EUROPE

FRANCE

THE MOTHER HOUSE DURING THE WAR

NOVEMBER 1, 1914—JANUARY 1, 1915

November 1 — To respond to a legitimate desire, arising on all sides, as to what is going on at the Mother House, we resume the journal of these events so interesting to the family of Saint Vincent.

At the Mother House, we rise every morning at four o’clock, say prayers in common, the vacant places recalling the departure of our young men. In the chapel the Mass, particularly the second one, is served by little boys from the orphanage of St. Louis and we must acknowledge that they serve well, pronouncing and articulating distinctly the words so often shamefully muttered.

One peculiarity of our Masses is that the celebrant often wears the red pants, a vestment not prescribed by the rubrics, for a number of priests, confrères and others, who are in the army, are always happy to celebrate the Holy Mysteries here. Sundays are not celebrated with any more ceremony than week days, for except on solemn festivals we never have High Mass. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every evening, when the chaplet is recited and the simplest hymns sung. The O salutaris hostia seems specially appropriate at this time.

Bella premunt hostilia, da robur, fer auxilium. “Our enemy has enkindled the war, give us strength, come to
our aid.” Contrary to what some may imagine, we are not the first to interpret these sacred words in this warlike sense; for Louis XII seeing his kingdom threatened by enemies, begged the bishops to have this consoling strophe chanted each day at the elevation of the Mass.

\[
O \textit{salutaris hostia} \\
\textit{Quae celi pandis ostium;} \\
\textit{Bella premunt hostilia,} \\
\textit{Da robur fer auxilium.}
\]

Our choir is composed of some priests and the faithful. We do not use \textit{Palestrina} and perhaps the singing is not so beautiful from an artistic point of view, as it was formerly, but we believe that it is equally religious, since we are certain that all who come here, come to pray, to sing piously and simply, and not to listen to beautiful music. At all events, God’s holy name is as much honored at our Benedictions as in churches where a little group of singers execute beautiful music in which the faithful take no part.

A new exercise, not provided by the rules, brings a large number of us together every evening after supper when the “official war news” is read. It is true Saint Vincent prohibits us in the 16th paragraph of chapter VIII to entertain ourselves with such events, but he shows us by his own words and example how this paragraph is to be understood. He often gave his community news of the wars wherein his priests were concerned, and particularly of those of Poland. In like manner, we follow with interest those events in which so many of our confrères and brothers are taking part. Moreover Saint Vincent took active measures with Mazarin and Richelieu to bring about peace. We do not go so far, we content ourselves with praying, and in order to pray more fervently, we read the war news.
November 6 — A solemn service at Notre-Dame for the victims of the war. Nearly all the religious congregations were represented. The vast basilica was crowded, and so it will be each time there is a patriotic ceremony. His Eminence spoke. He thanked the representatives of the President of the Republic, the ministers, generals, senators and deputies who were present and then touchingly commented on these beautiful words, “Weep not as those who have no hope.”

We think of our confrères and our brothers who have perhaps been stricken, blown to pieces by bombs, and when we recall “these lives suddenly wiped out, affections shattered, hopes destroyed, homes desolated” we weep, but faith dries our tears and we behold these dear victims “in the great household of the children of God,” in the heavenly mission, “in that eternal country where foes are unknown.”

November 10 — His Eminence, Cardinal Amette, visits the ambulance established in our country house of Gentilly of which M. Rigaud is the administrator. The treasurer, M. Dujardin, was lately replaced by Father Crapez. The infirmarians are, Fathers Levêque of Zeitenlick; Regnez of Liege, Bozec of Ingelmunster; Brothers Joseph and Huleu, and Speir of Bebeck. Five Sisters of Charity and five lay nurses assist in the care of the wounded who occupy the whole of the new building. The ambulance began its work October 7, and usually contains fifty patients.

His Eminence visited all the wards, saying a word to each of the wounded. At the close of his visit he consented to have his photograph taken which he wished to leave as a souvenir. The Sisters, aware of the customs of the Community withdrew, but His Eminence insisting, they returned and were taken with the others.

The ambulance of Gentilly has received many other
visits, notably from the Superiors of the two families of Saint Vincent, from the Marquis Vogüé, president of the Society for the aid of the wounded and M. Boutiron, under secretary-general of the same Society. The mayor of Gentilly, a Socialist, has been here several times, and makes it a duty to be present at each funeral from the hospital and to assist with his counsellors at the service sung in our chapel. The district voted 1000 francs for the ambulance. How happy we are that our country-house serves as a place of relief and comfort for our wounded soldiers. After the war we shall return there with greater joy, recalling that it has witnessed the devotedness of so many of our own; that it has been a true house of charity as well as a mission house, since absolute liberty is afforded the wounded for the exercise of their religious duties (our religion according to M. Rigaud wishing only willing subjects). Whilst the men faithfully accomplish all their duties, they also regulate their conscience.

Our little chapel has witnessed two baptisms, five first Communions and five marriages. Our good soldiers have a particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, they burn candles before her statue, the first to do this being one who had been manifestly protected by the Queen of Heaven.

They are extremely grateful for the care bestowed upon them. The feast of the administrator, M. Rigaud, was appropriately celebrated. On that day a large inscription "To the Father of the Soldiers," adorned the walls of the refectory, military songs, congratulations delightfully worded and a happily selected souvenir all expressed the gratitude felt towards their benefactors. Sister Agnes also had her little feast.

November 11 — His Eminence also honors the ambulance of rue du Bac. He is received by Sister Chesnelong. Several Missionaries, especially Fathers Louwyck, Verdier,
and the two chaplains of the ambulance, Fathers Vidal and Barros, accompanied His Eminence through the wards. The ambulance occupies the seminary infirmary and ordinarily accommodates from thirty to forty sick. M. Goyau is the administrator. His Eminence with his usual kindness, spoke a word of consolation to each soldier and distributed cigarettes and chocolate to all. Among the patients are Mussulmans and Jews, "all brave men" says Mgr. and when before leaving he gave his blessing, all bowed the head or knelt.

November 15—Notre-Dame again opens its doors—This time for An Assembly of Charity in behalf of the Belgians. The recollection of our confrères and of our Sisters remaining in Belgium obliges us to take part. The hospitality that Belgium has always shown for religious draws large numbers of these to the assembly. Father Janvier pleads the cause of the poor with such eloquence that his words draw tears from the eyes, and coins from the purses of his hearers. We prayed for our confrères and Sisters at Inglemunster, Liége, Froyennes, Rongy, Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Louvain and Verviers, etc. This day we celebrate for the last time, the Feast of the Dedication at St. Lazare, unless our chapel is consecrated. Perhaps the return of the body of Saint Vincent after the war, will secure for our holy chapel this honor which we desire with all our heart.

November 24—At the particular examen, our Most Honored Father announces to us that St. Lazare will become a house of refuge for the poor homeless inhabitants from the north of France and from Belgium. Our Most Honored Father remarks that Saint Vincent who did so much for Lorraine, would, were he in our place, experience great joy in receiving these poor people.
On November 26, eve of the feast of the Miraculous Medal, forty of these refugees, benumbed with cold and worn out with the moral and physical suffering they had endured, reached St. Lazare. In a few words, the Father Assistant welcomed them saying that they would be treated like members of the family. They are lodged at no. 93 each having his own little room. During the day they have access to the hall of theology where games, books and magazines are placed at their disposal. They eat in the little refectory at the same hours as the Community.

Sunday after the eleven o’clock Mass, they assist at a short religious instruction given by Father Payen. An inspector from the Prefecture of police, having paid us a visit declared that our men are privileged in every way. They know this themselves and are not afraid to say so, and their manner of life is known even in the south of France.

November 26 — What woman wills, God wills. This is particularly true when by woman is meant the Seminary Sisters of rue du Bac. It seems that these Sisters who had been at the Berceau from last August, have been praying that at least some of them might be at the Community for the Feast of the 27th. They told our Lord that the Holy Virgin who had formerly appeared to one of their number in 1830, would be much disappointed if some of her dear little Seminary Sisters were not there for the anniversary of the Apparition; and God was obliged to hear their prayer. So thirty Sisters returned from the Berceau and the others will soon follow.

November 27 — His Eminence kindly celebrates the Pontifical Office in the chapel of the Apparition. At the High Mass the ceremonies wear a peculiar character.
Students and seminarians are not in the sanctuary but in their place are seen little fair-haired boys whose eyes have not yet learned perfect restraint, and at times some a little giddier than the others cannot refrain from a noisy expression of joy. Apart from this everything is lovely. At two o’clock, conference by Father Verdier who speaks of the renovation of the spirit of Saint Vincent and of the extension of the Community, the two principal fruits of the Apparition for the Community of the Daughters of Charity.

November 28 — Most Honored Father Villette and Fathers Veneziani, Misermont and Robert leave for Rome.

That future generations may know the difficulties experienced in traveling during war times, we shall here speak of the measures one of the three above mentioned confrères, was obliged to take in order to secure his passport. He presented himself at the police commissariat to obtain the first paper. This paper afterwards presented at the Prefecture of police was judged insufficient, and it was necessary to go to the Hotel des Invalides where the Commander of the place would fill out the paper. The Commander, or rather his representative, sends it back to the recruiting captain who declares that the Department of the Seine alone, is capable of giving the paper requested. At the prefecture of the Seine, an amiable employee declares that the confrère being registered at Bordeaux, the document must come from the prefecture of the Gironde. As Bordeaux is some distance away and he was obliged to leave that evening, the confrère asked if the entry could not be made in Paris, so that the affair might be settled by the Department of the Seine. “Perfectly well,” said the clerk, “register at the mayor’s office in the sixth district, bring me an official certificate of this registration, and I will make out the paper.” A ray of hope

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lit up the horizon. Our confrère hastens to the office and registers. But now clouds again darken the sky, the clerk at the mayor's office is unwilling to give the official certificate. Our confrère remarks that the Department of the Seine requires this certificate; but the clerk without troubling himself replies that he has never made out any, and that he will not do so; and so saying he returns to his office. This time it seems that all hope is lost, the voyage to Rome must be abandoned. Nevertheless our confrère returns to the prefecture of the Seine, saying: "If God wishes me to go, He can change this employee's disposition; if He holds in His hands the hearts of kings and can turn them as He pleases, it will be not difficult for Him to exert His power over the hearts of these officers of the Republic." With this thought our confrère smilingly presents himself once more at the office and relates what has happened. "Ah! they are not willing to give you the certificate," said the clerk pleasantly, "that is nothing, you have a good face, I will trust you, and give you what you want." The paper was drawn up forthwith. It was then taken to the prefecture of police and the passport immediately made out; there only remained to have it signed at the ministry of Foreign Affairs where for one franc it was stamped with a red seal. It must next be taken to the Italian Consulate where for the sum of five francs, a blue seal was affixed, and our confrère had the following passport:

"In the name of the people of France, we, Prefect of Police, request the civil and military authorities of the French Republic, and the civil and military authorities of the Governments united to or allied with France to permit Father N... Lazarist priest, to pass freely through the country and to give him aid and protection in case of need."

This is a little specimen of the precautions now taken to
prevent deception or spies. We heartily approve of these measures, and gladly submit to them for the safety of our dear country.

December 13 — This is the solemnity of the Immaculate Conception, a feast most dear to the double family of Saint Vincent. The French Cardinals invited us to honor our Mother, in a special manner during these calamitous times. They tell us that “this feast should be particularly dear to us, since the most Holy Virgin made choice of our country wherein to glorify her stainless purity by the manifestation and prodigies of the Miraculous Medal.” So it is in the chapel where the most Holy Virgin appeared, where she promised her special assistance to the double family of Saint Vincent, where those symbolic rays fell particularly on France, and where the Immaculate Heart of Mary was revealed to us on the reverse of the Medal, that we, with all our heart, consecrate ourselves and our country to the Immaculate Heart of Mary according to the formula repeated in all the churches, but nowhere more appropriately than in the chapel of rue du Bac. At Notre-Dame, His Eminence related the history of the cult of Mary in France, and dwelt upon the Manifestation of November 27, as a pledge of our Mother’s tenderness.

December 15 — Most Honored Father Villette to-day returns to St. Lazare after his fatiguing pilgrimage to Rome.

December 18 — Good Father Girard, after sixty-four years of vocation, a great part of which was spent in the confessional, goes to heaven, there to meet the many souls on whom he so often bestowed the benefit of absolution.

December 21 — The refectory of St. Lazare is nearly full. Who are these young men? Have they come for
the exercises of a retreat? Are they postulants? They are the apostolic students from Wernhout and Ingelmunster who, not being able to return to their respective schools, leave this evening for the Berceau of Saint Vincent de Paul. Our corridors are blocked up with suitcases, books, and bundles; the community wagon will soon come to take all this baggage, and at dusk, an unarmed battalion will silently move down the streets de Sèvres and du Bac, to the conquest not of Alsace and Lorraine, but of virtue and the knowledge necessary to become good missionaries, if such is their vocation. We follow them with our prayers, as they are doubly dear to us, for after the war, there will be need of numerous missionaries powerful in word and work.

December 24 — We were peacefully enjoying the pious considerations of the author of our meditations, when suddenly, the Assistant announced that our Most Honored Father Villette, who was much fatigued yesterday afternoon, had been taken very ill during the night, his condition being sufficiently serious to request our prayers. We accordingly addressed most fervent supplications to God for the preservation of our Most Honored Father. In this we are joined by the whole Community. Public prayers are begun and a novena of Masses at the altar of the Virgin most Powerful. The relics of the Venerable Mother were applied to the patient’s head and we have the happiness of hearing that the danger is averted.

Note — Our Most Honored Father was confined to bed three days and to his room fifteen days. On January 2d, he received the Community for their New Year’s wishes and on the 4th, he returned thanks to the Blessed Virgin and to the Venerable Louise de Marillac at her tomb. From that time the improvement continued, and thanks to God, our Most Honored Father is now completely restored.
December 25—We had the incomparable Night Office with the chanting of matins and lauds. The young girls from the house of the Sisters of St. Sulpice, sang, and we heard the impressive “Holy Night,” that our brave soldiers, at the same hour under the light of the stars, intoned to the accompaniment of cannon.

December 29—Most Honored Father Fiat returns from Dax after an absence of five months. It doubtless cost him much to leave the dear young people of Notre-Dame du Pouy, but the alarming news of our Most Honored Father’s illness caused him so much anxiety that he comes to Paris to share in the general sorrow.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE WAR

MILITARY CHAPLAINS

The following lines extracted from the Correspondant will furnish our readers a history of the work being accomplished by the volunteer military chaplains, among whom are several of our confrères. The Article is from Geoffrey de Grandmaison who succeeded Mr. de Mun in the direction of this work.

Shall we have chaplains for our regiments? The decree of May 5, 1913, settled the question in a very indefinite manner, appointing four chaplains for each army corps, but it remained a dead letter. At the beginning of the mobilization no difficulty was raised as to the appointment of the hundred priests, whose names for many months had been registered with the Ministry.
But this was a ridiculous number considering the extended firing line, and the great number of wounded and dying to be provided for.

Now, in and out of Paris, there was a multitude of priests, still vigorous yet free from military obligations, several of them inured by their mission life to the fatigue attached to the care of the sick. One of these, a Father of the Holy Ghost, presented himself to the Red Cross, and offered his services to Mr. de Mun. His Superior, Mgr. Le Roy, by a personal visit, urged the measure, and he also secured the co-operation of the Lazarists. The same anxiety preoccupied the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and to the deputies of His Eminence, the authorities replied that all was arranged. Several Fathers of the Society of Jesus manifested equal solicitude in this work of devotedness, particularly the directors of the conferences for the law and medical students. Not to give this example to their young men leaving for the front, would have been for them a real suffering.

This spontaneity and generosity of will stimulated Mr. de Mun, upon whom this made more impression than any other appeal. He promised his co-operation. The officers of the administration told Mr. de Mun that affairs must follow rule, and that the regular chaplains had been named. This administrative manner of resolving a distressing difficulty displeased him, and he resolved to take prompt action. Having secured the approbation of the highest governmental authorities, Mr. de Mun went to the house of the President of the Council on Thursday evening, August 11, and laid before him the whole matter; namely, the religious interests of the combatants, and the moral effect on their families whose anxiety was increasing.

Mr. de Mun begged the President to permit the volunteer chaplains, sanctioned by their bishops, to start, fur-
nished with a "passport" from the General of the Staff, which would enable them to reach the war district.

To simplify matters, he proposed to act as an agent, and to present on his list only those names which had been carefully considered. The financial question seemed the only objection. Mr. de Mun promptly removed this difficulty by stating that the priests would serve without pay. The President consented.

It was near midnight, but he telephoned to the Minister of War, and asked what number would be required. The latter replied two hundred fifty.

The notice had scarcely been published in the newspapers, when applications poured in. A circular stated the three conditions necessary for acceptance, namely: Exemption from military service, authorization of his bishop, and good health.

It was thought of sending an appeal to the bishops for volunteers, but this proved unnecessary owing to the number who presented themselves. Never were virtuous men more impatient. Each one wished to enroll himself thinking that devotedness was the only requisite. Comprehending the urgency of the call, all desired to start at once to relieve the suffering. What rivalry in ardor and zeal! Truly nothing here below could elevate nobility of soul to greater heights than this union of faith and patriotism in these well-disposed hearts. The priest who at the same time serves his country and the Church, experiences an inward joy truly undefinable.

Simple spectators as we were of these generous examples, we can but speak of them with tears in our eyes, and time shall never efface their memory.

There was emulation between the seculars and regulars; Fathers of the Holy Ghost, veterans of the foreign Missions, Lazarists, sons of Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis,
Dominicans, Sulpicians, Assumptionists, Missionaries already formed at Morocco, Congo, Tunis, China, some from the Holy Land, others from Canada; curates from the country, professors of colleges, vicars from the suburbs of Paris, Bretons, Vendeans, Angevins, Lyonnais and natives of the Basque country. Those from Lorraine claimed a special right to be the first to witness the deliverance of their native land, and to reserve their benediction for the soldiers who would fall on the reconquered soil. We were obliged to greet these ardent spirits, and to calm them in order to descend to material details. They were interrogated as to their age, diocese, function, military service, physical aptitude and health. Regarding the last, every one pretended, even those of slender shape and wretched appearance, that he was strong and able for long marches. The strongest boasted of their broad shoulders, the less robust spoke of their endurance which was of greater value than their looks.

It was a strange sight presented to the Board of Examiners, and decisions must needs be contrary to the ordinary hopes of the candidates. Such poor arguments put forth in order to realize such good desires! “Inscribe me, my father was killed in 1870,” said one. “I have five brothers under the flag, so you see very well that I must also go as chaplain,” said another. Here a pastor would needs give example to his parishioners; a professor of the Seminary practise the lessons of sacerdotal sacrifice that he teaches; this Capuchin was accustomed to privations, this Jesuit, to discipline, and the Missionaries of Palestine brought forward their knowledge of horsemanship. The young vicars or the directors of patronages insisted on their skill as cyclists. A priest of a rich family had an automobile which he offered with himself, as it would enable him to multiply his services.

Among the less fortunate, were some imprudent ones,
who hastened from the most remote parts of the country without having provided themselves with the necessary documents. They believed themselves exempt from military obligations because of a former refusal; although now it might become a duty for them to go. Experience has since proved that it would have been an imprudence to accept them. If they ever read these lines, they will pardon the apparent severity of the refusal which cost us almost as much as it did them.

On the other hand how great was the joy of the "elect", and what delight shone in their faces when told to start for the "firing line". An appointment to an ambulance in the rear would have seemed to them a fall.

GEOFFREY DE GRANDMAISON.

Letter of Father Duthoit, C. M., to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General.

October 19, 1914.

Very dear and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

The soutane has an extraordinary moral effect. I must confess that the volunteer chaplains are men well adapted to their work. I have met at least thirty of them.

What a beneficial influence would be exercised if each regiment had a chaplain, as some colonels desire! Never shall I be able to thank you for sending me here. It is a new life, and more beautiful than a missionary would imagine. Here are soldiers from Loiret, Yonne and Paris. I am surprised to find so much dormant faith, notwithstanding so little practice. How powerful is the presence of death to revive good emotions!

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They see their ranks diminishing and they ask themselves: “And when will my turn come?”

In your advices, always recommend the little children to write to their papas. They forget their sufferings in reading their letters to willing listeners, and are delighted with the remarks and praises bestowed upon the letters of their children.

The spirit of the troops is good; their confidence in their leaders great and well founded.

One Sister is ill, the others are exhausted.

Not being able to cite the whole letter, we shall give at least this little trait, which will show that French gayety manifests itself even amidst the carnage and horrors of war.

During the burning of the city, Father Duthoit aided in carrying inflammable objects from the houses abandoned by the Germans. He was obliged to throw out of the window some hat-boxes and an armful of hats found in a milliner’s store. He suddenly remembered some good girls who did not go to Mass, under pretext that they had no hats. He thought of selecting the prettiest of them to send to the girls in order to facilitate the accomplishment of the Sunday precept. This desire could not be executed, but it shows the preoccupation of the Missionary in the midst of the bloodiest scenes.

In another place, Father Duthoit declares that certain persons, not practical in their religion, are coarse and rough. He adds sarcastically, “I do not know what prevents them from showing it in my presence. Is it my ferocity or my youth? I have never heard an indecent word from them. They follow me on account of my great amiability and also because of my prodigality in the distribution of tobacco. The other day they told me that a cow was intractable, that she horned them, etc. I understood their desire. I negotiated with the officer of provision, her exchange for a good milch cow.

Yesterday evening they brought in a soldier very badly wounded. He had a fractured leg which required ampu-
tation. He received all the succors of religion. How many owe their salvation to the military chaplains! I can picture thousands of soldiers shouting their thanks to Mr. de Mun when he reaches heaven. What order will Saint Peter establish to keep in bounds the waves of gratitude flowing from the grateful soldiers?

The cannon are silent to-day! These lulls are alarming as they presage a grand stroke.

I believe we shall have white wine for the Mass, as they discovered a cellar in the rubbish, the door of which was solidly walled up, thus escaping the Germans. The owner has returned and I am going to buy some wine, as I have to supply thirty or forty priests. There are seven Masses here daily, and in the church of the neighboring village they have eleven. Surely the good God takes account of these Masses celebrated with so many painful sacrifices.

Very dear and Most Honored Father, again I thank you for your great gift, for in sending me here you enable me to add to the history of my happy life, its most beautiful page.

DUTHOIT.

INFIRMARIAN STRETCHER-BEARERS

Father Bizart of our house in Placentia, Italy, is stretcher-bearer at ambulance 2, 1st army corps, postal sector 137. He is mentioned on the daily list for honorable distinction as follows: General X... commanding the 2d division of infantry, names on the daily honor roll those who have especially distinguished themselves in the operations of November 1914... Soldier infirmarian Bizart, for great bravery in securing a safe shelter for the wounded whose condition rendered transportation impossible, and who had to remain in houses exposed to the enemy’s projectiles.
Letter from Rev. Paul Bizart, C. M., to
the Very Rev. E. Villette, Superior General.

December 16, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

You will pardon my writing my New Year’s greetings in pencil. I am just now in the attic of a farm house, having my knapsack as a desk and unable to procure pen and ink.

When at the ambulance of Rouy, Aisne, I was very busy but very happy. The occasional dropping of bombs did not frighten me and although the head doctor was, I am told, a mason, he could not have been kinder or more courteous. We were lately ordered to a new field of labor, and we are kept in reserve near the Chalons encampment.

Our midnight Mass was grand. Two large tents with an altar in the centre served as chapel. The soldiers, who had practised beforehand, sang a Mass in three parts. When addressing the congregation, I felt deeply impressed.

These are truly extraordinary days. Wherever a priest happens to be, a soldier or an officer will come up, take off his cap and make his confession. There are also many Communions. Our Lord who sees all these things must be greatly pleased.

I beg a special blessing.

Bizart

In another letter which unfortunately is lost, Father Bizart relates how he found Father Duriez who had been wounded by a bomb. A third letter addressed to the Superior General and dated March 24, 1915, will appear in our next issue.

Father Barbet, of the house of the Berceau-de-Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, also a stretcher-bearer of whom mention was made in our last number, was seriously wounded. The following are letters giving an account of the manner in which this occurred.

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Letter from Father Laurent, Chaplain, to the Very Rev. E. Villette, Superior General.

December 29, 1914.

Reverend Father,

I fulfil a painful duty by apprising you of the dangerous condition of Father Barbet, a member of your Congregation, who was seriously wounded on December 25. He was struck twice; one ball lodging in the chest, near the heart, the other in the leg. He is also wounded in the hand and thumb.

Our good Father was a victim to his courage and devotedness, for he fell while leading the zouaves of his company. His condition though grave is not hopeless. He is at present at ambulance 4, of the 37th division. As soon as he recovers sufficiently to be removed, he will be sent elsewhere.

I regret that lack of time does not permit me to give you more details of his truly heroic and edifying conduct. Our ambulance corps leaves to-morrow but others will replace us here. I am much grieved to leave Father Barbet whom I visit daily and to whom I am happy to bring Holy Communion every morning; but fortunately other priests will continue this ministry.

Our dear patient will soon be decorated—a well merited reward for his courage and tireless devotedness. He himself will inform you when he is sent to another ambulance—which will probably be to one in the South.

It is needless to add that he begs your prayers and those of your Congregation. Respectfully, etc.

