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FRANCE

PARIS

FAREWELL OF THE VERY REV. A. FIAT ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RESIGNATION AS SUPERIOR GENERAL

The following is an extract from a letter published in the *Annals* (German edition, October, 1914).

Paris, July 30, 1914.

Yesterday, at the morning examen, the Most Honored Father addressed us in these words:

"Gentlemen, I hasten to announce to you that the General Assembly has accepted my resignation. I had beforehand submitted the proposition to the Holy Father for his approval. You also know, Gentlemen, that, according to our Seminary rules, any one who lays down a charge should ask pardon for the faults he has committed therein. Well, I too ask pardon, not only of the Mother House, but also of the whole Congregation, for all the faults, all the bad example..." (The Most Honored Father continued thus to humble himself, while all present wept.)

"You will excuse me if I do not kiss the floor, my infirmities preventing me from doing so; but in spirit I kiss the feet of all, Priests, Seminarians, Students and Brothers." He then made an effort to kiss the floor, and leaving his place as Superior General, took a seat among the

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1 The French *Annals* having reached us too late for this issue, the account therein given of the General Assembly, etc., will appear in our April number.
Brothers. We hastened at once to bring him back to the first place; this was a scene never to be forgotten, and all who witnessed it felt that Saint Vincent would not have acted otherwise than did our Most Honored Father, who, with his habitual simplicity, thus terminated his long years of generalship. As he was about to leave, we begged him to bless once more the whole Congregation, represented by the present deputies. Rising and extending his arms towards heaven, with all the power of his voice he invoked for the last time God’s blessing on the two families of Saint Vincent.

The Most Honored Father had said to the Assembly, “I must disappear. . . . We become too much attached to authority. . . . We must tear ourselves away from it, and in this I will give you an example.”

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In the same touching manner the Most Honored Father parted from the Daughters of Charity.

“I will draw your attention to the words of our Lord when he met the widow of Naim: ‘Weep not.’ She had lost her only son; this son was still young, he was her treasure, her hope; she wept bitterly, and many others wept with her. . . . I say to you the same words: ‘Weep not.’ The decision which relieves me of a heavy burden has been sanctioned by our Holy Father; he has recognized my motives and accepted my resignation. With a kindness that filled me with confusion, he deigned to grant what, on account of my age and infirmities, I so much desired. When the letter of His Holiness was read to the Assembly, no one could do otherwise than submit to the decision, and agree that I yield my place to a younger man. I shall therefore enter into solitude. I do this, not because my charge has become burdensome to me, but simply out of love for the two families of Saint Vincent,
in order that a stronger hand may lead them. . . . I will now strive to draw closer to God, and thus be able to serve the Community by my prayers; this will be my joy and consolation. Now, do not be anxious. If God has wrought much good in these thirty-six years, it has been through the Daughters of Charity; for they were my joy. There was nothing in me to win the confidence of the Confrères and Sisters; God has done all, nor is His arm shortened; what He has given me, He will give also to my successor. You lose nothing; do not attach too much importance to my resignation. The Community is animated with the best spirit, and it has given me great proofs of filial love. May God grant to my successor what was wanting in me, and may He continue to accomplish in the family of Saint Vincent what He has done from the beginning. . . .

"The holy Curé of Ars used to say: 'The Blessed Virgin follows with her eyes the Daughters of Charity, she never loses sight of them.' Show yourselves worthy of this favor.

"Courage! Weep not! Say to God, 'Thy will be done!' Very far from perishing, the Community will rather profit by this step.

"I am happy to be able now to prepare for eternity. Obtain for me from God the forgiveness of my sins and the remission of the pains I have deserved for them. I fear very much that I shall have to linger a long time in Purgatory; but I rely upon your prayers. Once more I will give you the blessing of Saint Vincent: Benedictio. . . .

"Now let us say the De profundis for the two late Superioresses, the Most Honored Mothers Kieffer and Mauche, whose loss we have so keenly felt, and whose memory cannot be effaced."

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The Most Honored Father spoke this farewell with a firm voice, which testified to his perfect peace of soul. The Most Honored Mother and the Sister Officers accompanied him to his carriage. When leaving, he said to them again, smiling sweetly: "Well, well, do not cry!"

JOURNEY OF THE VISITOR, REV. EDWARD REEH,
FROM PARIS TO GRAZ

(Annals, German edition, October, 1914)

The General Assembly had scarcely convened when our dearly beloved Most Honored Father presented his resignation, which was accepted, though with great reluctance and regret. On the 31st of July, 1914, after having worked with truly fraternal concord, the Assembly proceeded to the election of a new Superior General, the former Procurator General, Rev. Emile Villette, receiving the majority of votes.

It was then that Paris became restless. Rumors of all sorts circulated, and all foreigners, especially Germans and Austrians, were warned to leave, the army was to mobilize, etc. With the greatest haste we proceeded now to the elections connected with that of Superior General, namely, those of the Assistants and the Monitor. Rev. Alfred Louwyck was named first Assistant; Rev. Francis Verdier, second Assistant; Rev. Philip Meugniot, third Assistant; Rev. Augustine Veneziani, fourth Assistant; Rev. Alfred Louwyck was appointed Monitor of the Superior General. Now we were able to give our thoughts to our homeward journey, I should rather say, our flight, and it was more than time to go.
Our plans for a visit to Lourdes (we already had our tickets) had to be given up, as we were obliged to reach the Swiss frontier as soon as possible. We hurried to the railroad station, but we could hardly make our way through the endless file of automobiles and carriages. Suddenly it was announced that the last train had left and would arrive on August 1st towards midnight at the Swiss frontier. What was to be done? Brother Michael Kozuh proposed to drive to another station where we might get a train to Bordeaux and Dax. We took the subway and soon reached the station which, like the first, was literally thronged. Here, after a half-hour’s struggle to gain the entrance, we were fortunate enough to secure accommodations, and to find ourselves in the company of a few other confrères who were traveling in the same direction. All that night we journeyed on in a little overcrowded compartment; the next day, Sunday, August 2d, at eleven o’clock A.M., we arrived at Dax, the country and birthplace of Saint Vincent de Paul. A glimmer of hope arose in my heart; we might perhaps get to Lourdes after all, since it was only a few stations distant; but no; having taken our dinner, we had to hurry to the station, in order to catch the last train to the Spanish frontier. With two confrères of the Mission House at Lisbon, we traveled fearlessly towards Irun, where again our Blessed Mother helped us, for we had no passports and nevertheless succeeded in reaching Spain. At San Sebastian we rested a little, and next day started on our journey to Barcelona, where we expected to find a boat that would take us to Genoa. At the Central House of the Spanish Province of our Congregation, a most cordial and hospitable reception was extended to us; however, the opportunity of pursuing our journey towards Genoa was not so easily found. After a week of disappointments, we decided to make our annual retreat, after which we resumed our inquiries until finally
the prospect seemed brighter. On Sunday, August 23d, a ship sent for the purpose, was to take to Germany and Austria those citizens who were not obliged to enlist. We were assured that we could safely embark, as there was not the least danger of being captured as prisoners of war. In Marseilles, where the ship was to stop a few hours, no difficulty was to be apprehended, and we would be allowed to go on to Genoa. Fair promises indeed, but the sequel proved how insincere they really were. The boat, "Sister," belonging to the Spanish Valencia Company, set sail that afternoon at two o'clock. We were in the best humor possible, for were we not at last on our way home? Yet Marseilles stood before our eyes like a spectre, and vague presentiments began to trouble us. As we sailed on, we passed a ship filled with Germans who were obliged to remain in the harbor of Barcelona because they fell under the military law; they greeted us with enthusiastic cheers.

The weather was beautiful and we would have been glad to remain on deck all night, the more so as there could be no thought of enjoying any sleep in the overcrowded cabins on account of the intense heat. ... Finally, morning dawned, and we hastened out of our uncomfortable quarters to imbibe long draughts of the refreshing sea air.

As we drew nearer and nearer to Marseilles, our uneasiness increased every moment. Soon we caught sight of the magnificent harbor, built both by nature and art. Toward eight o'clock a small commission (supposed to be policemen) boarded our ship, and all the male passengers were summoned before them. A mysterious separation now took place, which at first we did not quite understand; it brought to mind the separation at the last judgment. Those on the right were sent up on deck, while those on the left, by far the greater number, had to remain. Thus we passed long hours of anxious waiting and uncertainty;
At twelve o'clock, dinner was served, but most of us had lost our appetite, and those who were able to eat had the feeling of one who takes a last meal before being hanged. In the afternoon, between one and two o'clock, an officer came (he must have been a captain), and the same performance of the forenoon began again. We all had to appear before him in a narrow cabin; at first it seemed that the interview would be favorable, but soon I could tell from the disappointed countenances of my fellow travelers and the different directions to which they were sent, that I had been mistaken.

With the Cardinal of Brazil, who also was on board, there were seventeen priests who were all retained. Now came the turn of my confrère, Rev. A. Zdesar; as he knows the French language, he was to explain matters; but his efforts were not successful, as we were both retained. All seemed lost; apparently there was no hope of deliverance, nevertheless I continued to pray fervently to our Immaculate Mother, and I am sure my dear ones at home prayed also with me; all at once an idea occurred to me: I had with me a catalogue of the Congregation; turning to the page on which my name was printed, I asked a policeman who spoke German if he would not help me out; then I showed him my name and the date of my birth. Immediately he pushed me towards the officer, who shook his head, but on looking attentively at the paper I handed him, his face brightened and he spoke the word of release, "Passez"! I was now free, but not so poor Father Zdesar; as he is a few years younger than I, he was forced to remain. There was no longer any doubt about what before had seemed so mysterious: those who could not go on deck were prisoners of war. What terrible moments were in store for them! Seventy-two men, among them ten priests, waited on the first deck to be taken to prison. When the boat arrived, these poor victims of the war en-
tered it, and at six-thirty p.m., it headed for the Château
d’If, a fortress on a little island near Marseilles, while we
waved a last farewell.

As for me, I attributed to our Blessed Mother the favor
of my deliverance, and as I thought of my poor confrère,
I hoped that through fervent prayer, in which we would
all join, he would soon be set free.

On reaching Genoa, I took the train and traveled day
and night through Italy until I once more stood on the
ground of my country and could hasten towards the be­
loved Central House at Graz. My heart however was
still heavy, as I could not forget Father Zdesar. May the
ever blessed Mother of God soon send him back to his
confrères who anxiously await him at the Mission House,
Miren.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS
RECEIVED SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Paris, August 1, 1914.—Here we are at the close of
our Assembly with our work only half done. The war
ery is sounding, soldiers are hastening to join their regi­
ments, all trains are requisitioned for the transporting of
troops. Many of our men, priests, brothers, novices, are
called to the “colors” and we are awaiting in peace the
means to leave Paris.

Early in July who could have thought that the war
cloud hovered so near! It is rather a sad beginning for
Father Villette’s reign, but he is a strong man and his
Assistants, Fathers Louwyck, Verdier, Meugniot and Vene­
ziani, whom we have just chosen, will be at his side.
Barcelona, August 13, 1914.—After a good deal of formality we succeeded in getting a train from Paris. The journey to Irun, which is ordinarily one of about nine or ten hours, took us twenty-six. To Bordeaux alone took more than twenty-four hours. Troops, troops, troops everywhere mobilizing and crying out as they pass: “Death to William!” “Down with William!” “Long live France! Long live England! Long live Russia!” There they are, poor fellows, packed in cattle cars, smiling and full of a gayety peculiarly French, yet going perhaps to death. The spectacle is soul-stirring. And the women who remain to labor, to mourn and to pray! They are wonderful, these French women! They work in the fields, punch tickets in the subways, drive omnibuses and go to war to comfort, to salve, to save. And so the age is one of heroism and woman an angel of mercy.

Some Spanish cornette Sisters, en route to Spain, were in the car with us. I ventured to address one in Spanish but she replied with so shrinking an air, as though she had been struck — you see we were in lay clothes — that in mercy I desisted.

We went on to St. Sebastian to spend the night and there it was difficult to find a shelter. As it was Sunday, crowds had come in for the bullfight and so there was no room in the inns. At last, at about one o’clock a.m., we found shelter, and a good one although quite modest. Then came the question of changing money. No banker or money changer would take American paper or travelers’ checks. Some French money and some English we changed at 10 per cent. discount. Such is war, and such are money sharks!

We arrived here at midnight after a journey of nineteen hours, partly over a baked country, rocky, waterless, dusty,

1 A small town on the Spanish border.
almost treeless, in a word, triste. It was the soil of Aragon.

Crowds of South Americans and Spanish Americans are endeavoring to secure passage for home, so that we know not as yet what may befall.

Paris, August 6, 1914.—The war cry came unexpectedly; in two days the aspect of Paris was entirely changed. The streets are almost deserted, no trams, no cabs, no carts. Many stores are closed, no business going on, no gay people on the boulevards, etc., etc. Mr. N. . . . was here for ten or twelve days but happily left just two days before the dismal change took place and while there was still no difficulty in getting out of Paris, which is now no easy matter, as all the railroads are being used to convey men, horses and supplies of all kinds to the seat of war on the frontiers of Germany. I am witnessing the same scenes as in 1870-1871, sad scenes indeed; so many poor women seeing their husbands, sons or brothers going as they say "to death," as will be the case in too many instances.

There is a great subject of surprise, however, and much consolation in the fact, that nearly all the men have been to the Sacraments; the requests for medals, beads and other objects of piety can scarce be met, so numerous are they. Moreover, the Sisters are now hailed in the streets with: "Long live the Sisters! Long live the Sisters who take care of the wounded!" This was not the case in 1870. A wonderful revival of faith seems to be dawning upon France. God be praised! Blessed Jeanne d'Arc has certainly something to do with it.

This year, 1914, is the one set apart for the closing of the few religious schools still remaining in France. We had sixteen in Paris still open, I do not know how many more elsewhere. The decree closing them all was published last month, consequently we are better able to com-
ply with the requests for the military ambulances. Over twenty Sisters have already gone with the Red Cross, others will soon leave and there is not a single one among those who are able, who is not longing to be chosen.

Sister M. . . . has seven or eight nephews in the army and her eldest brother, although sixty years old, has volunteered his services. There is general enthusiasm for the war all over the country and the greatest confidence of ultimate success.

In this house excitement and commotion have prevailed to an uncommon degree. The Seminary is being evacuated in order to establish an ambulance as was done in 1870. A large band of Sisters are making a little retreat before being given the habit. The remainder will be sent to the Berceau or Montolieu. The English Sisters have returned to Mill Hill, although still in the Seminary dress; they will receive the habit there a month or two hence.

And yet with all this the Forty Hours' Devotion is going on in the chapel; this is really a wonderful place. I could not tell you how many Masses were said here daily by priests on their way to the Congress at Lourdes and by the members of the General Assembly; at the very least fifteen, and often five at the same time.

Paris — 140 rue du Bac — August 18, 1914. — All these past days Sisters are being sent east and north to military ambulances, chiefly of the Red Cross. Twelve days ago a letter from Havre stated that English troops were expected to land there. The Sisters were preparing an ambulance and were wishing for an English-speaking Sister, so Sister F. . . . as I wrote you, was immediately sent to them. But no English have arrived there yet, they have all been landed at Calais or Dunkirk. Sister G. . . . is in an ambulance at Nancy. . . .
The Seminary has been evacuated; one hundred twelve Sisters received the habit and were gone before the 15th inst., after a four days' retreat. The remaining “little caps” went in two different bands to the Berceau at Dax; they will remain there until the end of the war. The second and third Directresses are already at the Berceau; Sister Hannezo will join them soon.

The chapel is becoming more than ever a place of pilgrimage; there are some externs at all the Masses every day from 6:30 on, and on Sunday there were quite a number at the High Mass. We are having Benediction every evening with prayers prescribed by the Cardinal, and the part of the chapel vacated by the Seminary Sisters is always half-filled with pious externs, both men and women. The revival of faith is simply wonderful, Blessed Jeanne d’Arc’s spirit seems to be infused into all hearts. God be blessed!

And what do you think! The decree ordering the sixteen remaining schools in Paris to be closed, has been annulled.—“It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good.” The reason is that most of the mothers have to go out to work and for this reason the schools will all reopen even earlier than usual.

Our Most Honored Father gave us an excellent conference last Sunday on the duty of the Community during the war to strive to care for the poor in every possible way. Good Father Fiat is still at Saint Lazare’s, though he intends to go to Dax for a time at least.

Sister M. . . . has now two brothers and nine nephews in the army and I know another Sister who has six brothers and three brothers-in-law. What anxious times for mothers and wives! Of course there will be no retreats this summer; in November perhaps there may be one but it is very doubtful.
Paris — 140 rue du Bac — August 28, 1914. No English soldiers yet at Havre, but fifty French ones were brought there, that is, to the ambulance, three days ago in a pitiable condition, having been a long time on the way. God help the poor fellows! Any number of English trained nurses have come over with the troops, so it is not likely that English-speaking Sisters will be needed for them. Paris is full of ambulances ready for patients but so far they are all empty, no sick or wounded having been sent here yet. Everything is quiet and orderly but working people find it hard to get employment for there is so little business going on and so many factories and shops are closed. Yet the poor receive help from the city and from various relief associations and at this season, moreover, they do not suffer as in winter. God grant that this murderou s conflict may be over before it sets in! The refugees from Belgium are the most to be pitied at present. We have no recent news from the Central House at Anvers—Liege; we know that the ambulance flag is flying over it, but the best protection is Saint Vincent’s relics.

Newspaper reports cannot be relied upon here any more than elsewhere; so far it does not appear that a decided advantage has been gained on either side. So many lives lost, yet without great results.

Father Fiat is still at St. Lazare’s and this morning he assisted here at a Requiem Mass celebrated by our Most Honored Father Villette for our Holy Father. The death of Pius X was a great and sad surprise. Favors obtained through his intercession are already spoken of; it is not surprising.

Paris, September 4, 1914.— Many things have come to pass during the last few days; Sisters are going in all directions to the ambulances but the most important change is that of our Most Honored Superiors who have gone to
Bordeaux so as to be free to communicate with the members of the Community all over the world. Paris is exposed to being blockaded and should this take place, the siege might last for several months as happened in 1870, so it is necessary to take precautions. Mother took several Sisters with her, Sister Treasurer, Sisters N... and N... etc., and Father Meugniot is with Father General. Father Verdier is taking our Most Honored Father’s place at St. Lazare’s, and Sister Assistant and Sister Proc(uratrix) have charge of the Community. Sister A... attempted to get back to Hungary but without success, which is all the better, for we are only too glad to have her here.

There are sixty or seventy French soldiers now at the Havre ambulance, nearly all wounded in the legs, so it is said they will soon be able to return to the army, as they are all most anxious to do. An admirable spirit of patriotism reigns everywhere and I cannot help attributing it to Blessed Jeanne d’Arc’s intercession, particularly as it is a religious spirit as well. The mother of the Sister of whom I wrote to you who has six brothers and three brothers-in-law under arms, is a widow, and a noble-hearted woman. She is bearing up bravely but with what anxiety you may imagine, for the victims are numerous.

Father Fiat has gone to Dax, also Father Milon who has resigned the charge of Secretary General on account of deafness and ill-health. Father Robert has taken his place.

The election of Benedict XV is very agreeable to the Community for he has always been most friendly.

Paris—140 rue du Bac—September 21, 1914.—For several days I have been trying to find time to answer your letter of the 3d inst., but owing to the scattering of
the Sisters north, south, east and west, I have been excep-

tionally busy. . . .

Yesterday, Sunday the 20th, twelve wounded men were
brought to our ambulance at eight p. m. and four more
came during the night. Fortunately all things were ready
and Dr. Brochin responded immediately to the telephone
call. The poor fellows are said to be in a bad way; one
with a bullet in his head was not expected to live over
night. A room has been fitted up in the lower part of the
house for Father Baros in case there is need of a priest
during the night. Part of St. Lazare's has also been fitted
up as an ambulance, the two large recreation rooms on the
first floor, and the Sisters are to have charge of it both
day and night. Did I tell you that the Irish College
is occupied by some of the ancient Sisters from l'Hay?
Father Boyle's offer was gladly accepted as it was deemed
prudent to remove the sick and also a few others. All the
public schools and colleges in Paris are to reopen the first
week in October, but it is not likely that this will be the
case with the Irish College.

This truly terrible war is far from being at an end; the
position of the enemy is very strong at several points, and
they are determined to conquer or die. So much blood
has already been spilled without a decisive result on either
side: it makes one shudder! There are 15000 priests in
the army and their influence is doing immense good; sev­
eral have already been mortally wounded, or as the news­
papers say: "tirés à l'ennemi." — We have just heard
through a person who passed through Belgium, that no
harm has befallen our Sisters either at Liege or Louvain,
but we have no mail from that country nor even from the
frontier part of France where so many of our Sisters are
in the ambulances. I had a post card on the tenth from
an English Sister at Roubaix. They had left the town in
three autos, to bring in some sixty men whose wounds
they had gone out to dress the evening before, when they were suddenly warned that the Germans were coming. The Red Cross auto, with our Sisters in, escaped, the other two were held up but later were permitted to reenter the city, though of course without reaching the poor soldiers. No patients can now get through to Roubaix, so it is likely that most of that Red Cross band, with the Sisters, will try to get to Valenciennes where all are overburdened with work.

There is a splendid American ambulance at Neuilly with about 250 English patients, and a number of trained nurses. Paris is as quiet as possible, no danger now of being run over in the streets or on the boulevards; no crowds in the Bon Marché; some of the saleswomen are sitting behind their counters sewing or doing fancy work. At the post-office the two or three men on duty there are reading the newspapers. As for us here at the Mother House, we have had no suffering so far in any way; there is no lack of provisions, milk, or anything else. The distressing thought, however, is always present, of the men fighting in the trenches and against such legions.

We have good news from Bordeaux where our Most Honored Mother is visiting the houses, etc.

Paris, September 25th.—Some of our poor fellows are in a very critical condition; one is threatened with lock-jaw, a second is at present having a gangrenous foot amputated and the third has lost the power of speech and hearing from a wound in the head. They are all so grateful for the kindly care they are receiving here. More are expected.

Paris, September 28th.—The scales seem to be turning these days in our favor, surely our Blessed Mother is helping; on the 8th, the enemy was within one hour's
march of Paris, when suddenly they changed their plans and went off in another direction.

Paris, October 20, 1914.—Paris is perfectly quiet, but do not imagine that the enemy has given up hopes of taking the city; by no means. There are still over one million Germans in the country and they hold several very strong positions. It will take time and only our Lord knows how many more lives before they are routed. It seems now unlikely that they will succeed in reaching Paris, but they are not far off and it is their aim.

A new measure of prudence lately taken by the government affected the Community: all Germans without any exceptions, were ordered to leave France. In consequence nine Sisters had to leave Paris a week ago, Sisters A. . . . A. . . . and W. . . . of this house. . . . They went straight to the Berceau where both our Most Honored Superiors happened to be at that time. Sister W. . . . is regretted by every Sister in the house, . . . she is a beautiful soul. . . .

There has been a taking of the habit of twenty-eight or thirty at the Berceau and one of nine at Mill Hill. Alas! when will there be another at the rue du Bac?

Quite lately two of the oldest of the dear ancient Sisters in this house, one 94 years of age, the other 97, were taken to the mortuary chapel two hours after a dead soldier had been carried out, and the flags put up for him, taken down.

Paris, October 21, 1914—Yes, these are trying times, but they are not weighing me down; the fact is, that, personally, I have had nothing to suffer so far. It is distressing to know and meet persons, weeping over their losses, or in painful suspense relative to the fate of some dear one in the army. Then the misery of the refugees from Belgium, the East and North of France, is pitiful beyond expression; such a cruel war has not taken place since the
days of Attila and his savage troops. No one, save the Germans, doubts how it will end; the interesting question is, when? An Englishman has given some practical advice about the war, one piece of which is, not to be impatiently looking forward to the end; another, not to be thinking what will become of the Kaiser, either in this life or in the next. Surely, he is right, such things should be left to God. According to appearances, the awful struggle is still very far from coming to an end; though so much blood has been shed already, the justice of God is not yet appeased, because, perhaps,—the rulers of France persist in ignoring Him. If, like President Wilson, they would remind the people of the necessity of prayer,—if they called on Him publicly for mercy, then we might expect to see peace restored before long. . . . Two Sundays ago, twenty shells were dropped from German aeroplanes, two of which were aimed at Notre Dame; one only struck on the exterior, causing considerable damage, but which can be repaired. Several persons were killed in like manner in different parts of the city and quite a number wounded. Such acts, by civilized men, are even more criminal than the destruction of cathedrals.

Some of our Sisters in the ambulances, near the seat of war, have incurred great danger; we know but of one victim, a Sister Servant at Longwy, near the frontier on the East; she was struck by a piece of shell, and died from the effects. What happened in several places we cannot tell, all communication being cut off. Everywhere they have behaved nobly, with the greatest courage. Not only do the soldiers claim their presence in the ambulances, but doctors and officers cannot speak too highly in their praise.

Paris 140 rue du Bac—November 12, 1914. Indeed you are right in supposing that we see plenty of misery to relieve just now; numbers of the bashful poor
fall to my share and, thank God, His loving Providence seems to send the means necessary to come to their aid. French, English and Belgians are on my list, etc.

When Nancy was evacuated a few days ago, Sister B. . . . was sent to another ambulance at Villers-Cotterêts, not far from Paris. It is distressing to think of the ever increasing number of wounded, and such awful wounds! In Paris alone there are 380 hospitals or ambulances; some have only ten beds, others thirty or forty, but it tells, nevertheless, how many men are disabled. And the dead! Who can count them? Two weeks ago it was thought that the ambulance in Havre was to be closed, as there were scarce any patients, but it suddenly filled up again.

Cardinal Amette is to officiate here at the High Mass on the 27th, and best of all our Most Honored Mother is coming to Paris for the feast. It is likely she will remain and we are hoping also for our Most Honored Father’s return, although it seems probable that the war will last all winter and much longer still, unless God in His mercy changes the enemy’s plans. In the North and East they still occupy very strong positions, that is, in seven Departments, besides, they are strongly intrenched at Rheims, Soissons, etc.

The Cardinal paid a visit to our wounded men yesterday; there are about thirty, among them a negro from the French colony of Senegal, Africa. I do not know if any Turcos have been sent here yet or not, they are Mahometans. His Eminence left by the side door on the rue de Babylone and did not come to this part of the house.

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Godesberg (near Cologne), August 21, 1914. - Many thanks for your welcome letter; we had feared that it was the war which had prevented N. . . . and N. . . . from coming here as they had planned. And yet on our beau-
tiful Rhine, all is as still and peaceful as ever or possibly even more so.

Naturally I would like to say a great deal to you about the war for I feel that you must be hearing many untrue things about it, but I shall content myself with sending you regularly our Cologne newspapers, and hope you may find a little time to glance at them.

Here we have changed the Kurhaus into a Lazarett, that is, we have made ready fifty beds for wounded soldiers, but so far only twenty have arrived and they are not wounded but only footsore, so the poor fellows hope to rejoin their regiments in a few days. The other two houses of the sanatorium are still filled with guests taking the various water cures, but our French and Belgian patients all took flight on August 1st and even then it was too late for them to be able to get their baggage through, so all was returned to us from the station; we shall have to keep it until the war is at an end.

M. ... M. ... is in England where she has been studying at Oxford University since last May. Poor child! we can get no word from her nor can her family find any way to send her any money. May God protect her! We had also some English patients here from South Africa. War was declared only ten days after their arrival and of course they too had to leave immediately.

I do hope this letter will reach you, etc., etc....

Godesberg (near Cologne), October 18, 1914.—Heartfelt thanks for your words of sympathy for our dear Fatherland. Your letter arrived exactly on time as though there was no sad war in progress, and indeed here all is so quiet that were it not for our wounded men and the news in the papers, we would not remember that anything unusual is taking place.

Our Sisters have Lazarett everywhere and they are
also on the field; I do not think that you know anything about this. How I wish you could be here with us again in the chapel! The Blessed Sacrament is exposed every day during Mass, we sing, say the Rosary aloud, and our wounded men, many of whom are Catholics, are in the chapel promptly at six o'clock and sing and pray with us with all their heart. Is not this consoling? And can you believe that such soldiers are "barbarians"? The Protestant men go to their church early in the morning and late in the evening also.

Did I tell you in my last letter that we have French wounded soldiers here too? Ten of them have already left for Cologne, but three who had to undergo operations will be here for some time yet, although, thank God, they are all doing very well. It does one's heart good to see how our men get on with the Frenchmen and how peacefully they live together, offering one another cigars and cigarettes and in every way are as kind as possible.

M. . . . M. . . returned from England three weeks ago, we are so rejoiced. I have been unable to get any news of little Mlle. Y. . . . since she had to leave us so suddenly for France; will you have the kindness to write to her parents, etc. . . . When you have done with the newspapers we are sending you, will you be good enough to forward them to Sister B's brother in Brazil? He has only English newspapers there, and while we know that he does not believe that we are the barbarians they call us, still it will be a joy to him to have direct news from the Fatherland. Will you also forward to him the enclosed letter; my letter to you has to go unsealed, but even that way we have no means of communicating directly with Brazil. . . .

** *

London, October 1, 1914.—I am quite surprised to hear that the effects of this frightful war are felt in Amer-
ica; here, of course, it is the one topic of conversation, and we can really think of nothing else. So many thousands of lives sacrificed and so many hearts broken. Still God draws good even from this terrible evil. It is said there is a great revival of religion in France, and here there is a wonderful outburst of charity.

We have some Belgian refugees here, who have sad tales to tell. Among them, a family of six children, the oldest seventeen years, the youngest, three, who lost their parents in the flight from their ruined home and wandered about for three weeks. Will parents and children ever find one another again? Then we have an old cobbler with his son and his married daughter with her two babies. His own brother was shot, and his daughter and some other women were kept a whole night with their arms tied behind them and their infants screaming on the ground. In the morning they were all driven away. The one now with us spent thirty days in a wood; she looked a poor hunted creature when she arrived, but is beginning to smile again. A mother with her sister and epileptic child heard this morning that their nice home is burnt and everything lost; these are only a few among thousands of similar cases. Let us trust Our Lady of the Rosary will hear our prayers during this month. In France about 500 of our Sisters are nursing the wounded, and as far as we know, our Sisters in Belgium are safe; but many other Communities have taken refuge here.

London, January 12, 1915.—This year begins sadly indeed for Europe; you are happy in the United States to have only a charitable part to play in this terrible tragedy which is going on. You will no doubt see Cardinal Mercier's magnificent pastoral, which gives an authentic account of the distress of Belgium, while even here we do not know when bombs may be falling upon us, so we must
keep ourselves in the arms of Providence and trust. Two of the Sisters of this Province are in a French Red Cross hospital at Dunkirk; one wrote not long since that as she was on her way to the railway station, to visit a house of our Sisters, suddenly, without knowing why, she changed her mind and returned to the hospital. At the moment when she would have been at the station had she gone on, a bomb was thrown by an aeroplane, killing fifteen persons. Sister attributed her escape to her Guardian Angel. At Louvain our Sisters' house, with two others, remains alone in the street of ruins. On one occasion, two Sisters were going to visit some wounded soldiers when they were seized by the enemy, their cornettes torn off; after which they were placed against a wall to be shot; at that moment an officer whom they knew, passed by, and they cried out to him to save them, which he did. The protection of our Sisters has been most wonderful in a great many places. All seems to be quiet in Paris now; there are about fifty wounded soldiers at the Mother House. We must trust in God's mercy to bring peace to Europe, but humanly speaking, it does not appear to be near. There are hundreds of thousands of Belgians in England, supported by voluntary charity, which we hope will bring a blessing on our country. America also is feeding thousands in Belgium and all seem anxious to do what they can to assist the suffering. But it is to prayer we must look most of all, and in this I am sure you are helping us.

Pekin, China, October 12, 1914. — You have learned perhaps that the European war is having a disastrous effect in China. Just now the Japanese are besieging Tsin-tao, a German leased territory not very far from Pekin, and it is feared that it will be a real calamity for China; besides, with the cessation of commerce and the departure
of the Europeans who have gone to the war, hundreds of thousands of Chinese are without employment; the winter will be terrible; nearly all our Sisters have a number of their relatives in the front and the aid the missions have been receiving from Europe and the generous help the Sisters have been receiving from their relatives and friends will cease. I was pleased to see an earnest appeal in the Boston Pilot to American Catholics to be generous, and to try to make up the deficit. All the missionaries (French) who are able, have to leave their missions to go into service with the other reservists. May God in His mercy grant peace soon, for the misery is very great, and the Chinese are far from being edified by the spectacle of Christian nations trying to annihilate one another.

* * *

Paris, January 7, 1915.— Just now there are 136 Seminary Sisters here and I think that a great number, as they are French, the Spanish, Italian and English Sisters receiving the holy habit in their respective countries, on account of the war. The large Seminary building facing the Secretariate is being used for the ambulance. There are 70 wounded there now, and the fourth floor is now being accommodated for about 30 more. The Seminary Sisters have nothing to do with them, of course, and Seminary days run as smoothly as in the blessed time of peace. The “little caps” seem to be such a nice, bright, helpful little set; I come across them in all directions, as I pass through the house. . . .

There is nothing but suffering and sorrow in France and yet at the same time, resignation and innumerable spiritual consolations. The spirit of faith among the soldiers is marvelous. What a dreadful thing is this war! To see those young men crushed and suffering, maimed for life, the most of them, and to know that it was the am-

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bition of a nation that forced all that on them. Cardinal Amette was here yesterday and said that at least 80 priests in Belgium had been put to death, after having been tortured by the Germans. We know nothing of the fate of our Sisters in the houses in the invaded cities in the north of France. It is impossible to have communication with them. A large number of the Sisters from the Holy Land, Turkey, etc., etc., have escaped and gotten to Egypt, just in time, some of them, to escape a massacre.
NORTH AMERICA

UNITED STATES

THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES
LAZARIST FATHERS

BY REV. THOMAS A. SHAW, C. M.

BOOK FIRST

ADMINISTRATION OF THE FIRST VISITOR

CHAPTER III

Preparations for the long western journey; last farewell to the Eternal City. Rome to Bordeaux.

Bishop Dubourg, since indeed “good lines had fallen” to him when he won for the cultivation of his western empire diocese, not only the Roman Lazarists, but the treasure of the Roman Lazarists, De Andreis, was intensely gratified. The administration of Father De Andreis began September 27th, feast of the death of the Lazarists’ Founder, St. Vincent of Paul.

Preparations were directly set on foot for the five thousand mile journey. Where there is question of enterprises of importance, not only reason for success demands fit preparation, but high authority of the great Redeemer alludes to this teaching of common sense. “Which of you having a mind to build a tower, doth not first sit down and reckon the charges that are necessary, whether he have wherewithal to finish it.” (St. Luke, ch. xiv.)

Reasonably the foremost of all supplies in the judgment
of the Superior of the mission was the choice of men: of men of vigor to carry, of endurance to bear trials, and of bravery to conquer the hardships inseparable from the mission which now opened. Providentially such a choice lay in the power of the Superior. To Father Joseph Rosati, at the time engaged on missions forty miles from Rome, the Superior, De Andreis, wrote, asking if he (Rosati) desired to enlist for the American Mission; that his answer would be his presence, as soon as possible, in the house of Monte Citorio. Obedient to the call, Rosati, quickened by his zeal for soul-saving, began his walk of forty miles to the capital. Counting the time when first he had read the letter of De Andreis to the time Rosati reached the great Roman house, he had made the distance in less than a day. His arrival delighted all, but none more than his friend and confrère, De Andreis.

With whole-souled courage and joyful feeling, Rosati entered his name for the American Mission, and his name given for the work had no slight influence in drawing others, as the zealous Father John Baptist Acquaroni from Porto Maurizio, near Genoa; Father Joseph Pereira, a postulant priest; Mr. Leo Deys, a student of the Propaganda de Fide; and Antonio Boboni, a postulant brother.

The furnishings belonging to the central worship of the church, that of the altar, had been closely attended to: — altar cloths, towels, purificators, corporals, palls, amices, albs, girdles, vestments of different colors; wax candles, candlesticks, chalices, patens, pyxes, sick-call outfits, surplices, stoles, altar bread-irons, pure grape wine, and wheaten flour.

The arsenal indispensable to the man of profession, above all to the man engaged in the highest of all professions, secured the closest study and observation. Prospero in the Tempest values his library — for this is the arsenal of the professional man — as he values his dukedom:
“My library was dukedom large enough. Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me With volumes that I prize above my dukedom.”

