ANNIVERSARY OF THE AUDIENCE OF JAN. 25, 1893.

Apostolic Benediction.

January 25, 1894, was the first anniversary of the solemn audience granted by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, in 1893, to the Venerated Superior and to numerous representatives of the double family of St. Vincent de Paul.

On that occasion, Our Most Honored Father addressed to His Holiness the following telegram:

"Most Holy Father:

Ever grateful for the solemn audience granted us,"

"and the kindly interest manifested towards us by"

"Your Holiness, on this day of happy memory, I again"

"lay at Your feet the homage of filial affection and"

"devotedness of the double family of St. Vincent de"

"Paul, with our congratulations on Your glorious"

"jubilee, humbly soliciting the Apostolic Benedic-

"tion."

"Fiat."

His Holiness deigned to respond through the Cardinal Secretary of State:

"The Holy Father, deeply sensible to the homage

and felicitations of the two families of St. Vincent de

Paul, blesses them most cordially."

"CARD. RAMPOLLA."

Cause of Beatification of the Venerable Francis Regis Clet.

We read in the Osservatore Romano (March 7, 1894):

"This morning, at the Apostolic Vatican Palace, a

session was held by the Ordinary Congregation of

Sacred Rites, in which their Eminences, the Most

Reverend Cardinals of the Congregation, besides other

matters submitted to them, discussed the following:
Revision of writings, 1st, of Venerable Stephen Cuenot, Bishop of Metellopolis, and of his companions who suffered death for the faith in China.

The writings of the Venerable Francis Clet have been approved.”

_The Annals._

An Italian edition of *The Annals of the Congregation of the Mission* has just been published at Turin, No. 18, via Nizza; at Paris, No. 95, rue de Sèvres.

We extend to it a fraternal welcome. We are pleased to learn that the province of Poland is about to realize a desire long entertained, of possessing a Polish edition of the Annals of the Mission.

At Paris, the Translation of the Relics of St. Vincent de Paul. April 25th, 1830.

**BY THE ABBÉ GERBET. (1.)**

There exists on earth a society that embraces a vast portion of the human race and extends its arms to the rest. Heaven is its country, God Himself its Sovereign, truth its treasure. With majestic step it advances towards eternity, gathering together, along its passage, the elect of every century. An admirable bond sustains all its parts; that bond is charity.

It loves, and thereby lives. What are the objects of its love? Its members, its children. It welcomes them on the threshold of existence, it nourishes them, it enlightens them amid the perils of the way, it holds

(1.) Later, Monseigneur Gerbet, Bishop of Perpignan, *Catholic Memorial* (number bearing date May 15, 1830.)

This account is introduced because the collection of the Annals has not heretofore made any mention of the translation of the relics of St. Vincent, which is annually commemorated on the second Sunday after Easter.
them in constant and maternal remembrance until, like a faithful guardian, it returns them, forever, into the hands of the Father of the Universe. Some among its children are, above all others, its glory and its crown. Some, that it delights to claim alike before friend and foe. Ever living witnesses of their mother's glorious fecundity, they have walked in the foremost ranks of the Army of the Lord, (1), for them it entertains a species of gratitude, whilst in highest heaven, they wave their immortal palms around the throne of the Lamb. This mother loves to recount, here below, their virtues and their triumphs and the sublime deeds that have filled her heart with consolation.

Such reflections naturally arise on days like these that re-echo with triumphal strains in honor of St. Vincent de Paul.

The grandeur and the sanctity of the Catholic Church have shed their brightest rays on this glorious occasion,

(1) The body of St. Vincent is preserved in a silver shrine, the workmanship of which far exceeds its material value. It is the chef-d'ouvre of Odiot, and was much admired at the French Industrial Exposition in 1827.

The Diocess of Paris offered it to the children of St. Vincent de Paul. The amount paid was raised by means of collections and subscriptions. The names of Charles X, King of France, of the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family head the list.

In 1792, the National Commission appropriated the silver shrine; without, however, profaning St. Vincent’s relics, which were delivered to the Priests of the Mission deposited in an oaken chest. After having been conveyed to several places during the Revolution, in 1806 they were entrusted to the keeping of the Daughters of Charity.

In 1830, the body of the Saint was deposited, for a time, at the Archbishopric of Paris, and verified and authenticated by order of Monseigneur de Quelen.

It was then richly decorated and placed in its present magnificent shrine. After the solemn services, at the metropolis, Sunday, April 25th, the translation of the relics to the New Mother House of the Priests of the Congregation of the Mission (rue de Sevres 95) took place, with the religious ceremonies described.
whose memory posterity shall forever faithfully preserve.

Long has this solemnity been an object of expectation and desire to pious souls. We grieved to think that the relics of him who deserved a place upon our altars throughout the entire world, should lie hidden and unknown.

Since the tomb of St. Vincent de Paul was desecrated in the days of our sorrow; rudely hunted, despite his benefits to the human race, his precious remains found shelter under the humble altar around which gather the Daughters of Charity.

Withdrawning, for brief intervals, from the fatigues of their often painful and arduous ministry, his faithful Priests have been wont (1 Kings, xxv—28) to seek those precious relics, from which still emanates a secret unction that abides amid them as in the temple of the Holy Ghost; that spirit that quickened them in the days of our Father's mortal life. The moment had come when they were to see the light again, pending the hour when the great soul, that once animated them, shall be reunited to them forever.

God is wonderful in the rewards that He prepares for His Saints. He wills that even here below, they be awarded honors far above any, decreed by the world, to royalty.

Therefore, princely munificence and popular veneration have erected, to the memory of the sainted Priest, a monument worthy of his great achievements in the cause of charity.

Impiety is scandalized; Judas-like, it inquires: "Why this waste of treasures?" For, in its eyes, gold has only a material value. Impiety has never been known to plead the cause of the poor, whose tears it has never wiped away, from whose distress it turns with disgust.

Pitiless men! Prove by your works that the charity...
of Vincent de Paul abides in your hearts, and quickly we will erect like monuments in your honor.

Your cold and narrow hearts are strangers to munificence. You do not understand that gratitude is the mother of sacrifice. Leave us to surround, with pledges of our affection, him who loved us. And remember, that more than once, under a far less noble inspiration, you displayed a lavish, scandalous prodigality, when there was question of avenging, perpetuating and honoring the memory of men who were dear to you, because of your mutual resemblance.

How touching and novel was the widespread excitement throughout that splendid capital for hours previous to the triumphal march.

An immense population all astir; the name of Vincent de Paul on every lip. A stranger would suppose that there was question of some distinguished, popular contemporary. So true it is, that the just shall be in everlasting remembrance. (1) (Psalm cix—7.)

Houses, past which, two centuries ago, a poor, unknown Priest hurried on errands of mercy, are now richly decorated in his honor; the very streets his tired feet then trod, seem to awake to memories of the Man of God. Few, in our perverse age, can understand how one man, a humble Priest, could so stir the enthusiasm of a people seldom roused to like emotions.

Meanwhile, the august ceremonies were inaugurated in the Basilica of the metropolis, that ancestral temple in which had stood the living Vincent, and which, in grand and festive array, was to hold once more, for a brief interval, his precious frame. How beautiful were the heaven-inspired canticles entoned under those sacred arches around the shrine of St. Vincent. Every verse was marvelously adapted to the occasion; and, all hearts were moved at the prophetic words that seemed to be, then and there, verified.

The assembled clergy stood motionless within the
spacious sanctuary; whilst crowds, in rank and file, were still wending their way to the church. Finally, there came a break in those ranks, and priests and virgins and prelates, forming separate bands, gathered successively around the relics of the holy Priest.

Scarce has St. Vincent crossed the threshold of that vast edifice, when the procession pauses in front of one of the earliest objects of his solicitude. The Hotel Dieu, the home of the poor sick, is the first he confronts as he issues from the House of God. How could he pass, unheeding, that house where so much of his heart centered in the days of his mortal life? In front of that temple of his charity, the procession halts; and St. Vincent, once again, salutes, blesses and encourages his children.

Soon the grand procession resumes its march. Amid the encircling sea of human faces, the devout multitude solemnly advances.

The inhabitants of the village that glories in having been Vincent's first pastoral charge, form the vanguard; their rustic banner bears the picture of him who was, too short a time, their guide and father, because God had designs of mercy over the entire human race.

Then succeed those societies, odious to hell, whose very existence is a triumph of faith. They are followed by a numerous body of youthful Levites, hopes of the Sanctuary, proud to take part in a triumphal march that appeals so powerfully to themselves. The clergy of the several parishes, under the leadership of their respective pastors, next appear; and, amid his own disciples, the Priests of the Mission, and the Daughters of Charity, his faithful auxiliaries, guiding troops of children, St. Vincent de Paul, himself, advances, fixing universal attention; reposing, as it were, amidst the peaceful trophies of his many victories. How beautiful, how touching was the eagerness
of the youthful maidens, the innocent children, the worthy priests who thronged around their precious treasure, longing to hear St. Vincent's voice, to encourage their hearts with the thought: "He is there!" "He who poured on us the abundance of his charity, who called us to realize his noble aspirations." After the Metropolitan Chapter, walked seventeen Prelates in pontifical robes, who, enhanced by their brilliant presence, the triumph of the humble priest. Finally, the gracious and noble figure of the chief of the clergy of Paris, Monseigneur Archbishop de Quélen, arrayed in full pontificals, closed, majestically, the long and brilliant clerical ranks, whose glories shed their bright reflections on an event so honorable to the episcopacy.

Without doubt, all beholders did not consider this grand array from the same standpoint.

But, very few unfavorable remarks were heard amid that vast crowd of spectators. Spontaneous praise escaped from lips that had never before blessed the name of priest. This touching spectacle seemed to awaken in presumptuous Youth sweet reminiscences of childhood, and vague regrets for early innocence, so quickly lost. The artisan gazed with startled eyes, for the first time, upon a religious ceremonial that touched his heart, because it reminded him of his wants; and, religion, which had ceased to exist, even in memory, began to dawn upon him. Paris, in a word, had become almost wholly christianized, and its metamorphosis offered, for many hours, a novel spectacle.

The procession halts before the gates of the Institute. Piety had there erected an altar on which were to rest, for a few moments, the ashes of St. Vincent de Paul.

Surely no spot could be better chosen to bear testimony to the almighty power of religion that suggested its selection.
O, sublime man! The palace, whose vestibule thou
dost occupy for a few moments, was, formerly, the
temple of the God thou didst delight to serve.

Now, it is the arena of contests and disputes to which
the Omniscient, in His wisdom, often abandons the
world. There, more than once, man debased his
immortal soul to the level of the brute. There, more
than once, did those to whom it was given to hear the
voice of the Heavens sound forth the glory of God, and
the firmament declare the work of His hands, dare to
deny the Great, First Cause amid its most magnificent
effects. And thou, conducted, guided and sustained
by Him, against whom the efforts of the atheist to
obliterate the divine impress, shall ever prove impo­
tent, thou wast, thyself, a most beautiful proof of the
existence of God.

In that hall were elaborated, discussed and ap­
plauded so many a superb project, so many a philan­
thropic plan for the happiness and perfectibility of the
human race! And thou, without theories, without
the aid of other science than the folly of the Cross,
didst will and speak; and, at thy word, arose vast,
imposing institutions for the benefit of mankind.

At the foot of that altar, whence the unbeliever has
driven the Eternal, receive the homage of thy fellow
creatures. Thou alone canst offer suitable reparation
for the outrages perpetrated against the Most High.
Thou alone canst repair the honor of that priesthood
so often hunted even to the sanctuary.

Two charitable asylums were also met on the line of
march. The Charity Hospital and the Ménages.
Both waited the special blessing of the Father of the
Poor. Pious hands of the Daughters of Charity had
prepared altars on which were to rest, along the way,
the precious deposit.

At each of these stations, the High-Priest of the fes-
tival blessed his people and solemnly invoked the name of St. Vincent.

The shades of evening were beginning to gather as the procession neared the church which was destined to retain the precious relics of St. Vincent.

He reached the threshold of the new edifice which was built for his children when they were driven from the house wherein he himself had dwelt, and, which is now, to the national disgrace, a public prison. He came to take possession, and make, of a scarce completed temple, one of the most venerated sanctuaries of France.

The church was adorned with that noble magnificence which expands and elevates the soul through the medium of the senses. A mild illumination produced, as if by magic, the effect of a beautiful aurora. A heavenly influence penetrated the soul and an interior voice seemed to whisper, "Thus shall they be honored whom the church reveres." There was, without doubt, a wide difference between this pageant and the imposing ceremonies at the Vatican on the day that Vincent’s name was inscribed on the list of Canonized Saints; but, the resemblance was striking.

Both triumphs were inspired by the same Genius, the Genius of Catholicity.

Above the altar whereon the Lamb is immolated, that sacrifice daily offered by the pure hands of Vincent, was the resting place assigned to the relics of the Holy Priest.

But all desired to approach, once more, those sacred remains before they placed the King of the Poor on the rich throne their veneration had prepared for him.

The precious burden was deposited at the sanctuary door, and the long line of Priests and Prelates advanced to the Altar of the Most High.

The sacred tabernacle opened, and from it issued the
God of St. Vincent to participate in the festival of His faithful servant.

The glory of that day was referred entirely to the Author of All Sanctity; and, from His altar on earth, God blessed, anew, the Holy Priest and his prostrate children.

The day closed amid hymns of thanksgiving, and the night was far advanced ere the pious multitude could tear themselves away from around St. Vincent's shrine.

For nine days, the same zeal that animated Christian hearts on the Feast of the Translation, brought, around the shrine, such crowds as only the evidence of the senses could enable one to realize.

Each day, innumerable Masses were offered at the several altars; the Holy Table was thronged; the divine praises were devoutly sung, and the Bread of the Word was broken to the hungry multitude. The faithful, of every grade of society, bent the knee before the shrine of God's servant, and, no one left without experiencing the blessed influence of the scene.

The king himself, Charles X, and his royal family, bent the knee before the relics of the humble priest, and placed in his keeping the great interests of the throne of St. Louis.

Aye! whatever may be said and, impiety knows it well, that day was truly one of triumph to the priesthood. For, after all, whence proceeded those great works, that wonderful influence; what were those labors and virtues so nobly lauded, but the works, the power, the labors and the virtues of the Priesthood? God, whose designs over His Church are impenetrable, desired, to grant that church, as a sort of compensation for the trials to which it was subjected, one day of peaceful glory, whilst awaiting the crucial glories of tribulation. May His Holy Name be forever blessed!

Rejoice, then, O Catholic Priesthood! O Priests of
Jesus Christ, rejoice! Why waste a thought on the fury and injustice of our enemies! What can we expect of those who, on that Great day, were not won back to the faith of their fathers? Those very men who, during the triumphal march, condescended to eulogize the Daughters of Charity, were heard exclaiming in accents of savage disdain: "Whence all those Priests?" "Who could imagine that Paris harbors so great a number?" Short sighted men! you do not complain of the number of Daughters of Charity, but the number of priests exasperates you. Do you measure the consequences of your words? Are you aware that the day on which France shall look upon its last priest, the Daughters of Charity shall have ceased to exist? You profit by the fruit, but curse the tree that bears it!

Was it not enough to prove the perversity of your hearts, must you reveal the weakness of your minds? Henceforth, the hero of charity shall abide in a sanctuary less unworthy of himself. There, as during his mortal life, he shall daily be visited by his pious disciples and the virgins whom he consecrated to the service of the poor. May not God reserve a glory to this house greater than that of the first? (1.) That is his secret. But, whatsoever be His design, we can assert that this triumph may open to the church of France a new career of glory and happiness. If, on the contrary, fresh trials await us, it is not without a purpose that the God who strikes to heal, vouchsafed to manifest to earth some sign of the glory that environs the faithful priest in Heaven, since even in this world, we catch so bright a ray of its splendor!

(1.) Aggeus, 11—10.
The Forty Missions Preached by the Missionaries of Loos, Diocess of Cambrai, From January 8th to December 25th, 1893.

Under the above heading, the Priests of the Mission of the House at Loos, render an account of the faithful and consoling labors that have occupied them during the year that is hastening to its close.

Each one of said Missions lasted, at least, two weeks; some, in very extensive parishes, three weeks, or over. Nearly every one numbered some conversions. We except certain parishes remarkable for the regularity of its members. "At Broxeele, for instance, no member of the parish neglected to follow the exercises of the Mission, and there was no stray sheep to return to the fold; or, that other parish, in which all made the Mission and where, there were six converts, the last mentioned were strangers in that locality."

In several parishes, the Missions afforded an opportunity to prepare young people for their first communion, also a number of adults whom circumstances had kept aloof from the practice of their religious duties. Several civil and illicit unions were legitimized through the sacrament of matrimony.

These results are, thanks to God, due to the efforts and instructions of the Priests of the Mission, who find in them the truest and best rewards of their labors.

Persecution of the Daughters of Charity During the French Revolution.

"As might naturally be expected, scenes of cruelty and rapine enacted in Paris, were surpassed throughout the Provinces. At Bordeaux and Casoul, revolutionists cut off the ears of Priests and women whom they found in Catholic Churches fulfilling their Christian duties. Daughters of Charity, fantastically attired and ridiculously labelled, were forced to ride through the streets mounted on mules that the mob drove forward with leathern thongs instead of whips;
all which was rare sport to a number of vile wretches who assumed authority.” (Barruel, *History of the Clergy*.
by M. R. vol. 1, page 320.)

At Bordeaux, the mob seized two sisters who refused to attend a Mass celebrated by a conforming Priest, and, after plunging them several times in the river, left them half dead. A civil officer called at the sisters’ residence to obtain their evidence against the perpetrators of such cruelty, and received this noble answer from the heroic woman: “Sir, I will never inform against those to whom I consecrated my life and services. Under existing circumstances I do not cease to be a Daughter of Charity. I prefer to die a martyr to the cause.” (Ferriere’s Memoirs, book ix.)

At Casoul, diocess of Béziers, a national guard and bitter revolutionist seized a sister to chastise her for fanaticism. He threatened her, sword in hand. The sister said very coolly: “Allow me, sir, a few moments to commend my soul to God! After kneeling a brief interval in prayer, she exclaimed: “I am ready, strike! I beg our Merciful God to forgive you as I forgive you!” The guard, deeply touched at those words, helped the sister to rise and expressed his admiration. (Memoirs of Auribeau, vol. II, p. 229.)

The following details are also preserved in our archives:

*Versailles.*—Next to the Priests of the Mission, the sisters were, at Versailles, objects of bitter hatred to clerical conformists. The mob took possession of the Sisters’ House and attempted to whip the inmates for refusing to take the constitutional oath. The attempt to burst open the doors of the Sisters’ House, afforded time for the arrival of the National Guard. Despite the representations of the military, the sisters were forced out of their house and driven with whips and rods to the Parish Church, and there compelled to attend the Mass of a constitutional priest. Some days
later they were turned out of their dwelling, which was used for a barrack.

Lyons.—Sister Olivier, Sister Superior of the House, for refusing to take the oath, became an object of revolutionary fury. Language is inadequate to describe the sufferings to which she was subjected; dragged ignominiously through prisons, obliged to sleep on a little straw, allowed scarce bread enough to sustain life. She was about a week in this condition, when one of her sisters, who had managed to escape imprisonment, secured, by persuasion, some improvement in her condition. During the season of trial, Sister Olivier thanked God for permitting her to partake of His chalice of bitterness. She only desired freedom to minister to the multitude of sick and suffering. No sooner had she regained freedom, than she applied most zealously to the works of her holy vocation.

Rennes.—Sister Jane Montagnier, of eminent virtue, had spent the greater part of her life in assisting poor prisoners in the city of Rennes; to secure any relief for them, she counted as nothing her own pains and fatigues. She collected money enough to redeem from prison many whose only crime was poverty. She often pleaded their cause before the civil magistrates, who listened with respect to one universally venerated for virtue and good works. The chief of the department was wont to say: “It is impossible to refuse this good Sister of the Poor. Her voice has more influence in our councils than that of any Member of Parliament.” There was nothing impossible to her when there was question of her dear poor. She also provided for their spiritual necessities. After forty-one years spent in works of charity, it was natural to suppose that the civil administration would allow her to continue her services. Not so. She was summoned by municipal authority to take the oath. But the noble Daughter of Charity was not to be
bribed by fine promises, nor terrified by threats. Proving invincible, she was cast into that prison whose unfortunate inmates she had, for long years, relieved and consoled. She was there detained a whole year. But no murmur or complaint escaped her lips. Esteeming herself happy to suffer for the faith, she endured her trials for the conversion of her persecutors. Nor was her zeal idle. Even during her captivity, she encouraged her fellow prisoners; teaching them how to sanctify their trials, and often she endured greater sufferings from the growing rage of her persecutors by procuring spiritual assistance for such as were condemned to death.

A remnant of humanity in the hearts of some of the most determined revolutionists, procured her freedom. She availed herself of it only to continue her charitable labors, and died at Rennes, September 11, 1806, aged seventy-seven years.

We here transcribe a written account, apparently a copy of the verbal deposition of a Sister of Charity, who was subjected to the persecution.

In 1789 the Daughters of Charity at Ile de Re were compelled to lay aside the religious habit and were forbidden, during three years, to exercise their mission, to speak of religion or, engage in teaching. They had to dismiss their pupils and were allowed only the ministrations of Constitutional Priests, whose services, conscience did not permit them to accept.

By degrees, the sisters themselves were summoned to take the schismatic oath under penalty of expulsion from their establishments. The Sister Superior was very aged and her mental faculties were beginning to fail. Sister Beaudet, who had been for some time acting in her place, was summoned, and answered firmly that she would not take the oath. Her companion, Sister Tabary, then only twenty-eight years old, was equally firm. The administrators who, in spite of all, were
anxious to keep the sisters, proposed that they would all let the people believe that they had complied. But the sisters declared that, were dissimulation attempted, they would feel, in conscience, bound to make a public denial. Perceiving their inability to influence the sisters, the municipality ordered them to vacate their establishment immediately, without allowing them time for the least preparation. They were conducted to the Mayor's office; that functionary treated them humanely, and offered them a luncheon, for they had not tasted food that day. All, who remained at the hospital, wept at the departure of the sisters, who would, they believed, be massacred on their arrival at Rochelle. The Board of Administrators, who seemed so severe, secretly issued orders to treat the sisters with the greatest respect.

Having embarked at Port St. Martin, Ile de Ré, they started for Rochelle. On their arrival, they were taken to prison. During the night, which they spent in a corridor, they were forced to listen to most unbecoming language. No food was offered them. Sister Tabary declared, at last, that prisoners were entitled to food. No offence was taken at her words. She and her companions were taken to the Convent des Dames Blanches, who had just been turned out. The cell of one of the good nuns was assigned them as their dungeon. During their stay, they received some help from the Sisters of Divine Wisdom who had not yet left the Military Hospital, but, who were soon ejected like the other religious.

After a brief detention in this place, the sisters were taken to Brouage, a small fort. In that sort of prison, all the prisoners were assembled in one hall, or rather miserable garret, without comfort or convenience. Sisters Guillaume and Tabary withdrew into a corner of this wretched place to be undisturbed.
In the middle of the room, was a fire-place, where the prisoners could prepare food at their own expense.

Sister Guillaume had a burning fever and could scarcely stand. But for the attention of her kind sister companion, she would have died. Their sufferings, during the seventeen or eighteen months of their detention in that miserable place, were incredible.

Every day, at an appointed hour, each prisoner presented herself for a small ration of bread which was doled out to each one; but it was unfit for use.

Providence, however, sent them some relief. One sister, an excellent nurse, made herself very useful; and prisoners, who had some means of their own, procured for her and her companions more wholesome food.

Daily, they beheld some of their companions of misfortune led to execution, and they looked for no other fate themselves, when the death of Robespierre wrought a happy change. Prisons were opened and captives regained their freedom.

