. One day he learned that his family, escaping his vigilance, had assisted at the sermons, and that his wife and one of his daughters had gone to confession. In a transport of anger he maltreated them, barbarously giving way to the most brutal excesses. This was not all. He attempted to learn the name of the Missionary to whom they had confessed, in order to go
and ask him by what right he dared interfere in his home affairs.

His family, fearing he would cause open scandal in the church, informed the Missionary. "Never mind," said he, "tell him he may come when he wishes; I shall receive him with joy." Giving the person who brought the news a Miraculous Medal he told him to put it on the man without his knowledge. This was done. The following day a surprising change appeared. The man gave his family liberty to attend the mission, and the following night this fierce man was changed into a gentle lamb; he came to church, approached my confessional, and made his general confession with evidence of sincere repentance. The next day, that of the general Communion, he knelt at the Holy Table surrounded by his family; he shed tears as he received the Holy Communion. Have we not cause to bless God?

I end my letter with a short account of the missions given on our present course.

<table>
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<th>Days</th>
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<th>Communions</th>
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Illicit marriages separated, 11; reconciliations, 12; married people reunited, 20; marriages legitimized, 8. There was one abjuration of Protestantism. This is the fragrant bouquet we have gathered in the field of the missions as an offering to the glory of the Divine Master.
MISSION IN THE PARISH OF IXTLAHUACA

After the splendid mission given in the Valle del Bravo, we turned towards the parish of Ixtlahuaca, which we reached February eighteenth.

Ixtlahuaca, according to the native dictionary of Molina, signifies “desert” or land barren of trees; the name is perfectly applicable to this region.

Its location is sixty-five miles west by south-west of Mexico; its foundation with the title of city dates from September 17, 1552. The contemporary viceroy of Mexico was Don Luis Valasco, whom history has justly called the Father of the Indians.

The parish, under the invocation of St. Francis of Assisi was probably erected by His Eminence, Don Alfonso de Montufar, a learned and virtuous prelate of the order of Friars Preachers, the second Archbishop of the Mexican Church, from 1552 to 1572.

The parish, which belongs to the district of Almoloya is served by a parish priest and two assistants, who have charge besides of fourteen villages and four plantations.

During the fifty-four days of the mission, we evangelized the villages of Ixtlahuaca, Conception, St. John, and St. Anne besides the plantations of Engage and Huérgé.

Nearly all the villages of this parish are occupied by Mazahua Indians, who scarcely understand the Castilian tongue. Their religious ignorance is great. In their abandoned state they have preserved some exterior practices of worship but they know nothing of the mysteries of our holy religion. If asked whether they know how to pray, and whether they are acquainted with the teaching of the Church, they answer: “I know nothing of that.” Only the oldest ones can say: “I know how to pray in Mazahua, but not in Spanish.”

From what I was able to observe, the Mazahua Indians
preserve some remnants of a primitive evangelization. They believe in the necessity of Baptism for salvation and in religious marriage. Illicit unions are rare, and fathers of families marry their sons very young. They confess only at the time of marriage and death. They have not an exact idea of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. Great attention is required when they receive Holy Communion, otherwise the greater number would approach the Holy Table merely from conformity to custom.

Belief in a future life and especially in purgatory is deeply rooted in the minds of the Mazahua Indians. They are accustomed to preserve the memory of their departed, causing them to be painted in the midst of flames on little tablets, called "animas;" they believe it obligatory to have many absolutions recited for the repose of their souls.

The mysteries of the Incarnation and of the Redemption are almost totally erased from their memory. As is natural, superstition results from this ignorance. They believe in sorcerers, in ghosts, in witchcraft; moreover, in the power to harm others by enchantment or magic. It is their custom, when burying the dead to leave various articles with the body which they think the deceased may find needful in the next life. Thus they attach a pitcher to their girdle for drinking water. They put money into the folds of their shroud for their requirements on the path of eternity.

When they associate with other people, they contract their vices, without profiting of the benefits of civilization. The dominant vice is drunkenness which ruins and destroys them.

Adding to the difficulties of ignorance and superstition the still greater one of language, you can picture to yourself the amount of labor we have been through on this mission, which the good God has blessed so visibly. There were 3,370 confessions of adults, and 5,291 Communions;
274 children approached the Holy Table, 201 marriages were legitimized, three important reconciliations were effected and one married couple, separated five years, was reunited. These are the results of our mission, which closed on April thirteenth. Some missions remain to be given to complete the present year.

Leander Daydi, C. M.

WEST INDIES (ANTILLES)

CUBA

ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY IN CUBA¹

HAVANA

Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul
(No. 797 Boulevard of the Cerro)

This magnificent establishment was founded in 1872. It is sustained by the pious and charitable Ladies of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. At the outset eight sisters were charged with its management under the direction of Sister Ramona Llopis; there are ten sisters at present.

The number of boarders is one hundred forty, of whom thirty pay a small pension. The number of non-residents enrolled is eighty, of whom forty pay a small monthly tuition.

The boarders who have already received their education in this asylum-college number 2,448 of whom the greater part have doubtless been the instruments of Divine Providence to introduce the pious practices of our holy religion into their homes.

The Association of the Children of Mary was established for the boarders in 1874. At present it has thirty associates, and twenty aspirants. The total number registered from the time of its foundation is two hundred eighty. Twenty among them have been called to the religious state, and twenty-six have died a most edifying death.

One distinctive characteristic of the young girls raised in this college, is the good disposition of each one to prepare herself promptly and carefully for all domestic duties, not only in ordinary occupations but in extraordinary ones as well. Not only can they apply themselves to reading, and to handiwork with needle and broom, but they engage also in the grosser work of whitewashing and painting. They whitewash the walls, paint the doors and windows, varnish furniture, and take the liveliest interest in keeping everything neat, clean and orderly. Thus they learn practically what they will soon be obliged to do in their own household.

This establishment, thanks to the zeal of the Conference Ladies, and to the activity and toil of Sister Petra Vega, has effected a great improvement of recent years, both in management and in its fittings and furniture. On the upper floor, a room has been prepared, so large, well finished, well lighted, and well ventilated, that it may be considered the finest in Havana. A school for non-residents has been built, sixty feet long and thirty-six wide. The refectory besides has been enlarged, so that two hundred children can easily be accommodated there. Useful reforms have been introduced into the laundry, the kitchen, and dispensary, and everything has succeeded so well that all those interested are thoroughly satisfied.