Laurent, Chaplain.
Letter from Sergeant Guibert, Novice of the White Fathers, to the Rev. E. Hertault, C. M.

December 31, 1914.

Reverend Father,

I take the liberty of giving you some news of Father Barbet who was wounded on Christmas day under the following circumstances.

On the 24th of December, Father Barbet received a telephone message to go to the front in the direction of the Saint-Mard forest where fighting was going on. The next day about 10 o'clock, he had reached his post in the trenches, when a company was ordered to the firing line. The lieutenant gave the command and started out bravely with his men, but panic-stricken, they soon stopped under a shower of balls. Father Barbet had gone with them. Realizing the situation, he called out: “Courage, boys, forward!” Not one stirred. Then raising his crucifix, the good Father, though unarmed, ran ahead crying out: “Forward, follow me!” Electrified by his example, the men rushed forward and drove the enemy from two trenches. But Father Barbet fell a victim to his bravery. He was struck by two balls, one entering the chest, the other the leg, and he was also wounded in the hand. At first it was thought that he had been killed and this news telephoned to the camp, spread like lightning.

The doctor assisted by the chaplain who had already given him Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, carried him to the ambulance.

Hastening to the ambulance with the pastor and Sister Marie, at whose house I am stopping, I was able to see Father Barbet. It was then dusk and his condition seemed hopeless; but he bore his sufferings like a saint and never lost consciousness.
The next day his wounds were dressed, and oh! how delighted we were to learn that they are not mortal. The major is fully confident of his recovery.

I saw Father last night. His right leg is fractured—a simple fracture. The ball which lodged in the chest did not touch either the lungs or the heart, and last night it came out of itself through the back. I do not know exactly how he is wounded in the hand, but I believe he will not be deprived of the happiness of saying Mass.

We pray much for him. Holy Mass was offered yesterday and to-day for his recovery. We will save him, and one day, as we all hope, we shall have the happiness to see him wearing a decoration.

Father Barbet is at ambulance No 4, of the 37th division, at the farm of Offermont near Tracy-le-Mont. He will remain there until he has sufficiently recovered to be transferred to some hospital farther from the front.

It may be that others have written to you, but if so I am not aware of it. Loving Father Barbet as a father, I deem it my duty to inform you of his condition. I have not time to tell you more in detail about his heroic action. He was still fasting when struck, as he had hoped to be able to say Mass that Christmas day.

Believe me, etc.

F. GUIBERT, Novice.

In a letter to Father Crouzet, C. M., Abbé Monestier, division stretcher-bearer, gives a similar account and adds:

When the general visited him in the ambulance, without stopping to speak to him (which is forbidden), he simply looked at the good Father, touched his hand, and said: "We loved him."

Another stretcher bearer, Father Dusuel, ordained in 1914, is at present with the 24th company, 6th battalion, 328th regiment of infantry, 2d army corps. On the 25th of December 1914, he wrote to the Superior General as follows:
MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

*Your blessing, if you please!*

I still entertain the hope that my letter in pencil written in the trench reached you safely. To-day, Christmas, I enjoy the luxury (a luxury long since forgotten) of pen and ink, as also the rare treat of a few leisure moments in an old armchair in the sacked country house of some former rich owner. These few hurried lines are more than is needed, my Most Honored Father, to show the extent of our misery.... Cannon boom with fury day and night; balls fly in every direction, yet they spare me, while the number of those who have fallen at my side is now beyond reckoning. My confidence is only increased thereby and with your other children, I dare to presume upon the help of your prayers.

At times the day of deliverance seems near; surely it cannot be far distant for me, as my physical strength is well-nigh exhausted. Shall I tell you I shall regret its dawn? I am just now "stretcher-bearer" under an excellent major.

Kindly accept, my Most Honored Father, the New Year wishes I formed for you at the crib of the Divine Infant and which this letter conveys to you.

*Au revoir* my Most Honored Father, and if I cannot add very soon, I will try to supply for this omission by my daily remembrance of you to our Lord, in whose love and that of Mary Immaculate, I am respectfully, etc.

ABEL DUSUEL

Several of our students, seminarians, and coadjutor brothers are also employed as stretcher-bearers. We are happy to give some news of them, as the whole Congregation is deeply interested in their welfare.

Brother Touzé, on September 27, 1914, wrote.
MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

I have just received an order to repair to the front and am notified to go to-morrow to section 10 of the infirmaries at Rennes, thence I shall be directed to any place where there are vacancies. The care of the sick is certainly a task most fitting for a seminarian. With God’s help, I will try to show myself a worthy son of Saint Vincent, while I seek protection under the mantle of Mary Immaculate who will surely watch over me if our Lord destines me to labor for the little Company.

Believe me, etc.

TH. TOUZE

On December 28, he wrote:

Gray, Haute-Saône.

Christmas eve I received an order to repair to the front in Alsace, as the central health station for that region is here established.

Our Bohemian life, as you readily understand, is very hard. Two bundles of straw—when these can be procured—is our only bedding. We take our meals as we can. What a grand apprenticeship for the missionary life!

There is no time to read long prayers from a book, but the soul has no need of such help to be lifted up to God. Union with Him is constant and easy.

Respectfully, etc.

TH. TOUZE

Military Infirmarians 10th Section,
Army Reservists, Health Staff 8,
Postal Sector 45.

Brother Poix, of the Mother House, wrote on December 21, 1914, that his health was good despite the overwhelming fatigues of war. He is in a village near Verdun where he is able to assist at Holy
Mass on Sundays and to attend evening prayers when not employed in looking for the wounded.

Brother Lemur of the house of Ingelmunster, rejoices to have taken part in the solemn Christmas festivities. He writes:

Three midnight Masses with military music, appropriate hymns and especially many Communions among the soldiers. Truly, it was beautiful! All this at the citadel of Arras where we are stationed. We have Mass and Holy Communion every Sunday, and thus we are encouraged and strengthened.

Brother Forsans of our house of Smyrna, writes:

Since September I have been in the North at the front. I was several times in great danger, but never received a scratch. Physically I am well; and spiritually, I bless Divine Providence who has vouchsafed me wonderful assistance. Appointed officially as aid to the Chaplain, it is my privilege to assist daily at Mass and to receive Holy Communion, that is of course, when the enemy does not prevent. I will do my duty to the very end, even should this cost me my life.

OUR AMBULANCE INFIRMARIANS

To continue the order followed in our last issue, we shall now mention those of our military infirmarians who are not attached to any special ambulance or city and who do not accompany the army as stretcher-bearers. Their position is not without danger, as those who are near the front run great risks from bombs, Zeppelins and Taubes, while others, employed in caring for the sick, are exposed to contagion. Several have been made prisoners while fulfilling their duties in the besieged cities. Among them we number Father Leflon of our house in Rongy and Father Lambin of that of Ingelmunster. Both were infirmarians in Maubeuge when this city was taken by the Germans.

Prisoners’ Camp, Gardelegen, Altmark
December 5, 1914.

Here I have been for the last month a prisoner in Germany. From August 3 to November 4, I remained in Maubeuge nursing the wounded. Father Leflon also came here, but yesterday he was sent to another company in the same camp. We are thus separated. My health is good and my courage equal to present circumstances. I recommend myself to your prayers and beg your blessing.

C. Lambin


December 16, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

I was quietly preaching at Rouen when I was drafted and sent by the military hospital bureau of Lille to Maubeuge of bitter memory. After a month of tranquillity, the city was bombarded, August 29, and surrendered September 7.

For three months I took care of our wounded, and finally on November 5, I was named one of the ninety-two infirmarians appointed to accompany the wounded into Germany. This gave us a ray of hope, as the German governor of Maubeuge promised that we should be allowed to return to the French lines through the mediation of some neutral power. We are still waiting and the governor’s promise has not been realized, nevertheless the Geneva Convention is very rigid. When shall we return to France?
Several priests here are from Cambrai and among them is Father Duthoit, professor of the Seminary. Father Lambin is also in the same camp, but with another company.

You may feel assured, my Most Honored Father, that I continue to pray for you and our dear Congregation.

In the love of our Lord, and Mary Immaculate,

Your very humble servant,

J. LEFLON.

Prisoners’ Camp, Gardelegen.
Sachsen, Germany.

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THE ROAD INFIRMARIANS.

It remains to speak of a third class of infirmarians attached to the hospital trains, and whom we shall here call the road-infirmarians. They are at the same time, stationary, and not stationary. Like the infirmarian stretcher-bearers, whose accounts of the marches and counter-marches we have related, they come and go from north to south, from east to west. Like the infirmarians in the ambulances, they remain with their ambulance which is the health train.

The following, as far as we know are the names of these road infirmarians:

Rev. Azémar, Valparaiso, Chili.
" Bérit, Peter, Popayan, Columbia.
" Bousquet, John-Baptist, Dax.
" Bros, Léon, Superior of Courityba, Brazil.
" Genouville, Louis, Wernhout, Holland.
" Lalanne, Théobald, Santiago, Chili.
" Lasserre, John-Baptist, Quito, Ecuador.
" Pehau, Cali, Columbia.
" Poupart, Raphael, Ibagué, Columbia.
" Roustain, Gaston, Marseilles.
The following letters contradict two long accepted maxims: "He who travels much is rarely rendered more holy," and "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Our missionaries and road-infirmarians, during their long journeys not only work out their own sanctification, but also sanctify others.

**Letter from Father Pehau, C. M., to Very Rev. E. Villette, Superior General.**

November 5, 1914.

*SIR AND MOST HONORED FATHER,*

*Your blessing, if you please!*

I was assigned to the first health-train which left Bordeaux, on the feast of All Saints. We remained two days at Bourget and I was anxious to go to Paris to see you; but when we stop at a station, we are not allowed to leave the train which must start at the first order from the battlefield. We left night-before-last, for Aubigny, 20 kilometres from Arras, where we took on nearly three hundred wounded, all who were in the field hospital.

We have newly arranged coaches, each containing twelve cots, six on each side, with a stove in the centre. There are two nurses, one of whom must be experienced, for each coach. Including Father Lasserre and myself there are eleven priest infirmarians on board. I have an excellent assistant whose sister is a Daughter of Charity in the suburbs of Paris.

When there are many wounded and especially when they are confined to bed, the work is very heavy. We are on our feet every night, each watching half the night. At the stations, the Ladies of the Red Cross, and in some places, as here, the Sisters of Charity, give us provisions and delicacies for the wounded.

This evening we leave for the South to place our sick in the ambulances. We do not yet know where we are going. The last trip was to Bordeaux. At present, I am
very well. Happily, my sea voyage accustomed me to
the rocking of the train, for we are well tossed about.
How I pity the poor wounded!

As to Mass, we cannot think of saying it until the sick
have reached their destination. But the priests who were
here before me, say that ordinarily it can be done between
the trips, though one must return as soon as possible to
the train which is his dwelling.

Pehau.

Letter from the same:

November 19, 1914.

Since my last letter there has been no change in our
situation. We have made no other trip. We keep
around Paris—from Aubervilliers to Bourget and from
Bourget to the Plain Saint Denis. At Aubervilliers, I
met Fathers Azémar and Bros. The Sisters of Charity
who have the ambulance there told them there were two
Lazarists on our train and they came to see us.

Last Sunday I was able to say Mass at Bourget, where
the pastor insisted that I should breakfast with him.
Here we are quite near the church and I celebrate Mass
every day, but I do not know how long we shall remain
here.

I need some things which I left at Bordeaux, particu-
larly my Breviary, for I often have time to recite the of-

Father Lasserre is much fatigued, though his health as
well as mine, is good. For the last two days there has
been ice in the mornings; the cold is very sharp, espe-
cially for one accustomed to the warm climate of Cali.

I trust, Sir and Most Honored Father, that you give
me a remembrance in your prayers and the Holy Sacri-

Pehau.
The following letter is from Father Bousquet, also a road-infirmarian. Father Bousquet belongs to the house of Dax and was not drafted because his age dispensed him from military service. He, however, volunteered and enlisted for the war period and God has blessed him, by permitting him to do much good for souls.


Chalons-sur-Marne, December 29, 1914.

SIR AND MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

I profit by a few leisure hours to send you some news and above all to express my sincere filial good wishes.

No one can predict how this fearful crisis will end, or what will be the results from a religious point of view; but I beg our Lord that your generalship, begun under such difficult circumstances, may see an increase and development of the works of our Blessed Father. Let us hope that this will be the recompense for the share that so many of your children take in the labors that the war has opened to their devotedness.

For my part, I am happy in the work accomplished among the numerous souls with whom I come in contact, most of whom willingly accept the ministrations of the priests.

Recently I assisted a party of sick who were among the first sent from the hospital of St. Menehould. I prepared breakfast for them, then helped to dress three of them who were rendered helpless by their wounds. They were most grateful for all. Soon their questions concerning my age, my position, etc., showed they were anxious to know more about me. When I had satisfied their curiosity, they said ingenuously: "Ah, Father, your conduct is noble." But I quickly gave them to understand, that on the contrary, it was only what I should do, since I was
a son of St. Vincent, and it was an imperative duty as well as a family tradition with us to devote ourselves to the relief of the suffering. Then one of them cried out: “It is men like you that we have tried to get rid of. Ah! you are coming back with your scurrilous tales! Surely we will make quick work of you.” I left them then; but during the long journey to Perpignan, I profited by every stop to see them and have a moment’s chat. Ah, the poor creatures, their hearts were touched, and when on leaving I bade them good-by, I believe they felt it as much as I did.

Thus it is on every trip, God seems to have chosen souls upon whom to shed His brightest and warmest lights, and the chance of meeting such, makes me feel that I ought to spend myself in trying to seek them out. This is rendered easy for me as the duty of secretary of the convoy devolved upon me from the start. The result is more work as I have the assorting of the administrative papers, accounts, reports, statements, etc.; but at the same time, it gives me more authority and greater influence. This I use advantageously by reaching more souls and interesting myself with all on board.

I am particularly interested in the officers with whom my ministrations are very easy, and the exchange of ideas during our conversations often leads to deep arguments the result of which I trust will be lasting.

You see, Sir and Most Honored Father, if I am only a laborer of the third hour, and my rôle, the modest one of a gleaner, I am none the less grateful to God and to you, for the part I have in this work of devotedness, and for the joy it has been given me to taste.

The work is hard, harder than in the ambulances, because the journeys are long, the services we have to render are difficult and demand constant vigilance. While the train is in motion, the sick require all our time, and when
we arrive at the stations, everything must be done quickly. We must be everywhere at once in order to satisfy certain over anxious persons whose indiscreet zeal is more dangerous to our fever patients than it is useful to the wounded. On such occasions, I often assume a certain dignity which serves me marvelously well as I can more easily exercise my authority. The circulars sent us some time ago, sanction all the methods and measures that we had adopted. Our train is regarded as a model of its kind being the first at this work; and our experiences have settled many new regulations.

Pardon, Sir and Most Honored Father, the details I have given, but they will help you to understand our manner of life. I can often say Mass and for the past week I have every day had the happiness of saying it on the train. Our sergeant, a pastor from Landes, serves my Mass and afterwards I assist him. For this purpose our "first-class" compartment is transformed into a chapel, but as soon as our Masses are over everything is replaced, and the compartment assumes its usual appearance.

I am truly a favored child of God and were it not for my uniform and our "house on wheels," I would sometimes believe myself in my cell or again on the mission. From the very beginning, the superior officers have treated me as one of themselves and as a colaborer, and by sharing their authority I have every facility for going and doing as I wish. I can thus serve as a bond between them and the infirmarians of the formation, and thank God, everybody is satisfied especially the five priests who are a part of our convoy. Lately, our major wished to propose me for promotion, but I declined, saying that if promoted I would have only the authority of my rank, whereas having no special rank, I can assume as much authority as I please. He smiled and approved.

Pray for me and beg God that I may be an instrument
of grace and mercy for my poor wounded. I am in the love of our Lord,

Your most humble and devoted child,

J. B. Bousquet.

INFIRMARIANS WITHOUT APPOINTMENTS

A large number of our confrères, though bearing the title of infirmarians, are not really so and have not the consolation of directly caring for the sick. They are either in the office, employed with the numerous formalities necessitated by the military regulations, or in the central pharmacy. In the latter place one of our confrères is in charge of the surgical dressings and linens, and thus deprived of the consolation of performing his priestly duties, his life is really sad. Happily, however, there are a number of priests with him, and together they form a little family, they can say Mass each morning which he says, “is a precious consolation.”

Another of our Fathers, superior of a house of the Congregation, leads a still humbler life. He is employed in cleaning the refectory, arranging the plates and dishes, and waiting on the table. There are many strange occurrences; for instance, one had lived quietly for three months and a half at the minor bureau of the administration, before he learned that he belonged to the fifth section of the infirmarians. But these things are unavoidable in such an immense organization. It is needless to say that all willingly accept the sacrifices imposed and repeat these words of the worthy Superior above mentioned: “Even in washing the dishes we are working for our country.”

THE COMBATANTS

These especially deserve our sympathy and our prayers because they are in the position most repugnant to their character and vocation, and the most exposed to danger.

On December 9, 1914, Father Delanghe, Visitor of the Province of Aquitaine, wrote thus to the Superior General:
I have to apprise you of the death of one of our dear co-adjutor brothers, John Peter Bonafous, born at La Grave, a canton of Gaillac, Tarn, May 21, 1886. He came to us last January and after the regular postulatum was received into the intern seminary for the feast of Saint Vincent, July 18, 1914. He was drafted at the beginning of the mobilization and was under fire in Alsace. He fell on the field of battle, the 12th of last November. His family were officially notified and the pastor of La Grave sent us the sad news. He was courageous, a pious, simple, hard-working brother, like most of the peasants, speaking little, but doing much. We had the funeral ceremonies for him, this morning.

We began the chapter on the Combatants, with the account of one of the fallen; thank God, the number of our killed and wounded is comparatively small. The religious congregations and the diocesan clergy seem to have suffered more than we, which fact should urge us to redouble our prayers that the protection of Saint Vincent, and the maternal tenderness of Mary Immaculate may continue to shield their children.

We resume the letters sent us by our valiant soldiers who have been in the trenches or at the front from the opening of the war. Of this number are Fathers Dondeyne and Dagouassat, whose edifying letters appeared in our last number, and from whom we gladly reproduce the following.

Letters from Father Dondeyne, C. M., sergeant of 327th Infantry, Company 18

November 20, 1914

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

The good angels continue most jealously to protect me from balls and bombs during this siege. All goes well. The cold has driven off the rain, and here we have
frost. The first night of this change in the weather, I spent in the trenches. We are pretty well used to it now. We must run or dig a little in order to get warm. My health is good and I keep up courage. Please continue your prayers that physically and morally, I may remain as I am. Thanks from my heart for your remembrance at the Holy Sacrifice. May God protect you, and bless the double family of St. Vincent.

Your devoted child,

R. DONDEYNE

December 29, 1914

I write during these sweet Christmas feasts, to offer you my best wishes for a holy and happy New Year. The happiness that our Lord is now lavishing on me is nearly over, but I hope that the remembrance of it will comfort me until my next rest. Since Christmas Eve, I have been able to say Mass daily, and the past with all that these beautiful feasts bring to us, is reawakened in my soul. At midnight, three Masses in our Sisters’ chapel near my quarters. The family surrounded me with purest joys, what a heartfelt welcome! My prayer is one of gratitude for all I owe them as they are daily doing something for me. Though there is little direct communication, I can by means of the postmen, whom I know to be gentlemen, profit by the kindness of our Sisters. In the beginning of September, they felt all the horrors of war but a protection truly providential, guarded them every day from the 305 Austrian guns which bombarded the city.

The feast of Saint Stephen brought me back to St. Lazare to my brothers of former days, now scattered all over the country, to our dear deceased, the good, devoted Brother Dumortier, my school-fellow at Loos and nearly my age in vocation. To-day, I am sure they pray for all who have asked of them this remembrance.
The feasts also of Holy Innocents, Saint John and Saint Thomas are so closely united to Christmas that they cannot be separated, I have fully enjoyed them, and they have all been feasts for me. Am I not spoiled here? Vaccination prolongs our stay, but Heaven directs all events, and I am grateful for all.

As a little compensation our stay in the trenches will be prolonged. We shall live in the trenches six long days marked by weary watches under weather which threatens to be a tempest. What matter! The will of the good Master under all these forms, and then could I dare complain after so many consolations?

My health keeps good under all these conditions. I had a cold, but the prompt attention that I received from a kind woman, a real providence to this homeless priest, checked the malady. I am not a little anxious as to what is in store for us to-night. The wind has been blowing a gale for twenty-four hours, it is freezing. Except for the weather which is always severe here, particularly the nights, over which the military authorities have no control, we cannot complain. The French soldiers are remarkably well cared for and have every thing they need. Supplies of clothing have reached us and there are many similar gifts on the way. I was especially favored, and being at quite a distance from the Germans, I almost fancied myself again in my own household. Though it was only a passing illusion, the memory of all that has been done for me and these little attentions remind me that many souls are constantly praying for my preservation and for the welfare of my soldier parishioners.

In spirit, Most Honored Father, I am in my place among your children. Your kindness manifests itself particularly in your remembrance of me in your prayers and at the Holy Sacrifice. May our sweet Saviour recompense your charity by an increase of strength and courage.
and by many divine favors. I read with much pleasure the account of your reception by our Holy Father, the kindly welcome given to the double family of St. Vincent, and the words of affection addressed to the Missionaries and to the Sisters of Rome. *La Croix* gives a detailed account of all.

Be pleased Most Honored Father, to recommend me to the prayers of our Gentlemen. The trial already seems so long, and the dangers are likely to increase. Ask special protection for us, until all danger is definitely passed. I recommend to you also, my parishioners, two thousand men, seven hundred of whom approached Holy Communion at Christmas. We wish the proportion had been greater. This morning, I had a joyful surprise, I gave Communion before the Mass at 6.30 to all the men of our company. The chaplain of the division is now resting with us, and there were four, later, three priests here. We are told that the war will be a season of divine blessings for our parish. Oh, what a renewal of fervor everywhere! Pray that my courage may rise superior to the difficulties surrounding us; there is so much good to be done that I would reproach myself did I fail in the least in my duty.

Accept, Sir and Most Honored Father, my best wishes and with them the assurance of filial respect and submission.

R. DONDEYNE.

There are not so many priests among the combatants, as we learn from a circular from the Ministry of War, which states that priests ordained prior to 1906 should not be employed in armed service, but are to be chosen for the ambulances instead. To supply the deficiency, however, many of our students, seminarians and coadjutor brothers, are on the lists of combatants or in the barracks.

Our dear brother, Augustine Salendres, a deacon and a sergeant in the 6th Alpine Chasseurs, wrote November 2, 1914, to the Superior General.
Sir and Most Honored Father,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

The writer of these few lines is only one of your children from Notre-Dame-du-Pouy, who, at the time of your election, three months ago, had no idea of being in his present position. I am happy to tell you for your consolation that the Blessed Virgin and Saint Vincent have wonderfully protected me as I have been exposed in many dangerous situations. At Dieuze, in annexed Lorraine, we were in the midst of a field of oats subjected to a heavy cannonade for an entire day. Near Lunéville, under a shower of balls, we saved the two villages of Lamath and Xermaménil and in the neighborhood of Bar-le-Duc, took part in an attack on the village of Vavincourt. Hardly four days ago, October 29, we attacked a wood in which the Germans had a long while before fortified themselves, and from which, sad to say, we were obliged to retreat with losses.

Thanks to the protection of the Holy Virgin and our Father, Saint Vincent, bombs and balls were content to roar and whiz over my head, ... and I have the firm confidence that this protection will continue until the end of the campaign, and that some day when the good God wishes it, I shall be a priest. I am already so near the priesthood—a deacon! Then so many prayers are said at Notre-Dame-du-Pouy and at Paris for the soldiers.

I shall conclude by recommending myself to your prayers, and I beg you to accept, etc.

Your devoted and obedient child,

Augustine Salendres.

The dear Brother Magdalou, a sub-deacon, who was near Ypres, December 23, 1914, has also been the object of special protection. He writes that out of the two hundred fifty who composed his
company on August 3, he and one other comrade remain. He gives horrible details of the fighting in Belgium, of the wounded, and of the dying, which letters we cannot publish.

"Notwithstanding all this," declares our dear sub-deacon, "I shall celebrate Christmas, with the sky for my canopy, the trench for my altar, and there I will make the sacrifice of my life; I will offer my sufferings to Jesus and unite myself to the Infant-God coming into the world in a poor stable and wishing to be laid on a little straw."

Our readers will readily understand that we cannot here cite all the letters from these young men, nevertheless, by quoting even a word or two, we love to prove to them that our interest and our prayers follow them, and that they are dearer than ever to our hearts.

During the month of November, Brother Lassus-Dessus wrote us from Mirepoix. He spoke of the many kindnesses and attentions which the Daughters of Charity had bestowed upon him during his stay in the garrison at Toulouse, and of his hard life at Mirepoix, "but," he added, "it is for God and for France." Finally he expressed his desire to remain forever a child of Saint Vincent.

Brother Soula who was at Albi towards the end of December, finding that his comrades in the barracks were far from being saints, was happy to escape from their vulgarity and stop at the house of the Daughters of Charity, where he could breathe the pure atmosphere of the spirit of Saint Vincent. He concludes by assuring us that "his experience in the barracks has not only confirmed his vocation, but strengthened him in perseverance and in the love of the little Company."