_Tempest_, 1st act, 2d sc.

Ample provision for each and every department of knowledge was made: theology ascetic, dogmatic, moral; philosophy natural and moral; sacred scripture in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French and commentaries on the same; canon law; history sacred and profane; books for spiritual reading and instruction; grammars; readers; dictionaries of the Italian, French, German, and English tongues; material for all kinds of composition. Moreover were provided outfits to face climates of all degrees in gale or breeze or storm on land and sea. A purse unsolicited, generously offered and lavishly filled, would answer the needs and uses adaptable to the new _modus vivendi_.

It is worth remembering that the above list of articles in each of the departments had been with very few exceptions the generous outpouring from the noble Roman house of the Lazarists, Monte Citorio.

Who among Christians in Rome, claiming the slightest knowledge of the position the Vicar of Jesus Christ held to Christendom, and who, about to bid farewell to Rome, would not stir himself to obtain personally, were it feasible, the blessing of the Supreme Pontiff? The value set by the departing band of Lazarists upon the blessing of him, who in the judgment of the old Saracen caliph, never dies, would be priceless. No pains, therefore, were spared to obtain, for that end, an audience. Indeed the duty of gratitude, independent of other considerations, should compel as it did compel, the missionaries to solicit and obtain an audience, because the real founder of the Lazarists’ mission to the United States, after God, was Pope Pius VII.

The Catholic world and Rome above all were still in holiday because the persecutor of the Church overthrown,
the throne of the Fisherman was again occupied. At such a season, what may not the apostles destined to the mission of the New World obtain in the coming audience from him, the source of divine power and jurisdiction?

Through proper channels the Vicar General of the Mission made request for an audience, and the same the Holy Father graciously granted.

The day fixed was October 14th. Accordingly Bishop Dubourg, Vicar General Sicardi, Father De Andreis, followed by Father Joseph Rosati and his band, proceeded to the Quirinal palace, the residence at the time of the Holy Father. Without delay the missionaries' coming was made known to the Holy Father. "With that gentleness and condescension and sweetness of his speech, his manner and his expression"—as wrote Cardinal Wiseman on the character of Pope Pius, "the Holy Father most cordially welcomed the missionaries, conversed with them for nearly an hour, exhorted them to put entire trust in the Lord who had called them to His holy ministry, and inspired them with courage to bear cheerfully the many labors and trials inseparable from the Apostolic mission. On the part of God he predicted innumerable blessings both for themselves and for those to whom they were going to preach the divine word." (Life of De Andreis.)

Petitions submitted to the Holy Father by Father De Andreis and which were cheerfully granted were:

1. To celebrate with double minor rite the 27th of September as the anniversary when the American Mission was concluded.

2. A plenary indulgence to be gained in all the churches of the Congregation on the 3rd of December, feast of St. Francis Xavier.

3. Dispensation from the promise any students of the Alberonian College had made to remain in their own diocese—if the students wish to join them.
4. The faculty to grant faculties to hear confessions, to any approved confessor during the journey.
5. To perform the holy Way of the Cross with the crucifix.
6. To erect the holy Way of the Cross where no Franciscans have houses.
7. To offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the ship that would carry them to their destination.

Rising up, the Head of the Church poured out his fatherly blessing upon the kneeling apostolic laborers who, as they left the Great Shepherd, felt one and all their courage strengthened, their ardor inflamed, their resolutions determined to carry out to the end the aim of the sublimest of callings.

Next in order they paid a visit to Cardinal Consalvi, Secretary of State, who had interested himself so deeply for the formation of the mission band, and whose great heart in blessing went out to them. They proceeded to Cardinal Litta, Prefect of the Propaganda de Fide, which Congregation has charge of all ecclesiastical causes which belong to missionary countries. Heartily he welcomed the band and from the abundance of his heart blessed each of the group, assuring them that he felt quite sure of the ultimate success of their mission.

The sundering of ties bound up with objects, which from early associations would seem to have grown a part of oneself, has ever been felt, not merely a struggle, but an agony: an agony in proportion to the strength of affection one bears to the object. What struggles are undergone when the ties of blood relationship are snapped by sudden partings, such as press the life from out the young hearts; which partings are amongst the bitterest. Doubtless the next farewell for intensely affecting and outward grief is that of alumni to their admired and loved alma mater. At every college commencement one witnesses to the faltering
voice and gushing tears of the scholars on taking a last and lingering look behind at

"Dear the school boy's spot, we don't forget
though there we are forgot,"
and how oppressed with grief is the heart!

Rome viewed as pagan Rome, but above all, viewed as Christian Rome, lay close in affection to De Andreis and Rosati. Neither one a native of Rome, yet because of the serial of years each spent in and around the Niobe of nations; because of the dispositions of each to become powerfully magnetized by the greatness and splendor of Rome, whether pagan or Christian; because of the internal relations, especially of the holy De Andreis with the Vicar of Christ and the scores of Congregations that encircle him, the farewell of the confrères meant a grief not to be painted by word.

Deeply virtuous and highly cultured, De Andreis, in particular, could not but admire the first period of pagan republican Rome. The Roman natural virtues of that period, written by the Holy Ghost in the First Book of Machabees, ch. 8, as professor he had often read and commented upon to his scholars. He read of "their noble acts done in Galatia; of the great things they had done in the land of Spain; that they had gotten possession of all by their counsel and patience; that none wore a crown or was clothed in purple to be magnified thereby; that they had made themselves a senate house, and consulted daily three hundred and twenty men, that sat in council always for the people that they might do the things that were right; that they committed their government to one man every year to rule over all their country, that they all obey one, and there is no envy nor jealousy amongst them." The great walls, the aqueducts, the vias opening to every country of the world, the capitol, the forums, the Senate, the manful stand of the plebeians for civil rights, political
rights, which their courage and bravery at last carried over
the haughty patricians, their many wise laws enacted in fa­
vor of land tenure, in favor of insolvent debtors, the horror
in which they held rebellion to the government, the noble
pride with which they daily flung to the breeze their two
maxims:

1st. Videant consules, ne quid republicae detrimentum
patiatur.

2d. Salus populi Romani suprema lex esto.

Naturally our alumnus of Rome for the palmiest days of
her simplicity and high ideals of liberty should feel his
imagination fired, his sentiments enlarged, and his ardor
burning.

If Livy’s pictured page, or Cicero’s eloquent outbursts,
or Sallust’s historic style, or Cæsar’s inimitable narrative,
or the immortal satirist, or the Mantuan bard, drew the
soul of our alumnus closer, it was because of that natural
truth and beauty that he detected in that language des­
tined to live eternally, and because of the villas in and
around Rome so well known to De Andreis where the
writings of the above immortals came to light. To bid
farewell to the first period of the great pagan republic,
wherein so much to lift up human nature was found, at
least was painful.

The second and third periods of the Roman republic
when the Romans had conquered the world, which began
with the Sylla and Marius factions by cutting one another’s
throats and which went on wading in human carnage until
great Cæsar fell, could not but fill with horror, and force
De Andreis to turn aside from the unnatural butchery of
Roman by Roman!

Whatever the century of civil wars in their fiendishness
and unnaturalness failed to soften in the affections of our
holy alumnus, assuredly the period of the Empire had not
only nothing to raise the soul of our alumnus to the high-
est admiration for human nature, but the period of the Empire, the period of colossal paganism, by its huge powers of diabolical agency, with crowned and uncrowned human monsters, had everything to empty the soul of man of his Maker, to stifle every tendency to virtue, to canonize every loathsome passion, to set up wickedness as adorable, and change men into fiends.

Could the countless numbers of monuments of architecture, the highest of splendor in statuary unsurpassed, monuments whose aim was the annihilation of the one supreme, all holy God, monuments raised wherein the most unmentionable crimes were done by orders of devils and of emperors in the presence of the cultured Roman world,—could such human glory compensate in the eyes of our holy alumnus for the eternal ruin of even one human soul?

Of what value in the eyes of our classic scholar always apt to catch the ring of genius and natural virtue, had the 2167 monuments, the 424 piazzas, the 470 temples erected to devils, the gods, the 850 baths, the 1352 reservoirs, the 32 sacred groves, the two 400,000 seating amphitheatres, all found in the pagan empire city of the world? Nor did all that the pagan empire city effected for learning — as empire Rome ignored and warred against the cause of all knowledge, the supreme God — by her academies and schools, by her master orations on the capitol steps and in the senate hall, wherein the glory of Rome was ever the opening and the close of every debate, have any other effect, on the soul of our lover of Rome, than inward grief and pity for the proud millions, "who, when they knew God, did not adore Him as God," and were therefore delivered up to a reprobate sense.

To the alumnus of the pagan empire of Rome, bewitched by the attractions of the colossus of paganism, who tires not in gazing at the wealth of architecture and imposing grandeur of the Roman Empire, and who, amidst the wil-
derness of ruins, forgetful of the rights of his God and gratitude to the great Restorer, heaves a sigh at the ruin and overthrow of the monster that had swept into the eternal abyss the misguided millions who worshipped her, to such as Edward Gibbon, who with his school, the Encyclopedists of the 18th century, did their best to bring back the pagan Rome of Trajan, Domitian, Dioclesian, and Julian the Apostate, the Rome of deified lust and cruelty, the Rome that crucified the God-man, Jesus, and His millions of heroes, to such alumnus in bidding farewell to the Rome of monuments and the Rome of human power and glory, forever wrecked by divine power, lamentations shall be in order, since such an alumnus or school lives and acts the identical principle of pagan Roman human glory, the first and the last end of man! "With such a love did the Romans live for glory, their supreme god, that for glory they wished to live and for glory they did not hesitate to die. In their hearts this passion stifled all the rest." (City of God. Book 5th.)

The intense lover of the True, the Beautiful and the Chaste in one only God, the cause of all things, could not, as often as his eye scanned the crumbling ruins of the Roman god, but give eternal thanks that the prophecy of Daniel had had its fulfilment to the letter: that "a stone cut out of a mountain, without hands, struck the statue upon the feet of iron and of clay, and broke them to pieces; that the iron and clay and brass and silver and gold broken to pieces, together, became like the chaff of a summer's thrashing-floor and they were carried away by the wind" (Dan. ch. 2, v. 34-35), that to Christian and barbarian was given to break and ravage the god of the enslaved nations:

"The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire
Had dealt upon the seven hilled City's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire"
And up the steeps barbarian monarchs ride; 
Where the car climbed the capitol, temple and 
Tower went down, nor left a site! chaos of ruins!"

that mighty Rome became the footstool of God's kingdom of earth, that the obelisks brought by the Cæsars in triumph into the proud city from the conquered nations proclaiming on their faces the exploits of the Cæsar gods, that the temples, saved from the wreck and purified of their pollutions by the work of Jesus Christ, the Church, would now be dedicated and consecrated to the worship of God and proclaim to all time, the Christus vincens, Christus triumphans, Christus regnans. As the most ardent lover De Andreis was inflamed with the purest passion for all that Christian Rome stood for. Jesus Christ the invisible Head of the Church His Spouse was there. Peter His Vicar in the fulness of power and jurisdiction was there: and there as the rock, impregnable for ever to all the forces of human and diabolical agency, ruling "and triumphing in the immortal city whose every inch of clay was soaked with the blood of the sacred multitude that no man can number.'"

The relations that De Andreis bore the holiest city of the world were the relations of a collaborer in the advancement of high ecclesiastical learning, as professor, as preacher to the high and the low, and as worshipper at the countless shrines of the saints that faced him at every town. Indirectly because of the sacred Congregation that met for an official business of the Church of which the Pope was the head, he had relations with the Holy Father.

To the immortal Propaganda de Fide charged with the business of enriching the nations of the world with highly cultivated missioners, to the college of training the youth of Rome's noble ecclesiastics, the gravity of the man of God and the erudition of the humble professor were exceptionally gratifying. By his conferences to mixed assem-
bles, by his retreats to the clergy, by his thrilling eloquence before multitudes in the Piazza Colonna, his slender, humble, mortified figure was ever that of a beloved and welcome herald. As to Laurence the great martyr, the poor and the ignorant were the jewels of the Church, so were the poor of every class to De Andreis.

His repeated visits to the hospitals, his little missions preached on each side of the Tiber, riveted his great soul more and more to the Eternal City.

He loved Rome. The beauty of the countless shrines flooded with the glory of God’s majesty, with the glory of His Virgin Mother, with the glory of the apostles and martyrs, confessors, virgins and saints whose sacred dust covered Rome, forced him to the practice of heroic virtue. Taking with him his companion Rosati, they made pilgrimages to some of the most touching scenes. What was, what would be the expression of the deepest veneration and unutterable affection as now on the eve of their farewell to the world’s one sacred Metropolis, they kissed and pressed to their heart for the last time the favored spots? The fervor of St. Vincent when after the galling Mahometan slavery he arrived in the city of Peter and made his pilgrimage to the famed sacred scenes, his sons on this their last adieu would do their utmost to follow. “In a letter,” writes the first historian of Vincent, “written by the Saint thirty years after his visit to the shrines of the elect, to one of his priests, Vincent described how consoled he was to find himself in this city, the mistress of Christianity, where lives the head of the battling Church, where rest the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul, and those of so many other martyrs and holy ones, who of old, shed their blood and gave their lives for Jesus Christ, that he looked upon himself happy to walk the ground where so many great saints had walked and that this consolation had moved him to tears.” The spot, the Domine quo Vadis
on the Ostian way, where the strongest tradition witnesses to the apparition of the dearest Saviour on His way a second time to be crucified, when He met Peter the prince of the apostles fleeing from the face of the wicked Nero, would on entering upon the great western mission appeal the first to the pilgrims, because of the truth taught by the apparition: "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God." Then amongst the thirty churches erected to the glory of God and in honor of the Virgin Mother, the Liberian Basilica St. Mary Major, Our Lady of the Snow, where the sacred manger in which the "Word made flesh dwelling amongst us" lay, would by the lessons of Him preaching from the crib, poverty, self-denial and abandonment, prepare the missionaries for trials in advance.

Devotion to the Passion of the loving Saviour could not be overlooked. Hence the Basilica possessed of the Lignum crucis on which salvation hung, the Scala Saneta wet with the Blood of the mangled Lamb worn and harassed as He mounted to Pilate’s hall, aroused the pilgrims "to spend and be spent" for all that the divine Passion means, the destruction of woeful sin by the fire of perfect sorrow and fruits of a lasting conversion. With what pitiful love and sentiments of piety did our pilgrims venerate the sacred relics of the great Apostles Peter and Paul, the relics of their sacred heads in the first of all churches, the Most Holy Saviour’s, the Lateran; the headless bodies, that of St. Paul in his own church outside the walls, that of St. Peter in the crypt beneath.

"The Dome, the vast and wondrous Dome,
To which Diana’s marvel was a cell,
Christ’s mighty shrine!"

Doubtless they felt and gave expression in their intercessory prayer, to the like admiration of the golden-
mouthed Chrysostom for the twin apostles by whom Religion took its rise.

"When I remember thee, O Peter, I am lost in amazement, Paul, when I think of thee my heart overwherms me and I weep! When I look at your sufferings I know not what to say or what to speak. How many prisons have ye made holy? How many torments have ye endured? How many reproaches have ye borne? How have ye carried Christ? Rejoice, O Peter... that thou didst will to be crucified, not like the Lord Christ standing upright, but with thine head toward the earth, as one that made a way from earth to heaven. Blessed are the nails that pierced thy holy limbs.

"Rejoice, O blessed Paul, whose head was cut off by the sword... What sword was that which divided thine holy neck... worthy that heaven should wonder at it and earth worship? What place was that which drank in thy blood, that appeared like dew-drops of milk upon the raiment of him who smote thee, and made the savage and his comrades to become strangely gentle and faithful? Would that I could have that sword for a crown, and the nails of Peter set therein as the jewels of the diadem."

Their visit after that of the great Apostles of the keys and of the sword would be paid to the spots so sacred to Rome, where the little child Agnes, the wonder of all ages, was subjected in the Domitian chariot course—Piazza Navona—to the fiendish torments in order to deny Jesus Christ, and where miracle after miracle was wrought because of the chastity and fortitude of the virgin and martyr spouse of Jesus Christ, the zealous Lover of chastity.

To another spot would the ardent admirers of sacred heroes wend their way; this time St. Laurence out of the walls, there to see in vision the holy athlete on his gridiron slowly roasting as he pitied his inhuman tormentors striving to make the element fire and their cruelty carry
victory over the strong God, Lord of all; whilst He laughs at their weakness, baffles and defeats them to the glory of His name, to the triumph of the great martyr.

In their itinerary they would hardly let go the high privilege of visiting at least one of the catacombs, that of St. Sebastian. There in the church hidden in the bowels of the eternal city, amidst the countless memorials of the saintly martyrs and confessors did they offer, moved to tears on the tombs of the heroes, the sacred Victim, beseeching them for themselves and companions for the great work now opening, that perseverance which shall deserve the crown.

On their return home, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Coliseum in their way, would bid them halt and on their knees, bathed in tears would they in vision see the arena filled with Christian heroes, hear the 100,000 of the aristocracy and rabble of Rome thirsting to drink the blood of the heroes of Jesus Christ, roaring out, “The Christians to the wild beasts!” and witness the wild beasts rushing from every lair and felling the holy victims, fill their hungry maws with their flesh and bone. Above the rest for special veneration the missionaries would single out one, the fearless eighty-year grand martyr Bishop, Ignatius of Antioch, who by his contempt for the savagery of the wild beasts and constancy in his torments, conquered his persecutor, the wicked Emperor Trajan. Unquestionably the aid of this powerful advocate would be sought, that should it be deemed necessary to die for the faith, they would even as this glorious martyr become food for the wild beast.

The missionaries bent upon the conquest of souls for God’s glory were encouraged by the heroism of the martyrs, were girded with fresh vigor to snap like a string of tow all attachments to flesh and blood and country. None understood better than they the principle laid down to be
applied to all His followers, but above all applied to apostles of the nations: "He that loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." What attachments therefore to flesh and blood and country would withstand in face of such principle?

Superiors decided by the advice of Bishop Dubourg that the missionaries — Father De Andreis excepted — under Father Rosati vice-superior would go by sea to Marseilles; thence by land they would make for Bordeaux and await the arrival of the Visitor. The ship to bear them lay at the wharf on the river Tiber called Ripa Grande or Grand Bank. "This wharf was built by Innocent XII, about the year 1692, for mooring vessels that came up from the Mediterranean. A custom-house built on artistic designs and ornamented with a beautiful portico arose at the entrance of the wharf. From the lantern tower erected by Pope Pius VII the voyager gets a full view of Mount Aventine." See Vasi's "Rome and Surroundings."

What fleets since the era of the Punic Wars had glided on the bosom of "Old Tiber flowing through a marble wilderness," to the great sea, now carrying warriors to new fields for conquest, now returning to the mighty capital ladened with treasures of gold and silver from the mines of the Ural Mountains, from Spain, from the coffers of her conquered nations; with treasures of marbles and granites from the quarries of Greece, and Africa, at length returning bearing the Caesar or Consul and his braves and his prisoner kings and slaves to receive from Roma Ætarna his triumph!

Nor since the dawn of Christianity down to the nineteenth century has old Tiber in any age spared his floods so that the fleets manned by Christian crews, armed with warriors of the Cross, provided with apostles of Christ would ride to seas and coasts infested by the foes of Christianity, there to conquer or win them over to the true faith. Neither were
the waters of old Tiber less in demand for the vessels, on
their return to the Holy City, bearing confessors whitened
with age and covered with scars dealt them in their conflict
with schismatics and heretics, or freighted with the sacred
bones of martyrs who had been strangled by the cruel laws
of Confucius and butchered by the code of Mahomet.

The missionaries ready to begin their journey took leave
of the confrères at the other houses of the mission and of the
confrères of the great Monte Citorio house. After having
gazed intently upon its marbled stories, frescoed ceilings
and walls, embellished with the paintings of Supreme Pon­
tiffs, Cardinals, benefactors; of illustrious bishop confrères
and others of the Lazarist family; after a visit to Him
whom in the same hallowed shrine they had daily offered
in sacrifice, led by Bishop Dubourg and Superior Sicardi
and De Andreis, the band with their baggage, repaired to
the above named wharf. The baggage was directly put on
board. The Superior De Andreis handed a note to Father
Rosati containing regulations to be observed on the voyage.
A last adieu was spoken, the departing missionaries went
aboard. On October 21st the vessel freed from the hawser
and piloted by a tug boat, as far as Ostia where the Tiber
empties into the great sea, trusting to herself, headed for
the port of Marseilles, the city guarded by the Virgin Most
Powerful! One cannot resist borrowing from old Horace
his apostrophe to the ship bearing Virgil to the shores of
Athens and apply it to the missioners outward bound to
the Gallic shores.

"O Vessel, thou that bear'st the band,
The Most Powerful Lady of the Great Sea,
I pray may govern thee,
So that on the shores of Narbon thou may'st
land safe and sound,
The half of my soul."

Horace, Ode 3rd
Meanwhile Bishop Dubourg and Visitor De Andreis were on the alert that nothing would be overlooked, that everything to the complete success of the great undertaking should and would be forecast and if possible be met. Another band was out of the question. But a priest whose name is unknown and two students were to go with the Visitor on his land journey. Rare gifts in money and chalices and ciboriums from his many friends were, in addition to what the Rosati band had brought, forced upon him.

The genius of Rome, eminently practical in all that would answer her military success, was ever alive to the necessity of building and repairing, not for a day, but for ages, the strength and durableness of her arch structures; wherefore she had their duplicates in her 24 vias that open out at Rome and lead to her provinces at each point of the compass. To-day after more than 2000 years, the observant traveler in amazement views them in Italy, in Austria, in France, in Germany, in England, in Africa, and in Asia. “All the cities were connected with each other and with the capital, by the public highways... The public roads were accurately divided by mile-stones and ran in a direct line from one city to the other, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or of private property....... The middle of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country and consisted of several strata of sand, gravel and cement and was paved with large stones or in some places near the capital with granite....... Houses were erected at the distance of five or six miles, each provided with forty horses; by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel 100 miles a day along the Roman roads.”

(Gibbon, 1st vol. ch 2d.)

Seated with his three companions, a priest, a student, Mr. Dahmen, who afterwards entered the Congregation, and a secular student, on December 15th, Visitor De Andreis left his beloved Monte Citorio, and passed through
the Flaminian Gate on to the Flaminian way. "His heart," wrote Rosati, "palpitated with joy, with gratitude to God for the apostolic ministry, for his sufferings in extending the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and for having escaped the mitre for which he knew he had been marked."

Once on the Flaminian road, that ran north, the apostolic band in these days could travel throughout the Papal States; having crossed the Apennines above the head waters of the Tiber, they reached Rimini (the Ariminum of the old Romans), a strong fortress on the Adriatic and the terminus of the Flaminian road. Rimini the travelers entered on the Æmilian road, which ran to Bologna, where leaving the Papal States, they drove through the Duchy of Modena, thence to Piacenza (the Placentia of the Latins). At the last city, cherished so much by De Andreis, because of the noted Alberoni College in which this servant of God had been raised to the priesthood, and occupied the chair of literature and philosophy, and from which he had gone forth to announce the Gospel to the peasants of the rich valley of the Po, the band rested for a few days. The zealous leader had entertained hopes, yea expected to get recruits for his little army destined for the United States Mission; for in the list of petitions asked from, and granted by the Holy Father, on leaving Rome, was expressly stated the permission to accept from the Alberoni College any of the students who offered themselves. Disappointment at finding zeal so wanting in the young men, or at the refusal of their bishops to let them leave, no doubt added not a little to his many crosses. Brother Blanka, however, a host in himself, he brought with him. To Torino, the capital of Piedmont, well known already to the reader, the band set out, and reached that city January 2, 1816. The welcome at the Lazarist house of Turin was full of feeling for all the band, but for De Andreis especially, since this provincial Home was associated, as has been recorded, with the
early years of the boy De Andreis, with Father Laugeri who had prudently tried the young De Andreis when the latter had sought admittance among the sons of St. Vincent. The home, Demonte nestling in the Alps, distant about 70 miles from Torino, where his father still lived, the apostolic missionary his son, knew no longer. "With heroic sacrifice," says the little notice written by the confrères of Torino, "he renounced the visit to his old father."

The Torino rest was short, for on January the 5th, the band was on its way westward, and halted later at Susa. This city, thirty-two and a half miles from Turin, lay east at the foot of the Alps and figured conspicuously as a stronghold in the history of the great Republic, and in the history of the Empire under Constantine the Great, when he was on his way from Brittany to seize Rome. Thus it is described by Gibbon, vol. 1st, page 314. "The city of Susa which is situated at the foot of Mount Cenis was surrounded with walls and provided with a garrison sufficient to check the progress of an invader. The troops of Constantine disdained the forms of a siege. They applied fire to the gates, ladders to the walls, and mounting entered sword in hand, and cut to pieces the greatest part of the garrison. The flames were extinguished by the care of Constantine, and Susa was preserved from total destruction."
ALABAMA

THE OPELIKA MISSION

About five years ago, at the earnest invitation of Bishop Allen, the Visitor of the Congregation of the Mission accepted a mission in the diocese of Mobile.

If you walked eight miles a day around the confines of our district, you would finish your walk in 33 days. If you walked through the district, you would pass through 220 towns. Of these, 29 are towns of more than 400 inhabitants. If all the inhabitants were scattered through the country equally, you would meet one person every one-fourth mile. Yet, in all, you would meet 202,000 persons.

In walking through Fall River, San Francisco, New Orleans, New York City, or Providence, of every four people you would meet, three would be Catholics. In walking through St. Louis, Boston, Chicago, or Philadelphia, of every four people you meet, two would be Catholics. In our district, do you know how many people you would have to meet before you would meet two Catholics? You would have to meet 2,500. There is one Catholic to every 34 square miles.

When we took up the work September 1911, we knew of only one Catholic in the whole 5,300 square miles. Within a year and a half we know 157, scattered thus: Alexander City, 1; Auburn, 32; Blanton, 6; Cusseta, 1; Chesson, 1; Fort Mitchell, 7; Five Points, 1; Girard and Phoenix City, 58; Good Water, 2; Hollins, 2; Hooks, 3; Lanett, 13; Jaret, 1; Langdale, 1; Opelika, 8; Salem, 8; Smiths, 1; Tallassee, 20; Wadley, 1. The number that, owing to the lack of priests, has drifted away from the Church, is beyond calculation.

Since our arrival in Opelika four churches have been built and within a short time a fifth will be completed. The near future will see the beginning of a sixth. These
churches are at Phoenix City, Salem, Opelika, Auburn and Lanette. Opelika was chosen as our headquarters because it is a railroad centre from which various parts of our district can be most easily reached.

At Phoenix City our first Mass was said in an old rather tumble-down hall which we continued to use for nearly a year when the first church of St. Mary’s Mission was dedicated. We began with an attendance of about thirty and to-day we have in our church, St. Patrick’s, two Masses and Benediction every Sunday attended by not less than two hundred people. The church was dedicated November 5, 1911, the Very Rev. Thomas McDonald, C. M., laying the corner stone and Rev. John P. Molyneaux, C. M., singing the Mass. Its building was made possible by the generosity of zealous friends in Brooklyn, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

On December 3, 1911, was dedicated St. Mary’s Church at Opelika by the Right Rev. Bishop Allen. Father Weldon, C. M., of New Orleans, preached and there were several priests from far and near. Father McKey, C. M., sang the Mass. The church was built as a memorial to Mother Clement by the Alumnae of St. Joseph’s, Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania.

The third church was built at Auburn, a college town where there are about eight hundred students, twenty-five of whom are Catholics. There are three Catholic families in Auburn. This church, The Sacred Heart, was donated by a Brooklyn lady in memory of her deceased husband. Mass is said here every other Sunday and on the first Friday of each month.

Salem is the fourth town in which a church has been built. It is called after Saint Vincent de Paul and its chief benefactor was a gentleman of New Orleans whose son died whilst making his studies at Perryville in preparation for the priesthood. There are but nine Catholics
in Salem and these under God owe their faith to a lady who despite her remoteness from all Catholic influences save the faith within her has raised her descendants as good Catholics. The town of Salem has been so pleased to have a Catholic church that the people there all go to the Catholic church on the first Sunday of the month, and attend no other religious services on that day. On this day a Mass is said; later in the morning, and again at night, there is a sermon, followed by singing and catechism, the congregation at these two services being made up largely of non-Catholics. Prior to our coming to this section, a young man became a Catholic and a member of a religious community. He is praying earnestly for the conversion of his parents who still reside in Salem.

There is a church in course of construction at Lanette. Since its commencement we have found there five families that had neglected their religious duties for years. There are twenty or thirty to be instructed and prepared for confession, communion and confirmation.

The sixth church soon to be started will be at East Tallassee, a beautiful little mill town upon the banks of the Tallapoosa River. The town is owned and operated by a northern corporation. Twenty Catholics are there. God has sent us a helper in the person of a Mrs. O’Brien. She every Sunday gathers the little children at her home, and teaches them the catechism and hymns. Once a month we say Mass there in the Masonic hall. In that hall eight little ones and three adults received their First Holy Communion at Christmas time. We must help this woman to keep the faith warm in the hearts of the young. There a church must,—must be built right away. Mrs. O’Brien herself has started to gather the money. A little before Christmas 1912, we received the following letter from her:
Dear Rev. Father: I sent those letters to the Bishop, and he wrote me a letter and promised two hundred dollars. And Mr. O'Brien promised me one hundred dollars; and he put the amount on the Bishop's letter; and I sent the letter to the Catholic Columbian and I wrote to the Church Extension Society. I think I may get something out of it. I have three hundred raised now. And, Father, we'll call up Mr. Ball, and ask him to set an evening to meet you next week. The children are getting their clothes ready for their First Communion. Well, I am going to give them a turkey breakfast, and to make them happy, as I told Mr. O'Brien I would be entertaining the Blessed Sacrament. Will write you when to come; and also write Mr. N. to come see you at my house. Mr. O'Brien, my sister and Mary, all send love. Bishop sent me medals for the children to become Children of Mary. With love from all,

Respectfully, etc.

On March 25, 1914, eleven persons were confirmed by Bishop Allen, six of whom were converts of Mrs. O'Brien. To propagate Catholic doctrines in a region where the Catholic Church is almost completely unknown, The Marian, a small quarterly magazine, was started and did excellent work but it took so much time and money that it was discontinued in July 1914. Its discontinuance has been lamented everywhere. To supply literature to the district, the Catholic Literary Crusade has been established. All who receive Catholic papers or magazines are requested to send to Opelika for the name and address of someone to whom they can send these periodicals when they have been read. Since the establishment of this crusade over 1000 non-Catholics have been receiving Catholic literature every week or every month.

An article prepared after most painstaking correspond-
ence and read by Father McKey, C. M., and published in the *Marian* was copied in the leading Catholic weeklies of the country. It shows the vilifiers of the Catholic Church in their true colors. The *Central Verein* of St. Louis, Missouri, printed and distributed over 700,000 copies of this article “The Slime of the Serpent.” It gave an impetus to the work now carried on by *The Sunday Visitor, The Antidote*, etc.

A Protestant gentleman of Georgia wrote to Opelika for an explanation of certain doctrines of the Catholic Church. An answer was sent, together with Catholic books of instruction. A gentleman of Buffalo was asked to send the Georgian Catholic literature regularly and thus a correspondence was kept up between the New Yorker and the Georgian that resulted in the conversion of the latter who is now with Father Paul at Garrison, New York and will probably become a Franciscan and may be a priest. Let us hope that this may prove the beginning of a correspondence school in the Catholic religion.

**JOHN P. MOLYNEAUX, C. M.**

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**CALIFORNIA**

Los Angeles, February 22, 1914.

I am sure you will be interested in a few details of our settlement work which commenced January 4, 1914, when Sister Cecilia’s attention was called to an Italian family, in which a ten months’ old baby had died of starvation on New Year’s day. Sister went at once to see them and found not only that family but the entire street in direst
poverty; the men had no work, though some had walked for days vainly looking for employment.

The Sisters visited each family; supplied food, bedding, clothing, etc., as they found it needed. A supply-station was opened in the quarantine cottage, and provisions bought with contributions given for the poor. Many donations of clothes were sent in also. We were getting "Mexie" town on its feet when a storm of wind and rain undid all our work and left our poor worse than we found them; some of their houses were blown down, others were submerged, the women and children were carried out on men's backs.

The Sisters went down as soon as they could venture out, and saw sights that would have made your heart ache, as it did ours, for these people had lost their all; stove, furniture, bedding, everything was covered with sticky, slimy mud; their poor homes had almost as much mud and water inside as their yards outside. In one yard children were picking beans out of the mud (where they had been scattered when the house and its contents had been blown down), other children were washing the beans off so they could be boiled for dinner!

Day after day members of the different families came up; we gladly gave out what we had, trusting to God to send more. A sewing circle was organized among our intern Children of Mary (The Le Gras Society) and the members are very zealous in trying to help the poor; one of their prized rewards, is to visit them. One day the Sisters met a Salvation Army woman who was much surprised that the Mexicans refused her aid, telling her the Sisters were taking care of them.

Well, the settlement was doing nicely when on February 18th, a four days' storm began that nearly ruined the work; but, just wait till you hear the record of these days. Thursday afternoon a lady telephoned, asking us to shelter
several families rendered homeless by the flood; only two families came, for in the meantime a public school nearer to them, was opened for them, and as it was pouring rain, they were glad to go anywhere. Some found shelter in the brick yard sheds. Friday, there was a cloud-burst; the water forced its way into a large oil tank in the brick yard, the oil came to the top and overflowed down the hill into the flooded district; everything it touched is ruined, for it sticks like tar. The rain stopped for a while Friday and Sister Cecilia with a companion ventured out, carrying bread, potatoes and soup to the sufferers. The roads were in an awful condition, the mud up to the tops of their shoes. A gully (usually dry) was filled with running water, its banks spanned by a narrow plank, over which the Sisters were obliged to walk to reach their poor. Sister Cecilia was used to this bridge and crossed in a few moments; but it was the first time for her companion, who hesitated; not that she feared for herself, her only dread was to lose the food she was carrying; however, by carefully balancing it, she crossed in safety. The sights they saw could not be exaggerated: wet, dripping bedding, no food, no fire, all the clothing soaked. Every one was crying, “Mucha water” except a poor old woman suffering from rheumatism, and her moan was “Mucha seeke” (sick). They were told that some ladies had been down that morning with food and clothing which had been refused because it was thought these donations were from the Salvation Army people who would require the recipients to go to their meetings. The Sisters were returning to the house for more provisions, when they met these ladies (good Catholic women of the parish), who notwithstanding their rebuff of the morning, were bringing aid again; they were much amused when the Sisters told them they had been taken for “Salvation Lassies”.

Father Conaty (the Bishop’s nephew) had rung up, ask-
ing Sister to shelter a woman and her twin babies (a few weeks old) and added: “There are about thirty other families who really need help; if you could take the women and children, the men could look out for themselves.” Sister Cecilia gladly responded and had commenced preparations, when Dr. Milbank Johnson, President of the Municipal Charities, came to ask Sister to receive these people, to get what was necessary for them and to send him an itemized bill of all expenses, which he promised to pay. The woman and her twins, husband and idiotic son arrived in the pouring rain that night; one of the Sisters crossed the yard with them to the cottage; just as they reached the shelter of the large pepper tree in front of the cottage, the wind uprooted the tree, and at that very instant the boy, frightened by the storm, started to run, the whole party moved towards the fence, and down went the tree, with a crash that shattered every limb, on the very spot on which the group had been standing!

The women and children were brought up from the settlement in a wagon; about forty-five came, drenched by the rain. Sister Cecilia and several of the Sisters met them and gave them a good supper, dry clothing and a home. The two large playrooms were converted into comfortable quarters; in the first, hay spread on matting, with a plentiful supply of blankets, made good beds; the second served as a dining room. Saturday morning they all enjoyed the luxury of a bath and appeared several shades lighter.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society sent the President and some members to the flooded part Saturday; they gave out provisions and bedding to the families there. Dr. Johnson also visited the place, and tried to get some of them to go to a tent that had been put up in one of the parks. “We no want,” was the only answer. “Well, what
are you going to do?” “We will go to the College.”
—(The Los Angeles Orphan Asylum is the College).