College of St. Francis de Sales

This establishment, No. 2, Street of the Offices, faces the north, toward the presidential palace, and the beautiful park called the Place d'Armes. It was founded in 1688, by
Mgr. Don Evelino Compostela. He endowed it with revenues for its subsistence, placed under the direction and supervision of the bishop of the diocese.

The Daughters of Charity were called to take charge of this college in 1851. The beginning was made with six sisters; the Superioress was Sister Anastasia Coujet. There were forty pupils in the college. Today there are ten sisters, eighty boarders, and sixty day scholars. Since the Daughters of Charity have directed this house 2,490 boarder pupils, have been educated there. Of the eighty day scholars forty were added by virtue of two foundations made in favor of the establishment, one by Mr. Sanjuan de Santa Cruz, in 1868, the other, by Doña Regia Silva who founded, besides, the gratuitous day school for poor children.

In 1887, the college was removed for a time to a house belonging to Doña Regia Silva, No. 3, Baratilla St. It remained there while the restoration of the present building was proceeding. The ecclesiastical governor of the institution at the time was Don Manuel Espinosa, canon penitentiary of the cathedral at Havana. Its administrator was the Rev. Don Evaristus Martinez. The Superioress of the Daughters of Charity was Sister Carmen Borell. She was the one to begin the work of reconstruction, which consisted in the conversion of three houses into one large building with perfect conditions for a college. When this work had been successfully accomplished, they returned to their former residence, January 27, 1888, the anniversary of the foundation of the college two hundred years before.

The bishop, Mgr. Santander y Frutos, who arrived from Spain to assume the direction of the diocese, blessed the edifice, and presided at the festivity of its inauguration, which was celebrated with great solemnity. All the succeeding bishops have taken a lively interest in the prosperity of this educational center.

The Society of the Children of Mary Immaculate was
established in the college, December 8, 1865. The Superioress of the college at that time was Sister Paula Bernabeu, and the diocese was governed by Mgr. Don Jacinto Martinez. Four hundred resident pupils have been received into the Association since its origin, and at present, the fifty who reside in the college are distinguished for their real, solid piety.

Manuel Burgos, C. M.
We are now on the morrow of an official visitation. It is the first that has been made at the house of Panama. Our little house has grown into large proportions, with a complete organization of the personnel for its functions. I hope this will contribute to strengthen us more and more in the good course we have striven to follow.

What shall I tell you about our works? We enjoy the fullest liberty in this land, and everybody makes use of it. The most harassing question for us is that of languages, there is need of a universality of them here. We do not exaggerate in saying this; there are people here of every nationality under the sun, for there are Catholics everywhere.

We have succeeded in fulfilling our ministry in Spanish and English, chiefly spoken. Some time ago there was a number of Portuguese here; three weeks ago there were some Italians, good fellows, but entirely ignorant of any but their native tongue. I was so pained at my inability to give them absolution, that I begged them to return on the Sunday following. During that week I labored hard at Italian with a practical book in hand, and had the consolation of being at least able to admit them to the Holy Table.

You see to what extremities we are reduced for want of knowing a language. — Aid us then, we entreat, with your prayers, and beg for us from the Divine Master the gift of tongues.

G. Laridan, C. M.
We have lately completed our second year of apostolic labors in the region of Tierradentro, and it is consoling to be able to give you some pleasing accounts of them.

I shall first give you a slight glimpse of what we have done during the second year with the help of God’s grace. We have continued our evangelization of the locality, continually visiting the twenty-two villages that compose it; we preached, catechized, and instructed these poor Indians, marrying them and baptizing their children. The teaching of Christian Doctrine especially occupied our attention, in view of the ignorance which rules these unfortunates. I can now assure you that the number of those who are ignorant of this teaching is very much diminished, and even scarcely noticeable. With the help of heaven, they will soon all learn what they ought to know for salvation. We teach them this in their own tongue so that they may understand and grasp more readily. I have had five hundred copies of a small treatise printed. I shall send you one as soon as I receive them.

Another point on which we have strongly insisted is drunkenness. These unfortunate Indians have surrendered to this vice, incited by the liquor sellers. The Indian, ordinarily, is not inclined to this drink; he prefers his chi-
cha (a drink derived from the sugar cane. It is intoxicating, but not so much as the distilled liquor). The sellers of this injurious liquor, in order to carry on their business, enticed the Indians to their places and induced them to drink to excess, in order to exploit them better and deceive them when in an intoxicated state. I took the matter to heart, and preached a strong sermon, not against the sale of the liquor, nor the unlawful and abusive sale of it, because it is a government monopoly; my words were directed against the vice of drunkenness itself, openly attacking it, and aiming at its repression. The good God blessed my efforts, and the result was a consoling one, although I was, and am still obliged to suffer from the liquor sellers. They have calumniated and insulted me, charged me before the provincial government with opposing the liquor sale itself, with being its enemy, and like accusations. Fortunately I am well known at Popayan. The Governor is an intimate friend of mine, and all this antagonism proved of no avail. The complaints were rejected, and their authors ridiculed. This persecution caused me a sad and bitter trial for many days and even for months. I had no consolation but my poor prayers, and the consciousness of having corrected some vice.

The third object of our labors this year, carried out with serious and precise care, was the establishment of schools for the Indian children. After overcoming innumerable obstacles, and suffering many contradictions, we succeeded in establishing and maintaining fifteen schools throughout the year in different villages, with an attendance of seven hundred nine children, boys and girls. You can imagine what immense benefit has been wrought through the agency of these schools, and what our joy and consolation were at the close of the year, when we witnessed still happier results than we had expected. Many times I had cause to thank God for so many favors and blessings.
Lastly my great affliction was the sad state of divine worship, abandoned as it was so many years, and lifeless, almost completely extinct. To restore and quicken, and establish a state of relative piety among these savages, was the task presented to me. Thanks to God and to a frequent visitation of tribes all has been realized. The festivals of the patron saints were introduced in all the Indian centers, and those of others to whom I inculcated a devotion. The beads are recited tolerably well, confessions and Communions grow more frequent, and a consoling religious tendency is noticeable in all the vicinity, where the silence of death formerly reigned.

William Rojas, C. M.

ECUADOR

Before offering to our readers the important and most interesting study on the works of the two religious Families of St. Vincent de Paul, which are set forth in the notice on Father Claverie, we present some general items relative to Ecuador, from a geographical and ecclesiastical standpoint.