Brother Wurtz is with the foot chasseurs. He is being habituated to hardships, sleeps on straw, and lives like a wanderer, being destitute of everything except the spirit and courage of these young chasseurs. Though there is a
vast difference between his seminary life and that of the barracks, yet he assures us that he is loved by the majority and respected by all. Their lieutenant is most anxious to lead them to Strasburg, but while awaiting marching orders, they practise in sham battle for the real conflict. This letter terminates with these beautiful words: "I am ready for anything, either wounds or death, provided I can secure the renovation of France and a revival of the work of the missions in this country."

In another letter dated Saint-Marcel-les-Chalon, Saône-et-Loire, November 13, 1914, he gives the following details:

Just now, one hundred fifty of my companions in arms are leaving for Ypres. I should be with them, but our captain wished a certain number of us to remain for further instruction with the next class.

For the present, I am in training in my "Theory," and just now am in the infirmary, suffering from bronchitis lately contracted, and am hugging the fire and taking hot drinks. I hope the trouble will not amount to much, and that I shall soon be able to resume the exercises.

So much for the material; as to the spiritual, we have all we can desire. Our lieutenant is a serious, practical man, and every one is free as to his exercises of piety. The pastor of Saint-Marcel is very kind to me, and when I am not confined to my quarters, often invites me to spend the evening with him. On Sundays, several of the battalion approach Holy Communion, offering it for their companions who are fighting, and also for those left behind. I often think of my brothers at Dax and at Panningen, and particularly of our devoted professors who have given us our sacerdotal training, that moral uplifting and sublime culture which one appreciates more in proportion as he is deprived of it, even for a time. I
hope to return soon, and to resume my studies at dear Saint Lazare whose vision haunts me amid the disorders of the camp.

Your most respectful and grateful child,

Louis Wurtz.

Alas, our dear Brother Wurtz will never return, as we have just received the news of his death. In our next number we shall give his last letter written May 1, and also the particulars of his death.

Léon Broutin, coadjutor brother is giving instruction to the young soldiers. He wrote December 22, from the camp at La Courtine, Creuse.

Sir and Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

You commenced your generalship in the most trying times, and some have said that you also have been drafted, since Saint Vincent has appointed you Commander-in-Chief of his staff. Many of your children have already left to assist the mother-country; these, I trust you will see again, for is there not a special Providence for the double family of Saint Vincent?

I beg God to hearken to the prayers that I offer for you and may 1915 prepare for us a new France springing from the blood of our departed heroes.

It may be remarked that the war has made a new race of men; for living underground, as he does, the soldier strengthened by God, must wait, suffer, and be silent. It is certainly beautiful to see this little church of La Courtine filled with young men performing their devotions with the greatest recollection. With what faith and enthusiasm they join in singing the Latin and French hymns! Last Sunday I played at the High Mass, and I assure you I was much impressed during the ceremonies.

The majority of the regiments here encamped, Most
Honored Father, are from the North, and I must tell you, that several of my mess, have asked me to obtain permission for them to accompany me to church on Christmas night, and I feel certain that they will also accompany me to the Divine Banquet. After our devotions, I shall treat them to a little collation, nothing extraordinary, only a slice of bread and butter, a glass of wine, and best of all, a cigar. With this, I shall make these poor fellows happy. I am sure the Infant Jesus will be pleased, and that you, my Most Honored Father, will likewise approve of my thus giving pleasure to those more miserable than myself.

Your most devoted and obedient child,

Leon Brutin.

We here give the names of our students, seminarians, and co-adjutor brother who were drafted and of whom we have as yet said nothing.

Students

Bila, Joseph; Boursier, Emile; Chazal, Marcel; Contassot, Charles; Darrieux, Pierre; Dauthenay, Henri; Deymeir, Joseph; Doussi, Pierre; Dutrey, Eugène; Hieyte, Eugène; Lacoste, Jean; Laloubère, J. B.; Lebaeq, Edmond; Maillard, Edmond; Matton, Camille; Pétrissans, Jean; Salles, Léon; Soulà, Jean; Tournebize, Henri; Trocq, Augustin; Turcas, Jean.
Seminarians

M. Guirard; Béliard, Jean Marie; Calas, Gaston; Davoust, Albert; Jouanne, Pierre; Losserand, Joachim; Méchinaud, Jean; Pégourié, Robert; Poiron, Auguste; Reyes, Valère; Rivals, André; Sabaté, Henri; Saucet, Jean; Védrines, Gaston; Wentzler, Joseph; Wintzerieth, Jules.

Coadjutors

Bordy, Joseph; Bouché, Gaspard; Chapelle, Auguste; Courtel, Julien; Dufresne, Auguste; Gendrot, Alphonse; Gody, Anatole; Gros, Armand; Guinard, Maurice; Hœfer, Alphonse; Lechaux, Louis; Piéderrière, Louis; Pochou, Lucien; Puyo, Maximin; Reb, Simon; Speir, Louis; Vincent, Marius.

This catalogue will be completed in a later number.

THE PRISONERS

The reform of the Breviary makes obligatory the frequent recitation of the office of feria and the special prayers belonging thereto, particularly those at Lauds. In these prayers are found many touching verses which never seemed so appropriate as at the present time. Pro afflictis et captivis. Libera eos Deus Israel ex omnibus tribulationibus suis. “For those in affliction and in prison. Deliver them, God of Israel, from all their tribulations.” Mitte eis Domine auxilium de sancto. Et de Sion tuere eos. “Send them
help, Lord, and from Sion protect them." *Pro fratribus nostris absentibus. Salvos fac servos tuos, Deus meus, sperantes in te.* "For our absent brethren. Save Thy servants, O God, who hope in thee."

Yes, we have absent brethren, confrères in captivity. We have previously mentioned two priest-infirmarians Fathers Lambin and Leflon, who were made prisoners at Maubeuge; the last Annals contained a letter from Father Ducoulombier and we here give another letter dated December 19, 1914 from the same.

*Letter of Father Ducoulombier, C. M.*
*to Very Rev. E. Villette, Superior General.*

Celle-Schloss, Hanover

Sir and Most Honored Father,

*Your blessing, if you please!*

I beg you to accept my best wishes for a happy year, 1915. Many times my thoughts turn to you, our Father, burdened as you are with responsibility, preoccupations and sorrows. Then I ask God to load you with His graces, to give you good health and to surround you with useful and devoted colaborers who may share your many solicitudes. I always fear that you will overdo yourself. Even last July you seemed much fatigued and present events are certainly not calculated to give you any relief.

I keep very well in my prolonged retreat that God sees fit I should make far from those I love.

I recommend myself to your charitable prayers, and assure you that I never forget you at holy Mass. Begging you to bless me, I am in the love of our Lord and of Mary Immaculate, Sir and Most Honored Father,

*Your very devoted and grateful.*

Ducoulombier.

I have just received by post a package containing the cloak I requested. A thousand thanks.
We received other news from Father Ducoulombier some time ago, but his situation remains unchanged.

In France several of our brothers and confrères were imprisoned on account of their foreign nationality. Among these is Father Zdózar of whom mention was made in the last number of the Annals. He wrote, October 25, 1914, to the Superior General.

SIR AND MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

Here I am since the 17th inst. at Casabianda, near Aleria, Corsica. The voyage from Marseilles to Bastia was very stormy. Here we hope to be able to say Mass, our greatest consolation amid these painful trials. At Frioul and at the castle If, I tried to work on the biography of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, but my mental energy was not equal to the work and circumstances prevented. How long I shall remain here, God alone knows. I hope that I may soon be able to go to our house at Toursainte as I was promised. The commissary of police assured me when I was leaving Marseilles that he would go to Toursainte for further information concerning my case and that he would write me the result. So far I have heard nothing.

Your last letter was received and I am most grateful for it and for all you are doing for me. I am completely ignorant of what will be done with us. I testified that I am a Slav, a member of a French congregation which has the direction of the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul — but all in vain! Fiat voluntas Dei! — Yes, God’s will infinitely wise, holy, adorable and loving, is ever my comfort and consolation.

With the others I entertained the hope that we should be exchanged with the French prisoners; but this transfer to Corsica has nearly crushed my hopes. I abandon my-
self into the hands of God, nevertheless if you can do any thing for me I beg your services.

Recommending myself to your prayers, I am in the love of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother,

Your very obedient son,

ANT. ZDESAR.

Casabianda, December 17, 1914

I thank you with all my heart for your last letter. Every word from those I love brings me comfort and joy, but with greater reason a letter from you. Now for some news!

A priest from Bastia, a truly apostolic man, Dominic Pouzevera, has indicated a way by which we hope to be released or at least treated like officers, as are the French priests in Germany. We sent our claim directly to the President of the Republic. The bishop of Ajaccio recommended us to the Governor of Corsica, and he as well as the Commander of Casabianda, sent a very favorable recommendation in support of our petition. The Commander of the 15th Corps at Marseilles also wrote to the Governor of Corsica stating that he would be willing to release us, provided some Corsican priest would testify that we are really priests. This declaration, made by a Jesuit, Father Villefranche, who visited us for this purpose by order of His Lordship, the Bishop of Ajaccio, was transmitted to Marseilles, November 26. Alas, no answer up to the present! Every one reassures us, the Bishop of Ajaccio and even the Governor himself. We laid great stress on the fact that some of us took part in the Eucharistic Congress of Lourdes, that for my part, I was under strict obedience to repair to the Assembly in Paris, and that according to both the German and the Austrian law, we are all exempt from military service. As to myself, they
assured me that being a Slav, an Austrian, a member of a French congregation directing the Daughters of Charity who in their turn are dependent upon Paris, all these circumstances are greatly in my favor. If we do not obtain full release, then you may perhaps in quality of Superior General, obtain permission to transfer me as professor of theology to our house of Madrid or Barcelona. I expect the decision in a few days, and will apprize you. If unfavorable, I shall write that you may take other steps. Could I not be transferred to Toursainte or to Dax?

If nothing comes out of this, *sit nomen Domini benedictum!* On December 14, Father Pouzevera wrote again to the Commander of the 15th Army Corps in order to expedite our release. It seems that this Commander of the 15th Army Corps of Marseilles has great power. I write you everything that you may know how to act in the matter. I ask your prayers and promise to offer my little crosses for you and for the two families of St. Vincent committed to your wise direction.

I wish you many graces for the feast of Christmas and the same to your Rev. Assistants, particularly Father Angeli whose native village is quite near here, as Father Pouzevera tells me.

In the love of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother, I am

Your very obedient son,

ANTOINE ZDESAR.

N. B. Our petition was favorably received by the Minister of War.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY AND THE WAR

Here we cannot make the divisions so far observed, as all the Sisters employed with the army are acting as nurses, either in the provisional ambulances, in their own houses converted into hosp-
tals or in the military workshops and factories. But among these
ambulances and houses, some are more exposed to danger than
others.

We shall begin with the first named, and to preserve some order
in the narration, follow the firing line which extends from north to
east. Casting our eyes on the Belgian frontier to the south of
Ypres, near the city of Bailleul, we see the little village of St. Jans-
Cappel. Here the Daughters of Charity have a house which wit­
nessed the German advance towards the Marne, as well as the
retreat. We extract the following details from a journal kept at
this house and communicated to us by Father Dubruyne of Rome.
They refer to the retreat when the Germans ascended towards the
plains of the Yser.

Thursday, October 8.—Adoration of the Blessed Sacra-
ment in our chapel. During the half-past seven o’clock
Mass, M. Hobin, the proprietor of the “Soleil” was sent
for as the Germans are in Bailleul, When we left the
chapel at a quarter past eight, the village was filled with
German cavalrymen, armed with enormous lances which
they held in front of them. The machine-guns and cannon
poured in on all sides, they extended from the farm Verrier
of the Black Mountain even to the village. After destroy­
ing telephone connections the lancers closed all roads and
then stationed themselves in the house of Nasge, the
brewer, which is the wireless station.

On the 8th, they reached us, pitched their tents on the
slope in front of our house, came even to our entrance on
the bridge, and to the steps. Towards evening the cavalry,
artillery and all hastened by every road to leave the vil­
lage. The men maintained a rigid silence but the noise of
the wagons was terrifying.

October 9-10.—The Germans go and come, all the roads
from the city are guarded, no one leaves his house. We
hear that the English and Germans are fighting on the
“Mont-des-Cats”; Bailleul is completely occupied by the
Germans who pillage the houses. In a wholesale grocery,
they carried out whole cases of goods which they put on wagons; at the wine dealers, they drink all the champagne and in houses whose owners are away, they tie their horses in the rooms and carry off the furniture, bedding, blankets, clothing, etc. At a certain factory they loaded drays with cloth to the value of 100,000 francs, belonging to the manufacturers of Armentières; other cloth was damaged by using it as beds for their horses. At a watchmaker’s they broke all the clocks and watches.

They hold as hostages for the night, the Archpriest who is eighty years old, and the Mayor who is seventy-two; these were twice warned that if the people are not quiet and the gas extinguished, they will be shot. The Archpriest said: “I have made my act of contrition three times.” At three in the morning they are told that they are free. All the immense corridors of the insane asylum are filled with cannon and machine-guns; the staff are lodged with the chaplain.

*Sunday, October 11* — At four o’clock a violent ring of the door-bell. Sister Joseph brought the message: “Sister, a Prussian officer asks for you.” I went to see him, and found a gentleman who bowing profoundly asked for a Sister to cook for a so-called colonel; of course, I consent, notwithstanding the peculiarity of the situation.

He then said: “I would like to see your house; I am a Catholic.” “So much the better, Sir, in that case we shall understand each other.” I conducted him to the recreation room and the refectory, where all the children more dead than alive, were assembled. “I need all this place,” said he, “for the horses. I wish to see your kitchen.” He looked at it. “This is quite sufficient,” he remarked and departed.

Immediately, each one began removing the furniture from the study-hall and the children’s refectory. Tables
and benches were piled in the community corridor, while the children carried their boxes to the work-room. This work was hardly finished when numbers of the cavalry with their horses were seen in the courtyard.

From four o'clock until nine, Sister Joseph remained at the neighbor’s, cooking for six officers; four ducks to roast, and two to be boiled for the next day; stewed potatoes, salad, and tea. An officer said to one of our little girls, “Go and get some flowers for the table.” “But, Sir, it is not yet light.” “Take a lantern and get the flowers.” A little later, he said: “Go out into the street and see if there are not some French or English around.” She returned saying: “No, sir, there are only your soldiers.” “Ah, the German soldiers,” said he. “Are you afraid of the Germans?” “No, Sir,” she replied, “because I believe they are kind.” “Have you ever seen war?” he asked. “No, Sir.” “Then you will see it.”

Sister Marie is cooking for the fourteen German soldiers who are here taking care of the horses. They are quite civil. At half-past nine, all the lights down stairs and on the community-side are extinguished. We bolt the doors on the first and second floors and spend the night in armchairs. Sister Gabriella is the only one who goes to bed. What a night! All the dogs on the farm are barking, the horses stamp, while the pasture gates and stable doors having been opened by the Germans, the cows rove over the fields bellowing constantly.

At dawn the cavalry start off on a galop, and with tremendous bustle, the cannon, machine-guns and automobiles set out.

**Monday, October 12 — Terrific battle near Méteren.** There, the inhabitants remain in their cellars from eleven o’clock in the morning until half-past eleven at night.
Bombs fall and houses are burned. The pastor of Pradelles is shot. We at Saint-Jans, are terrified, and prepare our own cellars for lodgings. Towards evening all the German artillery and cavalry hurriedly return but do not stop; only some troopers remain to guard the roads entering the city.

*Tuesday, 13* — Battle at a little distance from Bailleul, in the direction of Doulieu. The church at Doulieu is in flames. Cannonading is uninterrupted. We pray and we tremble.

At four o’clock in the afternoon, ringing of our bell. We cry out: “O God, come to our aid; O Lord make haste to help us.” Sisters Joseph and Gabriella who are in the parlor, hasten to open the door. Three German officers coming up the stairs open the door of the bell-tower (commonly called the “pigeon-house”); break a pane of glass in the rose-window that overlooks Mont-Noir, and taking a glance through their field-glass they quickly run down crying out: “English.” They rush to the wireless station, and leaving untouched the glasses of champagne, mount their horses, and by evening there is not a German at Saint-Jans.

Similar scenes are witnessed at Bailleul. Supper which had been served was not touched, and they fled crying: “Nieppe.” “The bridge of Nieppe.” On Tuesday evening the English reentered Méteren.

*Wednesday morning, October 14* — The German cavalry come by way of Bailleul; the English enter by way of Schaexen. An English soldier fires, killing a German’s horse and the Germans believing the English to be more numerous than they are, escape by returning towards Bailleul. We see no more of them except the prisoners who are in the school building. From October
14, Bailleul, Météren, Saint-Jans and the neighboring villages are in the hands of the English. We hear firing on all sides.

We resume the journal at November 12. This time it deals with the English occupation.

To-night, the noise of cannon is terrifying. We are harboring an English general and his staff. The mother of one of our children from Armentières which the Germans are bombarding, comes asking an asylum. She passed a terrible night in a brewer’s cellar, where several hundred persons had taken refuge, and in the morning escaped to Saint-Jans. Shall we continue to be preserved? We hope in the mercy of God. Here it is believed that the end of the world has come. From the 9th or 10th of October fighting all around us. We see numerous refugees who are obliged to go on farther as the districts of Dunkirk and Hazebrouck are closed to the emigrants. Nevertheless, I received an old lady eighty-three years of age and her maid, who belong to Messines and whose home is destroyed. Messines is in ruins.

Saint-Jans is converted into an immense camp. We are called on day and night; every one of our beds is taken. Yesterday, however, we had to make room for a French soldier, an interpreter for the English, who came asking permission to write here; he then asked for a plate of soup and we gave him dinner; at last he asked for a bed, saying that he was exhausted. This morning he said to me: “I not only slept, but I forgot to return to my post.” And this despite the uproar during the night, cannonading, regiments leaving, automobiles, etc. . . .

“What do you think is my profession?” “I do not know, Sir.” “Well, I am an artist, a painter, and I am a protestant.”
Yesterday we had three classes of English officers for breakfast.

1st. In the parlor, we had the general and his staff. The general sleeps in the Sisters' linen-room, the officers in the recreation hall.

2d. A colonel and his officers breakfasted in our office.

3rd. In a little office near the kitchen were six other officers.

4th. In the kitchen, French gendarmes and our interpreter.

5th. Several orderlies in the shoe-room.

6th. Other orderlies did their cooking in the room of one of our boarders.

Another day, three sick Frenchmen were brought in, among them was Mr. . . X. a protestant pastor from the Congo. This gentleman was on his wedding trip when the war broke out and he continued it under terrible conditions. He was most grateful for our attentions and will let us hear from him when he can.

November 13 — Frightful cannonading to-night near Ypres. For nearly five weeks we have been surrounded by cannon.

* * * * * * * * *

The Germans have bombarded Armentières and Ypres. We do not know what is going on. Our house is a barracks. The school courtyard serves as a kitchen for the English. They make wood fires. Our Sisters are going all day waiting on the officers and soldiers.

Most Honored Father

Your blessing, if you please!

Twenty times at least have we been bombarded; the last being on the night of December 14-15 when 1,500 bombs fell. They caused much material damage, starting five immense fires, but there were few victims. We have been divinely protected. Eight bombs two of which were inflammable, fell in our garden, only a few metres from the walls and yet not even a window was broken. Ours is the only religious and charitable establishment uninjured. So we have more gratitude and confidence than ever before.

Sister Moirset.

Lille is not far from Armentières, and would it were in our power to give some news from our Sisters there, but the city being in the hands of the Germans, communication is impossible. Nevertheless the Superior General received some news from them under rather extraordinary circumstances.

Some of the English wounded having been exchanged for German wounded, related in England that for three months they had remained in the house of Rue de la Barre, and were attended by an English-speaking Sister. They also added that thanks to this Sister, several of the English had been converted, that the ambulance is under the direction of the Superioress and that neither it nor their house has suffered.

This information though very meager has nevertheless given us much pleasure.

Let us again cross the frontier or rather the trenches and leaving the territory occupied only for the time being by the French, enter that which belongs permanently to them. Ascending the Lys we find ourselves at Estaires, where the Daughters of Charity are in charge of the asylum. Sister Mayeur wrote to Most Honored Mother Maurice, December 17, 1914.

My Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

At last some news from Estaires! You may well ask what have we been doing with ourselves. Thanks to God,
through a miraculous preservation, nothing serious has happened to us. I waited until communication would be established, before writing, that I might tell you we are out of danger. The English assure us we have nothing to fear, still cannon roar, and day and night the firing continues. We are near the front and are again in the firing line. The Germans are hardly 7 kilometres from us and it would not require much for us to be again in conflict. In the earlier part of October we had the Germans five terrible days and still more terrible nights. There was hard fighting at Estaires. Bombs and grape-shot passed constantly over our heads as we came and went for our different duties. We went out several times in search of the wounded, and before the Germans we pretended to be very brave, but our hearts beat rapidly.

They are quite civil with us. The last day and night they were here, sentinels were placed at our street door, and at the end of the garden which overlooks the river Lys, thus surrounding the house, and exacting perfect freedom in using our place as a thoroughfare. As the French army was advancing they prepared to blow up the bridge before retreating. At the explosion every house was shaken, doors burst open, tiled floors were ripped up and several windows torn from their frames.

How sad war is! But in order to understand it, one must witness the train of miseries, pains and sorrows that it brings. Let us hope that our Lord and His holy Mother will protect us even to the end. We cannot complain, for the neighboring places have been more sorely tried; though Estaires suffered, it was privileged. The majority of the neighboring towns have been abandoned, churches and dwellings are in a pitiable state, many being entirely demolished in order to make room for the trenches.

During October, we had many wounded, both citizens and soldiers. As long as the French were here, we served
at the emergency hospital; but since the beginning of November, we have a hundred homeless refugees from places nearby. All the wounded, aged, infirm and even the dead citizens that the English find are sent to the hospital. We have everybody in our house, it is truly a refuge for all the miserable. It is announced that the French will soon be here, then we shall surely have the ambulance, as the officials expect it.

Mother, we are very happy to spend ourselves in this work, but if it were possible for you to fill the vacancy we have here, we would be most grateful, because the work is double and our number one less than usual.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

Sister Mayeur.

Following the trenches and coming down towards Arras, we meet on our way, four houses of our Sisters which have been much exposed to danger: these are Vermelles, Loos-en-Gohelle, Bully-les-Mines, and Sains-en-Gohelle.

Letter from Sister Jacquemin to

Vermelles, December 28, 1914.

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

For three months we have been living in the midst of ruins and in the horrors of war. We have seen many wounded, and we are living as it were in a cemetery, there are so many graves near our house. The grave of one of the victims is now under my eyes, his comrades buried him in our garden and covered the spot with flowers. The large and beautiful village of Vermelles, very near our mining city, is completely destroyed and filled with Ger-
man corpses in a state of putrefaction. The church is also destroyed, the priest was seized and put to death, but how no one knows. Our little city so near, is but slightly injured, the church only, is half demolished but is still standing and our house will be easily repaired, and we are already occupying it. The dwellings of our miners in the environs have suffered more, there are four or five hundred families without homes or clothing. Oh, what misery is ours!

I have the honor to be, etc.,

SISTER JACQUEMIN.

Letter of Sister Bataille, Daughter of Charity, to Rev. Misermont, C. M.

Loos-en-Gohelle, Fosse 5,
December 30, 1914.

Sir,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

If you have heard of the invasion of our country, it seems to me you will be pleased to receive some news from the poor Community of No. 5.

It was on Sunday, October 4, after a busy day that we left to rejoin those of our companions who were already at Bully in the ambulance. From two in the afternoon the auto-machine guns were drawn up before our house awaiting the enemy. The French cavalry began an attack to which the enemy made no response until five o'clock but then it was with such violence that from their first shots we saw our men overthrown and we hardly had time to close our windows. For an hour the cannonading was terrible, we all went to prayers, but did not suppose that we were in danger; we were even preparing to take sup-
per, when we received an order to leave immediately for Bully. Time pressed, we took our bags and a hand-cart for me, in case I would not be able to walk all the way. On the road we met many fugitives, some of whom were arrested. A patrol of Uhlans made several prisoners, a few metres from us, and it was only through the kindness of an officer who told us he had two sisters Daughters of Charity, that we were able to continue on our way. After several frights, we reached our Sisters' house where we were received most cordially. From that time, we were engaged in the ambulances of Bully and Mazingarbe, but the latter being directly on the firing line, we could not remain there. For seven nights our Sisters never undressed. The Sisters of Vermelles who had to fly, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a box with them, also arrived at Bully, but as there was not room for all, eight of us went to Bruay and Barlin. I thought of staying two days at Barlin, but I remained there two months. The enemy having left Vermelles the Sisters from there, returned, and I went back to Bully.

Several times we attempted to return to our house, but the risk was too great. With much trouble we saved the church linen and ornaments, every thing else was destroyed. The French soldiers used our house as an observation post, machine-guns being placed in the upper windows, a wireless station in the dormitory, and four telephones in the cellar. The kitchen was completely destroyed by a bomb, and our immense clothes cupboards containing two thousand garments belonging to the workroom, are in pieces. In the chapel the statues have fallen but not one broken, the vases are lying unbroken on the ground. The roof was also injured by bombs, the flooring in several places is broken and the water pours from one story to the other. The cellar is empty, cupboards overturned and dishes broken. The house being open day and night,
dogs and cats prowl around in the debris, and it is impossible to imagine the state of affairs. There are German trenches in front of our house and others near the ditch. For three months, the Germans have been bombarding our cities and our new church. The beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin given by Sister Hannezo, is not even scratched, although the roof, belfry and walls have holes in them large enough to drive a wagon through.

