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A statesman once said to me: "Here they are continually proposing changes, as if they were the easiest things in the world; gladly would they change the State after it has been revolutionized five times."

Then he objected to the example of a Community whose members were not bound by vows. St. Vincent had already remarked that, although he would not pass judgment upon such a condition of things, to propose it as the more perfect state, would be to condemn the Church which has always, especially in the Council of Trent, encouraged the consecration of the whole man to God by means of the holy vows as a most acceptable holocaust, which thus offers both the tree and its fruits. Nor is it out of place to remark that if some sacred orators and writers debating the question of good deeds performed, untrammelled by vows, have defended their view with extravagant praise, their works are rather rhetorical flights of eloquence than reliable truths.

Again, Father Gilles rose and presented to the assembly the testimony of experience in confirmation of the opinion of the Church. "You propose, said he, the example of a certain Community: "Well! a member of that very Community lately deplored, in my presence, existing irregularities, which he attributed to the fact that the members were free from the obligation of the vows. He told me that their establishment was nothing better than a respectable hotel and, their semi-
nary was of small account." Father Gilles referred also to objections against the taking of vows, which were entertained by a portion of the Company in Italy, then drifting with the current. "It is the duty of the mother to hold the child lest it be carried away from her, and, "could we," he added, "blame a boy who, though not fervent, prefers the religious and cloistered life to a military career?" "Certainly not, because a religious, even though tepid, performs many good actions which find no place amid the tumultuous life of the camp!"

The fervent Missionary further declared that he would rather leave the Company than remain in it, unsustained by the obligation of the vows.

His fervor was blessed by God. The Holy See decreed September 22nd, 1655, that no Missionary should be received until after a trial of two years, after which he should make simple vows, subject to the Holy See.

The Crown of Perseverance was gained by the holy Missionary, when, to use St. Vincent's own words: "God granted it by calling to Himself, good Father Gilles" in the course of the month of July, 1652.

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Rev. Dermot Guy or Duiguin.

ISLES OF THE WEST OR HEBRIDES.

May 17, 1657.

The Hebrides, or Western Isles, (known to the Ancients as Ebudes.) form an Archipelago of about two hundred islands off the western coast of Scotland, the half of which are uninhabited; the rest are abodes of indigence, owing to the barrenness of the soil.

Previous to the English schism, many Catholic priests dwelt there, who were succeeded by dissenting ministers. But the latter soon wearied of a ministry that yielded no fruits but poverty and suffering.

Their ignorance was so dense that they even forgot
the necessity of baptism and the manner of conferring it. And towards the middle of the seventeenth century, it was no uncommon thing to meet octogenarians and centenarians who had not received the first of the Sacraments.

We are not acquainted with the circumstances that put St. Vincent in possession of these sad facts. But, as soon as informed of them, he sent some of his priests into Ireland and Scotland to the help of their brethren. An arduous and perilous enterprise, for Scotland, as well as Ireland, was the sport of Cromwell's cruelty.

Nevertheless, two of them, Dermot Guy and Francis White, of Irish birth, declared their readiness to set out; and, aided by the alms of Presidents Lamoignon and Herse, they started in the month of March, 1651.

Father Dermot Guy was born in Ireland in 1620 and admitted to the Congregation of the Mission at Paris, August 26, 1645. We learn from a letter written by St. Vincent, November 18, 1646, that Father Guy, then employed in the establishment at Mans, was missioned to his native land. After three years of Apostolic labors he returned to France, and St. Vincent having appealed to his zeal in favor of Scotland, he declared his readiness to start anew. (March, 1651.)

To escape the recognition of heretics, the two missionaries disguised themselves as merchants, and, instead of leaving from Calais, to evade suspicion, they sailed from Holland, in the company of Lord MacDonald, of Glengarry, a recent convert. This young Scotch nobleman took them under his protection and lavished upon them the kindest attentions.

As soon as they reached Scotland, however, they looked upon themselves as lost. Recognized and publicly denounced by an apostate priest, who wished to begin, by this act of treachery, his ministrations as a Protestant minister, and proposed to have them promptly secured and delivered up to Cromwell's
satellites. To prove his zeal for the sect he had embraced, the unfortunate man wrote a circular which was sent all over the country to publish the arrival of the two Missionaries.

Such a beginning was, by no means, encouraging. But all turned to the glory of God. The Apostate was attacked by a malady that racked his frame with intolerable pains, and deprived him of sight and hearing.

Then he acknowledged the hand of God who thus punished his apostasy and perverse will. He bewailed his fall and promised to make reparation when he would regain health. Scarcely was he able to sustain the fatigues of travel, when he undertook a long journey to obtain absolution and to be freed from the censures he had incurred by his apostasy.

Father Guy, whom he overtook, granted him all necessary absolutions and release from censure, by virtue of the faculties he had received from the Holy See.

Thus ended the first plot, which happily brought back to the path of duty a renegade, and thus opened the way to the Hebrides and hastened the way across the mountains for two chosen priests, who were destined to convert the inhabitants; but, whom prudence forbade to tarry in large cities where their coming had been anticipated by sinister rumors.

During eighteen months, Vincent de Paul received no tidings of those apostolic men. At last, October 28, 1852, a letter from Father Guy relieved him of all anxiety.