ECUADOR; GENERAL INFORMATION.1

The Republic of Ecuador, a country in South America, is situated almost entirely under the equator, whence its name. It forms an independent State, bounded, north by Colombia; east, by Brazil; south, by Peru, and west, by the Pacific ocean; area, 299,600 square kilometers; population, 1,200,000 (whites, subdued Indians, Cholos or mixed races, and about 200,000 savage Indians).

1. Extract, Dictionnaire d'histoire et de géographie, Bouillet, 1893.
The Galapagos islands in the Pacific ocean (about 2,800 square miles, 250 inhabitants) are dependencies of the republic of Ecuador.

Ecuador is divided into seventeen provinces. Capital, Quito; principal cities: Guayaquil (chief port), Cuenca, Riobamba, Latacunga, Ambato.

Its mountain ranges, the Cordilleras, run in two parallel lines, northward and southward, separated from each other by a plateau nearly two miles high. Its chief peaks are Chimborazo (20,600 ft. high), Cotopaxi (19,480 ft.), Antisana (18,885 ft.), etc. Its rivers the Mira, the Esmeraldas, and the Guayaquil, flowing into the Pacific; the Napo, the Putumayo, the Yapura, etc., upper tributaries of the Marañon or Amazon, flowing to the Atlantic. The climate, especially on the plateau surrounding Quito, is temperate, on account of the elevation; the coast is hot and unhealthful; the plains in the East are hot and moist. The soil is extremely fertile.

In 1811, the inhabitants revolted from Spain. They became free under the leadership of Bolivar, and the country was incorporated with the United States of Colombia. Three departments were formed: Ecuador, Guayaquil, and Assuay. Independence was gained in 1830. The present government is constitutional, and its form has been several times modified. The last change was made in 1883. There are a president and vice-president, elected for four-year terms, a senate, and a house of delegates.

ECUADOR; RELIGIOUS SITUATION.

The faith was planted in Ecuador at the time of the Spanish conquest; a bishop was sent to Quito in the middle of the sixteenth century by Pope Paul III. In 1811, this country, influenced by Bolivar, joined its neighbors in the revolt against Spain.

1. Extract, Dictionnaire de théologie catholique, Vacant; Latin America.
In 1862, Pius IX. contracted a concordat with Ecuador. The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Religion was recognized as the religion of the country. This concordat, with some modifications, was renewed, May 2, 1881.

The name, Ecuador, is intimately bound up with that of its illustrious president, Garcia Moreno, assassinated in 1875 by order of the freemasons. As he was dying, he uttered these sublime words: “God does not die.” Since that time, the faith has not only had its confessors, but its martyrs as well.

Population, 1,400,000. An archiepiscopal see is established at Quito, and six suffragan sees in other parts of the country: Cuenca, Guayaquil, Ibarra, Loja, Puerto-Viejo, and Rio-Bamba. There are four vicariates-apostolic, instead of the former vicariate-apostolic of the East.

A well known university was founded at Quito in 1586, by Philip II., king of Spain; its library is considered one of the most complete of the locality; there is also a college of the Jesuits here. We find a seminary, four colleges, and sixty catholic schools at Guayaquil, with four thousand three hundred ninety pupils attending. Two colleges at Loxa or Loja.

The former vicariate-apostolic of the East, so-called, because of its location in the eastern part of the republic, was divided, by a mutual agreement between Pope Leo XIII. and President Antonio Flores, into four vicariates: Napo, belonging to the Jesuits; Canelos and Macas, to the Dominicans; Mendez and Gualaquiza, to the Salesians; Zamora, to the Franciscans. These vicariates, are not under the Propaganda, as would ordinarily be the case, but are subject to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

The Lazarist Missionaries have charge of the advanced and preparatory seminary at Quito; they have a house of
missions and a chaplaincy at Guayaquil, and direct the seminary at Loja.

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul are established at Quito, and in the vicinity, at Ibarra, Riobamba, Guayaquil, Babahoyo, Cuenca, Loja, Ambato, Latacunga, Otavalo, Guaranda, Bodegas, and Machache.

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REV. JOHN CLAVERIE.

VISITOR OF THE PRIESTS OF THE MISSION AND DIRECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY IN THE PROVINCE OF ECUADOR.

His Life and Labors.

Rev. John Claverie was born in 1830, in the Chalosse, the garden of the Landes, in the south-west of France. His birthplace was at Doazit, a picturesque village, whose principal edifice is the shrine of Our Lady of Maylis. Providence had placed his infancy under the shield of her whom he would always cherish with the love of a son. He belonged to an honorable family, containing a notary and several physicians among its members. His father, Bernard Claverie, had been a grenadier of the Imperial Guard; and he shared in the campaigns of the first Empire, and fought at Waterloo under Cambronne. Returning to his fireside, after the downfall of Napoleon, he married Désirée Daribère, and had five children. John, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest, but the words of our Lord were to be verified in him, that the last should be first: "Erunt novissimi primi".

The child's early years were passed in a country home, near Doazit, which his father had purchased. His mother died when he was four years old. Thenceforward, he remained the sole charge of the old grenadier, his beloved
Benjamin, as he was worthy to be. A precocious intellect and rare inclination to piety were noticeable in the little John Adolph. His temper was lively, buoyant, and cheerful.

His father sent him, while young, to the school of St. Severus, conducted by the Christian Brothers, where he pursued his studies, and received his first Communion in 1841, at the age of eleven. This important event, doubtless, greatly influenced his whole life.

Two years after, in 1843, he entered a lay college at Aire, on the Adour, where his father had a scholarship. His new surroundings did not satisfy his inclinations. The spirit prevailing was repugnant to his candid soul. To preserve his innocence, he made an especial consecration of himself to the Blessed Virgin; and it was doubtless her influence that enabled him to change, and enter the preparatory seminary in the same city, where he began his Latin studies, in 1844. Few details regarding his secondary studies have reached us. It is certain that he attained high success in his classes; a diploma found among his papers after death, attests that he cultivated the heart as well as the mind, and progressed in piety as well as in letters and science. In 1849, he was judged worthy of admission to the Sodality of the Immaculate Virgin, of which Rev. A. Dufau was prefect. His vacations he spent with his aged father who, to reward his success in his studies, presented him with bird-nets and fowling appliances; with these, the boy engaged in the sport of bird-hunting, which he pursued with all the zest of his youth. With this innocent amusement for his leisure hours, and a thoroughly filial piety towards the Queen of Heaven, as contributory causes, the boy preserved in his heart his loftiness of sentiment.