Our former school buildings are completely demolished as are most of the dwellings. Nothing but ruins everywhere. Many of the citizens not knowing where to go, remained at home and died there, entire families having fallen victims. We have many wounded but they are soon removed; they are everywhere even in the stables and carriage house. The soldiers who returned to the trenches, come back to the asylum to change their clothing and take a little rest. We give them clothing, linen, and little delicacies to the sick; but this continual coming and going of the wounded and the soldiers gives us an enormous amount of work, washing and mending the linen. Day and night we hear the cannon. At night projectiles cast their terrifying light, while a constant firing keeps up the work of destruction,

Notwithstanding our life as nurses and outcasts, so full of unforeseen trials and anxieties, our minds and hearts are in peace, confiding as we do in Divine Providence.

Our administrators are very kind to us. God willing, our little works will soon be reestablished and we shall return to our dear No. 5 with our poor and children.

I recommend this intention to your charitable prayers, and beg you to accept etc.,

Sister Bataille.

Let us continue our way of the cross. We have now reached the saddest stations, namely Arras, Albert, Roye, Soissons and Rheims which spread out before us a horrible picture of war.
As we saw from the journal of a Sister from Saint-Omer which appeared in our last number, the city of Arras was bombarded. The Sister's account stopped on Thursday, October 15. At this date the unfortunate city was a heap of ruins, desolation and anguish. The intrepid Bishop, Mgr. Lobbedey, wrote: "I go through my unfortunate city, consoling, encouraging and strengthening. I am preparing my Circular Letter on the Events at Arras. In Jeremias, I find the expression of my pastoral. My clergy are admirable, I am proud of them. I shall remain faithful to my see and would rather die than abandon it."

The Sisters also remained with their children, but the authorities considering it imprudent for them to stay longer ordered them to leave. Nearly 1800 persons left with them. However two Sisters, with some employees, remained in the house. The six other Sisters with their one hundred three children sought refuge at Gannat in Allier. It is from this city that Sister Fauvelle writes to Most Honored Mother Maurice, relating their sad exodus, as well as the charitable welcome received at Gannat.

November 16, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

So much has happened in the last fifteen days that I can hardly remember all. October 28, we were warned that Arras was in danger and we must leave in an hour. This was at half-past four in the afternoon. To make the train, eight kilometres away, with one hundred three children ranging in age from four to eighteen years of age, was impossible. I begged to remain until the next day. This was granted, but I was told "Leave early, because the Germans are near."

From four in the morning every one was up, we were loaded with bundles; each of our dear little ones wore two sets of clothing. With difficulty we reached the station after a walk of eight kilometres, and thanks to the fog, the Germans did not see us. At nine, we were on the
train. We took the line for Boulogne, thence we returned to Amiens, in short after three days and three nights we reached Gannat on the eve of All Saints, at eight in the evening.

Here we separated into three bands, two went to the hotels and the third with whom I remained, repaired to the asylum conducted by the religious of Nevers. They put our sixteen children to bed and gave the Sister who was with me and myself a nice room, but my anxiety for the rest of our family and my terrible fatigue, I can never express. As soon as Mass was over next morning, we set out in search of the rest of our party. The first person we met was M. Bourdelier, one of the leading men of the city, who said to us: “My good Sisters, here you are among us and I hope that we shall keep you.” He could have said nothing more consoling to us, as we had been told that we must take the train at ten o’clock and go South. As you may know, we thanked him most heartily. We asked him if he could tell us about the others. “I cannot,” he said, “as we were not informed of your arrival.” At last we found our poor children; forty seven of them had slept on straw, and the others had been cared for by charitable persons. Our Sisters being with the children, we were once more all together. The entire population touched even to tears, thought only of doing for us. Some of the best families asked for the children, and with them, the little ones remained cared for and petted, for a week. The six Sisters stayed with the good Sisters of Nevers. All the week of our arrival we spent in looking for a house and at last we found a suitable one, a large building formerly a boarding school, but unoccupied for ten years. Here we pitched our tents, for in wartimes, we must do what is done in war. We took back our children on Saturday, much to the regret of the families with whom they had been placed. I can never say enough of the
kindness and charity of these people. They supplied us with bedding, each giving what he could; feather beds, eider-down coverlets, dishes, clothing, kitchen utensils, etc., etc. Nothing was wanting. We are going to receive an allowance of 50 centimes each day for the children under thirteen, and one franc for each of the others; thanks to this help, we shall be able to provide for all. Coal, fruit and vegetables are abundantly supplied.

A noble lady of the neighborhood, Madame de Sampigny, invited our children to a luncheon last Thursday. Her sister died in our Community and her husband is a descendant of the Marillac family.

Yesterday, a lecture was given for our benefit, by M. Lennel. His subject was "Arras, yesterday and to-day." It was loudly applauded, and a large collection taken up. Our children sing in the church, and as they want for nothing, thanks to the generosity of the inhabitants, they think themselves on a vacation.

Notwithstanding all this kindness our hearts are sad and we often weep, when we recall Arras so ill-treated, our dear house and those remaining there. What has become of them? I have no news from them, and this is for me a source of constant anxiety. I hope that our Heavenly Mother protected them, for after being three weeks under fire, there must be nothing left in our house, yet I have such confidence that I hope to find it intact. When shall we see the end of this trial? A remembrance in your prayers for your poor daughters of Arras, exiled in Gannat.

Sister Fauvelje.

The city of Albert is a pretty little city of Picardy celebrated not only for its prosperous metallurgical industry, but also as a much frequented place of pilgrimage. Leo XIII styled it the Lourdes of the North. Lately a mag-
Significant basilica was here erected in honor of Notre-Dame-de-Brebieres, and Mgr. Godin who successfully directed the completion of this remarkable structure, gave Saint Vincent a place of honor in the basilica as a remembrance of all our Blessed Father did for Picardy, particularly at Folleville.

The letter treating of the bombardment of February and March will appear in our next number. We here give some details quoted from a journal of Amiens, relative to events prior to the above mentioned bombardments.

"The first bombardment of the city, took place on September 29, when the Germans fearing that their right wing would be surrounded, pushed their front towards the northwest. The city suffered much, many of its houses being destroyed, nevertheless the basilica of Notre-Dame de Brebières, was saved. It emerged from the whirlwind of smoke a red and bloody mass. The great gilded dome and the statue of the Blessed Virgin stood out against the illuminated sky, seeming to defy the elements.

The hospital directed by the Daughters of Charity, was struck several times, bombs penetrated the walls and partitions, without wounding any one either among the soldiers there for treatment, or among the eight Sisters caring for them. The latter profiting by a favorable respite and the cooperation of the military ambulances, had their wounded transferred to Amiens, but did not leave the hospital themselves until there were no more sick to be attended.

A second bombardment began Thursday, October 22, and this time the basilica was struck, a bomb pierced the steeple through and through, breaking the bell-covering but not causing any irreparable damage. Two other bombs fell on the central skylight just over the main altar. They tore open the roof and the débris falling on the altar crushed it."
On November 1, 1914, the journal above quoted said, "Albert is a city to be rebuilt."

If the city of Albert will recall to future generations the destruction of the church of Notre-Dame de Brebières, with its magnificent chapel of Saint Vincent and the wounding of a Daughter of Charity, so will the town of Roye, where we now are, ever evoke the sad memory of the condemnation of six Daughters of Charity to ten years imprisonment.

The town of Roye had the honor of sheltering the relics of Saint Vincent de Paul during the Revolution of 1830, when the precious deposit was hidden in the college of our confrères. Since then this town has ever been especially blessed, its population being a peaceful, charitable and God-fearing people. The Daughters of Charity had long quietly worked there, and the venerable ancient Sisters whose Superioress had been there for years, had been known in earlier life by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation. It seems that an honored old age should have been their recompense here below, but God who rewards by physical and moral sufferings, His best-beloved friends, reserved to these faithful servants of Roye, the supreme glory of condemnation, exile and imprisonment, in order to render them more conformable to Jesus Christ.

The Germans made their appearance at Roye on the morning of August 30, and remained there until the middle of September. We shall here mention only one event of their occupation, since it nearly concerns the hospital of our Sisters, which under the most mournful circumstances, became the scene of a little skirmish. A funeral was passing the hospital when two autos filled with French suddenly stopped; immediately the Germans in the hospital opened fire on the autos which soon withdrew and the poor corpse was left alone. This was the only alarming
incident that troubled our Sisters during the German occupation. The Germans left Roye towards the middle of September and on the 22d the bombardment began.

On the afternoon of the 29th, the French obliged the population to withdraw to Montdidier. Of the 5000 inhabitants only four hundred infirm and the Sisters, under the prudent direction of their Superioress, remained. Her courageous conduct on this occasion, elicited the eulogiums of the Prefect on his visit to Roye.

In October the Germans reoccupied the town, and from that time, we were without news from the Daughters of Charity, until a letter dated December 2, 1914, from Father Schreiber, the German Visitor, brought us the following details:

Six Sisters of Charity are imprisoned at Aix-la-Chapelle, for having aided the escape of a French soldier in the garb of a Sister of Charity. At this time, they are in the prison of Siegburg and condemned to ten and twelve years at hard labor, but it is probable that this sentence may be mitigated after a short time.

Our kind confrère hastened immediately to their aid, visiting and consoling them and doing everything in his power to relieve them.

On December 31, Father Lohmar, Superior of Bocholtz in Holland, gave us the same news, adding several interesting details. He mentioned that the Sisters were arrested through the imprudence of a certain person in Nesle where they had been stopping. He added that they were all condemned except the Superioress who is ninety years of age.

I have seen them twice and consoled them the best I could. They are treated civilly. Our worthy Visitor will see them at Siegburg near Cologne. I do not believe it possible to obtain their release before the end of the war, nevertheless, we will continue our efforts. If I hear any news from them I shall send it to you.
Note. Although in this number of the Annals we have confined ourselves to the letters of 1914, the following details relative to the above account are of such interest that we shall here insert them. They were given in May by a Sister from Roye who obtained permission to return to France.

When the French abandoned Roye, they took all their wounded from the Sisters' hospital except one young soldier too seriously ill to be removed, and whose death was expected. The Sisters remained with their old men, their orphans and this young soldier. Very soon the Germans brought in other wounded, both German and French, to whom the Sisters generously devoted themselves. One of the German majors showed himself very kind to them, and the Sisters acknowledge that the Germans were careful to procure for our wounded both religious and material help. In the meantime the young soldier was slowly recovering, he continued to improve until he was able to go about and assist the Sisters, thus testifying his gratitude towards them.

One day the bombardment being specially severe, the wounded were removed from the hospital, and none too soon, for the building was soon on fire. The Sisters with their orphans were in the cellar of the hospital, the young soldier also remaining to help them, when they were warned that it was no longer prudent to remain there as the building was burning. They then left although bombs fell on all sides, and wires obstructing the streets made walking very difficult. At last, without serious accident they reached the cellar of a landlady some little distance away. A priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament soon joined the Sisters and proposed to give Holy Communion at midnight to all who desired it. Every one went to confession in a corner of the cellar, and at midnight the priest distributed Holy Communion, two of the little girls received their First Communion under these trying circumstances.
remained two days in the cellar, each making her meal on a single potato. On the third day, Sunday, they ventured out and having heard Mass, returned to the cellar which for many long days served as a home for the Sisters and children. The young soldier still remained with them.

Now, two circumstances aroused the suspicion of the Germans. Each time they prepared an attack, each time the General changed his headquarters, the French seemed to be informed, because they were immediately on the watch and directed their shots towards the new position. The Germans also learned through a French paper that during their first occupation some religious had secreted several English soldiers. This had reference to the religious of Louvencourt.

On account of these facts the Sisters were suspected, and the Germans often visited the cellar to see if they had a telephone or if any soldiers were in hiding. They notified the public that severe penalties would be inflicted on any one secreting soldiers. The situation became very delicate, what was to be done? It was against charity to deliver up the young man, and to keep him was exposing themselves. They decided not to speak of it to the Superioress on account of her great age and weakness, but to let things go on as in the past and abandon themselves to Providence.

The soldier tried to leave but it was impossible, and the visits became more frequent. Each time he escaped as if by a miracle. Once he barely had time to cover himself from head to foot with a cloak belonging to one of the orphans; another time he went out one side of the cellar, just as the Germans entered on the other, and hid himself in a thicket near the opening. At last, an order came from the German Commander that the Sisters must leave not only the cellar, but the city, and repair to Nesle. This time there was no hope of escape, as they must go out at
mid-day. They tried to clothe him as one of the orphans, but he was too tall, the dresses were above his knees. Then a Sister proposed his putting on one of their habits, to which the Superioress objected; but time pressed, the life of the soldier was in question, so instead of nine Sisters ten left the cellar, one of them being quite tall and extremely shy. The journey was without incident and the entire household arrived at the hospital of Nesle.

Was information given? Father Lohmar, as already mentioned, said they were betrayed through the imprudence of one of the inhabitants of Nesle. One thing is certain, that shortly after their arrival, the Sisters were ordered to appear before the Commander who said to them: "There is a French soldier among you." The young man immediately discovered himself, and Sister Madeleine also declared that she alone was guilty, since it was she who had disguised the soldier; and she begged that her companions be set free. The Commander replied: "You and the soldier shall be shot; but all the Sisters shall be punished."

The soldier was taken to Roye where they made him point out his hiding place, and binding his eyes they placed him against the wall, warning him that he was about to be shot. The soldier, although bound, managed to raise the covering from his eyes, at the same time protesting that a Frenchman is not afraid of death and can calmly face it. The Germans being surprised and overcome by this speech, the Commander said to him, "You are a brave soldier, you shall not be shot," and he was brought back to Nesle.

Several days after, a council of war being held, the Sisters were brought in and interrogated one after the other. The Sister communicating these details was one of the last questioned, and knew nothing of what her companions had been asked. In one of her first answers, having spoken of the orphans of whom she had charge, the remainder of the
interview turned on the children; whence they came, what they did, and what afterwards became of them. The judges seemed interested in the work. Moreover, one of the judges noticing how pale she was, asked if she were not sick; the Sister profited by these extenuating circumstances, and although condemned with the others to ten years imprisonment, was permitted to remain at Nesle with the Superioress and another Sister seventy-six years of age. The other Sisters were confined in Germany, Sister Madeleine and the soldier being condemned to twelve years imprisonment. The large orphans were kept several days in confinement.

A German priest was very kind to our Sisters. He offered to hear their confessions, say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. He used all sorts of arguments in their favor, showing that they intended no evil to the Germans, but simply performed an act of charity; that this soldier would nurse the German wounded as well as the French, that in a word, they were at most guilty only of imprudence. He came to see the Sisters and encouraged them. He it was who sent word to our confrères in Cologne, asking them to see the Sisters when they were brought into Germany.

In the early part of May, the Germans made up a train to return the French and permitted Sister to come back with her orphans.

Truly it is miraculous that the children of Saint Vincent have not suffered more severely during the war. This fact becomes more evident from the following letters received from Rheims. Rheims, the martyr city! Who among us does not experience inexpressible sorrow in reading of the bombardment of this city and its magnificent cathedral! Of the latter, Cardinal Lugoù said: "This church saw the baptism of Clovis and his Franks; it was the culminating point in the career of Joan of Arc who had received from Heaven the mission of conducting hither the Dau-
phin for his coronation; it is the sanctuary whither for centuries the sovereigns of our country rendered to God the homage of their authority by receiving their crown from the hands of His spiritual representative; it is the source of our national life, the baptistry of Christian France, the cradle of the French nation, the soul of France.”

Letter from Sister Desgarets, Daughter of Charity, to Sister Chesnelong, Assistant.

Roederer Orphanage, Rheims.
November 1, 1914.

MY WORTHY SISTER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

On Friday, October 30, the enemy attempted to reenter Rheims. They were repulsed, but a furious battle raged from half-past five in the morning until ten at night. During eighteen hours firing from the immense pieces of artillery seemed to shake the house, and as their range is twelve kilometres, they were placed quite near us, while at the same time we heard the machine-guns and the musketry. On their side, from nine until four, the enemy rained bombs upon us, with the same intensity as on the day when the Cathedral was set on fire. Two bombs fell on the tower of Saint Andrew, four in our street. Besides three houses being burned, there were several victims, among them an entire family. This battle brought us soldiers horribly wounded, lungs and kidneys perforated, arms pierced through, and hands blown off.

Saturday, October 31, was quiet, the bombardment (forty-ninth day) lasted one hour; since I began this letter, I have counted four bombs. To-morrow, Feast of All Souls, all the cemeteries except ours will be closed. They have been plundered, crosses overthrown, even the stones raised and thrown away.
To-day, our poor Cardinal went around looking for a High Mass in some parish church, (out of ten there are only six left); and I am trying to lift myself above the things of earth and to sing the Hymn of the Virgins with our holy ones whose memory encourages, strengthens and reanimates me.

Sister Desgarets.

Letter of Sister Saint-Pereuse, to the worthy Sister Chesnelong, Assistant.

Auxiliary Hospital No. 17, Rheims, November 2, 1914.

My Respected Sister Assistant,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Through a kind Providence, we had no operations on All Saints, so we could assist at the evening service in the parish church. A great crowd filled the church of Saint Genevieve and the surrounding grounds. The nave of the church was occupied by the soldiers, the front seats being reserved for our wounded. It was a sad and touching spectacle.

Mgr. Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims, presided. Above the organ and the voices of the faithful could be heard the roaring of cannon, a strange and solemn accompaniment. We could hear not far off the explosion of bombs, the windows rattled constantly and all seemed shaken except our confidence in God. I believe, my dear Sister, that many fervent prayers ascended to Heaven and that much good will come out of all these evils. We went to the cemetery, and thanks to the thoughtfulness of our dear Sister, each grave was marked by a white wooden cross covered with chrysanthemums. A great crowd accompanied us, our poor soldiers hobbled along, and when we began the prayers all knelt and answered aloud. One of the
nurses took a picture of the never-to-be-forgotten sight; if it is sufficiently distinct, I think Sister will send it to you. Our poor cripples were brought back in the Sisters' little donkey-cart. How pleased they were with their little trip, the poor fellows!

Whilst I write you, bombs explode around us. There have been many deaths this morning. A woman was decapitated by an explosion, a citizen lost both legs, a group of soldiers killed, children wounded, etc.

Just now, news is unfavorable for us, the Germans are again advancing towards Rheims, it is believed they will attack us to-morrow. We are in the hands of God.

Please excuse this letter written with many interruptions.

SISTER SAINT-PEREUSE.

Letter from Sister Desgarets, Daughter of Charity, to the same.

Roederer Orphanage, Rheims, November 4.

MY DEAR SISTER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Yesterday we again experienced the protection of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Genevieve. At seven o'clock, three bombs exploded two hundred feet from our house, pieces from them entered the house; we gathered up several, a single one of which would have been sufficient to inflict a serious wound. A Sister who was passing through the garden found herself in a cloud of dust. The people were much disturbed, but our confidence increases.

SISTER DESGARETS.
Letter of Sister Desgarets to Most Honored Mother Maurice.

Roederer Orphanage, November 22.

Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Being prevented from writing you at Bordeaux, permit me, Mother, to greet you on your return to Paris, a return which fills the Community and us, your poor tried children of the war, with joy. I should not say tried, but rather protected ones, seeing that during sixty-five days only, six bombs fell two hundred metres from us scattering their fragments in our garden. Our Lord, doubtless, wished to give a new impulse to our confidence in Him and to our compassion for the injured who are brought to us at all hours of the day. To-day, Sunday, there is a violent rain of bombs, many of which are inflammable. A family, consisting of six persons and a baby fourteen months old, has just arrived, escaping from the burning dwelling of Doctor Colleville. Yesterday we received another family and a baby eight days old.

Saint Genevieve constantly enfolds in her mantle, the Sisters of Rethel with their children and a Sister of Saint Andrew and the orphans who seem happily unconcerned amid the danger.

As I write, the windows are shaking, the noise is deafening, a mingling of bombs and shots from the great guns, a battery being very near us. All stimulates us to fervor and to a devout preparation for our grand feast of November 27. To-day, the children keep up a perpetual Rosary in the little oratory, while the Sisters whisper the Ave Maria over the wounds of the injured. The days are hardly long enough for our work as some of the dressings require fully an hour. Among others we have a lieuten-
ant whose jaw-bone is broken, his teeth are all knocked out and his tongue horribly lacerated. It is necessary to change the compresses over and under the tongue every hour.

Permit me, dear Mother, to recount some of God's special gifts to us miserable creatures. Our health is excellent, despite the fatigue and watching; three Masses every morning in the chapel, the first at five o'clock; our soldier-priests are as fervent as seraphs, in a word, the whole Community is in the chapel at half-past four.

No news from Rethel. Our Sisters from Rethel have been very uneasy since September 8. His Eminence the Cardinal is bowed down with grief. During the week he spent two hours with our wounded.

SISTER DESGARETS.

Letter from SISTER DESGARETS, Daughter of Charity, to our MOST HONORED MOTHER MAURICE.

Roederer Orphanage, Rheims,
Octave of the Immaculate Conception,
December 15.

MOST HONORED MOTHER,

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Your letter of the 13th inst., so kind, compassionate, encouraging and maternal, was received yesterday. We were overjoyed on reading it and forgot, for an instant, bombs and cannon. Alas! the sad reality quickly forces itself upon us, and our hearts, though ever hopeful, are filled with intense sadness.

Adoration all night and a magnificent feast in honor of the Immaculate Virgin filled our souls with joy. Yes, adoration as well as midnight Mass in our oratory, a privilege granted by His Eminence. Sunday, solemn Vespers followed by Benediction and a procession, the statue
of the Blessed Virgin was carried by four soldiers, the brancard being draped with the tri-colored scarf. Afterwards the Cardinal and more than eighty soldiers fervently chanted the Ave of Lourdes. The Cardinal then ascended the pulpit and in touching words addressed us; he drew tears from all present when he said that the tri-colored scarf represented to him France at the feet of the Holy Virgin; and the soldiers, France herself, carrying her Queen. His discourse betrayed his emotion.

SISTER DESGARETS

Letter of Sister Demange, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Father Villette, Superior General.

House of Charity of St. Remy, Rheims, December 27.

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

I hasten to express my gratitude for your kindness to us. Our worthy Sister Besson, yesterday evening brought us your encouraging message. I was deeply touched and filled with gratitude. Sister Besson will tell you what pleasure her visit afforded us and how brave we are despite the fact that this is the one-hundred-first day of the bombardment.

God bestows His graces upon us in a wonderful manner. Notwithstanding the bombs, we are constantly busy with the soldiers who require our services every moment; we no longer have the ambulance on account of our proximity to the front. From our house we can hear the firing as distinctly as if it were at our door. In front of us are the German intrenchments, and back of us the French cannon, so you see, Father, we are actually on the battlefield. At first we were somewhat afraid, but we are now perfectly accustomed to it.
Poor Rheims can hardly be recognized. Of its 117,000 inhabitants, scarcely 9,000 remain, as I have learned from good authority. Our children are employed in making clothing or washing garments for the soldiers. We also give them something warm. Sometimes our house resembles a barracks. Many of the soldiers are not sick enough to be sent here, by the majors, but they come to tell their little miseries and ailments to the Sisters who relieve them as best they can.

Such is our life, Most Honored Father, it is lovely and I am fond of it. If war is a time of suffering, it is also a time for the practice of virtue, and it would be sinful for one to complain of it. However, it is generally considered a scourge and can only be stopped by begging God to deliver our dear France from its grasp.

Sister Demange.

AUSTRIA

The following letter is from Father Medits, Superior of the house in Budapest and Director of the Daughters of Charity in Hungary, the news of whose death has recently reached us. When recommending our late confrère to the prayers of the Community, our Most Honored Father spoke of him in the highest terms, regretting his death as a great loss to the "Little Company."

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

Budapest, December 18, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

You, as well as Most Honored Mother, will be happy

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to learn that the Sisters are everywhere asked for to serve the sick and wounded. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, said a few days ago, that the soldiers insist on having our Sisters. His Eminence besides placing his seminary at the disposal of the authorities to be used as a hospital, defrays the expenses of another hospital. He is now fitting up a train which will transport the wounded from the battlefields to the different hospitals of our city. He asks for Sisters to care for the wounded during the transportation. Just at this time we have Sisters in twenty-nine hospitals, besides sixteen private institutions in which wounded soldiers are received. I am sure it will delight you and our Most Honored Mother, to hear that the zeal and devotedness of your dear Daughters is truly admirable. In many this spirit of self-sacrifice is so great that I am obliged to restrain them.

Begging you to present my kind regards to our Most Honored Mother, and asking your prayers for your sons and daughters, I am, etc.

Ferdinand Medits.


Salzburg, October 24, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

Your circular of August 10, bringing me the assurance of your paternal solicitude in our regard, reached me a few days ago, and I hasten to express my sincere gratitude. I bless God for having permitted you to visit us last year, thus affording you the opportunity of becoming acquainted with our Province, as it is now a consolation to our Sisters, at least to those of the Central House, to feel they
have seen you though it was but for a few minutes. We pray most fervently, my Most Honored Father, that our Lord may lighten the burden He has placed upon your shoulders in these sad times, and we will strive to live as true Daughters of Charity that we may spare you all anxiety.