Saturday the grandparents of the twins joined the group in the cottage. Well, I wish you could see those twins, they are the tiniest mortals! Besides them, the mother has the twelve-year old idiot to look after. So we have infants, orphans, old people, poor and idiots! Saturday night brought a family of seven from the river bed, father, mother, six months’ old baby and four other children. They had lost everything and had waited for the darkness to hide their poverty; the children were hardly covered, and their bare feet were blue with cold. They were taken to the cottage and given everything needful. This family seem to feel their misfortunes keenly; they had been trying to raise themselves in the world, and it was very hard to see all their belongings floating down the river. One of the little girls of the same family is threatened with pneumonia, I hope we can avert it. It is truly a wonder that all are not sick, for even the babies were drenched to the skin; eight blocks is no short distance, when the rain is pouring in torrents; the Sisters had very drooping corsettes and they went only across the yard.

Dr. Johnson was very much pleased with everything, though he thought we would have 125 or 150 poor to care for; some of the families were sheltered by their neighbors on the hills.

From our house, we could see the people in the river bed, imprisoned in their homes, which swayed back and forth as the water struck at the miserable foundations. Several houses were wrenched loose and floated off; men drove wagons up to the houses and took the people ashore; the water was up to the horses’ necks. The people were allowed to live rent free there, so a good-sized village was built around the river bed.

Sunday morning, our poor came to Mass in the chapel
and all but the boys looked pretty respectable; boys' clothes are scarce articles in this house; after Mass, breakfast; one of the little girls was given a dollar to “buy candy” by a kind-hearted friend, and a moment after we nearly had a riot,—she said she was going to the store to buy a nickel’s worth, and the other children all but mobbed her; Sister settled the dispute by giving all candy. The day was fine, so the women went down to see what they could do about straightening up their homes, inquiring first, if they could return; they were delighted when told we were glad to have them and that they could bring back any who wished to come.

An Italian boy came to ask Sister Cecilia (or Miss Sisely, as he called Sister, thinking I suppose that “Sister” was too familiar) to give him a note to get some lumber, so that a lean-to could be built on the one-roomed house he called home, adding, “When it is built you come and bless it, Miss Sisely, and then we will have good luck in it.”

Our brothers at St. Vincent’s Church spoke at the different Masses about the needs of the flooded people and asked for donations of clothing, food, etc. Their appeal met with kindness and sympathy, particularly among the younger members of the congregation. Several came with clothing, among them, four young ladies belonging to the Children of Mary; they were anxious to form a society of Ladies of Charity to work among the Mexicans. It would be a grand work and in recompense God might grant them the grace of vocation.

Sunday evening Sister Cecilia brought our guests to the chapel to say their Rosary and night prayers, after which they sang some hymns, all in Spanish. Sister had given each a Miraculous Medal and a rosary; they are very proud of both and wear them around their necks.

To-day, Monday, Sister has been busy giving out the
donations received; poor people, they are very grateful and wish us all kinds of Spanish blessings.

There is an Order of priests (of the Immaculate Heart, I think it is), who devote themselves to work among the Mexicans; there are five of these priests at the Plaza Church; one of them, Father Diego, has charge of all the Mexican children in the city; he teaches catechism in five different parts of the city during the week. The children of our quarter brought him up to see us the week before the storm. They are devoted to him, a blessed thing, because the Protestants are using every means to draw them from the Catholic Church. Father told us his great ambition is to have a church, no matter how poor, for his people; he has only a shed where the children assemble for catechism; it was blown down by the storm but the men and boys began repairing it as soon as the weather cleared. Sister Cecilia promised to give him vestments, altar cards and a missal; he was very grateful. He told Sister that the days he is teaching catechism, he has nothing to eat until he returns to his community in the evening! And if you saw the dirt of these children and worse still that of their homes, you would think this priest is certainly a true missionary. Father Diego was delighted to find the children with us, and asked Sister to let him have one of the playrooms for his catechism class, as it will be some time before they can go back to the shed. These people will be a few days longer here till their homes are a little dryer; you would be surprised to see how anxious they are to go back, even while they acknowledge they are more comfortable here. . . .
Colon, January 11, 1915.

I am writing from one of our Sisters' houses, which is quite close to the church in which I am giving a mission. Yesterday I closed a mission in our own church at Cristobal. We are wilting somewhat under the ardent sun, but so far we are well. I am preaching three times a day, and this is my second week. Many of my audience are Americans, some non-Catholics, but the majority are colored. This is a "black belt". The negro Catholics are—many of them—very fervent, particularly those who have come from the French West India Islands. They are well instructed, and they preserve many Catholic traditions. Nearly all speak English and French.

The Sisters here are very kind. They have a day school and asylum, the latter small. The externs are about 200, and the Sisters receive a good salary, sixty-five dollars per month each.

There is room in Colon and Cristobal for an American school taught by our American Sisters—when shall we have them? Quien sabe?

P. McHale, C. M.
MISCELLANEA

SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION PUBLISHED IN 1656

In a letter of Saint Vincent de Paul, dated February 7, 1657, to Father Delville, Priest of the Mission at Arras, mention is made of an account of the Congregation of the Mission which this Missionary had published. The Saint who, as is evident, was most careful to prevent his disciples from taking the initiative or of attempting anything without consulting him, blamed Father Delville, adding, however, "as there is no remedy, I will say no more."—(Lettres de saint Vincent de Paul, t. III, p. 414.)

This paper was recently discovered by a Missionary. We give the text, making use of our modern spelling.

Short account of the Institute of the Congregation of the Mission approved and confirmed by our Holy Fathers, Popes Urban VIII and Alexander VII; its origin, functions, and manner of life to attain its end.

Sent from Paris to a pious person of Lille who ardently desired to be informed of all particulars concerning the manner of life followed in this Congregation. All for the glory of God and the good of His Church.

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PREFACE

This account, dear Reader, having fortunately fallen into my hands, I read it attentively and was so deeply touched that I believed myself in conscience bound to publish it, in order that those who read it may praise and bless the infinite goodness of God in giving to His Church, during this last century so filled with miseries and calamities, a congregation of men who, freed from all self-interest, devote themselves unreservedly to promote His glory and the salvation of souls. Adieu and pray for him who presents this to you.
The aim of the Institute of the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission is to induce its members to labor all their lives, not only for their own perfection by the observance of the rules and constitutions, but also for the salvation of the poor country people, by means of missions, and for the advancement of the clergy by means of seminaries, exercises for the ordinands, conferences, spiritual retreats and other functions.

This Congregation is composed of priests, clerics and laymen. Although all lead a very regular life, they are not religious, in order that they may be more entirely under the control of the bishops and thus render them more ample service in their dioceses; as also to form closer relations with the clergy; all for the greater glory of God and the good of His Church.

The missions were begun over thirty-five years ago, but there was as yet no community devoted to this work. God made use of Mr. Vincent de Paul and of the late wife of the General of the galleys to lay the first foundations of this Congregation: the knowledge which both had of the crying need of the country people for instruction and general confession, inspired them with the thought of seeking a remedy for this great evil which, in their opinion, caused the loss of the greater number of these poor people.

They felt all the more strongly urged to follow the inspiration after the death of a peasant who, before expiring, told them that he would have been lost had he not taken their advice and made a general confession; hence they resolved to procure the same benefit to all the other parishioners and as a matter of fact, the said Mr Vincent de Paul preached a sermon on the subject and spoke so efficaciously that all desired to make a general confession; they
did so after being properly instructed and prepared by several sermons and catechetical instructions.

So many were the blessings shed by God upon the work that this good lady wished to have it repeated throughout her domains; this was done accordingly; and in order to perpetuate so great a benefit, God inspired her to make a foundation by which six priests would be obliged to give missions every five years in all the towns and villages of her estates.

Having offered this foundation to several religious communities, not one of which accepted it, she was obliged to give it to secular priests who would agree to live together as a congregation with the said Mr. Vincent as their Superior. This was done and approved of by the Archbishop of Paris about twenty-eight years ago, and God so blessed the undertaking that within a short time, the number of priests considerably increased and they were enabled to give missions in other places besides those of the said lady, notably in the diocese of Paris.

The blessings bestowed by God on the works of this Congregation becoming known to the Holy Father, Pope Urban VIII, His Holiness graciously deigned to approve it by a Bull in the year 1634.

From the time of the approbation, the said Congregation has spread so widely that it now numbers twenty-two houses, in France, Italy, Poland, Savoy, Barbary and Lorraine; it was established in Rome over ten years ago; all its houses are under the direction of the said Mr. Vincent who is the Superior General of the said Congregation.

The principal advantage is that the Missionaries are not a charge to any one, neither to the public nor to individuals; up to the present they have not received the least remuneration in the course of their missions, their institute obliging them to refuse even the smallest gift.

To be admitted into the Congregation, two years of pro-
bation are required, during which the aspirant labors to perfect himself; after which he is received and becomes a member of the said Congregation by a promise of stability.

All kinds of persons are received gratis into their house for a spiritual retreat of seven or eight days during which they are instructed to make a general confession and to draw up a rule of life for the future.

Philosophy and theology are taught, but only to the inmates of the establishment and of their seminaries; Church music also, according to the Roman method is taught, with all the ceremonies of low Mass and high Mass, and even the manner of hearing confessions, preaching and catechising.

On the first end of this Congregation, which is to labor at one's own perfection

The Missionaries must especially labor to perfect themselves in the knowledge and virtues necessary for their functions; the virtues which they strive chiefly to acquire are humility, simplicity, meekness, zeal for souls and obedience.

They rise at four o’clock and make an hour’s meditation together in the church. The particular examen is made twice daily and the general examen in the evening at eight o’clock before retiring. Every week a conference on some virtue is given, every month an interior communication is made, and every year the exercises of a spiritual retreat of eight or ten days are performed.

The priests offer the Holy Sacrifice according to the order indicated, but in those houses in which the seminary is established, high Mass is celebrated and Vespers chanted; and this only on Sundays and festivals; but where there are ordinands solemn Mass is chanted daily.

The fundamental rules which are inviolably kept [by the Missionaries] are:
1. To be obedient to the Bishops in whatever concerns the missions and other works of the Congregation directed to the neighbor;

2. To be submissive to the pastor during the course of the missions, and to do nothing in the parish without his consent;

3. To be a charge to no one, neither to the people nor to private individuals, and to accept no remuneration for their labors;

4. To preach to no others in their churches except the exercitants and the ordinands, to hear their confessions but not those of others, especially in the large cities, in order that they may devote themselves to the country people, this being their principal duty;

5. During the mission, always to yield the honor of preaching to the other priests who may offer to do so;

6. To practise blind and prompt obedience in going wherever the Superior sends them, even to the Indies, as has in truth been done for ten or twelve years. For, besides those in Tunis, Barbary, Algiers, where they expose their lives for the corporal and spiritual relief of the poor slaves, there are others who are in the New Hebrides, near England, striving to instruct the people, who though Christians, live like savages, having had neither priest nor minister among them for over fifty years. There are also two Missionaries in the mountains of Scotland, laboring for the conversion of the heretics. Seven or eight years ago, two others were sent to the island of Madagascar, beyond the Cape of Good Hope; several of the islanders were baptized by them, and one of the Missionaries died through the excessive zeal he exercised towards these poor people; a few days ago, two priests and a layman of the same Congregation, set out to help the other Missionary who is the only priest to be found in the island.
On the second end of this Congregation, which is to labor for the salvation of the country people.

The means employed by the said Congregation to promote the salvation of the country people is the work of the missions which they [the Missionaries] carry on in the places in which they are asked for.

The shortest mission lasts from two to three weeks; this is given in small villages, but in the large villages it extends from six weeks to two months, during which a sermon is preached, morning and evening, and an instruction for children given at midday; the rest of the day is employed in hearing general confessions, reconciling contending parties, visiting the sick, distributing leaflets on the *Exercises of a Christian*, and bestowing alms on those most in want.

Towards the close of the mission, there is a general Communion, especially for the young people of the parish; a sermon is given for this purpose and in the evening a procession is organized and the Blessed Sacrament carried. This ceremony is closed with a short sermon. So touching are these devotions that many admirable conversions are the result. In every mission a plenary indulgence is gained by all who, having confessed and communicated, pray for the needs of the Church.

On their arrival as well as on their departure, [the Missionaries] ask the blessing of the pastor or should he be absent, of his vicar. In every mission they, if possible, establish a Confraternity of Charity for the corporal and spiritual relief of the sick poor to which the women and girls devote themselves by turns.

They have, moreover, founded a community called the Daughters of Charity, who are employed in visiting and caring for the sick poor in the parishes and hospitals where they are established, carrying to them food and other
necessary things; as also taking charge of foundlings, teaching poor little girls to read, caring for the sick who come to them, giving them the needed relief and medicine, and exercising towards them other works of mercy; all this under the direction of the said Congregation.

The house of Paris has several other works devoted to the corporal and spiritual assistance of the poor; it cares especially for those who are suffering from the effects of the war raging on the French frontiers where there are several priests and laymen employed in aiding the sufferers spiritually and corporally.

On the third end of the said Congregation, which is to labor for the reform of the clergy.

The means employed in the said Congregation for the reform and sanctification of the clergy are the following:

When the Mission is founded and established in a diocese, all who present themselves for ordination are, through the good pleasure of the bishop, received at the said Mission for twelve or fifteen days in order to be well trained as well in the knowledge as in the fervor requisite for the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

During this time the ordinands rise at half-past four o'clock, then make meditation for half an hour; at five o'clock they are taught how to meditate; at six, they say together the little hours, then put on surplices and go to the church in silence with great modesty and recollection, to assist at Mass which is chanted as solemnly as possible, in order to impress upon them the greatness and dignity of this grand and admirable Sacrifice.

After Mass, all return to a large hall where an hour's instruction is given, after which they separate into bands of ten or twelve, each band receiving a special instruction on the subject already treated, that it may be still more deeply engraven upon their minds.
At eleven o'clock dinner is served, during which is read *The Perfection of Priests*, by Molina the Carthusian. An hour’s wholesome conversation follows, on which they are entertained on pious subjects and thus taught the manner of conversing profitably with their neighbor.

Vespers and Complin follow, after which they are taught the ceremonies of high Mass and of low Mass. At four o’clock another instruction is given, and they then say Matins and Lauds for the next day; after supper there is an hour’s conversation as at midday.

At eight o’clock they assemble for the general examen and prayers, after which all retire in silence.

During their stay at the Mission they perform the same exercises at the same hour, but every day in a different manner. He who preaches in the morning speaks on the principal parts of moral theology, and he who instructs in the afternoon, on the virtues necessary to lead a good priestly life. On the first day, he speaks on the obligation resting upon priests to meditate daily, showing how to do this and giving the means to perform the exercises well.

On the second day, he impresses them with the importance of refraining from embracing the ecclesiastical state when not called to it by God, describing the marks of a true vocation as well as the means of ascertaining these marks which are either ordinary or extraordinary.

On the third day, he speaks on the necessity for a priest to possess the spirit of his state, in what it consists, the means to acquire and to preserve it in order to discharge his priestly functions properly.

Every day he touches upon modesty, sobriety, zeal for the salvation of souls, charity, humility, chastity, uprightness, care and diligence in reciting the divine office, celebrating Mass, hearing confessions, preaching, catechising, and finally, outlines the perfection which should characterize a priest and gives explanations on each one of the Orders.
Four days before receiving Holy Orders, the ordinands make a general confession with great fervor, and communicate the next day; on Saturday they are conducted to the bishop’s residence to be ordained; all are edified by their piety and modesty.

On the Sunday following the ordination, a solemn High Mass is chanted, after which a sermon is preached to exhort the newly ordained to persevere in their good resolutions. These exercises are followed four times before the ordinands are raised to the priesthood, and the wonderful fruits derived could not be enumerated, any more than the beneficial effects produced upon those who behold them afterwards leading exemplary lives and the greater number living as saints.

The principal resolution taken by them at the close of these exercises, is to promise to come every year to the Mission to make an eight or ten days’ spiritual retreat, and also to choose a director, to confess twice a week and to instruct the people, which they generally do with much fruit.

In order to perfect the clergy still more, a conference is held every week in the said Mission, at which many good and pious priests of all conditions, assist. In these conferences spiritual subjects are discussed with the greatest sweetness, modesty, reverence and piety; when one speaks he is listened to with deep attention, each one speaking in his turn, and all that can be said on a virtue is brought forward with admirable profit.

The Conference is opened with the *Veni sancte Spiritus,* and closed with the *Sub tuum præsidium confugimus;* it lasts ordinarily about three hours.

The said Congregation has also established conferences in each deanery; every fifteen days the priests assemble at the appointed place and the same order is followed as in the house of the said Congregation. The Mission has
moreover erected seminaries in which ecclesiastical students are trained to all functions as well for the acquisition of virtue as of knowledge, taught how to preach, and in a year or two are fitted to lead holy lives suitable to their calling.

To be of still greater benefit to the Church, the said Congregation has likewise founded preparatory seminaries in which boys are educated and reared in the fear of God. These establishments are as conservatories, and from them good workmen have come forth to labor in the vineyard of our Lord.

Finally, there is great union among the members of this Congregation, although many are from different countries; there are no dissensions nor divisions but only peace and charity accompanied by a holy emulation.

No mention is made here of the blessings which God has bestowed and which He continues to bestow upon the works of this little Congregation, because it purposes especially to honor the hidden life of our Lord, leaving to Divine Providence the care of manifesting the good done in it; for God Himself is its author, therefore to Him is due all the glory and to us only confusion.

This is partly why an account of this Institute was never before published, the Superior having made some difficulty about permitting the one who wrote it to do so and allowing it only after recognizing it to be the will of God by the persistency of him who asked it and by the pious end for which he so ardently desired it.

***

APPROBATION.—This short account of the Institute of the Congregation of the Mission may be freely printed. Given at Douai, December 13, 1656.

MARTINUS DENYS,
S. Theol. Doctor et Prof. Regius,
THE RULES OR COMMON CONSTITUTIONS OF THE
CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION AND THE
RULES FOR THE GENERAL ADMINISTRATION OR
GREAT CONSTITUTIONS

It is from April 17, 1625, that we date the first outlines
of the Rules of the Priests of the Mission; they were
drawn up by Mr. Vincent in the contract of the founda­
tion of the Company. These elements of the Rules com­
prise four points: 1st—The members of the Company will
devote themselves to the care of the country people; 2d—
They will live in community under the direction of Mr. de
Paul, under the name of Company or Congregation of the
Priests of the Mission; 3rd—Every five years they will
visit all the estates of Mr. and Madame de Gondi to preach,
hear confessions, and catechise; 4th—They will give mis­
sions from October till June, and in June, July, August
and September they will study and lend their assistance to
those pastors who may desire their coöperation. (Saint
Vincent, vie et écrits, t. vi p. 484).

On April 24, 1626, the Archbishop of Paris approved,
with the contract of foundation, the brief regulations which
it contains. This first sketch of the Rules was developed,
step by step, during thirty years, by Saint Vincent who
had received from Pope Urban VIII in 1632, the power
to draw up regulations for the government of the new
society.

On October 13, 1642, the principal Superiors and oldest
members, gathered together in an Assembly, as it will be
called later on, definitely agreed as to the chief points of
the Rule, introducing some modifications suggested by ex­
perience and custom, and a committee was charged to
examine the other points. This work lasted nine years
(t. xi, pp. 255, 257).

On July 1, 1651, a new Assembly revised them (xi,
258-259), determining every detail and afterwards sub-
mitted them to the Archbishop of Paris for his approval, August 11, 1651 (xi, 277). We may say that the Rules, very much as we have them to-day, date from that time.

In 1655, they were printed for the first time, but Saint Vincent tells us in a letter to the Superior at Warsaw that copies were not distributed and it was decided to print them anew. Saint Vincent in fact wrote, March 12, 1655, to Father Ozenne in Warsaw (t. vi, p. 142): “There were mistakes in the printing of our Rules which will oblige us to reprint them; only then, and not sooner, will I send you a copy; we have not as yet distributed any.”

The work of revision was then undertaken and it continued through the following year, 1656. Saint Vincent, April 22, 1656, writes to Father Cruoly, Superior in Mans (t. vi, p. 267): “As for the Rules, they are not as yet ready to be shown: we are revising the work on account of an occurrence which obliged us to revise them; as soon as they are what they should be, you will be among the first to receive a copy.”

The work of revision and remodelling was pursued throughout 1657. We find this mentioned in Saint Vincent’s correspondence with Father Jolly, then in Rome. On June 22, 1657 (t. vi, p. 478), he wrote: “I thank you for the advices given us in your letter to Mr. Portail, dated May 22d, and for the attention you pay to all concerning the welfare of the Company, even the smallest things, which come from the spirit of God who gives us light through you: may His holy name be blessed!”—On July 6, 1657 (t. vi, p. 490), he stated: “I told you last week that I would write to you to-day about our Rules. I therefore send you a few new notes, put in order by Mr. Portail. I am in our Lord, etc.” A few days later, July 20, 1657, he wrote again to Father Jolly (t. vi pp. 506 507): “I have seen your letter to Mr. Portail about our Rules. So far from doing wrong in expressing your opin-
ion, you would commit a fault by concealing the lights which God gives you or which are imparted by enlightened persons, either on this or on other subjects. I beg you therefore to continue. I asked Mr. Portail to answer you. He is now at Saint-Denis, but he will no doubt return in time to write to you by this same opportunity."

There was still some hesitation, and Saint Vincent, in his letter of September 7, 1657, to Father Jolly in Rome (t. vi, p. 557), speaks of changes: "For the approval of the changes made in our Rules, we can give several reasons which I cannot write and for which we cannot address ourselves to those whom you mention; and God has furnished me the opportunity to have recourse to the master himself. We will try to profit by it."

On October 5, 1657, he again wrote (t. vi, p. 602): "I thank you for the observations regarding our Rules, contained in your letter of September 4th; we are going to put the same Rules in proper condition in order to send them as soon as possible to the commissary."

Finally, on the 17th of May, 1658, by a letter now found at the beginning of the definitive edition, Mr. Vincent sent the Rules of the Mission to the members of the Congregation. The same day, in a most impressive assembly, he presented a copy to each of the Missionaries there present.

There was however another correction to be made in the copies then distributed with regard to article 3 of chapter ii. Saint Vincent mentioned this in a conference of March 7, 1659, when he spoke of the practice of doing always and in all things the holy will of God. He said that instead of these lines: "If several things, indifferent by their nature, equally agreeable, present themselves at the same time," it should be: "If several things, indifferent by their nature, which are neither agreeable nor disagreeable, present themselves at the same time, it is then right to choose whatever one wishes" (t. viii, p. 375).
Such is the history of the drawing up of the Common Rules of the Congregation of the Mission: we realize that difficulties were encountered in the task. Deep reflection and experimental knowledge were made use of to word the text which we now possess; a few points were passed over in silence, as the question of the vows which was later on made the subject of special deliberation.

II

Besides the Rules and Common Constitutions published in the time of Saint Vincent, 1658, there are other Rules, particular Rules or special Constitutions concerning the different duties of the Company which have been gradually drawn up and published since the time of Saint Vincent, as the need for them made itself felt.

The most important are those regarding the general administration of the Congregation, which in their present form date from 1668, eight years after the death of our holy Founder. They are known generally as the Great Constitutions and are entitled: *Constitutiones quae superiorem generalem totiusque Congregationis Missionis gubernationem spectant.* They comprise twelve chapters (122 pages), and an autographic copy, dated 1847, is given to each Visitor. These Rules relate to the functions of the Superior General with those of his Assistants and it also regulates the proceedings of the different assemblies of the Congregation.

Father Almeras, in 1665, submitted the first copy of these Constitutions to the Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Pérefixe, and on the 17th of August, obtained his approbation. But in 1668, having submitted them to the General Assembly, modifications were made on certain points. The Assembly gave its sanction to the new copy, September 1, 1668, by the following act (translation):

“We, the undersigned, Priests of the Congregation of
the Mission, legitimately united in the General Assembly held at Saint Lazare's, have attentively read, and maturely examined the Constitutions of our Congregation above written, which have been for the first time submitted to us, gathered in a General Assembly; and we have most willingly accepted them in the name of the whole Congregation, on this 1st day of September, 1668.” The act is signed by Father Almeras, and twenty-one other Missionaries.

On October 15, 1668, ecclesiastical notaries gave their testimony as to the genuineness of the copy then taken from the original writing, and on the 24th of October, that same year, the Archbishop of Paris approved these Constitutions with the explanations and modifications which had been introduced. The papers relative to these details are to be found in the autographic copy of 1847, pp. 122-125.

The “Select” Constitutions refer to the Great Constitutions of which they are the summary or as the choice of the principal points; these select Constitutions are of greater weight than the others. They are, in fact, the principal points of the general administration of the Congregation, and they were submitted to His Holiness Pope Clement IX. By his orders, they were examined by prelates of the Roman Congregations who made a few modifications. After the death of Clement IX, his successor Clement X, June 2, 1670, by the Brief Ex injuncto nobis, sanctioned with his apostolic authority this selection of the principal rules of the general administration of the Congregation. They are known by the name of Constitutiones selectae and possess the authority of the Acts of the Holy See. They are inserted in the collection of the Acta apostolica in gratiam Congregationis Missionis (Parisiiis, 1876), p. 33.

Other points of administration have been regulated by
Popes Innocent XI, Clement XI and others, and by various decisions of the Roman Congregations.

A General Assembly of the Congregation cannot be restricted by the decisions of a preceding Assembly, but its power is limited by the pontifical decisions and the decrees of the Roman Congregations. Any modifications on those points fixed by the decisions of the Popes and the decrees of the Roman Congregations must be submitted to the Holy See. But the Holy See readily grants the approbation and even the modifications of its prior decisions, when these are asked for on well-founded motives.

ALFRED MILON

MISSION WORK

The recent feast of the conversion of Saint Paul, January 25th, recalls the memorable sermon of Saint Vincent de Paul from which the Saint always dated the origin of his Congregation of the Mission. After the lapse of three hundred years it is interesting to survey the happenings which led to the foundation of the Priests of the Mission in the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is almost fascinating to consider the historic and apostolic, if not dramatic features that attended the first missions of Saint Vincent and his pioneer companions in the outskirts of Paris. From a restricted outlook, we should say that it is fortunate that the circumstances of the times needed a Saint with a great big heart of love for the poor and abandoned souls in the country districts around Paris, but
it is truer to view it as providential; for the inspiration was surely from above, as Saint Vincent always protested—that gave the impulse to the important work of the Missions as they were then organized, and as they are understood to-day. It is a long stretch from the days when the humble, zealous Vincent started off with his few priests to break the bread of the Word to the little ones of Christ, and had to leave the key of the house to his friendly neighbors; yet it is the same spirit that pervades mission work as it is done to-day by the sons of Saint Vincent in every clime and by the devoted Missionaries of the different Orders and Congregations.

The story of those first Missions is a fruitful record of apostolic work and zeal, and it is stimulating to see the wonderful results for the benefit of souls. Yet it is worthy of note that the Missions as given in our own time, by the spiritual sons of Saint Vincent are likewise filled with abundant deeds of charity for souls, and that their fruits fill many baskets in the harvest of souls that is constantly being reaped in the Vineyard of the Lord. It is no exaggeration to say that in the designs of God thousands of souls are saved through Missions, that else would perish if we view the conditions from every human law. And it is likewise not beyond the literal truth to say that if the faith of Jesus Christ is warm in many hearts, if it is re-born in hearts once cold and stony, if it is ardent and sincere and active and fruitful, it is in no slight a degree—rather in a preeminent degree—due to the missions that are preached in our churches in the villages and towns and cities. What Missions have done to promote the religion and faith of Christ in our own country is a glorious account transcribed on the scrolls of heaven, and cannot be read, in the nature of the case, with human eyes; and what they are destined to do in the future for the welfare, protection and progress of souls and for the upbuilding of the Kingdom.
of God on earth — His Church — is a vision not given to minds to perceive nor tongues to utter.

With every mission, it is the same story. It comes with an appeal to every one — a message from the Holy Ghost. To the will it is a call from the Master and the Shepherd of souls, from the Father of the Prodigal child, and God only knows the many depraved hearts that give heed to the Divine call, and come back to the Sheepfold of Christ, or with broken hearts as well as empty hands, come to their true home, the House of their Father. How many conversions after years of sin, how many bad confessions rectified, when the plea of mercy, straight from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is heard. To the indifferent, the careless, the tepid, the worldly, it is a voice of love and warning that is heard, the voice that proclaims with such pressing accents of truth, that "now is the acceptable time," "now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed." To the poor, the faithful, the true lovers of Christ, it is pleading for "more, still more," the vision of greater heights still to scale, the holy envy aroused for the nobler mansions in our Father's House, the holy dream to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. Every heart is aroused, every crevice of life awakened. Every chord of the human heart is touched, every sentiment appealed to from the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, to love which is its summit, with all its impulses between of faith, and hope, of sympathy and tenderness, of kindness and courage, of sorrow and penance. Even to summarize the particular benefits derived from missions is to tell a long story: sin abandoned, evil companions given up, occasions of sin avoided; pledges taken; evil tendencies checked and corrected; restitutions made; differences healed; marriages validated; mixed marriages prevented; the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist, Confirmation received by those adults who have neglected them. On the positive
side these advantages are obvious: piety is revived; the love of God is developed; the frequent reception of the Sacraments is produced, even daily Communion among all classes; instruction imparted in the fundamental truths of salvation and in the important doctrines and practices of the Church, begets deeper love and greater reverence for all that concerns the Church and our holy religion. Thus all are induced to live “soberly, piously and justly”, “awaiting the blessed hope” and finally many hearts hear the Voice of the divine Lover calling them to serve Him in the way of the Counsels, and henceforth vocations are born that find their culmination in the priesthood and the religious life.

It is almost traditional, if not entirely so, for Vincen­tian Missionaries to regard as the chief part of the mission the work of the confessional, and who can compute the untold, unnumbered deeds of charity, mercy, devotion there performed that have united souls intimately to the Lover of souls, who asked the “burdened and heavily laden” to come to Him to find refreshment?

Truly is a Mission a great grace to a parish, and a source of graces to a soul. It is indeed a fountain of liv­ing waters springing up into eternal life.
OUR DEAR DEPARTED

OUR MISSIONARIES

Rev. Charles Duplan, May 30, 1914, Theux, Belgium; 74 years of age, 48 of vocation.
Brother Leonce Perez, May 6, 1914, Oaxaca, Mexico; 85, 64.
Brother Daniel Mahoney, June 7, 1914, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; 61, 27.
Rev. Charles Mustel, June 9, 1914, Ting-hai, China; 55, 34.
Rev. Simon Lumesi, June 13, 1914, Rio Janeiro, Brazil; 63, 22.
Brother Manuel Siguenza, July 2, 1914, Murguia, Spain; 70, 29.
Rev. Joseph Verrière, August 2, 1914, Sin-Fong, China; 46, 27.
Brother Benjamin Coutant, September, 1914, at the Berceau, France; 71, 41.
Rev. Leonard Dautzenberg, September, 1914, Theux, Belgium; 72, 50.
Brother Calixtus Gadolini, September 9, 1914, Rome, Italy; 57, 18.
Rev. Désiré Salomon, September 13, 1914, Urmiah, Persia; 76, 57.
Mr. James Willem, October 16, 1914, Panningen, Holland; 23, 1.
Rev. Albert Guelton, October 23, 1914, Constantinople, Turkey; 37, 18.
Rev. Émile Déléry, November, 1914, Pernambuco, Brazil; 73, 50.
Brother Joseph De Bernardi, November 5, 1914, Mondovì, Italy; 65, 32.

OUR SISTERS

Sr. Ann Cahill, Lanark, Scotland; 24 years of age, 2 of vocation.
“ Ellen Brinkley, Orphanage, Mill Hill, England; 76, 43.
“ Julia Costello, Mt. Hope Retreat, Baltimore, Md.; 69, 48.
“ Alice Broderick, Mt. Hope Retreat, Baltimore, Md.; 52, 23.
“ Nora Murphy, Los Angeles Infirmary, Los Angeles, Cal.; 66, 40.
“ Ann Doyle, Central House, Emmitsburg, Md.; 83, 60.
“ Sarah Diamond, St. Rose’s Orphan Asylum, Milwaukee, Wis.; 70, 42.
“ Catherine Callahan, Central House, Emmitsburg, Md.; 70, 50.
Sr. Mary Grannells, Hotel Dieu, El Paso, Texas; 83, 54.

“Catherine Nolan, St. Margaret’s Hospital, Montgomery, Ala.; 39, 16.

“Rose Cunningham, St. Joseph’s Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.; 51, 32.


“Ann McDermott, Providence Retreat, Buffalo, N. Y., 73, 47.

R. I. P.
This number of the Annals is devoted chiefly to the war which agitates Europe. Indeed the thoughts of all both Priests and Sisters, turn towards this subject and we have received scarcely a letter or report on any other matter destined for the Annals.

EUROPE

FRANCE

PARIS

We give in the form of a diary, a review of the important events that have occurred during the last three months and which interest in a very special way the double family of Saint Vincent.¹

July 27. The Opening of the General Assembly.—The Community, according to its Constitutions, held this year its twenty-seventh General Assembly. The date had been set for Monday, July 27, the day following the Octave of Saint Vincent’s feast. All the provinces were represented; Persia alone sent the Visitor only. The members of the Assembly numbered ninety-eight. On the first day they elected Father Villette as Secretary of the Assembly

and Father Louwyck as Assistant. The members of the Committee appointed to examine the questions proposed to the Assembly were Fathers Meugniot and Méout, and their assistants were Fathers Villette, Mc Hale, Louwyck, and Arrambari. In the evening of this same day, Most Honored Father Fiat told the Assembly of the steps that he had taken with the Holy Father in order that he might be freed from the burden of his office of Superior General. He informed them of a letter received in which the Pope accepted his resignation and charged the Assembly to choose another to act in his place.

July 28. To-day was devoted to reflection upon how they should act in consequence of the steps taken by the Superior General.

July 29. The Assembly met again with Father Léon Forestier, the first Assistant, presiding; it was decided to comply with the wishes of Most Honored Father Fiat, and the Committee was requested to bring the decision to this venerable man wishing to lay down his office. He came then with the simplicity of a child to thank the members of the Assembly, and as a last recommendation, he requested that they maintain exactly the practice of holy poverty.

Most Honored Father Fiat was born in the year 1832, and entered the Community as a deacon, February 26, 1857. He became successively director of the Seminary at Montpellier, sub-director of the Internal Seminary, assistant at Saint Lazare's and finally vicar general. He was elected Superior General, September 4, 1878, and has since conducted the family of Saint Vincent during nearly thirty-six years.

We take from the Circular letter of the Superior General the following notes concerning Father Fiat: "A few
months ago he reached the years of generalship of our Blessed Father, a thing that none of his predecessors had ever done. And you know as well as I, how fruitful has been this long term of office; how much, on the other hand, he was vexed by severe trials and bitter sufferings. From September, 1878, to July, 1914, the number of our priests has greatly grown and our houses have increased in proportion."

Permit us to give here some figures to bear out these words of our Most Honored Father Villette and to give you a little sketch of the present state of the Community. In 1878 there were 1252 priests, 154 students, 84 novices and 622 brothers, making a total of 2112 in the Congregation of the Mission: now (that is January, 1914), there are 2258 priests, 477 students, 262 novices, and 742 brothers, making a total of 3739 in the Congregation. In 1878, there were six bishops, or vicars apostolic, in 1914, there are twenty-five. The number of houses has kept pace: in 1878, there were 241, in 1914, there are 393 (places in China where they have but one confrère, we also call houses).

To cite further from Father Villette’s letter: "It was during these thirty-six years that Saint Vincent was proclaimed, to our great joy, the patron of all works of charity which are in any way connected with him; that the feast of the Miraculous Medal was given to us; that Our Lady of the Apparition was crowned in the name of our Holy Father the Pope; that our two blessed martyrs, Clet and Perboyre, received the honors of the altar; that were begun the processes of beatification of the Venerable Mgr. de Jacobis, of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, of the Venerable Sister Catherine, of the Venerable Sisters of Arras, and of the servants of God, Father François and his companions, Fathers Rogue and De Andreis, the Abbé Ghébra Mikael, Sister Marguerite Rutan, Sisters Odile and Marianne of Angers, and the pious Mrs. Elizabeth Seton.
Grant, O Lord, that in a very short time the process of Venerable Louise de Marillac may be crowned with success. This would be most pleasing to the heart of Most Honored Father Fiat and to the whole family of Saint Vincent.