After completing his literary course in 1850, he entered the seminary of Dax, directed by the Jesuit Fathers. He received tonsure in 1851, minor orders in 1854, and sub-deaconship and deaconship in 1855. The year following,
1856, he was ordained priest, May seventeenth, in the month consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. She who had watched over his cradle seemed to preside over his ordination to the priesthood, as we shall find her again, assisting at his deathbed.

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus would have wished to retain for themselves one whom they adjudged among the most promising subjects of the seminary at Dax; St. Vincent de Paul, however, whose birthplace was only three miles away, had laid his claims upon him. Father Claverie, like his fellow student, Father Pemartin, felt himself attracted to the Apostle of Charity. He did not immediately execute his design which, as he judged, required time to mature. After his ordination, he remained at the disposal of his bishop, Mgr. Lanneluc, who bestowed on him a position worthy of his merit, that of assistant at the cathedral of Dax.

The new assistant engaged with zeal in preaching, and other parish work, but only remained two years in this post. His inclinations intensified for the Family of St. Vincent. He conjectured that his plans would be more easily realized, if he took a professorship. His bishop placed him, at his own request, in the preparatory seminary of Aire, where he remained a year, teaching in the course of arts. On one of his father’s visits, he revealed his intention of entering a religious house at Paris, “to perfect himself in the studies necessary for professors.” The old gentleman approved his design, and Father Claverie departed for Saint Lazare’s.

He entered the Community Seminary of the Lazarists at Paris, in 1859. He felt himself thoroughly at home in his surroundings, and loosed thenceforward from the ties of his family and his diocese, he strove zealously, in his solitude, to obtain the virtues proper to the Sons of St. Vincent de Paul. His work of self-sanctification was in-
interrupted only too soon to suit his desires. A Missionary of the house of Evreux fell sick, and the Superior applied for assistance to Father Etienne, Superior General, who sent Father Claverie to fill the place.

Being obliged to preach *ex tempore* on this account, and with no aid but that of some outlines of sermons prepared by Father Lejeune, he was cast unexpectedly into the current of missionary labor; toil, night and day, was his lot, at the outset, in order to perform the duties imposed on him by obedience. God blessed his efforts, and his sermons were greatly relished on all the circuit of parishes in Normandy, where he preached. The strain told on his health, however, as the year drew to its close. He was sent by Father Etienne to Toursainte, near Marseilles, in order to rest and recuperate; and at the same time, he attended to the service of a beautiful church, built in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by Mr. Armand, a wealthy and pious gentleman, a privateer-owner. The healing springs at Ems completed his restoration. During the same year, 1863, the Superior General entrusted to him the Superiorship of the Propaganda College, directed by the Lazarists, at Smyrna, in the Levant. He remained four years Superior of this college, and developed such qualities in the fulfilment of his duties, as contributed more and more to enhance the general esteem of his worthiness.

Just at this period, the province of Nice was restored to France, at the close of the Sardo-French campaign in Italy. The diocese, thus newly acquired, needed an ecclesiastical seminary. Father Claverie was entrusted with the task of organizing one. The canons of the diocese, who were opposed to a change in the existing order, were hostile to him; their influence, with the Bishop, Mgr. Sola, was powerful. The new Superior was obliged to apply great tactfulness and energy to succeed in his task. He overcame the difficulties in the way so entirely, that finally, all the
measures approved by experience in the other seminaries of France were introduced, without incurring the displeasure of the bishop. When he was transferred three years after, he left a thoroughly organized seminary, administered like other similar establishments in France. This accomplishment was a great honor. Divine Providence was thus preparing him for the mission he was now summoned to perform in the New World.

The little South American republic of Ecuador was, at that time, a subject of interest to the whole world. The great man who presided over its destinies, Garcia Moreno, was an admirer of the Daughters of Charity, whom he had known in France. He determined to invite them into his own country, and deputed the Archbishop of Quito, Mgr. Checa, to treat with the Superior General, Father Etienne. An agreement was signed between them for the establishment of the Sisters of Charity in Ecuador. A director was needed; no man of ordinary ability would suffice for directing an enterprise of such importance, solicited by a great man like President Garcia Moreno, who was summoning eminent men from all parts of the world, in order to civilize his country. The mind of Father Etienne fixed on Father Claverie. "My Sisters," he said, as he presented him to the band of ten that was about to start, "this is your Director; I give you another self." These were flattering words, nevertheless they were true. If one were to make a thorough study of this new Director he would find more than one trait of likeness between him and the Restorer of the double Family of St. Vincent de Paul in France.

Father Claverie was forty years of age at that time. He was a priest of noble and imposing mien, of gentle and charming demeanor, of cheerful disposition; a man of zeal and enthusiasm. His polished manners heightened the splendor of his virtues and talent. The band of Sisters of
Charity which he was about to conduct to that distant land contained choice soldiers in its ranks, commanded by Sister Mary Hernu, a woman of great mind and heart, worthy of being the first provincial Visitatrix of her Community in Ecuador, and co-operatrix with Father Claverie in the foundation there.

The party left in June, under the conduct of Father Claverie and his young companion, Father John Stappers; they arrived at Guayaquil, July 18, 1870. Thence they proceeded on horseback, ascending the sides of the great Cordillera; after nine days' journey, they reached Quito, the capital of the republic, situated nearly two miles above sea-level.

Here the sisters were installed in the antiquated college of St. Bonaventure, which was formerly attached to the convent of St. Francis, and was purchased for them by a noble lady, Doña Virginia Klinger de Aguirre. The college became a Central House, novitiate, and infant asylum; more recently classes were opened there which are now attended by six hundred girls. The foundation of this house, under the invocation of St. Charles, occurred on September 8, 1870, a few days later than the fall of Napoleon III. in France. Meanwhile, Father Claverie and his companion occupied a small residence, where the former lived for thirty-seven years; it was opposite the chapel confided to the new Missionaries. This chapel is now the church attached to the hospital. It was conveyed by contract to the Congregation along with the residence; it was in ruins at the time. Father Claverie repaired both chapel and residence, and thus was founded a house of the Mission, the first establishment of the Lazarists in Ecuador.