We have offered thirty Sisters to the Red Cross for the service of the wounded in the Lazarettos of Salzburg. Everywhere the soldiers eagerly ask for miraculous medals and we are indeed happy to give them.

Assuring you of the respectful and filial submission of our Sisters, especially of the Sister Officers, and begging your paternal blessing, I have the honor to be, etc.

SISTER SERAFINE FRIES.

BELGIUM

We here insert a letter which Father Sieben has kindly sent us, describing his journeys through Belgium.

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

Wernhout, December 8, 1914.

MY MOST HONORED FATHER,

Your blessing, if you please!

Our first stopping place was Antwerp. Here we found two houses of our Sisters, one in Deurne Street and the other in Reynders Street, uninjured. On the eve of the bombardment, Sister Nempon, Sister Servant of the house in Deurne Street, with three Sisters and thirty orphans, sought refuge in England. With one companion
she returned to Antwerp on the very day I left England. Her other companions at first went to Holland, but nearly all have since returned and resumed their school work. The orphans are still in London, where they were warmly received by our English Sisters. Sister Montens, Sister Servant of the house in Reynders Street, had also fled with her companions to Bocholtz, Dutch Limburg, but they also returned to Antwerp, as did Father Cordel who is attached to a Belgian ambulance, and who having fallen sick, is being cared for by Sister Montens. The Sisters of Hoboken with their orphans, fled to Ostend. They, likewise, have returned to Antwerp.

As I understood that it was comparatively easy to go from one place to another, despite the presence of the Germans, I started out for Louvain and Brussels. On Thursday morning, December 3, I reached Louvain. What ruins! What horrible sights! One-half of the city — the wealthiest and most beautiful part — is burned.

Looking from the square near the station, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but burned buildings and crumbling walls, some of which in strange, menacing shapes, stand out imploringly against the sky. I could not restrain my tears, as I passed through the ruins in Station Street...

The fire stopped in the rear of the City Hall and Saint Peter's Church. This latter edifice is completely burned, the walls alone standing, but the former is uninjured and surrounded on all sides by heaps of ruins. Only the first houses in Canal Street are damaged. In fact, the scene is beyond description. As you may imagine, Father Rivière and the Sisters were agreeably surprised to see me, for this is the first visit they have received from any member of the family of Saint Vincent since the beginning of the war. Father Rivière is well and still at his post. For one month he was obliged to wear citizen's
clothing and lodge at the Sisters'; but has now resumed the cassock and returned to his residence. Personally, he has been spared ill-treatment and insult.

His residence, another house nearby, and that of the Sisters, are the only ones in Canal Street which were not pillaged. When the news of the bombardment was circulated, two Sisters, the Sister Assistant and Sister Josephine called on the German Commander, General Manteuffel, and represented that it was impossible for them to leave their house, as it had been converted into an ambulance and the greater number of the Sisters were either very old or infirm. The General asked them to indicate on the city chart the exact location of their house, which they did; then marking it with a small cross, he promised that it would be spared. And it was. Except the Sisters, Father Rivière, and an old man, all the residents of Canal Street took flight on hearing of the bombardment. A few hours later, thousands of the inhabitants, surrounded by German soldiers, returned. All who had attempted to escape were grouped together in Station Square, the men, being separated from the women, were either shot or sent as prisoners into Germany; the few remaining were scattered in all directions. Several soldiers came to the Sisters' house which they would have pillaged had not the Sisters shown them a paper signed by a German doctor, declaring that an ambulance was organized in the house.

The most painful trial to which the Sisters were subjected was the danger to which the Sister Assistant and Sister Josephine were exposed during the eight days, called the "reign of terror", an appellation which concisely describes the whole situation. These two Sisters having gone into the city, were stopped by a band of half-drunken soldiers, who accused them of being French spies. They tore off their cornettes and on seeing their
short hair, cried out: "Are we not right? They are surely men!" They were then placed against a wall to be shot, when one of the Sisters seeing a military doctor whom she knew, called to him for help. Quickly responding, he pushed aside the soldiers, freed the Sisters and accompanied them home.

As you see, my Most Honored Father, your children in Louvain have passed through great dangers and suffered more than was imagined. They are now in perfect peace and want for nothing. The two Sisters already mentioned, go every day to the ambulance to care for the French and Belgian soldiers. In their own house they have but one patient, a citizen, so the other Sisters are able to follow their ordinary duties.

Those in Kerbeek-loo who at first fled to our Sisters in Canal Street, have returned to their own house which was pillaged but not injured. At Heverlé and at Moulin-Redinghe, our Sisters were not molested.

In Brussels at the house on the Haecht Highway, where my visit was as great a surprise as in Louvain, everything is quiet. The children of this house were in a villa at Nieuport from August 20, the day on which the Germans entered Brussels, and are those whom I took to England two days before the battle of Nieuport. Some of these little ones are with our Sisters in London, while others are in Manchester where they will remain until peace is declared.

At Brussels, I learned that the Sisters of the Sanatorium Mariakerke, near Ostend, were obliged to leave their establishment, now occupied by the Germans, and to take refuge with their one hundred sick children, in the college of Ostend.

I was not able to go to Liége and Ans, but will do so as soon as the opportunity presents and write you immediately. It is my intention to remain here a few days longer.
awaiting the time when events will permit me to continue, my Most Honored Father, the mission with which you have entrusted me of visiting our Sisters in Belgium in order to console and encourage them with some news of the Community, etc.

Three days ago a letter was received from one of our former pupils of Wernhout who is now in Metz. Sister Delanuit, of the house des Récollets, had added a few lines informing us that the fourteen Sisters in Metz have been expelled. The letter as the postmark shows, was mailed by the Sisters themselves at Fribourg. This is the first word (and what a sad one!) I have received from Metz since the beginning of the war. Would that I were able to go there to assist and comfort our poor Sisters of Lorraine! What shall we find there when the war is over? This thought makes me tremble.

I hope, my Most Honored Father, that my letter will prove of interest to you.

Respectfully, etc.

A. Sieben

POLAND

PROVINCE OF CRACOW

In his letter of December 25, 1914, to the Most Honored Father Villette, Father Slominski, Visitor of the Province of Cracow, sums up the ravages caused by the war in these few words: "Our country is to-day another Belgium."

Father Gaworzenski, Superior of the preparatory seminary of Leopold, Lwow, on the same day, wrote: "Here, at Leopold, all are well, confrères as well as Daughters of Charity. We have had no communication with Cracow since the beginning of the war."
Letter from Sister Stachovicz, to the

General Hospital, Husiatyn,
Province of Cracow, Galicia, September 1, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

The Russian officials to whom we had recourse, have promised to forward this letter to you. It will apprise you of our present critical situation.

For one month we have had no communication whatever with our Superiors. The civil authorities withdrew; the doctors, nurses, and even the seventy patients, left the hospital, so great was their dread of the continual fires. Our city situated on the border line between Russia and Austrian Galicia is burning, the inhabitants have fled, and only the eight Sisters with ten bedridden patients remain.

Thanks to the Russian authorities, the soldiers furnished us with bread as long as the army was stationed here, but now, that the wounded have left the hospital, though the Russians offer us every facility to purchase what we need, our money will not hold out long.

The Catholic and Ruthenian churches are completely destroyed, and as the clergy from the city and suburbs, have left, we have been deprived of all spiritual help for three weeks. Therefore we beg you, Most Honored Father, to advise us how we are to act in order that we may, through the medium of the civil authorities, resume communications with our Provincial Superiors; for I must confess, that owing to the terrible times through which we have passed, our health is broken and we are completely exhausted.
Recommending ourselves to your paternal solicitude, I have the honor to be; etc.

SISTER STACHOVICZ.

Letter from Sister Zaleska, to the

Cracow, December 20, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

As postal communications are suspended by reason of present sad events, I write to you in the name of our Sisters not only of the Central House but of the whole Province, to offer our respectful greetings for the coming New Year. Be pleased, my Most Honored Father, to accept these wishes dictated by filial piety towards the successor of Saint Vincent.

Just now our Province comprises only fourteen houses in Cracow and five in the environs; forty houses with about four hundred twenty-four Sisters, being in the invaded countries, are entirely cut off from us. The only news we have had from them was received through our Most Honored Mother who kindly wrote, as several of our Sisters had found means of communicating with her. You may imagine, my Most Honored Father, what we suffer from this inability to assist our Sisters who, we know, are suffering morally and physically. A few small missions which I visited last July, were even then in great distress. What will become of them now that the whole of Galicia is ravaged? We place our confidence in God who will protect our dear companions even when all human aid fails. Another consolation is the thought that many are caring for the countless sick and wounded found everywhere.
Father Slominski has left for Posen, it seems at the request of our Sisters. He has succeeded in obtaining leave to go there and to return to Cracow—a privilege not granted to others. On his return he will give us news of our Sisters of Posen, who also are deprived of all postal communication.

Have you received, my Most Honored Father, my letter sent you through Father Debruyne? It is indeed a great trial not to be able to correspond with you at this time when we are more than ever in need of your assistance.

Respectfully, etc.

Sister Zaleska.

REVEREND NICHOLAS LAUX, C. M.
SUB-DIRECTOR
OF THE HOLY AGONY ARCHCONFRATERNITY

Rev. Nicholas Laux was born, January 22, 1860, at Vischbach, Luxemburg, but of his childhood and youth we have no details, interrupted communications between France and Luxemburg rendering it impossible to secure any information on the subject from his relatives. We know, however, that his studies were made at Metz, under the direction of Abbé Thomas, chaplain of the orphans.

On May 6, 1882, Mr. Laux entered the Congregation of the Mission. From the very beginning, he exhibited those habits of piety and reserve that characterized him through life. He was always humble, gentle and respectful. It occasionally happened that he advanced or defended his opinions with considerable warmth, but this occurred only when some principle was at stake and he
foresaw the evil consequences of his opponent’s remaining under a false impression. Apart from these rare occasions, when, however, he was perfectly master of himself, Father Laux was timid, retiring and anxious to avoid notice. His piety was remarkable, and it seemed that he performed his spiritual exercises with too great effort, this over-anxiety being visible in his countenance, yet this may have been due to his suffering condition. Whatever may have been the cause, one readily perceived that his cordiality was rather the result of repeated efforts, than the outcome of natural temperament. Even to the end, Father Laux preserved the manner and bearing of a seminarian. He celebrated Mass slowly and with the gravity befitting a good priest.

Mr. Laux pronounced the holy Vows in 1884, and after two years study at Saint-Lazare, was sent to Rome to take his degrees. This was the first time the Congregation of the Mission permitted its members to receive such honors, being urged thereto by the wish of the Holy Father and several bishops, as also by the practice of other Communities, and for the general interest of the Little Company. The superior intelligence and assiduous application of Mr. Laux having attracted the attention of his Superiors and professors, merited for him this honorable distinction, and with several of our students, he took up his abode at Monte-Citorio.

In 1887, Mr Laux received in Rome, the orders of sub-deacon and deacon. The year following, 1888, he received licentiate of theology at the Minerva and that of canon law at the Apollinaris, the same house now occupied by the Lazarists. In the meantime his health became considerably impaired, and in December 1888, the news of a serious illness believed by his physician to be epilepsy,— and which had retarded his ordination to the priesthood,— reached Paris. He was therefore obliged to give up those
studies preparatory to his taking the degree of doctor, and return to France. In April 1889, Doctor Ferrand, the attending physician, declared that Mr. Laux should wait two years, or at least eighteen months, before being ordained to the priesthood, but a few months later, his health appearing sufficiently improved, he was raised to the priesthood, December 21, 1889, in the Church of Saint-Sulpice.

Father Laux was then sent to the Lazarist seminary of Notre-Dame-du-Pouy, as professor of philosophy. His health, however, continued to give serious alarm. “The confrère whose health gives me most anxiety,” wrote Father Vernière, in March 1891, “is our very good Father Laux. He complains that the preparation of his class work is most fatiguing, and one day expressed to me the thought that it might be well for him to follow the advice of his Parisian doctor and leave us after Easter for a short rest; but, like a true son of Saint Vincent, he does not wish to take any step in the matter without the advice of his Superiors.” Father Vernière offered to relieve Father Laux of the class in philosophy, and it was proposed to send him to La Teppe, at which he expressed his willingness to do whatever Superiors decided. A sudden attack just as he was preparing to celebrate High Mass, hastened his departure, and he was recalled to Paris.

Two years later, September 1893, he was sent to the Catholic University at Lille and was found admirably prepared for his new duties. Pious and intelligent, he was one of those learned yet humble Missionaries who are the treasure of the Community, as holy and learned doctors are the treasure of the Church. Under the direction of Father Cornu, he labored at his important duty until the closing of the seminary of Lille.

At first somewhat surprised at the manner in which Father Cornu directed the seminary, he consulted his
higher Superiors who reassured and encouraged him, and henceforth conforming with perfect submission to the views of his local Superior, he accomplished much good. So true is it that union of minds and hearts is most powerful, whereas disunion, even among superior intellects, is but weakness. For nine years Father Laux fulfilled his delicate task, living in perfect harmony with his confrères and the brothers.

Towards 1902, the persecution against directors of seminaries belonging to religious orders broke out, and then, according to the expression of a clergyman of Cambrai, "French hospitality and charity seemed doomed to become a myth." On December 24, 1902, the newly enacted law was applied to the seminary at Lille and our confrères became its first victims.

On this occasion Father Massart, Vicar General of Cambrai, voiced the general sentiment in these words: "Our dear Father Cornu, our good Father Laux, and our pious Father Dillies, bear away with them the liveliest regrets of the diocese." Mgr. Baunard, rector of the University, relates that the parting of the eighty-five students from their beloved professors was indescribable, adding that it was not an easy task to direct such a seminary whose seminarians were both students and seminarians.

A few extracts from letters of students prove this latter statement. "Father Laux was my director," writes one, "and when I bade him adieu, we wept like children. He gave me his blessing and never did the words seem so impressive, nor their meaning appear clearer; his maneat semper sounded like a parting token conveying the blessing of heaven to shield me when he himself would be no longer able to afford protection. I must stop, as I would say too much were I to attempt to describe my feelings at that moment. Never did I dream that misfortune could appear so great."
Another writes: “How we loved our dear Directors! When they left us we became truly orphans, and I again experienced the feeling — less intense perhaps, but better understood — that I had when at the age of twelve, I lost my good mother. It was the same void the same loneliness.”

We shall quote another extract: “You know how deeply we were attached to our Directors who understood us and whom we understood. They were devoted to our welfare and did much good among us, being truly the soul of the seminary. We shall place Father Laux’s portrait in our country house.”

On leaving Lille, Father Laux was placed in the secretariat of the Mother House, and his duty here proved more distasteful than his former one in the seminary. What was most disagreeable to him was to occupy a desk in the large study hall where inconveniences are many, and unavoidable interruptions frequent. To say that Father Laux took up his new duties with enthusiasm, would be to exaggerate; he accepted them in a spirit of faith and bent his energies to the task, devoting himself especially to the classification of the correspondence with conscientious fidelity.

To this duty was soon added that of confessor at the Mother House and at the houses of the Sisters, and he also began to keep retreats. In the ministry of souls, he spent himself unsparingly, being peculiarly qualified for this “art of arts.” He was a father, a physician, a doctor. His piety, recollection and religious bearing inspired confidence, and this confidence increased with time, because he loved souls not in word only, but in very deed. All knew that he was ever ready to sacrifice self and never recoiled before the fatigue of long hours in the confessional. Moreover as a Daughter of Charity who knew him well, states: “He was wonderfully gifted for consoling and
encouraging souls; suffering of all kinds attracted him.” These words well portray Father Laux and show that he truly possessed the heart of a father. He himself suffered much, and they who know suffering from personal experience, are better fitted to sympathize with others. But it was in his meditations and especially in the Holy Sacrifice that he found that source of mercy and kindness which after the example of our Lord drew him nearer to tried souls. Not only was Father Laux a father, a consoler, but he was also a good Samaritan, a physician. Many there are who can sympathize, but few who can cure. According to the testimony of those who consulted him, Father Laux “Knew how to win confidence and to probe the most smarting wounds without giving pain, yet with the firmness necessary to eradicate sin and to strengthen virtue. No one could refuse when he asked a sacrifice or an act of virtue.” Another Sister of Charity speaking of his solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his penitents, says: “He knew how to make one understand the value and necessity of sacrifice, and when he directed a soul, he required great and generous acts of virtue, saying that no matter how much we do for God, we can never do enough. He thought it strange that we are not more ingenious in mortifying ourselves, and to him, not to follow faithfully in the footsteps of our divine Master, seemed almost folly; for we can be truly happy only in so far as we have suffered much with Him. His was a noble heart, and he insisted particularly on the necessity of indulgence towards others. ‘Never censure,’ he said, ‘and call frequently to mind that as you have judged others, so will you be judged.’ He then added: ‘To be Daughters of Charity is nothing, unless you labor constantly to become saints.’” He reproved severely, yet so kindly that one left him stronger and more willing to suffer.”

The extracts which we quote from the Bulletin of the
Holy Agony, show the influence exercised by Father Laux as a confessor. At the Mother House we find crowding the confessional, persons of every class and condition, from the good women of the neighborhood to the clerks, young women students of the lyceums and normal schools, teachers, laymen of high social standing, sisters, priests, etc.

We readily see the importance of well-prepared confessors to meet the needs of such a diversity of penitents. Father Laux understood this and with all his zeal and prudence, strove to fit himself for the work.

When in 1907, Father Desmarescaux, Sub-Director of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Agony, died, no one was surprised that Father Laux was appointed to succeed him. "He is worthy of your confidence," wrote the Superior General, "and already possesses mine." Coming from such lips, no praise could be more appreciated nor better merited.

In fulfilling the duties of his new office, Father Laux displayed to their fullest those gifts with which he was endowed. He showed himself at once an able manager, a zealous organizer, and his solid articles in the Bulletin of which he henceforth became editor, prove his ability as a writer.

As Father Laux was naturally an excellent administrator, he loved order above all things, and order, especially in financial matters, is the foundation of solid organization. As soon as he assumed the responsibility of the work, he so well regulated accounts that not only were debts paid, but there was yearly a substantial increase in the funds. In the opinion of some, this item may not seem noteworthy, but those who have been placed in similar positions will certainly appreciate the close attention to business, practical good sense, foresight and unwearying patience, required to bring about this success. Besides this, Father Laux enriched the centre of the work with valuable decorations,
a beautiful chalice and a fine altar of the Holy Agony. According to the testimony rendered by one well-qualified to judge, at the little conference held after his death Father Laux was an admirable organizer of festivities. Under his direction the work of the Holy Agony has within the past few years attained a marked development not merely in the number of new affiliations, but also in the increased attendance at the meetings and especially at the triduum and novena of the Holy Agony. Our chapel on these occasions presented a sight similar to those formerly witnessed during the celebrations in honor of Saint Vincent, or at the impressive reunions of the Children of Mary. Those who reside at the Mother House bear testimony to the deep impression made by these solemn services. The same spirit also animated the meetings held in the chapel of Rue de l’Ebre. The first time I attended one it was simply through courtesy to Father Laux, and I was indeed very much surprised to see the crowds that flocked to the chapel. Having gone a second time for my own personal gratification, I found the same recollected crowds. What magnet attracted them? In my humble opinion, it was none other than the simplicity of the instructions, the fervor of the prayers, and the singing of the hymns in which all joined. I loved to hear the advices given by Father Laux in the chapel of Rue de l’Ebre. “It is thus the people should be spoken to,” I said to myself, when listening to him; “their attention should be sustained, their intention directed, their minds enlightened, and their hearts moved.” Father Laux possessed the rare gift of these little fervorini. He performed them seriously, piously and with holy joy. He succeeded also in interesting a number of young girls in his Work. These frequently came to the chapel of Rue de l’Ebre and their presence was not a minor feature in the celebrations held there. Not only was their conduct exemplary, but their singing
attractive, and in the reports of the meetings, mention of the singing was never omitted—an item of no small importance. While Father Laux did not expatiate in exaggerated terms on the beautiful rendition of the hymns, he encouraged the singers in a few well-chosen words expressive of his gratitude and fatherly interest. It was thus he stimulated their zeal and made them look forward with renewed pleasure to their next meeting.

As above stated, an account of the meetings was published in the *Holy Agony Bulletin* which little work deserves special mention. Certain articles and meditations of Father Laux published therein, had made such an impression on me that I desired to read them again before writing this sketch. These fervent articles contain sound doctrine, and compare most favorably with others of the same kind published in similar periodicals. His meditations on the Holy Agony particularly, are filled with personal reflections which have been highly praised. One realizes that these were written only after mature reflection, well-digested and lived through, to use a familiar expression. We can but regret that death interrupted the publication of his meditations, as probably we should have had a series of them on the mystery of the Holy Agony and on the Passion of our Lord, most appropriate to the *Bulletin* and well adapted to the cravings of souls eager for spiritual advancement.

Closer union with our Lord is the fruit of the meditations written by Father Laux. On reading them we realize that he suffered a moral anguish similar to that he was commissioned to make known, and our Lord, in order to make this likeness still more striking, seemed to permit his last years to become a perfect agony.

The constant tension of mind, with the hourly dread of an epileptic attack, cast a veil of sadness over his very countenance, and even at recreation, his smile betrayed the
secret anguish of his heart. The remedies which he was obliged to take in order to avert a return of the malady, while they proved on one hand efficacious, were perhaps on the other, most injurious. Father Laux therefore suffered much but he suffered like our Lord in the Garden of Olives. He had a special devotion to the *Fiat voluntas tua* of Jesus agonizing, and, as we learn from one of his penitents, often recommended conformity to the divine will, urging particularly a submissive, trustful and loving *fiat*. “Poor human nature,” he would say, “how it recoils before suffering, and we must needs recall Gethsemani and Calvary to accept it. Oh, ask for me the grace of knowing how to accept and to sanctify my own.”

During the last two years of his life, his sufferings increased daily. In 1912, he was sent to Wernhout for a rest, and here he met Father Dillies with whom he had left Lille in 1902. Greatly improved by the change, Father Laux returned to Paris and with new ardor resumed his usual occupations. It was not long, however, before he again relapsed into his former condition, and in January 1913, we find him at the delightful Villa des Chênes, Cannes. In one of those affectionate letters which he was wont to write to his dear children, our Most Honored Father Fiat pressed him to take advantage of the pure air and beautiful scenery for the benefit of both soul and body, adding he had no fear that one whose heart he so well knew, might be in any danger amid such charming surroundings.

By the following April, Father Laux felt so much better that he began to think of returning to the Mother House, and the Superior General when granting this also gave him permission to visit Valfleury, the cradle of the Work of which Father Laux was Sub-Director.

The dawn of 1914, found him suffering much and a season at a watering place failing to give him relief, he was
sent to Trégastel, Côtes-du-Nord, where the Daughters of Charity have a summer house. It was hoped that rest, good care and the bracing sea air of the place, would effect a speedy cure. The trip was very fatiguing as it comprised 230 kilometres by rail, fifteen in a carriage and as many more in an automobile. “I am so completely exhausted,” he wrote, “that I have not felt my back, or rather I have felt it too much, since then.” Notwithstanding his ill health, he was ever kind and thoughtful of others, and expressed much anxiety about Father Meut who substituted for him in Paris. “I would be happy to learn that you are somewhere else,” he wrote on September 7, when the Germans were advancing towards Paris.

If he was careful of others, he also feared to be indiscreet, and on September 9, wrote: “The chaplain whom I replaced, returned last night. I am not needed here, and I ask myself, what shall I do? Where shall I go? The thought of undertaking another journey, after the one I made to reach here, is anything but pleasant. If I had only known beforehand what it meant! Well, it was God’s will; I obeyed.” Superiors, informed by the Sister Servant of his condition, telegraphed him to remain in Trégastel and to take a much needed rest. His fears were at once dissipated, but despite all care, his health continued wretched. September 28, he wrote: “I can scarcely eat.” And later on, “For the last four weeks I cannot retain the little I take. I do not know what will happen if this continues.”

The lamentable condition of his health did not prevent him from praying and inducing others to pray for the intentions of the Archconfraternity. In the same letter he asks that Masses be offered for the cessation of war and for the dying soldiers. “We can devote one thousand francs for this purpose,” he added, “without any fear of becoming bankrupt.” A few days previous, he had said:
“Let us pray for France; the time has come to discharge this obligation of the Holy Agony.” Such was his constant thought, and yet the end was not far distant.

On October 8, the Sister Servant at Trégastel wrote to the Most Honored Father as follows:

“Since September 16, he has steadily grown worse, and is now unable to eat solid food. He cannot retain the few spoonfuls of broth and preserves which were his only nourishment, and is now obliged to give up even Champagne. We have waited in vain eight days for the doctor with whom he is acquainted, and whom I had asked to come. Another doctor paid him three visits, but seeing that his prescription was ineffectual, advised Father Laux to return to Paris, and to consult a specialist, a surgeon rather than a physician.”

Father Laux was, therefore, sent back to Paris. When announcing his return, he wrote: “You will kindly pray that the will of God may be accomplished in me. I have so often recommended this to others, and now the opportunity presents for me to practise it myself. Fiat!”