Father Guy wrote: "No sooner had we reached Scotland, than the Lord granted us the grace to co-operate in the conversion of Lord Glengarry's father. He was in his ninetieth year, and bred in heresy. We instructed him and received him into the Church, during a severe illness that brought him to the brink of the grave. He received the last Sacraments and publicly expressed his regret for having lived so long in error, and his joy.
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and gratitude for the grace of dying a Catholic. I received into the Church, privately, several of his servants and a number of his friends. This done, I left my companion in the Highlands and went to the Hebrides, where our omnipotent God, through His boundless mercy, wrought prodigies of grace that far exceeded my hopes. For, He so disposed hearts that Lord Clanrenald, chief of nearly all those western isles, was converted together with his wife, his son and the entire family. An example followed by all the noblemen of his clan and their families.

I remained for a while among the people of those isles, and passed on to the Isles of Eig and Canna. There God converted eight or nine hundred persons, who were so ignorant of anything pertaining to religion, that not fifteen, amongst them all, were acquainted with a single mystery of the Catholic faith. I met thirty or forty aged seventy, eighty or a hundred years and over, who had not been baptized. Those I instructed and baptized. Shortly afterwards they were called out of this world and are now, we may hope, with God, praying for those who procured them so great a blessing as to die in the bosom of the one true Church.

A great many of the inhabitants lived in concubinage; but, thanks to God, this evil has been remedied—either by being united in holy matrimony, or by being persuaded to separate.

Like St. Paul to the Milesians, the Missionary could say to the islanders: "You yourselves know; for such things as were needful for me and them that are with me, these hands have furnished." (Acts XX, 34.)

In fact, he asked nothing of those poor people, and yet he was obliged to maintain two men. One to row the boat from island to island; another to carry his sacerdotal vestments and baggage when obliged to travel on foot four or five leagues over frightful roads to say Mass. The other acted as Catechist and Server.
Truly his expenses could not amount to much. "Generally," wrote Father Guy, "we partook of but one meal daily, which consisted of barley, or oaten bread with cheese, or salt butter. Sometimes we spent entire days without food, because it was not to be found, especially in our journeys over barren and uninhabited mountains."

"It would, without doubt, contribute to God's glory to send faithful evangelical laborers acquainted with the language, into these islands; better still, if they could endure hunger, thirst and sleeping on the bare ground."

Father Guy's second letter, written in 1654, is no less curious and edifying.

"We are," he said, "bound to return thanks to the Almighty for the blessings He deigns to shed upon our poor labors. Aware of my inability to do justice to all, I shall confine myself to a few particulars."

The islands I frequented were the "inner Hebrides," Uist, Canna, Eig and Skye, and, in the outer division, Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, Knoidart and Glengarry.

The Isle of Uist is governed by two lords; one is known as Captain Clan Ranald, the other as MacDonald. Under the former, all are converted but two men, who ignore all religion that they may sin without restraint. Thus one thousand or twelve hundred souls have been brought back to the true fold. I have not visited the other portion of the island under the dominion of Lord MacDonald, although I have been invited to do so. A minister wishes to hold a controversy with me by letter; I have responded and I hope for happy results. The nobility have urged me to visit their estates and Lord MacDonald will be glad if I accept their invitation, which I am the more inclined to do as the minister apprehends my coming and would like to dissuade me. The two domestics whom he deputed to convey to me his messages, returned to him
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Catholics, by the grace of God. After instructing them, I heard their general confessions.

The inhabitants of the little isle of Canna are, for the most part, converted. Many in the Isle of Eig have embraced the faith. As to the Isle of Skye, which is governed by these lords—about two-thirds have embraced the true faith. In the other portion, I have, as yet, done nothing.

In the isles of Moidart, Arisaiz, Moras, Knoidart and Glengarry, the inhabitants are all converted, or, anxious to be instructed, when we shall have leisure to go from village to village. There are from six to seven thousand souls there; but all those islands are far apart; it is difficult to visit them on foot, and they are, otherwise, inaccessible.

Early in the spring, I stopped at the Isle of Barra, and was delighted to find the people pious and eager for instruction. It sufficed to teach one child in each village the Pater, Ave and Credo, in order that, in two days, the villagers, old and young, should become familiar with those prayers.

I have received the most influential inhabitants into the Church, amongst others, a young lord with his brothers and sisters, and we hope to gain the old chief at our next visit. Among the new converts, is the son of a Protestant minister. His piety is an edification to the whole Community, throughout which, he is well-known. I usually defer Communion for some time after the general confession, that the converts may be better instructed and disposed for a second confession, and also to excite, within them, a greater desire for the holy Communion."

Providence aided the Missionary at Barra. The people had for many years been reduced to extreme poverty, because the Alga Marenza, or sea-weed, the only pasturage of the island, had failed. That very year, the sea had yielded none. But scarce had the
Missionary poured Holy Water on the wave-beaten coast when the Alga Marina was discovered and gathered in quantities sufficient for the whole year. Real, or pretended witchcraft had driven from around Barra for many years herrings and other fish. Three successive times, Holy Water proved an attractive bait that brought them in shoals. Finally, in the northern part of Uist where the minister resided, the epizootic had broken out and, their cattle being destroyed, the inhabitants were without resources. But in the south, the abode of the Missionary, not a beast died, thanks to the Holy Water. What a discredit to the minister—what influence the Missionary acquired. The grateful people were once again attracted to the true faith.