The sisters went forth from their gloomy dungeon without money, without strength, worn out by long and severe privations. They were obliged to beg their food. Charitable persons saved them from starvation. Outside the prison walls, where could they find shelter? The two Sisters of Ile de Ré determined to return to Rochelle and seek an asylum in the homes of Messrs. de Saint Sornain and de Mesnard who had been so kind to them during their imprisonment. Those gentlemen had not yet regained their liberty, but, as they had abundance of provisions, they obliged the sisters to accept daily half the food that they received.

Every day, at an appointed hour, it was agreed that a bell should be rung, and one of the valets of those gentlemen would convey to the sisters sufficient food to sustain them. Never was their benevolence forgotten. Moreover, previous to their final separation,
they assured the sisters that they might always rely upon their services, as occasion might require.

Sister Tabary remained some time with the family of one of these gentlemen, and was treated with all the respect due to her position. Sister Guillaume returned to her own relatives residing at Rennes, where she remained until the Community was reorganized. Some time afterwards, Sister Tabary went to Paris to learn if the Community had been re-established. But the moment was not yet at hand; she found herself, alone in that great city, not knowing what to do. God inspired her to call upon Madame de Mesnard, the daughter of Mr. de Saint Sornain, at Rochelle, who had promised to be always a friend to her. This lady received her most cordially; and Sister Tabary, shortly after, sought out her own relatives near Arras. She had the happiness of rejoining her pious mother with whom she remained ten years. As soon as the Community of the Sisters of Charity was reorganized, she bade a second adieu to her loving mother, and returned to her dear Community.

From the Mother House she was again sent to Ill de Re, where Sister Guillaume had been missioned. They found there the aged Sister Superior undisturbed; she had been cared for by two domestics. Sister Tabary was appointed Superior.

Nancy.—In the other extreme of France, at Nancy, the municipal officers sought to compel the sisters to take the constitutional oath. But, believing that they could succeed more readily by seeing the sisters singly, than collectively, they decided upon summoning them privately so as to terrify them into submission. They sent first for Sister Cecilia Choquart, whom they thought to gain easily, on account of her simplicity. The sisters learned that the Administrators had remarked among themselves: “The other sisters will be invincible. We can have no hope to gain them over,
they would sooner have their heads cut off. But Sister Cecilia is so good natured, she will do any thing we want; through her, we may gain others.”

On the appointed day, the government agents summoned Sister Cecilia, who, under a respectable escort, was conducted to the City Hall. Overwhelmed by the unexpected honors heaped upon her, she had to pass through the crowds that curiosity had gathered around her. In the meanwhile, the other sisters, in their establishment, began to pray for their poor companion and themselves, thinking that it would soon be their turn.

When Sister Cecilia was ushered into the presence of the municipal authorities, she saluted them respectfully, and enquired without embarrassment, “Citizens, what is your business with me?” They informed her, cautiously, but with much show of respect and politeness, that the law required the sisters to take the oath.

“It has been a long while,” she answered, “since I have taken an oath; at my Baptism, I swore fidelity to God, and I often repeat the promises of Baptism. I made a second promise to God by pronouncing the vows of my holy vocation, and that promise I daily renew. I will take no other oath.” Then, clasping her fingers around her throat, she added: “Here is my head; do you want it? I am ready.”

Disconcerted by so firm and unexpected an answer, they did not, however, despair of triumphing over her constancy. They made use of the most persuasive language and arguments. But her decision was unalterable. Perceiving the inutility of further efforts, the authorities allowed her to return to her sisters.

On her return, she informed her companions of all that had occurred. “This,” said she, “proves to you, my sisters, how good God is, and how implicitly we may confide in His promises—when we pray with trustful hearts. For you all know what a coward I am!
When I reflected on my own weakness, I often feared my courage would fail. When, however, I found myself in presence of those men, I felt endowed with a martyr’s fortitude."

From that time, the municipal officers allowed the sisters to pursue their works unmolested. Sister Cecilia died at Nancy, July 16, 1822, aged eighty-eight years.

These narrations enable us to understand words written immediately after the Revolution:

"The deportment of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul throughout the Revolution, reflected honor upon the Church of Jesus Christ. Nothing could be more astonishing than that simplicity of manners, evangelical humility and noble magnanimity that characterized them all when summoned before revolutionary committees or tribunals, to give an account of their religious belief. Some of the verbal statements of their trials challenge admiration by the clear answers, presence of mind, calm, peace and tranquility of conscience which they imply and in which we recognize an elevation of soul far superior to human fears."

(Funeral oration of Sister Deleau, delivered in the Metropolitan Church of Lyons, June 1st, 1801.)

[To be continued.]
THE SOUTH—ADGE AND BAZAS.

Like the details already given concerning establishments at Rennes and Nancy, many of the following are borrowed from a valuable collection entitled, Conferences or Remarks and Notices for the use of the Daughters of Charity. (3 Vols. in 4°, Paris, 1845.)

The House of Mercy at Adge still holds in pious memory, the name of Sister Frances, who was beaten with rods all the way to prison. Three days later, she was set at liberty. She returned to her establishment where she was permitted to remain during the revolutionary storm. Charitable individuals supplied her wants. Her presence preserved the House to the Community. (Manuscript notes.)

Our sisters were expelled from Bazas October 21, 1873. The deliberation, of the self-established council of the Community, formulated at the hospital, their instructions for the laicisation of hospitals as follows:

"The council considering that, although, the "Grey Sisters" have always directed the hospital and attended the sick with intelligence and due care, it is the interest of the Republic to entrust the internal management of so important a public institution to Citizenneses of pure, civic loyalty, who combine with republican virtues, qualifications necessary to the faithful discharge of their obligations to suffering humanity, resolve therefore, with the authorization of the Procurator of the Commune, that aforesaid Grey Sisters, now conducting the City Hospital, be immediately dismissed."

The sisters were replaced by Citizenneses Thérie, mother and two daughters, whose civic loyalty may have been pure; but, whose disastrous management soon brought the hospital to the brink of ruin. In
fact, the secretary of the Commission had to affirm, in the verbal process of the 20th Vendémiane, year IV, that the revenues of the hospital were exhausted and that they were unable to provide even bread for the patients, sagely adding, "without which, they cannot get along."

All this while, the Daughters of Charity, as well as the Ursuline Nuns, whose Community had existed at Bazas for several centuries, were objects of persecution. Cast into prison, they were liberated on condition of taking the civic oath, which, differing from the constitutional oath of the clergy, did not compromise conscience. They were offered an asylum by devoted Catholics. Mr. Bonfils offered them a home in one of his own houses on rue Bragoux; and Messrs. Duport and Raymond received them into one of their houses on rue de l'Hopital. Two of the sisters had taken refuge there with other religious women and a priest. In lay costume, they carried help and consolation to the poor sick. One of these sisters died during the Reign of Terror. (Ms.)—Auch, Bezier and Lavaur:

Under some circumstances, the sisters, to escape imprisonment, dispersed and endeavored, as far as possible, to utilize their days for religion and the poor, to the best of their ability. This was the case at the General Hospital at Auch.

A woman, whom they assisted, died in 1892, aged 104 years. She often related the sufferings endured, in that city, by the sisters during the Revolution. They were absent from the hospital but a short time. According to an account of events recorded in the history of that institution, we learn that their absence did not last more than a year. In order to regain admittance to the hospital, they had to abandon their Community costume.

Sister Deschaux, then Sister Superior at Auch, along with a sister companion, had taken refuge in the en-
viron of Marciac, with a family named Basciet. The
good sisters taught a little boy to read who afterwards
became Archpriest of Auch. In after years, he often
declared that he owed his vocation to the Priesthood
to the sisters whom his parents concealed during the
Revolution. He died about ten years ago.

During the sisters' absence, five or six women, of
mature age, who had been in the sisters' employ, man-
aged the hospital. One attended to the kitchen, others
to the pharmacy, the laundry and the clothes-room.
But all refused to take the oath. Throughout the per-
secution, a Priest, Father Fenasse, remained concealed
in the hospital. During the day and part of the night,
he attended to the bakery. Very early in the morning,
he said Mass in one of the infirmaries, behind a cur-
tain which concealed the altar and all the attendants
at Mass. (Ms.)

At Béziers, the sisters at the Misericorde had much
to suffer from terrorists and conforming Priests, as
their notices prove. But they conducted themselves
like true Daughters of Charity. Although it was dif-
ficult for them to secure their own subsistence, they
never neglected the sick. (Notices, vol. II, page 984.)

At Lavour, by a decree of the Communistic Council,
the Daughters of Charity, at the hospital, were obliged
to abandon their Community dress. Soon, exposed to
a thousand persecutions, they were constrained to re-
linquish the exercises of their calling in that establish-
ment. An official letter, written somewhat later, ex-
pressly declared that they could not remain there with-
out making a sacrifice more painful to the heart than
that of life itself. (Letter to the Administration in
1801.)

The members of the Administration dared not notify
the sisters of their expulsion. They had been con-
vinced of their devotedness. Being summoned to a
meeting to decide on so odious a measure, the members
all absented themselves, and the director of the department had to notify the Daughters of Charity, March 11, 1793.

The pretexts alleged for this measure were the usual charges, lack of civic loyalty, attachment to bigotry and priestly intolerance, that is to say, to conscience and religion.

It was almost immediately requisite to augment the number of civilian nurses and attendants who replaced the sisters. Furthermore, the care of the sick being painful to nature and requiring, for its proper discharge, constant self-denial, in the month of July following, the improvised infirmarians withdrew, or had to be dismissed.

The poor sick at the hospital would have been abandoned had not some charitable and distinguished ladies of the city proffered their provisional services. Soon, several sisters, who had been driven from their own establishments, came to care for the patients, and at the close of the Revolution the hospital administration officially solicited the return of the sisters.

Sister Deleau, Superioress General, answered the administrators, that, disregarding the ill-treatment to which her sister companions had been subjected at Lavour in the early days of the Revolution, she would restore them to the hospital and the poor. (Ms.)

Montpelier, Narbonne, Pau and Toulouse—Almost everywhere, in the south of France, the persecution raged and assumed the same form. November 23rd, 1835, Sister Antoinette Rogier died at Montpelier. She was a holy Daughter of Charity, who for fifty-four years had served the poor sick of that city, and who was remarked for her devotedness during the Revolution. At that time she spared nothing to alleviate suffering and to secure the sacraments to the dying. Those who had most strenuously opposed her
yielded, at last, to her charity and self-sacrifice. (Circ., vol. II, p. 982.)

The Sisters of the Miséricorde, at Narboune, were also proscribed and persecuted. The preservation of that establishment to the Community is due to Sister Genevieve Joanette. During the persecution she courageously braved danger and addressed persecutors in the language of truth and justice. She charmed them by the ascendency of her virtue.

Divested of her religious costume, she ably managed that charitable institution and dispensed alms and consolations as inexhaustible as her compassion and mercy. (Notes, vol. II, p. 926.)

The city of Pau offered an example of vicissitudes that, at a later period, reappeared on a larger scale; the laicisation of the hospital, when it was unanimously conceded that the sisters gave entire satisfaction. Immediately after their departure, disorder and destruction prevailed, until there was no possible remedy but the restoration of the sisters. The whole of this little drama was enacted during the Revolutionary period, 1793 and 1794.

February 7, 1793, the district council voted, "The sisters shall continue to direct the hospital as in the past; and shall put themselves in immediate communication with this office."

Nevertheless, the spirit of the times was such that the sisters were obliged to assert, that, if not permitted to observe the rules of their Community, they must be allowed to leave the hospital. So said Sister Roure, the Sister Superior; the council met and drew up the following:

"The National Agent is requested to respond to Citizenship Roure, by conveying to her the assurance that the City Government is satisfied and grateful for the important services she and her companions have so long bestowed on suffering humanity, and greatly desires
to retain said sisters at the hospital, assuring them of their good will to afford them all possible assistance and conveniences."

The sisters, notwithstanding these flattering expressions, found it impossible to conform to the regimen required. They withdrew. The administrators were alarmed and stupefied at their action. Fortunately, they understood that the only remedy to be applied was the recall of the sisters. Here follows the deliberation of the 4th pluviôse of the year of the Republic III. (Jan. 4th, 1795):

"The Council of the Administration, inferring, from information furnished, that the disorders, at present existing, in the City Hospital, are attributed to the withdrawal of Sisters Roure, Elizabeth and Catherine, because they, only, are capable of managing it: resolve that Sisters Roure, Elizabeth and Catherine be summoned to direct the City Hospital and fulfill, as in the past, all the duties annexed to this charge along with the hospital nurses there engaged." The Commissioners are hereby directed to inform them of our decision and, to require that they comply with it within twenty-four hours."

At Toulouse, the persecution was most intense. Twice, the Sister Superior of St. Stephen’s Institute, Sister Jane Dumont, was cast into prison, for refusing to take the oath. She endured her trials with great peace of mind. One of her persecutors, having afterwards become destitute, she applied to the authorities and secured employment for him which enabled him to maintain his family.

Over thirty Daughters of Charity, in that city, were imprisoned during the Reign of Terror in the Abbey of the Canonesses of Saint Sernin rue Mirabel then known as rue de la Force-Armee, now, rue de Remusat. This Abbey afterwards became a House of detention, subsequently mis-called Prison du Senechal.
A more complete list of imprisoned sisters, is that prepared the 3rd Vendémiaire, year III (September 24th, 1794), by the Revolutionary Committee. (Archives of the Prefecture, series L, file 161.)

It specifies, with the names of the Sisters,—age, date, and sometimes the cause of arrest, as, for example,—arrested for refusing to take the civic oath (1.) “At the time of arrest, a Sister of Charity.—‘Relations with aristocrats, bigots and Priests,’ always opposed to the Revolution through bigotry, urging the sick to have recourse to Priests.” Or else, “on account of bigotry, gained over by Priests, or her superiors,” or finally, “Inciting their patients and the young sisters, or their associates by insinuating, &c., &c.”

The Sisters successively regained their liberty. At the petition of the administrators, the city government authorized the return of three among them to St. James House of Charity, then known as Humanity Hospital, 24 Messidor, year III. (July 12th, 1795.)

(Municipal Archives, Deliberation, reg. 4.)

Dax—Death of Sister Margaret Rutan.

At Dax, where the Daughters of Charity had managed the hospital since the year 1710, the period of the Revolution is signalized by the glorious memory and tragic death of Sister Margaret Rutan, Superioress of the institution. She perished on the scaffold, the 30th germinal, year II, (April 9, 1794.) Chronicles of the City and Diocese of Aeqs. I-4, Book X. I Lègé, Diocese of Aire and Dax under the Revolution, Vol. II, p. 11; Semaine Religieuse of Aire and of Dax, May, 1891; Dufourcet—Histoire des Landes.)

Margaret Rutan was born at Metz, in 1736. Her parents, who were of distinguished rank, neglected nothing to afford her a finished education. Whilst still very young, Margaret gave evidence of a fine in-
tellect and a decided inclination for deep studies. Means were not wanting to give her precocious talents full scope. To classical knowledge, she added uncommon taste and aptitude for drawing, mathematics and architecture. She was of a very gay and sweet disposition and possessed all those attractions that the world most prizes.

But God had particular designs upon her. The young girl understood His interior call and hesitated not to obey. When eighteen years of age, she began her postulatum with the Daughters of Charity.

From Paris, she went to St. James’ Hospital, Toulouse, to make her first essay in a life of self-sacrifice and devotedness. The memories that survive of her sojourn in that House, prove that she was ardent, full of energy and capable.

From Toulouse, she was sent to Pau. It was necessary, in that city, to reorganize the Hospital and start, besides, a woollen manufactory whose revenues maintained a number of children who had been abandoned by their mothers. Sister Margaret brought this enterprise to a happy issue by her great prudence and activity. So strongly did she engage the interest and sympathy of all, that when, after a sojourn of eighteen years, she was assigned another field of labor, she was universally regretted.

After some years spent at Blagy, she was appointed Sister Superior of the Hospital of Fontainebleau. Queen Mary Lerzinska, on a visit to the institution, was astonished at the improvements made under the wise and systematic direction of Sister Rutan, and was lavish of her praise. She begged, moreover, to have Mlle Fleury, attacked by smallpox, entrusted to Sister Rutan’s care. The latter remained night and day with her patient until she was convalescent. This circumstance alone sufficed to secure to her the favor of the Court. But that was not her ambition. Sister Rutan
was withdrawn from Fontainebleau and sent to Brest, whence she was sent to Dax. The Bishop of that city, Monseigneur de la Neufville, employed earnest petitions to secure her services at Dax. Under her skillful direction the new hospital prospered. Its revenues increased rapidly, gifts flowed in on all sides, thanks to the influence and popularity of the Superioress. Transitory, however, was that popularity, fear and political passions soon changed it into ingratitude of deepest dye.

The revolution found Sister Margaret Rutan absorbed in the duties of her position, prudently regulating the little community confided to her, bestowing on the sick maternal care, extending, beyond the hospital, to the whole city, assistance to the suffering with inexhaustible charity.

This woman, of splendid intellect and noble heart, beheld with grief the disturbances of the Kingdom. She was not blind to the excesses into which political passions would plunge her native land. When the Civil Constitution of the Clergy was voted, she was attacked in that which she held most dear—love of religion. The absence of the lawful Bishop, Monseigneur de la Neufville, and the usurpation of Saurine, the conforming Bishop, the obligation imposed on faithful Priests to resign and go into exile, their substitution by conforming Priests, had grieved her deeply, and she made no secret of her sorrow.

The decree of October 2nd, 1792, which required convents of religious women to be closed, compelled Sister Rutan and the other Daughters of Charity to lay aside their religious costume.

They made the sacrifice and continued to serve the sick under the title of Ladies of Charity.

The city of Dax was then in the power of the vilest of men. How could they endure a woman whose popularity enabled her to render services to that religion which they attacked with stupid and inveterate hate?
They sought some pretext of civic disloyalty, as they termed it, in order to denounce and persecute Sister Rutan.

A soldier of the Volunteer Corps of Landes, was sent as a patient to the hospital at Dax.

He was cured in a few days, thanks to the care lavished upon him. He desired to testify his gratitude to the preservers of his life; and being a musician, he requested some of his comrades, equally gifted, to join him in giving a serenade to his benefactresses. The latter, to show their appreciation, offered them thanks and refreshments.

This circumstance was remarked and condemned. The sisters were represented as endeavoring to gain the soldiers over from the revolutionary party. An order called for the imprisonment of the Sister Superior.

She who had spent her life in doing good, found herself like her Divine Lord and Master after the treason of Judas. But it was necessary to secure legal proof that she had incurred the penalties of the law. Her papers, and everything belonging to her failed, after rigid investigation, to afford the slightest pretext for her capture.

Summoned before the tribunal, strong in her innocence, she defended herself without difficulty. When, however, her pretended judges gave her to understand that her justification was of no avail, she added with dignity, that, after having spent forty years in ministering to the most repulsive human infirmities, she died, forgiving her persecutors. The judge pronounced sentence of death on the intrepid Daughter of St. Vincent de Paul and gave orders for her immediate execution on Liberty Square, (the 20th Germinal, Year of the Republic, II.)

After the reading of her death warrant, Sister Rutan attempted to speak, but her voice was drowned by the
sound of the drums, at the direction of President Cos-saune.

A few minutes previous, a Priest, Father Eutropius Lannelongue, former curate of Gaube, had been judged and no less summarily condemned.

The Priest was to be executed first. Sister Rutan’s execution was to follow immediately. We can give no more touching account than M. Dompiere de Sauriac’s description of the horrible tragedy.

Conformably to the decree of the Ventose, published by Pinet, proconsul of the Revolution at Dax, a scaffold was erected on Square Poyanne, opposite rue Neuve.

That ancient military quarter had been planted with Elm trees and had long been the fashionable promenade of the aristocrats, to use Pinet’s words.

Despite the presence of this instrument of death, the Square was frequented every evening. Absence would have awakened suspicion. In spite of feigned indifference, the scaffold painted red, presented a sinister aspect by day light; but, at night, when the pale moon-beams pierced the heavy foliage of the Elms and cast weird shadows on the long and, seemingly, blood-stained arms of the gibbet, the effect was hideous.

The funeral cortège formed around the Bishop’s residence; the death-doomed were surrounded by gens-d’armes and dragoons. The executioner walked behind them. At the captain’s signal, all moved forward to the muffled sound of the drums. Curiosity brought a great concourse of spectators. Leaving the Archbishop’s neighborhood, they hurried toward Cazade street. The crowd gathering from cross streets and byways, became immense. A number of men ran across Cathedral Square so as to reach Poyanne Square in advance of the victims.

At the four cantons (Quatre cantons), the cortège was stopped by a wall of human beings that barred the
entrance to Cazade street. At that instant, a group of boys appeared on the opposite side; terrified at the precipitate invasion, they hastily climbed the stone benches along the street and gazed with haggard eyes on the terrible drama that was being enacted. They attempted to follow, but were driven in an opposite direction.

On the route, the window sash of a ground floor apartment was hoisted and a little boy, a frequent visitor at the hospital, looked out. Sister Margaret met the child's eager glance and smiled. The mother, immediately closing the window, exclaimed: "My child, kneel down and pray for Sister Margaret; those wretches are going to kill her!" The cortège rushed rapidly past, as if they meant to take the guillotine by storm.

Turning towards the place of carnage, the eye rested on the giant elms of the square covered with budding leaves; the rain, that had fallen in showers during the morning, had ceased; light clouds still obscured the sky, and the atmosphere was redolent of the perfumes of spring. Many eyes turned anxiously in the direction of the Baths, towards which the cortège was marching. The shutters of all the dwellings in front of the Square remained closed; a silent protest that deeply offended Consul Pinot, who, that very night, issued an order to keep the shutters open in future.

Sister Rutan's fortitude did not forsake her at the foot of the scaffold; she stood between two soldiers; to one, she gave her handkerchief, to the other her watch. Her countenance betrayed no emotion. The Priest, ascended the scaffold, first. The sister looked with unblanched cheek upon the final preparations. A soldier warned her to withdraw her gaze when the Priest's head was about to fall. "What!" she exclaimed, "Do you expect me to be dismayed at the
death of a saint?” When her turn came, she removed her pelisse; the executioner offered to help her, but, with quiet dignity, declining his assistance, she exclaimed: “The hand of man has never touched me!”

A few moments later, the scaffold was dyed in her blood!

[To be continued.]
CONTINUATION OF THE PERSECUTIONS ENDURED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

West and North.—Aumale, Hennebont, Morlaix.

The persecution extended from the centre of France to the most distant provinces.

Evil prevailed; and the most Christian portions of the north and east of France became the theatres of the most cruel wrongs.

The Daughters of Charity at Aumale were detained in prison three days, after which they resumed the works of their vocation in secular costume and persevered in them throughout the reign of Terror. They managed to keep up communications with their superiors. Their letters have been preserved.

At Hennebont, whither the Daughters of Charity were sent in St. Vincent’s time, they continued in charge of two establishments during the Revolution: The Hotel Dieu, or St. Louis’ Hospital, in 1626, and the General Hospital of St. Yves—otherwise known as the Charity Hospital, in 1679.

Later, Sister Maltré wrote, in February, 1787: “I was sent to serve the poor at Hennebont. Two years later, we were ordered to take the oath, but we all refused to comply. They sought to drive us from the hospital; we told them that we could not abandon the poor sick. The patients were confided to the care of some worthy persons.

Our sentence was then pronounced and a cannon directed against the door of our Hospital to compel us to leave. The match was already lighted.

We took refuge with some charitable ladies in the city, but we were obliged to disperse within two
months. Setting out for Belle-Isle-en-Mer, we were recognized by soldiers and could only remain there two months. They sent us from the island as they had driven us from Hennebont. And they sent us to the boat under an escort of two hundred soldiers, who shouted along the road: "The malediction of the island is passing away; the malediction of the island is departing."