He reached the Mother House about the middle of October, and on the 28th of the same month, died sweetly and peacefully, edifying all by the fervor with which he kissed his crucifix. He had drunk to the very dregs the chalice of suffering and now he was to be inebriated with torrents of heavenly delights: Si eompatimur ut et conglorificemur.

Owing to the absence of the seminarians and students, the funeral service could not be conducted with all the solemnity desired; many Daughters of Charity and members of the Holy Agony Archconfraternity filled the chapel. The young girls of the house of Saint-Sulpice sang appropriate hymns. Canon Lapalme, Vicar General of Paris, who was present, had written the preceding day to the Superior General:
Reverend Father,

Thanks to your usual thoughtfulness, I learned, with heartfelt sorrow, of the sad and premature loss you have just sustained in the death of Father Laux. I sympathize deeply with you and your Congregation. As I strive to continue his work in the chapel of the Holy Agony and in the quarter of the Glacière, I can bear witness to the vast amount of good he accomplished in this neglected portion of the diocese of Paris. Yet, this was not the only place to profit by his fruitful labors; many others bear striking evidences of his zeal.

I shall make it a duty to celebrate in the near future, a special service for him in the chapel of the Holy Agony, among the poor for whose sanctification he labored.

To-morrow morning, I will offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul.

Believe me, etc.

J. Lapalme, Vicar General.

A few days later, November 13, Canon Lapalme was able to celebrate, as he had promised, a solemn service in the chapel of Rue de l’Èbre. He himself sang the Mass and delivered the sermon, in which he portrayed our regretted confrère as the man of God, in the pulpit, instructing the people of La Glacière, and in the confessional purifying and perfecting souls, inducing them to receive frequently the Bread of the Eucharist. Tears filled all eyes, testifying to the truth of the Vicar General’s words.

The Sister Superior of the Holy Agony of Rue de l’Èbre, renders this beautiful testimony to the apostolic zeal of our revered Missionary:

“No one will ever know the good accomplished by this worthy son of Saint Vincent in the poor and deserted quarter of La Glacière. How hidden, yet how fruitful,
was his ministry here! On Saturdays and eves of feasts, this good Father, after spending the whole morning in the confessional, would reach here about four o’clock in the afternoon, and repair immediately to the confessional where he remained until nine or ten o’clock, scarcely allowing himself time for meals. On Sunday morning, as soon as the chapel was open, he went to the confessional, then preached at Mass and again in the evening at Benediction. Every spare moment he spent in the confessional, and thus devoted nearly his whole day on Sundays and festivals to hearing the confessions of the young working girls who are not free during the week...”

Father Laux compassionated the sufferings of our Lord in His agony, let us pray that he may soon share in the joys of the Resurrection; he prayed for the peace of the Church Militant, let us ask that he enjoy the peace of the Church Triumphant; he prayed for the preservation of faith, may that glory which is the expansion of faith, be now vouchsafed to him. His trials are ended, but if he who prayed for the cessation of scourges, still endures the sufferings of purgatory, may these be shortened and his tears wiped away, and as he had pity on poor sinners, souls dead to grace: Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem, so has the Lord delivered him in the evil day, granted him a holy death, and we hope given him true life among the Blessed.
GERMANY

We are ignorant of the number of German confrères who enlisted or were drafted for military service. When the war broke out, several students at the Mother House were obliged to return to Germany, and of them and the Sisters employed in the ambulances, we have since had no definite news.

We here insert a sketch of the late Father Duplan, who died at Theux, May 30, 1914.

REVEREND CHARLES DUPLAN, C. M.

VISITOR OF THE PROVINCE OF GERMANY
(1839-1914)

Rev. Charles Duplan, born at Mulheini, near Cologne was of French descent, his grandfather, a native of France, having left that country at the time of the great Revolution and fixed his residence on the borders of the Rhine. The father of our confrère was employed on the estate of Count Furstenberg-Stammheim.

Father Duplan received his early education in his native city, and continued his studies at the gymnasium of Neuss, where he was under the care of the Priests of the Mission. After passing his examination for bachelor's degree, called in Germany "maturity examination," he, in 1859, entered the University to pursue courses in philosophy and theology, but changing his mind, gave up his studies for the time being, and enlisted at Cologne for one year of military service.

At the end of that time, he resumed his studies, first at the Academy of Munster, then at the University of Bonn. During his vacation of 1864, he made a retreat at the
house of the Lazarists, in Cologne, where his former Superior at Neuss, Father Kelz, then director of the intern seminary, conducted the exercises. The year following, on August 30, he entered the seminary of the Missionaries. In 1866, war being declared between Austria and Prussia, Mr. Duplan found himself in a peculiar situation, as his one year’s military service at Cologne might oblige him to return at once to the army in the rank of lieutenant. It was therefore deemed advisable to ordain him sub-deacon, which was accordingly done at Hildesheim, for at that time those in Holy Orders were exempt from military service. That same year, having finished his course of study before entering the Congregation, he was ordained deacon and on September 27, received Holy Orders. In the following October, he left Hildesheim for Cologne, whence he was sent, in January 1867, for a short time to Paris. On returning to Cologne, he received his appointment for Malmedy, where he made the vows on September 16, 1867, and where he remained until the end of April 1868, when he again returned to Cologne and was placed in the work of the missions. When at Malmedy, he had assisted in those of Meerringen and Kaarst. Of his first mission at Oberhausen, he wrote a full account for the mission book of the house of Cologne. Up to October 1871, Father Duplan took part in no less than twenty-five missions. This work was interrupted in 1870 on account of the war, and for three months Father Duplan was employed in the ambulances; a narration of which events written by him, appeared in the Annals of 1871.

In October 1871, Father Duplan was made Superior of the house of Josephinum, Munstereifel. Here he again labored in the missions, but not so extensively as formerly, his duties at home engrossing the greater part of his time. In April 1873, he was named to succeed Father
Nelsen as Superior of the Academy for Noblemen, Bedburg.

The duties of our confrères in the establishments of Neuss, Munstereifel and Bedburg, which are entered in our catalogue as preparatory seminaries, did not include teaching. When in 1873, the laws suppressing religious communities were enforced, the Priests of the Mission of the Prussian Province placed themselves at the disposal of the Superior General.

In a letter to Father Marcus, dated August 29, 1873, we read: "Send us Father Duplan, and we will return him as soon as your works are re-established. Our Most Honored Father wishes to confide to him a very difficult position at a house similar to that of Bedburg, situated in a mild climate, very near France, just two days' journey from Paris. Every one says that Father Duplan is well-suited for the work." Another letter, written the next day, says: "Send us good Father Duplan immediately. The Superior General expects him at the earliest date, as the need is urgent." Father Duplan started at once, and in the beginning of September, wrote to Father Marcus that he was to be sent to Torres-Vedras, Portugal, and had begun to study Portuguese.

The directory of 1873 mentions the preparatory seminary of Torres-Vedras, opened in 1873, with Father Duplan as Superior. That same year he came as delegate to the Assembly which elected Father Boré Superior General, but in 1875 was named Superior of Saint Joseph's College, Marville, near Lisbon, and in 1876, was sent to Santa Quiteria, where he remained as simple confrère until 1880. Although the duties and studies required in these foreign establishments, must have been very irksome to one who had for fourteen years occupied positions so different, yet they were in a certain sense providential, as they prepared him for his subsequent work.
In 1880, Father Duplan arrived at Theux, where he joined his confrères of the old Province who had started a college for German students. The remainder of his life was to be spent in this house, in which he was successively professor, prefect, assistant, and finally, from 1894, Superior. For Father Duplan these years of labors, anxieties and trials, were doubtless years rich in merit, and abundantly recompensed by God.

In 1906, he was appointed Visitor of the Province. He had previously, in 1904, made a visitation of the houses of the Province of Costa Rica, as Father Kreutzer was unable to do so, and had also gone on a similar mission to Jerusalem. Appointed Visitor, he resigned the direction of the Collegium Marianum at Theux, and henceforth led in this house a most retired life, living like a hermit whenever he was not employed in the visitation of the houses under his care. It is probable that this manner of life hastened his death, for Father Duplan was endowed with a strong constitution and naturally seemed destined for many more years of active labor. His piety, kindness, modesty and simplicity were a subject of edification to all.

Father Duplan received the Last Sacraments with full consciousness, and his death, which greatly edified his confrères, was without agony. We trust that he has received the beautiful crown prepared for him and that he will pray for those who so deeply mourn his loss.

Rev. J. Schreiber, who resides in Cologne-Nippes, has been named Visitor of the German Province, to succeed Father Duplan. On December 22, 1914, he sent the following report of the two German houses in Belgium:

There are at Theux twelve priests, ten students, eleven seminarians, fifteen pupils in the college, ten more being expected; two students and two lay brothers are about to leave for the barracks and others will doubtless follow.
Father Schreiber adds, that the Sisters of the Province, with
the exception of those employed in the ambulances, are continu­
ing their ordinary works.

ITALY

The following account of our Most Honored Father’s visit to Turin, is communicated by Father J. B. Cerchio.

The Feast of the Miraculous Medal, commemorating an event so memorable for the family of Saint Vincent, was, through a special privilege, celebrated in our Church of the Visitation on November 22. The ceremonies were performed with all possible pomp, and immense numbers attended. The preparatory triduum was preached by Father Morino who, in touching and eloquent words, extolled the glorious prerogatives of Mary Immaculate and her tender love for us.

On the 27th, the feast was celebrated at the Central House of Saint Savior, and the Daughters of Charity strove to render it as worthy as possible of their heavenly Mother. Yet sadness seemed to hover over us, for despite the joy awakened by the memory of the Apparition, an echo of the “great war” brought to our minds and hearts terrible forebodings.

Just as the Missionaries and Sisters assembled in the chapel, were about to intone the Magnificat, a telegram was received announcing that our Most Honored Father Villette, on his way to the Eternal City to visit the Holy Father, would be with us in two days.

Scarcely had His Eminence Cardinal Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin, whose presence enhanced the solemnity
of the ceremony, given Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, than the gladsome news was rapidly spread.

Father Villette, whom we prepared to receive with so great joy, was no stranger to us. Three years ago, he made a visitation of the house of Turin in quality of special delegate of Very Rev. A. Fiat, then Superior General, and its memory is still cherished. But higher than personal feeling, however, was the veneration all entertain for the successor of Saint Vincent, and all hearts dilated at the thought of personally renewing the act of filial love and submission made at his election. Moreover, this joy was increased by the thought that this act with that of the entire "Little Company," would be placed directly at the feet of Christ's Vicar, upon whom at this moment of trial, the hopes of the whole Catholic world are centered.

The two following days were filled with active preparations, and on the day appointed, Sunday November 29, at ten o'clock p.m., Rev. Philip Traverso, Assistant, with two of our oldest Missionaries, set out for Porta Nuova Station, as Father Damé, Visitor, was prevented on account of indisposition, from going to meet our Most Honored Father.

After night prayers, the whole Community gathered in and around the reception room. The lateness of the hour, the constant going and coming through the dark corridors on whose white walls many silhouettes were thrown, added a strange fascination to the scene. The regular beat of the pendulums seemed to quicken, and faces brightened as the expected moment drew near. A ring of the bell caused all to rush forward, but in the doorway appeared our faithful John, who rather rogouslyh announced that the train from Modane was twenty-six minutes late. We looked at one another and returned to our places, but no one thought of leaving the hall. It seemed as though
our waiting must hasten the arrival of our guests. The Visitor, addressing a group of clerics and students, said: "To-morrow, ob adventum regis, holiday!" Subdued but sincere thanks greeted his words.

At last, the twenty-six minutes were up, and two carriages stopped at the door, while we distinctly heard the words: "Here he is." In a few seconds our Most Honored Father was among us. After the first general greetings, he seated himself, and each one came in turn to pay his respects, and welcome our beloved Father and his traveling companions, Fathers Veneziani, Robert and Misermont. Our guests were then conducted to the refectory for supper, while the whole Community withdrew, each one retiring to his own room, happy in the thought of having under our humble roof the successor of Saint Vincent.

But the various items that were to fill the Superior General’s time while here, were too definitely fixed to allow him much leisure with us. The following morning, notwithstanding the fatigues of the journey, he wished to say Mass at the Sisters' Central House, where he arrived at five o’clock, in time for the Community Mass, as the bells, ringing a joyous welcome through the cloisters of old Saint Savior, awakened in all hearts the same emotion experienced the preceding evening by the Missionaries. The happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice offered by our Most Honored Father himself at the feet of the “true and only Mother of the Company,” was indeed great for these chosen ones, and brought with it heavenly sweetness and peace.

After a light breakfast, the Superior General proceeded to the Community room, where one hundred Seminary Sisters and as many habit Sisters, not only of the Central House but also of the neighboring houses, were assembled.
The chilly morning and the early hour did not prevent their coming to the Central House.

Responding with evident satisfaction to the greeting extended him, the successor of Saint Vincent spoke of our Most Honored Mother, whose heart, he said, is still in Saint Savior's, in the midst of her daughters here, whom she so dearly loves. He recalled the unflagging goodness of our Lord who is ever watchful over the two families of Saint Vincent, communicating to them that unbounded confidence with which their Holy Founder was animated when fulfilling his own difficult mission. Then expressing his regret that time would not permit his remaining longer, he gave his blessing and promised to meet his daughters again at two o'clock. His next visit was to the infirmary, where he was welcomed by one of the Sisters who for a long time has tasted "the sweets of suffering." "This house," observed our Most Honored Father, "is a church of which the infirmary is the sanctuary." He then spoke of the usefulness of suffering and the many graces obtained by the sick for the active members of the Community. Going from bed to bed, our Most Honored Father bestowed his blessing upon each sufferer, to whom it seemed as a ray of heavenly sunshine upon dreariness and pain.

After a short visit to the secretariat in which our Most Honored Mother spent so many years, he returned to the house of the Mission in Vingt-Septembre Street, where the remainder of the morning was busily employed in receiving callers. The confrères of the house of Chieri came in a body, including the Superior, professors, directors, students and seminarians. The Superiors of the house of Scarnafigi and Casale also, were among the visitors. Our Most Honored Father's kindness seemed exhaustless, and to each one he addressed some cheering and encouraging words, and on leaving each felt comforted.
and strengthened and better prepared to meet whatever the future might have in store.

At eleven o'clock, Bishop Tasso, of Aosta, arrived from Rome, his presence adding another charm to our family reunion. Half an hour later, all went to the chapel for the Examen, the relics of Saint Vincent being exposed on this occasion. Full justice was paid to the meal that followed. Chamois, the favorite venison of this country, had been sent by Bishop Tasso, and other dishes were contributed by the Sisters of Saint Savior. After dinner, all repaired to the recreation hall, where the Superior General, having taken his seat between Bishop Tasso and the Superior—the confrères forming a circle around them—Father Cerchio read an address in Latin which was followed by one in French spoken by a priest of the seminary. Deeply moved, our Most Honored Father replied that he appreciated all that had been said in his regard, adding that he was happy to have been able, during his first journey as Superior General, to stop at the house of Turin, which is very dear to him. He next alluded to the previous visits made by him here, and so tactfully recalled past incidents that he was several times enthusiastically cheered. He spoke also of the Little Company's hopes and fears, relating a few of the heroic acts performed on the battlefields by the children of Saint Vincent, who are caring for the sufferers irrespective of nationality; and likewise called attention to the wonderful protection of Divine Providence over the two Communities whose preservation is also due to the maternal assistance of Mary Immaculate. The conversation then became more general and was carried on in Latin, French and Italian.

But once again farewells had to be spoken, and our Most Honored Father finally took leave of us. At the request of our Visitor, he gave us his blessing and then
withdrew. Although the train for Rome was to start at three o’clock, true to his promise, the Superior General was at Saint Savior at the appointed hour for the Sisters’ Conference. Our Visitor and many Missionaries accompanied him. After a few words of encouragement to the members of the Council, who are at present engaged in the construction of a new chapel, our Most Honored Father ascended the pulpit. The retreat room was crowded, for Sisters from all parts had hastened hither, eager to hear him once more. . . Time indeed seemed short, as they listened to the words of him, who like Saint Vincent in the midst of his daughters, unfolded the beauties of their vocation, and showed the marvelous designs of God on each soul, urging them to correspond thereto, “generously, even at the cost of life, happy if our Lord would deign to choose among them pure and holy victims.” Then vividly contrasting the horrible scenes of war with the generous, noble outbursts of self-sacrifice, he expressed his admiration at the glorious fecundity of their works and congratulated himself on being their father.

A few moments later, a sea of white cornettes surrounded the automobile which was to convey our Most Honored Father to the station. But this was not to be a last farewell, and as soon as the auto moved off, an “au revoir” spoken as he leaned out of the window, carried with it the promise of a speedy return.

*Porta Nuova.*—The signal was given. Good wishes were exchanged and the heavy vehicle moved away in the direction of the Eternal City where our guests would meet the Vicar of Christ.

They did in fact return, December 13, but only for a
short stay. Most gratifying were the results of the journey to Rome, our Holy Father having expressed his paternal interest in both the Missionaries and the Daughters of Charity. As the hour of departure was fixed for 2:50 p.m. the following day, our Most Honored Father devoted the morning to social visits. After celebrating Mass at Saint Savior’s, he took leave of the Sisters, and accompanied by our Visitor, called on His Eminence, Cardinal Richelmy, who is so kindly disposed towards the Community. The conversation was chiefly about France and the present troubles. They next visited the Mother House of the Nazarite Sisters founded by Father Durando and the Venerable servant of God, Louise Borgiotti, going afterwards to the establishment of the Sisters of the Holy Agony founded by Father Nicole. Speaking to the Sisters of both these houses, our Most Honored Father encouraged them to persevere in following the teachings of Saint Vincent and to consider him as their father.

The Superior General returned to the house of the Mission about eleven o’clock, took a light dinner and then bade us farewell. He was anxious to return to Paris. His kindness has gained all hearts, and his memory shall ever be cherished among us; while his blessing is considered as a pledge of hope and peace.

JOHN BAPTIST CERCHIO.

TURKEY IN EUROPE

The city of Constantinople has since the year 1783, been the witness of the devotedness of the Missionaries; and since 1839, has benefited by the labors of the Daughters of Charity. A sketch of the most notable events that have occurred within the last twenty
years in both Missions, would be of interest, but space will not permit and we refer our readers to foregoing numbers of the *Annals* in which articles, written by prefects apostolic as also by extraordinary commissaries sent to Constantinople, have appeared from time to time.

The following extract is from the report of Mr. Bompard, French ambassador, relating to the mobilization of French subjects in Constantinople.

One of the peculiar features of the mobilization in Turkey was the large number of religious included. Among the drafted was to be seen every variety of habit: Capuchins, Dominicans, Jesuits, Assumptionists, Franciscans, Lazarists, Christian Brothers, Marist Brothers, and others whose names I have forgotten, for what religious congregation is not represented in Turkey? On several boats the religious formed one-fourth of the contingent. They came from all sides headed by their Superiors. I can still see a Christian Brother practising the different bugle calls, while an enlisted Lazarist sang the *Marseillaise* at the top of his voice. We must here remark that this Lazarist is the Superior of a college in Constantinople and noted for his great reserve.

Strange processions were beheld in Constantinople, and if the mobilization in France presented a never-to-be-forgotten sight, that in Turkey is not less memorable.

**Mr. Bompard,**

*French Ambassador*

The dispatch sent by the French government was received at the embassy on August 2. Owing to circumstances related by Mr. Bompard, those concerned, at least those residing outside of Constantinople, were not notified until the 3d or 4th.
On Tuesday, August 4, a solemn farewell Mass was celebrated at the church of the Capuchins, St. Louis, Pera, which is the one attached to the embassy. One of the newspapers stated that a Lazarist, who is one of the drafted, delivered a soul-stirring sermon on this memorable occasion.

On August 5, several of our confrères embarked on the Phrygia; others left next day on board the Saghalien. The drafted are Fathers Prangère, Kremer, Legouy, Martin, Mantelet, Détroit; Brothers Speir, Broutin and Dequidt.

By the middle of September, our colleges of Saint Benedict and Saint Pulcheria were opened. Though our staff of professors was considerably smaller, yet we had about one hundred students in each establishment.

In October, all immunities and privileges formerly granted, first to France and successively to other States, will be repealed. These relate principally to the administration of justice, to commerce and to religion. With regard to justice, French subjects and those under the protection of France, are amenable to French laws and courts; for commerce, certain favors are accorded to our subjects, especially the mail which can be sent by the French postal service; and with regard to religion, France has the right of protectorate based: 1st, on the capitulations of 1835, renewed and extended at different periods; 2d, on the will of the Holy See. By virtue of this right of protectorate, France carries the commission to protect Catholic subjects and institutions of all the Powers throughout the Levant. Certain honors are reserved for the representatives of the French government considered as the protector of the Catholic Church. The Holy See obliges all Catholics of the Orient to address themselves to the French diplomatic agents, and forbids them to have recourse to any other.
Letters from the Rev. F. X. Lobry,
Visitor of the Province of Constantinople, to the

Constantinople, October 6, 1914.

The Dardanelles are closed for the time being. The present year will become more and more trying, and some of the houses will suffer much as no allowance will be sent them. We ourselves are living most economically and will have to be satisfied with what is strictly necessary. Taxes are mercilessly imposed and are difficult to meet, while rents are low.

October 19, 1914.

For more than three weeks, we have had no letters from France. Our confrères are working so strenuously that I am anxious about their health. Some are not so well. We have one hundred sixty students at St. Benedict’s College, one hundred forty at St. Pulcheria’s, and fifty at Bebek. Retreats to the students and to the Children of Mary succeed one another and are well attended. The Turkish hospital administration asks for Sisters for the asylums and especially for the infant asylums. Do not be surprised if a request is sent you for Serbian hospitals. All, Missionaries as well as Sisters, place their entire trust in Divine Providence. Fathers Laurent and Lordon have just arrived from France.

Lobry

We now give an account of the events which have occurred in Constantinople from November 1, the day on which Turkey entered into the conflict. It was written by Father Lobry and sent to our Most Honored Father Villette.

Sunday, November 1—Turkey needed peace to strengthen and consolidate her government. Above all she needed
the support of France and England, and from every point of view, should have remained neutral. The crown prince, the sultan and the members of the imperial family were not in favor of war.

Old Abdul Hamid himself said to the Young Turks who are in power: "I kept on good terms with Germany, as also with England and France, but I never gave up the key of Turkey into other hands. You have done this by introducing the Germans into Constantinople."

The Young Turks are represented by Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey. The Grand Vizier is powerless. Djimal Pasha, Minister of the Navy, sacrificed his friendship for France by favoring their party. He has military courage, but is no statesman, and on the whole is a weak character. Djavid Bey, Minister of Finance, tendered his resignation, as he is not in favor of the Germans. Other ministers, realizing that by entering the war, Turkey would be the loser, also resigned.

For their interests, Germany and Austria have finally compelled Turkey to enter into an alliance and dragged her into the war against the Triple-Entente: Russia, England and France.

The Young Turks and especially Enver Pasha, carried away by this whirlwind of excitement, wanted war, despite the efforts of the French and English ambassadors who represented to them the irreparable mistake they would make. The Ministry was divided in its sentiments with regard to the war which was opposed by the imperial family. The Germans impatient of delay, precipitated a crisis.

The Gæben and the Breslau had slipped into the Black Sea, and by bombarding Odessa and Sevastopol, the Germans forced upon the Turkish government the responsibility of this brutal deed.

When this news reached Constantinople the Grand
Vizier replied to the questions asked by the ambassadors of the Triple-Entente that he was totally ignorant of the whole proceeding. Djimal Pasha, Minister of the Navy, was at the club when the news was communicated. It is said he exclaimed: “The German have drawn us into it.” He hastened to the residence of Enver Pasha who feigned ignorance. The majority of the ministers resigned.

This Enver Pasha is just the man for Germany. He is an Albanian, thirty-two years old, who thanks to a Turkish uprising, has rapidly risen in power. After the revolution, he became through Baron Marshall, the German ambassador in Constantinople, military attaché in Berlin. He afterwards joined the Arab forces in Libya against the Italians, killed Nazim Pasha, Minister of War, and caused Mahummet Chefket Pasha to be chosen Grand Vizier, and having been appointed Minister of War, married the sultan’s daughter. He is now a tool in the hands of the Germans.

Following the bombardment of Sevastopol, war was declared between Russia and Turkey and at the same time against England and France. At once my mind was filled with forebodings of the grave evils that must inevitably come upon us.

The Turks in power will probably become anti-french and wish to unify Ottoman elements; moreover, influenced by the Germans they will oppose all French institutions here, for the Germans will not fail to attempt the destruction of whatever might contribute to French influence in Turkey—an influence of which they are jealous and which they hate. We prepared ourselves for the worst, as we expected to be the first victims.

As soon as war was declared, the French, English and Russian ambassadors prepared to leave Constantinople. Madame Bompard, on whom I had called, but failed to meet, sent me word she did not wish to leave without see-
ing me. On my second visit I met Mr. Bompard who said: “This time it is decided; war is declared and we are going. You will be protected by the American ambassador who is as good as he is energetic, and you will have every reason to be pleased with him.” After conversing a few moments with Mr. Bompard, I called on Madame Bompard who kindly handed me 7,000 francs, not for the poor, but for our use in case of emergency. I thanked her not only for this last act of kindness but also for all she had done in behalf of our works. She promised that on her arrival in Bordeaux, she would visit our Most Honored Father Villette and Mother Maurice. It was not without emotion that farewells were spoken at the embassy. The departure of the ambassador was fixed for November 2, at nine p. m.