Then again, there were poor sinners who could not, without serious preparation, receive the Blessed Sacrament—being physically indisposed. People, troubled by phantoms or evil spirits, regained their peace of soul and body when baptized and reconciled to the Church. So many prodigies amazed the people. It was an ordinary occurrence to baptize ten, fifteen or twenty children at a time; and to see adults forty, sixty, and eighty years old presenting themselves for baptism.

At sight of so much good accomplished, and so much more to be done, Father Guy recommended himself to the prayers of St. Vincent, to those of the Congregation of the Mission and all the fervent Servants of God throughout Paris. Then he asked for help. This, said he, is an extensive country and the people, by the Grace of God, are well disposed; therefore I beg you, Most Honored Father, to send us a good Irish Priest. But he must needs be very virtuous, above all, mortified, detached from self and his own comforts and satisfactions—for there is much to suffer here in every way. He needs, too, great patience, meekness and moderation in his words and actions in order to gain these people to God. The least harshness, or impatience discourages them."
Such is the ideal of a Missionary, which was an ordinary reality, in those days, among the Sons of St. Vincent de Paul. That was the golden age, the heroic age of the Congregation of the Mission.

Animated by success and, insatiable for the salvation of souls, Father Guy prepared to start for one of the three isles of Pabba, a strange and terrible place, he wrote to one of his confrères May 5, 1657, but whither he was attracted by confidence in God, his contempt of death and his zeal for the salvation of souls. Those islanders had not been corrupted by heresy, and he had reason to believe that they would accept the glad tidings of the Gospel and conform their lives to its teachings.

He had already procured his passport from the Governor of Pabba, and was to start in five days for this new field of labor when he was taken suddenly ill. He was exhausted for want of wholesome food, his long journeys and all the fatigues of his hard apostleship.

As Xavier died in view of China, he succumbed in sight of Pabba, May 17, 1657. He breathed his last and was buried in the Isle of Uist.

Vincent did not fail to communicate these sad, but consoling accounts to all his Missionary establishments. Rev. Father Duiguin, said he, died on his Mission at the Hebrides, where, we may truly say, he wrought prodigies. His poor islanders, old and young, mourned him as a father. I have not received the details of his Missionary labors. God made him the instrument of marvellous mercy. The English persecution prevents the diffusion of religious intelligence, save in general terms. The Reformers cruelly persecute Catholics, especially priests.

The Isle of Uist contains a chapel that still bears the name of this holy Missionary.


The two Missionaries referred to in foregoing notice
are called in the account of Missionary lives Germain Duiguin and Francis LeBlanc, names evidently adapted to the French language. There is no difficulty in tracing the second. As to the former, a manuscript note in a copy of Commentaries of Tirinus is still preserved in Scotland at the Seminary of Preshome, and proves by the Capital D that precedes his signature that his given name was Dermot not Germain, which latter, was probably the French name, by which he was known in the Congregation, but not his true name. And we read in a list still extant of the early Missionaries of Scotland, those two names Duiguin and LeBlanc—written Dermot Guy and Francis Whyte, such do we term them throughout our notice, in which we rectify proper names of places and persons erroneously quoted, and often unintelligible, in the accounts prepared by Abelly and Collet.

We deem it useful, though not necessary, to refer to the geographical position of the western isles; that the reader may form a faint idea of the many difficulties and hard labors sustained by St. Vincent’s Sons in that inhospitable land.

Hebrides or Western Islands (anc. Ebudes), a series of islands off the west coast of Scotland, between latitude 55° 35’ and 58° 34’ N., and lon. 5° and 8° W., and consisting of two principal groups: the Outer Hebrides, Lewis, North and South Uist, Benbecula, Barra, and numerous smaller islands, in the counties of Ross and Inverness; and the Inner Hebrides,—Skye, Rum, Eig, Canna, Coll, Terie, Mull, Iona, Colonsa, Iura, Arran, Bute, &c., partly separated from the former by the channel termed Little Minch, and lying more immediately off the shores of Inverness and Argyle, in which counties, and in Buteshire they are included. Total number, not including the smaller islets, 160, 70 of which are permanently inhabited. Total area about 3,000 square miles. Pop. about 115,000.”
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Rev. Father Duchesne.

AGDE, November 15, 1654.

The regrets expressed by Saint Vincent on being informed of Father Duchesne's death sufficiently prove the confidence he placed in that generous Missionary, whose life had been so active and useful, notwithstanding his frail health.

He had destined him to be the consolation of the consolers of poor slaves on the distant shores of Africa. He once wrote to him: "I beg you to offer yourself to our Lord and supplicate him to restore your health, that you may be able to visit our poor confrères in Barbary."

In the meanwhile, Father Duchesne had to minister to his own sick confrères at Agde. And St. Vincent wrote to him several times to express his deep-felt gratitude for the attentions lavished by Father Duchesne upon his sick companions. "You can," he wrote, "pour no sweeter consolation on my soul than by continuing to exercise your charity in favor of our good Father N. I most humbly thank you for the frequent accounts you send me of his health. Continue, I pray you, for the love of Jesus Christ, which presses us."

Father Duchesne died November, 1654. Sometime afterwards, the Saint wrote as follows to one of his Missionaries at Warsaw:

"I have received the letter in which you complain of my neglect to inform you of Father Duchesne's death. It must be, that my own grief rendered me forgetful."