Next after St. Charles' the sisters were established in the hospital of Quito, which they found in so deplorable a state as could hardly be realized. The patients lay in loathsome quarters, consumed by vermin, and died almost with-
out attention. The corridors were foul, the courts were turned into slop-drains, charged with heaps of refuse. Much exertion was required to convert these Augean stables into a tolerable hospital. The sisters bent to work under the leadership of their Director and, thanks to the generosity of President Moreno who defrayed all expenses, they achieved their task.

In the same year, 1870, they were called to the hospital at Guayaquil, where they effected a similar transformation. There, in 1871, they were given charge of a military hospital, located on the Santa Anna Pass. They next received establishments at Cuenca in 1872, and at Riobamba in 1875; this city was destined to be the last resting-place of Father Claverie. In the same year, Father Claverie conducted a band of white cornettes to Babahoyo, a coast city, which was more unhealthful than Guayaquil. He placed them for the service of the sick, in a wooden building, which was used as barracks, salt storage, governor's palace, and hospital, all in one.

In 1876, the Quinta was established at Quito — Quinta is a Spanish word for country house; this house was the product of Father Claverie's energy, and it always remained the object of his predilection. He received a donation for the purchase of ground from a generous benefactor, and began his enterprise with an indefatigable zeal, laboring with one hand and collecting with the other. A group of buildings was soon raised, destined for the reception of the foundlings who had been too restricted in their quarters at St. Charles; a chapel and apartments for the sisters were constructed, and the foundation was placed under the patronage of St. Vincent. Father Claverie worked as architect, superintendent, farmer, and well-digger. He attended to the construction and broke the arid, fallow soil, which soon developed into fertile fields and gardens of vegetables and flowers. He laid out walks, lined with fragrant and
balm-odorous eucalyptus trees, and sunk the first wells in Ecuador. This establishment gradually developed into the present splendid orphan-home at the gates of Quito. The home is composed of four groups of buildings, with outlying fields, groves, and gardens. The boys’ orphanage is under the patronage of St. Vincent; the girls’, of St. Joseph; the infant asylum, of St. John, and the residence, of St. Gabriel.

In 1881, the sisters assumed charge of the hospice of Guayaquil and the orphanage of Cuenca.

In 1882, they took over the hospice of Quito, an asylum for every kind of physical and moral misery, with a leper-home attached.

In 1885, three hospitals, with primary schools annexed, were conveyed to them; one at Ambato, another at Latacunga and another at Ibarra, in the North.

In 1888, a band of sisters accompanied by their tireless Director, Father Claverie, took charge of a hospital and schools at Loja, near the Peruvian frontier. In 1894, the hospital of Guaranda; in 1897, the orphanage, at Ibarra; and in 1899, the Calderon asylum at Guayaquil. There, in 1903, they took charge of the general hospital. In 1904, the schools of Ibarra. The opening of schools at Machache, in 1905, and of the House of Providence at Guayaquil, in 1906, completed the splendid quota of establishments of the sisters in Ecuador.

The grain of mustard-seed, sown on September 8, 1870, has thus become, in 1907, an immense tree, casting its shade over almost the whole country from north to south, and from the Pacific to the eastern slope of the Andes. It is composed of twenty-five houses of Sisters of Charity, attended by two hundred fifty sisters, whose ministrations extend to more than six thousand sick, poor orphans, children, and old people. Father Claverie was an active instrument in effecting all these foundations.

During the course of the year, he resided at Quito. He
was constantly engaged in preaching, hearing confessions, catechizing, and directing. Besides the Sisters of Charity, he directed the Associations of the Ladies of Charity, Children of Mary, and Christian Mothers. He was also a professor at the Military School during the lifetime of President Moreno, who highly valued him, and for a long while he was a hospital chaplain. When the vacation arrived, he mounted his horse, and traveled over a large portion of the Republic, followed ordinarily by a train of sisters, for he took advantage of these periodical journeys to conduct the Daughters of Charity, who were stationed or transferred, to their new destinations. While the Visitatrix or her assistant was engaged in the visitation of the houses, the Director preached the retreat. After attending to the spiritual concerns of the sisters, he did not hesitate to co-operate in the material organization of new houses. He gave plans, oversaw constructions, provided for the repair of existing edifices, and superintended the equipment of houses, the installation of labor-saving furnaces, of bathrooms, etc. He introduced many improvements in Ecuador, contributing not only to the comfort of the disinherited of fortune, but also to the general advancement of the country. Great difficulties had to be met; everything was wanting, then, more than nowadays,—both good workmen and materials.

It is difficult for one living in our old European countries, the classic home of good roads and railways, accustomed to all sorts of conveyances, automobiles, chair-cars, lunch-counters, and hotels, that make traveling easy and agreeable, to realize the difficulties and dangers of travel over our Cordilleras. It will give the reader an idea of it to learn that in order to reach the South and preach three or four retreats, and travel to Loja on the return journey to Quito, Father Claverie was obliged to travel three months, and cover seven hundred twenty miles on horse-
back. And what journeys were these! And what roads! The first hundred twenty miles’ traveling from the capital were comparatively easy. The way lay over the road constructed by Garcia Moreno, and was still in good condition; after leaving this road, however, the way lay over rough mule trails. These led upward to a height of two miles and over, where a frozen wind was blowing, and then descended into valleys from dizzy heights, where the heat was like a furnace from the tropical sun. In the lowlands, fever and sunstroke prevailed and, occasionally in the South, there was danger of the serpent’s sting or a tiger’s tooth. Sometimes the rain, sometimes the sun beat on the traveler in his way through the most dangerous passes, where he ran the risk of broken bones, or of tumbling from precipices, or sinking in quagmires. After long and laborious toiling through a desert country with neither man nor dwelling in sight he would reach at nightfall a “tambo”—poor station—which often afforded no shelter to the tired traveler and his companions but a roof of leaves, no bed but the bare ground, and no food except what he had brought with him, if it still remained in a fit condition for eating. Sometimes, there would be the pleasure of a night under the open stars, if there was any delay through accident.