We hoped to spend a quiet night at Vannes; but new fears pursued us. Our sisters were tormented by threats of being forced to ride through the city on mules, exposed to popular derision.

We left, as soon as possible, for Rennes, where we remained three months, and then returned to Paris.

Some time afterwards, my superiors sent me with Sisters Calapon, Jolié and Lespinasse to open an establishment in the city of Turin. We were dressed as seculars and wore straw hats trimmed with the national colors. I cannot describe all we had to endure on the road. We were recognized by our quiet and reserved demeanor, as members of some religious community."

We were harbored during the night by confidential friends, for soldiers were ordered to watch our words and ways. We were threatened with imprisonment and to be whipped through the streets."

"But our good God watched over us. There was a General in the city who had made a retreat at St. Lazare's, and he recognized the three Lazarist Fathers who had set out with us: Father Sicardi, our director; Fathers Felix Vilandais and Lebrun of Mondovi. This good General protected us." Another protection was the heart of St. Vincent which the Sisters were conveying to Turin to save it from the desecration of the revolutionists in Paris. (Ms. Archives of the Mission.)
The works of the Daughters of Charity had extended and flourished at Morleaux. The Sisters were expelled from that city in 1791. “Their pharmacy, clothes-room, and supplies of clothing and provisions collected for the relief of the poor, were seized upon and sent to the City Hospital, whence the hospital nuns of St. Thomas of Villanova had already been ejected.

All those supplies were soon seized upon again and wasted; all the resources of charity failed and the poor of the city were abandoned.

Meanwhile, the sisters were thrown into prison. There is a letter, yet extant, dated from the House of Detention, called “The Carmelites” at Morlaix. It is signed, in the manner of the times, Citizenesses Costagnier, Perrier, Phily, Jousla and Guffroy, ci-derant Daughters of Charity.” This letter claims at least a portion of clothing and other personal property, being obliged, they declared, to lie on the bare ground and see their garments devoured by rats that swarmed the house.”

Auray, Vannes and Troarn.—The following is a list of the several Daughters of Charity imprisoned during the Revolution at Auray and Vannes (1793.)


4th. Mary Ann Rivoiron, born at Lyons, October 22nd, 1745. Entered May 24th, 1767.


7th. Mary Magdalen Bourdon, of Hennebont, arrested November 6th, 1793, aged seventy-five years.
8th. Clara Cappe, of Hennebont, arrested November 6th, 1793, aged sixty-nine years.
9th. Adrienne Dimarest, of Belle Isle, arrested May 26, 1794.
10th. Scholastica Bondel, of Belle Isle, arrested May 26, 1794. All imprisoned at Auray. (Ms. Notes, Archives of the Mission.)

At Troarn, at Calvados, horrible scenes of savagery were enacted. We learn of them, through a process-verbal of the Administrators, who were themselves indignant at such excesses. (Archives of the Prefecture of Calvados.)

July 13, 1791. On this day, at 6 o'clock in the evening, we, Administrators of the Hospital, Hotel Dieu, of the town of Troarn, have assembled in extraordinary session for the purpose of deliberating on complaints laid before us by the sisters of said hospital. They testify that, this morning, at about 10 o'clock, National Guards represented themselves as coming from Honfleur, from Pont-Levêque, Beavron and other places, under the leadership of Sieur Aprville. The young Mayor of Tronard entered the kitchen of said hospital brandishing a naked sword. Sister Assigny, the Sister Superior, was seized in said kitchen by a soldier, whom a second helped to drag her opposite the market place.

This took place in the presence of Mayor Aprville, who far from preventing such an outrage, encouraged it.

Sister Assigny, having reached her destination, was compelled to walk back and forth, three times, under the Republican flag.

Nor was that all; that sister, totally unable to leave the spot, had to look upon the most odious scenes. The same National Guard dragged her by force through the streets to go, as they said, to Mass. (1.)

(1.) It was to a Mass offered by a Schismatical Priest that they attempted to drag the sisters.
Such scenes were repeated in other places. The Administrators concluded their extra session by the following remarks:

"Wherefore, &c. The Body of Administrators, understanding that they can require no reparation for these misdeeds, beg the directors of the district to see that the National Guards shall not pass henceforward through the Parish of Troiriard."

Saujon, Rochefort-sur-Mer. endured like persecutions.

Marennes, Soubise, St. George of Oleron, LaTremblade, Royan, Tonnay Charente, possessed establishments under the charge of Sisters of Charity previous to the Revolution.

At Saujon, they had been in charge of the poor of the parish and of schools from the year 1699. The Revolution drove them away.

Sister Jacob, who was Sister Superior at Marennes, about the year 1840, has left some details concerning the institution at Saujon in a notice upon Sister Antoinette Beaucourt, one of her companions when she was engaged at Saujon, in the year 1792.

"Sister Beaucourt had been ten years in the Community when I went to Saujon. She was engaged in teaching. I was sent to replace her in that duty on account of her failing health. But her courage and activity were remarkable. She was universally beloved and prepared the little girls for first Communion with kindness and ability. We lived in great union. I do not remember to have heard an unpleasant word during the seven years that I spent in that house with the Daughters of Charity. But alas! My happiness was of short duration. The Revolution broke out, and for three years we were subjected to terrible persecutions. Our good God preserved us from all serious accidents, but we were obliged to endure trials most humiliating and offensive to sisters living in Community. When
obliged to appear in public we had to listen to the most abominable remarks. When I returned to the house, I was always in tears. Sister Beaucourt would console and encourage me.

Finally, in 1792, we were imprisoned. We were first consigned to a place of detention. (1.)

For some time, we had to sleep on the ground; later on, two straw mattresses were provided for five sisters. We were detained four months in this place. After that time we were released. On returning to our house everything was gone. We were reduced to destitution and we had to separate. Sister Beaucourt accepted the hospitality of a very worthy lady, and remained with her during the Revolution. She was very young, but, notwithstanding all the trials and privations she had to endure, her piety was unalterable, she remained devoted to her holy vocation and sighed for the moment when she could resume its duties. As soon as circumstances permitted, she rejoined our sisters at Royan.” (Circular, vol. II, page 989.)

Sister Beaucourt died Superioress of the Hospital of Mont de Marsan, January 4, 1837.

At Rochefort sur Mer, the sisters, encouraged by the Priests of the Mission, were invincible. Sister Devos, Superioress of the Great Hospital at Rochefort, before she was made Superioress-General of the Daughters of Charity, said openly: “How was it that the Sisters of Charity in that house preserved union of hearts and the Community spirit?” “Because they” “enjoyed the special advantage of being directed by” “the Priests of the Mission, even during the stormiest” “period of the Revolution.”

Our Annals have already recounted facts which we here repeat:

The efforts and zeal of the Daughters of Charity saved the charitable institutions of Rochefort. Their

(1.) Probably at Brouage.
Courage enabled them to pursue, without interruption, their charities in the three establishments of which they had charge in that city.

Written testimonies, preserved in each of those houses, prove that they remained at their post amid perils and tribulations. The Orphans' Hospital sustained its full quota of children and sick when State aid was withdrawn. The administrators called the attention of the Naval Department to the fact; and asked that clothing material be supplied to children and sisters; the latter had been compelled to lay aside their Community costume and relinquish all their revenues. At St. Charles', the State appropriated all resources. The sisters, however, continued the care of the sick. To Sister Déparchy, Superioress of the Hospital, a woman of fine mind and rare courage, that establishment owes its preservation. In that house are still to be seen two large capes or mantles of very plain appearance, which the sisters wore when duty called them to appear on the streets in the fulfilment of charitable offices. They are preserved as souvenirs, almost as relics.

But the sisters at the Great Marine Hospital braved danger with courage bordering on temerity. Sister Fournier was Superioress. Her letters to the administrators are still extant. She, in a measure, dictates her own conditions, and demands for herself and companions liberty to observe "The well-known customs" of their vocation of charity. During the first year of the "Reign of Terror," and the Revolutionary Period or "Second Terror," which, at Rochefort, renewed in 1797 the bloody persecution of 1793, Sister Fournier visited, in the prisons of St. Maurice or the Capuchins, priests assigned to those quarters whilst waiting to be transferred to the pontoon barges. She attended to their linen, prepared their food herself, and distributed among them means entrusted to her by charitable
individuals for the relief of those true confessors of the faith. Those clergymen found not only relief but consolation, when illness required their removal to the hospital. There they could offer the Holy Sacrifice; and the Daughters of Charity availed themselves of their presence to procure religious succor for their patients, a great number of whom were thus enabled to receive the last sacraments. (Annals of the Mission, vol. LI, p. 179.)

Vitri, Yvre l’Ereque.—At Vitre (Ille et Vilaine.) The sisters remained at the hospital. They dressed like the women of the country and evaded taking the oath. The Superioress, Sister Metrasée was a very intelligent woman and not easily intimidated. Women, in those days, had to wear the tri-colored cockade. Some of the sisters, as we have already said, had their hats trimmed with ribbons of the National Colors. The Superioress of Vitré was behind the times. “Where is your cockade, Citizenship,” some one shouted one day as she passed. “In my pocket, Citizen,” answered she, proceeding on her way with the greatest composure.

She recovered all that was due to the poor from endowments. The Revolution refused her any money, but required of her much writing. The system of Bureaucracy then prevailed beyond limit. The charitable sister at last lost patience and wrote: “Citizens, although I secured the services of others in order to comply with your requirements, it took me three entire days to complete the work, which time, I believe, would have been better employed in the discharge of my regular duties.”

“I beg you to dispense me from this labor.” Then, after the fashion of the day, she assures the citizen-administrators, of her fraternal sentiments.

At Yvre-l’Ereque, in Brittany, the persecution brought the sisters, literally, to the brink of the scaffold.

The sisters had charge of a school, of the care of the
sick, and of domiciliary visits to the poor. They were only three in number: Margaret Ythier, Sister Superior, Frances Godriot and Mary Longchamp. They were to be expelled about the month of February, 1792. The inventory, made at their request, bears date January 23d, 1792.

The order for their departure was given on Sunday, by the Commissary of the Republic. "We do not travel on Sunday," answered Sister Ythier. "Tomorrow, Monday, we will start." They attended Mass in the garret of a farm-house near Yvré, where their worthy pastor was concealed. Being arrested, they were taken to Mans. They were dressed in lay costume. An old woman, who in her youth had entered the sisters' service to wait on Sister Godriot, who had ater grown very infirm, often heard Sister Longchamp tell that she and Sister Godriot, condemned to death, had been led to the market place. They were bound and led to the scaffold, when the Vendeans attacked the city. The Blues, or Republicans, who soon avenged themselves on that same city of Mans, panic-stricken, fled precipitately.

Friendly hands unbound the captive sisters. Some say that Sister Ythier, present among the crowd, was their deliverer. Sister Longchamp would often say to the young girl who lived with her, "Just think, little one, five minutes more, and we would never have met." Sister Ythier died April 23, 1842, at Yvré l'Évêque, aged eighty-eight years. (Circulars, Vol. II, page 1065; St. Vincent de Paul and his institutions in the province of Maine, by the Abbe Lochet, in 8, Angers, 1859.)

There were other sisters who did not escape the scaffold.

Angers.—We borrow of the Abbé Cosnier (Charity at Angers) the account of the death of Sisters Mary Ann Vaillant and Odelia Beangard, Daughters of Charity,
shot at Angers for refusing to take the schismatic oath. These executions took place on a field but a few minutes walk from the city of Angers, known in revolutionary times, as "La Haie aux Bons hommes," at the present day, as "the Martyr's Field."

The condemned prisoners were ranged two by two each side of a rope to which they were fastened. It formed, what the executioners termed, a chain. The condemned were then led to the place of slaughter. On the way thither, they generally recited the Rosary. They were placed in groups on the sides of trenches into which their corpses were thrown after they were shot down.

February 1st, 1794, on a cold, rainy morning, the passage of a chain of condemned captives was announced on the streets of Angers by some members of the Jacobin Club; the sansculotte, attired in carmagnoles and red caps, shouting as they ran along: "Open the Shops!" "Open the Shops!" This order was to prevent the closing of houses which was done in the early part of the Revolution.

In those gruesome days, women and children could withdraw into the privacy of their dwellings to pray until the tumult had ceased, but men were obliged to stand on the door-sills, under penalty of being arrested on suspicion.

Shortly after the disappearance of the criers, the rolling of drums announced the approach of the mournful cortège, which was immediately preceded by a band of villainous drunken men stripped to the waist. Then appeared a man of high stature, bedizened in the tinsel trappings of a drum-major and surrounded by a group of musicians who fifed away the Çaira, the Carmagnole and the Marseillaise. These were followed by the judges of the military commission, decorated with plumes and wide scarfs, and brandishing sabres.
to excite acclamations. But, a death-like silence prevailed. Only the hirelings of the vanguard responded to the shouts of "Long live the Republic!" that emanated from the powers of the day.

What heart could fail to be numbed or exasperated at sight of that long file of human beings. It was composed chiefly of poor Vendean peasants; among them were girls of scarce sixteen summers, laborers, domestics. The prisoners, fastened two by two to a central rope, were guarded on either side by the scum of battalions, deserters from the battlefields of la Vendée, who now filled the measure of their cowardice by merciless attacks on priests and women.

Just as the funeral procession drew up in front of the House of the Good Shepherd, it halted for a few minutes to gather more victims; among whom were two Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, who were fastened to the end of the rope.

At sight of these gloomy preparations Sister Odelia, the younger of the two, turned pale, trembled and her heart sank from fear. She feared that her courage would fail her. My dear companion, said the other sister, you will not waver, strength from on High will sustain you. The long desired crown is almost within our reach. Yet a few steps and it is ours!"

A pious woman brought them veils. "No, no! said Sister Mary Ann, we will not hide our faces. Is it a disgrace to die for Jesus' sake? On the contrary, let the whole city see us! and learn from us how to die for the faith!"

Onward the doomed ones move; Sister Mary Ann remarks that Sister Odelia walks with firmer step, and, turning to the other prisoners, she points to Heaven and adds: "One more effort, and the victory is ours!"

All resign themselves, and long to die like those two good religious.
Mary Ann Vaillant and Odelia Beaugard, Daughters of Charity, on their way to execution.

Group sculptured by M. Choyer, at Avrille, near Angers.

But, despite the power of grace, poor nature will sometimes recoil in the presence of suffering. Sister Odelia faints away. The procession halts. The leaders grow impatient; they blaspheme, and like the executioners of Jesus along the Dolorous Way, they strive,
by blows, to force the sisters to rise and proceed on their last, sad journey.

Sister Mary stands, like a rampart, between her sister and the persecutors. She entreats, she conjures them to pause a few minutes; by her cares and caresses she restores her poor companion to consciousness. Finally, the gentle victim revives; her hand, bruised by blows, is bathed in blood. They resume their march. Sister Mary Ann recites in a loud voice the Litany of the Blessed Virgin: “Holy Mary, pray for us!” “Gate of Heaven, pray for us!” The crowd repeats the invocation. One might have said: “It is a procession on its way to rest in a blessed sanctuary.”

The condemned are drawn up in line on the brink of the immense trench into which their dead bodies will be thrown. The sisters, at the end of the human chain, advance towards the centre singing the Sacred Canticle. At sight of them, an exclamation speeds along the line: “What! the Hospital Sisters? Impossible!” “They must not die like us!” And on every side goes up the cry: “Spare! oh! spare the sisters!” The cry is so strong, so irresistible, that the commander of the troop is overcome. Advancing towards the sisters, he says to them: “Citizensesses, there is yet time. You have served the cause of humanity, return to your house.” “Do not take the oath if it is so repugnant to you. I assume the responsibility of asserting that you have taken it, and I give you my word that neither you nor your companions, yet in prison, shall have anything further to suffer!”

“Thanks, sir,” answered Sister Mary Ann, “for your generous offer. Conscience forbids us to take the oath, and we will not dissimulate.”

Struck dumb by these words, he holds the weapon with which he is to give the signal for the massacre. Then, raising his head, he looks at the President of the Commission, who answers by an imperious ges-
ture; then with a look of desperation, he lifts his sword, and the guns are fired.

In the meanwhile, the sisters continue their pious canticles, and the choruses are repeated, notwithstanding the groans and cries of the wounded. Only, as the victims fall, the voices grow fainter until the last weak accents are caught up by angels on the eternal shore.

At the first discharge of musketry, Sister Odelia is pierced by many balls. Sister Mary sustains only one broken arm; with the other she supports her friend, bleeding and inanimate. Then lifting her eyes to heaven, her voice is heard, for the last time, in supreme supplication: "My God, my Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Scarce are those words pronounced, when the executioners, rushing upon the wounded, complete the dreadful massacre.

No sooner had the noble Handmaids of the Poor left the hospital of Angers, than disorder prevailed.

Resources of every kind rapidly disappeared. Provisions were not renewed in due time. Linen, clothing and furniture vanished. No cleanliness was observed. So great was the destitution, that convalescing patients were forced to beg from door to door.

"Then the Daughters of St. Vincent were remembered; their amiable qualities, their special aptitude for the care of the sick, their ingenious economy, their order and energy in every detail of hospital service. Administrators, physicians, patients, all regretted them. Fifteen years later, the Revolution having ended, the return of the sisters was greeted with enthusiasm."

The Centennial of the Martyrs of Angers.

One century ago, two thousand persons of both sexes, and, of every age and condition, perished at Angers, the victims of revolutionary cruelty.
The guillotine not proving expeditious enough to satisfy the blood-thirsty tyrants, they devised a new plan of execution; the condemned were despatched in crowds by fusillades; a number being doomed every few days.

The Rev. Pastor of Avrillé, in whose parish the martyrs' field is included, was happily inspired to solemnize the centennial of the sad, though glorious, events which must live forever in the memory of the citizens of Angers.

February 1st, was the hundredth anniversary of the deaths of the two Daughters of Charity, Mary Ann and Odelia, which we have just described.

The Rev. Superior General of the Priests of the Mission, who was prevented, by press of business, from attending the celebration in person, in answer to the Rev. Pastor's invitation, delegated Rev. Father Chevalier, Assistant of the Congregation and Director of the Sisters of Charity, to act as his representative.

On the eve of the commemoration, La Croix Angevine, a religious gazette, published details of the deaths of the principal victims. Our readers have already been made acquainted with all that concerns the two Daughters of Charity, Sisters Mary Ann and Odelia, connected with whose memory are the names of three other illustrious women: Madame Saillant and her two daughters.

During the forty-eight hours that elapsed between the pronouncing of the death-sentence and the moment of its execution, Madame Saillant never ceased exhorting her daughters to offer to God the sacrifice of life. The younger daughter was twenty-four years of age. When the executioner summoned the victims, she clung convulsively to the door-post and would not advance. Her mother pacified her by recommending submission to the divine will and assuring her that God would accept her sacrifice in expiation of all her
faults and as a means of securing an eternal reward. The young girl allowed herself to be bound and led to a cruel death. Her mother was not without anxiety: she feared lest her daughter’s tears, youth and remarkable beauty would impress the officers of the escort, and that she might be tempted to purchase life at the expense of honor. On the brink of the grave, an officer promised to save the young girl if she would consent to marry him. The poor girl advanced a few steps, instinctively, but, looking back at her mother and sister, she returned to them. Then the courageous mother unbound from the rich coils of her abundant hair a purse of gold; unclasped her bracelets and ear-rings and offered them to the soldiers, saying: “Citizens, shoot these, my two daughters, then take my life.” Her petition was granted, and that Christian mother, like the valiant Mother of the Macchabees, was, in a few moments, reunited to her children in heaven.

Feb. 11, 1894, the Semaine Religieuse of Angers furnished the following account of the solemn and touching commemorative ceremonies:

“Thursday, Feb. 1st, the Centennial of the Seventh fusillade on the ‘Martyrs’ Field’ was religiously observed with all the solemnity due to the glorious memory of the victims immolated.

This fusillade is known as the Fusillade of Sisters Mary Ann and Odelia, or, of Madame Saillant and her two daughters. The heroism of those five martyrs has shed a glorious halo over the four hundred companions of their martyrdom. Between two days of continual rain, the Centennial Anniversary, calm and bright, beamed on us like a smile of heaven, encouraging us to a more enthusiastic recognition of the occasion.

Sharp, shrill sounds piercing the air and proceeding from the vicinity of “St. Nicholas’ Marsh” awakened in the soul funereal echoes of the fusillades; one might
have supposed that our soldiers, who were shooting at a target, were striving to complete the sad illusion.

At ten o'clock the chapel was filled with a pious recollected crowd. Close to the sanctuary, gently waved the white cornettes of the Daughters of Charity. All the Hospital Sisters were not present. The attendance on the sick prevented many from being present at morning service, but the others would come to the evening celebration. What sister could absent herself on such an occasion? Were they not all the younger sisters of Mary Ann and Odelia, who, just one hundred years ago, lay down their lives on a glorious battle field?

The Sister Superior of the establishment at Angers was, on this family anniversary, accompanied by the Sister Bursar of the Mother House at Paris, who represented the Superioress General of the Community.

Rev. Father Orèsve, Superior of the Lazarists at Angers, was at the altar. Accompanying the Rev. Pastor of Avrillé and the Chaplain, were Rev. Father Chevalier, assistant of V. Rev. Superior General of the Priests of the Mission; one of the visitors and several Priests of the same congregation; Rev. Canon Brisset, curate of St. Peter's of Saumur; Rev. Canon Pasquier, dean of the Literary Faculty; Rev. M. Turpin, resident Priest at Avrillé, and Rev. M. Jeannett, chaplain of the Hotel Dieu; also, several officers of the manufactory at Avrillé.

During Mass, several solos were exquisitely rendered; and the choral voices were in perfect unison.

After the gospel, Rev. Canon Brisset, pastor of the principal parish in the city of Saumur, of which city the family Saillant d'Epinatz were the glory and edification, addressed us with that rare grace that lends a peculiar charm to all his utterances.

The emotion of the speaker thrilled the hearts of his
audience, as he pictured scenes worthy of the primitive ages of Christianity.

At 2 o’clock, the Vesper hour, the Rt. Reverend Bishop, setting aside many and urgent duties, comes to preside in person at our festival. Ours? It is his also to-day, for it commemorates the martyrdom of Sister Odelia, like himself, a native of Lorraine. The episcopal cortège, with difficulty, makes its way through the dense crowd in cemetery and chapel. All the Priests from St. Lazare are in attendance there, also are to be seen the Abbé Trimoreau, the Rev. Pastors of Plessis-Grammoire, de Contures, de Benchemaines, the Rev. Abbé Dedouvres, Charles Marchand, &c. The snowy cornettes have returned, but now they form a pearly framework to the members of the family Sallant d’Epinatz, ten of whom occupy the front ranks.

Vespers begin; the psalms are sung magnificently. But how deeply all are touched when the young pupils of the Industrial School, “St. Vincent’s of the Trinity,” lift their pure voices in the sweet and simple hymn:

“Mother, so sweet and gentle,
List to our fervent prayer;
Call us to thee in Heaven,
Thy love, thy peace to share.”

And we are all ready to weep aloud when those sweet voices continue:

“Open, O Heaven! no morrow
Shall see our joy o’ercast,
No pain, no tears, no sorrow
Our peaceful hearts will borrow;
Sad life is past;
Shielded and safe from sorrow,
At home at last.” (1.)

For those simple words express the humble, lively faith that drew them from the lips of our Martyrs.

Father Chevalier, Assistant of the Superior-General

(1.) Adelaide Proctor.
at St. Lazares, stands up. He is a tall, noble looking, venerable Priest with silvery hair, and a kind, serene countenance that reminds one of St. Vincent's first companions in the early days of the Congregation of the Mission. He speaks to us effusively of those heroic Daughters of Charity, Odelia and Mary Anne, who preferred death to the violation of their vows. He tells us that faith enabled them to overcome the terrors of death and the grave, and that this faith only shall merit Heaven for ourselves. I know that tears flowed silently but abundantly while he spoke.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, and our Rt. Rev. Bishop, yielding to the emotions awakened within him at sight of the enthusiastic multitude, stands on the sanctuary step and addresses us in one of those touching exhortations that go straight to the hearts of his listeners.