"It is true that it has pleased God to call unto Himself his faithful servant by whose death the company has sustained an inappreciable loss. God called him during his sojourn at Agde. After two months' illness, he fell a victim to the epidemic that devastated that place. Twice I wrote to him, urging him to re-
move from that baneful atmosphere and to go to any one of our establishments that he preferred. He excused himself, not wishing to abandon his companions, who were all sick. An extern had to be called in to attend to them. Only those who were acquainted with his many virtues, can realize our loss. His great mortification, candor, firmness, cordiality; the blessings that attended his sermons, catechetical instructions—exercises for those to be ordained, his love of his vocation, his exact observance of the rules and customs of the company and his Missionary virtues; only those familiar with them, can appreciate them."

"Two or three conferences have been held concerning him and his wonderful sanctity, by those who have most intimately known them. Particular acts of heroic virtue, especially of humility and mortification which he exercised towards those whom he feared to have offended, were related."

"I will request those who spoke of them, to commit them to writing that I may send you some details."

{These accounts were either not recorded, or not preserved.)

Letters of Saint Vincent de Paul.

A brother coadjutor of the same name, John Duchesne, born in Lorraine during the year 1622, merited St. Vincent's encomiums; and to be cited as an example of self-sacrifice.

He had been a captive in Barbary, and was ransomed by the Consul on account of the zeal with which he assisted the poor slaves.

He was afterwards sent to Agde, thence to Saintes, where he died December 22, 1654.

Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.
Rev. Louis Thibaut.

"It has pleased God, wrote St. Vincent, to dispose of good Father Thibaut, Superior of our House at Meen, where the divine Majesty visibly blessed his direction and his labors on country Missions. Insomuch that the Bishop of St. Malo often told me of the wonderful success that attended his labors, and declared that his peer was not to be found in France.

According to what I hear, the members of his own establishment and the whole Province are plunged, by his demise, in the deepest affliction. God made him the instrument of marvellous conversions, particularly among the nobility. In short he was a model of a true and perfect Missionary.

Father Louis Thibaut, so highly praised by Saint Vincent, was born at Ferrière, in Gâtinais, Diocese of Sens, March 26, 1618, and received into the Congregation August 21, 1637. In 1644 he was made Superior of the House at Saintes and in 1648 at St. Meen.

Father Thibaut began his apostolic career by evangelizing the environs of Paris. He labored at Villeneuve, St. George’s and Montgeron with a zeal and success that have been commemorated by St. Vincent’s pen—and St. Vincent seldom indulged in the praises of his children. He wrote to Father Thibaut: "I implore God to preserve you for His glory, and I thank Him for the blessings He sheds upon your labors, of which I have often been informed."

"I long to see you," he added, "that I may embrace you cordially and afford you some rest. God grant you the grace of one day reposing in your heavenly home!"

Fathers Thibaut and John Martin, were Missionaries to whom St. Vincent seemed pleased to unburthen his heart and to treat with most paternal affection.

The life of this holy priest was characterized by devotedness to the two families established by our holy Founder. We may say that he loved them passion-
ately and his constant and sweetest desire was to pro-
mote the development of the Congregation of the Mis-
sion and of the company of the Daughters of Charity.
These were the most frequent subjects of his corres-
pondence.

St. Vincent summoned him, to Paris, when he con-
voked an assembly of the most experienced members
of the Congregation, to decide upon the question of the
vows and to make a final revision of the Rules. Rev.
Father Thibaut, on both questions, sided with the
opinions of our holy Founder. On account of existing
prejudices against the monastic state, particularly in
Italy, he wanted no engagements that would make of
them religious. But added he, with other Missionaries
most deeply attached to their holy vocation: "We
must have vows. Better solemn vows than none at
all, for the stability of our Congregation depends upon
the vows."

He manifested no less zeal and affection for the com-
pany of Daughters of Charity. We find, in almost
every one of his letters to St. Vincent, some question
of vocation to decide and directions for postulants
setting out to join the Community. If the pangs of
separation were most sensibly felt by parents who con-
sented to surrender their children to God and to the
service of the poor, Father Vincent wrote that Father
Thibaut was there; that he would visit the afflicted
family and infuse into their hearts courage and con-
solation.

Father Thibaut came once to Paris and, to that fer-
vent Missionary, we owe certain touching words. St.
Vincent invited him to accompany him once when
about to give a conference to the Sisters of Charity in
explanation of their Rules. The subject of the con-
ference was the Spirit of the World, given July 28,
1648. After the simple method of the Fathers of the
desert, the humble and holy Founder questioned his
Daughters, one after another. When suddenly he paused and, either because his duties called him elsewhere, or because he desired his Daughter to hear the words of a Missionary so devoted to them, he withdrew, leaving Father Thibaut to finish the conference. The latter excused himself, but through obedience, resumed the thread of St. Vincent’s instruction, and closely imitated not only his spirit, but his very style. His discourse is preserved in the volume of St. Vincent’s conferences to the Daughters of Charity. The pious Missionary closed his instruction, after St. Vincent’s method, by a prayer and blessing. These are his words:

“The last means, my dear Sisters, for divesting yourselves of the spirit of the world, is to conform yourselves to the spirit of God, and, the means to do so is to implore God frequently and with confidence to grant you this grace, which He will not deny you; for He has promised it to those who desire to follow Him. If your desire be sincere, you can adjure Him to redeem His promise. “What! O my God, I am still filled with the spirit of the world! Thou hast promised special assistance to all who desire to follow thee! Wilt thou deny me thy spirit when I implore thee to rid me of an enemy who so boldly opposes thy glory, and strives by so many artifices to prevent my salvation? O Lord, I trust that thou wilt grant me grace to overcome the spirit of the world. This, I ask of thee with all my heart—and I pray thee to instil in me thy holy maxims which thou didst impart to thy Apostles, and to all those who, by thy spirit, overcame the world.”