In order to convey a clearer impression of these adventurous wanderings, we shall relate the following incident. In the province of El Oro the wayfarers were crossing the forest of Ayapamba. The rain was falling heavily, and the mules were plodding along the wet road. While proceeding on their way, they came to a wide, muddy marsh, that exhaled a pestilential breath; the bodies of a score of mules that had perished in its pools, appeared in various places on its surface, like so many small islands. The wayfarers dismounted; what would they do? Could they cut through the forest? No, impossible. The abundant tropic-
al growth of vines that entwined the trees and shrubs had woven compact network, forming an impassable hedge on either side. The only open way was the one through the muddy marsh, the mere sight of which would make one shiver. While the guide, Jose Alvear, the Samdadehiemba of Ecuador, who was as homely as the famed Thibetan guide of Father Huc, but more devoted, was urging on the beasts of draught and burden through the marsh, with a multitude of blows and curses, the poor sisters attempted to wade across on foot. Frequently they stumbled and fell in the mud. When one of them sank too deep, and ran the danger of being submerged, the faithful Samdadehiemba hastened to her relief. They were more fortunate than the mules, for they all reached the other side,—but in what a plight! They were wet to the bone, and their garments soiled with slime. The Sister Assistant was covered with mud from head to foot. The resourceful Jose took his machete—a combination of knife and sword, which he is never without—and scraped the Habit from top to bottom; he then performed a like service for the others. Night was now descending, as the crossing had consumed a long time; Jose split some branches from the trees with his machete, and stuck them in the ground vertically; he crossed them with others laid horizontally, and fastened with ropes of vine; thus he prepared an improvised couch, over which the rubber cloaks were stretched to give a partial protection against the heavy fall of rain. He completed his measures for the comfort of the sisters on these rustic couches. They stretched themselves on them clothed in their wet garments with admirable resignation and essayed to catch the sleep that always eluded them. Meanwhile, Jose watched alongside the encampment, trying hard to keep up a fire of green boughs through the night, to scare off the tigers which abound in these wastes. The next day, well or ill, they mounted the saddle to climb the "Es-
caleras,"—stairway—a most frightful road, and the most dangerous in Ecuador, if not in all South America. From this episode we can learn the hardships endured by Father Claverie during the thirty-seven years of a similar life. He often escaped death in a providential way. God's hand seemed visibly to protect him together with the band of cornettes under his charge. During this long period there was never any serious accident—which seems like a real miracle—excepting the fall of Sister Dardignac, whose consequences resulted fatally in the sequel. There was much suffering but it was borne with a light heart. Father Claverie's example encouraged every one. His cheerfulness was communicative; a word or a pleasantry from him, uttered at the fitting moment contributed to dispel any despondency. The survivors of those heroic days will preserve an undying remembrance of them. This is not the least of the reasons why the memory of this venerated Missionary is so dear.

Parallel with the extension of the feminine branch, was the development in more humble proportions of the other branch of the tree of St. Vincent.

We have related the foundation of the mission-house at Quito, which occurred in 1870, when Father Stappers and Father Claverie took possession of their residence. This establishment never grew, for although Father Claverie, at the request of the Visitor of Colombia, had prepared for the reception of six Missionaries, he waited for them in vain. He never had more than one confrère with him, and for a long period he was entirely alone. On this account, save for a few missions given by Father Krautwig to the civilized and savage Indians, the Missionaries of Quito were scarcely able to do anything more than direct the Sisters of Charity.

For the same reason the progress of the house at Guayaquil has been hindered up to the present. This house
was established a year after the one at Quito, and by virtue of the same contract. It had for Superior Father Claude Lafay; for many years Father Baudelet was the only occupant, when Fathers Bouveret and Gougnon were successively appointed Superiors. The mission-work which commenced successfully was later interrupted for want of Missionaries. This difficulty of lack of subjects which continued twenty years, joined to the unhealthful climate contributed to make the missions a failure. This land which swallows up its own inhabitants became the grave of five confrères,—Fathers Alexis Felix Terral, Faust Garcia, Francis Almeida, Gonzalez and Leo Bouveret.

The same year, 1871, beheld the arrival at Quito of a man who was to be the founder of seminaries, and one of the brightest ornaments of the Family of St. Vincent de Paul, Father Peter Schumacher.

Hardly had he arrived, when with admirable self-sacrifice, he established his abode in a narrow and unhealthful quarter of the convent of St. Francis in company with some children whom he gathered together to teach them the rudiments of Latin, thus forming the cradle of our present seminaries. Almost all these children attained the priesthood, and they are among the best priests in the diocese. As the number of students increased, the necessity of a larger establishment became more and more evident. The bishop's council purchased a tract of ground in a fine location in the northern part of the city, quite near the observatory. The zealous Superior undertook the building of a splendid structure of brick and limestone which might make many a French diocese envious. The preparatory seminary was erected in 1878. The Lazarist Directors were established in the seminary in 1877.

Father Francis Newman succeeded Father Schumacher in the directorship of the preparatory seminary, and he was in turn succeeded by Father John Stappers. The
present Superior is Rev. J. B. Malézieux. There are about one hundred students.

Father Schumacher next started on the construction of an advanced seminary. He chose a site in the country about a mile and a half north of the preparatory seminary, at the foot of Mt. Pichincha. The building is elaborate, and is surrounded with groves and gardens. The most striking feature is its pretty Gothic chapel with frescoes and stained-glass windows. The foundation was laid in 1882, and the chapel was dedicated in 1884. There is usually an average number of forty students at the seminary, many of whom belong to other dioceses. When Father Schumacher was promoted to the episcopal see of Portoviejo and consecrated bishop in 1885,¹ his successors at the seminary were Fathers Philip Jansen, Germain Amourel, Leo Bouveret, and lastly the lamented Father Theodore Reul. The present incumbent, 1907, is Father Francis Préau, successor to Father Reul.

In 1876, the Sons of St. Vincent settled at Loja, in southern Ecuador, a small village situated at the end of a picturesque valley, on the Peruvian boarder, on the outskirts of the eastern forests, which are occupied by the Jivaros Indians. The house at Loja is an advanced and preparatory seminary in one. A number of estimable confrères, such as Fathers Lafay, Stappers, and Daydi, have left behind happy

¹. Mgr. Schumacher after his promotion to the episcopacy began with admirable zeal, activity, and self-sacrifice the task of organizing a diocese which wanted everything, and of reforming the clergy and people. He strove valiantly against the errors of liberalism, which were silently undermining the country and preparing the way for radicalism, which was realized in 1895. The courageous prelate was calumniated, and persecuted, and dogged by assassins in the pay of the lodges. The revolutionary wave finally cast him into exile. He sought harbor in the southern part of Colombia, in the diocese of Pasto. Like a second Peter Claver, he spent all his efforts in Christianizing the poor negroes. His death occurred at Samaniego, July 15, 1902, when he died a martyr of charity, if not of faith.
Very Rev. John Claverie C. M.
Visitor of the Province of Ecuador
died at Quito, March 2, 1907
py memories of their sojourn, at Loja; Father Gaujon, celebrated for entomological discoveries, is also one of these. The seminary at Loja was first directed by Father Lafay, and later on by Fathers Stappers, Gougnon, and Daydi. It was closed in 1896 on account of the Revolution, and its Directors banished. After a period Father Diète reopened it as a subsidiary house; its Superiors were Fathers John Bozec and Janvier Marino.