The usual ceremonies took place in St. Benedict’s Church on All Saints’ Day. Pictures of the Beatitudes were distributed during our midday recreation. Mine has for its motto, “Blessed are they who suffer ...” and represents a path strewn with crosses but leading up to heaven. After the evening office, I went with Father Vachette to the cemetery. At midday a dispatch from our Most Honored Father apprised us of Father Guelton’s death.

Monday, November 2.— In the evening I paid my customary visit to the cemetery of the house of la Paix, to pray at the graves of our Sisters. Our Missionaries and Sisters repose in the vaults of our church of Saint Benedict and the list is a long one; but as there is a cemetery at la Paix, the Sisters who have died there, as well as those from the home for the aged in Pancaldi, are here buried. Here are also buried many French soldiers who died in the ambulance of la Paix, during the Crimean War.

Tuesday November 3.— I have just heard some details of the departure of Mr. Bompard and Mr. Malett, the
English ambassador, which took place yesterday. The station was crowded and there was some little disorder. Mr. Bompard, was even obliged to push back a Turk who had rudely accosted him. Nothing serious occurred.

Mr. and Madame Bompard, their daughter, with Mr. Malett, the consuls of the two governments, Frenchmen attached to the embassy, and others filling positions under the Turkish government, left the same day for Dedeagatch where they are to embark.

In the afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, I went to the house of St. Vincent to preside at a meeting of the Ladies of Charity who care for the abandoned sick. Only five ladies were present, many members having already left Turkey. On leaving the house I met Mr. Ledoulx, first interpreter of the French embassy, who remains in Constantinople in order to serve the French interests at the United States embassy.

Immediately after the departure of the ambassadors, the flags were lowered and the consular shields taken down; this made a great impression in Pera.

Wednesday, November 4, Saint Charles Borromeo.—I said Mass at St. Joseph’s Orphanage. This is the Sister Servant’s feast-day. After Mass Sister Reisenthel and I held a council. After settling running accounts, we discussed the present situation and planned various measures of prudence.

That same evening the retreat for the Children of Mary of St. Vincent’s House, Brousse Street, Pera, opened. Father Blanchet is conducting it and the attendance is large.

Thursday, November 5.—A Requiem service took place this morning for Father Guelton. The students of St. Benedict’s and St. Pulcheria’s College were present.

We were obliged to register at the Consulate General of the United States. Each one received a paper attesting
his registration, declaring him protected by the American government and asking the protection of all the authorities in and about Constantinople.

**Friday, November 6.**—As usual, I went this morning to St. Pulcheria’s. Here the Sisters and other persons in Pera, Pancaldi and Chichli, who may wish to see me come in the course of the morning.

**Saturday, November 7.**—I paid an early call at the residence of Mrs. Morganthau, wife of the American ambassador, as I wished to thank her for her kindness towards our Sisters, several of whose houses she has visited. I afterwards sent her a few boxes of tea from China. That same evening, she returned my visit.

Great anxiety is felt among the various Communities and there were many callers at St. Benedict’s.

We are much annoyed on account of our wireless telegraph station. In August, the apparatus was taken away and we were given a receipt. Later, in October, the Turks returned and we assured them that nothing remained of our amateur apparatus but the antennae which I myself showed them. They said that these by themselves were harmless. On the 5th of November, they returned to take these, then published an article in the Official Journal, stating that a wireless apparatus had been discovered at St. Benedict’s College and seized. This was false, but they suspected us because wireless messages from some undiscovered station, had been sent to the Russians, apprising them of the departure of the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea. The houses of our Sisters and even that of the Little Sisters of the Poor were subjected to the same inspection. The Little Sisters said that they did not even know what wireless telegraphy is. The officers themselves were equally ignorant, as a stick on the roof, a pole on the top
of a cypress tree in our country house at Bebek, a stove-pipe held down by wire on a chimney, awakened their suspicions.

I went to the United State embassy, as I wished to see Mr. Morgenthau about our schools. At first he told me that we might open our school for girls, but not the one for boys. To-day there is little hope for either. I wonder if our school buildings and private property will be respected. Hopes are held out, but no assurance given.

A Turkish parade of those in favor of the war, took place to-day in Stamboul. In the afternoon it crossed the bridge in order to pass through Galata and Pera, and made a display in front of the German and Austrian legations. Those who took part were Imans reciting prayers, men from the administration sent ad hoc, porters and many curious sight-seers. Several of our Sisters who were returning from the dispensary in Stamboul, found themselves in the midst of the crowd. The Turks explained to them the meaning of the parade and the Sisters recognized among those taking part, many of their clients. There was neither enthusiasm nor fanaticism, the people evidently do not favor war.

Sunday, November 8.—I have just presided at the closing exercises of the Children of Mary’s retreat in Brousse Street. The chapel was crowded and many new members were received. There had never been a more fervent retreat. After the meeting, all assembled in the large hall of the industrial, and knowing that they were still under the impression produced by yesterday’s parade, I reassured them, saying they had nothing to fear as our Blessed Mother watches over them, etc. There were over three hundred in the hall.

Monday, November 9.—We were obliged to present ourselves at the police office of the quarter in order to show
our registration papers. After being copied on the police register, the papers were returned to us, stamped with the Turkish seal.

Our Sisters were also registered. Those of the Central House and a few other houses were not, however, obliged to present themselves in person, two of the Sisters bringing all the papers to the office. At la Paix, the police officers came to the house and inscribed the Sisters. The registration had to be made in the space of a few days.

In the past, the Turks kept no record of our names, profession, residence, etc.; but hereafter they can locate us. It was only the French Missionaries and Sisters who were required to present their registration papers to the police board. Everything French is becoming suspicious.

Tuesday, November 10.—The Visitor of the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Provincial of the Marist Brothers call frequently to know what we are going to do. The last time I replied that we expected to close all our colleges and schools, for after interviewing certain persons, I had understood that there is opposition to all schools, in as much as they are French, and that I had lost all hope of retaining our schools, even where French is not taught. They were much affected and on leaving said: “If we can no longer teach, there is nothing for us to do, but to leave the country.” I shared their sorrow as I foresaw many miseries and sufferings for our Sisters and ourselves. I felt that among the Turks, influenced by the Germans, there is a desire to put a stop to French control in the numerous educational establishments. In a word to ruin French influence in the Orient is the plan adopted. I was heartbroken at the thought, for this blow would likewise mean untold evil for the Church of Rome. In the afternoon at half-past two, I went to the Orphanage of St. Joseph where I presided at the meeting of the Ladies.
of Charity of Pera who visit the poor and sick in four parishes of the city. Instead of the usual large attendance, only six ladies were present.

**Wednesday, November 11.**—The declaration of the Holy War produces but little effect upon the Turkish population who are not anxious for war, and constantly inquire for whom and for what purpose was it declared. They cannot understand a Holy War in alliance with Germany and Austria. As to the Young Turks their only aim is to excite Islam against England, France and Russia; but in my opinion it is a useless work. The power of the Sultan over the Mussulmans of the world has lost its prestige; for the Arabs, the enemies of the Turks, now enjoy it. Evidently this holy war is not of a nature to excite Moslem fanaticism to an extermination of the Christians by massacre. France however, will be the greatest sufferer, since she enjoys a position in Turkey quite different from that of England or Russia, and one which excites the jealousy and hatred of Germany.

The French are leaving. M. de la Boulinière, president of the National Debt, has gone; still our Sisters continue to hold the dispensary in connection with it, and are beloved by the poor Turks of Stamboul. This evening the retreat for the Children of Mary and intern and extern young girls of the House of St. Joseph at Tchoukour-Bostan, will be opened by Father Guwy.

**Thursday, November 12.**—I visited two houses of our Sisters at Bebek and also the Marist Brothers who are in charge of our school. Everything is flourishing and all the classes both at the Sisters' and Brothers' are filled. At the House of Louise de Marillac I saw the new building erected by Sister Guerlin with the 60,000 francs donated by the Pari-Mutuel. On my return from France I found
a large part of the building finished, and my first thought was to stop the work, but the contractor begged me to let him continue it at his own risk. There are now seventy orphans in the house and the annual retreats for the Sisters are held here, and situated as it is on the slope of the hills near the Bosphorus, it is an ideal spot for a retreat.

Friday, November 13. — This morning, I spent at St. Pulcheria’s where the Sister Servants from the nearby places came to see me. I advised one and all to withdraw from the banks all money belonging to themselves or their works. I recommended certain precautions which we had talked over with Sister Reisenthel, Assistant of the province. Coming back I stopped at the United States embassy, where I was assured that the Turks will not touch our hospitals or orphanages any more than churches or convents; still uneasiness increases for our French schools.

Saturday, November 14. — Saturday, I am always to be found at St. Benedict’s. Constant visits from Superiors of religious communities of both sexes, who came to consult me about the rumors now circulated. I told them that we must expect that our works will not be plundered, but attacked by certain measures under a legal form, and we must also expect our houses to be searched, therefore it is important to put into a place of safety certain things we wish preserved, and to keep in our safes only the money necessary for daily expenses, etc., etc.

The French consulate and embassy have both been searched no French witness being allowed to be present at the investigation. The chancellor of the consulate whose duty is to protect the archives, was driven from the house and not permitted to return, even for his clothes, having none but what he wore. The English and Russian embassies have been similarly treated. The reason given
for these actions was a search for the wireless telegraph apparatus. What they have dared to do at the embassies they will not hesitate to do in private houses.

Mgr. Pompili also called. He is expecting Mgr. Dolci, the new archbishop. He thinks the archbishop will wait until after the present trouble, but for various reasons I think he will come at once. The French protectorate does not for the present exercise any power. Doubtless the United States protects the Catholics of Turkey, and Spain the Holy Places, but the United States is a protestant country and its ambassador is a Jew. Before M. Bompard left, I asked him who would protect the Apostolic Delegation, but he replied that owing to circumstances it would have to protect itself. The Turks then will be pleased to see a Catholic leader not under French protection. This fact can hardly escape the Secretary of the Vatican.

When the news of the election of Benedict XV had to be officially announced, the French ambassador had to request an audience with the Sultan, for Mgr. Pompili. This audience lately took place, but Mgr. Pompili was obliged to present himself unaccompanied by an interpreter. The Turks are thinking of having a representative at the Vatican to treat directly with the Pope and I would not be surprised if they succeed. In their opinion, this would be one means of ending at once the French Protectorate.

Speaking of the Sultan, Mgr. Pompili said, that he is a large man of agreeable manners but uneducated, and had great difficulty in expressing himself. He is a man of little personal ability and was for thirty years held prisoner and set aside for his brother Abdul Hamid. He is only a tool in the hands of the Young Turks who do as they please with him. The crown prince is opposed to them and to war, but has no power.
Sunday, November 15. — This evening after Vespers, I gave a conference on detachment to the Sisters. I advised great caution in regard to the exaggerated rumors of all sorts which are afloat. They suffer for want of news from France and from members of their families engaged in the war, as for some weeks they have been cut off from the rest of the world, etc., etc. I recommended them to make a good use of these sacrifices and unite them to the many sacrifices of numerous Christian families now seriously tried by the war.

Monday, November 16.— Early this morning, I learned of the death of Sister Rose of the house of la Paix. I had administered the Last Sacraments to her a week ago. She was a native of Eastern Prussia and the war had completely depressed her. The fact that the Germans were causing such suffering in France was overpowering. She died of pleura-pneumonia. She had formerly received a German decoration for her care of the wounded and after her death, this decoration was found in an old shoe. As she was a Prussian, I advised the Sisters not to acquaint the German Consulate of her decease until the next day, in order to avoid any annoyance at the funeral.

The search for the wireless apparatus continues to be made everywhere. In Bebek, our house was visited, and not being able to find the key of one of the bedrooms, the door was violently broken open by a police officer, but the room was empty. Father Guwy was called on to take down from a cypress-tree a pole that a pupil had long ago put there for a flag-staff.

At the house on Brousse Street and also at the Central House, the police made a thorough search even going out on the roof. The same took place at the Little Sisters of the Poor where they found a staff which the French sailors hidden in this house during the last war, had planted on the ridge of the roof.
At St. Benedict’s, by way of precaution, we took out of our museum, even the Indian arrows and the sword that Father Boré had carried while he was connected with the French Consulate at Jerusalem. Uneasiness is felt everywhere, and these house-visits become more annoying, as they are something new; for in former years, the police would not dare cross the threshold of one of our houses.

**Tuesday, November 17.**—This morning at nine o’clock, I performed the burial service for Sister Rose in the chapel of the Hospital of la Paix. Interment took place in the cemetery of the establishment.

This afternoon at half-past two, I presided at two meetings of the Ladies of Charity at the Central House. First at that of the Ladies of the Crèche who devote themselves to the foundlings, then at the meeting of the Ladies of Charity of Galata, who care for the poor and sick in the suburb of Galata. The first named work, thanks to the fête given by Madame Bompard last spring, has at least 10,000 francs in the treasury. Not more than half a dozen ladies were present at the meetings which had always been so well attended. Many families continue to leave Constantinople and but few French remain.

**Wednesday, November 18.**—At half-past seven this morning, Mr. Marengo, professor of Greek in the school of the Assumptionists at Stamboul, came to inform me of what had taken place the preceding afternoon at this school. The police surrounded the house, forbidding any one to enter or leave, while other officers demanded an examination of the safe, and locked the Fathers in a room which they were not permitted to leave and where they were obliged to take their supper and spend the night. The officers continued their search and remained in the house. The pupils were dismissed, and the lay professors,
conducted to the koulouk (police station) where they were guarded from four in the afternoon until eight at night. Then they were asked their names and nationality, and after excuses for detaining them so long, they were dismissed. The Fathers were given forty-eight hours to leave Turkey. I then understood that the attack on French establishments had commenced, and I decided after warning our own houses of what was going on, to repair to the Apostolic Delegation and confer with Mgr. Pompili as to what could be done with the United States ambassador, as the Turkish proceedings threatened to be very serious.

As I was leaving, Mother Elvira, Superioress of the boarding-school of the Sisters of Sion, telephoned, asking if she could see me in the morning at St. Benedict’s. I answered that on my way from the Legation which is quite near their house, I would stop in to see her.

I had my interview with Mgr. Pompili, and on leaving the Legation, I found two policemen at the corner of the house, who watched me as I passed. On reaching the boarding-school of Sion, I found an officer stationed there, from which I understood that something unusual was going on. I had hardly entered when the Sisters excitedly gathered around me, saying: “Father, the police are searching the house, they are now in Mother’s office, counting the money found in the safe.” When I heard this, I told the Sisters that undoubtedly the officers would soon be at our house, and that I must go home at once; but they begged that I see the Mother and give her some encouragement. They added that the American ambassador was in the house, having arrived before the police for a little visit. After seeing Mother Elvira for a few minutes, I was about to leave but the officers prevented. I then went with her to the office where I found the ambassador watching the proceedings of the officers; I mentioned that...
I was held a prisoner and depended on him for my release. He replied that would be an easy matter as we would leave together. Mrs. Morgenthau then came towards me. She appeared much dejected and told me that her husband had been so worried all night about the Sisters of Sion that he had to visit them early in the morning before going to his office. She was surprised to find the Sisters so self-possessed before these officers who so rudely went through their house. She then added: "Surely you have secreted your money?" When the money which was found to be a small sum, had been counted, it was placed in an old candy-box tied up, sealed, and placed in a cupboard where the children's playthings were kept. This cupboard was also sealed. There was talk of nothing but seals, inventory, and preventing persons from leaving the house, except the Superioress who would have to procure passports for the Sisters who were given forty-eight hours to leave Turkey. I listened to everything and wondered how things were going on with our Sisters.

During these operations, the ambassador telephoned to Bedry-Bey, the chief of police, asking him to come to the boarding school which he did, and spoke with Mr. Morgenthau for a few minutes. Having taken leave of the Sisters, I represented to Bedry-Bey that I had come here for a visit to the Superioress and was not allowed to leave the house. He gave the permission, contenting himself with asking where I was going. I answered to St. Benedict's, my home. "That is all right," he rejoined.

I left Sion, with a sad heart, and while going through Pera, learned that the police were at St. Pulcheria's, the French Hospital, St. Vincent's House, and without doubt at all our other houses. In a pelting rain I reached St. Benedict's, only to find an officer at the door who refused me admittance. "But I live here," I said. "I regret," he replied politely, "but such are my orders." I felt it was
useless to insist and knowing that my confrères could manage affairs without me, I withdrew. The remainder of the morning was spent in interviews with the American and Austrian ambassadors, trying to obtain a longer delay for the Sisters. This Mr. Morgenthau succeeded in obtaining, and the religious were given ten days in which to arrange for their departure.

Towards evening, I returned to St. Benedict’s where my confrères related what had occurred. The police surrounded the house at half-past eight in the morning but did not begin operations until the afternoon. Classes were continued until noon, but the extern pupils were not allowed to leave, and dinner had to be prepared for them. Towards the middle of the afternoon, Bedry-Bey himself inspected the safe, but found very little money. The whole proceeding did not last more than a half hour. The order was then given for the officers to withdraw, which they did, one of them remarking: “It is all over, you may continue your classes as before.” But we were afterwards told no faith is to be placed in this remark.

That same evening, Father Dekempener came to give an account of the search at St. Pulcheria’s. Here the police demanded the safe and Father was taking them to it when, Father Deiber with much presence of mind, remarked: “Father Superior, you forget the safe is in your room.” Father Dekempener understood at once and leading the way to his room, he showed them a safe containing some papers and a little money. In the meantime, Father Deiber secured the money he had in his possession. Father Dekempener told me that at St. Vincent’s house which adjoins St. Pulcheria’s the Sisters were treated in the same manner as the Sisters of Sion, but were not told to leave in forty-eight hours. I also learned that the Central House had not been visited and from this under-
stood that the search had taken place only in the educational establishments.

Thus passed this terrible day of November 18th.—Considering the present and what would follow, my heart grew sad. It is in such moments one feels the necessity of having recourse to God and the holy Virgin for the strength and comfort needed. When I found myself alone I wept, because I foresaw the ruin of many flourishing works of Saint Vincent. Never, as on that evening, had I understood how much I love whatever appertains to the two families. One would have to be, as I had been, at the head of these works for twenty-eight years to appreciate my sufferings. For relief, I turned to God in my distress and invoked Mary Immaculate.

Thursday, November 19.—At an early hour, Father Guwy arrived from Bebek. The police had simply visited the house, counted the rooms, and pointed out five to be used by Fathers Guwy and Bonnay, telling our two confrères that they might remain in the house. At the Marist Brothers’, they closed the school and ordered the Brothers to leave. At St. Joseph’s House, the Sisters’ school, the police took an inventory and affixed the seals which they removed on Wednesday evening. At the house of Louise de Marillac, an annex of the Central House, the police spoke of dispersing the children but finally quietly left the house.

News began to come in from our other houses. The proceedings of the police varied, in different places, but everywhere they searched the safes and gave orders for the departure of the religious within forty-eight hours.

At la Paix following the visit of the police, a Turkish director was installed in a pavilion belonging to the house. This pretended director, a doctor, had formerly been an insane patient in this house. At first his proceedings were
laughable, but later on became intolerable. He raised the Ottoman flag on the house.

At the French hospital, the visit was friendly. They contented themselves with placing there, a Turkish doctor who was fortunately, a prudent man.

Saturday, November 21.—Following the closing of the schools, Sister Reisenthel made out a list of all the class Sisters, corresponding as exactly as possible with that drawn up by the police in each house, as it seemed necessary to arrange matters for their departure. I made a similar list of the confrères who might be obliged to leave. Everybody advised me to leave, nevertheless I could not make up my mind to do so, and therefore did not place my name on the list with my confrères. These lists we left at the American embassy in order to secure the passports if needed. Father Dekempener was informed that the Turks would demand a large sum of money from St. Pulcheria’s, which sum they pretended to be due for taxes, threatening to sell all the furniture at auction if payment was not made in twenty-four hours; the procurator of the house declared that all the taxes had been paid. I gave Father Vachette charge of this affair, as he is well posted on the question of taxes; telling him to pay it, if it were proved that the sum had not been already paid, adding that if he needed money, to draw on the 7000 francs given by Madame Bompard. I had already given 3000 of this to Sister Reisenthel and 4000 to Father Picard, procurator.

Many visits were received that day. Some came to speak of difficulties which I could not clear up, others both seculars and religious of various nationalities, to offer their sympathy for our sufferings.

The police continue to annoy our Sisters in their different houses. They station themselves at the doors, and where there are Industrials, as at Tchoukour, and at St.
Vincent’s House which is selling its work, nothing is permitted to leave the house. All I can say is, “Have recourse to the United States.” This is all we can do, and truly the devotedness of the American ambassador has been admirable.

This afternoon, Sister Darbois told me that they had been visited by the inspectors of Public Instruction, who told them not to leave, as an authorization would soon be given for the continuance of their classes. On the other hand, the American Ambassador received a communication from the Turkish government, telling him that any of the school Sisters having an aptitude for nursing and wishing to do so, could remain by putting themselves at the disposal of the Minister of War for the care of the wounded. I would never permit this, and I would prefer to see all our school Sisters leave, rather than have them at the disposal of Enver Pasha, Minister of War, to be treated according to his caprice like common nurses, and without the necessary spiritual aids. I desired to have the ambulances in our houses where the classes had been closed. The overtures on the part of the Government set me to thinking and I deferred the departure of the Sisters, proposing to sound the Government before deciding.

Sunday, November 22. — All the services in St. Benedict’s as usual. Father Vachette was engaged all the morning about the taxes, and the matter was settled by the Turks acknowledging that we owe nothing. Sister Darbois has not yet received the written authorization, for resuming her classes. The Sisters at la Paix continue to suffer from the exactions of the crazy director. Mother Elvira just called, she will leave to-morrow with one hundred twenty Sisters. She mentioned that a German officer hearing that there were some German Sisters in the house, had called and demanded to see them; she positively refused, upon which he became very angry and was about to re-
sort to force when she managed to send a telephone message to the American ambassador. Mr. Morgenthau immediately called up the officer by phone, requesting his presence at the embassy, and he left immediately. He was most anxious to converse with these Sisters before they left and if possible to prevent their departure, but on no consideration would the Superioress leave them behind.

Monday, November 23.—Council at eight o’clock. Many questions were discussed: How could we remain at Saint Pulcheria’s in the same house with the Turkish school, and have services in our chapel, which is a public chapel, and the only one in that quarter of the city. Many means were suggested, but we could decide on none. We were also anxious about Saint Benedict’s, where Father Picard had reserved only the rooms in the wing opening into the church for themselves. We felt it necessary to take precautions in case we were driven out entirely. Should this happen, we might find an asylum in the provincial house of the Marist Brothers.

We are passing through terrible days. We fear evil from Enver-Bey, and Talaat-Bey, Minister of the Interior, who are under German influence, the worst kind of influence for the Turks. Of themselves, the Turks are inconstant both in persecuting and in relieving; so the plan now followed, the severe measures adopted, all indicate methods foreign to the Turks; but we suffer and we shall continue to suffer more and more. Germany will not be able to efface all that France has done for Turkey, but she wishes to destroy the roots of the works which, if they remain, will push forth anew and produce other fruits for France. As I was again told that I am on the list of hostages, I decided to write a letter to the Grand Vizier, Minister of Foreign Affairs. In this letter, I laid before His Highness, for he is a prince, all that the Daughters of Charity,
directed by the Lazarists, had done in the past for Turkey; their devotedness during the Crimean War, the thirty-two Sisters who then died, caring for the wounded; that the ground for the establishment of *la Paix* at Chichli, was given to the Sisters at the close of the war; the work of the Sisters during the cholera epidemic of 1866, in recognition of which, ground for their house at Tchokour-Bostan had been donated; the care of the refugees of Stamboul attacked with typhus fever following the war of 1878; the many Sisters stricken with the disease while at their post, and the eleven who then died. In fine, I repeated that the Sisters had worked two years with the sick and wounded in the ambulances, and all this had been done under the direction of the Lazarists. I added that the Sisters are ready to devote themselves to the wounded Turks, especially in their school buildings which could be easily converted into ambulances; but on conditions compatible with their state of life. I concluded by begging His Highness, in view of all these past services, to take into consideration the present situation of the Sisters of Charity and Lazarists in the Ottoman Empire. I consulted the American ambassador to whom I showed this letter, as to the advisability of presenting it to the Grand Vizier, and he approved.

That evening Father Bruno called and said to me: "I was assured at Pera that you had been arrested by the Turks." "Believe nothing like that," I said, "for you see it is false. I do not know why so much is made of my connection with the Turks, unless it be the antipathy of the Germans for the French. If this is the case, I consider myself highly honored." I learned from a reliable source which I cannot mention, that my name had often been before the Turks, but I believe that it was not on account of my position. It was publicly announced by placards and in the papers, that a premium...
would be given for information. To denounce me as an
e\text{enemy of Turkey might have come to the mind of some}
\text{person to whom, without doubt, I had done a favor.}
\text{This is usually the case. Father Bruno bade me good-by}
as he was to leave the next day. “I am going,” he said, 
“as you advised, what about yourself?” “I shall remain 
for developments,” I replied, “it is not yet time for my 
departure, I must wait to ascertain what will come out of 
it all.”