Not the least happiness of his long term as Superior General were the rich blessings bestowed to overflowing upon the missions in China after the anti-Christian uprising of the boxers; and the success of our Apostolic Schools opened in a number of the provinces.

These blessings however cannot make us forget our trials; the violent deaths of many of our confrères in China and Portugal, the closing of all of our Seminaries and preparatory schools, as well as of our houses of residence in France, and the almost entire ruin of our works in Portugal."

July 29: To continue our diary. At the particular examen Father Fiat was in his place; all at once he arose, having recalled that there was a custom taught in the seminary to ask pardon for faults when one lays down an office. He left his place and went on his knees and asked pardon for the faults that he had committed and for any bad example he had given to the Community during the thirty-six years of his office of General. Such an address and a posture so lowly, aroused great feeling amongst all, and this emotion increased when they saw this highly esteemed old man go and kneel in the last place amongst the lay brothers; but Bishop Crouzet hastened to take him by the hand and have him come and kneel next to himself; and it was with an effort that they were able to say the prayers for the particular examen.

Thursday, July 30, was a day of prayer and reflection. There was question of electing a Superior General for the double family of Saint Vincent, and although alarming rumors were abroad at this time, they wished that every-
thing be done according to the rules. A wall was made to isolate the Assembly and Fathers Gleizes and Coury were put on guard.

_Friday, July 31._ All the members received Holy Communion from the hand of our Most Honored Father Fiat. They went afterwards to the Election Hall and were shut in with the traditional bread and water. Father Verdier was then elected secretary of the Assembly. As each one went to deposit his ballot, he swore before God to choose the one whom he believed to be the most worthy. Father Villette, the Procurator General, was elected on the first ballot almost unanimously. He was not present in the Assembly. Some of the members were sent to inform him of the burden that the Assembly had placed upon his shoulders, and he came into the hall. Father Fiat and Father Villette both then went on their knees and it was a touching sight to see the old and the new Superior General ask each other's blessing. The members of the Assembly, and afterwards the Community, came to offer their homage to the elect of God and to kiss his hand. The new Superior General’s first visit was to the infirmary, to the dear sick whom Saint Vincent called the Community’s blessing.

Most Honored Father Villette was born in the year 1855, entered the Community in 1873, and was successively professor at the Seminary of Oran in 1877, superior of the philosophical Seminary of Solesmes in 1886, assistant superior of the Seminary at Cambrai in 1892, superior of the same seminary in 1898, procurator general in 1903, and since then he has been the right hand of our Most Honored Father Fiat, going to visit in his name a number of the provinces. Let us hear now our Most Honored Father Villette express his feelings after his election: “I must obey our Constitutions, bow to the decision of the General Assembly and accept the burden which it places upon my
‘Whoever will have been elected, shall not refuse the burden placed upon his shoulders, being mindful of Him in whose name he should believe the selection to be pleasing.’ (Const. vii, 9.) I have obeyed; may God assist me! I ask you, Gentlemen and my dear Brothers, that you yourselves help me before our Lord and Saint Vincent to carry as I should, this heavy load of the supreme authority in the Congregation; help me by your prayers to respond to the confidence that the General Assembly has been pleased to place in me.”

“Let us pray for our Superior General Emile. May he stand and feed in Thy strength, O Lord, in the height of Thy name.” The feast of our new Superior General will be celebrated May 22d.

Next followed the election of the Assistants. In the meantime matters of importance were happening outside; Austria declared war on Servia on July 28; Russia declared war on Austria on July 31. We foresaw that Germany would go into the conflict, and consequently the European war. They decided to go on with the election the following evening.

Father Alfred Louwyck, Assistant of the Mother House, and Father Francis Verdier, Superior of the Seminary at Noto, were elected first and second Assistants; Father Philip Meugniot and Father Augustine Veneziani were kept in their office as third and fourth Assistants, and Father Louwyck was selected as monitor of the Superior General.

The commission of the two venerable Fathers Leon Forestier and Peter Méout was not renewed because of their great age. Here is what the Superior General says in their regard: “It is a very agreeable duty for me to offer to these two gentlemen the thanks of the Community for the valuable and esteemed services that they have rendered as Assistants to our Most Honored Father Fiat and
to the whole Community. The venerable dean of the Congregation both in age and vocation, Father Forestier, will continue to edify our Mother House by his great piety and his tireless regularity. Father Méout is sufficiently able to render good and loyal service and I propose to use his experience and his strength, whilst it lasts, for the great good of the Community."

Scarcely had those elected taken the constitutional oath than they learned of the declaration of war between Germany and Russia, the gathering of the German troops on the frontier, and the decree of general mobilization in France; a meeting to close the Assembly was called at once, the acts of the same were signed, and they departed as best they could. All sorts of troubles attended the confrères of the outlying provinces whilst returning home; but finally they were able to reach their respective provinces, with the exception of Father Zdesar of the Province of Austria, who was arrested on a Spanish boat, imprisoned at the Château d'If, and is still there in spite of all the efforts that have been made to release him. On the 3rd of August, our Most Honored Father Villette, not yet being able to go to Rome, fulfilled his duty of offering to the Sovereign Pontiff Pius X, the tribute of his devotion and submission; we give here the letter received from Rome in answer to his own; it may be remarked that it was dated on August 17, or three days before the Pope's death.
The Vatican, August 17, 1914.

"MOST REVEREND SUPERIOR GENERAL:

I received with pleasure your good letter of the 3rd of August, and I hastened to transmit to the Holy Father the one that you address to him on the occasion of your election as Superior General of the double family of Saint Vincent de Paul.

The Holy Father was well pleased with the expression of the devoted homage, veneration and filial submission that you offered him at the outset of your generalship and he congratulates you upon the important charge that has been confided to you by the almost unanimous choice of the Assembly held lately at Paris. He does not doubt that, following the example of your worthy and venerated predecessor, you will display in fulfilling your commission, all zeal and prudence, in view of the great good thence to come to the Congregation of the Mission.

Imploring an abundance of heavenly favors upon you and your ministry, His Holiness thanks you for the expression of attachment and of obedience offered to him in the name also of the whole Family of Saint Vincent de Paul.

As a pledge of his fatherly good-will, He grants with his whole heart to all, to Father Fiat, and to yourself in particular, the favor of the Apostolic blessing.

With my own congratulations and personal good wishes, be pleased to receive the assurance of my very devoted sentiments in our Lord.

F. D. Card. MERRY DEL VAL.

To the Most Reverend Father Emile Villette, Superior General of the Congregation of the Mission, Paris."

https://via.library.depaul.edu/annals_en/vol22/iss1/1
The war made living at the Mother House difficult, if not dangerous, for the novices and students from outside of France; those from Holland, under the direction of Father Pumir, took refuge at Wernhoutsberg and the other foreign students at Dax and at Notre Dame of Pouy. This last house was sorely tried at the opening of hostilities; the police descended upon the house, and four confrères, two Germans and two Austrians, were imprisoned, one at Dax and the others at Mont-de-Marsan, with liberty to walk in the streets of the city during the day only.

The Sisters of Rue du Bac on their side also have taken precautions; they sent the Seminary Sisters to the Berceau of Saint Vincent de Paul. The journey was wearisome and long, they made stops at most of the stations and arrived at all hours of the day and night. Some of the Sisters were obliged to walk all night long for two or three kilometres with their baggage, and finally, on account of the bright night, the kindness of a good man, and the protection of the Blessed Virgin, they reached their destination. The Berceau was happy and honored to receive a portion of the Community to which it owes so much. The Sisters of the Seminary were lodged in the building used for retreats; moreover, the orphans vacated the ground floor so as to provide for the one hundred thirty little Sisters. The stay of the Sisters will prove a blessing to the works of the Berceau of Saint Vincent de Paul. The "little caps" attract the curiosity of the Landais. Each has his remark to make about the costume and all admire those who come to receive the spirit of Saint Vincent and to prepare themselves for their work of charity. It is an edifying sight to see these little Sisters occupy the home in which Saint Vincent was born, to kiss so devoutly the ground upon which our Blessed Father trod, and to pray so fervently for the Church and France. This is not however the blessed place into which
our Lady deigned to come and where the remains of their Venerable Mother rest; but next to the Chapel of Rue du Bac, next to that which contains the relics of Saint Vincent, is there a spot dearer to the Daughters of Charity than the Berceau of Saint Vincent de Paul?

**August 20.** We received the sad news of the death of our Holy Father Pius X who yielded his beautiful soul to God this morning at a quarter past one o’clock. We cannot speak of the departed without recalling all that this beloved Pontiff did for the Community. One of his first acts was to grant it the new feast of the Patronage of Saint Vincent de Paul. Whilst reading the lessons of the office of this feast, we find an expression that we can aptly recall now: “Every one knows that the religious family of Saint Vincent de Paul is ever ready to keep the needy, to take care of the sick in hospitals, to visit prisons, to conduct schools, to go on the battlefield and bring to the soldiers spiritual and corporal comforts.” It was during the reign of Pius X that were signed the decrees introducing the causes of the Sisters of Arras (May 14, 1907), of Sister Catherine Labouré (December 10, 1907), and of the heroic nature of the virtues of our Venerable Louise de Marillac (1911). This last cause seems to progress rather slowly, but let us recall the consoling words of Pius X addressed in 1907 to Sister Montesquiou: “Your Venerable Foundress will be glorified, you can be sure of this.”

Some changes have been introduced into our two Communities by reason of certain reforms of Pius X. It was announced officially that the decree on confessions of religious men and women applies to the Daughters of Charity; the study of theology must be carried on during four years; the oath against modernism must be taken in certain circumstances; the studies to be made in the internal Seminary were indicated; those in danger of death
are to be allowed to make their vows even though they have not completed the canonical time; some restrictions have been made regarding debts that religious Communities can contract; and more rigorous rules have been made concerning the reception of subjects. The integrity of the faith has been safeguarded by the Encyclicals *Pascendi* and others; the old Office has been put aside by a very valuable recasting of the Breviary; we say now very often the whole psalter, the lessons from the Sacred Scripture, and the beautiful masses of the Sunday and of the holy season of Lent. The Community, under Father Etienne, was given the privilege of using the Ordo of the clergy of Rome; Pius X permits now the saints of the Universal Church only and the feasts of our own family. Finally, this Pope of the Holy Eucharist has happily made easy the frequent and daily reception of Holy Communion for the very young as well as for those who are older.

In closing let us recall the words of Pius X that he pronounced concerning the country of Saint Vincent de Paul at the Consistory of 1911 before the Cardinals of various nationalities: "My dear Children of France, what shall I say to you that groan under the burden of persecution? The nation that made covenant with God, at the baptistery at Rheims, will return repentant to its calling. The merits of her sons who preach the truths of the Gospel in the whole world (and many have sealed their preaching with their blood), the prayers of so many Blessed who desire as companions in the glory of heaven, their dear brothers of their native land, the generous piety of so many of the faithful who at great sacrifice, have maintained the dignity of the clergy and the splendor of Catholic worship, and above all the wailings of so many little children before the Tabernacle pouring out their souls in prayers which God Himself puts into their mouths, all this will surely draw upon this country the divine
mercy. Sin will not go unpunished, but the child of so many merits and so many sighs and tears cannot perish. The day will come, and let us hope that it is not far off, when France, like Saul on the road to Damascus, will be surrounded by light from on high and will hear a voice that will say: 'My daughter, why dost thou persecute me?' and she will answer: 'Who art thou, Lord?' and the voice will reply: 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the goad, because by thy wilfulness thou but bringest ruin to thyself.' And she, trembling and astonished, will say: 'Lord, what will you have me to do?' And He will say: 'Rise up, cleanse thyself of thy stains wherewith thou art soiled, renew in thy heart the sentiments that have grown dormant and the covenant that formerly united us, and then go, eldest daughter of the Church, a predestined nation, a vessel of election, go and carry my name as you have done before to all the peoples and kingdoms of the earth.'"

(Acta Apostolicae Sedis, 1911, p. 657.)

On August 22, a solemn service was sung at the Mother House for the repose of the soul of the Holy Father: it was the last high Mass celebrated at St. Lazare's.

August 23. Most Honored Father Villette announced at the particular examen that Father Milon had asked to be relieved of the office of Secretary General which he has held for twenty-two years, and which he filled with an intelligence and ability that are manifest, and with a devotion that was tireless. It is our duty to point out here the progress that has been made in the Annals by reason of Father Milon's activity.

His chief concern in making choice of the edifying letters which he published was to act according to the recommendation of Saint Vincent de Paul, revived by
Father Bore: "Nothing should be published unless it be useful and true." It is to this anxiety for the useful that we must attribute the numerous letters called forth by Father Milon and embracing valuable details for the Missionaries, personal articles upon various subjects, as "In the Midst of Tempests," a survey of the different Lives of Saint Vincent, etc., etc.; and it is to this concern for exactitude that we owe the bibliographical notes in which he puts aside what appears inexact, with a very alert and independent pen.

Formerly the *Annals* was little more than a collection of edifying letters destined to foster zeal (this is indeed the sub-title which the *Annals* still retains); Father Milon, without neglecting this feature which is the principal one, thought that some historical sketches would be edifying and useful to the Community. He has summed up these for particular occasions in a very happy way, giving accounts of the establishments of the Community, and reproducing lengthy extracts from the different histories of the Congregation. He commenced what he called the *Ancient Annals* and which are outlines of the history of the Community that every one desired, and which could not have been confided to better hands than those of Father Milon. If one would group this information, consisting of extracts from newspapers, reviews, books, archives, personal letters, bibliographical notes, and the general index of the *Annals*, he would be astonished at the amount of historical lore contained in the collection. Father Milon was not content with having supplied an historical list of references, he began to give notices of the Acts of the Holy See concerning the double Family of Saint Vincent. He reproduced the chief panegyrics made upon Saint Vincent and upon our two martyrs, and finally he embellished the *Annals* with numerous views, maps, outlines, and portraits.
Father Milon's activities were not circumscribed: he continued the important publication of the notices and the abridged accounts of the lives of the priests, clerics and brothers of the Mission. This collection, a real martyrology of the little Company, comprises ten volumes, the last of which was completed in 1887. It remains to the confrères to increase this list: may we be saints and the writers of the lives of the saints among us. We may mention also the Memoirs of the Community in China which have been reviewed, corrected and continued. Having been called to carry on the work of Father Milon in the publication of the Annals, I begin it by excusing myself for the delay of this issue. The war was truly one cause, but it would be inexact to say that it was the only cause of the delay. I will strive to conduct the Annals in the same spirit in which the publication was begun, being inspired by the example of my predecessors and the instructions of my Superiors. Besides, the work will be made easy by the aid of the Committee for the Annals, which was appointed by the Most Honored Father Villette, under the presidency of Father Verdier.

August 31. The news of the war grows disquieting: our troops have been obliged to retreat into French territory; the Germans have taken possession successively of Liege, Namur, Louvain, Brussels and Mechlin. They are advancing rapidly towards Paris. On the 31st General Von Klück was already at Compiègne and Paris was threatened with siege. The officers of the administration of the family of Saint Vincent were obliged to go outside the capital to conduct the affairs of the Community. Finally, for fear of bombardment, we were obliged to evacuate as soon as possible the fortified city of Paris. On this day the students and novices who still remained at Paris were sent to Dax.
That same evening Most Honored Father Fiat, accompanied by some of the confrères, set out for Dax. It was with great difficulty that we secured traveling accommodations. Worn out, we entered a compartment that was marked reserved, and which indeed was reserved for us by Providence. At Tours we had to change; it was midnight and we were laden with baggage; one was deaf, another blind, a third dragged himself along painfully. There was no porter. A train passed; it was filled; another followed and it was crowded. Must we stay where we were? Our good angels took pity on us: a third train was announced; there was room in the passage way with the children and the dogs. We installed ourselves there and rested on our valises. Most Honored Father Fiat was able to secure a seat in the drawing-room. New troubles began when those next to him opened the windows and caused drafts of air. Father Corvée, who succeeded in slipping in near Father Fiat, closed the windows good-naturedly, and they opened them again. He closed them a second time and they persisted in reopening them. Father Corvée then explained that the venerable old gentleman was the former Superior General of the Lazarists and of the Sisters of Charity and that he was subject to colds. They took compassion on Father Fiat then and made a compromise by putting him in a place where he would not feel the draft so much, and so a treaty of peace was signed. We arrived at Bordeaux at eight o'clock in the morning and the train for Dax had gone. As the next train would not leave until one o'clock, we went to say Mass at the house of our confrères and to take breakfast. This was providential; the breakfast restored Father Fiat’s strength, and without this mishap, he would have had to go to Dax before he could have taken anything. We set out at one o’clock, the train was exceedingly long and it went hopelessly slow. We arrived at nine o’clock in the evening. To heap up misery, no one
met us at the station; our confrères had received sixty of
the wounded that they did not expect. We had to wait
at the station for a carriage which came at last, and the
driver whipped up his horse and soon brought us to Notre
Dame of Pouy, which was indeed for us a gate of heaven.

September 1. Most Honored Father Villette went to
Bordeaux with two of his Assistants, Fathers Meugniot and
Veneziani and also Father Milon. Most Honored Mother
Maurice was in the same train with Sisters Penicot and
Ribiollet. A number of the confrères set out in every
direction. At St. Lazare’s, Fathers Louwyck and Verdier,
the Assistants, Father Cazot, the Procurator General, and
some others, with our dear lay brothers, so necessary for
the service of the house, remained. Sister Chesnelong,
Sister Froidefond and Sister Vignancourt attended to the
good order of the Community at their Mother House, Rue
du Bac. They made some provision for a siege, but not
too much, because the law did not allow one to buy up be­
forehand and because Brother Barat who was there in 1870
recalled that it took three years to use what they had
stored up at that time. To provide against the effects of
bombs, they placed fire extinguishers in the corridors.
Father Coste put away the archives in a place of safety,
and quietly and confidently they awaited events.

September 2. We learn that the President of the Re­
public has left Paris with the Ministers. General Von
Klück is at Dammartin, twenty-five kilometres from Paris.
General Gallieni in a brief and forceful proclamation thus
reassured the Parisians: “I have received orders to defend
Paris against invasion. This command I shall fulfil to the
utmost.” This is short and well said; we feel well pro­
tected; we have confidence in our leaders, but above all we
have confidence in God and in our Blessed Lady. If offi-
cial France does not pray, we can say that the whole of France, especially the Parisians, with some exceptions, raise their hearts to God. Since the beginning of the war, there is something very beautiful in France; before leaving the soldiers went to confession, and on the battlefield, by a providence of God that knows how to draw good from evil, the priests were mixed in with the soldiers as is yeast with dough. They said Mass for the troops, preached to them, heard their confessions under a rain of bullets and brought Holy Communion to them in the trenches. Without any human respect they sang the old hymns: “We Want God,” and “O Mary, Mother Dear.” And whilst the soldiers associate heart and soul with the priest, everywhere the churches are crowded and fervent prayers ascend to the Sacred Heart, to our Blessed Lady, to Saint Michael and Joan of Arc. Communions are frequent and every evening the faithful meet together, to recite the beads before the Blessed Sacrament for the soldiers who are fighting, for those who have died on the field of glory, for the wounded, for their nurses, for the families made desolate, and finally that God may give us victory.

Paris promised a basilica to Joan of Arc and carried her relics in procession. The old Cathedral was filled, and many outside sang the Creed and invoked the Saints of France. These are dangerous times, the Commander-in-chief does not conceal it from the soldiers; the orders are to conquer or to die. “At this moment,” he tells them, “when we are engaged in a struggle on which the salvation of our country depends, a soldier who can no longer advance should, come what will, protect the conquered territory and permit himself to be killed on the spot rather than to retreat.” And now the great battle of the Marne begins; will it mean defeat and the siege of Paris, or will it mean victory and deliverance? Our Lady
intervenes in her children's favor: the priests are chanting: "In thy Nativity, O Virgin Mother of God, hath the whole world rejoiced," and behold how great a day is announced to the people of France. The battle began on the vigil of the Nativity and ended on the twelfth, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, by the retreat of the enemy, and it was during the octave of the Nativity that was heard for the first time the word that filled all hearts with joy: "Victory!"

Some days previous, on September 3, the cardinals, assembled in conclave since August 31, elected as Pope, Cardinal della Chiesa who took the name of Benedict XV. Born in Genoa in 1854, the new pope made his studies at the Capranica Seminary at Rome, and our confrères at Monte Citorio remember his regular attendance at the meetings of the conference which were held at their house. He was ordained on December 21, 1870, and it was at our house that he made his retreat in preparation for the priesthood. Benedict XV very kindly recalled this fact at an audience that he granted to our confrères at Rome a few days ago. Successively as secretary of the nunciature at Madrid, afterwards assistant of the Secretary of State and finally as substitute for Cardinal Rampolla, he came faithfully to our International House on St. Nicholas Street to the reunions of the Third Order of St. Francis. He was named Archbishop of Bologna in 1907 and Pope Pius X himself consecrated him. Mgr. della Chiesa received thus from Pius X the plenitude of the priestly character, as he was to receive after him the plenitude of the Apostolic commission. He was created Cardinal at the last consistory which took place in the month of May. We have a Pope in spite of the almost universal warfare which exists in Europe; it is surely providential that Italy has not gone into the conflict; what would have happened if she had done the contrary? One of the first acts of the new Pon-
tiff was to recommend throughout the world prayers for peace and adjure governments to make haste to consider the thoughts of peace. May his appeal be heard!

At the first news of the election of Benedict XV, Most Honored Father Villette hastened to send to the Sovereign Pontiff a telegram in which he presented to him the sentiments of respect and filial devotion of the two families of Saint Vincent. Behold the reply that he received immediately: “The Holy Father, Benedict XV, accepts with benevolence the filial homage and devotion of the two families of Saint Vincent de Paul, and sends them from his heart, and to you in particular, the Apostolic benediction. Cardinal Ferrata.” The Superior General intends to go in person to offer to the Holy Father his homage, as soon as circumstances will permit. May God preserve, bless and comfort him who is His Vicar upon earth! “Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!”

September 9. His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, returning from the conclave and the crowning of the Pope, did us the honor to ask hospitality at Saint Lazare’s. Before going to Rome he stayed for several hours with us and the Sisters, and these latter were greatly edified to see this illustrious Prince of the Church remain for an hour and a half in prayer before our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. This time His Eminence stayed longer with us. In the evening after supper, whilst tea was being served in the reception room, he praised the new pope and his Secretary of State who both love France very much. He spoke of the trials of his own dear country Belgium, how saddened he was to see it so ravaged, but happy nevertheless to see it so noble and valiant. He deplored the loss of the library at Louvain which he had helped to enrich with precious manuscripts and old works. His Eminence set out on Thursday evening September 10, in a special car
that the French government had graciously placed at his
disposal to take him to Havre.

Some days later Father Louwyck received the following
letter:

“A little late, but from the heart, I thank you for the
hospitality so kind and so frankly sincere that you were
pleased to give me at your holy house when on my way
through Paris. I shall keep in my heart the attentions
that you showed me, and the life so edifying, of which I
have been a happy witness, shall be a faithful and grateful
memory. My episcopal city has been well tried; I en-
counter at every turn the most distressing misery; but our
people are calm and suffer with dignity. They do not
ask for peace at any cost, but await with confidence the
hour of mercy, and for the authors of their misfortunes, the
hour of justice. Accept, I pray you, etc.

Cardinal Mercier,
Archbishop of Mechlin.

Whilst these events took place at Paris, the Superior
General profited by his stay at Bordeaux to visit the
houses of the Sisters in the South-west, in company with
Father Meugniot, Director of the Sisters of Charity. His
visit, as well as that of Most Honored Mother, was a great
consolation and a comfort in these sad times, when the care
of the wounded demanded day and night of the Sisters
heroic self-sacrifice. There were some of the houses that
the Major Superiors had never before visited, consequently
were it not for its horrors, they would almost bless the war
for bringing them so great a happiness. Successively Bor-
deaux, Dax, Bayonne, St. Jean-de-Luz, Orthez, Mont-de-
Marsan, Arcachon, Libourne, Château-l’Évêque, Moissac,
Carcassonne, Montolieu, Tarbes, Pau, and Ance, received
a treasured visit. Moreover the Superior General received
everywhere from the civil and ecclesiastical authorities the most flattering expressions of regard for his daughters. He had only to encourage them, bless them, and frequently to moderate their zeal. This however does not apply only to that part of France of which we speak, it applies to all the Sisters, and in proof of this we wish to quote the remarks of Mr. Buisson, which he made at an important reunion at Paris: "The Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul are everywhere where there is good to be done, without choice, without distinction, without fear of excessive hardship, heroic in their tireless devotion." It would take too long to recount, in its smaller details the journey of Most Honored Father with all its happenings; there were a thousand little worries that he bore joyously: the trains had not always condescended to receive the illustrious travelers, and it turned out that they returned to the house on Pasteur St. at nine o'clock, after having set out at seven for a long journey. They thought us, at times, suspicious persons, as a vigilant sentinel forbade our automobile to continue its course. The Superior General was obliged sometimes to sleep in a dormitory as in the internal Seminary. On another day he was forced to remain for four long hours in a little railroad station, and during this time, the carriage which was to convey our Most Honored Father, made its solemn entrance empty between a double row of Sisters and others, with the ringing of the bells, etc. It is indeed true that this is after the fashion of war.

Returning from his journeyings, our Most Honored Father found at Bordeaux a comfortable house, providentially quite near to that of Most Honored Mother and not far from the ministers with whom it was necessary to consult daily, especially at this time; and besides, agreeable confrères ever ready to render any service (the Secretary General knows something of this). Indeed the life at little St. Lazare's of Bordeaux was, as at the greater St. Lazares'
at Paris, a life of perfect regularity, and of exquisite charity.

The Superior General did not fail while he was at Bordeaux, to come several times to our confrères at Dax and at the Berceau. His first visit to Dax gave occasion to a very touching scene, which would be a reproach to me were I not to give it notice in the Annals. Whilst coffee was being served after dinner, Father Fiat said something after this fashion in addressing Father Villette: “Yesterday I still considered you as my son, and to-day, you are my Father, my Most Honored Father, and it is here that you take possession of this house of Dax, that I have loved so much; I express the wish that you will have for it always a very special affection.” The Most Honored Father Villette replied in language the most delicate: unfortunately for this toast, as for that of Father Fiat, we have not the words themselves. Father Villette said among other things, that if he was now the Father of the double family of Saint Vincent, Father Fiat should be the Grandfather, with all the privileges and prerogatives that in families are accorded to grandfathers. He added that he wished to be truly a father, placing all his physical, intellectual and moral energy at the service of the double family of Saint Vincent. He said that he had confidence in spite of hardships, because he was profoundly edified to see the admirable piety and perfect union of all the confrères at the Assembly, and because he knew that all the confrères were filled with devotion and ready, at any sacrifice, to aid him in his heavy task. He finished by saying to Father Fiat that he should always consider himself at home in a special way at Notre-Dame-du-Pouy.

Let us end the account given of these two visits by saying that our confrères at Dax and at the Berceau have received in the house a number of the wounded soldiers. We read in a newspaper, The Cross, of Wednesday Sep.
tember 16, the following extracts taken from some notes on the Campaign by the Father-infirmarian: “In the ambulance at Dax at the Lazarists,” said a physician of that place, “our wounded are truly too well cared for: the religious themselves wash their feet, and if you could see the paradise in which they are!”

Most Honored Father Villette returned to Paris for the retreat which began on October 23 and ended on the feast of All Saints. The war has not prevented meditation on the great truths; it has even made it easy by the recollection of so many deaths and heartaches that it has brought with it. All the confusion outside does not stop at the gate and sometimes a bulletin of a battle finds its way in; during a quarter of an hour of distraction, we forget Collet and Louis of Granada to reflect on our confrères who cannot make a retreat, on the Sisters who are deprived of the same blessing because they are overburdened with work in the ambulances, on the soldiers who are dying by thousands in the trenches; and all this clanging of war makes our retreat like the one of 1636, of which Saint Vincent writes in a letter to Father Portail on the 15th of August of that year: “Paris,” he said, “awaits siege from the Spaniards who have entered Picardy, ravaging it with a powerful army whose advance-guard extends to ten or twelve leagues from here; so that the people of the low country are fleeing to Paris and Paris is so terrified that many of its inhabitants are fleeing to other cities. The king tries nevertheless to raise an army to oppose them, his own troops being away or at the extremities of the kingdom. The place where the companies are organized and armed at home, is in stables, woodsheds and armories; and cloisters are filled with arms and the courtyards with soldiers. The feast of the Assumption is not free from this riotous annoyance: drums begin to beat as early as seven o’clock in the morning, so that after eight days sev-
enty-two companies have been formed. But although this is so, our whole community does not omit to make their retreat.” Thus it is that in 1914, we imitate our Blessed Father Saint Vincent.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE WAR

A number of our priests and brothers are taking part in the war, either as volunteer chaplains, nurses, and stretcher-bearers, or as soldiers. We reproduce extracts from their letters. It is not always possible to give the place where they are located, as this is forbidden by the military laws, and for the same reason proper names as well as certain details are omitted.

Father Duthoit, acting under the belief that war is a great mission, the ceremonies and illuminations of which are furnished by God Himself, the booming of cannon replacing the most eloquent sermon, enlisted despite his advanced age of sixty-three years. The following are some passages from his letters.

September 1.

Having arrived, while the battle — which is fiercely continued — raged, we are lodged at the presbytery. Our meals are taken with the officers who are kindness itself, just like our old-time soldiers. One becomes accustomed to the booming of cannon heard day and night. We are in God’s hands!

The thought that I am here through obedience, and the many prayers promised, give me strength. From a distance, our manner of life cannot be imagined . . . Had we not been offered hospitality at the presbytery, we should have shared the officers’ quarters in a barn; this may come later on.
Clermont-en-Argonne, September 15

Deo gratias! The Virgin Powerful has protected her own. Bombardment, burning, famine, nothing prevailed. I was taken as hostage and threatened with being shot. ... Horrible visions, but consoling ministry! There were most holy deaths on the stretchers and along the roads.

Clermont-en-Argonne, September 16

The wounded willingly accept the ministry of the priest. . . . The Sisters meet all emergencies . . . they are frail and yet they never falter. I have just returned from the burial of those who died yesterday. The bodies are placed in a wagon and our precious donkey draws it to the cemetery. . . . What a terrible thing is war seen close by! The city was completely burned after it had been shelled and pillaged. The bombs passed over our house yet they have damaged only the asparagus. What a fruitful ministry is ours! I hope to receive altar bread from Verdun in order to say Mass. At this moment the cannon is booming at Montfaucon.

Clermont-en-Argonne, September 17

What we have seen and heard within the last nine days in our intercourse with the Germans, is beyond description! . . . The city is destroyed by shells and by fire which has consumed nine-tenths of it. The fire caused by a defective flue, was spread by the Germans who were furious to find the country deserted. . . . Our whole household with the emigrants took refuge in the hospital cellars. . . . One is almost wild, amid the tumult and the many hardships, but what a comforting ministry! The Sisters seem miraculously supported to endure the fatigues of sleepless days and nights; they have fed the distressed and bewildered multitude, giving them cooked vegetables. By
degrees one becomes accustomed to the noise of the cannon, to the sight of blood and wounds, and to mutilated corpses, to the groans of the helpless and wounded. . . . All are urgent in claiming the assistance of my ministry.

Clermont-en-Argonne, September 20

What happiness you would experience, could you but witness the moral and religious effect produced by the soutane and cornette among the troops! Soldiers and officers express their admiration in such glowing terms that we might become proud, were we not “humility incarnate.”

Clermont-en-Argonne, September

Yesterday, I was called to the “Little Islands,” 4 kilometres distant. The curé and his vicar are both in the army, but the mayor, a zealous Catholic, is still there, and has saved the place from fire and pillage. Here the subprefect said to the Sister Superioress: “You should be the mayor!” I shall tell you later of my arrest, that dreadful night spent as hostage, because of the shots which we think were fired by the Germans, the march through the city, between two soldiers with loaded rifles, who forced me to cry out before each door or open window: “Do not fire on the German soldiers, or I shall be killed.” There were three of us, a farmer and his son who had come for me to assist some wounded, and myself. I heard the confessions of the two, prepared them for death and at the same time made my own preparation. However, a very sick person, the darkness of the night and a major somewhat kinder than the majority of the officers, saved my life. In the morning, the farmer and his son were led away and probably shot. A German soldier came to say that I prevented the Sisters from giving food to the
German soldiers; now, we had spent the night among their wounded, and the Sisters in the kitchen making soup. We are at the mercy of everything here, with such men as these. What a life, to see suffering, to see death, and then inform the relatives as we had promised.

Clermont-en-Argonne, October 15

Thanks for your kind and consoling letter. It did us all good, particularly the Sisters. I wish you were personally acquainted with the Superioress, Sister R. . . . She has completely won over the Staff, and has only to speak to obtain what she desires; she will be favorably reported to the officials of the "Army Bulletin." They wish to bestow upon her the Cross of Honor. The sub-prefect says: "This Superioress, she is a brave soldier, she is a man."

Yesterday was for us a day of deep emotion and happiness, despite all that goes on. *Universæ vicæ Domini, misericordia et veritas.* God is constantly blessing us. I accompanied to the place of execution two soldiers sentenced to death. They eagerly accepted my services. The journey of 5 kilometres was made in a carriage with two gendarmes who kindly kept away as much as possible to give me greater liberty with the condemned men. I had previously heard their confessions, and they received Communion in the carriage where I continued praying with them. Such are these French pagans who die the death of the just. Arrived at the place of execution, they walked like Christians bravely to the post. The silence was appalling. After I had embraced them and given them the crucifix to kiss, their eyes were bound and two platoons of twelve soldiers each, chosen from the sharp shooters, advanced in two rows towards the prisoners, each platoon being thirty paces from the condemned man. Opposite them as in an amphitheatre, a thousand or twelve
hundred soldiers, drawn up in the form of an open square, were looking on. The bugle sounded the signal over the fields, and the lieutenant, pale as death, raised his sword, while the soldiers faced the prisoners. Silently the sword was lowered, and instantly the condemned fell, each pierced through the heart. — I had been kneeling, but now rushed forward to the dead and believing them still alive when I reached them, anointed each on the forehead. The soldiers in silence defiled before the corpses, the majors made the examination, and the graves being ready, they were buried on the spot.

Sundays I preach at the military Mass before the entire Staff and a crowded chapel; the hymns rendered by the soldiers are often to the accompaniment of the roaring of cannon at the firing line. I had hoped that I might be able to return to the Most Honored Mother, her crucifix so often kissed by bleeding lips, but my fellow prisoner said to me so pleadingly, “Leave me the good God until I die,” that I gave it to him.

Clermont-en-Argonne, October 24

Many thanks for your kind and affectionate letter, it reanimated the courage of all in the house. Our hearts have been very sad these few days past; a bomb falling in a trench killed four soldiers and wounded six others; two of the wounded died with us. To-night matters are worse, we are almost exhausted. Up to midnight we had attended fourteen wounded, dressed their wounds and placed them in bed, and this morning I returned with the general from burying fourteen soldiers. Again there were twenty-eight men disabled by a bomb which fell in their midst just as they were taking their meal in a large trench. The colonel spoke over the bodies at the grave and I in the church in the midst of ruins, while at each instant the firing of the guns made us tremble in spite of our-
selves. Fortunately I had brought everything necessary for the ceremony, and a sergeant, one of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, served.

These terrifying and sudden deaths sadden us. A sergeant from Paris said to me: "Warn me of any danger, do not let me die without the Sacraments." Happily I gave him all, and none too soon, for he died while I was at N.... These are predestined souls! How they suffer! He died bathed in his blood, pierced all over with splinters from the shells. What a horrible thing war is!

The moral intenseness of our life makes us forget our bodies, but the good done to souls, God reclaiming His own, consoles us immensely. The wounds of these poor unfortunate men are cruel but certain blessings. How overwhelmed with consolation you would be, could you witness some of the scenes transpiring around us.

Let us now listen to the youngest among the volunteer chaplains, Father Théveny, who made his seminary at Saint Lazare's.

September 8

Be pleased, I beg of you, to recommend us both to the prayers of the Community. Several days ago, Providence separated us and I do not know what has become of Father Duthoit. Twice he was assisting our soldiers in towns that were bombarded. At a small ambulance in the country he attended nearly sixteen hundred wounded. How these poor creatures welcome us! Their horrible wounds bring life to their souls! We have some strenuous days. Sometimes for want of time or provisions, we pass an entire day without eating, but despite it all, our health is excellent.... Yesterday there was great success on our side.... Our wounded are admirable, we rarely hear a complaint. The soldiers regard us as their brothers, we live their life. Thanks again for the exceptional favor of having been chosen.
October 2

I come to ask the assistance of your prayers and those of our confrères. From the time of our departure, Divine Providence has taken such care of us that we have both become "zealots of Providence." I would love to prove this to you in detail, but to do so it would be necessary to give certain facts which might compromise the safe arrival of my letter.