In a sonorous voice and with overflowing heart, his Eminence directs his cordial thanks to the crowds that hang upon his words, to that noble family of which Madame Saillant is a crowning glory, to those Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul whose martyred sisters are now radiant in virginal purity and fervent charity. Monseigneur would particularly recall to memory that martyred Odelia, like himself, a child of Lorraine; and whose blood and prayers on the soil of Angers shall sustain and render fruitful his pastoral labors. In conclusion, he offers homage to that phalanx of Vendean Martyrs, the honor and glory of the diocess and guardians of their country's faith.”

The chapel erected on the “Martyrs' Field” is much frequented. Many of the faithful have recourse to the intercession of Martyrs who there made the sacrifice of life; and the numerous votive offerings deposited in the chapel, bear witness to the faith and gratitude of those who attribute to their intercession many graces obtained.

They, who were most intimately acquainted with Father Borja, are unanimous in pronouncing him to have been a holy and fervent missionary. The fifty-eight years of his community life confirmed this opinion. "Would to God that the congregation had a whole forest of Borjas!" exclaimed Father Joseph Escarra, a reliable judge of character. He meant that if the congregation possessed many missionaries like Father Borja, it must prosper; thanks to the blessings such men draw upon it.

Father Borja was born of most estimable and truly Christian parents at Falset, a town of Catalonia, in the province and diocese of Tarragona, February 3d, 1790.

The future missionary was obliged to enter upon military service. He should have been exempted on account of his near-sightedness, which was extreme. This defect subjected him to so many humiliations and contradictions that he attempted to desert; but he was soon seized and, in accordance with military discipline, received fifty blows for the offence. This he himself related.

Having completed his term of military service, he returned to his home; and shortly afterwards, proceeded to Tarragona to continue his studies, that he might be the better prepared to aspire to the Priesthood, to which state he felt interiorly called. He resided in the city and attended the extern classes at the seminary. His studies being completed, he decided not only upon receiving Holy Orders, but upon
withdrawing more entirely from the world by entering a religious community. His first idea was to enter the Franciscan order. He was not received, owing probably to his defective sight. Then he made application to the congregation of the Mission at Barcelona. He presented his petition very humbly and concealed nothing that he thought might prove an obstacle to his admittance. He was received September 1st, 1817, being, at that time in his twenty-seventh year.

In the seminary, he soon realized the hopes he had inspired. Even then he was distinguished for candor, humility and lively faith. As he had already completed his studies, superiors decided upon his ordination to the Priesthood, although he had not yet pronounced the vows of the congregation. He was raised to the Priesthood March 28, 1819.

Invested with the sacerdotal character, he prepared to celebrate his first mass with so great fervor and devotion that he seemed transported out of himself; and, he was, on the eve, overheard exclaiming in loving soliloquy in his sweet Castilian dialect: “Borja, creus u no creus!” As if he said to himself: “Borja, think who thou art! To-morrow thou shalt have the happiness of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass! Is it possible? Cans’t thou believe it? And if thou dost believe it, how is it that thy soul does not pour itself out in thanksgiving?” Such was the idea that he formed of the high dignity with which he was invested.

After two years spent in the seminary, he pronounced his holy vows with that wonderful fervor that characterized all his prayers and sacrifices, September 12th, of the year 1819. He was then in the Central House at Barcelona.

In 1821 God permitted that city to be visited by a terrible epidemic. The yellow fever, which frequently devastates the towns along the Spanish coast, broke
out and spread terror among the inhabitants. So wide-spread were the ravages of the scourge, that the municipal authorities ordered the opening of another hospital, taking, for that purpose, the House of the Missionaries, after securing ecclesiastical authorization. The Priests of the Mission withdrew to their seminary, where they resided until the cessation of the epidemic, when they returned to their former quarters. They had left at their house, at the time of their removal from the city, three priests and two brothers, to preserve their right of proprietorship, and, above all, to minister to the sick. One of the three priests was Father Borja, who devoted himself entirely and unshrinking to this work of charity; ready to sacrifice his life for the fever-stricken. With what faith and humility did he wait upon them! Considering Jesus Christ in each one of them, he consecrated his time to them with unspeakable love, zeal and interest. He was thus employed during the five months that the yellow fever prevailed.

Business resumed its usual course Jan. 30, 1822. Thanks to the special favor of Providence, Father Borja and his confrères escaped the epidemic.

Three years later, Father Borja was sent to the establishment at Guisona, where he arrived towards the close of 1824, and was engaged in giving Missions. The House at Madrid was founded in 1828, and the seminary was removed from Barcelona to the new foundation. Being acquainted with Rev. Father Borja's great qualities, Superiors decided to put him in charge of the new Internal Seminary, and recalled him to Madrid. He left Guisona, August 9th, of that same year. In this new employ, he met the expectations of his Superiors. If for reasons, to which we are strangers, he was sent successively to the establishment of Guisona, and thence to Rens, it was not long before he was recalled to Madrid to resume the office of
Director of the Internal Seminary, which had remained vacant during his absence; that is, for more than a year.

After that brief interval, he exercised the important duty until interrupted, a second time, by the Revolution. We advisedly use the word interrupted, because twenty years after, he returned a third time to the same office, until age and infirmities forced him to resign.

This second interruption occurred July 11, 1834, the day on which the last five Seminarians left Madrid.

The preceding year, the Revolution had closed all novitiates of congregations and religious communities of men throughout Spain, and forbidden them to receive novices, which caused the paucity of subjects in our Internal Seminary. Five days after the withdrawal of the Seminarians, that is to say, on the 16th of that same month of July, 1835, occurred an act of atrocious savagery, by which a crowd of paid assassins forced their way into certain convents in Madrid and massacred a large number of inoffensive, religious men. Our house was not invaded, nor did any accident befall our confrères.

When the Missionaries' Internal Seminary was closed at Madrid, Superiors directed the removal of the students to France, whither the Seminarians had preceded them. Father John Rocca, Visitor, had previously been in Paris to regulate necessary changes with Father Salhorgne, at that time, Superior-General of the Congregation. On taking leave of the Community at Madrid, he made known the object of his proposed journey to Paris, making use of these words of our Lord to His Apostles: "Vado parare vobis locum."

The Congregation was suppressed towards the close of 1836, when nearly all religious Communities throughout Spain shared the same fate.

The greater number of our young men were trans-
ferred to France. Some confrères went to Italy. Many Priests from the establishment at Madrid and other houses were likewise compelled to emigrate.

France, then, welcomed to her shores Rev. Fathers John Rocca, Carlos Rocca, Escarra, Cerda, Gros, Codina, Coll, Pi, Santasusanna, and other venerable Priests. Many left with us most edifying memories by their good example and exact observance of rules. All endeavored to render themselves useful; some as teachers, others in the exercise of the holy ministry; but, the great difficulty that presented itself, arose from their ignorance of the French language. They made great efforts to acquire it. They composed instructions which they, after correction, carefully copied into French, and then committed verbally to memory. We still preserve some of these instructions marked with corrections, as venerated relics of our Fathers in Jesus Christ and in St. Vincent.

As to Father Borja, he had to remain in Madrid as Spiritual Director of the Daughters of Charity, which was his exclusive occupation from 1834 to 1854—at which time, the congregation was re-established in Spain, and Father Borja again resumed direction of the Internal Seminary.

So exalted was the opinion of superiors of his qualifications for that office, that they could think of no one else equally suited; although his age and, especially, his failing sight must have convinced them that he could not long maintain it. Soon, cataracts formed over both eyes, and he was blind twelve or fourteen years before his decease.

Rest, which he neither asked nor desired, became, at last, a necessity; and he availed himself of his forced repose to perfect himself in virtue. Notwithstanding his blindness, he willingly gave conferences to the Daughters of Charity, particularly to the novices.
This he did, according to ancient custom, once a week. But he no longer heard confessions.

In this state he spent the last years of his life, reciting chaplets and other prayers, visiting the Blessed Sacrament, hearing Masses and listening to the Spiritual Readings of a coadjutor Brother. Three or four years before his death, the tremor of his hands increasing, he was unable to celebrate mass, and, had to be satisfied with daily communion. He continued in this holy practice until a few days before his death.

This is an imperfect summary of Father Borja’s life; it presents nothing extraordinary to our examination. Yet, he was no ordinary man; to see him and speak to him, but once, sufficed to stamp him forever on one’s memory. What was the secret of that indelible impression, if not the interior spirit which animated him and made itself discernible in his bearing, his words and his whole being? It is of this spirit that we shall now treat.

(To be continued.)
PROVINCE OF IRELAND.

LETTER OF REV. PETER BYRNE, PRIEST OF THE MISSION; TO VERY REV. A. FIAT, SUPERIOR GEN.

Normal School for Teachers. Important Results of this Institution.

St. Patrick’s College,
Drumcondra, Dublin,
February 7th, 1894.

Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

I blame myself for neglecting to write to you as often as I should or, as I desire.

You will be pleased to learn that the important work, with which we are entrusted, is making fair progress. St. Patrick’s School is really the Normal School of Catholic Ireland. We have one hundred and sixty students. Every year about one hundred teachers leave the institution, furnished with government certificates for Primary Schools.

One thousand students have already gone forth from this College and, are now teaching in Catholic Schools throughout the country.

The great good these teachers may effect is perceptible, as well as the necessity of preparing them for the proper fulfilment of their Mission. So far, God appears to bless our labors.

Let us pray that we may merit a continuance of the divine blessing on our labors and ourselves.
Begging your paternal blessing for myself and all connected with St. Patrick's College,
I am, with deep respect,
Your very humble and devoted Son,
in Christ Jesus,
PETER BYRNE,
_u. p. o. t. c. m._
ITALY.
Province of Lombardy.

REV. LOUIS SBUITONI,

Priest of the Mission, Who Died at Savona, February 6, 1894.

A Savonian journal, *Il Letimbro*, published the day following the death of the pious Missionary, Rev. Louis Sbuttoni, a very eulogistic obituary notice, from which we extract a few notes. (The journal bears date February 8th.)

Father Louis Sbuttoni was born at Gravago, in the diocese of Plaisance, in the year 1816, of estimable parents in humble circumstances. When eleven years of age, he began his studies at the Episcopal Seminary and continued them at the College Alberoni at Plaisance.

One year after his elevation to the Priesthood, he entered the Congregation of the Mission; and having given proof of his capability at Genoa, he was sent in 1842 to Savona, where he labored half a century.

At the time of his arrival, the college at Savona had attained, under the administration of the Priests of the Congregation of the Mission, a high degree of prosperity which was, in a great measure, due to the executive abilities of two highly distinguished men, Revs. Michael-Angelo Castagna and Father John B. Magliani, whose splendid management was maintained by Rev. Louis Sbuttoni.

In his professional capacity, he showed a great talent for mathematics and the natural sciences. To
study and solve mathematical problems and to apply himself to scientific researches, were his relaxations, and a comfort in times of sickness and fatigue. Slate and pencil were always noticeable articles in his apartment.

To this day, his friends love to tell of the importance he attached to the study of mathematics in a discourse which he delivered in St. Andrew's Church, on the occasion of a solemn session held there by the Faculty of Savona College. He had also a remarkable taste for the science of Botany; he knew all the plants of the country round, by name, and cultivated many in his window-garden. He was also very well versed in Polite Literature.

But, like a true Priest, his preference was for sacred lore. Every day he devoted a certain length of time to the review of Moral Theology, in which he was profoundly versed.

Thus mentally equipped, Father Sbuttoni proved himself an excellent preceptor, possessing all necessary qualifications for his important task. It was rendered sweet and easy by his characteristic affection for youth. To his students, he was father, adviser, confidant and friend.

In sickness he procured them relief, and interested himself in improving their sanitary conditions.

But he aimed, above all, at the culture of the heart, by inculcating maxims and principles illustrated by examples, calculated to lead his pupils to the practice of virtue. He was lenient to every failing save dissimulation.

The affection of the students for their Reverend Professor was sincere, filial and constant. Neither time nor the turmoil of business ever weakened their attachment for Father Sbuttoni, on whose reciprocal regard neither time nor circumstances wrought any change.
Those young men never forgot the solid, Christian instructions of this holy Priest, whether they engaged in the ecclesiastical state, legal profession, mercantile, medical, literary, scientific pursuits or the military career.

In those days, liberal arts and sciences were confined chiefly to families in easy circumstances; popular education received but little attention.

Father Sbuttoni was one of the earliest advocates of common schools, and he himself prepared several manuals of instruction for the general public. He greatly loved a retired life. His principal and most attractive virtue was his great simplicity. His kindness and cheerfulness opened all hearts to him. He was venerated by the people as a saint. He was very assiduous to his duties in the confessional, through which ministry, he did much for the salvation of souls. He spent much of his time in this duty even to an advanced age. Alms-giving was another means by which he assisted the poor.

He spent from 1861 to 1870 at the College Ghilieri of Finalmarina, where he is still referred to as the saint, the savant, and eulogized for his paternal kindness to children.

Having returned to Savona he labored there as he had formerly done, and was happy to add to other labors the direction of several pious works. In his earlier years he had petitioned Superiors to send him to Abyssinia; but such not being the divine will, Father Sbuttoni merged all his zeal into the important duties confided to him.

But, he was growing old; sad events destroyed the illustrious college of Savona—what remained of it was transferred to the Country House, in 1889. Father Sbuttoni was there engaged principally in its direction. His failing sight obliged him to use very powerful
lenses in giving his lectures, but his health was good and his memory unimpaired.

That winter he had an attack of influenza that completely prostrated him.

Having received the last sacraments with deep devotion, he slept in the Lord, at noon, Tuesday, February 6th, 1894. Savona is plunged in grief; it has lost in him a benefactor and a model.
My Most Honored Mother:

The grace of Our Lord be with us forever!

Sister Superior, who is very ill at present, requests me to furnish you with some details of the disastrous fire that destroyed the City Hospital.

Friday, December 8th, three of our sisters were suffering from an attack of influenza; Sister Superior, Sister Brousse and Sister Dracopoly, this left but four of us on duty. At six o'clock in the evening, just as we entered the refectory for supper, we heard a crackling noise. Some one exclaimed: "That sounds like fire!" We left the room, opened a door that leads to the pharmacy, and, looking out of the window, we noticed a blaze proceeding from an old wooden fence contiguous to the kitchen chimney. A spark had probably fallen on the old timber, and this, the wind being high, originated the fire. We can assign no other cause.

We immediately summoned all the infirmarians and able-bodied men around the house. Every one hastened to throw water on the flames, which continued to spread.
In the meanwhile we urged the sick sisters to rise immediately, but, before they were half dressed, the flames had invaded the dormitories. Sister Brousse was too sick to rise; two other sisters helped her out and were themselves nearly suffocated by the smoke.

A man had to carry her out of the room. We threw a blanket over her and escaped from amid the flames. The poor sufferer was carried to St. Joseph’s Orphan Asylum, under charge of Sister Renaud, where she died the next morning.

Whilst the other sisters were engaged, I went through the sick wards to induce the patients, who were able to walk, to rise immediately. Then I hastened to the front door; no one was to be seen. I screamed Fire! Fire! I tried to alarm the neighbors. Presently a Turk came out; I called to him: “Run quickly for the firemen, the Hospital is in flames!” They were on the spot with their engine in five minutes, but it was already too late? Then I exclaimed: “Take out the sick! oh! the sick!” “Where are the sick?” enquired the firemen.

I led them to the wards. The patients were soon safe. Those who were unable to walk were carried out on the men’s shoulders or on mattresses, and conveyed to the Italian Hospital, which is near ours. There we all found shelter. The religious, in charge of the hospital, are very kind and devoted to us all, sisters and patients. Having ascertained, beyond doubt, that no one had been overlooked, we gathered together, and left the burning building.”

O, my most honored mother, it was frightful! Never shall I forget that scene!

We left with nothing but the clothes we wore. We were unable to save property of any kind—chapel furniture, patients’ and sisters’ personal effects, account books, provisions, community books. Everything was burned. Not a pinworth remained. I regret, above
all, the Conferences of St. Vincent and of our former Superiors, the "Lives of our deceased Sisters," which we had collected during the twenty-eight years of our sojourn at the hospital. All souvenirs of our dear community. We have no meditation books.

Our sisters of other establishments, have been exceedingly kind in sending us necessary articles and a little money. Sister Visitatrix has ordered shoes for us, some clothing apparel and linen. The Priests of the Mission have also proved very kind, and the people have generally given proofs of sympathy.

Since the day of the fire, we have done nothing but follow up the Turkish authorities who have manifested the most kindly interest.

The prefect of the city, Redevan Pacha, called on us the very evening of the fire and begged us not to be uneasy; that our hospital should be rebuilt. He told us to look for a house. After much search we found one. But it is very small and imperfectly adapted to our requirements. But what could we do? The authorities told us to rent it for one year; and, in March, the building of a new hospital should be started on the same grounds. Upon this we rely.

At present, we are moving into our rented house, No. 78 Coumbaradji street. We must be resigned to the want of many things. Our chief anxiety is the care of our poor patients. There are now twenty street-cleaners lying in the stable, waiting admittance to the hospital. We have so little room. I fear we have a terrible year before us!

Pray for us, Most Honored Mother, that we may suffice for the work!

I am, in the love of our Lord and of His immaculate Mother,

Your obedient daughter,

Sister Vincent,

W. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.
Letter of Sister Mansart, Daughter of Charity, to Our Most Honored Father Fiat, Superior General.

CITY HOSPITAL, Constantinople, Feb. 4, 1894.

Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

You are aware of the danger we have incurred. Scarcely had we left the Hospital, when it was a mass of flames. From the Italian Hospital, where the religious have entertained us with the greatest charity, we watched its destruction. It looked like a burning cage.

We had been only a few moments at the Hospital when his Excellency, Redevan Pacha, Prefect of the city, called. He inquired if the Sisters and all their sick were there? When I assured him that no one had perished in the flames, he was greatly relieved and begged me not to be troubled—there was no reason for it. He would have another and more convenient Hospital built for us.

In the meanwhile, said he, go to-morrow morning with Hafous Effendi, here present. (He is the assistant of the president of the Common Council and as he lives in the neighborhood of the Hospital, he soon arrived.) You will look up a suitable house, which we shall rent for one year.

He then authorized the Effendi to purchase fifty bedsteads and the same number of mattresses, blankets, &c., &c.

The Pacha, or Chief of Police, dispatched to us not to worry, assuring us that his Majesty, the Sultan, had already issued orders to the effect that we and our patients should be well cared for.

It appears that telegraphers had been kept busy, the whole night long, transmitting orders from the Palace and forwarding accounts of the catastrophe. Every one was interested, most Honored Father, but, what
could they do for us! Everything was ablaze before our nearest neighbors could come to our aid.

That very night, a terrible cyclone burst over Constantinople. The wind was so high that large firebrands were carried across the city in every direction, exciting the greatest alarm. Fortunately, no other building caught fire.

It was no easy task for us to find a suitable building. The people have a great dread of living in the vicinity of a hospital. We succeeded, however, and we are in our new quarters since January 9th.

Although I am sick, God leaves me strength sufficient to attend to the management of the house, where there is a lack of everything necessary to the sick, who were brought in before necessary arrangements could be made for their reception. We must transform a private dwelling into a Hospital. The house is high and narrow; in it, nothing remains closed; not even the doors and windows.

To-day, I discharged the workmen, who have been fitting up the place for over a month.

We have only twenty-two beds, and they are too close together. But we are assured that, in the spring, the hospital shall be rebuilt. The city authorities will borrow the necessary funds. I endeavor to obtain whatever is indispensable for the sick and the house, but I can ask nothing for sisters or chapel. We implore our good God to aid us in this emergency.

The City Hospital was begun September 20, 1865, on the ruins of a cholera ambulance. There were altogether six houses. After the fire, I was, for a short time, apprehensive that nothing further could be attempted; but my fears have proved groundless. So much the better for the poor. Ours is the only Catholic hospital that receives patients gratuitously. Although, unfortunately, my account books have been burned, I remember that December 29th, the day of the fire, I
found that we had received, during the year (1130) eleven hundred and thirty patients, belonging to some twenty or twenty-five different nationalities.

Yes, my most Honored Father, help me to thank God that no greater calamity has visited us. We are doing the best we can in a house altogether inadequate to our exigencies. We are obliged to have our usual 2 o'clock reading during breakfast, the only time we can be together. The sick are coming in all the time. Our chapel is a small room that cannot accommodate more than six or seven persons. We have no communion railing to divide the sanctuary from the part we occupy. You will smile, no doubt, when I tell you that in order to provide a confessional, we had to utilize the door of the goat stable which escaped the flames. It has a little lattice that is quite appropriate, and we managed to cover the burnt wood with paper, which makes it quite presentable. Good Father Regnier declares that he is much pleased with our invention.

Bless us, I pray you, with a blessing that will bring us increased fortitude and courage to sustain our daily combats, that we may render greater glory to our good Master.

Accept, I beg you, most Honored Father, the sentiments of profound respect, in which I have the honor to be,

Your very humble and devoted daughter,

Sister Mansart,

U. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.

Account of the Missions by Rev. M. Bettembourg, Procurator-General of the Congregation of the Mission.

This account of establishments in charge of the Priests of the Mission and of the Daughters of Charity has been drawn up for the Annual Report presented to the Administrative Council of the Propagation of the Faith.

We shall give copious extracts. After the ruin wrought towards the close of the last century, it proves the admirable re-establishment
and development during the present century of the works of St. Vincent’s double family in the East, in the extreme East, in Africa and in South America.

1. Province of Constantinople.

Our numerous works appear to be in a very satisfactory condition. I desire, however, to point out, in the first place, certain facts that have struck me particularly in accounts received from the East, and in the correspondence of missionaries and sisters established in the ports of the Levant. Catholic influence is threatened, and exposed to the concentrated attacks of Protestant sectarians. There exists a real danger, which I venture to indicate.

Constantinople.

*St. Benedict’s College.*—Twenty-two missionaries and nine Marist Brothers form the professional corps of this establishment.

Our confrères exercise also the duties of the holy ministry in their own chapel, which ranks among the principal churches of Constantinople, and they are chaplains of the eight establishments of the Daughters of Charity in the city.

The college is in a most flourishing condition. It numbers two hundred pupils, of whom one hundred and fifty are boarders.

It is a well-known fact that the young men who go forth from this college obtain positions throughout the administrative offices of the Ottoman Empire. Many have attained the highest places.

I cannot recall to mind without vivid emotions of joy, the testimonies of appreciation and esteem publicly rendered by high Mussulman functionaries to the former students of St. Benedict’s College.

The discipline and schedule of studies are faithful copies of second grade institutions in France.

We have long remarked that many Priests of the Mission, despite their zeal, spirit of faith and devoted-
ness, feel a repugnance to spending their lives teaching the rudiments of the French, Greek or Latin languages. To afford them more latitude for the duties of the sacred ministry, we were inspired to appeal to the devotedness of some Community of Brothers to teach the elementary classes in our college and some special courses.

At St. Génis, Laval, we met the little Brothers of Mary, whom divine Providence seems to designate as our collaborators.

September, 1891, four Brothers embarked at Marseille, with the intention of coming to St. Benedict’s College. Their success as teachers has equalled our expectations, and our confrères have earnestly petitioned their Superior-General to send them five more Brothers.

It is well-known that our college is at Galata. The Frankish City was, for centuries, confined to this quarter, which was also the commercial seaport of Constantinople.

During the Crimean war, Europeans abandoned their old quarters to establish themselves more comfortably on the heights of Pera.