“This is the petition I most earnestly make to our Lord for you and for myself. We stand in so great need of it, and in the hope that He will hearken to our prayer, I will pronounce the words of benediction.

Benedictio Domini, &c.”

Touching details. The crowds of vocations that gath-
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erred around Father Thibaut included many whom he never sought to influence. He was the only son left to a father and mother devoted to works of piety and charity, and when he learned from St. Vincent that his parents were upon the point of entering some convent in order to consecrate themselves entirely to God, and when the servant of God recommended certain well-known and holy Communities, he wrote as follows:

“My good Father Thibaut, I have received two letters from your venerable father which inform me that God has disposed of your little sister by calling her to Himself, which would no doubt prove a subject of grief to you, had you not already learned to conform your will to the divine good pleasure, and you are assured of the eternal happiness which that dear, innocent soul now enjoys. And, I can now assure you that your good father and mother persevere in the desire to withdraw from the world, that they may be more intimately united to their Creator.”

“They ask my advice on this subject, and request me to tell them what disposition they should make of their earthly possessions.”

“In answer to their first letter, I told them, that at their age, it seemed advisable to continue in their present state, since, by the grace of God, they were doing so much good, and I begged to be excused from advising them as to the disposal of their means.”

“Their second letter shewed that they were not satisfied with my answer, as they desire to understand God’s will clearly on both questions and beg me to answer more explicitely, which has obliged me to give their requests further attention. I am about to tell them that perhaps God wishes to visit them with the long desired consolation. Having now no earthly tie, all the children, save yourself, being safe in Heaven; and that you have entered upon the path that leads to it, and are encouraging many others to embrace a holy life.”
They express their delight on learning this, declaring that no greater joy, here below, can be theirs."

It seems to me that perhaps Providence intends to complete their joy, by calling your Father to St. Lazare’s, and your Mother to Mademoiselle Le Gras’, where they will be near you and in the same vocation, free from the world, in a place where they can serve God with a special service and, in a manner proportioned to their strength."

Was this design realized? We do not think so. But that family of true and fervent Christians continued to devote themselves entirely to the interests of Our divine Lord.

In a subsequent letter, we find that Mr. Thibaut informed St. Vincent that he had made provision for three Missions to be given in three different parishes.

Father Thibaut continued to devote himself to the apostolic and wearing labors of Missionary life. In one of these Missions he fell sick and was immediately carried to St. Meen. Two days later he gave up his soul to God. We know in what esteem the Bishop of St. Malo held that incomparable Missionary and in what eulogistic terms he referred to his many gifts of mind and heart. St. Vincent on his side added: “We have heard marvellous accounts of his holiness.”

Father Francis Mounier.

MADAGASCAR, May 24, 1655.

The first priests sent by St. Vincent to Madagascar succumbed. When informed of their decease, St. Vincent, after blessing God and adoring His designs, which, however hidden, are always perfectly just, thought but of procuring for the neophytes, as soon as possible, assistance proportioned to their necessities.

Collet writes this in his Life of St. Vincent, adding
the following reflection: In a Congregation that yet preserves its first fervor, every member is a man of good will. So St. Vincent met with no refusal or, if you will, none of those human remonstrances which only manifest much pusillanamity and very little zeal.

Apostolic Vocation of Father Mounier.

At that time, there dwelt in Piccardy a young and zealous priest employed in distributing alms.

He passionately desired to devote his life to the salvation of infidels. He vowed to recite the Rosary daily to obtain, through the mediation of the Blessed Virgin, the favor of being sent to a foreign Mission. He was born at Saintes in 1625, and was admitted to the Congregation of the Mission, at Paris, Dec. 19, 1643. Our Saint had his eye on him to send him, with Tonssaint Bourdaise, to the great African Continent; but, political disturbances in France did not permit them to embark very soon. They took their departure March, 1654.

Father Mounier sent St. Vincent an account of the incidents of the voyage in a letter dated Madagascar, February 6, 1655. He revealed to him the sentiments of his apostolic soul, and his joy at having been selected to convey to that infidel land the faith of Jesus Christ.

He wrote: "If ever I felt a great esteem and strong love of my vocation, those sentiments are incomparably deeper now at being engaged in that work in which I so long desired to labor for the salvation of souls redeemed at the price of Christ's precious blood. I cannot describe my joy and gratitude for the favor you have conferred on me by sending me to this country:—for this benefit accept my most humble thanks."

He gives, in his letters to St. Vincent de Paul, an account of his voyage, and of his early labors in Madagascar.
The following are the principal facts that he relates:

**Navigation, Pious occupation. Their stay at Cape Verde.**

"I made great haste to reach Nantes in time for the embarkation: God permitted me to arrive in time; but alas! my dear companion, Father Bourdaise, was not there, and I knew not when to expect him. Marshal de la Milleraye very kindly granted one day's delay to wait his coming, or seek another companion, in case he failed to appear; in which event, two Franciscans were to take our places, and set out. But, thanks to divine Providence, I beheld Father Bourdaise coming, which in a moment dispelled the heavy sadness that oppressed my heart; to my uneasiness, succeeded inexpressible joy.