It suffices to say that the presence of Father Duthoit at our Sisters’ hospital in a certain small town, saved the hospital, as the whole place was burned by the Germans. My dear confrère and the Sisters passed through nine days of intense agony. Father Duthoit was sentenced to be shot. He was paraded through the streets of the town and forced to cry out: "Do not fire on the German soldiers, or I shall be killed." ... An immense picric bomb exploded in the garden just twenty metres from where he was standing, tearing out the entire front of his cassock. Had the fragment deviated one or two centimetres from its course, he would have been killed. A proof of the special protection of Mary over her children is that the hospital was not in the least damaged, while the adjoining houses are in ruins. I have not personally experienced these dangers as I am a sort of civic chaplain, always stationed about four or five kilometres from the scene of action, and have never been nearer than a hundred metres to a falling bomb. My work is in the railroad stations, in barns, houses, churches, and for want of any thing better, even in rude sheds. It is providential that I was placed in ambulance No. 8 of the 10th Army corps, for besides being one of the busiest, it is one of the few without a priest among the infirmarian stretcher-bearers. Last week we received more than eleven hundred wounded in three days, and I
daily heard the confessions of more than sixty, administering also the last Sacraments.

This is a sort of grand military mission, most productive in its results, where God does the preaching by the roaring of the great guns and showers of grape-shot. We have only to hear the confessions and I can assure you there is nothing easier or more consoling. The trying part of our ministry is to accustom ourselves to look with composure on the ghastly wounds and horrible dismemberments which are borne, we might say, without complaint. In the beginning, at the time of the retreat, we passed through fearful days. For ten days we have been stationary and our men are the least advanced of the whole army. We know that Father Duthoit is acquainted here, for he gave a mission in the place three months ago.

After the chaplains proper, let us listen to those of our confrères who under the more modest name of stretcher-bearers, fulfil a mission similar to the former.

Letter from Rev. Paul Barbet, C. M.
to Very Rev. E. Villette, Superior General.

September 28, 1914

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing if you please!

This is the happiest day of my short campaign, as I was able to say Mass this morning for the first time since I left Bordeaux, and this evening affords me an opportunity of expressing to you my profound respect and filial submission. Yesterday, September 27, I was unable to say Mass, but my sacrifice and your good prayers have doubled my happiness to-day.

We are in the midst of a battle, our division is in the centre of operation. On all sides cannons roar, the firing
is incessant, while the German bombs fall in our midst and we pick up the burning fragments. So far, notwithstanding the fact that I have been twelve days at the front, I have not received the slightest scratch; but am very much fatigued. May it please our good God to sustain me until the end of the war, for despite my unworthiness and insufficiency, I am daily more and more convinced of the necessity of priests among the soldiers even on the firing line. The regular chaplains are at the points of concentration or in the ambulances and surely their services are invaluable, but experience proves that on the battlefield during the action, the priest is absolutely necessary.

The curé of the parish where I said Mass this morning, a village not far from the city where Joan of Arc was made prisoner, told me that two Jesuits, official chaplains, to whom he was speaking a few days ago, expressed their regret at being obliged to remain so far from the front, and begged him to petition that they might be attached to a regular regiment instead of being with a division.

Our days are hard, our troops suffer much but so far they have valiantly accomplished the mission confided to them. We are sadly in need of rest which we were promised after five days’ fighting; this is the twelfth day and we are still in the battle with no respite in sight. May God have mercy on us!

I would like to give you a thousand and one interesting details, but being unable to do this, I daily jot down the most striking in my little note book which Father Briffon gave me.

We have just learned with the greatest satisfaction that our left wing has been for several days in command of a general equally noted for his military valor and wonderful piety. This has reanimated our confidence for he has already given proofs of success by his quick and energetic action.
With regard to the troops I am accompanying, notwithstanding their heavy losses (in one section of my company only eight men out of fifty remain, but the others have not been so severely tried) they evince at the time of action, wonderful ardor, courage, and an utter disregard of death.

Paul Barbet.

While these incidents were taking place in the centre, Rev. Baeteman, Missionary of Abyssinia, forwarded the following details relative to his experiences as stretcher-bearer of the right wing, in the neighborhood of Saint Mihiel.

September 14

After a long march, with our knapsacks on our backs, we are here; where we are going is always a mystery, and perhaps it is better so. At first I suffered a little, but I am growing accustomed to it now. However, the worst is yet to come. We have received baptism of fire these past days, a real festival. Shells, grape-shot and bombs, nothing was wanting. We were thirty-six hours without food, and many times we had to leave our meals and run.

During the day we roasted in the sun and at night we shivered in a barn on a little straw. Is it not a truly apostolic life? Out of one hundred-twenty stretcher-bearers there are fifty-four priests. I have had the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice four times; occasionally I have also been able to communicate. I have frequently addressed the soldiers and officers who come in great numbers to the religious offices, especially to night prayers. My health is good, and I hope to be of some little service to my companions. But I dream with a real homesickness of those poor Abyssinians who will perhaps have to wait still many months for me. May the will of God be done!

Baeteman
Our life has been a busy one for fifteen days. After long marches, with knapsacks on our backs, in the rain and mud, we were able to go near enough to the firing line to collect the wounded. Many shells aimed at us left us unharmed. One day we were surrounded by even two hundred forty cannons; it was frightful yet grand. One is so accustomed now to them that the three large cannons placed near the Chateau de Manonville, where our ambulance is established, roar day and night, and no one pays the slightest attention to them. For several days, we marched both day and night, eating only once every two days. But what a joy to go to assist the poor wounded, especially when they have been left unaided two, three and four days; and how sad to hear their cries from afar in the night, when orders oblige us to withdraw. For three days I have been with No. 1 ambulance of the same division, because, as no priest had been named for this ambulance, the major asked for me. Although the danger will be less here, we are much exposed to shells and still more to be taken prisoner. During the day we attend the wounded, and at night I watch, so that none may die without the Sacraments. I am tired, worn out, but very happy. And as long as the division is on the firing line, there will be no time to rest, but one may do that later. Help me to thank God for the good which He permits me to do, and please send me your paternal blessing.

B A E T E M A N.

Another stretcher-bearer, Father Espinouze, a Missionary of Antoura, made the entire campaign from Charleroi to Montmirail. He wishes to give us some of his impressions during this perilous retreat from Belgium to the Marne.
Here I am at the hospital of La Roche-sur-Yon, after a six weeks' campaign. On account of a violent attack of nephritic colic, I had to leave the field of war near Montmirail. I am resting and can therefore more easily give you my account.

I assure you, I left the front with regret. It would have been so good to follow the enemy's retreat. But above all, I had already been able to do much good among our brave soldiers, among the strong as well as among the wounded and the dying; and I feel therefore that I have not been entirely useless. In a word, the life on the firing line, though hard and most dangerous, was interesting. I was deeply impressed with the acts of courage, of abnegation, of piety and of sincere gayety in the very face of death, of which I was every day a witness.—France may be proud of her army which, in a short time, has recovered all the qualities of our warriors of other days. Having seen our soldiers in action, I have no doubt as to their final success, they do not doubt themselves; they have never doubted, even during the retreat, and it is this hope which is their strength.

August 3, the second day of the mobilization, I had to go to Lille; the town was gay, and decorated as for a great holiday. The mobilized thronged the streets, carrying their little baggage under their arms. In the court of the Military Hospital were well-to-do merchants, laborers in working costume, priests in cassocks, and other expelled religious in various costumes, exchanging their impressions in a friendly manner; one breathed already that air of union which is our strength. In an instant one forgot the political and religious differences of the past, and hand in hand, all were ready to run to meet the common enemy. In one corner of the court, there was a good country pastor.
conversing amicably with his schoolmaster who a few days previous had been his bitter enemy.

At Lille, I again met Fathers Taud, Ryckwart, Regnier, Lambin, Bizart, and Delafosse, mobilized with me; we had occasion to dine many times with our Sisters of the Rue de la Barre.

At the request of the chief physician of the eighth ambulance, of the first Army Corps, who wished to have a priest in the formation, I offered to go with him to the firing line. The majority of the priests had been scattered among the reserve ambulances or given hospital duty. Fathers Leflon and Lambin had already been sent to the hospital at Maubeuge.

The eighth ambulance left Lille August 7; we marched out proudly, to the air of the Marseillaise, escorted by part of the cheering population, who threw flowers at us and sang with us. A train awaited us at the Magdalen Station. At the first stop, a wit of my division in a most serious manner, asked the station master who was pacing majestically up and down the platform, “if we were still very far from Berlin.” Sallies of this nature, provoking general hilarity, I heard at every instant; this gaiety, so characteristic of the French temperament, is seen always and especially in the most tragic moments. We remained several days in the environs of Hirson, near the Belgian frontier. Many of the soldiers profited by this leisure to go to confession before facing the enemy.

Many wishing to address themselves to the Missionary with the long beard, I had occasion to absolve a large number, many of whom had not confessed since their First Communion. All accepted with pleasure the medal I gave them, and those who had been forgotten came to ask me for one.

On August 13, we entered Belgium amid the enthusi-
astic cries of the population, who offered us all they could put their hands on: eggs, milk, beer, tobacco, etc.

On the 15th, near Philippeville, we assisted at Mass said in the open air, during which the roar of cannon could be heard for the first time. The first Army Corps, of which I was a member, came in contact with the enemy at Dinant. In the morning we had to abandon the town which we recaptured in the evening. August 16, our ambulance, which was installed in the Chateau of Merlemont, received five hundred-fifty wounded in the combat of the previous day. One of them died an hour after his arrival; I assisted him in his last moments and was given charge of the funeral which took place the following day from the village church; a large number attended.

August 20, at Rosée near Dinant, I had the joy of meeting Father Bizart, who had left Lille fifteen days before me and had come to join the ambulance of the First Corps. We had the happiness of marching together until my departure.

On the 22d, we witnessed for the first time a very sad spectacle; numbers of Belgian families fleeing by all roads before the German invaders. Some were fortunate enough to have carts upon which they had piled all that they could carry, while many others less fortunate were forced to walk, carrying on their shoulders babies, or bundles containing their most cherished possessions. They passed sadly before us and quickly gave us some information as to the enemy's movements. They regretted most having to abandon all their goods. It was the beginning of the exodus, an exodus of which we were to be witnesses until the 6th of September.

From the 15th to the 23rd of August we resisted the German forces on the Meuse, from Dinant to Namur. On the 23rd it was necessary to face the Sambre, which the Germans had ascended and crossed by going around
Namur. The battle was fierce. From a distance we could follow the various operations of the infantry and artillery. A group of infirmarians, far from being intimidated by the bursting shells, only awaited the end, that they might go to search for the wounded; and a number of artillery men as they waited with their reserve caissons, the order to carry some refreshment to their comrades, began chasing hares, rabbits and partridges which ran distractedly among us. It was truly a French scene. While the shells were bursting at a few metres distance, these light-hearted men brandished their swords or sticks, and ran from side to side across the fields, mingling their cries and shouts of laughter with the groans of the victim who easily allowed itself to be captured, not knowing where to go. There were forty of these victims which the happy hunters immediately skinned in order to furnish something out of the ordinary, as a relish to their companions.

On the evening of the 23rd we had to retreat, leaving Dinant and several other villages behind us. The cannon roared almost all night under a sky crimsoned by the glare of many fires. We retreated for fourteen days, making thirty kilometres every day; we had frequent skirmishes with the enemy who followed us closely. Life was particularly hard during this retreat, since it was necessary for us almost always to sleep in the open. On halting in a field or meadow, each one hastened to secure two bundles of straw, one to serve as a mattress, the other as a covering; and with the knapsack for a pillow, we slept peacefully, unconscious of the roar of cannon. The officers fared no better than we, and gave us the example of sacrifice; I have often seen the chief physician of our ambulance passing through our immense dormitory and asking for a little space to rest himself on straw between two soldiers. On rainy days we rested under the wagons, but there was not room enough for all.
Sunday morning, September 6, after having assisted at High Mass sung in the open air, at Villenauxe, Aube, we made a sudden attack. A terrible battle ensued. The cannons roared without interruption, the grape-shot came down in showers, and aeroplanes traversed the air in every direction. The firing continued until midnight, only to begin the following morning at four o’clock.

On September 7, at about nine o’clock, the Germans began to draw back and were obliged to evacuate the village of Esternay under the fire of our artillery which decimated their ranks. We followed them closely, and in crossing the battlefield, we witnessed the ravages which the artillery had wrought. The bodies lay on the ground reddened with their blood; the French and the Germans intermingled, horribly mutilated by the bursting shells; some had their heads blown to pieces, others had no limbs, and still others had their very entrails laid bare by the horrible wounds. Many houses were in ruins. What a sad spectacle is presented by a battlefield! The church of Esternay and many farmhouses were overcrowded with the wounded whom the Germans had abandoned. In the church alone there were more than four hundred.

The night of the 7th of September we passed through the burning village of Montguyon.

The morning of the 8th, the cannons roared louder than ever around Montmirail. Towards noon, the Germans lost ground completely and were obliged to flee in disorder towards the Marne, leaving part of their material. It was a victory.

Our ambulance did not attend the wounded, but we took charge of the dead. The bodies were laid side by side in a large trench; a covering of lime formed the common shroud, and after the liturgical prayers they were covered with earth. A small, rudely-made cross indicated the position of the graves.
I passed my last night in the open air in the rain; I suffered horribly from an attack of nephritic colic, and on the morning of the 9th of September, I was obliged to leave. At the station, before the hospital train left, I had occasion to give a last absolution to a poor German prisoner, who was to be shot immediately, under my very eyes in the crowded station, for having concealed a revolver.

On the way we were really spoiled by the people who hastened to the stations, with provisions, and to cheer the wounded. What a comforting spectacle! Having witnessed the patriotism of the combatants, to find also men and women who not being able to go to the front, devote themselves to more obscure works. It is this display of patriotism and of piety which will save us. Certainly God will have regard to such heroic devotedness, and as we cry “Vive la France.” He will graciously grant our prayer.

Espinouze, C. M.

Besides the stretcher-bearers, there are the military infirmarians in the ambulances of the wounded. In the different hospitals of France, it is a common thing to see venerable superiors and a great number of confrères performing all the works of mercy which according to the promise of our Lord, merit eternal life. “The labor is difficult,” said one, “and we have scarce any repose; however, at sight of the courage of the wounded, one could not begrudge either pains or time.” Another, relating his spiritual consolations, spoke thus: “Nearly all our wounded receive our Lord in Holy Communion;” and, again, this beautiful remark: “The wounded are astonished to find that we treat them as princes.” This expression would be particularly dear to Saint Vincent, who loved to call the poor and sick our lords and masters. Our confrères do all in a most natural and simple manner, and one of them, after having spoken of the assistance he rendered the wounded, terminated his letter thus: “This is, for the time being, our humble and insignificant cooperation with the great movement of devotedness manifest throughout France. May God deign to
bless and accept it.” A young priest of Dax, Father Rul, performs the twofold function of military infirmarian and chaplain of the mixed hospital. He is often obliged to change his apparel. About four times a day, he must put on his cassock to administer the Sacraments, and it is no rare thing for him to be called about two o’clock in the morning to give Extreme Unction to the sick. “This shows,” adds he, “how, at times, the work is superabundant; but by the grace of God, health is good and sound, and I am most happy to serve God and my country.” In fine, some of our confrères have the occasion of practising what is most heroic in the performance of charity,—love for enemies. From a natural standpoint this does not offer much attraction, but they surmount the sentiments inspired by nature, following instead, those of grace, which are founded on the counsels and example of our Lord. “We forget that they are enemies,” writes Father Martin of Castelnau-dary, “the heart opens to pity, and we do for them all that is in our power.” In addition, he has rendered this testimony of them: “Their resignation and patience are admirable, their piety is deep and edifying. All possess prayer books, the contents of which are seriously perused whenever they experience some alleviation in their sufferings.”

One will excuse our not quoting in extenso, the letters of our dear infirmarians. They are in general very short, and give merely the different details that we have already mentioned.

It remains for us to speak of those of our confrères who are obliged to march in the ranks. They are few in number: three priests, some clerics and brothers. The priests have the consolation of being able to exercise all the functions of their ministry, at least during the time of war, and also to celebrate Holy Mass.


September 28, 1914

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

You will not be astonished upon hearing that ever since the first combats, our existence has been particularly painful, both materially and morally speaking. We must indeed use violence in order to keep up our hopes, and above
all, rely upon Divine Providence. How often, when the heat was almost unbearable, I received succor from the good Madonna and Saint Vincent! It is not possible to describe the efforts we made to hold out on certain days, but the heart was raised above human courage, and grace came to reanimate the entire being. During the first days up to the 18th, I had the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice from time to time. On the 15th of August, particularly, and the next day, Sunday the 16th, at half-past eleven, I was able to celebrate Mass before a great number of officers; the morning in the open air was somewhat unpleasant, but the pain I endured was largely compensated. Since the 18th of August, no Mass or Holy Communion; visits to the Blessed Sacrament, as often as possible, but for the last fifteen days nothing at all. However, during the many hours we are marching on the road, I take part, in spirit, in the morning meditation. Our nights are spent in the open air, and whilst the attention is engaged upon the cannon some hundreds of metres ahead, the chaplet instinctively glides through the fingers. However, what is found wanting in me is amply made up by you and the other good children of Saint Vincent. A prayer is offered for us every day; therefore, in the midst of dangers, in the trials of every moment, we feel assured of the divine grace which you will obtain for us from the goodness of God. It is so sweet to know that we are all in the hands of the most loving of fathers, and to expect from Him the help we need in these trying circumstances. I enter the fight with perfect confidence; a large sign of the cross in starting out, and a prayer for protection. With these, the good God has preserved me from even a scratch. I have only one reminder of the battle, and this only until peace is declared: the last time the Prussian volley assaulted us, I received a slight shock from the shells which pierced the leather suspender holding our
cartridges: apart from this damage, I received no other, not even a tear in my cape; and this, notwithstanding the fact, that the balls and other missiles were literally showered upon us.

Remember me to all our confrères. Continue, I beg you, to offer for me your good prayers, and give me also a blessing.

**Raphael Dondeyne,**
18th Company

From the same. (It was falsely rumored that Father Dondeyne had been wounded; this will explain the first words of the letter we now cite.)

October 19, 1914

How happy I am that your fears have been dissipated. Your letter, so paternal, which I received yesterday, gave me this assurance. Blessed be the Divine Providence that protects me so visibly during these days! It is to ask you to return thanks with me that I write, as well as to reassure you, as far as possible, in the news I now give of myself. Consolations, deliverance from dangers, rarely can these two words be united, but God has united them for me, during the week which has just elapsed.

Since the 18th of August, only once the holy Mass, and from the beginning of September, just one visit to Him Who tells me that I am no longer His servant, but His friend. I looked for the belfries along the road, and wafted up my prayer towards them. On the 13th of October, however, I was able to celebrate Mass. Yesterday I was received by your Daughters, and I gave them Holy Communion. For some moments we enjoyed family life, relating the wonderful miracles we had witnessed, and I felt urged to make greater efforts each day to save the dear country and the children of Saint Vincent. Dangers
are not wanting; from twenty-eight men of my half section, there were two killed and twelve wounded in a single day. They were in the same line of rank with me; the shells fell in regular succession, and we had nothing where-with to protect ourselves. My neighbor, at a metre to my left, was killed. What terrible hours! It lasted the whole morning. At every sound which announced an instrument of death, I breathed a word or two of the *Sub tuum praesidium*, and the mantle of our good Mother shielded me from the explosion. Bless her with me, I beg you, and have her thanked and invoked. It truly seemed as though we were all doomed to death, nevertheless, behold me living to glorify Jesus and Mary. During this bombardment, one of the wounded had slipped quite near me. An enormous gash had been made in his back by the falling shells, whose force had driven his cartridge belt into the flesh. To carry him off the field was impossible, this being forbidden, and consequently we had to find some means of protection there. I encouraged him, suggesting that he offer his sufferings to God. “Have you made your act of contrition? Do you wish me to give you absolution? Ask pardon for the faults you have committed against God, your neighbor and yourself.” All this had to be said aloud, as the sick man was at a metre’s distance, near two other men. In the midst of a reigning silence, I recited in the same tone of voice and slowly, the long formula of absolution. When the worst had passed, the emotions of each were confided to me. “I offered seventeen prayers,” said one; “I said the *Ave Maria* the whole time,” added another; and a third, “I asked you for a remembrance, Sergeant, and you gave me a medal at the departure from Valenciennes; it will be honored in my home up to the last.” To each I spoke a word of encouragement and instruction. The supreme consolation of the priest is indeed to purify and to sustain. The wounded
man absolved so solemnly, has since died; I hope that our good God has opened to him the gates of Paradise.

Here are, Sir and Most Honored Father, some of the hours of my life; they are sweet but terrible. Many thanks for your daily prayers, and I beg you to secure for us those of others also. All is for the Divine Master; come what may, mental or physical anguish, and if needs be, death itself. But the Master is good, and if He will, He can preserve my poor life until my past has been expiated and I become better and live more holily. Remember me to all our confrères, particularly to Father Robert. Pray for me. May God give to the little Company and to you, Sir and Most Honored Father, fortitude and consolation in abundance. Bless your most devoted child,

Raphael Dondeyne.

The following are some letters from Father Dagouassat, a young priest destined for Madagascar.

August 29, 1914

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing if you please!

Eight days ago, Sister Treasurer kindly extended to me some moments of hospitality. Perhaps she has had an occasion to tell you so, but she could not have informed you of the fact that at the very time I was tranquilly enjoying myself with the Sisters, my Company had suddenly departed. Fortunately for me, I was able to rejoin it three hours and a half later; my absence being excused by the permission I had to leave "for motive of service," in reality, to receive Holy Communion. My captain is a noble man; he permits me to celebrate Mass whenever I can do so conveniently, and I have already profited by this favor twelve times within twenty-five days.
I found here again my old regiment, the 24th artillery, up to the present stationed at Rochelle, where the Sisters as well as Father Neveut were exceedingly good to me. This regiment is composed of Gascons. I have been changed to the 23rd battery of reinforcement, that is to say, one of reservists surrounded by men in active service. They are all full of enthusiasm and confidence. We have four cannons and I am at the head of the fourth. All have received the baptism of fire with much self-possession, and evidently protected by God. The artillery men themselves acknowledge this, and with the fifteen men who are with me, faithfully wear the Miraculous Medal and the little Scapular of the Sacred Heart. Two days after our first encounter, my brigadier asked me to offer two Masses. True, their language is anything but what it should be, but one must remember that they are the countrymen of the terrible swearer La Hire, and alas! I am far from being a Joan of Arc. I am contented to be a poor Missionary, and do the little good I can in comforting and encouraging the brave villagers that I meet on my way. Yesterday I was asked to bless the four little children of a certain family; I also gave some absolutions,—my first. I am the only priest among the cannoniers of these three batteries of reinforcement; at the 21st, there is a seminarian of Bordeaux, who is decorated with a Medal of Maroc. Up to the present no one has received so much as a scratch. Taunts or discussions upon religious subjects are entirely abolished, and if any one should try to introduce the like, he would not be tolerated. However, with the grace of God, I fear them not. Excuse this scribbling from one of your children who is so happy to write to you for the first time, and who hopes soon to write you more consoling letters from Madagascar.

V. DAGOUASSAT
On the 21st of September, Father Dagouassat announced that he was still living and enjoying excellent health. He stated furthermore, that his battery, by the grace of God, was preserved absolutely intact. He related how, during the fury of the battle, whilst the cannons were being fired on either side, he administered the Sacrament of Baptism. A day-break concert indeed for the little George thus baptized in military style!

Frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, October 9.

SIR AND MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing if you please!

Your good letter of September 23, reached me on the 4th of October. I would like to have answered it sooner, but you know what the war means. Since the 4th of October all my moments have been employed in organizing religious ceremonies for the artillery. This is a free Sunday and we are taking advantage of it by having the soldiers sing at Mass and Vespers,—a privilege which they themselves requested. Without our insisting on the matter, or as it were taking scarcely any step, there were found to be among them an organist, and wonderful soloists of this little village church which only a few days ago we were obliged to defend fiercely, with an order to hold out to the last. None of us was touched, and our brave soldiers have assembled on this Feast of the Holy Rosary to offer prayers of thanksgiving.

The next day, Monday, we had to fight, and again on Wednesday; the remaining time was spent in fortifying ourselves in a position which was declared impregnable by a German officer whom we had routed a month before. We fear nothing, and our troops, benefited by the beautiful weather of the South are in very good health; they are now preparing for the coming winter. We are amply provided for, and in order to keep up the hearts of my men, I try to procure for them quite frequently some
little extras; such as cheese, sausage, chocolate, preserves, and also tincture of iodine, so useful as a preservative against colds, etc. I have had the happiness of celebrating Holy Mass six times since the 1st of October. To-day after my own Mass, I served that of one of my old pupils of the Seminary whom I met here on the frontier. Besides there are many other unlooked-for meetings. Only an hour ago I was accosted by an old pupil of the Berceau whom Father Robert knows very well, it was Mr. Mar­ estang who has charge of providing for the staff of our di­ vision.

Thank you very much for the news you give me. I am always good for Madagascar. Consequently, I did not tell a “fib” to my captain who in passing us in review, asked me: “And you, what is your trade?” The three batteries there present could have heard this, my response, “A Missionary of Madagascar.”

Since the 23rd of August, no more returns to Nancy, and therefore in the meantime I have not seen a single cornette, so that I cherish the remembrance of Sister Penicot’s goodness, but unfortunately I have not been able to express my gratitude to her. Please accept, etc.

V. DAGOUASSAT

Only two of our soldiers, to our knowledge, have been wounded so far: one Father Doucet, professor at the Berceau, and the other, Brother Aurel from our house at Rome. The following is a letter from Father Doucet.

10 Gambetta Boulevard, Melun, September 16, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing if you please!

The Missionary soldier who writes to you, knows very well that your solicitude extends to all the members of the Company, even to the most miserable. He will then give
you an account of the manner in which he has obeyed your prescriptions. You had forbidden me to be killed by the German bullets; well, I hasten to tell you that I have obeyed you to the letter. I am back from the field, very tired, without doubt, on account of the long marches, the combats and privations of all kinds, but by no means killed, not even seriously wounded; just a little souvenir in the right arm, already sealed by the scar. I have been granted a month’s leave for convalescence, which I am spending at Melun.

You know well what are, after our heavenly Protectors, the most powerful and devoted agents that move heaven and earth for the Missionary. Hence, you will make me particularly happy if you will send me your special blessing and a word of encouragement to the Superioress of Melun who, notwithstanding the serious difficulties of her labors, takes care of my poor body with a kindness as skilful as it is delicate and edifying.

This morning I was able to celebrate the holy Mass; I have not had the similar privilege for twenty-five days. You know it was sweet and strengthening, that prolonged contact with our God, the God of armies. I thanked Him especially for having preserved me and delivered me many times under a rain of shells and hiss of bullets. I offered the sacrifice of my life to God, while saying interiorly through obedience: “I remind you that our Most Honored Father does not wish me to die.” You see the dear Lord has obeyed you.

**Gabriel Doucet**

Father Guichard, Priest of the Mission, military infirmarian at Perpignan, gives the following account relative to Brother Aurel:

He was wounded, Saturday, September 5, not far from Lunéville. His wound, though grave, does not seem to have put his life in danger. A bullet, after having passed
through his neck without having injured one vital organ, came out through his shoulder; he has no fever, eats, drinks, speaks without the least difficulty, and is always in a good humor. All who have examined him have pronounced his case most marvelous. His attendant at the Normal School calls him "the Miracle." It is but another proof the Blessed Mother has given of her peculiar protection over the family of Saint Vincent.

The following is from a Missionary prisoner:

Letter from Father Ducoulombier, C. M., to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General

Hameln-sur-Weser, Hanover, October 20, 1914.

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

I am writing to you a few words en route, to tell you that I am a prisoner of war. On my way from Ingelmunster to Lille, to get winter clothes, I was taken prisoner, October 10, near Lille; they sent me to the very centre of Germany, an eight days' trip which was very fatiguing. Here the life is even more tiresome. I can neither celebrate Mass nor communicate, which is a real privation for me. As I have no ordo, I would greatly appreciate your kindness in having the leaflets for November, December and January sent to me.

Ask our good God that my presence here may not be entirely useless to my companions in captivity, four thousand. As for myself I am pleased to see in everything the accomplishment of the Divine Will on the poor Missionary who, having returned to Europe the first time in twenty-four years, to attend the Assembly, is now a prisoner in Germany.
Kindly recommend me to the prayers of my confrères and of the Sisters.

Your humble and obedient child,

Ducoulombier

A number of our students and seminarians of the class of 1914 have just left for the firing line, November, 1914. May our all-powerful and merciful Saviour protect these dear young men, the hope of the Congregation, so that according to the prayers of the Liturgy—"May they return with peace, health and gladness to their own."

THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY AND THE WAR

Since the beginning of the war appeals have been made to their devotedness; the following will give us an idea of their spirit of sacrifice; we print an article of Mr. de Mun to l'Écho de Paris, which he obtained from an authentic source: "The town of X... has a fort; nearly all the population have fled. The mayor has returned all the inmates of the hospitals, both poor and rich, to their families, wherever this was possible. He asked the Sisters to remain with the others until the danger was imminent, promising to warn them and to guarantee shelter and food 'that is if the commander at the fort does not detain you for the wounded.' There is no difficulty now but we must be prepared for anything: 'What if the commander should blow up the fort, rather than surrender?' 'Well,' responded the Sister simply, 'we would be blown up too and we hope that God would give us a kind welcome.'"

We note the impressions of the Sisters who left the first day of the mobilization for their charitable work: "A Red Cross automobile took us to the North Station at noon, and we arrived in Soissons at four o'clock. The train was made up of soldiers and the two cornettes. The enthusiasm of the brave soldiers was admirable. During the entire trip we heard them crying out: 'We do not run, we fly. Pleasure train for Berlin, round trip, long live France, the Pope, the Republic, and Catholicism.' A reservist carried our bags to our Sisters' house. We have military chaplains so we are sure of religious services."
While these things are occurring in the interior of France, the Sisters who are on the frontier are beginning to be in peril. The following is a letter from the Superioress at Homecourt a little village near Briey and about the same distance from Metz and Thionville.

Homecourt, August 1, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

For two days we have been in a state of siege; the station is abandoned and we have no communication with Longwy, Verdun or Nancy. More than three thousand men have left on foot without waiting for mobilization. Four hundred fifty-seven of Lorraine having given their service in Germany, they are employed as volunteers; even some of the Belgians and other young men are influenced to do so through fear of becoming prisoners of the Prussians. Their courage is admirable, we give medals to all; and the women themselves, although desolate, are the first to urge them to leave. They are consoled because we are remaining; yesterday they came to see what we would do; the cornette at once calmed their fears.

Our provisions have not reached us, all the trains having been suddenly stopped. In the meantime the factory and stores furnish us well with necessaries. As soon as the provisions of the country are exhausted, we shall commence distributing soup; the factory will be closed tonight. The general mobilization seems to be at hand, the horses have already gone. To-morrow we will have one Mass, our chaplain having to attend to the country and surrounding places alone; all the other priests are in the army. Our Sisters are full of courage, God gives them strength; we have placed medals everywhere and I constantly think of those words of Saint Vincent, “We should
rest in the arms of God as an infant in those of its nurse.”
I assure you, my Mother, that we are very calm. There
are only Italians left in the country. Many wishing to
leave, were obliged to walk as far as Longwy, being
repelled by the Germans.

We recommend ourselves to your prayers. We place
ourselves in the hands of God, nothing will happen but
what He will permit.

SISTER NOLLEAU

P. S.—All the bakers have left, there is very little flour;
I think that the bread will give out in two or three days.
For two days we have had no milk.

Letter from SISTER BRESSAND, Daughter of Charity, to the
MOST HONORED MOTHER MAURICE

Longwy, August 4, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

We are, so to speak, prisoners. The town, after being
completely evacuated, is in a state of siege. Sunday we
were obliged to send away all our inmates; the foreigners
left Saturday night. Our old men and women, with some
babies, in all seventy, are lodged in a public school in the
lower part of Longwy; four of my companions are with
them, and like them, have to sleep on mattresses on the
floor, though they have a separate apartment. Our sick
and wounded were taken to the hospital at the factory
some distance from Longwy, I accompanied them to their
destination. Yesterday I went to see our Sisters who are
attending them,—to-day it is impossible to leave the town.
And now we are alone in our house which seems immense
since it is empty; it will serve as a military hospital in
case of necessity; we have been authorized to keep eight employees, men and women. Military rations, bread and meat, are sent to us.

It is more than probable, my Most Honored Mother, that if the enemy advance this far, the town will be bombarded and destroyed, for the military Governor is a very tenacious and resolute man and will not give up the place which was confided to him. In case of danger, we will find safety in the underground vaults of the fortress, the same in which our Sisters took refuge in 1870.

God has given us great compensation in the holy Mass which we have every morning in our chapel; the Rev. Dean having remained as military chaplain of the fortress. We have already distributed five hundred miraculous medals, the soldiers come in crowds to ask for them.

I have the honor to be, etc.

Sister Bressand

September 2, the army of General Von Klück, rapidly following up the offensive movement, occupied Senlis after the battle fought August 31, between Montdidier and Compiègne; it is of this occupation of Senlis that the following letter treats:

Letter from Sister Losseau, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

Senlis, September 15, 1914.

I wish as soon as possible to reassure you of our condition, if you have learned of the bombardment of Senlis.

We are all, fifteen of us, safe and sound, but very tired. The battle which was fought September 2, was in our street, the last in the town.

A German captain was wounded by a ball shot at him in front of the hospital; thinking we had done it, he entered furious—and seeing one of our poor idiots in the front yard, shot him. I went to meet him and fortunately
received nothing but threats. Being unable to make him understand, I took him by the sleeve to our German patients, one of whom assured him the shot had not been fired from the hospital, and that all were well taken care of; he was thus appeased. Immediately after the battle, we went to recover the wounded and the dead, the French as well as the Germans. A number of balls have pierced the walls, yet no one has been injured; one of them passed from head to foot through the blankets and mattress of a Moor patient, without touching him. But the most wonderful mark of the protection of God and of His Immaculate Mother, is that the cross and the statue of the Blessed Mother in one ward are surrounded as by a chaplet of twenty-seven bullet holes, yet they are intact. How can we sufficiently thank our Immaculate Mother for so many marks of her protection? For two days they have been sending the French and German wounded to Paris so that the wards here may be well disinfected.

SISTER LOSSEAU

While General Von Klück was at Senlis and advancing by forced marches toward Paris, the army of the Crown Prince came from Mézières and Rethel, crossed the Argonne and directed its march towards Bar-le-Duc and Nancy. It is in this expedition that a division of the Crown Prince’s Army entered Clermont on the Argonne, the following letter mentions it.

Letter from Sister Rosnet, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Maurice


MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

I feel sure that your maternal anxiety is turned towards our land of Lorraine, during these terrible days through which we are passing!
I have intended writing to you many times but have not been able, being on the lookout day and night to defend our house.

There is no postal service... I would have to be with you in order to make you fully understand all that has happened during the past month, and I could talk on for hours. I will put only the essentials in this letter.

First, it will console you to know that our Blessed Mother has visibly protected our house. We ourselves saw the miracle, and you may judge for yourself.

September 2, feeling that the town was being evacuated and that most of the families were joining those who for the last ten days had been passing through Clermont on their way to the frontier, to escape the cruelties and ill-treatment heaped on them by the enemy, I immediately went to ask the mayor what he thought should be done with our old people and patients. A neighbor told me that he had left the town several hours before. I next went to the Dean and there too found closed doors. Much perplexed I returned home to consult the Master of the Tabernacle, who seemed to say to me, “It is your duty to remain here.” In the meantime, Father Duthoit who had passed in the evening with his regiment, received orders from his captain not to continue the march which was too strenuous for one of his advanced years, but to remain in order to assure religious aid to those who had been deprived of their pastors. During the night of the 3rd and 4th, we helped to transfer more than four hundred wounded to the trains; these poor men were lying in the hall and yards of the station. We gave tea, coffee, chocolate and bouillon to all during a dense fog, while Father Duthoit gave them absolution.