Galata was then immediately invaded by that cosmopolitan and vicious crowd that infests all important seaports, particularly in the East.

For some years past, the ancient suburb of St. Benedict has been so surrounded by gambling houses, low cafés and other worse places, that our confrères found they could not remain in that quarter unless stringent measures were taken to remove all such nuisances from the vicinity of the college.

It was therefore necessary to purchase all the real estate in the immediate vicinity of the college. This enables us to enlarge our buildings, but it leaves us burthened with a heavy debt.

*St. George’s House.*—Ten Priests and several coadjutor Brothers form the *personnel* of this establishment.
It was undertaken, to sustain in the faith and in religious practices, German Catholics who, are becoming daily more numerous in Constantinople. We have affiliated this institution, both with regard to its personnel and its administration, to our Province in Austria.

*House of Providence.—Personnel,* thirty-three Sisters and seven under-teachers. Its works are numerous and very important. It includes six classes, two asylums, two industrial schools, attended by over five hundred (500) children. At the Dispensary, thirty-six thousand (36,000) poor, without distinction of nationality or creed, have been treated. Six hundred and fifty (650) bashful poor have been assisted—sometimes among them, entire families of Europeans who have taken refuge in Constantinople to hide their misery and altered circumstances; and, whom the charity of our Sisters only could discover.

To these works I should add the Foundlings. We have gathered together about (170) one hundred and seventy of these poor little creatures. Those whom death spares will, in course of time, be placed in the Orphan Asylums. The annual expense of this charity alone, amounts to 20,000 francs.

But must we refuse to assist those dear, forsaken ones? writes the Sister Superior. That would be to close the Gates of Heaven against a crowd of poor, little creatures. For here, as in China, such children are destroyed. To abandon them would, it seems to me, prove us traitors to our vocation. We are the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul and should be ready to endure any suffering in order to maintain his work of predilection.

The House of Providence, founded in 1839, is the oldest establishment our Sisters possess in the Orient. It is the cradle of all our works of charity in that part of the world. It is a kind of Mother House. The Visitatrix of the Daughters of Charity, in that province,
resides here. The ancient, worn out, infirm and sick Sisters from the several houses in the city, also from Salonica, Smyrna and Greece, go thither to rest and to recruit.

Many good, ancient, and invalid Sisters have expended in the Levant, health and strength. Many among them love to recall, as the sweetest memories of a long career of courageous devotedness, the days spent in the ambulances during the Crimean war.

Could we neglect to provide those servants of the poor with the necessaries of life?

Besides the works already enumerated, there are others that merely occur to my memory: Aid afforded to many families, to the bashful poor, to indigent travellers, to mendicants, &c., all very humble, very meritorious and very fruitful good works.

_St. George's. Daughters of Charity._—German establishment. Fourteen (14) Sisters, nine (9) under teachers. Orphan asylums for boys and for girls; domiciliary visits to Germans dispersed throughout the city, Extern schools, A Patronage, Class for catechumens, &c. So great is the influence of this establishment among the Germans, that Protestants, despite their influence and wealth, look upon it as a dangerous obstacle to their designs.

With a view to destroy or diminish its influence, they have settled on valuable property next to our establishment under the patronage of St. George.

Ministers and deaconesses narrowly watch the proceedings of Missionaries and Sisters of Charity in their works of mercy.

_St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum._—Twenty-six (26) Sisters; 270 (two hundred and seventy) orphan children. Extern classes, one hundred and forty-five (145) pupils. Intern and Extern Industrial Schools; a Dispensary; domiciliary visits.

This house is the only orphan asylum for girls, under
charge of the Sisters, in Constantinople, which fact suffices to explain its importance.

Since the year 1841, the Daughters of Charity have understood that this is one of the most urgent works to stem the torrent of iniquity.

The most distinguished personages, particularly the several European ambassadors, have interested themselves in this work and aided the Sisters to put up the immense building that affords shelter to so many young girls and fosters, besides, so many desirable industries.

The house is supported, principally, by the proceeds of the children's handiwork. In training them to manual labors, the sisters aim chiefly, not only to sustain the house, but to enable these poor and, generally, forsaken children to gain an honest livelihood; to become skilled Christian workingwomen and good mothers of families.

These orphan girls remain in the establishment until they have attained their eighteenth year, when situations are provided for them—or they are returned to their families. Of course, the Sisters frequently visit them, continue to interest themselves in their welfare and assemble them, from time to time, at the Asylum.

Despite these precautions, however, sad falls and defections occur.

With a view to the preservation of their morals, a portion of the building is assigned to former pupils who, when out of a situation, there find a second shelter.

They then remain awhile with the Sisters to regain strength of soul and body, other situations are sought out for them, and it often happens that they return again and again to St. Joseph’s Asylum. We can easily understand the constant solicitude this must entail upon the Sisters. But, they keep no account of their own sacrifices.

The orphanage being the principal object of this house, I forbear enumerating other works connected
with it. They are, elsewhere, detailed and are to be found in nearly all the establishments of the Daughters of Charity in the Orient.

City Hospital (1), seven (7) Sisters.—To give an idea of this hospital sui generis, the only one in the Orient opened on certain conditions, I will simply copy the account written by the Sister Superior herself:

"This Hospital was established in 1865 in some very old buildings, with a view to receiving only the very worst class of patients brought thither by the police force."

We often meet among those unfortunate creatures, individuals well qualified to fill honorable positions; and who belong to families in easy circumstances. They are students, professors, literary men who after years of sad vicissitudes, sink, at last, into the very dregs of society.

At first, these poor souls are mistrustful; they watch their surroundings closely, but, when they witness the care bestowed on all, without distinction of nationality or creed they lay aside their prejudices and gloomy suspicions and soon become gentle and grateful.

Our dear patients, adds the Sister, afford us the sweetest consolation. Many of them find, under our roof, grace and salvation. Catholics return to the practices of their faith and die in the happiest dispositions. Alas! if the police had not brought them to us, they would have ended their days in Turkish or Greek Hospitals, apostates and renegades.

Truly ours is the Hospital of Providence, which alone sustains it. Considering our extreme poverty, for, sometimes, we are in want of our daily bread, and despite the difficulties that beset us, our holy works prosper. I say to myself: Divine Providence is keeping special and loving watch over us and I really look

(1.) This is the one lately destroyed by fire, the details of which are given on page 181.
upon the preservation of the hospital as miraculous. The souls that would have been irrevocably lost, but have here found eternal life, obtain for us this grace.

In the course of the last year, we received about 1200 (twelve hundred) patients, a heavy expense, for it must be borne in mind, that of the ten hospitals in Constantinople, ours is the only one that provides gratuitously for the sick.

(To be continued.)
Let us consider the document as a letter from Priest J. B. Lepers to V. Rev. A. Fiat, Superior General, about the conversion of the village of Kao-ling and the progress of the faith in several localities in China. The letter is dated Sa-Kiao, June 5, 1893.

**Most Honored Father:**

Your blessing, if you please!

In a previous letter, I promised that the first chapel I would open should be dedicated to the "Virgin Most Powerful."

This chapel was opened in the early part of February (1st Chinese Moon), under the sub-prefecture of Ouang-ngain. The catechumens from the city and environs were present in crowds.

The progress of the faith in the district of Taytcheou is very perceptible. Every day brings new catechumens to be registered.

The opening of the month of June was rendered memorable by a remarkable event.

About a league from Low-djiao is the village of Kao-ling, nearly all of whose inhabitants were converted to Protestantism, a few months ago. The Protestant catechist (a Chinaman), made his selection and refused to receive any poor people. Now things have turned out as follows:

This Protestant catechist was called upon to settle a dispute between an inhabitant of Kao-ling and a Pagan...
in a neighboring village. Matters at first seemed fa­vorable to the Protestant catechumen, on whose side was the law. But soon the silver dollars of the Pagan weighed, like the sword of Brennus, on the scales of justice, so that the Protestant catechist decided against his corregligonist.

After these two events, the citizens of Kao-ling sus­tained a cooling off of the faith and, on the following Sunday, there was a very slim attendance in the Pro­testant meeting-house at Lou-djiao. They had once offered their pagoda to a Protestant pastor. He re­fused it, and required them all to repair to Lou-djiao, where, he said, the great numbers would strengthen the faith of the weak-hearted. But after these two events, having seen enough of Protestantism, many desired to come to us; others to return to their idols.

An apparent chance acquainted us with their hesi­tation. He who had induced them to embrace Pro­testantism had been a catechumen since the first Chinese moon and had come to Sa-kiao to spend the feast of Pentecost. I inquired if he would like to visit the village and sound the dispositions of its inhab­i­tants. He acceded, and we started the day before the vigil of Pentecost, accompanied by a friend, likewise a Protestant convert.

Whitsun-Eve they called on me, towards night-fall, accompanied by about forty delegates from the village, men, women and children, who came to ask instruc­tion; they came in a crowd, for fear that I would tear out their hearts, or inflict some other manner of death upon them. My two envoys told me that Protestants in this district teach that Catholics tear out the eyes and hearts of unbelievers.

These calumnies have been attested to me by recent converts, and many other falsehoods of similar nature.

The sight of our devout celebration and of the decora-
tions of the church dispelled the prejudices of the delegates from Kao-ling.

Drawing a comparison between Protestantism for which they had renounced their idols so shortly before, they were struck with the beauty of our ceremonies. "Here, at least," said they, "candles are lit; the church is decorated and we witness beautiful ceremonies; at the Protestant meetings, we do not know what they are doing."

The reunion of the village was then and there decided upon, on condition that the pagoda should be transformed into a chapel. I accepted this condition, provided the villagers were not opposed to it. They wished to give me a deed of the pagoda. I refused, lest the mandarin would refuse to record it; but I compromised by assuring them that a stone should be placed in front of the pagoda bearing an inscription to the effect that the temple had been converted into a Catholic Church with the unanimous consent of the inhabitants. There yet remained from ten to twelve poussas, or idols. My new converts, be it well understood, would not agree to take upon themselves the destruction of their idols. In the depths of their hearts they were still in terror of those clay and wooden gods. My two new converts from protestantism, who had assembled the villagers of Kao-ling, assumed this duty to themselves.

Having called a meeting of the villagers to enquire if any were opposed to the measure, two opium-eaters presented themselves and declared that they were. After much debate for and against, it was decided to give those two individuals a wooden idol about two metres high. The others of terra cotta, should be destroyed. This was agreed upon, and my two heroes proceeded to the work of destruction.

The inhabitants of Kao-ling, before the fall of the biggest idol, stood aloof through fear, but as soon as they heard the first fall they rushed into the pagoda
and vied with one another in the work of destruction. This took place June 1st. Now, all idols throughout the village are destroyed, the pagoda is undergoing repairs and will soon be fitted up for a chapel.

There are about sixty families in this village; it is a beautiful, rising christian settlement.

The conversion of Kao-ling is but a single fact in the annals of this district.

A few weeks ago I was invited to open a new chapel at Jeu-lou-kouen (a suburb of Lou-dgiao); this suburb is the centre of the division of canals, as its name implies; Jeu-lou-kouen signifies "Ten canal roads." Forty-four families are registered in that suburb. The chapel, as at Kao-ling, is supported by the catechumens; the catechists are maintained by the mission. At Tzin-yang-dao there are about twenty families; the same at Tzinkan, at Tekan and at Sin-ho (walled city.) The sub-prefecture of Nio-ouáin is very promising. The two large towns of Uen-djiao and Ou-ngain are preparing to receive the faith.

Catechumens petition for chapels in every direction. I can only cast myself into the arms of Providence. I cannot with my few confrères, suffice for the work. Catechists are rare, resources still more so. I find much difficulty in procuring altar furniture. Altar, crucifix, candlesticks, altar cloths—everything is wanting!

God who calls these simple people can supply our insufficiency. Laborers are our greatest need. The harvest is ripe—the ears are full and bending over. Catechumens seek instruction, but who will answer their appeal? *Parvuli petierunt panem et non erat qui frangert eis.*

In conclusion, I will say a word about the capital. On the first Chinese moon, I had also to open a chapel at Tay-tchou-fou. My two Protestant heroes came from that place. Religion is spreading in that great
city. Catechumens are numerous and there is every promise of an abundant harvest.

The good tidings are spreading everywhere; it looks as if the hour of divine mercy had dawned on this part of China. May all these bright hopes soon be realized!

Bless, I pray you, my Most Honored Father, him who loves to sign himself, in our Lord,

Your devoted son,

J. B. Lepers,

u. p. o. v. m.
VICARIAT OF NORTHERN TCHE-LY.

LETTER OF REV. FATHER CAPY, PRIEST OF THE MISSION, TO
VERY REV. A. FIAT, SUPERIOR GENERAL.

Condition of the Establishments.

TIEN-TSIN, July 18, 1893.

Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

Our district of Tien-tsin seems to be awakening from its long torpor, and the blood of martyrs will soon prove a fruitful seed.

The number of adult baptisms reminds one of the days preceding the stormy period of 1870.

At Jeu-Chan, where matters seem encouraging, and even at Tien-tsin, the action of God is perceptible. But, most honored Father, how greatly we need your assistance!

Tien-tsin, with its immense population and European concessions, is a very important place. With regard to spiritual aid, we have, on the Concessions, a College of Brothers, the Sisters' House, a Hospital and about six hundred Christians. Moreover, an annex of three hundred Christians at a league's distance from the ruins of Our Lady of Victories; and, three hundred Christians scattered within a radius of ten leagues; reaching a total of twelve hundred (1200) Christians depending chiefly on Tien-tsin. About thirty-five or forty leagues to the southward, seven hundred Christians are scattered throughout a hundred villages, and a still greater number of catechumens, in other hamlets who, weary of Protestants, apply for instruction to us. Two priests would be of great utility here, both on account of distances and the double residences established at Jeu-Chan and at Nan-py.
To bear company to Father Dehus, good Father Fong spent a great part of the year in those towns; but the poor Procurator had to remain alone at Tien-tsin while the Chinese Priest went abroad to give Missions. The former duplicated on Sunday; and did his best to meet parochial requirements and attend to business generally.

O, most honored Father! if you could but send us a few Brothers, already trained to their avocations, what a blessing it would prove to our dear Vicariat. They would meet no greater difficulty than I did in acquiring the language of the country; yet, by God's grace, I succeeded.

The following is a slight sketch of our labors:

1. Christians, .............................................. 1877
2. Baptism of the Children of Christians, . . . 96
   " " Adults, ............................................ 93
3. " " " (in articulo mortis) ............................................. 213
4. Annual confessions .................................... 1195
   Confessions of devotion ............................................. 2576
   (of the above 2285 were at Tien-tsin.)
5. Annual communions ................................... 1062
   Communions of devotion ............................................. 3885

At Tien-tsin, we still look with regret upon the dear ruins of 1870; they remain untouched, and our works are about limited to the Concessions; whilst Protestants extend their influence and propagate their false tenets, through ministers and school mistresses in the suburbs and the city. Hospitals are maintained or built by the vice-roy, also dispensaries, schools for English and Chinese, numerous chapels—nothing is neglected; not even domiciliary visits.

As if to defy us, they have just purchased a beautiful site about one hundred paces from our old Tse-Yureg, the theatre of our Sisters' massacre, where they are erecting a fine residence with a magnificent façade on the principal street.
Providence, however, affords us the consolation, this year, of extending our church under the vocable of St. Louis, which no longer suffices to accommodate its congregation.

We have built a choir and two beautiful side chapels for the Europeans.

When shall we enjoy the same freedom as Protestants? Resume our extern works and rebuild Our Lady of Victories?

Believe me, in the love of our Lord, Very Rev. and Most Honored Father,

Your very humble and devoted servant,

I. Capy,

U. P. o. t. C. of t. M.

Notes on Rev. Peter Fong, C. M. Died in China, July 19, 1893.

His virtues, simple and affable character, and remarkable self-sacrifice, acquired for Rev. Peter Fong, Priest of the Mission, universal esteem and affection.

The author of the well-known work, "Christianity in China," relates the history of Father Peter Fong's conversion. It was brought about, as his biographer remarks, by events rather calculated to plunge him deeper still into the errors, in which he had been trained, of Buddhism.

"Father Gabet and the neophyte Paul had started to visit a Lamasary in the Grassy Plains."

While they were quietly riding across the desert, they caught a glimpse, in the distance, of a yellow garment that alternately appeared and disappeared along the prairies.

Urging their steeds forward, they recognized a Lama who traveled on, frequently stretching himself on the ground and striking it with his forehead.

"Father, said Paul, that is a poor Lama performing one of those frightful Pilgrimages that I have described to you. Let us go to him. The Lord, no
THE ANNALS.

doubt, has merciful designs on the soul of that fervent Buddhist?" We rode on, but the Pilgrim paying no attention to us, continued his journey and prostrations.

The Lama Pilgrim was Mr. Fong, then scarcely twenty years old. His sweet and melancholy countenance was likewise characterized by energy and firmness. His hands both callous and bleeding, his tattered garments, a heavy callosity that had formed on the middle of his forehead, proved that this was not the first day of his pilgrimage.

This poor young man had already been on the road one month. The stormiest weather had not interrupted his devotion. Every day he performed numberless prostrations in the midst of rain, snow, and the most intense cold.

According to his calculation, three months must elapse ere he could reach the Lamasary, which was the term of his painful pilgrimage. The fervent and courageous Lama carried no baggage, but a wallet of provisions, consisting of scorched oatmeal and crumbled cheese, as hard as gravel. When these provisions gave out, he sought a fresh supply in camps or caravans. When he failed to meet these, he endured hunger heroically, commending his life to Buddha.

The next morning, the missionary sent for the pilgrim. The details of his sufferings awakened surprise in the Neophyte, Paul; but the Missionary of Jesus Christ was deeply touched; he took great interest in the young man whose blindness excited his pity. He enquired for what purpose he had imposed upon himself so painful a pilgrimage?

"Brother, said the Lama, lifting his sad eyes towards Heaven, I have resolved to save my soul and the souls of my kindred. I made a vow to suffer and to make a pilgrimage, with many prostrations, to the Lamasary of the Five Towers. I made this vow in the presence of Buddha, and I wear it over my heart."
Saying these words, the Lama took out a purse made of yellow silk, which he opened, and from it he withdrew a paper on which was inscribed in Mongolian characters the formula of his vow. The Neophyte, Paul, smiled; but the missionary could not conceal his emotion, nor the tears that flowed from his eyes.

He approached the pious pilgrim and said to him in broken accents: "Yes! Brother, you are right; we must strive to save our souls. Men, who neglect to do so, are very foolish. But, the true God, whom we should all adore, and who is, you know, a Father full of tenderness for his children, wills that we save our souls, without requiring of us the sufferings and privations you have bound yourself to endure. His law is a law of mercy, mildness and charity."

The young Lama, surprised at hearing this holy doctrine, which was not that of Buddha, asked us both many questions. Our answers seemed to inspire him with new life. (1)

[To be continued.]

The Catholic missions have recently published a letter from a Chaldean Catholic Priest, which contains interesting details of Catholicity in Persia. We publish a few extracts from the religious history of that nation, among whom Missionaries and Daughters of Charity are now endeavoring to rekindle the light of faith.

"Persia, formerly noted for its adherence to the faith, was bedewed with the blood of innumerable martyrs up to the sixth century. In that country dragged into the Nestorian heresy, then terrorized by Mahomet and his successors, the faith finally became almost extinct. So that, during the middle ages, a Catholic was rarely to be met with in Persia, especially toward its southern limits.

"In the early part of the nineteenth century, the vast province of Aderbeidjan contained over forty thousand Christians, chiefly Chaldeans and Armenians, all living in the darkness of heresy, with the exception of the extensive parish of Khosrora, which dates its conversion from 1789. Amid all the Christians of the city of Ourmiah and its environs, there existed but one really "Catholic family, and that was of Polish origin."

"But, towards the middle of this century, thanks to the courageous Priests of the Mission, Catholicism revived in Persia. So foreign did this religion, at first, appear to the inhabitants, that it was generally known under the name of the French religion."

"The Priests of the Mission would have succeeded better had not Methodists from New York drawn over to their tenets a great number of Nestorians before the
celebrated Father Eugene Boré had founded the Catholic Mission of Persia. But the zeal of St. Vincent de Paul’s worthy sons bore fruit. The single city of Ooroomiyah with its environs contains several hundred Catholic families, and about forty native priests, many of whom are converts from the Nestorian heresy.’’

REPORT OF REV. FATHER MALAVAL, PRIEST OF THE MISSION, TO MONSEIGNEUR MONTETY, OF THE SAME CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION, ARCHBISHOP AND DELEGATE APOSTOLIC TO PERSIA.

Works of the Chaldean Diocese of Sinah.

SINAH, PERSIAN KOORDISTAN,
September 5, 1893.

Monseigneur:

Your blessing, if you please!

It is only proper that I should render an account to your Lordship of the mission you confided to me, when you sent me to represent you in the midst of the very interesting Catholic population of Koordistan, there to establish schools for the children of both sexes.

I will merely tell you, in a few words, what was done at Sinah previous to your election; I will then take the liberty of recapitulating your own efforts, and will add a few words relative to our hopes for the spiritual progress of Catholics.

First, with regard to the labors of your lamented predecessors for the Christians of Koordistan; certainly they did not neglect them; but, the lack of resources, above all, of subjects, hindered them from realizing desires long entertained. They gave some pecuniary aid to the Bishop and his priests, and assumed the responsibility of meeting the expenses entailed by the establishment of the two schools—for boys and girls.

Unfortunately, the sacrifices they imposed upon
themselves did not, in spite of their acknowledged importance, bear fruit. The boys' school never prospered; and the school for girls was closed after a few months' trial. These meagre results are to be regretted because to their failure may be attributed the want of a thorough, Christian education among the younger members of the flock. A reformation, or an improvement, was certainly necessary in this particular.

Therefore, your lordship, eighteen months ago, accepted the invitation of those good Chaldeans to visit them for the purpose of improving their spiritual condition.

During your brief sojourn at Sinah, you satisfied their legitimate, though rather exacting demands, and they rejoiced in the prospect you afforded them of providing two good schools for them, and a hope that Providence would soon enable you to secure for them a Mission House and an establishment under the charge of the Daughters of Charity, in order to meet their most urgent requirements.

You have, already, partly, redeemed that promise by sending a Chaldean Priest, conversant with the French language, to establish a suitable school.

But, untoward circumstances neutralized his efforts and the sacrifices you had imposed upon yourself. In order to remedy unfavorable conditions and to forward the good work—you sent me hither. Seconded by the good will of the Catholic population, whose means are not at all adequate to their good intentions, having dispelled certain groundless fears, and quieted excited minds, I have been able to establish schools which will, I trust, prove more successful than the preceding. In order to promote this work I have ventured to impose new sacrifices upon your lordship to meet expenses which I had to incur in order to realize your wishes.

You were sorry to see our schools opened in halls that connected with the church; a deplorable arrangement indeed.
Mussulmans and Jews repaired to our schools to learn French, and it was necessary to remove everything that would look like an attempt to proselytize them.

To obviate this very decided difficulty, for last year Mahommodans and Jews kept aloof from us, the Scheick-ul-Islam (Mussulman Bishop) having forbidden his co-religionists to attend our schools, I rented a private house in a quarter removed from the neighborhood of Catholics, Mussulmans or Jews.

This house having been abandoned by its legal proprietors to Kurd families that had taken refuge there, required important repairs at considerable outlay.

We only made such alterations as were necessary to render the house convenient, if not agreeable.

It is composed of a number of spacious rooms well adapted to the purpose in view.

The finest is destined to accommodate children belonging to the higher classes of society.

In two others, Christians and Jews will be taught the French, Persian, Arabic and Chaldean languages.

By this arrangement, I have, to the best of my ability, isolated Catholic pupils from the rest to prevent inconveniences and disagreeable consequences. The remaining rooms shall be occupied by a poor family who will be allowed to reside in the school house, on condition that they keep house and grounds in good order for the children and, also, for the sake of security. For want of police surveillance, robberies are frequent.