\textit{Tuesday, November 24 — During the day the Marist 
Brothers came to bid adieu, they were all leaving except 
a few of German nationality who remained to take care 
of the property. The Brothers from our school at Bebek 
brought me the keys of the house, but I advised that 
these be left with the American ambassador. 

Sister Reisenthal, Sister Darbois and the Sister Servant 
of the Municipal Hospital, took my letter to the Grand 
Vizier. They were received by an officer in close touch 
with the Vizier, who told them that His Highness was 
engaged in council with his ministers, but that the letter 
would be delivered immediately after the council, and 
promised a reply. I regretted that the Sisters did not 
see the Grand Vizier, for in speaking to him, they might 
have been able to mention many things that I had talked 
over with them. Nevertheless, I was far from expecting 
any solid or tranquilizing results for the future. The 
Grand Vizier is a tool in the hands of the Young Turks 
and the Germans, and just now the principal man in the 
Interior is Talaat Bey, Minister of the Interior, who 
acts like a fool in the discharge of his office. There is no 
system in his ministry, yet everything must be referred to 
him, the most trifling as well as the greatest. One thing 
only is evident, namely, to abolish the French schools.
Wednesday, November 25 — The Director of the College of Galata-Seraï, asked for Father Descuffi for professor of Philosophy at the College. He does not want German professors, which seems singular under present circumstances, but I cannot authorize our confrère to accept the position.

The situation of our Sisters at Brusse gives me much anxiety. At first I thought of recalling them to Constantinople, but as they have an orphanage and a hospital, their chapel serving as the parish church for the Latins of the city, and as they are much esteemed and appreciated by the Turkish population, Sister Reisenthal and I have decided to wait. There being no American embassy at Brusse, the missions are protected by the Italian consul, whose brother-in-law apprized me of the situation, saying that he was most desirous to retain the Assumptionists and our Sisters. I told him that the Turks had assured the American ambassador that all orphanages, hospitals, convents and churches would be respected, and I thought that our Sisters could remain even if their classes are closed. When he was leaving, I gave him a letter for the Sisters in which I traced out a line of conduct for them.

Our noon recreation was interrupted by the brother porter, who informed me that some Turkish gentlemen accompanied by the Chief of Police, wished to see me in the parlor. After the usual salutations, I asked them to whom I had the honor of speaking. They answered by stating their titles. Three were inspectors of Public Instruction, one of these being Zia Bey, who had been at the head of a movement in favor of athletics, in order to strengthen the constitution of the young. The Chief of Police kept in the background, and was evidently, only a chaperon for the inspectors. These latter seemed very ill at ease. I asked the purpose of their visit, and learning that they wished to see the academic buildings of the col-
lege, I appointed Fathers Picard and Descuffi to accompany them. That morning I had been informed that the College of Galata-Seraï wanted our museum and scientific collection, and that these would be sent for the following afternoon. I was not surprised that this collection, well known in Constantinople, had excited the envy of the Turkish schools. It represents the labor of a quarter of a century, and I had collected much of it in my voyages, and many of our confrères, particularly Father Drillon, had enriched it with rare specimens. In short, it is a very valuable collection, a similar one cannot be found in Turkey. The inspectors did not hesitate to tell the Fathers how repugnant the task was to them. They were in admiration of everything, our beautiful physical and chemical instruments, our grand auditorium, but their admiration was at its height when they saw our ornithological, mineralogical and botanical collections. "It would be a crime to pillage these scientific riches," they said; and from that evening they made their report to the Minister of Public Instruction. That same day the police placed the seals on the door of our cabinet.

Thursday, November 26 — Early this morning three orphans from Brusse called to see me. The Turks have dispersed all the orphans. Those who have relatives were placed with them and the others were taken by good families. I have been informed that the Sisters will all reach Constantinople next Friday. During the morning the American ambassador, accompanied by his first dragoon, went to Saint Benedict's, as he had been told of the value of our scientific collection, and came personally to inspect it. He told me that had I spoken to him of our collection before he might have been able to protect it; but I thought we should first call his attention to our houses, which are our property, to our own churches and chapels.
Mr. Morgenthau informed us that our museums and scientific installations are coveted by many large schools, and that for this reason he had gone to the Sublime Porte, to confer with the Minister of Public Instruction, and induce him to respect these collections. The ambassador stated that the seals had been placed on some, and from that I understood that little by little the occupation of Saint Benedict's was being accomplished. The three inspectors who had visited us the preceding day returned to tell me that I should use every possible means to save our collections. During their visit, Chukri Bey, the Minister of Public Instruction arrived, and we conducted him to the cabinets and collections. He was surprised at our collection of minerals, but his astonishment was greatest when we reached the hall of commercial products. When the visit was finished, the Minister expressed his wish that these collections be respected. He said the whole apartment would be placed under seal, with the understanding, that nothing should be touched without his orders.

In the meantime, Father Laurent coming in, informed me in a low voice that Saint Pulcheria's had been again invaded by the police. I begged him to relate everything to the Minister. When Father Laurent had finished, I told the Minister how much I regretted these incidents; that there was no reason why we should be the objects of such proceedings, which indicated, however, great disorder in the government, and that surely it could not be he who ordered such things. The Minister replied: "They have hurried this matter too much, they should have acted otherwise. I am about to give the orders! What else can you expect in war times?" "Sir," I replied, "I do not consider myself as being at war with you, we have no thought of revolting against your orders. We, Lazarists and Sisters of Charity, are conscious of doing good and of having done nothing but good for Turkey, since our
arrival in the Orient. We have never given any trouble to the Ottoman government. You close our schools and our colleges and we submit in silence, but what I do ask is that we be treated as our past services deserve. I am convinced that the Turks left to themselves cannot refuse us our request, if not through a motive of gratitude, at least through justice and courtesy.” The Minister listened to me and seemed rather embarrassed. He answered that he would see that our scientific installations are respected, then added: “This was a college.” “Your Excellency,” I answered, “Saint Benedict’s was a convent before the arrival of the Turks in Constantinople. We have been here for the past century, and opened a college at the side of the convent. This college was for intern and extern classes. The convent supports the pupils of the intern classes, and as a proof of this, the school-part of Saint Benedict’s contains neither kitchen nor refectory for the pupils.” This last remark seemed to impress the Minister, but one of his attendants said something to him in Turkish, and pointed out the wing of the Mission that we wished to keep. The Minister looked in the direction indicated, then made a gesture as if to say, “Wait awhile.”

When he asked if we received any allowance from France, I told him that the small sum given was not sufficient to defray the expenses of the young French pupils in the college. I added that since they were so anxious to occupy Saint Benedict’s why could it not be converted into an ambulance, in which the Daughters of Charity as they had often done in the past, would lend devoted assistance. His answer was that this did not belong to his office. Such was also his reply when I spoke of our chapels and houses that had been confiscated. Finally, I insisted, that if Saint Benedict’s must be used for teaching purposes in order to utilize the scientific installation, the
young men from other schools could come here for the different courses. To this the Minister had nothing to answer. While thus engaged in conversation, we reached the staircase leading to the college. "There," said the Minister, pointing to the Central House of the Daughters of Charity, "is a school." "It is also and above all," I replied, "the principal house of the Daughters of Charity where the provincial Superioress resides. This house is also an orphanage, and contains a large dispensary for the poor, besides a school for the poor children of Galata." Hearing this the Minister took leave, and presented his hand, which I did not refuse, but which I did not press very warmly. By half-past seven that evening, the police agents had placed seals on all the college apartments at Saint Benedict's.

Friday, November 27.—At an early hour our confrères from St. Pulcheria's arrived. If the Minister had given any orders, these had not been obeyed, for the invasion of the house continued. The invaders presented Father Dekempener a piece of paper, on which they affirmed was the authorization to occupy the house. During the night, they pretended to watch our rooms, and all night made such an uproar going and coming that our confrères were unable to sleep. Father Dekempener told me it was impossible for them to remain longer.

In view of all this, I considered what course to pursue. On one side the promises made to Sister Darbois had not been kept, the Minister of Public Instruction had not sent the written authorization promised, neither had the Grand Vizier answered. I then agreed with Sister Reisenthal, that our school Sisters should leave the following week, at latest on Wednesday, and take the ship leaving this port on December 2. Then much affected, I gave her the
reasons I had for leaving Constantinople myself. I was already marked for the next list of hostages and I might expect to be sent into the interior of Turkey. I foresaw the occupation of St. Benedict's, as the government allows only two French priests, to remain one for the church, the other for the convent; now two were more than sufficient for St. Benedict's, and I could not substitute for either. There only remained some material difficulties to arrange in the best way possible, but I was not in a condition to treat of taxes, real estate, deeds of property, etc.

With tears in her eyes Sister Reisenthel urged me to leave; my confrères to whom I also gave the same reasons, likewise advised my departure. In the morning Mgr. Pompili and I had an interview with the American ambassador on the subject of our churches and the chapels of our houses, he promised to do what he could for our chapels. He already knew what had happened at our different houses, and I then understood, that he could do only what his government permits, and that he cannot save our houses though they are private property, so I at once decided to take out my passport.

On returning to St. Benedict's I told my confrères that I would go to Salouiki where I could occupy myself with that portion of the province outside of Turkey and where I could be in communication with the Superior General, and the Mother General for the Sisters. I then advised my confrères having their passports, to leave the next morning.

The Sisters from Bebek returned during the day to the Central House. Sister Castanet meanwhile with two companions went back again to their house as a dragoman from the American embassy was to come the next day to take an inventory. Our Sisters from Brusse, did not arrive Wednesday evening as they had said, and as we ex-
pected; but the weather is very bad and the wind blows a
gale on the sea.

The population of Constantinople continues to decrease.
The French lay professors are also leaving. Those most
to be pitied are the French in the interior, our Mission-
aries, Jesuits, Dominicans, Capuchins and others, with
some citizens. The poor Sisters of St. Joseph and other
communities, how will they come from such distant parts?
The American ambassador has arranged with the Turks
for a vessel sailing under the American flag, to gather up
along the coasts of the Black Sea, all the French in dis-
tress. In thinking of the sufferings of others we can
better support our own. Some of our Sisters at Scutari as
well as those of Bebek, returned to their houses. There
the police were very troublesome, but a dragoman from
the American embassy came to the aid of our Sisters.

Our confrères of St. Pulcheria’s are with us, we are on the
eve of departure, eight of us in all. At the end of recrea-
tion, farewells were said because we must leave St. Bene-
dict’s at half-past six in the morning.

Saturday, November 28. — At half-past six, after saying
Mass, Fathers Ribière, and Dennetière of St. Benedict’s,
Fathers Laurent, Belières, Droulez and Deiber of St. Pul-
cheria’s, took leave of us and boarded the train for Dedea-
gatch. This is the only place where they can embark, as
the Dardanelles are closed. Father Vachette accompanied
them. An interpreter from the American embassy was
at the station to lend assistance in case of need. Father
Laurent’s passport had not been properly filled out and
consequently he was obliged to return to St. Benedict’s.

Our Sisters of Brusse arrived that morning. They had
left the preceding day and should have reached here about
three o’clock in the afternoon, but as the sea rose, the boat
was obliged to anchor near the Island of Princes.
Passports were applied for and I also tried to secure one for myself. These papers are furnished by the American Consulate but the Turkish as well as the Greek seal must be affixed for travelers from Turkey who intend to stop in Greece. Moreover, one’s name must be inscribed on a register and presented to the Turkish Police Board for approval. I had my own reasons for believing my leaving the country would be opposed by the Turks. This did not disquiet me because under the circumstances I was resigned to whatever God ordained. It is however difficult at times when responsibilities weigh upon us, to discern what God expects of us.

When applying for passports, I added to my own name those of Brothers Michael Lajaunie and Loudenot. The necessity for dispersing the household of Saint Benedict’s is obvious. I cannot tell what may happen, or whether it will be possible to secure board and lodging there.

Having requested the Marist Brothers who remained at San Stefano to protect their property, to give me the keys of their Provincial House, as I foresaw that, should the Turks take full possession of St. Benedict’s, we would have to occupy this house, they informed me where the keys could be found.

Mgr. Pompili communicated the news of his having received a dispatch from Vienna informing him of the arrival of the new Delegate Apostolic who expects to reach Constantinople by Monday evening, December 1.

This news gave me pleasure because in my opinion it would have been well had he come immediately after the declaration of war. True he is no longer under the protection of France nor will he be under that of the United States; but the Turkish government will be very favorable to him.

Had Mgr. Dolci been here sooner, it is possible that he could have protected the churches, convents and
chapels. The Catholics in Constantinople needed support and they found none. Recourse to Austria is excusable, but it is too bad this step had to be taken especially by us. A Delegate however is free to make use of this embassy whenever circumstances may require, to uphold his own individual acts.

There has been no alarm to-day. This is the first quiet day since November 18.

Sunday, November 29. — As Father Laurent’s passport is now properly drawn up, he will take the train and join our confrères at Dedeagatch. Services took place as usual in St. Benedict’s Church.

This morning, at 5:30 o’clock, I said Mass for the Sisters of the Central House, after which I announced to them my intention of leaving during the week, giving my reasons for so doing. They understand I cannot do otherwise.

During dinner some officers called and Father Picard received them. They asked to visit the college department, but Father Picard showed them the seals on all the doors and told them the Minister of Public Instruction had on his visit to the college last Thursday, forbidden anything to be done there without his permission. They accepted this explanation, and having no written order, withdrew.

After Vespers, accompanied by Father Vachette, I went to the different houses to announce my departure. The Little Sisters of the Poor were deeply affected, and at the hospital of la Paix, Sister Bécart said: “You do well to leave.” She knows many things from the Turks who frequent the hospital and she had several times warned me. We next went to the Home for Artisans. Father Vachette and I parted in Pera, and I went alone to the Geremia
Hospital. I met here for the first time one of our Albanian Sisters who is dying of tuberculosis, and is looking forward with holy eagerness and peace for the hour of deliverance. Sister Apack was very much grieved to learn my decision, but silently made the sacrifice. I returned to Saint Benedict's, realizing how much the Sisters felt my going away; for as their Superior, my presence alone was a great moral support. It was equally hard for me, so I made but a brief visit to each of the houses and bade a hasty farewell.

Monday, November 30.—We had council at eight o'clock this morning as we usually do on Monday. After giving the motives for my departure, I announced that I would for the present take up my residence in Saloniki. Seven confrères are already gone and they are temporarily stationed as follows: Fathers Laurent and Lordon at Kavalla, Father Belières at Monastir, Fathers Deneletière and Hauspie at Santorin, and Fathers Droules, Deiber and Ribière in France. I also informed the council that two Brothers were to leave with me. Brother Loudenot will go to Saloniki and Brother Lajaunie to Monastir.

Father Guwy told us that the day before, Sunday, his church was crowded and he saw among the congregation many who are not regular attendants. I remarked that perhaps the Catholics of the place wished to give a proof of their loyalty to the faith, and that he would probably be more secure at Bebek than elsewhere.

In the course of the morning, I was apprised by Father Jammet and others that startling events were taking place at the hospital of la Paix. As one of the hospital carts was leaving, the head doctor, imagining things were being carried away without his authorization, called in the police and sent for the soldiers of the Houlack (guards) and the hospital was soon filled with them. The doctor gave orders
that no one was to leave the house. I sent Father Va-chette with Father Jammet to the United States embassy to try to obtain the dismissal of the head doctor who had given us a great deal of trouble. I was wondering why the claims presented by the ambassadors had remained unnoticed when the thought struck me that this was purposely done by the Turks in order to rid themselves of the Sisters.

I then called on Mgr. Pompili to take leave of him, and as I turned Pera Street, I caught sight of the Turkish flag flying over our house of Saint Pulcheria. My heart was torn with anguish and I could but repeat *Fiat voluntas tua*.

Having learned from Mgr. Pompili that Mgr. Dolci would probably arrive before my departure, I promised to call on Tuesday afternoon to see him as I did not expect to leave until Wednesday. We spoke of current events, and I again urged the necessity of placing seals on all the chapels of those communities whose members have left or are about to leave.

At the United States embassy I learned that the ambassador had taken energetic measures with the Turks, to obtain the removal of the director of *la Paix*. The interpreter informed me that our Sisters are to leave Tuesday, but as for myself there was nothing definite, my passport not having as yet been filled out by the Turkish Police Board.

That afternoon I visited our Sisters of the French hospital, those of the municipal hospital and of Tchoukour-Bostan. Our leave-taking was very sad, but all the Sister Servants approved of my action.

Father Vachette returned home with the news that the director at *la Paix* had been removed. He had seen the gentleman leave the hospital, carrying with him the brass plate on which his titles were engraved, and which he had hung on the front of the pavilion in which he had taken up his
quarters. Father Vachette also told me that I would be able to leave with our Sisters as our passports would be given us at the station by an interpreter from the United States embassy.

Mgr. Mirow, Archbishop of the United Bulgarians, having heard of my departure, came to see me. He expressed his deep regret. My last preparations were quickly made and before retiring, I spent some time in prayer to recommend to God our Missionaries and Sisters who were to remain here, as also to beg His blessing on their works. It is at such moments one feels what the road to Calvary means!

*Tuesday, December 1.*— After morning prayers, I went to the Sisters' Central House to say Mass which I offered for all our Sisters. After Mass I spoke a last farewell and was much consoled to see how full of courage and abandon to divine Providence the Sisters were. I blessed them and hastily withdrew.

At a quarter past six we left for the station. The Sisters came from the different parts; the greater number from the Central House, some from Saint Vincent's, others from Tchoukour-Bostan. We had to cross the Golden Horn in boats, as the port is often closed at this early hour.

The interpreter of the United States embassy was in our boat. He carried our passports. Brothers Michael Lajaunie and Loudenot were also with me.

There was no disturbance at the station. The Sisters occupy two coaches which will take them directly to Dedeagatch without their having to change cars.

Mgr. Mirow came to the station to see me off. I learned that Mgr. Dolci had not arrived. A second dispatch stated that he is due in Constantinople to-night.

At eight o'clock the train started and I found myself
with two Brothers and forty-six Daughters of Charity. We expected to meet at Dedeagatch, our eight confrères who had preceded us.

On the journey, I saw neither Stamboul, San Stefano, nor the sea; the Princes’ Islands, Tatch-Kichla, with all its Bulgarian mementoes, and the arid plains that stretch out beyond these, were unnoticed. I dreamed day dreams of the past which reviewed from my present situation, was an all absorbing subject. We are following the road to Golgotha but when shall we reach it? When will the resurrection take place? God alone knows. May His holy Name be blessed and His adorable will accomplished!

LOBRY


Constantinople, December 12, 1914

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

I hope you will pardon the pain my letter will cause you, but is it not into the heart of his father that a son must pour out his sorrow?

Two days after the departure of Father Lobry, St. Benedict’s received a visit from the commissaries who came to notify us that we must leave within two hours and take up our quarters in the small house of the Marist Brothers. You doubtless remember this house, situated near the bakery, north of our grounds. The door on the stairway leading to the church was closed to us. The commissaries had a gate made in the Genoese wall which runs along Luledji-Hendek Street, by means of which we can reach
the church. We shall therefore be obliged to pass around the House of Providence in order to go to our church.

Shall we be able to keep St. Benedict’s church? Two days ago we learned that St. Pulcheria’s church had just been profaned. It is occupied by a Turkish school for girls. The Imans who direct this school, broke open the church door and immolated a lamb in the lobby. When the sacrifice was over, the children with their teachers, rushed into the holy place. Our confrères were not able to save the altar ornaments, but a few days previous the Blessed Sacrament had been taken away.

When the news of the profanation reached us, Father Dekempener and I investigated, and learned that patriotic speeches had been made and national hymns sung in the church, but the altars, statues and pictures had not been touched.

I reported at once to the American ambassador who advised me to ask the protection of the Powers friendly to Turkey. All promised to present a petition to the Porte and remind it of the promise to respect churches and chapels. I insisted that the State seal be affixed to them, if they cannot be used for divine worship.

In the meantime, your children are calm and courageous, placing all their confidence in God.

Please to send us, my Most Honored Father, a special blessing, and believe me in the love of our Lord and of Mary Immaculate.

VACHETTE

Central House, Galata, December 19, 1914.

My Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

Just now calm reigns in our hospitals and orphanages, but at any moment another storm may arise, and so we try to live from hour to hour, in total abandonment to Divine Providence.

The seizure of St. Benedict’s of which the church only was respected, gave us serious cause for alarm with regard to our Central House, notwithstanding the assurance given us that the orphanages will not be touched. Our house is large therefore something worth coveting, and the Turks do not conceal their sentiments, therefore we feel that they are anxious to gain possession of our whole enclosure.

But everything here is in our Immaculate Mother’s keeping. Although no longer with us, Sister Guerlin is our Visitatrix and Sister Servant. She will certainly watch over us; and as we are fully confident of this we continue to wait, to hope and to pray.

A deathlike silence prevades the house, as our works for the young are suspended. The school work gave great animation to the place our pupils being very numerous. Our youngest Sisters have gone and their places here are filled by our older Sisters from the different houses now closed. This tells you, my Most Honored Father, that sacrifices are not wanting.

There is indeed nothing more painful than the constant anxiety of being told at any moment to leave the house.
and of having the children taken away by the Turks. This would be the hardest trial of all. I begged the pastors of the city, should this happen, to come forward and claim the children as they may protest that they have placed them in the care of the Sisters but not of others. Each parish has a list of the children and the pastors have promised to do all they can to safeguard them. The children will then be placed temporarily in families. May God grant that this measure be not necessary, but the conduct of the Turks has been so treacherous, that we must be ready to meet any emergency. I have also drawn up a report showing the important work done at the Central House, and I will send it to the different embassies to interest them in our behalf. Our Blessed Mother will do the rest.

Our Sisters are full of fervor and hope. This trial we all realize, is for our good and we are trying to make it meritorious.

To be deprived of news from France is also a deep sorrow to us. We know that everything goes on well but that is all. We feel, my Most Honored Father, as though we are at the farthest part of the earth; yet, more than ever our hearts are united with you and our Sisters, by prayers and sacrifice of which there is at present a most abundant harvest. During our Christmas festivities, we prayed most fervently, for you, my Most Honored Father, begging the Divine Emmanuel to shed upon you His choicest blessings.

May the New Year bring with the glad tidings of peace a general resurrection of works amid the ruins which have been accumulated during these sorrowful days!

Begging you to accept the expression of my filial respect, I have the honor to be, etc.

Your most humble and obedient daughter,

Sister Reisenthal.
THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, GALATA

DECEMBER 1914

The following report was sent by Sister Reisenthel to the different embassies in Constantinople.

Saint Benedict’s House of Providence, Galata, has been in existence seventy-five years, having been opened December 8, 1839. It holds the first rank among the establishments of the Sisters of Charity in the East, and is their Central House and the first of their houses founded in Turkey. It directs all their works, providing the Sisters necessary for them, and is also the home of the sick, aged and infirm Sisters. To touch this house is to attack all the others. The works of the House of Providence are wholly international.

1st. The School which is frequented by the poor children of the quarter of Galata, irrespective of nationality or creed. The children here receive not only instruction, but also clothing, and to many of them is here given their noonday meal.

2d. The Nursery. Here abandoned infants are cared for by a Sister who gives them out to nurses whom she visits from time to time, in order to provide all necessaries. When old enough to be returned to the Sisters, the boys are placed at the orphanage of the hospital of la Paix, and the girls at that of Bebek. There are at present seventy-five little ones in this latter institution.

3d. The Orphanage, a complement of the nursery, is under the protection of the Latin Archbishop of Constantinople. It is supported by Catholic works, by the Community of Daughters of Charity, by donations from the relatives of the Sisters and from benefactors. It has no
special fund, but Providence has never failed to provide. When the children leave the orphanage, they are ready to gain an honest livelihood.

4th. The Industrial School, in which the poor young girls of the quarter are taught plain sewing and embroidery. Orders received from a large firm furnish the work, so this School is of the greatest benefit, especially at the present time, when fathers and brothers are in the army and the young girls here employed assist in providing for their homes.

5th. The Dispensary, established in 1843, each day cares for a large number of poor and sick from Pera and Stamboul, from villages around the Bosphorus and from Galata, who come here to consult the doctor and to receive aid from the Sisters. The pharmacy attached to the dispensary, provides the remedies. The minimum of patients is eighty per day.

6th. Visits to the Poor and the Sick in Galata. These are very numerous and two Sisters are employed in this work. Many families receive from the Sisters, bread, rice, coal, clothing and many other things needed by the sick. Several families depend entirely upon the Sisters for support.

For the last two years, two Sisters are sent early each morning to the Dispensary of the Public Debt, in order to give the necessary help and care, first to the Muhadjirs and then to the numerous poor Mussulmans of Stamboul who are gradually becoming acquainted with us and ask us to visit their sick relatives and friends.

The work here is overwhelming, but the Sisters are happy to multiply themselves in order to relieve the poor and satisfy all.

If in the future, the Daughters of Charity can be useful to Turkey and their services are required for the sick and the wounded, they will be ready to answer the call at the
bidding of the house of Providence, Galata, which will gladly send them.

This house, therefore, is the centre of the works, and to destroy it would be to dry up the source of charity, to paralyze the efforts of the Sisters, and drive thousands of poor to misery, destitution and despair.

Sister Reisenthal