Father Claverie whose time was wholly occupied by these various foundations and the discharge of his duties towards the sisters, did not share directly in the foundation of the seminaries. Several times, however, he successfully intervened to preserve them, using the high influence he enjoyed in the country.

When in 1881, the Dictator Veintimilla occupied the seminary at Quito, with his soldiery, Father Claverie induced the French minister to make a forcible demand for its deliverance, this was granted. Ten years after, in 1891, the Visitor of Colombia, who was Superior of the Ecuador missions, ordered both the preparatory and advanced seminaries closed, owing to difficulties with the ecclesiastical authority. Father Claverie, who dreaded the injurious results to the clergy, made strenuous endeavors to obtain the withdrawal of the order, though approved by the Superior General. The Archbishop of Quito, perceiving the danger, journeyed in person to Paris at the suggestion of Father Claverie and besought the retention of our confrères in his diocese. The Holy See likewise acted and the seminaries were saved. This crisis was the occasion of a new contract which obtained Father Reul for Quito, a precious acquisition, the fruit of the victory.

The following year the valorous Father Claverie was again to the front. The administration of the Medical College had resolved to take possession of the Quinta, the splendid orphan asylum to which we have already referred.
President Flores, with the advice of his Cabinet, had signed the decree of expropriation, but Father Claverie made every effort to prevent its execution. The dispute was a long and earnest one as the opposing influence was powerful. Finally, justice triumphed and the decree was revoked. Almost at the same time Father Claverie entered upon a new contest with the Visitor of Colombia, the latter had formed a decision to close the seminary at Loja; again Father Claverie was victorious.

A year after the revolution of the Radicals, 1896, the Brothers of the Christian Schools saw themselves expelled from an establishment which the conservative government had bestowed upon them, where they trained twelve hundred children of the common people. Frightened at the threats and annoyances they had suffered on the part of the government, they decided to leave Quito. If this decision was executed and their houses at the capital were closed, their other schools throughout the Republic the majority of which had already been lost, would soon likewise close. This would complete the disaster and the souls of thousands of children would be placed under lay instruction. Father Claverie who was head of a commission nominated by the Archbishop, which consisted of two other Lazarists and a secular priest, visited the Director and the Provincial of the Brothers, and urged upon them to reverse their decision, with so much force and persuasiveness that they decided to remain. There was another difficulty to be surmounted that of finding means to support their novitiate and schools. Negotiations for this purpose were carried on with the ecclesiastical authorities and the Society of the Ladies of Charity, which terminated successfully; the Brothers retained their position at Quito and succeeded in recovering some of the places they had lost in the provinces. We shall not dwell on his almost continuous contest, in order to save the hospitals and schools of the Daughters of
Charity, after the triumph of the Revolution. Contrary to all human expectations, these establishments succeeded in outliving the opposition to them. They suffered almost no losses, and their growth was astonishing, considering the continual persecution to which they were subjected by the minor authorities, and the hostile character of the times. What we have related clearly shows that the first Director of the Daughters of Charity in Ecuador must have been the instrument of Providence to save the seminaries and the Catholic schools.

The numerous services rendered by Father Claverie to the houses of the Priests of the Mission in Ecuador seemed to indicate him as the natural protector of this fraction of the Colombian Province. This protectorate received an official consecration on March 24, 1896. The Very Reverend Superior General nominated him commissary-extraordinary, with full powers to regulate matters of procedure, in case the Priests of the Mission or the Daughters of Charity were expelled from Ecuador. The tempest of persecution was unchained against the Church and the religious communities, which were being hurried on to destruction in a common shipwreck. A number of priests were in prison; others were in hiding. The Priests of the Mission who had been engaged in seminary work, were dispersed; the brave Bishop of Portoviejo with his clergy, and his religious both men and women were in exile. The Salesian Fathers and the Capuchins of Ibarra were brutally expelled; the Bishops of Loja and Riobamba, and the best priests of Ecuador were absent from the country,—a reign of terror existed. Nevertheless God saved the double Family of St. Vincent, which succeeded, amid constant trials, in maintaining its establishment and laboring at the task confided to it. During this succession of whirlwinds which continued in full force for five years, and then slightly abated, Father Claverie sustained the courage of all those entrusted to his care.
Father Fiat, the Superior General, feeling a thorough confidence in him, treated all the matters that pertained to the interests of the Congregation in Ecuador through his intermediary.

He gave him an effective authority over the houses in Ecuador, appointed him Pro-Visitor of this republic in 1900. It still remained a nominal dependency on the Province of Colombia, but it enjoyed a practical autonomy, as the Pro-Visitor had a provincial Procurator and a council of his own nominated directly from Paris.

Near the close of the year 1901, Ecuador was definitely released from its dependence on Colombia. The Very Reverend Superior General established the Province of the Pacific, so called, comprising Ecuador, Peru, and Chili; he conferred on Father Claverie the title and authority of Visitor for the new Province. In this new quality, Father Claverie presided over the provincial assembly, held at Lima, June 2, 1902. While he was attending the General Assembly at Paris, he had obtained at its close from the Superior General permission to commence a Community Seminary at Quito, for the Province of the Pacific. This was effectually started in October of the following year; it consisted of five seminarians under the direction of Father Lachat. In the early part of 1904, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, the new Visitor started to make the visitation of Peru; his errand produced substantial advantages, to the houses of Lima, Trujillo and Arequipa. However, his condition did not warrant extending his journey to Chili, which was too far distant for his failing strength.

The “Province of the Pacific” could have only an ephemeral existence on account of its great extent. A new division was proposed to Father Claverie, and received his approval. Ecuador was to be a Province by itself; Peru and Chili would retain the title of “Province of the Pacific.” This division was effected at the beginning of 1905.
QUITO (ECUADOR). — GRAND SÉMINAIRE (1884)
forth Father Claverie was in charge of only the houses of Ecuador, which he governed wisely until his death.