As the school for girls has an entirely Catholic attendance, I have appropriated to its use the quarter formerly allotted to the boys.

Unfortunately, I have not been able to secure a capable school-mistress. There is not in this district one Christian woman that can read and write. The best instructed scarcely know the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Creed. I had to be satisfied with one that
could sew a little. She will keep the children together, teach them to use the needle; and, the Priest will daily devote a little time to their instruction. It is impossible to do better just now. Perhaps, in the course of a few months, we may be able to send some more advanced pupils from Ooroomiah to fill the positions of schoolmistresses.

Even for this poor attempt, I have ventured to draw on your purse; trusting that divine Providence will enable me to make restitution.

This, my Lord, is all that I have so far been able to realize.

What hopes do I now entertain? With regard to the boys' school, your professors will succeed if they follow advice.

All desire the children to be well instructed in their religion. The civil and religious authorities have favored my suggestions. The most influential classes are anxious to secure a school in which their children shall be taught French, and shall have an opportunity of acquiring a liberal education. Many young Mussulmans already frequent our school, and their number is daily increasing. I must add that, if this institution prove successful, it will be a guarantee of peace and security to the Christians; for, it will secure to us esteem, respect and greater influence, which will in themselves prove a protection.

In the second place, these first attempts will incite further progress, which is your laudable desire.

The Catholic population of Koordistan incurs a risk, it is in danger of being led astray by American missionaries.

Up to this time, Protestants have been unable to establish themselves at Sinah. Because, the Mussulman Priests, dreading their proselytism, have kept them at bay. But the enemies of Catholicism have not been discouraged and their efforts may yet be crowned with success.
A few days ago two American ladies, summoned by five or six thousand Jews, and provided with an order from the Emir Nizam, Governor of the Province, presented themselves with five native preachers. And I had scarce time to sound the alarm and prevent their access to the city.

But they will return in greater numbers. Their money is seductive and has great influence in Persia. Then, what will be the consequence? Our Catholics are ignorant and poor. Remember, my Lord, what occurred at Amadam—the city nearest to Sinali. The Armenians, with scarce an exception, embraced Protestantism. We must, therefore, by our instructions prevent a defection that would destroy the religious prospects of this Christian settlement.

I am aware that a Priest has been among them a long while. But can one alone suffice for the work? The past does not inspire us with much hope for the future.

What remains to be done? I dare not ask you for missionaries. And, in truth, I doubt that a large number be absolutely necessary just now. The Priests at Ooroomiah can from time to time, visit the Catholics of Koordistan.

But schools being so important at this centre, we require a few Brothers of some community, provided they be capable of teaching the higher branches. I notice that they are employed in the greater number of our Turkish Missions, and our confrères in China have applied for them.

Three or four would suffice. But, the superior should be a man calculated to maintain amicable relations with the authorities and influential men of the city.

Some Daughters of Charity, or other female religions are greatly needed here for the education of young girls. What a transformation their mental and moral
training would effect not only among Christians, but even in Jewish and Mohammedan families. What marvellous results could be obtained through that one good work. I refer especially to the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism to the children of infidels.

Much is said about the work of the Holy Infancy. Can it not be carried on in many ways and many places? No one, with even a mere, superficial knowledge of missionary work, can doubt it. Sisters at Sinah could effect an immense amount of good and send myriads of souls to Heaven in their baptismal innocence.

Every one knows that among Musselmans and Jews, in almost every family, infants die in great numbers; and, it is evident that parents would be more likely to have recourse to the Sisters than to a physician. The number of physicians is very limited in this country; not more than three or four for fifty or sixty thousand souls. These men only exercise their profession for money which the poverty of the people does not permit them to furnish.

Catholic Sisterhoods would have free access to the homes of these people.

With the Jews, there could exist no difficulty, because they are entirely abandoned. Yet, there are more than a thousand Jewish families in this city.

As to the Koords and Persians, who are Sunnites, they live on good terms with Christians whom they esteem and trust; although, they lose no opportunity of cheating them that presents itself. They entertain no hatred or contempt for Christians.

For example, when I arrived at Sinah, Chamacha Stephan, with whom I am on very friendly terms, was celebrating the betrothal of his daughter, and had even waited my coming. All persons of influence, notably the Grand Mollahs (Mussulman Priests) came to offer him their felicitations. Chimacha, however, is
but an ordinary merchant. We have not seen this liberal spirit elsewhere!

Another advantage to be derived from an establishment of Sisters here, would be the vigilance with which they would guard the faith of many young girls and widows who would be likely to consort with Muslims so much more numerous and far better circumstanced here than are the Christians.

Such, my Lord, are the thoughts with which my love for the mission inspires me and which, under your fostering care, will, I trust, become practical.

Certainly, we are poor. These works call for great pecuniary resources. But as they are evidently necessary, Providence will come to our assistance.

Believe me, My Lord, your very humble and obedient servant, in our Lord and His Immaculate Mother,

MALAVAL,
U. P. o. t. C. M.

LETTER OF MONSEIGNEUR MONTETY, OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION, ARCHBISHOP AND DELEGATE-APOSTOLIC IN PERSIA.

To Very Rev. A. Fiat, Superior General.

THE ASSASSINATION OF A YOUNG CATHOLIC ARMENIAN BY MUSULMANS.

OOROOMIAH, August 27, 1893.

Most honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

The law-suits that Catholics have been obliged to sustain with Episcopalians for the recovery of their churches at Salmas and Saoura have revived the religious persecution; a frightful and bloody episode of which, I must now lay before you. There is question...
of the murder of a young Armenian by Mussulmans who are always fanatically opposed to Christianity.

The young man carried on a small business at the Ourimiah Bazar. The Seides, his neighbors and competitors in trade, grew jealous of his prosperity and resolved to get rid of him, by a vile accusation, calculated to enrage the Mussulmans and compass his ruin.

About a week ago, the young Armenian, as usual, engaged at his desk and surrounded by his employés, saw a Mussulman lady enter his store. She asked him to lend her a certain amount of money; he politely expressed his inability to comply, and the lady left to seek help elsewhere. The Seides, who had long watched the young man, seeing him converse with the woman, thought it a favorable opportunity to wreak their vengeance. They immediately rushed from their stands and, hastening to the Bazar, loudly accused the young merchant, Agha-D'jan, of having insulted a Mahomedan lady.

The young Armenian, hearing the tumult, requested one of his clerks to ascertain its cause. But, scarcely had the messenger advanced a few steps, when the Seides, followed by a furious crowd, rushed in, brandishing sabres, enormous clubs, and, uttering the most terrible threats as they invaded the young merchant's store. He, terrified at their sinister aspect, ventured to ask them what they wanted.

Their only answer was to beat him cruelly, drag him to the square in front of the great City-Mosque, where they proposed to despatch him. God alone knows all he suffered as they dragged him rudely along. Insults, the outrages of the populace were heaped upon him; nevertheless, they were nothing by comparison with what was still in store for him. When they reached the space in front of the Mosque, those wretched Seides, pronounced a sentence of death against their poor young victim. Then, one of their number, probably
foreseeing the evil consequences that were likely to result to themselves for their hasty vengeance, begged his co-religionists to proceed to justice according to rule; but his words only exasperated those blood-thirsty men. The Mussulman, however, did not consider himself vanquished. He imposed silence upon the crowd; and said to the young Armenian, in a loud voice: "Embrace Mahometanism and I promise to save your life." "Never," answered the Armenian, "Never!" "But, if you save my life—all that I possess shall be yours." All was over—the Seid who had interested himself in his behalf—could do no more.

The fanatics, fearing to be disappointed of their victim, fell upon him and stabbed him repeatedly with their daggers, crying out: "By Allah! thou shalt die!" In an instant, the body of the unfortunate young man was riddled with wounds. But the torrents of his blood did not appease their rage. They tied the feet of the dying man with a rope and dragged him beyond the city walls, uttering cries of rage. There they stoned him, disemboweled him and threw him into a sewer, strictly forbidding any Christian to bury him. The corpse remained in that infected mire until sundown. Finally, in compliance with my request, the government issued an order to restore the body of the young Armenian to his family. But, the wretches on guard around the place would not deliver up his remains without the payment of a specified sum. Immediately afterwards, he received Christian burial. The unfortunate man leaves a young wife and two little children.

The whole city is in a state of wildest excitement. The murderers are not yet satisfied. They are striving to excite the populace to pillage the Christian quarters. We implore God to shield us from further misfortune. As soon as the account of the murder reached us, we informed the French Consul; English and American
Missionaries, the Representatives of Turkey and Russia have telegraphed to the Consuls. The Court of Teheran is alarmed at sight of all these despatches, and has already deposed the Governor. His successor, Prince Iman Kouli Mirza, grand son of Fath Ali Schah, has been appointed his successor; he is said to be just, friendly to the Christians, and, likewise, kindly disposed towards our dear mission.

Most Honored Father, pray for all your children in Persia, and bless their Apostolic labors.

Believe me, in the love of our dear Lord and of Mary Immaculate,

Your most humble and obedient son,

J. H. MONTÉTY,

C. M.
Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

Our dear confrères in the establishment at Keren, after a year spent in good works, are now fervently engaged in the exercises of the Annual Retreat, renewing their vigor, that they may resume, with redoubled ardor, the important and numerous duties of a missionary life.

The young endeavor to imitate the ancient brethren; and, indeed, they can form themselves on no better models.

It is only by imitating the energy, self-sacrifice and devotedness of our predecessors and the veterans whom God preserves in our midst, that any of us can hope to be useful in poor Abyssinia.

Here, we lead a peculiar life; we must adapt ourselves to our surroundings under penalty of merely vegetating and passing, like the breeze, without leaving a trace of our passage.

We must love our vocation, we must love our condition, we must love the land of our adoption and rid ourselves of much that seems a second nature.

How many days have glided by since I confided to you our joys and our trials; the latter, as usual, in excess of the former.
THE ANNALS.

You have pardoned me, for you are aware that, since my departure from Paris, in November, 1892, I have had scant leisure. Many events, however, have since occurred; I mean, of course, such as concern us directly. It is time for me to break silence.

Instead of preserving chronological order in my narration, I prefer to make a review of the mission, district by district; I know not if it be a better way, but, I am sure, it will prove easier to me and serve my memory better.

In the course of the year that has just glided by, we have been so happy as to realize at Massawali a long cherished desire. Our confrères, obliged to live in this furnace, have now a dwelling, not indeed superb; but, convenient and salubrious. It would be difficult for any one, a stranger to our former residence, to conceive a correct idea of it.

Some may remark: "Your predecessors lived in it, you might do the same."

The remark is rather specious than correct. Our predecessors did not live in it. It was a mere halting place, which somewhat alters the view.

The Italian occupation has made of Massawah a city which the Priests of the Mission cannot leave without religious services. A resident Priest is a necessity there. And, O Lord! what a residence on a soil which, during six months of the year, is burning up under a temperature varying from 40 degrees to 45 degrees; and, in apartments that reach 50 or 52 degrees.

I have lived with good Father Chiari, my only companion in this furnace, and it must be acknowledged that he proved very courageous.

The want of a suitable locality rendered it impossible for many to attend the chapel services at Massawah, and others, on account of infirmities, were compelled to seek a milder climate.
God be praised for having enabled us to improve our condition. We are all truly grateful.

Rev. Father Giannone, always ready for anything, Father Crombette, whose energy is well-known, and, our good native Priest, Father Seghid, can now give themselves up zealously to their Apostolic labors.

Besides Europeans who, do not, unfortunately, importune Priests much, we hope to collect a little crowd of young Abyssinians, domestic and wandering, who will assist at our instructions, attend Catechism, and whom, by degrees, we can form to the frequentation of the sacraments.

We have, besides, our dear Sisters who are always at their post stimulating all to activity, attending to catechetical classes, sodalities, reunions, poor children. Their charity, more ingenious than diplomacy, finds always some misery to relieve, some ignorance to enlighten.

Poor Sisters! Are they to be pitied or envied? You meet them, I will not say vigorous, for a breath would cast them down, but alert, cheerful, willing to run here or there, when they have scarcely strength to walk. Ah! this Massawah! But we must not yield to discouragement. We can and must do good here.

This is the City of Misery. Moral misery, you understand, and, I acknowledge, a little of every other kind.

We must have unlimited confidence in the divine protection. Providence overwhelms us with manifestations of favor. How blind we would be to close our eyes to these facts, to refuse to understand them, to permit our faith to waver.

How many poor, abandoned little ones have been clothed in the robe of baptismal innocence, and have immediately found a home in the bosom of God.

This thought consoles us! Our Sisters’ House counts in Heaven, a crowd of angels that, no doubt, pray for its preservation. How many children of both sexes
have been snatched from slavery, formed to Christian lives, trained to piety, and when, at last, they have sunk under the weight of cruel treatment, once undergone, have passed to their great reward, in that Fatherland where they rest forever. That legion of souls, for they are legion, are a bulwark of strength to us. They plead for us unceasingly.

Let us turn from Massawah and repair to Akaley, Ghouzay. I must warn you that we have a hard road to travel. Above, glows a fiery orb that threatens us with sunstroke. A deluge of water pursues us, we have rough paths to cross, angry torrents to ford. The monotony of the road is occasionally broken by the consciousness that we are greedily watched by a hungry leopard, or in danger of being way-laid by a hyena. We must avoid the sun, endure the rain, endeavor to forget our risks, watch our steed and trust implicitly to Divine Providence. I know not whether I neglected the last precaution, the most important of all, but I remember that once I got a fall that put me to the expense of purchasing a fine hat; as, in my lapse, I crushed the crown of my head-gear.

Father Jougla was more fortunate than I, one day as he pursued the same road, accompanied by his domestics, his provisions gave out, when a splendid leopard bounded gracefully across his path, ten paces in front of him, and strangled a young antelope; then, frightened at the disorder it had occasioned in the caravan, fled, precipitately, leaving its victim to the attentions of our dear confrère. Needless to remark, that on that day, the travelers had a right royal feast. All these little incidents diversify travel, make the way seem shorter, and, soon, we reach Akrour, safe and sound. There reside our beloved confrères, Revs. Picard, Jougla and our dear coadjutor Brothers, Peter and Gherard.

This is truly a missionary country. Our very house
tells the tale. It is evidently a mere station which we reach, only to start again.

I must make an exception of our worthy Dean, Father Picard. I required of him a great sacrifice, when I removed him from our House at Kerin where he had passed twenty-five years. But there was no hesitation on his part. What a beautiful example to follow! Now, he exercises all his energy, and God knows he has plenty, for the benefit of his new family. Sermons, catechetical instructions, exhortations, counsels, reproofs, he is ready for everything. In spite of his age and infirmities, he does not neglect to visit the villages. But, it is so difficult for him to climb the mountains, at whose base the hamlets extend, that I am the first to entreat him to remain at the Mission House.

I feel justified in this, because Father Jougla possesses youth, strength, ability and good will. This confrère is, you are aware, thoroughly versed in the several languages. He had the good sense to perfect himself in them during the five years he spent at our Seminary in Keren. Now, having all necessary faculties, he replaces Father Coulbeaux in this district. He has just completed a very beautiful church in the village of Degra, a very important and entirely Catholic settlement.

Material prosperity, which, so frequently, estranges men from God, has here produced a contrary effect by inducing them to erect a temple less unworthy of His Divine Presence.

I dare not assert, that self-love had no part in its construction. Those honest, what shall I call them? Degrateans have built their homes on a little eminence that overlooks a splendid valley. From the summit, they caught a glimpse of the magnificent church of Saganeiti, the gem of Tsanadeglé. That glimpse excited their envy. "Why, they asked, may we not do
what others have done?" In four months, they had
their church! Thanks to the impulse given to the un-
Dertaking by Father Jougla and the incessant labor of
Brother Peter who is head carpenter.

Below this village, is another that bears the name of
Hadinghafon. The obstacles there are poverty,
wretchedness and considerable indifference. We dared
not think of erecting a pretentious building, we desired
only to make the stable of Bethlehem somewhat neater.
Resistance was strong; wills stubborn; the prospect
of hard work, for many continuous days, alarming.
Father Jougla went to them one day, threw conviction
into his words, seized a spade and, in presence of the
stupified villagers, went to work. In twenty-four hours
the church was plainly progressing.

This noble confrère and good Brother Peter have un-
dertaken the construction of a church and a residence
at Marreda, also at Barakil-Nichto, at Barakil-Abi and
at two or three other Catholic stations. Now all these
plans add much to our solicitude; for the charge of
Degra is unique in Abyssinia—it entails great expense;
but I must add that it is likewise a source of our sweet-
est consolations. By degrees we shall obliterate from
Ethiopian soil those wretched, filthy hovels, so small
that they afford standing room only to the Priest and
his server.

The Abyssinian does not attend Mass; he cannot;
there is no place for him. He goes to the church door,
kisses the sill and walks off—with the comfortable
sense of a duty fulfilled. Our new building will cor-
rect this inconvenience. We have in view our obliga-
tion of accommodating all the faithful, who delighted
with the novelty, attend church in crowds, not only on
Sundays and holy days of obligation, but, through the
week, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

This is progress in earnest. The parishioners being
present, our Priests, now sufficiently versed in the lan-
guage, can instruct them, speak to them of God and train them to lead Christian lives, of which they have hitherto entertained but vague ideas.

There is a small town, celebrated in the Annals of the Mission, which causes us some embarrassment. I refer to Halay, the Episcopal See of Bishop Jacobis. Yet, the pastor is a holy man; zeal and austerity personified. The inhabitants, that is the Catholic portion, are, in many instances, staunch defenders of the faith. For our Lord's sake they have allowed themselves to be despoiled of all they possessed, forced to spend long days in desert places, but never wavering in the faith. Their very enemies have been forced to admire their constancy.

Halay contains a church that baffles my powers of description. It is a standing ruin, a heap of misplaced stones with bulging walls, a falling roof; arches that open and doors that will not open; windows absent; a heap of ordure surrounded by sepulchres. So much for the exterior.

Darkness, dampness, dirt describe the interior. The trunks of six trees, hollowed out to admit the bones of some of the illustrious dead, constitute the chapel furniture. The altar, only, is worthy of favorable mention; it was made by good Brother Philippini.

The heart of the devout worshipper sinks when he assits there at the Holy Sacrifice; and, he finds himself regretting the stable of the Nativity.

This church was built about the year 1874, with the consent of the inhabitants who, at that time, were all schismatics.

In explanation, I need only furnish you with the copy of a letter which I wrote, on this subject, to the Governor-General.
Your Excellency:

During my sojourn at Okulay-Gouzay I deemed it a duty to study carefully the church question at Halay. I visited that village, and, for about a week, investigated facts and examined the dispositions of our Catholics.

Soon, I hope to meet your Excellency; until that moment, I defer exposing to you my views, but until I have the honor to do so, I prefer to forward to you a written account which may render my report more exact.

Your Excellency having afforded the inhabitants of Halay the benefit of a personal visitation, must be, in a measure, acquainted with the main facts. I will, however, venture to indulge in a somewhat retrospective account, that I may furnish you with historical facts and acquaint you with my conclusions.

The subject of the conflict that has waged for many years, is none other than the present church; if that name can be applied to the shapeless pile of stones, within which the divine offices are celebrated. This monument is of historical importance to Italy and the missions, for reasons which I will hereafter assign. It was erected, under the government of Kautiba Emnoum, about the year 1784.

The entire village, at that time, schismatical, contributed to its erection. We may, therefore, assert that, materially, it belongs, not to a portion, but to the whole community.

About the year 1850 or 1852, the two great families that control Halay, the Maaserti on one side, the Akassen on the other, were converted to Catholicity by Monseigneur de Jacobis, who reconciled the church and consecrated it to Catholic worship.

This state of things lasted four years. The persecu-
tion broke out under Dedjach Ouvié instigated by Abonna Salama, of sad memory.

The missionaries, whose headquarters were at Halay, sought refuge at Massawah, under the direction of Monseigneur Branchevê, Monseigneur de Jacobis being then at Gondar.

The Maasserti relapsed into schism and, owing to their denunciations, the Akassens, who had remained faithful, had their houses burned, their goods confiscated and four of their nobles reduced to captivity.

In 1887, Néghus Joannes, passing through Halay, granted our faithful liberty, openly, to profess and observe the faith, and put an end to the persecution that harassed them. The faithful, with the aid of the Mission, built an humble apartment, which still exists, and in which the Priest could offer the Holy Sacrifice.

In 1890 the entire great family of the Maassarti, with the exception of the Kechy (the married pastor), Tekley and his household, returned to the true faith, and the church was restored to us, at the request of the inhabitants, under a judgment pronounced by Dedjach Bahata with the approval of Colonel Piano, Commander of the military department.

In 1892 the Kechy Tekley, having made his representations to the Italian Government, Lieutenant Grassi (appointed to investigate) after enquiry, confirmed the statu quo. The same question has been revised by several members of the opposing faction who, continuing their recantations, have again made common cause with the Kechy-Teckley.

This, your Excellency, is a brief exposition of past events.

Before proceeding further, I desire to make fitting acknowledgment to your Excellency for the suggestion to build a new church. It is a generous thought, well calculated to benefit the people, and which I would adopt with enthusiasm but for a leading difficulty.
If I have been correctly informed of your Excellency’s intention, there is question of bestowing on our Catholics a noble edifice, but they would be expected to leave our present church in the hands of schismatics. In a purely material point of view this would be more than a compensation; for us, it would be a real triumph. But, from a moral standpoint, it would mean defeat. It would mean the victory, I will not say of schism, but of sectarianism over an entire population that has struggled and suffered for the faith during forty years.

The cession of a Catholic Church to dissenters would place me, personally, in a false position, to which I could never consent. I cannot permit a church consecrated by Monseigneur de Jacobis, and in which Monseigneur Biancheri received the episcopal unction to be profaned.

What is to be done? This is what I would respectfully submit to your Excellency: "Since the government is disposed to exercise the most scrupulous impartiality and will not therefore favor one portion of the population to the detriment of the other, and that, moreover, the church belongs materially to all, your Excellency might allow the inhabitants liberty to erect a church at their own expense and to raise on the site of our present church, a suitable monument to commemorate the first two Bishops of Abyssinia. Rt. Revs. de Jacobis and Biancheri, both Priests of our Congregation of the Mission and two illustrious sons of Italy who have had the honor, during this century, to introduce the Abyssinians to the light of the Gospel and to civilization."

Pardon me this rather long quotation; I wish to give you an idea of the patience that should characterize our proceedings on all Ethiopian questions, whether they be individual or family disputes, or anything else of an argumentative nature. Thanks be to God, the Governor’s favorable disposition in our regard has
brought about an agreeable solution to our difficulties. My timid proposal was not accepted. Our dear Vicars Apostolic shall not have a monument, for the present, at least. The church remains consecrated to Catholic worship and I shall be obliged to spend some thousands of francs in the construction of one better adapted to our requirements.

Besides our dear Confrères, we have now twenty native Priests in our district. And Father Jongla rarely allows a mail to pass this way without asking of me a reinforcement.

God forgive me! I always promise him help; and I do hope to make some appointments within a month.

Father Jongla requires, above all, an active, vigorous, pious Brother with some knowledge of carpentry, who can, at least, help our Brother Peter, who cannot meet all calls and who is liable to sink under the burden of his multiplied labors. We have similar need of a Brother for mason work.

To their petitions, most Honored Father, I add mine, relying upon your deep interest in our works.

From this district, which twenty years hence, will be entirely Catholic, let us proceed to Senait, by way of the Province of Hamassen, en route to Asmarah, which is the principal city, and as it were, the capital of the Province. There is but one Priest on that immense tract of land and, in good sooth, that one Priest has very little to do. He raises sheep. Why could we not succeed in building at Asmarah a residence like that of Akrour, extend villages and form a settlement of fervent Christians?