It reminded me of a battlefield to hear in the silence of night the groans of these poor dying men and the death struggle of the agonizing; we knelt by the stretchers try-
ing to give some hope to all, and endeavoring to comfort them. What a night!!! We returned at four o’clock in the morning and found the Ladies of the Red Cross, who have, from the commencement of the war, helped us to care for the wounded at the ambulance attached to the hospital, dressing the poor soldiers who were to leave with them by a new train. The dying, twenty-two in number, who could not be removed, were left with us.

Providence pointed out my duty. I must remain with those in my care. All through that day, we heard the booming of cannon and on the morning of the 4th, whole regiments marched through Clermont, retreating before the enemy who, they said, would soon follow.

The few remaining inhabitants fled with the French army, and finally five autos from Bar-le-Duc, came to take our wounded. They had orders to accommodate us also. “Will you take the old people and the infirm, forty-two in all?” I asked. “We cannot,” they answered.” “Well,” I replied, “it is only after the last one is given room, that we will enter.” Promising to return for us, they started out. It was then nine o’clock.

At ten a French patrol passed, it was the last. The upper end of the road was now closed and the carriages therefore could not return for us. Calling the Sisters together, I went with them to the chapel and we placed ourselves under the protection of our Heavenly Mother whose statue rests above the Tabernacle.

At midday the fighting began under our walls. The Germans attacked the French from two points at the same time, as we could see from our attic windows. Bombs hissed over our heads, tearing up roofs, destroying water pipes and furrowing our garden. We continued to pray with our trembling old people gathered together in the cellar. At seven o’clock the firing ceased.

The next day, the 5th, at two o’clock in the morning,
the German infantry arrived, and at four, the artillery. At a quarter of five, the doors of our main entrance yielded to the repeated blows of the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets, and three officers, revolvers in hand, asked to visit the house and the ambulance in order to find lodging for their wounded.

Before conducting them, I gave to the one who spoke French, and who appeared to be the head officer (they do not wear stripes as our officers, their rank being indicated by the design on their epaulette,) a note which I had written the day before and which was worded thus:

"Gentlemen, yesterday, I was almost compelled to leave, but I refused as there are here aged, sick, and infirm persons under my care, and I could not abandon them. I confide them as well as my Sisters and my whole house to your magnanimity. I hope that my confidence is well placed."

After reading and commenting in German upon the note, he said: "Who wrote this note? The Burgomaster?"—"No!"—"The Pastor?"—"No!"—"Where are they?"—"Gone!"—"The cowards, they will repent. And who wrote this?"—"I did." His heavy hand came down on my shoulder, while a smile lighted up his face, and he added: "Bravo, I will respect you and your house." Wounded Germans arrived that very evening at the ambulance, others the next day, and in our whole establishment, we soon counted one hundred fifty. As we had no cook we took turns in the kitchen, my three young companions and myself, for we were only four remaining; very often we could scarcely find time to eat. For several days we dined at five o'clock and supped at eleven, and twice we did without these meals. Fortunately, our Lord was watching over us, and my young Sisters, who are not strong, continued to work courageously. They were ad-
miraible in their devotedness, never recoiling before any fatigue.

On the 6th, Clermont was burned. Two hundred forty-two houses were set on fire; fourteen German engines protected our house, and continued to pump on the beams and shutters which, facing a terrific fire, were scorched and cracked. — What a spectacle is that presented by a whole town on fire for two days and a whole night! Flames leaping from a neighboring barn, swept over the roof of our beautiful new chapel. Thanks be to God, it was not injured, and when day broke we beheld in the midst of burning heaps, our hospital with a few houses here and there, intact. Some of the inhabitants who had found a shelter in the woods when the burning commenced, came to us and we were happy to receive them.

On the 7th, two pistol shots were fired in the woods. We were all to be shot that night; and bravely, after making our confessions, we together offered our lives that France might gain the victory. I was able to speak to a colonel and a major who, highly appreciating the care we bestowed upon their wounded, decided to liberate us. The next day, Father Duthoit was taken as hostage and he remained a day and night under guard. Saved by a patient he returned to us.

Ten days of anguish, ten nights so terrible that they seemed ten years, succeeded one another, bringing each hour new sufferings, new torments. Then, one morning, an order came to receive in our ambulance eighteen French prisoners who could not be taken away as they were wounded.

We went to them. What a sight! Eighteen skeletons, pale, in rags, lying on rotten straw, gangrenous wounds on legs and arms, as these had not been dressed for eleven days. We carried them to our house and I cut the bandages and dressed the wounds which will never heal. The
poor soldiers understand this, but they are happy; they have escaped from the enemy!

The night preceding their final departure, twenty thousand Germans entered our burned town. Every door in our establishment was torn off its hinges, notwithstanding the fact that until two o’clock in the morning twenty officers ate in our kitchen. They entered everywhere . . . everywhere except the chapel, the doors of which were respected. Its principal entrance is in the street at ten metres from that of the hospital. At last they left, carrying away they tell us, to Germany, the best remembrance of our hospitality and devotedness. And we now see France once more! Our house has since then been filled, and we crowd all that we can into our dormitory which serves us for everything, that we may continue our duty towards our dear country.

Every day five majors perform operations and attend all the grievously wounded who are sent here. We keep only those who are unable to be conveyed to other places. It is needless to tell you, Most Honored Mother, that our mission is most consoling. All our patients who pass away, die so bravely in so Christian a manner. Happily Father Duthoit is with us. Were it not for the order given by his captain or rather by Divine Providence, what would we have done, left without religious assistance, Mass and Holy Communion?

There are daily five or six Masses celebrated in our chapel. There were twenty on a certain Sunday. The Staff is in greater part composed of fervent Catholics who are frequent communicants. What a consolation! Our chapel will serve as parish church for a long time, as the church of Clermont has been burned down. The sacred vessels which the Dean had concealed in the cellar under the sacristy are scorched and twisted.

You have doubtless been with us in thought during these
sad days, as the news was published in the daily papers. Your daughters for over one month lived isolated, all communications being cut off, but we felt that at our Mother House all prayed for those in distress.

We were eight days without bread, and I did not go to bed for seventeen nights. Every day we heard the cannon in the direction of Montfaucon, Varennes, Boureuilles, and the wounded continued to arrive. Pray for us.

Sister Rosnet

As the German army advanced, the Sisters in charge of ambulances were obliged to go from one city to another amid the greatest difficulties. We may judge of this by the following letter the first part of which was written at Châlons-sur-Marne, the second at Juvisy and the end at Moulins.

The ambulance here mentioned is that of Doctor Recamier; it was at the outset of the war, located at Châlons-sur-Marne in a boarding school directed by the nuns of the Congregation of Notre-Dame.

Letter from Sister Recamier, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

Châlons-sur-Marne, September 1, 1914.

We have been very busy since our arrival; the very next day in the midst of our unpacking, we received sixteen of the most badly wounded. The good Mothers who charitably placed their boarding school and Community at our disposal, and better still, their own personal services, are kindness itself in our regard. You could form no idea, my Most Honored Mother, of the delicate attention paid us by the Mother Superior who understands what overwork means and the fatigue we experience. She anxiously inquires about our health, and superintends our meals which we take in the nuns’ refectory at the second table; she puts aside for us little tempting sweetmeats, and at four o’clock has milk served to our Sisters who need
extra nourishment. We are deeply touched with the union existing between the two communities at the same work, and very much edified at the charity of these religious of Notre-Dame. The Mother Superior has converted the art room into a dormitory for our special use, placing in it four beds and two screens. Thanks to her kindness we find ourselves as at the Mother House. Physically the Mother Superior looks very much like the portrait of our Venerable Mother, Louise de Marillac. Our ambulance here is very good, we have one hundred beds and I hope they will not be occupied by wounded as horribly mutilated as those already here, if they are what shall we do? Sister Lafond sent us at once a Sister to help us during the night; we must be there on night watch; a lady of the neighborhood who has seven sons in the army, comes here with her daughter, the wife of an officer, every other night. The Bishop paid two long visits to the ambulance in which he shows marked interest. He is much grieved that some have left Châlons, but delighted at the thought that we will remain here in spite of everything. It is our earnest prayer that God may give us the strength to fulfill our duty and cause these poor soldiers who suffer intensely, to bless Him and to prevent their offending our divine Master. We all agree well and our aim is the same, God, France, and the community. I am writing at different times and I depend upon the Duc des Cars to be our postman, if indeed he is allowed to go through.

Juvisy, September 4.

Here we are in a baggage car. On September 2, at five o'clock in the evening, orders were given to evacuate Châlons, and at six o'clock the following morning they came for our wounded. We were taken in autos and left for the station at eight in the morning. Châlons
was in a fearful state of panic,—numbers of troops and women and children. Our auto put us off on a back wharf in the midst of soldiers who rushed towards me crying out: "Sister, give us something to eat, for we have had nothing for two days." I was separated from our Sisters; Joseph (Dr. Recamier,) the Countess of Foy, and Madame de Saint-Rémy were with me. A gentleman in uniform approached me and said: "Sister, there are ten priests here, I am a Dominican Father." We emptied our little basket of provisions, dividing its contents, sausage, ham and chocolate into fifty small portions, and I had the consolation of serving them myself. It was touching beyond expression to hear the soldiers bless the Sisters. The priests promised to remember us in their prayers. They hear the confessions of numbers of the soldiers, both privates and officers, before these terrible battles and certainly do an immense amount of good.

A conveyance has just arrived with an immense German aeroplane; the two wounded aviators are prisoners. They proposed confiding to us a train of wounded and our little group accepted. Here, we were met by the other members of our ambulance and we divided the coaches among us. It was heartrending. They brought out the dead and we installed ourselves; the women and children weeping and screaming, were then put on board. I organized our coach with Madame de Saint-Rémy and Madame du Foy. We calmed the women and arranged these poor creatures with the little children at one end, and our sick at the other. We had one very sick man, a ball having entered his back had lodged in the lung not very far from the heart. He wears a medal given him by his mother. The sight of a Sister seemed to give him new life. Joseph provided me with something wherewith to give him a hypodermic.

The military doctors who embarked with our wounded tell us we are going to Troyes. The train left at half-
past ten; the journey is fatiguing for the dying, as the heat is oppressive. The children are crying; we moisten the lips of the wounded, and speak to them of God. There is not a priest on board. At the stations, the people offer us everything they can—broth, coffee, milk and fruit.

Another trial awaited us at Troyes. The entire sanitary service opposed our landing. It is six o’clock in the evening. The women and children throw out their suit cases and packages, then get off themselves, although the soldiers try to prevent them. This is a relief to our sick, whose sufferings are terrible, still we try to reanimate their courage. At Montluçon, we were obliged to put off eight who were too weak to continue the journey. They were broken-hearted at leaving us and we were equally pained to part with them. All this happened at night with no light but that of a miserable lantern.

At Juvisy, where we are stationed, the doctors are sending trains to Mans and we shall continue to Moulins. Owing to the disorder at Châlons, our baggage has not yet been shipped. Mr. de Charette and the Count du Foy, his brother-in-law, remained to see if there was any way of recovering what we had been obliged to leave behind. We have been at Juvisy since half-past four this morning and it is now half-past seven. The sentinels at the station come in and bring us hot broth. They tell us how much they love the Sisters and hope that we shall never be sent away. My companions are admirable. What afflicts us most is, that we have not wherewith to relieve our dear sick. These are the moral sufferings which cannot be imagined and which we can never forget.

May God help us! I must now look for some one to take this letter to you. We all four remain with the most profound respect,

Your obedient and respectful daughters,

Sister Recamier
At our Sister's Hospital of St. Joseph, Moulins, Saturday, September 6.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

I do not like to risk this letter. We arrived at Moulins at half-past three, and at half-past four, we rapped at the door of the hospital, where our worthy Sister Ferréol received us like a mother. It is admirable and most consoling to see the union that reigns among all the houses of our dear Community.

Let me tell you how much we were edified by the heroic courage of our wounded and dying soldiers on the train. Not a complaint on their lips: "We would be willing to do ten times more for France," they say. Many have medals. One very young man whose right arm and left leg were torn by bullets said: "It is the good Virgin of my medal who protected me from being killed." They constantly ask if there is any good news from the war. I am with the most profound respect,

SISTER RECAMIER

A few days later, three other Sisters who had been obliged to leave the wounded of St. Mihiel arrived at the same place. The following is a short account of their experiences.

Letter from SISTER ARLES, Daughter of Charity, to the MOST HONORED MOTHER MAURICE

Moulins, September 12, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Here we are, poor wanderers of war, at Moulins; or rather our train has stopped here, because, in these times, Most Honored Mother, we do not go where we wish particularly in the East. Thus our intention was to go to
Troyes, but when a few kilometres from the city, we learned that the rails had been cut. Our ambulances at St. Mihiel had to be abandoned and our colonel begged us to leave with the wounded and disabled soldiers. Our trip, lasting three days and nights, was made in a cattle car on straw. Our lieutenant, a perfect gentleman, was most attentive, and we shared with them our lodgings and food, living at the expense of the government, and to use the expression of the soldiers, we have eaten “monkey.” We had on board over a thousand passengers. The train often made two kilometres a night and then stood still for six or eight hours. Happily, during this time, we could go from coach to coach to do the dressings and render other assistance to the sick. In my opinion, these poor soldiers, traveling under such conditions, are more to be pitied than those at the front.

We stopped at Nevers, hoping to meet our Sisters, but we found only the Sisters of Nevers who were very kind. At first they hesitated about receiving us, fearing we were bogus, for we were so dirty from our surroundings and fatigue, that I believe you yourself, Most Honored Mother, would have failed to recognize us as your daughters. We pray much for you, for our Most Honored Father, and for France. We are willing and anxious to work and devote ourselves in the ambulances, or wherever you think well to send us.

Excuse my letter, for I am writing without light. Please to accept, etc.

Sister Arles

On the same side of the frontier, at La Malgrange near Nancy, an ambulance had been established in the celebrated college which had given so many illustrious men to France. The Daughters of Charity were sent there. The place was bombarded. The account of which Sister Angela gives to Sister Chesnelong, Assistant.

The Ladies of the Red Cross, finding the place no longer
safe, left on the 8th, and were not replaced. On the night of September 9, when the danger became imminent, the staff, doctors and head-nurses were recalled by the army to Troyes; they left on the midnight train and were not to return. This greatly embarrassed us; the bombardment about to begin, moreover the six wounded who had arrived at eight o'clock in the evening and to whom they had been attending until ten o'clock, preoccupied them and us. In case of invasion or fire, it would be impossible to remove them, since the entire military personnel of the ambulance had left. It seems to me you have already heard something of this never-to-be-forgotten night, my dear Sister, but speaking of it, is nothing to the actual experience. Still impressed with the excruciating sufferings of our last patients, one of whom had already received the last Sacraments, we tried, but in vain, to take a little sleep. A frightful tempest, hail, lightning, thunder, broke over us; the roaring of the cannon which had been heard for three days, grew nearer and nearer, as if to set upon this frightful night the seal of woe and terror. At eleven o'clock, the whizzing of bombs passing over the roof and falling very near us, made us aware of our great danger. The supply camp installed under our walls was sighted and aimed at. It was soon out, and en route to a place of safety. But La Malgrange remained much exposed. Through a boundless confidence which we have never been able to explain, my companion and I never thought of fleeing. At each explosion, (and there were nearly thirty bombs thrown,) our beds were shaken as by an earthquake, it seemed as if the wing of the house in which we were, would fall in. Lying in separate rooms which communicated by an open door, neither of us spoke, but silently prepared ourselves for death. At midnight, two devoted priests, professors of the College, rapped at the door, begging us to join our Sisters in the cellar which seemed the only safe place. Two suppositions
presented themselves, fire or flight: neither the one nor the other was very comforting; we calmly made our preparation and followed our charitable guides through the deepest darkness. In the cellar where the entire personnel was assembled, we prayed. Fearing an early flight on the side of Mirecourt, the Rev. Superior thought it well to consume the Sacred Species. What consolation we were about to experience! At one o'clock we received Holy Communion in the cellar. What simplicity, and at the same time what grandeur! Priests, Sisters, sick, children all participated in the same happiness. Fortified with the Bread of the Strong, we were both very calm, happy and willing to sacrifice our lives for France, the Church and our dear Community.

Nevertheless, this sacrifice was not required, for about three o'clock the guns ceased and we thought it would be well to try and get a little rest. We carried back our dear patients, and a few moments after we were sleeping as peacefully as if we were miles from the events through which we had just passed.

I would never have believed, dear Sister, that one could be so calm in the presence of death. What confidence and peace, obedience gives us at such times! Our good God protected us; it is to "the dear Mary" that all here attribute this miracle of preservation. The next day, our patients talking over the experience, recognized in it the protection of the Most High. I heard one of them say to his listening comrades: "Now, we can no longer deny that there is a God." At Nancy, it was so firmly believed that La Malgrange had been burned that the next morning a number of curious people came to ascertain the extent of the "disaster;" Mary Immaculate had again shown herself our Mother and protectress.

Since that day our peace has not been disturbed. However these last two days cannonading has been heard again
and seems drawing nearer. If the enemy is not repulsed, we shall soon see bombs again flying against the fort of Amance near Nancy; then we shall receive more wounded, which we have not done since the departure of the military surgeons.

The ambulance is now a hospital of one hundred fifty sick, with a single civil physician, a Jew, who so esteems the Daughters of Charity, that he said to the President of the Red Cross that he would never suffer them to leave the ambulance while he is in charge...

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Your humble and affectionate,

Sister Angela

The following letters will give some account of the battle of the Marne, and the three cities mentioned, indicate very nearly, the terminus of the German offensive.

Letter from Sister Clery, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

General Hospital, Vitry-le-François, September 20, 1914

My Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Blessed be God! It is with this cry of the heart I shall commence this letter. Will it reach you? I know not, but after employing every means possible of sending you some news, I shall confide to our good angels the care of doing the rest, and of establishing between our venerable Superiors and their poor isolated daughters, a wireless telegraphy whose messages will always be delivered since they pass through the Heart of Jesus, our only refuge.

Blessed be God for the preservation granted to our little city of Vitry which was miraculously protected by our Lady, its patroness, against the five days' bombardment
which absolutely destroyed all the environs. Blessed be God also for having given to His poor Daughters of Charity the strength of an exceptional devotedness needed in these trying and circumstances, to which they have been faithful, sustained by this "grace of the moment," a true mark of Providence.

We are actually on service in the general hospital, now become a military one, until the close of the war. If my last letter, written the day before communication with Paris was closed, was received, you are aware that our children and four of our Sisters left for Saint-Genix-sur-Guies, Savoy, where my sister took care of them. Six of us remained at the disposition of the God of Charity who brought to us in hundreds, the victims of war.

The hospital was in a state of disorder which it is impossible to describe. There were in it but two dying men and a few infirm who were in charge of the chaplain and an old woman. The sick, the old people, and the children were sent off, for better or worse, in the most deplorable condition. Such was the state of affairs when the Archpriest came for us and installed us in this deserted place, to care for those who would come to us. Very soon, even that very day, Saturday, September 5, they brought in some French soldiers. Towards evening the bombardment began; we had to dress the wounded even in the streets. Some hours later, the Germans made an irruption and with it commenced those days of agony which to us seemed like five centuries.

Finding us disposed to care for all the wounded, irrespective of nationality, we immediately gained the respect of the majors, and from that time, we and our works were unmolested. But what a task! During these five days of the German occupation, more than two thousand wounded passed through Vitry. The hospital was crowded to overflowing; the church was filled with them; the auxiliary
hospital of the Red Cross, the college for young ladies, the hotels, all were crowded with the suffering and dying. Our greatest pain, (and when I say our I include our good pastor whose devotedness saved the city from worse evils,) was the state in which those who should have protected the city, had left us. Still we can not blame them, since for the most part, they had families to provide for.

Our courageous Archpriest aided by a friend, a fervent Catholic, and some other brave men took in hand the interests of the city and assumed the initiative in all civil functions. Taken as hostages these gentlemen, even under the threat of being shot, discussed the conditions necessary for the preservation of the city. Their firmness and loyalty finally triumphed over the arrogance of the Germans, and after God, it is to them we owe our safety.

Then came that memorable night of the 10th and 11th, when fatigued enough to die, our mental and physical strength almost exhausted, we were inspired to bring the statue of our Powerful Virgin from our house and install it in this laïcized hospital. At midnight the Germans fled in disorder, leaving us their wounded and thanking us for our kindness — Mary Immaculate had again shown her power!

From that time, dear Mother, how can I tell you what we endured? I seem to have forgotten everything. I only know that we daily prepared ourselves to do whatever each moment would call for. The French military authorities took possession of the hospital, but it is only a provisional title.

The old administration has not yet returned, except the mayor who without questioning, seems to consider me as the Superioress of the establishment. The Pastor and the Bishop beg us to remain. The instructions are: “to hold,” until superior authority regulates a situation where, by the permission of God, charity and liberty have resumed their
place in this Hotel-Dieu, profaned, despoiled and abandoned. Under the direction of our pastor who is ever animated by the Will of God, we are ready for every thing, and if our past and present sufferings can merit the return of a community to this abode of sorrow, we shall esteem ourselves most happy to have aided this restoration.

My dear Mother, this is indeed a long letter, and yet it does not tell all our suffering and our work; but nevertheless it will bring a little consolation to your heart, since it is a recital of works of mercy. Not one of our French or German Catholics dies without the sacraments, and our Good Master now dwells with us in this house whence He was driven out. Pray much for your poor daughters of Vitry, and particularly for their little servant who just now bears such a heavy weight of responsibility.

I am with sincere affection and most profound respect in the love of our Lord and Mary Immaculate,

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

SISTER CLÉRY

The Rt. Rev. Archpriest adds the following lines:

MY REVEREND MOTHER,

Apart from what concerns me personally, I fully affirm what Sister Cléry has written, and I gladly add that your daughters have been, and still are admirable for their confidence in Divine Providence, their cheerful self-denial, their intelligent and supernatural devotedness, and the simplicity of their heroism.

I would like to urge you to send the needed help that Sister Cléry has asked. It is a miracle that your poor daughters have not succumbed from fatigue, and far from expecting a lessening of their work, I know that the Board of Health thinks of establishing a new ambulance at Vitry.
Be pleased to accept, Reverend Mother, the expression of my profound respect, and permit me to rely on the assistance of your prayers.

Signed: NOTTIN,
Archpriest of Vitry-le-François

Letter from Sister Clouzot, Daughter of Charity,
to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

Montmirail, Marne, St. Michael’s House,
September 27, 1914

My Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

A young priest of this city who was going to Paris, offered to take a letter to you for me. I thank God for this favor.

Please reassure yourself concerning your two families at Montmirail. We are still alive, although we have suffered much materially from the bombardment on the 8th and 9th, by the French cannoneers who fired on their own brothers, believing them to be the Germans. The battle began about the city on Thursday 3rd, at two o’clock in the morning. It continued all day and all night until the highland of Montmirail, theater of the battle of 1814, was reached.

From Thursday morning until Friday evening, there was a continual passing of French troops through the city with their baggage. It was most lamentable to see the poor soldiers starving and to hear the rolling of so many vehicles and caissons. There were quite a number of emigrants among them.

On Saturday, at two o’clock in the morning, the sad procession ceased. A death-like silence reigned, and about
five o'clock, the Uhlans arrived. From the previous evening, they had been on the lookout, near Montléan, a suburb, on the road to Châlons. They loosed their horses, trained to return if not taken by the French soldiers,—a German device of assuring themselves that the city was evacuated. The horses returned; the Uhlans then entered. It was Saturday September 5, and half-past ten in the morning. A body of troops invaded the city, taking possession of the different places, plundering the stores which were closed, and then providing themselves with breakfast, of which they partook in most impressive order and silence.

They next undertook to break into the houses, forcing the doors and windows open with a hauhet. When they had finished a repast, taken on the Frérot Square in front of our house, they rang our bell. We had been watching them for an hour behind the shutters, anxiously expecting their entrance at any moment. Opening the door, I presented myself with one of my Sisters, and a young captain respectfully asked if I would receive some wounded and some soldiers. On the two preceding nights, I had already taken in a great many French wounded.

Noticing all at once, a large statue of Saint Michael on the third landing of the orphanage, the captain said to me: "Saint Michael?" "Yes," I answered. "Oh! for protection, protection!" I then told him that I had some French wounded and many children. He responded that no harm would be done them, and that he was deeply touched at seeing that we and the children had not gone away,—a favor which he attributed to Saint Michael's protection. And in fact the vegetable garden, the farm in the valley, and two other houses of our married children, which they knew to be ours, were entirely preserved from pillage and annoyance. They sacked the town, causing destruction everywhere. First providing themselves with
food and drink, then with bedding for their wounded, they
finally loaded enormous automobiles with everything val­
uable they could find. At every instant, Germans filled
our house, except the building reserved for the children,
and which is separated from all the others and hidden be­
hind our chapel. Pointing to the Community room, they
exclaimed, “And this! . . . Oh, very good! It shall not
be touched.” We have not had any military physician
or infirmarian to attend our wounded. At present, some
German majors have divided among themselves the two
houses, which they care for with great devotedness. We
had no bread,—all the bakers having fled, except one who
helped with the baking; the Germans opened other bak­
eries, and furnished us abundantly with all the bread we
needed.

During six days, from the 3rd until the 9th, we had four
hundred wounded, French and Germans, and we served
them night and day in the midst of a continual firing.

The battle was going on all about the city which was
ablaze in a circle of fire from the cannon, whose every
movement we observed. There was no accident, although
the aeroplanes dropped their bombs directly above our
Brave children!” Oh, the infinite protection of the Sacred
Heart, and Saint Michael!

On the evening of the 8th, our troops were victorious
at Marchais and Tremblay, near the monument of 1814.
The German troops who had manifested a certain anxiety
during the day-time, withdrew precipitately, with the ex­
ception of the artillery and some soldiers who fortified
themselves in the park of the chateau, behind Saint Mi­
chael’s house in a very low valley beyond the monument,
at the lower end of the city; and also upon the heights of
Mondan and Fontaine-Essarts. From these positions they
were able to respond to our French cannon, stationed on
the opposite hills. They occupied also the convent of Montléan.

A German major remained at St. Michael's with the wounded and his infirmarians, but just about two o'clock in the morning, on Wednesday the 9th, a courier brought them a message, and it is impossible to describe with what rapidity they made their escape, leaving their wounded. In the meantime the cannonading ceased. On the preceding two days they had taken prisoners all our French wounded who were able to walk, and locked them in the church. Ah, what anguish and what suffering! We scarcely had time to give them a morsel of bread, and only water was allowed in their flasks. We believed ourselves safe as the bombardment had stopped, and considering that none of us had undressed or taken any rest for eight days, our Sisters begged me to take a little repose, which I did, with one of my young companions who was ill from fatigue. It was three o'clock in the morning.

Nevertheless, Sister Louise went down into the courtyard, and the others took charge of the halls. At six o'clock, a dreadful firing of cannon caused Sister Louise to hasten to the garrets where our sixty children, all dressed, were sleeping. She hid them in the cellar, and next hurried to our dormitory in order to arouse me and get me down likewise. Although the whole affair was but the question of a few minutes, it seemed a long and terrible time. All around us was destruction! The shells burst in all directions, and our neighborhood was especially aimed at on account of the Park. Oh, my Most Honored Mother, what a moment, and what prayers were offered! The bombardment lasted twenty-five minutes.

The house of the Community alone has suffered. Two bombs burst upon it, but by a miracle, most consoling, the chapel was preserved intact, not even a window pane broken, although two of its doors were thrust in, one be-
ing shattered, as well as the landing on the staircase. We were unwilling to be deprived of the Blessed Sacrament, and we were so happy as to realize this truth: "That which God keeps is well kept!" With the exception of the windows, the children's building occupied by the ambulance, received no damage, notwithstanding that a bomb pierced through the wall of enclosure around the Park which is but two metres from the house. One could not count the number of balls fired upon our walls.

The children passed four nights in the cellar with some persons of the neighborhood who had taken shelter with us. The mayor realizing the situation, knew that something must be done to save the city from utter ruin, and secured a brave cyclist who hastened to the French batteries and told them of their mistake. The truth was that they believed the city to be evacuated and occupied only by the Germans, and were about to use their inflammable bombs that everything might be set on fire. Oh, Jesus! Our wounded themselves recognized how miraculous it all was. Those who were capable of helping themselves sought for refuge in the cellars. Their first impulse was to see if the statue of Saint Michael, the belfry, and the cross remained. Yes, all was well, and great was their joy. More than ever they were convinced of the miracle. An hour later, the French troops again took possession of the city.

The battles around Montmirail have been extremely bloody. In the neighboring localities, notably, that of Esternay, the Germans burned their dead. Some cities were completely destroyed, and some farms burned; however, the people themselves fled, abandoning all to pillage.

Since the return of the French, a body of majors and infirmarians have taken up their abode both at the asylum and at our house. Many of the wounded were removed to the central and southern parts of France, but quite a
number still remained, among them the Germans, while we waited for others that had been announced.

The work of the kitchen, laundry, and house-cleaning is done entirely by us, with the help of our older girls who display admirable courage and devotedness; another proof of God’s protection in sending us this indispensable assistance in our labors. This is the only day, since September 1st, that we have not had to do the washing. For two Sundays we were without Mass, but there was work in abundance. At present, three of the infirmarians are priests. They are most pious, and Mass is celebrated every day. Moreover, they asked permission to give Benediction, which we now have every evening. We have a full chapel where our children sing with all the fervor of their hearts.

You see, my Most Honored Mother, we are beginning to receive some help and consolation, but we are not yet secure, as night and day, we hear the sound of the cannon, and the long and bloody battle of the Aisne causes us to fear the return of the enemy.

We pray, suffer, work, and offer all our anxieties for the Church, our poor France, and our dear Community! May God save it according to His promise through the Most Holy Virgin to our Venerable Sister Catherine Labouré! Your very humble and affectionate daughter,

SISTER CLOUZOT

Letter from Sister Heliot Daughter of Charity to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General

Sézanne, October 2, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing if you please!

Your circular of August 10, has just reached us. We have experienced no little anxiety, as for three weeks we
have received no mail. On September 8, we were threatened with invasion, but Mary Immaculate has visibly protected us. It was Sezanne against which the Germans were contriving, in order that they might obtain possession of its two railways, so necessary to their work of transportation. A battle was fought a few kilometres from there. The villages nearby, suffered greatly, but Sezanne remained untouched. For three days we received hundreds of wounded from the battlefields. The whole house, and even the chapel, was converted into an ambulance. This morning, after blessing it, our dear chapel was again ready for divine worship. Our good angels have certainly come to our aid, for otherwise we could never have performed the work, our number being insufficient for it; and now, more than ever we are in need of assistance. Please, my Most Honored Father, pray for us, and above all, remember our dear wounded. At first, there were many deaths. All were well prepared, and three among them, in full consciousness, offered the sacrifice of their lives for France.

SISTER HELIOT

Beginning with the following letter, accounts will be given of the offensive movement of the French and the retreat of the Germans. Unfortunately, these latter, in withdrawing greatly damaged the churches of Rheims, Soissons and Arras, as we shall now learn from the letters of the Sisters in those cities.

Letter from Sister Desgarets, to
Sister Assistant, at Paris.

Rœderer Orphanage, Rheims, September 25, 1914.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

Rheims has seen her cathedral in flames, and she now beholds heaps of ruins. For fifteen days we witnessed an incessant firing, from nine o’clock in the morning until...
six o’clock in the evening, without interruption. Night and day the cannon resounded in our ears. Saint Genevieve however, has protected her parish. Not a shell fell upon it, and the whole city took refuge here. We have with us the Sisters and children of Rethel, twenty children and fifteen refugees from Saint-André; to-day the Sisters and children of Saint-Rémi came, etc., etc.

At the ambulance, the work is overwhelming, but consoling; frightful wounds, amputations of arms and legs, gangrene, caused by lying for too long a time, side by side with the dead bodies on the battlefield.

Our Sisters are indeed courageous; they take not a moment’s rest; nevertheless, their health is good. They eat and sleep well, in spite of the booming of the cannon; their days are exceedingly painful. I do not know how we shall ever be able to thank God sufficiently for all His protection, for permitting us to be preserved in the midst of so much ruin. Our Sisters are so fervent, so generous, and so closely united.

September 26.

Whatever would be said concerning our situation, could never be charged with exaggeration. There was a furious battle this morning; the very houses shook, and the Germans’ firing was incessant. Ten persons were killed in the square. The fire increased, and our house was stormed by the unfortunate begging for a lodging. The house is crowded. Saint Genevieve continues to protect us. In our Lord, etc.

Sister Desgarets.

The following letter is from the Metropolitan Chapter of Rheims to the Metropolitan Chapter of Paris, describing the exact damage of the Cathedral. We have copied from the Semaine Religieuse de Paris, October 31, 1914.
Letter from the Metropolitan Chapter of Rheims to the Metropolitan Chapter of Notre-Dame of Paris.

Rheims, October 6, 1914.

Reverend Dean and Venerable Confreres,

We are deeply moved by the cordial sympathy you extend to us in our sorrow, for this disaster is truly a subject of mourning.

During those sad days, I did not leave my church, so engrossed was I in counting every stroke and reckoning the extent of the damages.

The fire broke out in three places: namely, the scaffolding of the main entrance, the dome of the nave, and the sanctuary.

From an artistic point of view, the damage done to some portions can never be repaired. The building suffered less than was reported. Our cathedral with its two towers, presents an appearance of grandeur, as it stands, bold and majestic, overlooking the ruinous heaps that lie in the centre of the city. Immense portions were burned, including the archbishop’s old residence and the ancient palace of the kings, of which nothing remains but the chapel.

The stone-walls of the cathedral are badly scorched; the roof and wood-work are destroyed, but the dome is uninjured while the smaller bells are melted. The southern tower was not touched, and the great bells received not the least injury, they will ring out the Te Deum at the hour of victory in spite of everything. The greater number of stained-glass windows were destroyed, either by bombs or fire. The interior suffered, comparatively very little, and we were able to save the Treasury.

Landrieux,
Dean-Archpriest,
We will quote a few more lines from a letter of Sister Desgarets.

Rœderer Orphanage, Rheims, September 25, 1914.

The roaring of the cannon does not stop; our prayers, likewise, are unceasing; our work incessant, and our confidence unshaken in Him, who up to the present, has taken so much pity on us.

Wednesday, 16. We again experienced a visible manifestation of Saint Genevieve's protection. The enemy placed a battery on a road from which we could easily have been bombarded, and in fact, a bomb fell directly in front of the first house of the parish. However, as soon as the French fired upon the Germans they withdrew from their position. Last Sunday, at St. Genevieve's, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The Cardinal who was present, spoke, pouring out most eloquently his feelings of sadness, anguish and sorrow. So efficaciously did he move all hearts, that the priests of the parish afterwards declared, that they witnessed in the confessional the return of many souls. One of them told me that within fifteen days, thirty came back to their duties, after neglecting them ten, twenty and even thirty years.

Among the men of the parish who followed the procession, were those of our poor wounded who were able to walk; some with bandaged heads, others carrying their arms in slings, and a number using crutches. The sight was enough to cause one to weep, and also to pray for those at the front who may, in their turn, become disabled. Health is good, and spirits are full of fervor, without which, one could do nothing.

Sister Desgarets
Letter from Sister Lemoing, to the
Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General.

Soissons, September 20, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing if you please!

What can be said of our situation here? Our enemies are bombarding us; they are stationed on the heights of Saint-Wast. You understand, Most Honored Father, how anxious are the days and nights that I pass with my little ones who have not left us. I have been obliged to keep them, because there was no one to whom they could be confided, as some of the children are orphans or else their parents are utterly worthless. Up to this time, nothing important has happened us; there has been some material damage, but health and lives are preserved.

We are surrounded by the dead and the wounded. Yesterday, a child ten years old was struck by a bomb, a young woman killed in her doorway, and twelve artillery men who were passing through the Faubourg of Rheims were blown to atoms. On seeing such things, how could one doubt for an instant in the special protection of God? Our saintly Father Marchal has not failed to celebrate Mass daily, so you see we are the privileged friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus who reigns as Master in our midst.

I thought that a few words giving you news of a house to which you can not be indifferent, would console your paternal heart which is now so cruelly tried.