The first Friday of Lent, a small schooner conveyed us to the vessels which were lying at St. Nazaire's. Father Bourdaise embarked on one, and our Brother René Foret and I, secured our places on the other.

Finally, the third Sunday of Lent, March 8, 1654, between the hours of 7 and 8 in the morning, we set sail—the four vessels starting at the same time; two were bound for America and, our two, for Madagascar. We began our voyage with the customary prayers which we continued to offer every morning throughout the way. We made our examen of conscience and observed our ordinary exercises. I always said Mass on Sundays and holy days, when the sea was sufficiently calm. Through the day I instructed the crew and the youths on board, and read to them from some spiritual book. I devoted some time to acquiring the language of the country. Of course, we recited the divine office and never omitted our mental prayer. The four vessels journeyed together for twelve days; then, the two bound for America, left us to continue their route. I had much to endure during the whole voyage from fifteen or sixteen profane individuals whose oaths, ob-
scene remarks and vile songs, were a continual trial to me. I had no influence over them, for they were sustained by the example of several of the ship's officers who belonged to the reformed church. Some Catholics followed their bad example.

April 9th at four o'clock in the afternoon, we weighed anchor at Cape Verde, on the Rufisco roadstead. I remarked that it would be an easy matter to establish the faith in those parts. I baptized an adult thirty-five years old, instructed and introduced to me by a Portuguese settler. There are six or seven of the same nation residing in that place. I baptized three natural children of one of them. I blessed some water and offered the Holy Sacrifice.

Divine Protection During a Tempest. Arrival at Madagascar.

We resumed our voyage, the second Sunday after Easter. But June 29th, a storm broke our helm and, the waters of the ocean rushed into the gunner's room, breaking part of the flooring and damaging a considerable portion of the vessel. Our mizzen-mast and topsail were injured and had to be repaired. We were certainly terrified, to be in a vessel without a helm, with only a fore-stay sail, was enough to appal the stoutest heart. We were in this condition one whole night and half a day. But the Almighty protected us. In His special Providence the storm was over, on the Feast of Saint John Baptist, and allowed us time to repair the helm until we reached Saldanha Bay. We reached the harbor July 11, after having sighted, for three days, the Cape of Good Hope. I could not see any negroes at the cape, although I went twice on shore for that very purpose, as Father Nacquart had expressed a desire to procure two children of that race. But they are a wandering people and are seldom found twice in the same location. I learned that one can obtain, whatever refreshments the place affords, in exchange for a little tobacco. It were well for our priests
to be furnished with some, to utilize in case of need. After spending nine or ten days at Saldanha, we set sail again July 20th.

"Finally, our hopes were realized. O glorious Virgin! to thee we owed this favor. For, on the eve of thy glorious Assumption into Heaven, we sounded our bearings, and hoped to reach land on that very day,—but could not, until the day following; we were further from shore than we thought. This did not, however, hinder me from saying Mass on that beautiful day—after singing the *Te Deum* at sight of our long desired place of destination."

*The Missionaries are Informed of Father Nacquart's Death. They Find the Blessed Sacrament Reserved in the Chapel at Fort Dauphin.*

Having weighed anchor, we landed. But alas! great bitterness alloyed my joy when I was informed of Father Nacquart's death, which occurred, May 29th, 1650. We anticipated no other consolation, under God, but meeting that holy man, and receiving from his lips the necessary instructions for evangelizing the poor natives, and this was denied us. But, may God's will be in all things accomplished and His holy name be blessed! Father Nacquart now dwells in Heaven, and in this land too, by the good odor of his virtues and the sweet memories of his holy life. We are assured of this, by the affection with which these poor people speak of him.

At last, we are at Fort Dauphin among the French. Father Bourdaise had preceded me, and had already called upon Governor Flacourt, who extended to him a most cordial welcome.

He gave our confrère an account of the battle that had taken place between the French and the natives, and of all the fatigues and trials they had endured, which were very great. I cannot now enter into any details. But, it is wonderful that sixty or seventy Frenchmen could have resisted so great a multitude. On one occasion, twelve men made headway against
The day following, being Sunday, our dear confrère offered the Holy Sacrifice in the chapel, to the great joy of General Flacourt and all the French. Having been informed that the Blessed Sacrament was still in the tabernacle, as Father Nacquart had been taken suddenly ill, and was unable to consume the Sacred Species, Father Mounier could not credit this and he said to himself, as he afterwards told me: "These good people do not understand; they do not know that the sacrament must, by this time, have changed. But after consecrating, he opened the ciborium and there indeed found five particles intact, but adhering somewhat together, he was filled with wonder, and he believed that God had granted this favor on account of the reverence of these people. They always said their night and morning prayers in the church, and carried the tabernacle in procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

"We hear only lamentations over the death of Father Nacquart. I cannot give you an idea of the veneration in which his memory is held here. Many of the French residents assure me that they never grieved so bitterly over any other loss. The negroes share their feelings of veneration and regret."

Early Labors. Father Mounier Asks for Coadjutor Brothers. He Mentions the desire Expressed by Certain Daughters of Charity to be Sent to Madagascar.

The inhabitants remain faithful to the teachings of Father Nacquart concerning the faith. So that upon our arrival, it was not necessary for us to go in quest of them. They came to us of their own accord, knowing that we were to continue the work of the dear departed.