The inhabitants, I must acknowledge, have been pretty well fleeced by Protestant missionaries. But that would not prove a serious obstacle.

The real impediment is the depleted treasury of the Bursar of our province. We pray, and shall continue to pray that, in due season, divine Providence will come
to our aid. Let us, for a little while, say \textit{au revoir} to this province and, beyond the mountains of Teklezan, grope our way until we reach the House at Keren which opens to us its hospitable doors. The way is not long, eighteen hours will bring us to our destination.

Change of site, change of occupation. If our establishment at Akrour represents a mere station, the House of Keren invites us to remain and make ourselves at home.

I would be at a loss to explain the difference between the House at Keren and our European establishments. It is scarce perceptible after many years experience.

It is true that we sleep on the floor; our rooms are very primitive; doors and windows assume strange liberties; instead of chairs, we rejoice in the use of benches and boxes turned upside down. But we are really quite satisfied.

The great attraction of this House is the routine of community life. Our numbers contribute to its enjoyment. Five Rev. Confrères, five Coadjutor Brothers all occupied within doors, or, at least, we are not engaged outside the village. All our community exercises are observed with edifying regularity.

Then our works! Our Seminary numbers forty students. The majority, good, studious, pious and, under the immediate supervision of Rev. Father Pages, carefully trained to the sacerdotal life.

What good, interesting little folks they are, if we are only inclined to judge favorably of them. But what care, what anxiety, what solicitude they cause us. The training of these children is all the more difficult, because, at first, they do not seem to require any.

The day after their entrance, they appear to know more than their newly found comrades. To see those little fellows walking along erect, serious, solemn and
mysterious, clad in their white togas, you could never recognize the little rogues, that but yesterday, scarce girded with a rag or a ribbon, rolled through the dust of the highway. The pupil immediately adapts himself to circumstances; he envelops himself in Oriental dignity when he assumes a shirt. But very soon, character declares itself, asperities become perceptible—sensitiveness is excessive.

The first fault is committed, and, if the reproof is not to their liking, immediately they take their departure. I may be allowed to state that this process of rapid elimination favors the continuance of excellent subjects, only, who finally become Priests. Truly our young as well as our old Priests, formed at the Keren Seminary, have so far proved pious, zealous, well instructed in their duties and courageous in their fulfilment.

Parochial works also are blessed with happy results. The Boghos-evangelized by Rev. Father Picard and the Catholics, at least, scattered in every direction, have collected and formed some Catholic villages. Others gathered together, but, up to this time, rebellious to the teachings of the Church, are abandoning their errors and yielding to the influence of genuine Catholicity. The Province of Senait now possesses eight churches under the charge of ten learned and active Ethiopian Priests.

At Keren, our Sisters' works, under the strong impulse given them by the practised hand of Mother Lequette, have developed more extensively than at Massawah. Orphan boys and girls, extern classes, visits to the poor, the Work of the Holy Infancy, all are going on well under the same practical direction.

To neglect no desirable good work, our Sisters have but to resume their visits to the villages which are very numerous in our neighborhood and at a short distance from Keren. This is the work of predilection of
the pious foundress who reserved it with jealous care as her own particular duty. There is too much good to be done in that way; there are too many children waiting for the Gates of Heaven to be opened to them, to remain any longer tied down to the little labors *intra muros*.

Besides, I must candidly acknowledge, that it is only by these visits to the villages that our Sisters can compass all the duties of their vocation.

Orphan boys and girls, whose training and maintenance so frequently absorb the energies of many excellent subjects, are, in Abyssinia, grain that yields a poor harvest. I look upon this work as a hard and sad necessity, to which we should consecrate only such time and effort as are strictly necessary. I refer only to the interests of our vicariate.

Long live extern works! By them only shall we mark our passage in the path which has been assigned us, and in the Book of the Propagation of the Faith.

For one year, Rev. Father Coulbeaux has kept up the sacred fire of extern works and, in their interest, promoted the zeal of others. I do not tell you how he has fulfilled his heavy and complicated task. Our good God has blessed the sacrifice he made in bidding farewell to Akrou. Our Keren district will, under his direction, hold precedence of the others.

It only needs a little persecution to make it the peer of Agame.

I will not treat of that province in this letter. The district of Agame, under the direction of Rev. Father Bartez, merits, this year, special mention. It has just been plunged in the waters of tribulation. The events that have lately transpired there will form the subject of a second letter.

Believe me, in our Lord, with an earnest petition for your prayerful remembrance,

Your devoted son,

J. CROUZET, O. M.
LETTER OF SISTER REYGASSE, DAUGHTER OF CHARITY, TO THE MOST HONORED MOTHER LAMARTINIE.


KEREN, Jan. 27, 1894.

My Most Honored Mother:

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

The last month of the year brought us the annoyance of having to escape the invasion of Dervishes who advanced to give battle to the Italian troops. The engagement actually took place, yesterday, at Agordat.

Monseigneur, the Vicar Apostolic, decided that prudence required the removal of Sisters and all the personnel of their establishment to Asmarah, half way between Keren and Massawah, to await there the issue of events. It was December 21st, the day on which the battle was to take place.

Our preparations for departure were soon completed; in two hours we were on the road. The largest children preceded us on foot, each one carrying a blanket on her back and a small sack containing a measure of meal to make bread at the first stopping place. The others, sick or maimed, had been placed in boxes prepared for the purpose, which were carried on the backs of the camels of the Mission; the same beasts were also laden with provisions for the journey. The Sisters were mounted on mules and took with them the smallest of the band, which caused some of the Sisters to remark that our departure was like the flight into Egypt.

The first day passed amid sad forebodings as to what might occur.
Should the enemy prove victorious, what would become of the entire Mission? Then the Vicar Apostolic, Monseigneur Crouzet, with Fathers Coulbeaux, Ardemani and two Coadjutor Brothers, had remained at their post with Seminarians. Perhaps they had been captured; that would prove the acme of our misfortunes. Those thoughts and others, equally gloomy, made that, and the day following, sorrowful indeed. But I trust, most Honored Mother, that the good Master will have kept an account of all our anxiety, and that He will console us when this weary life is over.

As we advanced, we met soldiers on the road, who gave us accounts more or less alarming: that "telegraphic communication had been cut off; nothing could be ascertained, and so on." Our hearts were almost broken. We were half through our second day's march when other troops, under the Major's command, met us with the assurance that the Italian troops had gained the victory, and that we could return without incurring any danger from the enemy at Keren.

We travelled a few hours before we reached a station from which we could dispatch to his Eminence to inquire if we might return. We received an affirmative answer and, without delay, we began our homeward journey. Sisters and children were all delighted.

We had, however, previously met with an accident. Sister Robert having unluckily fallen from a mule, dislocated her collar-bone and suffered much from the exertion of traveling. The doctor made her as comfortable as circumstances permitted and expressed his hopes of her complete recovery. With all my heart, do I pray for that dear and good companion, who is of the greatest help to us.

We have great confidence in the ultimate defeat of the Dervishes. The Christians of these parts declare that they have never been able to conquer. They attribute their preservation from these fanatics to St.
Michael, whom they have established Protector of Christians. We share their hopes.

Believe me, in Jesus and Mary Immaculate, your grateful and submissive daughter,

SISTER REYGASSE;

_U. d. o. e. S. o. t. p. s._
AMERICA.

United States.

LIFE OF REV. FELIX DE ANDREIS, PRIEST OF THE MISSION (1778-1820.)

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

His Apostolic Labors.—St. Genevieve’s.

In addition to the Barrens, Bishop Dubourg assigned a residence to some of the Priests of the Mission on an unoccupied property within the city limits. It would be difficult to believe or imagine all the privations to which Rev. Father de Andreis and his companions were exposed. Some are detailed in the following letter addressed to Rev. M. Baccari, September 19, 1818.

I would like to give you some idea of our establishment at St. Louis, which includes about one mile of land as uncultivated as in the days of Adam.

Our house will be ready for occupancy towards the end of November.

The expense of building in this country is exorbitant, although we exercise the strictest economy and each one takes a part in the work. Rev. Father Cellini labors like a mechanic. The Bishop himself puts his hand to the plough. The whole day long he is exposed to the sun, encouraging and superintending the workmen. For the time being, we have rented a miserable cabin formed of branches of trees rudely put together.

We have introduced into our humble home the observance of rule and, the order of daily exercises which we follow as faithfully as our surroundings will permit.
"Our food is poor; bad bread, potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables."

"We sleep, as well as we can, gathered together in one apartment."

"During the day, our time is well filled between the duties of the holy ministry and teaching. In this country, we are exposed to extremes of heat and cold. The soil, niggard of fruits and sweets, yields an abundance of insects, of every species, that torment us continually. We have many varieties of insects unknown in Europe. Of their peculiar habits, I spare you the detail. But I desire to satisfy your curiosity as far as I can."

"By forwarding some account of our surroundings in each letter, I shall be able, in the course of time, to furnish you with all necessary information."

"I assure you that, when I think of Italy, it seems to me a Paradise by comparison with America. And I cannot understand why so many Europeans condemn themselves to like sufferings merely for material gain. For my part, were it not for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, I would not remain here for all the wealth of the world."

Here, Father de Andreis furnishes us with the sole motive of his invincible courage in the midst of difficulties.

From day to day, he seemed more eager of sufferings. To the labors already mentioned he added a new and equally fatiguing task, that of teaching ecclesiastical sciences.

Bishop Dubourg had established at St. Louis a college for young clerics and a school for seculars; institutions which, when well conducted and sustained, must greatly contribute to the propagation of the faith.

Father de Andreis was placed by the Bishop at the head of both establishments. And he was specially
charged with the instruction of clerical students and young Priests who had not completed their course of Theology and Sacred Scripture. He fulfilled this duty with his whole heart, for his exquisite judgment enabled him to comprehend the great service he could render the mission by thoroughly instructing those young ecclesiastics in the science of theology.

It is difficult to understand how one man could fulfil so many functions, each of which seemed to require the devotedness and talents of a perfect Priest. He acquitted himself, however, of each and all with precision and success.

One occupation did not interfere with another. He performed each duty with as much perfection as if that one alone was the object of his solicitude.

He always preserved perfect evenness of temper and never betrayed haste or embarrassment.

We may here repeat a remark already made, that Rev. Father de Andreis was gifted with talents of a high order and his rare penetration of mind facilitated his study of the sciences, generally, and enabled him to fulfil unexpected duties that devolved upon him. He had a facile pen in treating on all subjects and, so great was his zeal that he appeared insensible to fatigue, however multiplied were his occupations.

These labors did not suffice for him. He found time, no doubt, by curtailing his rest at night, to maintain a wide correspondence with his Confrères to encourage them in their apostolic labors; and, with secular Priests who consulted him as an oracle in difficult and embarrassing cases which frequently occurred.

He also found opportunity to compose instructions and to translate his former sermons into English and French, modifying them to meet altered circumstances of time and place.

He wrote down the inspirations with which God fa-
vored him in meditation. He wrote and dictated so rapidly and accurately that the words of the Prophet were applicable to him: *Lingua mea calamus scriba velociter scribentis.* (1)

From the time of his voyage to Bordeaux he suffered more violently than ever from internal inflammation that finally brought him to the grave. Unable to rise, he presided over his class, from his bed of pain, dictated compositions and explanations, attended to his correspondence and regulated the affairs of his parish. Medical aid, instead of allaying, seemed to increase his sufferings. But his patience was unalterable, physical pains did not hinder him;—when they were so intense as to threaten to throw him into convulsions, he profited by them for the exercise of his favorite virtues, humility and self-contempt. Words expressive of those sentiments did not proceed from impatience; but, they proved his satisfaction in beholding his domestic enemy vanquished and cast down; the triumph of a soul that prostrate before the throne of the divine Majesty, rejoices to render homage to the sovereignty of God by its own humiliations.

One of his attacks was so severe that it was judged necessary to administer to him the last Sacraments. Bishop Dubourg, accompanied by several seminarians, all of whom were in tears, came to administer the last sacraments. When he had done so, he said: "Now, my dear Father de Andreis, I command you to ask of God the recovery of your health!"

In obedience to this command, he prayed, as directed, and was immediately cured.

Upon his recovery, he resumed his ordinary occupations, concerning which, he wrote as follows to his Superior at Rome: "You say that I am taxed beyond my strength; if such be the case, it is due to my constitu-

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(1.) My tongue is like the pen of him who writes with rapidity.—*Ps.*
tional weakness. Now, let me tell you something that redounds to God's glory, to whom alone all honor should be referred. The number of adult baptisms is considerable. Sometimes, during High Mass, I baptize whole families, explaining each ceremony to the assembled crowd. Among those present are many Indians and a multitude of people of every condition in life and of every nationality. There are always many catechumens to instruct, sick to visit, and there are many deathbed conversions; these, and other duties, keep us constantly engaged. Added to classes of theology and our duties in the confessional, which we may call a daily task, we are obliged to preach frequently. Not only are we expected to preach at baptisms and marriages, sermons are preached at burials, and, on account of the two languages that prevail here, we have frequently to preach alternately in French and in English.

Rev. Father de Andries hoped that the young seminarians or novices of the congregation would soon be able to assist him in the discharge of his many duties. But his hopes were never realized. Mr. Tichitoli fell sick; his lungs became so weak that he was threatened with consumption. Physicians declared that he could not live if he remained much longer in Missouri, where the winters are very severe. He was sent to the southern part of Louisiana, where he completed his theological studies.

Ordained Priest by Bishop Dubourg, he was sent in 1819 to Donaldsonville to exercise the holy Ministry under the excellent pastor, Rev. Joseph Bigeschi.

Rev. Father Tichitoli was keenly alive to his separation from his dear Superior and Director of the Seminary. His illness increased so rapidly that it was feared he could not be preserved to the congregation. But, Father de Andries, who regretted his departure, for he greatly esteemed him on account of his virtue, consoled him by the assurance that, so long as he ob-
served the rules of the Seminary, he would consider him a son of St. Vincent and, when the time of pronouncing his vows would draw near, he would send for him to come and make them at the Seminary in St. Louis. He kept his word.

Father de Andreis could not long retain the two other seminarians. At the end of two months he was obliged to give up Mr. Ferrari, who was sent to Vincennes then depending on the see of Bardstown, where there was some thought of establishing a House of the Congregation of the Mission. With a like view and intention, they withdrew Mr. Dahmen from the Seminary.

Brother Blanka was removed from St. Louis to St. Mary of the Barrens, where his services were required.

The servant of God, separated from all his Confrères, was most sensitive to his loss and could only be consoled by the knowledge of the good effected by his spiritual children in the Lord's vineyard throughout which they were scattered. He heard of their fidelity to rule, their perseverance in the spirit of their vocation; and he rejoiced, particularly, at the prospect of the proximate establishment of the Congregation of the Mission in the United States.

He was alike consoled at the daily advancement of the Seminary opened at the Barrens under the direction of Rev. M. Rosati, and the arrival of Missionaries, sent by Rev. Father Baccari, to the American Mission. This new colony, composed of one Priest, a few seminarians and two coadjutor Brothers, who were to live under the immediate direction of Father de Andreis, filled him with joy, and he blessed God when he welcomed the new Confrères on their arrival from St. Louis to place themselves at his disposal.

The last consolation of the servant of God was the re-opening of his internal Seminary for the newly arrived postulants, among whom was M. de Neckère who,
though very young, was conspicuous for talent and extraordinary piety. Later, he was raised to the Episcopal see of New Orleans, where, shortly afterwards, he fell a victim to his zeal for the salvation of his flock.

One consolation was wanting to Father de Andreis. One that he had most prominently in view when he bade farewell to his native land to labor in America. The object of his most ardent desires was to devote himself to the conversion of the Indians. He met many of those poor savages at St. Louis and elsewhere; the sight of them only increased his desire to labor in their midst. He deeply pitied their wretched condition, devoid of the knowledge of God and of religion. Hopeful of one day devoting himself to their evangelization, he studied several of their idioms which seemed to be a key to the other dialects.

Finally, he believed that the long desired moment had arrived, when the Bishop took him as the companion of his travels across the immense forests of the West.

In a transport of joy, he wrote to the Barrens: "Alleluia! Deo Gratias! Now begins my mission among the savages! I have the happiness of accompanying Monseigneur, the Bishop, who is about to visit the poor Indians." But these joyful accents were the last sparks of the flame that consumed his heart. He was ripe for Heaven, where he longed to go and be united to his God forever. Like St. Vincent, who never saw the distant missions for which he had offered so many prayers and sacrifices; like St. Francis Xavier, who reached the port of China, but never stood upon its shores because God called him unto himself, Father de Andreis could not instruct the Indian tribes. He came amongst them; but, to him it was not given to withdraw them from the shades of ignorance. God destined other laborers to undertake that work when he would be no more.

(To be continued.)
PROVINCE OF CENTRAL AMERICA.


JOURNEY FROM TUNJA TO CALI. HOUSE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY AT CALI, December 22nd, 1893.

Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

The Rev. Visitor has come to examine into the condition of our rising works at Tunja. He will furnish you with all necessary information.

Having accompanied him on his return from Cali, I will content myself with giving you an account of our journey, that you may form some idea of travel in America, where there often exists much difficulty in transporting one's self from one place to another.

The Rev. Visitor, whilst at Tunja, celebrated the feast of Our Blessed Martyr, John Gabriel Perboyre. It was purely a family feast, both seminaries being, for the time, closed, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop had changed the season for vacations.

Nov. 8th, Mass was celebrated at a very early hour, and at 6 o'clock we were in saddle. The road from Tunja to Bogota is in good condition, and, nearly throughout, as easy as the roads in Europe. “We feel in duty bound to refer to the generous hospitality accorded us by the Rev. Pastors along the route.”

“They look upon us as Brothers in Christ, and cordially welcome us to their houses.”

It was not our intention to pass through Bogota, but, on reaching a hotel situated near del puente del Comun,
a good gentleman, returning from Venezuela, told us that the road we had chosen was impassable, and that we had better take the steam cars from Sabana.

We followed his advice, happily for ourselves; otherwise we must have perished, along with our horses, and left no survivor to tell the tale. Even as it was, previous to our entrance to the capital, we encountered a series of traveling mishaps. It was raining; the Rev. Visitor's horse was easily frightened, and Mr. Revel­lière was thrown to the ground. For four or five days he suffered from the effects of the accident.

We continued our journey and, some hours later, we were on the steam cars to Madrid, where the President of the Republic is now stopping, the very illustrious and very Catholic M. Caro. Time did not permit us to call upon him.

We were forewarned of a dangerous turn on the road; the place was described; but, so inaccurately, that when we thought we had escaped the danger, we fell into it. After meeting some other obstacles, we passed on, without sustaining any accident, until we reached Boca del Monte. This is a stony road, a ravine, between the mountains, which it takes over four hours to descend.

Midway, there is an excellent hotel, the proprietor, a brave soldier, is, at the same time, as humble and pious as a seminarian. Rev. Visitor remained there in order to offer the Holy Mass in that place, the next day, which was Sunday; also, to satisfy the devotion of the pious villagers, many of whom lived at a great distance from the parish church. My companion and I pushed forward to Mesa, a very thriving town, where we wanted to hire horses and make necessary purchases for the pursuance of our journey.

The Rev. Visitor rejoined us, the next morning; and that night, we slept at Anapoima, where we met Rev. M. Torres, theological Canon of Tunga. We proposed to proceed by railway to Girardot, and we started early
next morning for the Station Junta. You may be inclined to believe that the steam-cars here are as regular as those in Europe in starting at the appointed hour. Not at all! The appointed hour for our train was noon. This time it started at 3 o'clock, P. M. The distance from Junta to Girardot is forty kilometres; four hours were spent in accomplishing the journey. Sometimes there was a delay to obtain a supply of water; again, to cut wood. Occasionally, we came to a road that the engine had not motor power to cross; then we had to recede to gather momentum, and renew the forwarding process.

At Girardot and, in the Vale Magdalena, which we had to traverse, the heat is intense. Fortunately, during the night, a gentle rainfall cooled the atmosphere. This immense and beautiful valley is wonderfully prolific. Thousands of cattle peacefully browse in its vast prairies. After lunching at Puente del Chicoral, we reached Gualanday at about 3 o'clock; there we were obliged to spend the night. Whilst there, saying our Office, an earthquake occurred. The next day, when we reached Ibaque, we could satisfy ourselves that the shock had been violent. The arches of the church bore witness to the heavy damage it had sustained.

The Reverend Pastor received us with open arms and we waited until our horses and baggage were brought over.

We had yet to make the ascent of Quindice. Quindice is a portion of the East Cordillera of the Andes, separating the basins of the Magdalena and Cauca rivers. Its summit reaches an elevation of 11,500 feet, and it takes from four to five days to traverse it. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than those mountains covered with virgin forests; nothing more wonderful than the magnificent panoramas that unroll before the traveller's eye in every direction. But, what roads, sweet Providence! after the winter rains!
The next day, scarcely had we left the inn in which we passed the night, when we were forced to travel along a very perilous road. Wide tracts of the mountain have sunk and the traveller’s way lies along a very narrow path, where one false step will precipitate him into an abyss.

Despite our good will, we only travelled three leagues that day.

We started at about six o’clock in the morning, in hopes of reaching Salento, where we could say Mass the next day, Sunday. But “man proposes and God disposes.” We were obliged to spend the night on the mountain at an altitude of over 3,500 meters. Our only halting place was a wretched cabin as large, altogether, as an ordinary room. Wind and air had free circulation in that place. The walls were constructed of posts sunk deep into the ground and about ten centimeters apart. We got but little rest; and, the next morning early, after an invigorating breakfast of dry bread, we set out again to scale the mountain heights.

One hour later, we had reached the highest summit, which is the dividing point between the departments of Tolima and Cauca. We cheerily hailed the latter and pursued our way. We halted at Salento and, after divers incidents and some harmless tumbles, we reached an inn where we spent the night. We were kindly received and gathered strength for the next day.

For two days, we were compelled to flounder through mud and water to reach Cartago, where we remained some days, waiting for a steamer, it being impossible to go overland to Cali, the river Cauca having inundated the surrounding country.

The Daughters of Charity have just opened a small hospital at Cartago. It is to be hoped that, in time, this town may acquire some importance and that there, as elsewhere, St. Vincent’s daughters will shed around
them the edification of true Spouses of Christ and faithful servants of the poor.

You will be glad to learn that here, as in France, they are filled with the spirit of their holy state and live together in great union. Thank God! We found them, everywhere, attached and devoted to the Congregation of the Mission.

The steamer Cauca conveyed us to Cali. The country which we passed was magnificent. But our accommodations on the steamer extremely primitive. We are here at last!

In a few days, most Honored Father, I will retrace my journey accompanied by an excellent Priest from the Seminary and a Brother Coadjutor. I hope they will prove great helps to us, and that God will continue to bless our works. Offering you my best wishes and those of every member of our little family at Tunja, I have the honor to be, in the love of Jesus and of Mary Immaculate,

Your obedient son,

Joseph Pron,

Un. p. o. t. m.
PROVINCE OF BRAZIL.

The frightful civil war that is laying waste Brazil, gives no indication of nearing its end.

So far, no Priests of the Mission, nor Daughters of Charity, have swelled the list of victims of battles or bombardments. The following letters will furnish you with proofs of their sufferings and, thank God, of their devotedness.


SANTA CASA DA MISERICORDIA,
RIO DE JANEIRO,
December 7, 1893.

Rev. and Respected Father:

The grace of our Lord J. C. be with us forever!

Amid the roar of cannons and the peals of musketry, I write you these few lines. Some one has just brought me a musket ball, still hot, which, adroitly piercing a pane of glass in a transom, fell on the stairway without injuring anyone.

In this respect, Reverend Father, God daily works miracles in our favor; preserving us from the projectiles that dash against our house, penetrate the wards of the sick, our dormitories, even the sacristy; falling at the feet of our Sisters and of the employés, without causing more than a momentary panic or some slight material damage.