We are looking forward to the end of our sufferings, but we know it is still far off; for the enemy is tenacious, and unwilling to abandon positions favorable to the end proposed. About three-fourths of our city is destroyed, but our house has so far been spared.

Sister Lemoing
Letter from Sister Lemoing,
to Sister Chesnelong, Assistant.

House of Charity, Soissons, October 23, 1914.

Anticipating new dangers, many persons are leaving the city by automobiles so I am going to profit by the opportunity, and ask them to mail this letter on the way, as the postal service at Soissons is not in operation. When it is possible a messenger is sent to Chateau-Thierry, otherwise mail lies in the office for five or six days. Now what shall I tell you, my dear Sister? The condition here has been the same for thirty-nine days, bombardments, fires and destruction; without warning, the enemy fire right and left as they choose. Yesterday fifty-two bombs fell in the city within an hour and a half. The seminary was seriously damaged. Its superior miraculously escaped death, though one of the young seminarians was wounded. We feel that something very serious is about to take place, but, thank God! the more the danger augments, the greater my confidence in God becomes. We have escaped so many perils. Our house, that is the main building consisting of chapel, community-room, Working-Girls’ Home and Technical School, has not been touched; but the intern workroom, dormitories, and crèche cannot be used, the walls are broken in, windows smashed, four hundred panes of glass ground to powder. I have had to place the orphans in other parts of the house. Prussian bombs are dropping around us like rain. I myself have nearly been a victim... but at these moments the good Master gives such a strong proof of His protection that one cannot fail to recognize it.

The enemy have not abandoned their idea of marching on to Paris, they are keeping Soissons as an open route; they have taken refuge on the neighboring heights, establishing their general quarter in the caves. As I am writ-
ing these lines, I can see some Germans with a field-glass looking over the country from the heights. I also distinguish their batteries. Ours are on the opposite hills, on the right bank of the Aisne. Our house is situated on the very edge of the river; trenches have been dug and fortified with cannon 75, to protect us during the night from any surprise of the enemy by way of the river. If I describe the situation correctly you will understand it. During the entire day and night, Prussian, as well as French bombs passed above us.

October, 24. My letter, begun yesterday, is still unfinished. Soldiers of the artillery have come to notify me that a large cannon of 155 was about to be placed at five hundred metres from the house. I must not be alarmed, and warn the household that the discharge will be deafening. When I told the children, a little girl, one of the tiniest, said: “As it is ours, we will not be afraid!” These children can easily detect what is French from what is German.

At present, the subject of my deepest anxiety is the difficulty we encounter in securing provisions, as for the last three months nothing has been brought into the city, and the Prussians pillage everything. My stock is getting very low, all the more so as horse flesh is the only meat to be procured, and one grows quickly tired of that. The grocers will allow only a quarter of a cheese for ninety people, and other articles of food are furnished in the same proportion. As long as the Germans remain here, no railway communications will be opened, as this would facilitate their advance towards Paris; we are therefore, really in a state of siege.

We have no means of getting money. I could have collected a small sum by writing to Paris but this is impossible. No work can be procured and our seventy children have scarcely anything to do. Those who go to bed,
are obliged to retire as early as seven o'clock for want of light. There is no gas, no coal, and at Soissons the winter is severe. We have a small quantity of coal, thanks to our having previously made provisions, but the city promises us a supply for the future. In order to obtain a ticket for one hundred kilos one must await his turn in line at the mayor's.

What sad sights meet us at every turn! The misery is very great as the wealthy residents have left, and only the poor, the clergy, and the Sisters, remain. We have fed and lodged many soldiers. I hope our good Master will continue to protect us and that our children will be spared.

Sister Lemoing

Letter from Sister Bechet,
to Most Honored Mother Maurice

Montdidier, October 13, 1914.

For nineteen days the Germans are bombarding Tilloloy. We stayed in the asylum until the window panes were shattered, and the house riddled. Many times my companion and I ran the risk of being killed by bombs while attending the wounded who were obliged to leave their beds to avoid the falling bricks.

All this occurred on the first Sunday of October. After notifying the Count, on Monday morning about four o'clock, we all left the asylum to seek refuge in a cellar offered us by the son of our old manager. We lived in these quarters apprehensive every instant of being crushed by bombs. It was there we learned that the Sunday following Rosary Sunday, our house had been burned; the basement alone remains. The fire consumed everything, the old people's clothes as well as those of the Sisters. We have only what we were able to carry away with us, and are indeed in great distress.
Two of our old inmates died while we were in the cellar; they were buried by the soldiers. Our beautiful church, an historical monument, is partly burned, the school, mayorality, farmhouse of the chateau, and a house facing ours, are entirely destroyed; other buildings, including the presbytery, have been demolished. In a word, Tilloloy is nothing better than a ruin. Nearly all the citizens have long since fled.

The soldiers were very kind to us during our stay in the cellar, providing us with meat, bread, sugar, coffee, and rice in abundance. The General kindly furnished army wagons to convey us with our old people to Montdidier. We are here since yesterday and our Sisters are very good to us. We are not lodged in the asylum, which is crowded, but in a private residence. The Sub-prefect told Sister Gaimay that he would not leave us here, as he intends to give us the building used by the Brothers as a school, and it will accommodate the majority of our old people.

I have just learned that the destruction of Tilloloy was completed last night. I forgot to mention that Sunday evening a soldier went to warn the few remaining in Tilloloy to leave that same night, as very early next morning all who would be found there were to be imprisoned.

I could never tell you, my Most Honored Mother, what we have suffered, I need not ask your prayers, as I feel assured they never fail us.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

SISTER BECHET.

Account of the Bombardment of Arras,
by Sister R. . . , of Saint-Omer.

Ever since Wednesday, September 30, the roaring of cannon, heard in the distance, becomes daily nearer and nearer.
Thursday, October 1. Twenty-five wounded arrive; tomorrow they will be sent to Boulogne and replaced by others, and this will continue until Tuesday the 6th. In general, the soldiers are wounded in the shoulder, arm and leg; the wounds made by the bullets are quickly healed, but those caused by bombs are frightful. None of them complain, all are grateful for our care.

Friday, October 2. It is announced that the station will be closed for five days.

Sunday, October 4. Towards five o'clock a general order of mobilization is issued in the city. At the cathedral, we have Rosary devotions and the Bishop preaches. He is interrupted by the movement of his audience which is disturbed; the people rise, exchange questions, jostle against one another. From the pulpit, the Bishop quiets the congregation by announcing the mobilization and urges all the men from eighteen to forty-eight years of age to go at once to the mayoralty. They must leave Arras as soon as possible. There are many men in the congregation and they leave the church followed by their families. The sermon is ended, but the procession is omitted; we then return home immediately with our children.

Monday, October 5. I go to the Office in the morning, but the whole personnel has departed. I try to secure passage on one of the many trains which convey the wounded to Boulogne; I ask information from the President of the Red Cross and from a major, and learn that no trains are running.

Tuesday, October 6. First day of the bombardment. It began at nine o'clock in the morning. At noon from the ward of the wounded on the second floor, we saw a bomb explode near the cathedral and start a fire. Trembling, we continued to serve dinner to the sick. An hour after a bomb burst still nearer to us, a piece shattered the roof of the laundry where the children were working. They
were covered with débris; but no one was hurt. To remain on this floor would be dangerous and to go down into the cellar would be impossible for it is too small to accommodate one hundred ten children and twenty-five wounded soldiers. We grouped ourselves in the halls on the first floor. Among the wounded we found a lieutenant who considered the situation very serious; and fearing to be made a prisoner if the Germans entered Arras, he determined to leave with the convalescent.

Twenty left on foot going out the Saint-Pol Road. What will become of them? Several were scarcely able to walk. Eight remained with us. For five hours the shells passed over us with an ominous hissing whilst we could hear them explode. Hours these were of fearful agony in which we prayed and recited the rosary. The French cannon fired unceasingly. Towards seven o'clock the shots became less frequent, and more rumbling; the sky was illuminated by the flames. On the right of us the City Hall, burning; on the left, the Arras mill with its grain supplies, was especially aimed at. We brought down some mattresses to the workroom; the children slept in their clothes. For three days this apartment must serve as their dormitory and refectory. We spent the night in praying and listening to the firing in the distance. At ten o'clock we were ordered to prepare the wounded who were still with us, as autos were to convey them to Boulogne. We got them ready, and brought down the most infirm on stretchers. I thought I would go with them and prepared. My Superior hesitated to give me the permission; finally I obtained it, not fearing in the least this journey by night. We waited all night, and the autos did not come, as the road was unsafe. At four o'clock we put our wounded back to bed.

Wednesday, 7. The second day of the bombardment. At five o'clock in the morning the artillery fiercely renewd
the attack. Lacking bread, the Sister housekeeper, went out to buy some. The bakers were gone, and their shops closed; but in one they offered to make the bread if Sister could procure flour. At one o’clock Sister Martha went out again. She saw the City Hall in flames, the square and the stores on St. Gery street burning. At the corner of the square lay the dead body of a man, his head bathed in blood. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd who make bread, gave fifty kilos of flour to the bakery. The bombardment was renewed at three o’clock, the shells whistling around us on all sides. At five o’clock a bomb fell on a house near us; our windows are shattered. Three of our wounded occupying a room facing the street were thrown out of bed but received no injury. This house struck by the bomb belonged to a family whom we had received, the old lady did not want to remain in her cellar. Unfortunately the daughter and her maid returned for some articles. At the shock of the explosion, we ran and saw the two women at one of the windows of their house, with faces all blackened by smoke, covered with dust, and one bleeding from the wounds inflicted. They called for help; but there seemed no means of getting to them; however, Sister Elizabeth and I brought two mattresses and whilst the shells were whizzing about us, we managed to rescue them safe and sound.

It is miraculous how they were preserved. Seeing the shell about to burst, the young girl who has great devotion to Blessed Joan of Arc, cried out: “Joan of Arc save us!” The holy Maid obtained for her a true miracle. The wound she received on her forehead was but slight. As for Sister Elizabeth and myself, we can also say that we have been wonderfully preserved, for death has been very close to us. A second shell fell while we were in the street; they are around us everywhere. We have lived through an awful period; but the thought of duty has
given us strength and courage. The bombardment did not cease until six o’clock.

Sisters and children each prepared a package for herself and putting on two suits of clothing the little ones lay down on the mattresses, their packages by their sides, ready to leave if the order was given to evacuate the town. The night was calm. At midnight we went to the baker’s for bread, as no one would venture out except at night.

**Thursday, 8.** Third day of the siege. From three in the morning the crackling noise of grapeshot was heard. The cannon thundered violently. At seven o’clock the firing began again. We saw a bomb burst between the cathedral and our house, a second passed over us and exploded farther off; a third fell behind the garden wall; a fourth shattered the roof of a building back of the chapel; a fifth demolished a house close by the industrial school which had only its windows broken. Towards three o’clock the bombardment ceased. We were miraculously preserved thanks, certainly, to the medals we placed the first day on all the doors and windows. The cannon roared without intermission until seven o’clock. Our soldiers showed us how to distinguish the German cannons from our 75’s.

At nine o’clock four persons came to ask hospitality. They were store-keepers near the City Hall and remained three days and three nights in their cellar, while the store above, was completely burned. They managed to escape. Everything has been burned. The night was quiet.

During these two days we were deprived of Mass and Holy Communion. We could not reach the chapel which, situated in the centre of the courtyard, is too much exposed.

**Friday, 9.** Until nine o’clock comparative calm reigned. A priest came to say Mass. He had scarcely begun, when the cannon was heard, first at intervals, then a steady firing. Each volley made us start. Never did it sound so
near. About eight o'clock the Sister housekeeper went to buy meat, which we had not eaten in two days.

Fire and devastation is everywhere. The cathedral was struck by eight shells. The chapel of the Poor Clares was destroyed. Four bombs fell on our Sisters' Home for Deaf-Mutes; the section for the blind was demolished. Opposite, the oil works with the Masonic Hall and several houses were set on fire. The Sisters and inmates of the house tried to check the flames; the Prefect was there with a hose; the priests of St. Joseph's College were also helping. Early in the morning the dead bodies were carried to the trenches and thrown in, as there was no time to bury them separately. The hospital was struck; a shell fell to the second story, killing a religious twenty-nine years old. Another shell struck the hall of the wounded, on the first floor. It killed two captains and four soldiers. A third ball burst in a cellar, killing a workman and a little girl; a fourth penetrated the Sisters' chapel. On Thursday, there were one hundred dead at the hospital. Not being able to reach the cemetery they brought them to the Polygone to cremate them.

Corpses were lying in the streets; four cavalry-men with their horses, several citizens, one whose limbs could not be found, and some women, one of them cut in two. The cannon did not cease until seven o'clock; each shot was like the explosion of fireworks. During the night we distinctly heard the battle raging.

_Saturday, 10._ At half-past five the French cannon sounded with the same force as yesterday. The noise in the street was deafening. I went out at nine o'clock with the children and took baskets to renew our provisions, for we had neither bread nor meat. The soldiers gave us _boxes_ of preserves, "monkey" as they call them. This made a meal for us; we live on potatoes. I bought a half of _sheep_, a quarter of _pork_, some _coffee_, _salt_, _lard_, and
thirty loaves of bread. At eleven the Major came to order the departure of our wounded. Autos arrived at noon to transport them to Berck-sur-Mer. All the wounded have left Arras which is no longer an ambulance station.

Sunday, 11. The French cannon sounded at seven o’clock. All the services at the cathedral were omitted on account of the firing. The religious who was killed at the hospital was buried at eleven o’clock. I attended with my Sister Servant. Several eulogies were pronounced over her, one by the Prefect. We visited the ruins of the hospital. They are considerable. During the siege the Sisters had five hundred wounded, among them seven Prussians, one of whom was an officer. Speaking of the havoc wrought by the bombs, the officer said: “This is our work; we shall be the victors. There are four powers against us; but even so we are strong enough to conquer.” At two o’clock the children started out on a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame-des-Ardents, one of the parishes of the city. Hardly had they left, than they returned very much frightened, as the bombs began again to whistle. It was another attempt at a bombardment, but was quickly checked by the French and English cannon. In the space of three quarters of an hour, five bombs exploded. At seven o’clock, the cannons were hushed. During the night the discharge of musketry could be heard in the distance.

Monday, 12. The French cannon sounded only at eight o’clock. Between eleven and one, several aeroplanes flew over the town dropping bombs on a garrison. Three soldiers were killed and five wounded. At five o’clock, firing again. It was a heavy discharge. From quarter-past five to a quarter-past six we counted five hundred and fifty-seven shots. At each firing we clearly heard the whizzing of the ball in the distance. This had lasted eight days. It was terrible; but not so bad as the
harsh whizzing of the balls about us; this indeed is frightful. At seven o’clock silence reigned, and so the night passed safely until two in the morning when we heard a short but full volley of musketry.

**Tuesday, 13.** All day long the sound of cannonading was heard. In the morning three bombs were thrown against the railway station. The number of bombs cast into the town is estimated at fifteen hundred. The devastation everywhere is dreadful. In the cemetery several bombs have broken the monuments and penetrating into the tombs have damaged the coffins. Last Tuesday the Germans captured twenty pieces of artillery out of twenty-two. Twenty-three coaches brought us a regiment of Turcos. They reinforced our troops and rushing into the attack of the village of Mouchy-le-Preux regained the twenty pieces, and also captured three howitzers. At six o’clock the cannon was silent. Towards eight the sky was streaked by flashes of fire, following each discharge of cannon, then for a few moments lit by powerful searchlights. It was a weird sight. We had gone to bed, when at half-past nine, a fresh burst of cannon aroused us. It was like the infernal regions. We rose, all trembling, and gathered together in the community room. We recited the rosary, spending an hour and a half in veritable agony. At eleven-thirty the battle diminished in violence, then ceased, except for the muffled rumbling of the cannon. The rest of the night passed without any alarm. The next day the people collected German balls in the streets. It appears to have been an attempted invasion of Arras by the Germans, who were repulsed.

**Wednesday, 14.** The cannon boomed at eight o’clock but not so strong. An hour later we heard the shells whizzing again; they burst in our neighborhood. Constantly in fear of a second bombardment, we can scarcely live. In three quarters of an hour three bombs exploded,
then everything ceased. About three o'clock, the great English cannon boomed. The volleys are so strong that the order was issued throughout the town to open the windows in order to prevent the panes being shattered. At seven o'clock, silence followed and continued thus throughout the night — the first peaceful night in ten days.

_Thursday, 15._ The morning is calm. At two o'clock, cannonading is resumed; aeroplanes fly over the city; they are dropping bombs, we see these bursting in the air before they fall. I go to secure some coal; from the prefecture, I am sent to the city; from the city, to the comissary of police; then to the armed police where the military commander gives me an order for 1,000 kilos,— thanks to the three hundred sheets that we have to wash for the wounded. At seven o'clock, we hear a violent cannonading, but quite a distance off, the sky is again lighted up by the firing. At eight o'clock all is silent, but at nine, the big guns of the English are heard. In the silence of the night we hear distinctly the dismal whizzing of shots in the distance; we can count thirty seconds between the firing and the explosion. Worn out, we lie down to sleep despite these detonations.

The Sister who writes this journal, being recalled by her Superiors to the house at Saint-Omer, we complete her narrative by the following letter from the Bishop of Arras to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

*(Taken from the *Semaine religieuse de Paris.)*

With one exception, St. Nicholas, all our churches, and chapels of the religious communities and seminaries, are unfit for use. But I am mistaken, the beloved sanctuary of Notre-Dame-des-Ardents, our patroness, with the exception of its windows, is intact. Four hundred houses are burning, the walls tottering and swaying, and where only the windows of the houses are destroyed, their owners are
doubly grateful to God. Some streets have entirely disappeared, everything like a handsome belfry and the magnificent Franco-Spanish Mayoralty is destroyed. It is lamentable! Arras-Pompeï the city is already called.

My poor cathedral has been struck by twenty bombs. The roof is broken in several places, the side chapels are demolished or so badly injured they will have to be torn down; the magnificent windows destroyed, the façade damaged. Such is the spectacle that would be presented to your eyes could Your Eminence behold our ruined city.

My poor city is a vast necropolis.

Letter from Sister Rogues to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

Home of the Aged, Nogent-les-Vierges, October 12, 1914.

Last week I received a letter from the Rev. Dean of Creil, asking me for two or three Sisters to attend the wounded who arrived here without any one to care for them. I left immediately with one of our Sisters to look into the situation and see if the doctors were satisfied. The chief doctor said to me: "I could not ask for you myself, but I had it done, and I will be most grateful if you can come." He showed us into a large hall of the district school, where nothing was prepared; so without any other introduction, we set to work.

Everybody brought us something, wine, fruit, linen, etc., etc., but night came on and I would have been glad to renew the miracle of Josue. If you could have heard these poor creatures crying out: "Oh come, come, good Sisters, take care of us!" Had the trains been running on schedule time, I would have gone to Paris, but as I could not

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go and return the same day, I acted as I thought you would have wished. The next day I took three Sisters, and left them to care for the wounded. Sister Richard of Chantilly also lent two Sisters who cannot return, they will also attend the wounded.

One cannot see these poor soldiers, Most Honored Mother, without being deeply touched at their calmness and resignation. The greater number have gangrenous limbs, and we must see them die, without being able to do anything to prevent it. I asked one of them: “Did you go to confession before leaving with the army?” He answered: “Oh yes, Sister, and I have been good ever since.” This is magnificent, is it not, Mother?

Here we have those attacked with typhoid fever; there are two with us now and to-morrow another is coming. These are mine. I put a good old woman to watch them, to give them drinks and anything else they need. All our Sisters are full of their work. I send their dinner by three Sisters who take a turn with the sick while the others eat dinner at the house of the pastor. He wanted them to eat with him, but I explained that this would be contrary to our rules; this was sufficient, he was satisfied. This good priest is so zealous, he puts on a surgeon’s gown and assists at the operations.

Ever since the early part of September we have daily listened to the firing of cannon, to-day it is heard again, whilst the trains filled with English pass through the city to connect with others at Amiens. Oh! my God, how terrible is the scourge of war, particularly when one is in the midst of it! I went to see our Sisters at Senlis, each of us takes a turn at helping them. They are all well. At a few metres from the hospital we prayed at the graves of some poor soldiers buried in the trenches. At Compiègne, our Sisters are also well, but very much fatigued. All our Sisters offer you their sentiments of filial submis-
sion and you know that with all my heart I join them.
I have the honor to be, etc.

SISTER ROGUES

Letter of Sister Bon,
to the Most Honored Mother Maurice

Belfort, August 29.

Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

It is now fifteen days since we began this work. Our
day begins at half-past six in the morning after Mass, and
ends at half-past nine in the evening. We take our turn
at the night watches every fifth or sixth night, and there
is no question of reposing the next day, we must continue
our work as usual. We are well repaid however by the
satisfaction the soldiers give us.

The other day one of them said to me: "Sister, you
take care of us like a good mother," they are easy to
please. Another remarked: "You were up all night, go
to bed now, we will do the work;" and they began to ar­
range the beds and help those who could not rise, to make
their toilet. They leave us with regret and carry with
them as souvenirs our precious medal. Friday last, forty
left us, and those that remain are very sick. Just now, I
have a man who was struck by a bomb which carried off
half the muscle of the thigh; the bone was not broken,
but all the tendons are exposed. He is very brave, I
never leave him. It is feared tetanus may develop.

Yesterday he heard a lady express a desire to see a
battle: "Do not wish that," he said, "it is something
horrible." I shall send you his description. "When we
are in battle bullets whizz over our heads, bombs burst all
around us, a comrade falls at our side, but we can pay no
attention to him, we think only of fighting; but after the
battle the scene changes. Night came, about three hundred of us remained on the field; some were dead, others dying and begging some one to put an end to their terrible sufferings; some of the wounded asked for a drink and there was no one to give it, for any body approaching us was in danger of being shot.” This young soldier wept as he described this scene of which we can form no idea, and added: “I ask myself how I was able to stand these horrors. I dragged myself eight hundred metres, that I might not hear the groans of my companions whom I could not relieve.”

After such a description our hearts bleed, and it would be impossible for us not to make extraordinary efforts to relieve these young soldiers some of whom are not more than twenty-five years of age.

Sister Cecilia Bon.

We still have a number of letters, but as it is well to limit ourselves, even in the best things, we shall content ourselves with saying that our Sisters are untiring, and God is prodigal in His consolations, particularly that of the faith and gratitude of the soldiers. For example: in a certain place, it was announced that the bishop of the diocese would say Mass next morning in the field-hospital; the Sisters had the consolation of seeing the colonel, the commanding officers and soldiers assist thereat, and moreover receive Holy Communion. In another city, it was the baptism of a soldier, again, confirmation; in several places, first Communion; every where something edifying. A Sister says: “If you only knew, Father, how docile these men are, they are like real children with their mothers.” From another place, a Sister writes: “They wanted to express their gratitude, and for this purpose we witnessed quite a touching little scene, when a brave sergeant who had not trembled before the Prussians, recited in a voice broken with emotion, a little verse composed by one of his comrades; at the same time, presenting me with a pretty holy-water font, bearing the inscription, “Souvenir of the wounded of 1914.”” Doubtless these soldiers received that day, the first scolding Sister had ever given them, but I am sure it was both given and received pleasantly.
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY


My very dear Sister Visitatrix,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Please come to our assistance if possible. Here is the situation: the Rev. Visitor of Austria with one of his confrères, Father Anthony Zdésar, passed through Lourdes on their return from the Assembly. In the meantime, war was declared and they were obliged to take refuge in Spain where they awaited a ship to transport them to Genoa. After three weeks' delay, they were able to leave August 23, on a Spanish vessel in which the consul had assured them, they would be safe. Nevertheless, they were stopped during the voyage; Father Visitor miraculously escaping, but Father Zdésar was held by the police, together with ten other priests and sixty laymen, nearly all pilgrims from Lourdes. On the afternoon of the 29th, they were conducted to the Chateau d'If where they are still imprisoned.

Please inform our Most Honored Father of these particulars and beg him to take measures with the Minister of War, or some one else, to release our confrère.

I remain, etc.

Joseph Binner, C. M.

Our Most Honored Father took the necessary steps, but the Germans having arrested and imprisoned a great number of priests, Father Zdésar will not be released until the Germans set at liberty all the imprisoned priests. The following is a note from Father Zdésar to our Most Honored Father.
Frioul, Marseilles, September 26

MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing if you please!

I thank you most heartily for all that you said in your letter of September 15. I am very well. My greatest happiness will be to celebrate once more the Holy Sacrifice. I thank you for all you have done for me, and I recommend myself to your prayers. I hope in a short time to be with my own. Pray that this may be granted me and that I may not lose courage.

In the love of Jesus Christ and His Immaculate Mother,

Your very humble son,

ANTHONY ZDESAR

Letter from SISTER ROCKEL, Daughter of Charity, to the MOST HONORED MOTHER MAURICE.

Gratz, October 17, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

I cannot tell you how much we have been consoled by your letter from Bordeaux. Many, many thanks for your maternal words, as well as for the news for which we eagerly longed. How many times our Sisters have said: “Our venerated Superiors, our Mother Houses, what has become of them?” I hastened to reassure them.

I must tell you for your consolation that it is in such moments as these that is proved how deeply rooted in our hearts, are love and filial attachment for our venerated Superiors and our dear Community. As for myself, I can endure more easily the cares and anguish caused by this
terrible scourge, since I am aware of the freedom granted to our Venerable Superiors.

You desire some tidings to communicate to our Most Honored Father and our worthy Father Director. Thanks be to God everything goes on well; all is quiet at Gratz. Our Sisters are asked for the ambulances everywhere; they request more than I can give, therefore, I help out with some nurses where the number of Sisters is insufficient, or but one is needed. At this moment, seventy Sisters are employed at Gratz and elsewhere, in the ambulances outside of the regular hospitals. Ten Sisters are at the front; they advance or retire with the army, and they have many privations to endure, but they are very courageous. The Secretary of the Archbishop of Vienna has asked for ten Sisters who in pairs, accompany the wounded transported by railroad to the ambulances. In order to respond to the desire expressed by our Most Honored Father to our Father Director, of devising some means of relieving the needy, I am happy to tell you that we distributed food, clothing and furniture to several refugee families of Galicia which was invaded by the Russians. Since the beginning of August, nearly sixty soldiers come daily for supper, and we often have more than one hundred for dinner. We wash and mend their clothes. The abandoned children spend the day with us, others are freely received into our orphanage. It seems to me the more we give, the more God gives us. The soldiers come to us in all their wants. Some times it is laughable. When we ask them: “Who told you to come to us for that?” they reply: “Not receiving what we looked for, such as beads, medals, vegetables, etc., etc., the people say to us, ‘Go to the Daughters of Charity, they will give it to you.”’ And we have always given.

Lately, the authorities have inquired concerning our accommodations; they would like us, in case of necessity, to form two ambulances for five hundred wounded, one at our
school, and the other at Saint Mary’s. We shall do all in our power to imitate the charity of Saint Vincent under similar circumstances, and to show ourselves worthy Daugh­ters of our Holy Father. Without intending to praise our Sisters, it seems to me that the people are pleased with the Daughters of Saint Vincent in Austria. The Archduke Francis visited the ambulances at Gratz, and meeting the Sisters in several places, he said: “How is it, everywhere I meet the Daughters of Charity, how many are you?” He seems very well pleased with the Sisters and has been very gracious.

We were so happy as to have with us for three weeks, seven Sisters of Cracow; they were obliged to seek shelter from the Russians. Sister Zaleska has already recalled them; five left us to-day. The Sister Servant, however, is yet too much fatigued, and she with a companion will remain a few days longer. I have sent your address, my Most Honored Mother, to Sister Zaleska, indicating the way, either by Naples or Turin, as Sister Rossignol has offered to forward our letters to you. Father Reeh begs me to present you his respects. He prays much for you. Please to pardon the length of this letter. Assuring you of our prayers and filial respect, I have the honor to be, in the love of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, my Most Honored Mother.

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

SISTER JOHANNES ROCKEL.
AMERICAN EMBASSY, PARIS

October 26, 1914.

REV. E. CAZOT, 95 rue de Sèvres, Paris.

SIR,

The ambassador has requested me to inform you that he just received a despatch from Petrograd, telling him that the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul of Lemberg are in good health, and are employed in nursing the wounded.

I beg you to accept my kind regards.

ARTHUR HUGH FRAZIER,
Second Secretary.

Letter from REV. F. MEDITS, C. M.,
to VERY REV. E. VILLETTE, Superior General.

Budapest, September 27, 1914.

MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing if you please!

As soon as I learned that the paternal goodness of God had elected you as successor of Saint Vincent, I announced this happy event to the whole province; and ordered that all your daughters say daily in common, three Hail Marys, the Memorare and the invocation, “O Mary conceived without sin,” not only for you but also for the Most Honored Mother, for you can now say magni, sicut mare, sunt dolores cordis mei. But console yourself, Most Honored Father, the good God permits all this for ends which will result in good for the whole world. Your children in Hungary cease not to pray for you and the Most Honored Mother. Your humble servant and Sister Visitatrix Sebôle, will do all in our power to maintain the good spirit in your daughters who are so attached to you, and who very frequently ask me if I have not some news.
of you and the Most Honored Mother. A large number of your dear daughters are nursing about five thousand wounded soldiers in the public and private hospitals. Almost every soldier wears a Miraculous Medal. Every one is delighted on seeing the great patience and devotion of these brave men. They receive Holy Communion with a truly admirable piety. Many of them say “When I return to my home and family, I will be a good child of God!” This is so consoling!

FERDINAND MEDITS.

Letter from Sister Sebok, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Maurice.

Budapest, October 15, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

It is only to-day that I received your very kind and motherly letter of September 29. It has given me much pleasure and I am very grateful to you.

Oh, my Mother, how can I sufficiently thank you for having anticipated me, by inquiring concerning the events transpiring around us.

We have recalled to the Central House all the Sisters who could possibly be spared from their duties, and sent them to the different ambulances where they joyfully care for the poor wounded. From ninety to a hundred Sisters are at present employed in twenty or twenty-two ambulances, others, in twenty-two schools of our province. Other ambulances have been formed where our Sisters serve the poor soldiers, even those who are attacked with contagious diseases.

Oh! yes, Most Honored Mother, you have reason to say that our dear Community is the object of the protection of
God and of the watchful care of our Immaculate Mother; this is proved daily.

Yesterday I went to see Mgr., the Prince Primate; he told me that they are preparing eighteen railway-coaches to carry the wounded found in the battlefield to their destination, and he asked for two Sisters, to nurse the wounded during the journey. We have gladly promised him three Sisters. If we had two hundred we could distribute them.

Even Sister Baugha, first Secretary, with ten companions, directs an ambulance of one hundred soldiers at the royal palace of Gödöllö.

The schools and all the other works are going on as usual.

We unite our prayers with yours, my Most Honored Mother, and with most profound respect and filial submission, permit me to remain, in the love of our Lord, my Most Honored Mother,

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

SISTER VILMA SEBOK.

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BELGIUM-HOLLAND


Louvain, August 5, 1914.

Most Honored Father and dear Sir:

Your blessing if you please!

We are in the midst of the soldiers; more than sixty thousand are at Louvain or in its vicinity. More than half of these leave to-morrow for Liege, where the battle is raging. The Prussians never expected to find such a
determined and valiant army. These soldiers defend themselves like lions. The greater part of them receive the Sacraments before going into battle.

They have established at Louvain five or six field-hospitals: one of these is at the College of Leo XIII, founded by Mgr. Mercier; and Mgr. de Proye, a professor at the University, is at the head of it. Our Sisters direct the work. Last evening, Sister Varemans was asked to provide twelve Sisters for the day following at 8 o’clock, because some wounded were expected. As you are aware, she had to act without consulting Ans. Sister Delobre was able to furnish four, Sister Varemans, four, Héverlé, three, and Corbeck-Loo, one. This morning I went to see their surroundings which are perfect. I took advantage of the opportunity to thank His Lordship who was quite flattered at the proceeding. I then made bold to ask him to locate our twelve Sisters together in the same quarter, which he promised to do. In this way, the Sisters will be as though in their own house. There are three or four other orders of religious women in the same field-hospital which has three hundred beds. I intend to go often to encourage the Sisters in their work and to give any help that may be needed. The Sisters have put in a secure place, all the papers belonging to the treasurer’s office.

Be pleased to bless me, etc.

RIVIERE, C. M.

Letter from REV. ALPHONSUS SIEBEN, C. M., to VERY REV. E. VILLETTE, Superior General.

Isleworth, September 11, 1914.

MOST HONORED FATHER AND DEAR SIR:

Your blessing if you please!

I am here at our confrères’ home at Isleworth, where I was received with open arms, and I take advantage of my
first free moment to give you the news of our houses in Belgium.

You know, Sir and Most Honored Father, under what conditions I left you. I expected to arrive on that day, August 20, at Brussels, but at Tournai, we were told that communications with Brussels were cut off and that the Germans had entered the city. I then set out for Ostend where I received hospitality from Sister Delvoye. Sunday, August 23, I set out for Ghent, where I arrived without difficulty at the house of Sister Mélis. At Ghent as at Ostend, the Sisters had arranged for a field-hospital in their respective houses, but until now no wounded have been confided to their care.

The Red Cross Society everywhere, as at Antwerp, monopolizes the service of the field-hospitals. The Sisters at the house of St. John the Baptist at Ghent only, were invited to come two by two to inspect the service of the principal field-hospital established at the house of the Jesuit Fathers, which invitation Sister Mélis hastened to accept. In all the other houses of Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, our Sisters are entrusted with the care of the refugees who number thousands, distributing food supplies and even assuring lodging to them, as at the house of Sister Montens on Reynder Street, Antwerp.

On August 24, communications with Antwerp being still possible by way of Waes, I went to the house of Sister Montens. I found there Fathers Van den Heuvel and Cardel of Theux, who being drafted for the care of the wounded, had taken up their lodgings here. At Sister Nempon’s house on Duerne Street were Fathers Kesternich, Thiry and Saint-Germain in a similar situation. Father Geysen met Father Van den Heuvel at Antwerp. He was staying with his relatives, not being able to reach Wernouth as communications were cut off. I spent five days at Antwerp and took advantage of my stay to search
for my brother, an officer in the Belgian army, who had
taken part in the battle of Liege, and for my other rela­
tives. I had the great happiness of finding them all liv­
ing.

On Friday August 28, I left Antwerp to return to
Ghent, because all those who had not their home at Ant­
werp before the first of August, were forbidden to stay
longer in the city. I merely passed through Ghent, be­
tcause there was nothing for me to do there, and at the
same time I did not feel secure, as the Germans were very
near the city. In these circumstances I returned to Ostend
without going to Brussels or to Louvain, and for greater
reason to Liege, without being able to learn the least news
of our Sisters and the Confrères in these different cities.
The only thing that I was able to learn from the refugees
of Louvain, is that they have not annoyed the religious,
that Father Rivière is staying at Louvain with the Sisters,
and that the fires that have devastated Louvain have been
stopped at the first houses on Canal Street. They assured
me too, that the Sisters of Korbeck-Loo near Louvain,
have taken refuge at Heverlé.

From Brussels, Liege, Namur and Dinant there is no
news. It is the same for Froyennes, Rongy and Ingel­
munster, all these places are under the domination of Ger­
many. I left the house of the hospitable Sister Delvoye
at Ostend, yesterday September 10. Feeling that I could
not be of any use there, and fearing moreover to prove a
care, I decided to come here to ask hospitality of good
Father Planson.

Your humble servant,
Alphonse Sieben.
Letter from Rev. H. Heudre, C. M., to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General.

Wernhoutsburg, Holland, September 15, 1914.

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing if you please!

Wednesday, September 9, in a waiting room at Breda, I scribbled you a few lines to tell you what took place at Liege. Have you received them? I doubt it; and so finding an opportunity, I write again.

Following your order, I arrived at Liege during the week of August 9; the city had been taken but not the forts; the Germans occupying all roads leading from the city. For eight days, that is to say until Sunday the 16th, at noon, there was a terrific cannonade against the forts; the last surrendered on the 16th, and from that moment there was an avalanche of German soldiers rushing on by every road towards Namur, towards Brussels, and towards France.

I went to visit the field-hospitals which since the 6th have been organized in all the houses of the Sisters of Charity and of other Communities; our house in St. Peter Street enjoyed perfect quiet. On the 14th, whilst going to visit the Sisters of Mallieuue of whom we had no report, I was picked up on the way by a German officer and kept as a hostage at Jemappe with the burgomaster of the place. Towards nine o’clock the fort of Flémalle which caused great havoc, fired shrapnels which did not displease me very much, because I preferred this death to being shot against the wall, where I had been placed.