Not a day has passed since our arrival, without bringing to us every morning, some of those good islanders,
sometimes twenty, at once, for instruction. We have a place assigned them in which they assemble to learn their prayers and catechism. After dinner we are engaged in like-manner, from 1 o’clock until 3 or 4 o’clock; —sometimes, in fact, for five hours until nightfall. If we attend to anything else, it is just so much time taken from instructions. In order to write, I had to ask them to grant me a little leisure. They complied quite unwillingly, which proves Reverend Father how much we need assistance to evangelize this country. I assure you that all the surrounding villages are in equal need of such assistance.

Two or three coadjutor Brothers would find plenty of occupation, particularly if they were chaste, obedient and mild. Mildness and patience are indispensable in dealing with the natives. The Brothers should be able to read and write. One of them should have some knowledge of surgery and medicine and bring with him necessary instruments and medicaments. Enclosed, you will find a list sent by Father Bourdaise—of whom French and natives are constantly begging salves and ointments for their sores and wounds. This furnishes an excellent opportunity of instructing these poor people in the faith and in the rules of civilized life. A Brother tailor, a Brother carpenter, and a Brother locksmith would likewise prove valuable adjuncts.”

Whilst at Nantes, I called upon the Daughters of Charity who have a hospital in that place. They expressed a strong desire to come here and, contribute as far as possible, to the salvation of these poor islanders; they earnestly entreated me to write to you on the subject. I firmly, and with great reason, believe that they would effect much good on account of the care they would bestow on the sick, by teaching them their prayers and the essential truths of salvation, and the good example they would diffuse around them. Such were the views and desires of Father Mounier.
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Treating of this subject, August 8th, 1655, St. Vincent addressing the Daughters of Charity, said: My Daughters, you are known everywhere, even in Madagascar, where your services are greatly desired. Our Rev. Confrères, in that distant land, have written to express their desire to see you established there, the more easily to gain the souls of the poor negroes.

Ah! my Daughters, God blesses and will forever bless your Company, provided that you are faithful to him!

Father Mounier added: “I think that five or six of the little foundlings at Paris, selected from among the most intelligent, and skilled in some manual labor, such as sewing, and cotton and silk work, or, something similar, would be useful here, to start a little school for Catechumens, who would learn readily from the French children.”

Habits of the Malagassy. Climate.

These poor negroes have good natural dispositions and are easily converted, for the little children are governed by reason. Their fathers and mothers never whip them; they satisfy them as far as they can. So that these children are very obedient and devoted to their parents. They are gentle and peaceable. I have heard but of one quarrel having occurred during our six months sojourn here. They are very kind to one another. If one falls sick, the rest hasten to his assistance and lavish the kindest care upon the sufferer. If one receives a gift, it is immediately shared with his comrades. Even the children are remarkable in this respect. Drunkenness and gluttony are scarcely known amongst them. All are temperate and subsist on an incredibly small amount of food. They frequently suffer from scarcity of food, but they neither complain nor beg.
They give themselves little concern for the morrow and, live free from care.

A board covered with leaves is their bed, and a piece of cotton about a yard and a-half long and a-half yard wide, forms their garment. Only the richer negroes and the women wear even that. They dispose of it as a narrow cincture, but arrange it so dexterously as to be decently covered. Their vanity is of a piece with their simplicity; their only ornaments are flowers, leaves, or aromatic plants with which they form garlands to decorate their heads.

The whites, on the contrary, who are here in small number, are of Mohammedan descent, and, in disposition, proud and insolent. They are the greatest obstacles to the good we desire to effect. They do all in their power to prevent the natives from embracing the faith, and deceive them by superstitious rites, so as to bring them under their sway. The only commendable trait of these whites, in regard to the natives, is, that they never maltreat them, but, by mildness and patience persuade them to do whatever they want.

Those two virtues are all powerful in this country, and our Frenchmen have found it necessary to accommodate themselves to the natives, in this respect, to obtain anything from them. They avoid rough people, and declare that they are hard hearted. For sometime past, we had with us four little negroes from the Cape of Good Hope. They speak a little French; three of them have been baptized; they know how to pray to the true God and are anxious to learn the truths of salvation. Governor Flacourt intends to take them to France. I have no doubt he will take them to see you, and I trust that, in the course of time, they will become very useful.”

Those childen were, in fact, received and brought up at St. Lazare’s in Paris.

We are well, thank God, added Father Mounier. It
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is not so warm here as we anticipated. The seasons follow one another in regular succession; we have winter and summer; the latter lasts from June through September.

I conclude, honored Father, by assuring you that we are delighted with this country, and we return thanks to God every day for calling us to serve Him here.

We wish that all our confrères could see the immense harvest to be gathered here, and for which our number does not suffice. I told one of our islanders, a few days ago, to come to instructions; he answered: "My heart desires to hear you, but you have but one companion, you cannot attend to so many. I told him that others were on their way to help us. He answered again: My heart loves you! May you have a long life! I am delighted!"

In fine, most honored Father, I beg our Lord to send laborers into his vineyard, such as suit the people of this country; very mild, patient, and most zealous for the salvation of souls. And may He render me worthy of the favor He granted me in calling me to this distant land.

Continuation of Apostolic Labors. Voyage of Father Mounier to Imaphales.