The author of the present biographical sketch has elsewhere related the particulars of the death of his subject in letters to the Very Reverend Superior General from Riobamba and Quito. The following are the principal contents:

By the time you receive this, you will have learned by cable the distressing news contained in my letter: our venerable Visitor, Father Claverie no longer belongs to this world. He departed from us to return to God on Saturday, March second, at ten minutes before seven in the evening.

I described to you in a former letter the concurrence of circumstances by which he happened to be at the hospital of Riobamba, one hundred twenty miles south of Quito, when he was first attacked by his fatal sickness on the evening of the fourteenth. He was a victim to the misericóler colic, which is very serious in any case, but especially so in an old man of seventy-seven years. On Saturday, the sixteenth, he hung between life and death; the next day, Sunday, was the time of the crisis, which should decide his fate. Fortunately about three o'clock in the afternoon, an improvement was noticeable; his case, however, had been declared hopeless by his physicians, united in council on the preceding Wednesday, owing to the additional complications,—an affection of the heart, which might cause death at any moment, and a tendency to congestion of the brain, which might develop, and deprive him of consciousness. In consequence of these dangers, we administered the last sacraments to him that very evening. He received them with the most edifying sentiments. The following day he made his will, and thenceforward, he attended only to his preparation for appearance before God.

Like the vase which diffuses its perfume when shattered, Father Claverie exhibited in all their brightness, the sen-
timents of tender piety, which his humility had prudently concealed during his life. Not only did he repeat with affection the aspirations suggested to him by his confessor, but when he remained silent, his lips were seen to be in continual motion, as his prayer was unceasing. He suffered the pains of his sickness with an admirable resignation, he took remedies with docility, and submitted without murmuring to the prescriptions of his physicians. His prevailing sentiment was one of a tender and filial devotion to Mary Immaculate. He repeated continually the invocation on the medal: “O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.” He was attacked by a slight delirium, during his last days, but the uttering of this invocation was sufficient to recall him to his senses. He remained in this semi-conscious state for three days. The following Wednesday, the physicians abandoned hope a second time. There were still some moments of improvement, which were the last rays of the sinking sun. Friday evening, he said in a clear voice to the sister at his bedside: “Call the sisters after their Community exercises, I wish to bless them.” They came after night prayers, and the dying man twice made the Sign of the Cross over them in silence. The following day, Saturday, March second, he was in his agony. He spoke again in a clear voice: “O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.” He gently expired at ten minutes before seven in the evening, while we were reciting the Angelus on our knees about his bed.

His mortal remains repose at Riobamba, in the crypt of the sisters, as he had expressly wished.

The death of Father Claverie was an occasion of public mourning. It revealed his great popularity in Ecuador, and the general esteem in which he was held. Many persons, among whom were Father Perez, the Vicar General, and the Ladies of Charity had requested that his body be
brought to Quito. Mrs. Anna Paredes de Alfaro, the wife of the present President of the Republic, had provided a special car to convey it at her expense from Riobamba to Ambato, and an automobile to take it thence to Quito. However, in accordance with the last expressed will of the departed, we opposed these plans, and interred him at Riobamba in the crypt of the sisters. Later on, his remains will be exhumed and buried beside Father Reul, in the little cemetery of the advanced seminary of Quito. I removed his heart, which is to be placed in the chapel of St. Charles at Quito, where he said Mass, preached, and heard confessions, for thirty-seven years.

When we cast a glance backward from the margin of this tomb over his long fruitful career, and consider the mission he fulfilled and the good that he accomplished, we incline to inquire of ourselves what the secret of his success was. "Give me a man of prayer," said St. Vincent, "and he will be capable of everything." Prayer, united with the practice of all the virtues, and the exercise of mortification, gives us the key to his success. Throughout his manifold and various occupations, and the many matters that absorbed his time and attention, he was always known to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and make his prayer and spiritual reading; he passed no day without reading the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ, and never failed in his daily visit to the Most Holy Sacrament, with the fervor and scrupulous exactness of a seminarian. On his journeys he carried his books with him, in order not to fail in his exercises of piety, which he was careful to perform before everything else. He celebrated Mass with great recollection and piety. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was most special; each day he recited the chaplet in her honor, and for at least fifteen years prior to his death, the entire Rosary, which at that time he never recollected to have omitted. Besides this, his favorite devo-
tions were the Way of the Cross and the Most Holy Sacrament. He performed the former every Friday before bedtime, and the last years of his life, more often still. He remained ordinarily half an hour in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in the evening after night prayers, which we had long been accustomed to recite at eight o’clock. Towards the last he would forget himself at the visits to the Blessed Sacrament after meals, so that we rose without any signal, to remind him that it was time to go. He recommended strongly the habitual remembrance of the presence of God, which he constantly practised himself; he saw God in all places, at all times, and with all people. For the last twenty years, he made a daily preparation, so it is not astonishing that his death was of the predestined. His favorite virtues were humility, patience, and meekness. The last named was not easy for him, as he was of a bilious tendency, and suffered from a periodical vomiting of bile. In spite of this he was so accustomed to overcome himself, that the confrère who accompanied him during the last seventeen years of his life, never observed more than one or two inconsiderate sallies of impatience. His demeanor was gentle and kindly to everyone, which accounts for the lovable character which drew others to him. Innocence of soul shone in his countenance, which was that of a saint. He joined to these virtues the exercise of a constant mortification.

And now, alas, he is no longer with us! In claiming him, Death has stricken a pillar of the Temple. How can it longer stand, when Schumacher, Reul, and Claverie have each fallen in succession. Schumacher, Reul, Claverie! Three glorious names for the Family of St. Vincent! Oblivion shall never encompass them; Ecuador shall long repeat them with emotion and gratitude, and with unstimulated admiration! The one, the founder of seminaries, a fearless bishop of the Athanasian type, the scourge of her-
QUITO (ECUADOR). — PETIT SÉMINAIRE (1877)

5. Mountain slopes of Pichincha.
esy, and the martyr of charity; the other a treasure-house of learning, an accomplished model of the priestly virtues; and the last, the founder of twenty-five houses of the Daughters of Charity, the protector of seminaries and communities, the father of a multitude of unfortunates, shall remain in the words of the poet: 1 the Saint Vincent of Ecuador.

Cyprien Hermet.

1. The lyric poet, Don Belisario Pena, friend of Father Claverie who died shortly before him, said on occasion of his Golden Jubilee, celebrated at Quito, May 17, 1906, with so much splendor:

Nor didst thou see,
That Faith and Love should carry thee,
From blind abyss to open sea;
For a World that's new,
A Vincent true.