I was not struck, but a captain and five soldiers were wounded. I then offered to take them to the field-hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Tilleur, and so it turned out that
I was set free. Not being able to go farther, I remained at Tilleur, and God permitted this; because I had there an opportunity during fifteen days, to exercise my ministry as efficaciously as on a mission; and I encouraged the Sisters in their rather trying situation. In the meantime, there had been some changes at our house at Liege.

On Thursday 20th, one hundred ten soldiers made their quarters here. They forced open all closed doors, found the altar wine in the cellar and emptied one hundred and fifty bottles in one night. It was during this same night that the Germans burned the houses of the Fishermen's Dock on University Street, and of the Sisters on Hasques Street, in all about seventy-five houses. The soldiers who were in our house opened the windows, and in their drunkenness, fired on the neighboring houses and their comrades in the street.

At the investigation which was made later, some of the soldiers said that it was the confrères who had fired. Was there anything else? I do not know, but on Thursday night, August 27, at ten o'clock, a commanding officer made a raid with a score of men; they went directly to Father Vandamme's room, whom they found in bed. They forced him to dress before them, treating him as an assassin and a traitor. They dragged him more dead than alive to the cellar, to have him point out the tunnel that leads to the Court and which, according to them, must be mined.

Afterwards came Father Willems' turn, then Brother Hudeley entirely paralyzed, who could not stir from his bed, was made for; and lastly Arthur, the domestic. All night long a search was made among the important apartments, and was continued during the next day. Every closed room, and every locked door or drawer was broken open.

Towards midnight, they brought our confrères prisoners
to the Court. Father Vandamme collapsed and it was necessary to call a physician to revive him.

The next morning I was arrested at the front door with Father Hocquet, and we went to rejoin our confrères. In what a state did I find them, and to what treatment were we not subjected. I never saw anything like it at Uskub in Servia. That evening Father Verschore was brought from Cointe.

At the hearing given me by the police magistrate Colonel Ivers, I heard myself “accused of having wished to kill the soldiers who were with us, by trying to blow up the house, the Court and the whole square.” Just think of it! As a proof they told me they had found in the house an American punch and a large quantity of gun cotton. It was on this last complaint especially, that I was obliged to make explanation. This gave me the impression that they wished to find us at fault, but for what purpose? I do not know; but the discovery of fire-arms would have cost us dearly.

In the evening, I was sent with Fathers Hocquet and Willems to the prison cell to be locked up there for five days. Before leaving we were covered with insults by the general in command of the place, who urged on the hundred soldiers in the yard of the Court of Justice, to hoot after us. The next day, Saturday, Father Hocquet and myself were taken from prison to appear again before the police magistrate. On this occasion, I did not remain for more than half an hour, assured that the judge began to be convinced of our innocence, or that he was even influenced in our favor.

In the evening towards half-past ten o’clock (because until that hour they kept guard over us at the entrance to the Court), we were returned to prison by a round-about way, so as to have us pass through the principal streets of the city. It was disgraceful! The under officer who con-
ducted us did not spare us insults, blows, or rudeness. At each station he pointed out "tzei scheinu priestres" who were to be butchered on the morrow, etc. Prison was more desirable to us than the Court of Justice where Father Vandamme, Father Verschore, the brother and the domestic were. In the prison, at least guards were attentive to us. The chaplain notified Sister Bultheil who hastened to send us food, because from Friday morning until Sunday evening we had, so to speak, taken nothing.

Finally on Wednesday September 2, we were set free, excepting Father Hocquet who was obliged to remain in prison until October 1. They gave us safe-conduct to Holland, good until the 11th. They allowed us five hours to get what belonged to us from our rooms; then we were prohibited to return.

We considered it best that Father Vandamme stay at Ans, as Director of the Sisters of Charity, where he is at present. Father Willems who placed himself under the protection of the Dutch consul, keeps him company. No longer having a place to stay, Father Verschore and I set out on the 8th, and reached here on September 9.

You may put your mind at ease about the Sisters. There is but one house, that at Alleur, where the Germans made an investigation. The houses at Liege and there about have taken care of the wounded. At Verviers there is nothing of importance; Father Girard is there. The locality of Herve suffered a great deal, except that part where the Sisters are. At Huy, Seraing, Tilleur, all goes well. Father Vasseur is at Seraing.

At Louvain there is much havoc, but the Sisters' houses are uninjured, as also are those at Heverlé, etc. In the other parts of Belgium the war was less severe. Father Verschore left for Hezebranck. I am making my retreat with the confrères at Wernhout since Saturday, then I shall give a little retreat to the young men who can come here
next Monday; and afterwards if you do not employ me otherwise, Most Honored Father, I shall go to Pas-de-Calaix to begin my rounds, because I suppose the poor Sisters must also be anxious.

I found Father Vandamme much better after leaving prison; I had not seen him in the meantime. The other gentlemen are likewise well, or they repress their feelings. For myself, Most Honored Father, I have only to thank God for everything. The war is a scourge that He uses for good; I am well aware of this. Since I have been a priest, I have rarely passed a month in which I experienced such great consolations as during the past month. Whilst I was a hostage, during my stay at Tilleur, and especially during my sojourn in prison, my ministry with souls was very fruitful. Indeed I regret nothing that happened, and I am ready to go through it again, if need be. Should you again send me a telegram as you did on August 6, I shall receive it as coming from a good and merciful God. Be pleased, etc.

HEUDRE.

Letter from Father A. Vandamme, C. M., to the Most Honored Father E. Villette, Superior General.

Liege, September, 1914.

Most Honored Father and dear Sir:

Your blessing if you please!

I take advantage of this opportunity which I hope will be favorable, to give you some news of our little family at Liege. I have made haste to do this as soon as possible. We led a quiet enough life until Sunday, August 16, when sixty German soldiers, who were agreeable it must be admitted, bore down upon us. But on the Thursday following at nine o'clock in the evening, one
hundred and ten Thuringians, worn out with fatigue and having had nothing to eat all day, took up their quarters here and immediately broke open the door of the cellar and quenched their thirst. At eleven o'clock some shots having been fired in St. Lambert’s Place, our temporary guests seized guns and cartridges, went down to the street and opened fire on their companions in St. Lambert’s Place, who returned the fire. Some were wounded. But two of the Thuringians instead of going to the street, went to the garret and fired from the windows.

The next day they were obliged to explain this affair to their commanding officer and they excused themselves as do schoolboys, and blamed the priests for firing the shots from the garret. It was impossible for us to clear ourselves; we only learned of the accusation some time later while in prison. Several of the Thuringians were intoxicated.

To these Thuringians succeeded a hundred fifteen other soldiers who arrived without fixing the time of their departure. They stayed two or three weeks, perhaps longer. Even now some are still here.

On Thursday the 27th, about ten o’clock in the evening, we were awakened by a knocking on the door of our rooms. They came to arrest us and accuse us:

1st. Of having fired shots from the garret on the evening of the 20th. I, the Superior, was the leader of this revolt.

2nd. Of having an underground passageway leading under the Court of Justice where the German general was with a number of his soldiers. We were preparing to blow up the Court; the proof was in evidence when they discovered our gun cotton.

3rd. Of not having obeyed the German government which on the previous Sunday, had decided that we should give up our house and leave it entirely to the soldiers.
This Thursday evening there was not a word of explanation to be given. They wished to hear nothing, and led us to the Court between bayonets. The following day I was questioned alone. It was easy for me to reply that I had no arms and that I had never permitted them in the house since I was Superior. As to the underground passage they could search; it is certain that it will not be found, because it does not exist. For the third accusation, they had not notified us of the decision. Who had notified me of the fact that the house was prohibited us? When or where had the notice been served? They did not know how to answer, and I added that it would have been reckless and senseless on my part to stay in the midst of one hundred and twenty soldiers in a house that had been interdicted to us. The other confrères were interrogated afterwards.

On Friday evening and on Saturday, they investigated and every drawer was searched most minutely, then the cellar...nothing. On Sunday morning the 30th, they found the safe and asked me to open it. There was nothing inside. On Sunday evening, they decided to release us. No one was ever liberated so quickly. But all were not included in this sentence. Father Hocquet had to undergo an investigation that lasted an hour and three quarters. They deliberated on his fate and we had to wait till these deliberations were over. Finally, on Wednesday morning we were allowed to go, Fathers Heudre, Willems, Verschoore, Brother Hudeley, our servant, and myself. But Father Hocquet was kept till October 1.

Fathers Heudre and Verschoore are at Wernhout. Father Willems and myself are staying quietly at the central house. Brother Hudeley and our servant are at Ans, Providence. So much for the prisoners. Father Vasseur is Chaplain of a field-hospital with our Sisters at Seraing near Liege; Fathers Courdent and Sieben should be in
France where they belong, but I have no news of them. Father Girard is at Verviers with our Sisters. Fathers Regnez and Vial are with the army, as is also Brother Brassenx. No news of them.

Do not worry about the body of Saint Vincent and the Archives. Apparently, the central house is not in the war country. What a difference between Liege and Ans! All the Sisters have been very kind and helpful. We have promised the Blessed Virgin a token of thanksgiving; we shall see; there are many projects. Sister Bultheel sends her very respectful greetings. Receive mine and the assurance that I wish to be

Your very obedient and devoted son,

A. Vandamme.

Letter from Father Heudre, C. M., to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General.

Paris, October 13, 1914.

Most Honored Father and dear Sir:

Your blessing if you please!

I reached Paris yesterday to accompany Bishop Faveau whom I found at Boulogne last Friday; I avail myself of the trip of good Father Maurel to the South, to give you some news. I received last Thursday while passing through Hazebrouck, some news that Sister Bultheel of Liege was able to send to her mother. At Liege in all the Sisters’ houses, all goes well. There are no wounded in any of the houses, but a great many hungry to be fed. Father Vandamme at Ans is well. The inhabitants of the city are quiet but constantly under a reign of terror. Father Willems who set out from Liege about September 20, to go to Holland with some of the Sisters, was stopped when he wished to return to Belgium; they
asked him to wait until October 2. Has he been able to
get in yet?

Sister Beltheel's letter was dated September 29; she
said nothing of the deliverance of Father Hocquet but I
know that he was sick about the middle of September. I
made my retreat as I told you with the confrères at Wern­
hout, then I gave the entrance retreat to a hundred and
thirty-six young men mostly from Holland.

On the 28th, I left Wernhout to go north, to bring
other young men to Holland. At Antwerp, I stopped a
day to see the confrères. Then began the bombardment
of the forts, I saw Father Van den Heuvel return with two
hundred thirty wounded from Mechlin and its surround­
ings. Father Thiry assisted the wounded at the Military
Hospital; he said that he was worn out. Father Kordel
was sick at Sister Monten’s house. Father Saint-Germain
had undergone an operation for appendicitis and was still
in bed. Father Kesternich was then at Termonde. All
the Fathers have been away from Bruges since October,
that is six days before Antwerp was taken. I have no
more news at this time.

At Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, I found the
Sisters very attentive to their duties, aiding the wounded
or busying themselves with the hospitals and refugees. I
was very much edified, especially at the confidence of the
Belgians, both the soldiers and civilians. They suffered
much morally and physically, but showed themselves very
deserving.

Having arrived in France I set to work to look after
the young men from Wernhout, but owing to the danger
of the taking of Antwerp I was obliged to forego return­
ing with them. Furthermore I arrived at Bailleul on
Sunday, October 4, at six o’clock in the evening, and the
next morning found myself blocked, because no trains
were leaving. The Germans having arrived at Lille, Armentières, had blown up the tracks.

On Thursday, October 8, I set out from Bailleul to go on foot to Hazebrouck and after walking for half an hour I fell into a German ambush. After they had inspected me for a moment, they were satisfied to give a salute and allow me to pass on. Along the whole way I heard firing to the right and left, and the roaring of cannon at Pont-à-Vendin, Lens. On arriving at Hazebrouck I saw an airship drop two bombs at the side of a station, no one was wounded, but what excitement!

I went to the house of the Sisters at the Mines, who were quite near to the battle of Lens which lasted about six days. It was necessary to make a trip to Boulogne, Étaples and Hesdin. Having reached Boulogne, I found that the roads to Hesdin and Arcques were reserved for the troops only, who were gathered together in large numbers near Saint-Omer, Hazebrouck, and Cassel, to oppose the Germans who were coming in that direction. On Sunday evening, I took the train at Boulogne for Paris to accompany the friend of my childhood, Bishop Faveau who was returning from Ireland, and on his way to Rome.

To-morrow morning I will set out for Pas-de-Calais, and I will go as far as Hesdin, then walk thirty kilometres to go into the mines where the Sisters must be very uneasy and perhaps in danger. At Boulogne the Sisters were at first set aside in the field-hospital by the nurses of the Red Cross, but these latter growing weary, the Sisters began to be overburdened by the night work that they were asked to do.

This is about all the news, Most Honored Father, that I can give you.

HEUDRE
Letter from Father Vester, C. M., to the
Most Honored Father E. Vilette, Superior General

Panningen, October 11, 1914.

Most Honored Father and dear Sir:

Your blessing if you please!

After receiving your dispatch inviting me to return to my post, I set out on the long journey. I am at Panningen eight days after starting. I was obliged to take the only way open to me at that time, through Dieppe, Folkestone and Flushing, and because for several days the newspapers recounted many accidents in the North Sea caused by floating mines, I asked the Assistants at Paris what I should do. Since they told me to go to England and act there according as prudence would direct, I set out.

By agreement with Father Louwyck I had previously telegraphed to Father Vidal to come also to Folkestone by way of Boulogne, and meet me there, that we might embark on the first Dutch vessel; but I have had no further news of him.

At Folkestone, Providence sent me an excellent angel guardian in the person of an Anglican minister who met me at the landing place, gave me hospitality in his house, and afterwards brought me back to the vessel. His charity prompted him to ask me to say mass in his church, and it was not without reluctance, that I obtained from him the directions necessary to find a Catholic church; the theological differences existing between our two religions not being worth the trouble, from his very practical viewpoint, which this inconvenience imposed upon me.

Indeed he is an excellent man according to all accounts and one who in religious ideas and practices, is very near to us.

The second voyage was excellent. All the sea fronting
England is mined, so that they travel only by day and with English pilots. Twice during the trip some officers in a tugboat came to steer us safely. Thanks be to God, we found no floating mines and after nine hours of traveling we came to Flushing. Hereafter it will be more difficult to travel in Holland than in France. Many of the trains have been stopped and the others run irregularly. Moreover, I was passing by just at the time when an avalanche of fugitives from Antwerp, was sent into Holland. I have never seen so much misery. The people leaving Paris in the beginning of September, had time at least, to take along necessaries; but these arrived with nothing, pursued as they were by the projectiles that still rained upon the city. Antwerp is now in the hands of the Germans. Here in Holland, all is comparatively quiet, but they fear a famine next winter. Already the public authorities regulate the selling and the making of bread. On the other hand, the people wishing to preserve neutrality see clouds gathering on the side of German and Belgian frontier, and also in the direction of Flushing where the waters are exclusively Dutch, and where is found the key to the Scheldt.

We can only pray that the scourge of war may be spared this little country.

J. Vestert.

From Wernhout which is on the Belgian frontier they write to the Most Honored Father:

We have at the Seminary a hundred soldiers appointed to go to the frontier. The lieutenant and officers are all Protestants; our kindness touches them and they speak with gratitude of the French character. The government gives us one and a half francs a day for each soldier. Since yesterday, Zundert is in a state of partial siege, no more mobs, no more arms in private houses, but peace and quiet continue to reign.
Arrival at Bordeaux; Archbishop welcomes Visitor De Andreis and confrères; Mont Cenis adventures; City of Gironde, and the five month's labors of the Lazarists. They ship for Baltimore.

Bordeaux, February 1, 1816.

To Vicar General Sicardi—Monte Citorio, Rome.

"Very Reverend Sir:

I have the honor to inform you of our safe arrival at Bordeaux on the 30th ult. It would be difficult for me to describe the warm and cordial welcome given us by the saintly Archbishop, the Most Reverend Charles d’Aviared Du Bois de-Sanzar. The saintly bishop was kind enough to give me lodging in his palace, and a seat at his own table; he appointed me chaplain of the prisons. My companions are placed with different pious persons, and some of them in the houses of the Sisters of Charity; the three Sister-Servants of which houses, came to visit me to-day; they are ready to follow us, and I intend to make arrangements on the subject. I hasten to make known our peril-

https://via.library.depaul.edu/annals_en/vol22/iss1/1 202
ous adventures on scaling Mont Cenis, and our pleasant route thence, to this city.

"On the fifth of January, we went to Susa, the Segusio of the old Romans, and the next day being the feast of the Epiphany, having availed myself, literally, of the privilege ante auroram, by saying Mass at a very early hour, we set out to climb Mount Cenis which was covered with snow, the weather being pretty cold. The 7th, which happened to be a Sunday, was a memorable day for us. It had been snowing all night, and the wind being very high, blew the snow in all directions; however, we started before day-light; but, when we had gone two or three leagues, we were compelled to stop, for, besides the great fatigue of the horses, which were knee deep in snow, and lashed continually by the icy gusts, there was danger of falling into the precipices, which, in Savoy, nearly always border the public roads, and the snow was now so deep that it was difficult to distinguish the road from the rest of the neighborhood. In this extremity, the driver saw no other hope of safety, but in taking the horses from the coach, it being impossible for us to turn back, as there was no means of moving the vehicle. He, therefore, left us in this plight, between a mountain on one hand, and, on the other, a precipice into which the wind might easily blow the coach, and, though the latter seemed hermetically closed, the snow came in imperceptibly, through the openings, annoying and covering us, without knowing whence it came. When we had been for two hours exposed to the danger of rolling into the snow, and being buried therein, the driver re-appeared, and, having reharnessed the horses, took us on a few leagues further to the town of Bramante, where we dismounted at a miserable inn. I inquired immediately if it were possible to say Mass; but our hostess told me that the church was far off, and that, in consequence of the weather, it would be out of the question to
convey me there. Her husband entering a short time after, I repeated my inquiry, and he replied that the church was not distant more than a stone's throw, telling me he would go on before, and that we might follow him. We set out then, up to the waist in snow, without any path, our eyes completely dazzled, and our breath taken away by the wind and drift.

"After a few steps our guide, who was accustomed to run like a greyhound, soon disappeared, leaving us quite bewildered in the midst of a sea of snow, unable to distinguish the place whence we had started, or that to which we were going, since the wind, and the snow falling in torrents, prevented us from opening our eyes. Almost frozen to death, though covered with perspiration and panting from our efforts to struggle against the wind and snow, we were, for an instant, breathless; and, thinking that death was inevitable, I could not refrain from blaming my own imprudence. At length it pleased God to let us reach the church. But we were more dead than alive, and were at least a quarter of an hour recovering our breath; our clothes being externally covered with a thick coating of ice, as hard as stone; while interiorly, they were wet with perspiration, and with the snow which melted under the influence of our natural heat. The church was full, and the pastor was most urgent in his request that I should preach. Besides the fact that I was not yet sufficiently master of the French language to be able to preach 

*ex abrupto*, I was then in such a state, that the departing prayers might have been read over me. Without a fire or a place to rest, it was in the Bread of the strong that I sought my refuge. I said Mass then, and could hardly believe that I left the church alive. The following day, we went to San Michele.............On the 13th, I said Mass at Valence, in the cathedral which contains the intestines of Pius VI, enclosed in an elegant marble shrine
which would show to advantage, even at St. Peter’s. On the 17th, we arrived at Montpellier where our disappointed wish of saying Mass, caused us to remain fasting until five in the afternoon. The bishop gave us lodging in the seminary where we rested until the 20th.

“Meanwhile I was most anxious to receive tidings of my companions, who, under the protection of Mr. Rosati, were coming on by sea. A lady who visited me, in order to inquire after Bishop Dubourg, told me that out of twenty-one vessels that had sailed for the southern ports of France, nineteen had perished. Such news as this, combined with the fact that we had been so long without hearing from them, made me conceive the most lively apprehensions concerning their safety; and God only knows what a night I passed, beholding them, in imagination, shipwrecked on the stormy waves. On the 24th of January, we arrived at Toulouse.

“Our companions who started from Rome two months before we did, and who will not be able to reach Bordeaux for five or six days, on account of the disasters they experienced during their sea-voyage, how can I express the consolation I received on meeting them at Toulouse, after having felt so much grief at Montpellier, when I had reason to fear that they had been shipwrecked; so much so, that I had interiorly offered their loss as a sacrifice to God. May He be continually blessed, that good God, who mortificat et vivificat, deducit ad inferos et redueit; He desires to detach me from everything.... As far as I am myself concerned, the journey has been most beneficial, notwithstanding the difficulties we encountered among the mountains of Savoy, on account of the cold weather and the almost incredible amount of snow which had fallen. But, after all this, when we traversed Dauphiny, Provence, Lanquedoc, and Gascony, there was not an inch
of snow on the ground, and the weather became quite mild....

"The affairs of the Congregation in France, are taking a favorable turn, the Court having issued a decree for its re-establishment, and several priests, with a few novices, have already joined Mr. Hanon. I beg you to recommend us to the Lord, and to ask our good fellow missionaries to do the same, so that I, by my sins and my pride, may not spoil the work of God, that I may learn to humble myself thoroughly, and thus become an instrument in the hands of God, to perform whatever His divine providence has decreed, ut sive per vitam, sive per mortem, nomen Dei glorificetur, etc."

FELIX DE ANDREIS.

In bidding adieu to the Missioners, who were leaving Rome for Bordeaux, France, the city from which they would sail to the American Union, Bishop Dubourg had expressly ordered Superior De Andreis to await there the arrival of His Lordship. The sojourn of the United States Lazarists for four months and over, had its many advantages. For students interested in Roman antiquities, in mediæval history, in modern history, Bordeaux offered much to improve their knowledge. "Gaul", writes the historian of the Roman Empire's Decline and Fall, "could boast of her cities, Bordeaux among them, whose ancient condition might sustain an equal, and perhaps advantageous comparison, with their present state."

For those whom the ages of Faith attracted, the city on the Gironde had its own place. Here two councils had convened, that of Arles, A.D. 314, and another in A.D. 355, against the heresy of the Priscillianists. The cathedral, built in the fourth century, occupies the same site to-day. The Benedictine Monastery of St. Croix, the Faubourg of St. Seurin outside the city with its Basilicas of
St. Stephen, St. Seurin, and St. Michael, are objects of special interest. For the admirer of suitable sites, imposing architectural structures, beautiful avenues, broad streets, public gardens and parks, and of a great river as the Girone, sailing its numerous crafts of all sizes, now entering the city with the productions of foreign climes, now leaving the city bearing to the noted commercial cities of the world the unsurpassed cargoes of the choicest vintage which made Bordeaux renowned. Bordeaux was to him the model city.

It is not surprising, knowing as he did the work of the French confrères for the Church throughout France and in the city of Toulouse, where on the eve of the “Terreur” the Lazarists had their Seminary, that the Archbishop welcomed so fatherly the holy De Andreis and his band. Without delay the metropolitan of Bordeaux with the assistance of De Andreis mapped out a plan of missionary work for his missionary guests, easily to be carried out during their sojourn, in order to stir up amongst his people of the various hospitals and prisons, the faith doubtless sleeping in many, and brighten still more the faith already shining in the few.

The humility of the Visitor of the missioners, hid every thing that tended to display. However the watchful Rosati noted down the chief events that passed in the religious world of Bordeaux until the confrères shipped for the United States.

“The servant of God and confrères visited the jails, comforting the poor prisoners, with all the consolations that religion affords, according to the counsel and example of their holy founder Saint Vincent. They said Mass for them on feast-days, preached the truths of the gospel, instructed them in all their religious duties, and having thus prepared their hearts, gave them a retreat of some days by means of which a great number were led to confess
their sins with lively sorrow, and receive the most holy Eucharist. The Daughters of Charity children also of Saint Vincent, seeing them so zealous and skilful in the discharge of all these works of mercy, would send for the Italian missionaries to assist every one of these poor wretches. They, likewise, thought themselves most fortunate in having, within their reach, a priest as De Andreis who seemed a living portrait of Saint Vincent; and the continual acts of virtue, of which he gave them the example, induced them to treat him with the utmost veneration, while they tendered him the kindest assistance. They consulted him as a father and director, being desirous of learning the most perfect manner of discharging their daily duties. The servant of God condescended to their pious wishes, and, though they were already very virtuous, they gladly derived much benefit from his instructions and guidance.

"The confrères attended to these good works, and many others besides without the least ostentation, and, as much as possible, wished to be taken for unknown travelers. They rejoiced in this obscurity, which was so dear to their superior and which is always so much desired by the children of Saint Vincent. The reputation and the esteem in which they were held by the most eminent persons, continually increased. The Vicar-General of the Archbishop, the Canons of the cathedral, the parish priests of the city and those of the country, whose business took them to Bordeaux, sought their acquaintance. They had frequent interviews with Father De Andreis and never left his presence without being deeply impressed with his eminent qualities. One would admire the depth of his knowledge, another, the holiness of his life, all, the suavity and prudence of his demeanor. Their admiration amounted to enthusiasm when they heard him speak of the Roman church and the heroic sufferings endured by Pius VII, who
was just then liberated from the species of slavery to which he had been subjected. They pressed him with questions on the number and form of the different pious institutions then existing in Rome, and also desired him to tell them about the various devout practices which are observed in Italy; and to all this, he replied with such clearness and precision accompanied with so much affability, that they were scarcely able to part from him. They often returned to listen to him, anxious to learn something new.

To satisfy their wishes, he, one day gave them a pathetic description of a devotion, which, having been introduced into South America by a fervent Jesuit, had found its way throughout Italy, and was called, The Three Hours of Our Lord’s Agony. “It is usually made,” said the servant of God, “on Good Friday, and is begun at twelve o’clock, to be concluded at three. A Calvary, with the representation of our Saviour nailed to the cross, on the point of expiring, is erected in the sanctuary of the church. The assembled crowd sing some hymn, in a mournful strain, on the first words of our Lord on the cross. This over, the priest ascends the pulpit, repeats the words, and comments on them by some pious reflections of a nature to touch the hearts of his auditors; after this, he reads a short meditation upon the same subject; all listen to him with the utmost attention, and in profound silence and recollection, reflect upon the thoughts suggested to them; some prayers follow, and then another hymn is sung on the second words of our Lord on the cross, and so on, until the seventh word; and between the hymns, meditations and readings, the auditors are excited to feelings of love, gratitude and repentance, according to the extent of the preacher’s ability.”

“While Father De Andreis was relating the above,” continues Father Rosati, “the Archbishop and his Vicars experienced an ardent desire to introduce the holy practice
which he described; and having prepared all that was re-
quired in one of the conventual churches, they entreated
Father De Andreis to superintend the arrangements and
to preach. Crowds attended the exercises which created
such a sensation, that, though they were performed for the
first time at Bordeaux by the servant of God, during the
following year they were introduced into several other
churches of France.

"The favorable impression which the sermons of Father
De Andreis produced upon all, induced the Archbishop to
confide to him the duty of giving the usual retreat to the
seminarists and the candidates for ordination. The serv-
vant of God endeavored to avoid this charge, alleging that
he had not his manuscripts with him, besides which, he
declared that he was not as yet sufficiently familiar with
the French language to be able to address persons of edu-
cation; but the orders of his Superiors made him over-
come all his reluctance, so that he applied himself to the
undertaking that was required of him, and succeeded so
well, that all these young aspirants to the priesthood were
penetrated with the sacred and sublime truths which he
imparted to them."

In the meantime, Father De Andreis did not forget the
companions of his mission, whether those he brought with
him from Rome, or others who came successively to join
the apostolic expedition. He revived their zeal by his
frequent exhortations, and animated the courage, that they
felt ready for every peril they were about to encounter,
heartily resolving to die for the glory of God; in a word,
he made of them so many intrepid apostles.

While he was thus encouraging them by his fervid
discourses, he received a letter from Bishop Dubourg,
wherein the Prelate informed him of a great change that
he was compelled to make in their destination. He no
longer intended that they should proceed to New Orleans,
but to the missionary territory of St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi River, about twelve hundred miles farther up. The principal reason that induced the Bishop to make this alteration in their route, was the great advantages which he trusted would be derived from it, both by the Catholics who, almost destitute of religious succor, were dispersed throughout the country and by the Indians, who are more within the reach of St. Louis than at New Orleans. Both English and French are spoken at St. Louis. The Bishop concluded the letter by saying that it was absolutely necessary that the missionaries should learn the former language.

This unforeseen determination did not discourage Father De Andreis; on the contrary it met with his entire approbation, and was, in all, conformable to his own views. He joyfully announced it to his companions. "Now, then," said he, "let us take courage, gentlemen; I see that the English language will, indeed be indispensable to us."

"When he spoke thus," adds Father Rosati, "I recalled to mind what he told me, some years before, in Rome: that the English language would, one day, be necessary for us both, as we should be obliged to preach in that tongue, and that it was therefore, more necessary for me to learn it than Hebrew, which I was then studying. His prediction was verified to the letter. I perceived it in the circumstance of our change of destination, and my esteem for the servant of God was, in consequence, very much increased; in him I beheld a living saint, to whom the Almighty vouchsafed to reveal the future. But he took care not to remind me of what he had said, for his humility always prompted him to conceal his supernatural gifts."

Superior De Andreis announced in the letter that follows, these events and other matters to the Vicar General Sicardi, Monte Citorio, Rome:
Very Rev. Vicar General:

A few days ago Bishop Dubourg arrived here. He constantly endears himself more and more to us all. A real father could not show us more affection, or be more solicitous for our welfare. Besides this, all the inhabitants of the city, especially clergy, overwhelm us with kindness, and have bestowed many considerable presents upon us. The Sisters of Charity treat us as brothers, and volumes would not suffice to record the benefits which we have received from them. Happening to find all the superiors together yesterday, I took the opportunity of delivering your message, which they received with much pleasure. In a word, Providence showers down its blessing upon our mission, so much so, that I am covered with confusion at the sight of my incapacity for so great an enterprise. Through just and prudent motives, our plan has been changed, and instead of going to New Orleans, the capital of Lower Louisiana, we are going four hundred leagues higher to St. Louis, the capital of the upper part of the province. I have therefore been obliged to apply myself seriously to the study of the English language. We shall go to Philadelphia, or Baltimore, and thence by land some eight hundred leagues farther, through the woods, among mosquitoes, wolves, bears, panthers, rattlesnakes, and savages almost more ferocious than the wild beasts themselves. We shall be obliged to sleep under trees, making large fires around in order to keep away intruders. I regret that we will have to change our costume for the secular dress, but this will be usque donee. Four of the priests who came with us from Rome have left us; but we have been more than compensated for their desertion by many others who have joined our band. This morning, the bishop will conclude his bargain with an American captain for our
speedy departure; we are to form the vanguard, about twelve in number, and we shall remain a short time in Kentucky to await the bishop, who is not to leave Bordeaux until October, and who, consequently, will not be with us before next year. Our new destination possesses many advantages, is healthy, the manners of the people simple, and, as yet, free from European vanities; St. Louis is also a trading-point for all the Indian nations, and offers many resources for our establishment. As for me, I am in one continual transport of delight and admiration on beholding how Divine Providence has, by inexplicable and stupendous ways, led me to the summit of my desires, those very desires with which He Himself had inspired me, which He fostered in my heart, and towards the accomplishment of which He guided me imperceptibly during so many years. It seems to me that we are all well resolved to become good missionaries, and to seek nothing else in this world but God and the salvation of souls.”

FATHER DE ANDREIS, I. P. C. M.

The contract entered into with the captain of an American vessel, which would leave on the 28th. inst., owing to difficulties that arose, was broken off. Scarcely had the vessel been on the high sea, than she was lost and all on board with her. Often did the holy Lazarist instance the sad event and dwell upon the designs of God’s special providence over his servants. Bishop Dubourg, obliged to remain in France for the affairs of his diocese, accompanied them to the harbor, and while bidding them farewell, exhorted them, in the most pressing manner, to be obedient in everything to Father De Andreis, whom he constituted, not only superior of this band, but also his vicar and representative in all that related to the concerns of his diocese. They were moved to tears at his words, and before leaving he embraced and blessed each one of them; then,
entering a small boat, they were conveyed to the ship, where they spent the night. The following are the names of those who accompanied Father De Andreis: Messrs. Rosati and Acquaroni, both priests of the Congregation; Messrs. Carretti and Ferrari, secular clergymen from the city of Porto Maurizio on the river Genoa, the former being Canon of the collegiate church; Messrs. Francis Xavier Dahmen, Joseph Tichitoli, Leo Deys, and Casto Gonzalez, seminarists; Brother Martin Blanka, of the Congregation; and three young laymen: Francis Moranviller, Medard Di Latre, and John Flegifont, who had some intention of entering the Congregation as lay-brothers.

DOCUMENTS AND INFORMATION

Liturgy — On the Reform of the Breviary

On several occasions before, we have spoken in the Annals of the reform of the Breviary by His Holiness Pius X and of the Bull "Divino Afflatu." (See the Annals for the years 1912, page 201, and 1914, pages 246 and 383.)

The Liturgical rules of that memorable Apostolic constitution have been since completed with some modifications by different decrees of the Congregation of Sacred Rites and especially by the Motu Proprio "Abhinc duos annos" of October 23, 1913, and interpreted by a general decree on the 28th of the same month. As the prescriptions of this last Apostolic act, optional up to this, will be obligatory at the beginning of next January, 1915, we have given a summary of this aforesaid decree of October 28 on the cover of our Ordo for the year 1915. Our readers are asked to read carefully this document, noticing that an omission occurs in the enumeration of the privileged octaves, namely: that of the feast of the Nativity of our Lord. There are then six feasts whose octaves are privileged. The Octaves of these feasts are divided into three classes: First Class, the Octave of Easter and that of Pentecost. Second Class, the Octave of the Epiphany and of Corpus Christi.
Third Class, the Octave of Christmas and of the Ascension. During these Octaves, if the office is of the Octave, it is recited as on the feast itself, excepting what is special for that day, and if the lessons of the first Nocturn are taken from the Scripture occurring on that day, the Responses are the same as on the day of the feast; whenever the office is of a Saint or of a feast, even of the first class, a commemoration is made of the Octave in the first and second Vespers as well as in Lauds and in the Mass.

The recital of the Office in perfect conformity with all these new rubrics will be found very easy according to the typical edition already published or soon to be sent out by all pontifical publishers. In this new breviary the Responses are all given entirely after the lessons, as well in offices of the time (de tempore) as in those proper to saints. Moreover in the Psalter, the principal parts of the Ordinarium are reproduced, specially the prayers (preces) at Prime and at Compline and the hymns at Tierce, Sext, and None.

Those who have not the new Breviary can recite the Holy Office conformably to the rubrics with the aid of an opusculum prepared by a liturgical commission and edited at Rome by the Vatican Press. This opusculum of ninety-six pages, duodecimo, is entitled: Variationes in Divino officio recitando juxta constitutionem apostolicam "Divino Afflatu" et Motu proprio "Abhinc duos annos" in commodum eorum qui novissimo Brevario carent. We have had it reprinted by the house of Desclée & Co., dividing it into four parts corresponding to each part of the Breviary.

N. B. Errata quaedam in Ordine Divini Officii pro anno 1915.

Die 19 Januar. In M. 3a Or. de S. Maria: Deus qui.
Die 26 Apr. In M. 3a Or. Concede.
Die 31 Jul. Compl. de Sabb.
Die 4a et 9a Aug. In M. non dic. Or. pro P.
Die 3 Sept. In M. 4a Or. pro P. (Anniv. Election.)
Die 6 Sept. In M. 4a Or. pro. P. (Anniv. Coronat.)
Die 6 Dec. In M. non dicit. Credo.
OUR DEAR DEPARTED

OUR SISTERS

Sr. Mary Corr, St. Agnes' Hospital, Baltimore, Md.; 79 years of age, 53 of vocation.


" Alice Gernon, Central House, Emmitsburg, Md.; 76, 51.

" Catherine Shields, St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.; 42, 15.

" Mary Agnes Collins, Mount Hope Retreat, Baltimore, Md.; 27, 4.

" Ellen Leddy, St. Vincent's Asylum, Baltimore, Md.; 79, 57.

" Mary Keleher, Louisiana Retreat, New Orleans, La.; 69, 41.

R. I. P.