This marvellous protection, which is continual, has banished, far from us, any sentiment of fear.

In fact, over three hundred balls of every dimension, that might have killed as many individuals in this establishment which shelters 1,500 persons, have done us no injury. This providential protection excites the admiration of all the inhabitants of Rio. People full of faith exclaim: *Isto e milagre*; "This is miraculous."
We have distributed a vast number of medals and of indulgenced crosses. Crowds come for them, "in order," as they say, "to be preserved, like the Sisters, from the balls."

Alas! my Father, all do not escape. Many of the wounded are brought to us.

At this moment, while I write, physicians are extracting a ball from the chest of a man who was wounded on his way to Santa Casa to visit a sick relative. Poor people! many die from the effects of these sudden attacks. They are often not aware of the wound received until they see their blood flowing in torrents.

The trams that pass our house from 4 o'clock in the morning until two hours past midnight, have ceased to run for the past three weeks; four mules were killed right in front of our door by balls discharged from the hostile fort.

For the same reason, all public and private vehicles avoid passing.

The sick, that are brought us, are conveyed to us across a road that leads to the culinary department, to escape such accidents as have befallen mules and police wagons.

This war that opened at Rio September 6, continues its havoc without our being able to conjecture how or when it will stop, or what will be its consequences. Up to this time, we have witnessed only ruin and misery; many of the wounded die or must submit to amputations. Our heritage will be, as usual, a crowd of orphans.

Our prevailing sentiment, Reverend Father, is one of gratitude to our divine Protector, to Mary, our Immaculate Mother, and to all our holy patrons.

Accept the assurance of the entire submission in which I have the honor to be, &c.,

Sister Mantel,

u. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.

9
Letter of Sister Eyssartier, Daughter of Charity, to the Most Honored Mother Lamartinie.

ST. LEOPOLDINE'S ASYLUM,
NICTEROY, RIO DE JANEIRO,

Jan. 18, 1894.

My Most Honored Mother:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us forever!

To-morrow, probably, overland communication will be stopped, for the railroad has been attacked. Therefore do I hasten to solicit, more fervently than ever, the assistance of your prayers, commending, at the same time, the safe delivery of this letter to glorious St. Joseph.

We are amid the horrors of war; day and night we hear the incessant roar of cannons, the sharp report of musketry and, very frequently, the hissing and explosion of bomb-shells and grenades.

Our hearts are grieved when we behold whole battalions on their way to confront death. All we can do is to pray for those poor men.

We are in daily expectation of the landing of the marine force. That will be a terrible hour. But, I trust that the miraculous protection that has, so far, environed us, will not fail us now. I silence every apprehension that disturbs my mind, all that human reason and prudence can suggest, and cast myself blindly into the heart of Him whose friendship never fails us and whose love equals His might. I could not be so ungrateful as to mistrust my Savior.

A few days ago. an immense bomb, about to penetrate into the dormitories, repelled, as it were, by an invisible hand, suspended its course, dropped into the garden, and, having made a breach in the wall, exploded far from the asylum.

Now we have ceased to fear the projectiles that work so much damage around us. But that which to me
appears no less marvellous is a houseful of children surrounded by barracks, amid soldiers and national guards and, despite a proximity always dangerous, but more particularly so in war time, safe from every insult. I have not yet to complain of a single unbecoming gesture or word. On the contrary, we are treated with more respect than in seasons of peace and tranquillity.

There is a general scarcity of provisions, and we still have all that is necessary; nothing superfluous; who could expect it when the poor are in direst misery? O, my Mother, how fervently, we invoke Jesus, Father of the poor!

Pray for your poor children at St. Leopoldine's; their condition is terrible to nature; beg that they may be filled with the spirit of faith and resignation to the divine will.

We have agreed among ourselves to pronounce, at every discharge of the cannon, this ejaculation: "My God, may thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!" Two or three hundred times a day we have an opportunity of repeating our act of submission.

Many of my companions have been, and are still, sick. We have cases of malignant fever, small-pox, &c. Just now, the heat is excessive.

At all events, this is a good time for laying up treasures for Heaven.

I did indulge the hope of revisiting our Community House after an absence of twenty-seven years, but I must add this sacrifice to the rest. May God be blessed and may His holy will be done!

Do, most Honored Mother, pray for us all; especially for her, who delights to sign herself, in the love of Jesus and of Mary Immaculate.

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

Sister Eyssartier,

MILITARY HOSPITAL, RIO DE JANEIRO, 
November 27, 1893.

Very Rev. and Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

These are evil days in Brazil, but worse for us than for many others. Our other Sisters have been able, at least, to remain in their establishments; whilst we have been compelled to leave the hospital with our patients, because the cannons of the President of the Republic have been ranged opposite our front entrance so as to return the fire of the Marine force.

On this account, we have been dispersed since September 13th. Four of us are at Andary, a small government hospital, the rest of us in the palace of the Duke of Saxe, occupied by the Military High School, which, on account of the war, has suspended for the time being. Here we have been kindly received with some of our patients; but we must adapt ourselves to circumstances and verify the proverb—"In war times, do as the soldiers do."

We have no accommodations, not even a bed to lie on. We throw a mattress on the floor and sleep as well as we can.

But, Most Honored Father, God has vouchsafed us a great consolation amidst our trials. We have been able to prepare a small room for the Blessed Sacrament. And, we have Mass every day. Our Sisters from Andary can attend it. We are but a short distance apart,—twenty minutes walk.

Hopes are entertained that the war is nearing its close. But when? God alone knows.

Permit me to claim the help of your pious prayers, that God may grant us the peace so much desired.

Believe me, &c.,

Sister Guilhon,

u. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.
ST. LEOPOLDINE'S ASYLUM,
RIO DE JANEIRO, NICHTEROY,
Dec. 13, 1893.

My Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

The hope of being able to send you more agreeable tidings has led me to postpone writing to you from day to day.

This wretched war, prolonged beyond all calculations, has ruined our extern works. But my faith and confidence are not shaken, and I am convinced that the day is not far distant when we shall reap in joy what we have sown in tears. September 6, 1893, we were, at the same time, informed of the revolt of the squadron and the suspension of all communications with Rio. On the 8th, the dwellers along the adjacent coast were directed to evacuate their homes immediately, as the bombardment might begin at any moment. Then, my Father, did we witness a scene which I can never forget, but which has since been frequently repeated.

Twenty thousand people, perhaps over that number, fleeing with what was strictly necessary, and without knowing where they could find shelter. The sick were carried in hammocks; some were actually in their agony and died on the road. Infants of a few days, paralytics, &c., were carried. The Brazilians are very charitable. Their doors opened to receive all those poor creatures who were literally piled in houses to the number of twenty, thirty, fifty or over. Many spent the night on the mountains, exposed to the torrential rain. A small building, used as an infirmary for children during the prevalence of epidemics, shelters, even yet, over sixty grown people.

We call it Noah's Ark. And it has proved an ark
of salvation to many who, whilst there detained, learned to love God and were reconciled to Him. Among others, we remarked an old lady ninety years old who had not been to confession for seventy-five years.

We learned that there would be a general bombardment on the 9th inst.

We assembled in the chapel and there, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed upon our altar, we awaited the manifestation of God's will in our regard.

Violent explosions shook the house but did not disturb us. Our Lord seemed to say to us from the Osteriorium, "I am here. Fear not; I am keeping watch over you!"

As I left the chapel, I was summoned to see some provision dealers, who came to inform me that they could not continue to supply the asylum. Accustomed to send for all supplies to Bio, from which we were now cut off unexpectedly, our provisions had given out and, could not be supplied for their weight in gold. When the provision dealers left, I went straight to the chapel and promised our Lord to refuse assistance to no poor person; but, if necessary, to share our last crust with them. I then appointed St. Joseph our steward, and confidently awaited the course of events.

Next morning, during Mass, after Holy Communion, our wagons of bread and meat arrived. The porters had been furnished with a passport to prevent the soldiers from appropriating the provisions, and, notwithstanding the scarcity and all, apparently, insurmountable difficulties, we have so far had all our necessities supplied. We are very exact to the practice of poverty. But who can complain of light privations when many of our dear masters, the poor, are dying of hunger. Never before did I so thoroughly understand those words of St. Vincent: "The poor are my burden and my sorrow!"
Our hearts are ready to break when we behold them kneeling before us, and tearfully imploring of us a crust of bread. They refuse money; food is all they crave.

A few days ago, we were reduced to our last piece of bread. A poor mother came and implored us, for the love of God, to give her wherewith to appease the hunger of her little ones. Seeing us weep, she wiped away her own tears, and begged us not to be troubled on her account, that God was her father and she must submit to His holy will. The resignation and submission of these poor people manifest their faith and fill us with admiration.

During the first few weeks our quarter was spared. But the troops having pitched their camp on our street and others in the vicinity, our establishment is the objective point of the squadron’s attacks. Scarce a day passes without bomb-shells flying over our heads, to the right, to the left, in every direction for the past two months, and not one has touched a stone of the building.

One of these projectiles, at least sixty (60) centimeters long, recently passed a few centimeters from us in the chaplain’s garden, only a few paces from the worthy Priest, and sank deep in the humid soil, rebounded, passed over a child’s head and again fell to the ground without exploding. We thanked God most fervently, for had it exploded it would certainly have killed the bystanders and demolished the chaplain’s house.

It is truly said that we can get used to everything; we live tranquilly amid the incessant roar of artillery and, under perpetual menace of death.

Twice the explosion of a powder magazine and of a quantity of dynamite gave us reason to believe that our last hour had struck. Many persons died of fright. For our part, knowing that life and death are in the hands of our Heavenly Father, we wait in peace, mindful of St. Vincent’s words, that so long as we serve the poor, God will protect us!
Personally, I have experienced that, at times when the trial seems beyond the power of endurance, our Lord shows that He carries the cross that weighs too heavily upon us.

Two months ago, I could not make up my mind to remain with a houseful of children in the midst of soldiers gathered around us from all parts and whose barracks had just been transferred to our quarter. The dangers of our position appeared to me so grave, that I made up my mind that we must leave Nictheroy if the war was not over by October 30th, when we entertained hopes that it would end.

On the other hand, I could not ignore the disastrous moral effect, that would be produced by our withdrawal, upon the many families who considered the Sisters' presence as a safeguard to that portion of the city.

The rumor having spread that the Sisters were looking up a house to rent in a town situated at about five miles by railway from the city, several came to enquire if we were really going? "We will not stay here," said they, "if you leave us." "What have you to fear, are you not dwelling under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament?"

Our Lord silenced my objections.

On the 29th I was seriously ill. Three of our children had the small-pox, another had a malignant fever. One of the Sisters had symptoms of black small-pox. The will of God was manifest; departure was impossible. I understood that the cross, too heavy for my shoulders, would be carried by our Lord Himself. Nor was I mistaken.

From that day I have been relieved of anxiety, and I am convinced that a most powerful grace has silenced my apprehensions so well founded, and has restored to me perfect peace and tranquility.

Besides, we have really no cause for anxiety. The soldiers are passing continually and observe us closely, but with kindliness.
A great number ask me for crosses and medals. Fortunately, we have a good supply on hand. Several officers attend Mass on Sunday and their demeanor is very edifying. All our neighbors having moved away, their homes are now occupied by strange families. After Mass, our Sisters seek them out to speak to them of God. There have been already several baptisms, first communions, and many children attend catechism class.

When I consider the dispositions and resignation of these people, I cannot believe that the Good Master will prove indifferent to their sufferings. And, despite the fresh complications that daily arise, I believe that we shall soon have peace.

Most Honored Father, excuse this long and desultory letter. I needed to relieve my loneliness, which is a hard trial to us all.

I recommend myself to your prayers and my companions too; they are all most fervent and courageous.

Give us, I entreat you, a special blessing.

I have the honor to remain, most Honored Father,

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

SISTER EYSSARTIER,

u. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.

Letter of Sister Eyssartier, Daughter of Charity, to Our Most Honored Mother Lamartinie.

RIO DE JANEIRO, NICTHEROY,

Dec. 13, 1893.

My Most Honored Mother:

The grace of our Lord be with us forever!

Our position has not improved. Every day adds to our difficulties. And human prudence is of no avail in view of approaching events.

From day to day, a great and, it is supposed, a decisive battle is expected. Whatever be its result, it must bring mourning into many a home.
Our good God continues to shield us with his miraculous protection and we live undisturbed, despite bombs, balls, famine and disease, for all those scourges have fallen upon this unfortunate city ruined and almost deserted. Only those remain who find no opportunity to escape, and their number daily grows less.

Had I hearkened to our Sisters, so great is their confidence in God, I would have taken no precautions, nor made provision for emergencies.

Said one of them to me, a few days ago: "Has not St. Vincent promised his daughters, that no danger shall befall them, and do we not read in the Annals, accounts that verify his words?" I am happy to note their confidence and, in these terrible times, we continue to live united and happy; ready to submit to all that God may require of us.

Our Immaculate Mother has favored us with another proof of the love and protection which she extends to her children. In a family residing in the vicinity of the asylum there are two young girls, members of the Society of the Children of Mary. One of these young girls being much indisposed, remained in bed nearly all day. Her sister watched beside her.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, they perceived one of their relatives, likewise a child of Mary, enter the garden. The sick girl got up to meet her. Scarcely had the two young girls left the room, when an immense bomb forced its way through the walls, closed the door with a loud slam, and utterly demolished everything in the apartment except a statue of Mary Immaculate that stood on a credence, and a small table on which lay the Manual, ribbon and medal of a Child of Mary. The preservation of the statue is a mystery, placed near other furniture, of which there remains not a trace.

The family left the neighborhood, carrying with them the precious image which has become in their eyes a holy relic.
Most Honored Mother, we recommend ourselves to your prayers and those of the Community, that we may preserve strength and courage.

I have the honor to be, in the love of Jesus and of Mary Immaculate, my Most Honored Mother,

Your very humble and obedient daughter,

Sister Eyssartier,

u. d. o. c. s. o. t. p. s.

LETTER OF REV. BARTHOLOMEW SIPOLIS, PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION, TO VERY REV. A. FIAT, SUPERIOR GENERAL.

Death of Rev. Michael Sipolis at Diamantina, His Panegyric.

Rio, November 30, 1893.

Most Honored Father:

Your blessing, if you please!

Since our good God, through you, charged me with the direction of this Province, I have often exclaimed with the Prophet: “Tribulation and anguish have come upon me!” Tribulatio et Angustia invenerunt me!

And when, with the divine Master, I shall have borne my cross to Calvary, whither I slowly tend; I trust, through His mercy, He will grant me the grace to say, in union with Him, as did my dear Brother Michael: “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!”

After having informed you of the loss of so many holy Missionaries whom our good God has called to Himself within the last few years, I grieve to sadden you again by announcing the death of one of your most devoted sons in this mission of Brazil, to which, for over forty years, he had consecrated his intellect, his heart, his whole life—particularly in the Province of Minas Geraes, of which he was the Apostle. A telegram informed you of the death of my good Brother Michael. I now desire to furnish you with some de-
tails of his last illness and death which have been transmitted to me by letters from Diamantina.

I had previously acquainted you with the serious illness of my dear Brother and begged you to recommend him to the prayers of the Congregation at the Mother House which he so much loved. His attending physician pronounced his disease to be *Aneurism of the heart*.

November 10th, one week before his death, my Brother wrote to me on business connected with the Seminary.

The Retreat for the beginning of the scholastic year had just opened. One hundred and seventeen students were in attendance.

He consulted me about an educational establishment under charge of our Sisters, who were overtaxed and asked for help.

With regard to his health. "There is no subject for alarm," he said, "but, for some days past, my respiration is very labored. God's will be done!"

That was his last letter. He was able to say Mass daily until the 16th. After his thanksgiving, he felt very tired. For several days he could scarcely walk, but he continued to be the first every morning at meditation and other spiritual exercises. He continued to attend to business, either writing himself in answer to his correspondents, or dictating his answers.

With habitual calm and tranquillity, he requested his physician to inform him when he would be in danger of death, that he might make special preparation for the great voyage to eternity. He knew that his disease was incurable and that medicines were merely palliatives.

Friday, the 17th, the eve of his death, he was unable to celebrate Mass. The physician aware of his danger, deemed it his duty to inform him that it was time to receive the last Sacraments. He received the warn-
ing cheerfully and disposed himself with great piety to receive them well.

We prepared everything, writes one of my confrères, to render this last sad duty most solemn. An altar was prepared in the anti-chamber. All the seminarians, in surplices, repaired to the chapel to form a cortège to the Blessed Sacrament, which was conveyed to the venerable invalid.

He, seated in an arm-chair, and in surplice and stole, as St. Vincent is represented under like circumstances, renewed his consecration and his missionary vows, amid the tears of priests and of the seminarians who were deeply touched. He then received the holy viaticum and extreme unction, to our great edification, in perfect consciousness and entire conformity to the divine will. His soul, gifted with piety so sweet and strong, visibly enjoyed divine consolations. And his whole being, according to the promise of St. James, seemed relieved by the effects of extreme unction.

Thus fortified by the rites of the Church, he spent the rest of the day and night from the 17th to the 18th in sentiments of liveliest gratitude and most perfect submission to the will of God. Monseigneur, the Bishop of Diamantina, wrote me that having gone November 18th to pay a last visit to the dear sufferer, and inquired what he desired of him. "Your blessing," he answered. Having received it, he affectionately kissed the Prelate's hand.

On the morning of the 18th, with permission of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Mass was celebrated at the altar prepared in the anti-chamber. The venerable Priest had still sufficient strength to follow the Mass and to receive Holy Communion seated in his arm-chair. That was his last, and preceded the clear vision of God but by a few hours. "Happy to note the approach of his last hour," say the letters I received, and grateful for his approaching deliverance from this exile land, he said, with his wonted cheerfulness: "Now I am ready from this exile land, he said, with his wonted cheerfulness: "Now I am ready
He not only preserved consciousness up to his last breath, but even his joyousness; a sure sign of his peace of soul. He continued to converse affably with the physician, and those around him, only a few hours before his death.

He expressed, however, his fear of the sufferings of Purgatory. We answered: "All that is true. But you will be assisted by so many Masses, so many communions and prayers, and you have recited so many rosaries." "Really," he answered, "I have said a great many, especially for some nights past, when I was unable to sleep."

About 11 o'clock that morning, our little family at St. Vincent's, Diamantina, gathered around the venerable priest and begged his blessing. He gave it with great earnestness and humbly asked our pardon for any subjects of pain he had ever given us. It was his touching and final farewell, after which, all his faculties seemed absorbed in prayer and union with God.

At half-past 1 o'clock, as if forewarned of the hour of his death (he had begged the Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the grace of dying on a Saturday), he asked for the indulgence in articulo mortis. "Give me the plenary indulgence, I am dying."

His confrères, a large number of seminarians and others present, kneeling around the dying priest, poured out their fervent prayers in his behalf. He received the plenary indulgence. We immediately began the prayers for the agonizing, suggesting pious aspirations, which, from the motion of his lips, we knew he endeavored to repeat. He was conscious to the last. After scarce a moment's agony, having closed his eyes, pressed the crucifix to his heart and pronounced these words: Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Mary! In manus tuas, Domine, he peacefully breathed his last. It was just 15 minutes past 2 o'clock, when he gently gave up his soul to God.
Such, my Most Honored Father, are the details which have reached me. I transmit them to you for our mutual consolation and to alleviate my grief under a loss to which I am most sensible, and, which weighs heavily not only on our house at Diamantina and the Province of Brazil, but on the whole Congregation of the Mission to which my brother was so devoted, having spent over fifty years in the service of God and the discharge of the works of St. Vincent with which he was entrusted.

Up to this time, I have received numberless letters of condolence. Three Bishops, several other dignitaries of the church, and more than fifty Priests of different dioceses, write to inform me that they have offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the soul of the lamented deceased, upon whom they lavish eulogistic notices.

The President of the vast Province of Minas, a former student from Caraccas wrote to me under date November 25th: "I have just assisted at the seventh Mass I have had celebrated in the chapel of the President’s Palace for the soul of your illustrious Brother, my very dear Professor and excellent friend. I deeply lament his death, in which the Congregation of the Mission sustains a great loss, especially throughout our Province of Minas, to which he rendered great services by the education of youth in several Seminaries and the Missions to which he devoted himself for long years with incomparable zeal.

Let us derive consolation from the certainty that, from high Heaven, he will continue to pray for those whom he so loved upon earth."

All letters which I have received from the most estimable citizens at Diamantina, are in the same strain. "Behold how Saints die!" was the unanimous exclamation of those who were present when he breathed his last.
"Oh! how beautiful," exclaimed one as he was leaving the Seminary, "is the death of the just!"

The day after his death, one of our most intimate friends, the Chief Engineer of Diamantina, wrote:

"The whole city is plunged in mourning for the death of your beloved Brother, Father Michael. We bitterly bewail him. In him, the Church has lost a brave champion; the Seminary, a pious and learned Superior, the establishments of the Daughters of Charity, a wise and prudent director, the poor, a kind father, the faithful at large an enlightened guide. You have lost a tender and devoted Brother, and I, one of my best friends."

"But Heaven has gained one more Saint, the Divine Master has crowned His good and faithful Servant, and admitted him to the joys of a blessed eternity!"

The tears of the people of Diamantina, the universal sorrow, are striking evidences of the esteem, the veneration and the love all entertained for our dear departed. We sympathize in your grief, and all the members of our family assure you of their sincere consolation."

Such are the sentiments of friends. How shall I do justice to those of St. Vincent's double family! How shall I describe my own?

Language, strength and time fail me, and I must content myself with declaring that my Brother Michael, from my early childhood, was to me father, guide and model. And when by your appointment, I became Visitor of this Province, his relations with me were as those of a son, he was the most humble, the most obedient, the most devoted of all.

The last letters received from Diamantina, assure me that his obsequies were most imposing on account of the solemnity of the ceremonies, the presence of the most distinguished personages of the city, and the immense concourse of people.
The day of his burial was like a triumphal celebration.

The Office of the Dead was solemnly chanted, and succeeded by High Mass, at which the Bishop was present. At the close of the obsequies, the Prelate pronounced the absolution.

The interment took place at 2 o'clock that afternoon. It was attended by all the Priests of the city, the Daughters of Charity, the Students of the Seminary and an immense crowd. Our dear departed reposes in the catacombs of the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, beside our confrère, Rev. Father Bec. No one doubts that his soul is now in the enjoyment of eternal glory.

The President of the Province telegraphed to the Chief-Magistrate of the city of Diamantina, to represent him at the funeral.

"In a previous official telegram, the President expressed his grief for the demise of your lamented brother, and recommended him to public gratitude in the following terms:

The unexpected intelligence of the death of my excellent Professor and friend, Father Michael Sipolis, has filled me with most profound grief.

The eminent services which he has rendered the Province of Minas, his long career as a zealous missionary and devoted instructor of youth, commend his memory to the veneration and gratitude of all the inhabitants of this Province.

"May God be his exceeding great reward!"

This is all, Most Honored Father, I can tell you now of our irreparable loss.

My dear Brother Michael came to Rio towards the end of last August, to secure, if possible, a confrère in the place of Father Lacoste, sent one year before as Superior to Cuyaba.

Our good God permitted this journey, to afford him
an opportunity of bidding farewell to the many friends he met during his long journey going and coming. His great sorrow was to leave without the much desired assistance for the Seminary.

Be not surprised, most Honored Father, that so many of our confrères succumb, one after another, but, always, on the battle-field in this Province. The most zealous Confrères are obliged to multiply themselves and undertake more than they can perform.

May the holy will of God be done!

In the meanwhile, bless me—bless all your children, my most Honored Father, and believe me ever, your devoted son and humble servant,

B. Sipolis,

u. p. c. m.