Governor de Flacourt, leaving the government of the island to Mr. de Pronis, embarked for France. Mr. de Pronis was an industrious man, but immoral; and nearly ruined the colony. He was a Protestant and naturally cruel. He opposed Catholics and, by his harsh measures, exasperated the natives and, incited them to harshness and rebellion.

Whilst the Missionaries were engaged in evangelical labors,—quite unexpectedly, the military were told to prepare for battle and hold themselves in readiness
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to start for Imaphales where they were to procure commissary stores.

Father Mounier desired to accompany them in order to minister to the wounded as he had done in preceding excursions. He was convinced that the presence of a priest was a necessity in those journeys, as the French were likely to fall victims to the Madagassy chiefs. Many sought to dissuade him from the undertaking, but nothing could shake his resolution.

A longing to be the first to announce his God in places where His holy name was unknown, made him rejoice amid privations and fatigues. He would have reproached himself for any lack of generosity in this respect, inasmuch as worldlings are incited to labor by cupidity and the desire of winning fame. Nothing could deter him from his noble unselfish, design.

Father Bourdaise wrote: The first Sunday in Lent, we prepared his baggage and gave him three strong negroes to carry his effects and to assist him when necessary. He set out with about forty Frenchmen and two hundred negroes, all brave and well disciplined.

Two days later, we learned that he put an end to a scandal by marrying a negress to a Frenchman, thus also ending a dispute that had arisen between two Frenchmen on account of this very woman; he likewise induced another Frenchman to marry and return to the practices of a Christian life.

In the meanwhile, a disaster occurred which proved an irremediable loss to the colony.

An incendiary fire consumed all the provisions, blew up the powder magazine, and destroyed the church. The expedition was altogether unsuccessful.

Illness and Death of Father Mounier.

We resume the account given by Father Bourdaise: "May 23d, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a French-
man appeared on a distant hill. All assembled and went to meet him, most anxious to obtain tidings of the expedition. But very soon, alas! his sad tones convinced us that the expedition had been disastrous.

You should have seen the sorrow depicted on every countenance. The Governor enquired if they were all alive still! He answered that only one had died. But the expedition had been forced to abandon twelve, who were very ill, at about six days’ journey from our halting place. I enquired for Father Mounier, and was told that he was very ill. Four negroes, for the six days, carried him from place to place on a kind of litter. O, my God! What a sad surprise. I begged of Mr. La Forest leave of absence. He refused, alleging that I, too, would succumb. I went and cast myself before the Blessed Sacrament and there, for a few moments, gave vent to my grief. Then I arose; it seemed to me that I must go to our dear sufferer to console him and convey to him some medicaments. I returned to our Governor, Mr. de Pronis, begged leave of absence, and this time I obtained it.

I set out with the messenger and two negroes as guides at four o’clock in the afternoon. We proceeded until the night was far advanced and, at last, reached a village. Our guides would go no further, as there were swamps along the road, and several small rivers to ford. I entered the chief’s cabin and enquired where the Frenchmen were camped? He told me that a negro had just brought word that they were a half day’s journey from the chief’s abode, and that there was a priest with them who was very ill. O, my Savior! How long that night seemed to me!

There was no moonlight, but we started before daybreak and walked very rapidly. At last we met the Frenchmen, but reduced to so wretched a condition that they could not carry their muskets, nor put one foot before the other. Their first words to me were: to
make haste, or I would not meet Father Mounier alive. I left them all, and hurried onward, my heart a prey to grief. We reached the village about 9 o'clock. They led me to the cabin, but when some steps away, I could distinguish the death rattle, and I knew that he was in his agony. It was all over with him! God prolonged his life only that he might receive the last Sacrament. I was told that he had been unconscious for thirty-six hours. I administered Extreme Unction in the presence of six or seven Frenchmen and some natives. They were all distressed to see him so reduced. I profited, by circumstances, to remind them of the uncertainty of life. Adding: that he whom they beheld on the brink of the grave had come from a far-off land to teach them to know God, to serve Him here below and to dwell with Him forever in Heaven, where misery and suffering cannot enter, and where the poorest slave would be a great king, if after baptism he faithfully persevered in the service of God. That the body of my brother would descend into the grave, but his soul should live and ascend to Heaven, for he was baptized and he had served God faithfully and well. They listened to me attentively and exclaimed: "that is well! that is well!"

When I contemplated the poor sufferer, and saw that he was consumed with fever, I enquired into the circumstances of his illness, and was told that it began about a fortnight previous; that until the last six days he had insisted upon walking — after which they carried him on a litter; that he had suffered much from overhanging branches and brambles along the road. The thorns pierced his flesh, and, in traversing the narrow defiles of the forest, he often struck against crags and rocks, so that he was all bruised and bleeding; no water could be obtained, and, for five days, he had not tasted food. I dipped a feather in wine, and with it moistened his mouth and tongue. I perceived that
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this afforded him some relief. This encouraged me, and I rubbed his stomach, hands and feet with tepid wine. Perceiving that this treatment seemed to impart a little strength to him, I kept it up until 1 o'clock that afternoon. But, feeling his pulse decline, I knew that he must die and I must resign myself to loneliness in that far-off land.

I mentally reviewed the prodigious labors sustained by that once robust man during the past six years, in order to gain access to this country. O my God! I thought, how inscrutable are thy judgments, how far thy ways, from the ways of man! Thou desirest the conversion of thousands of souls in this strange land, yet thou so soon withdrawest those who come to do thy work!

Then it seemed to me that the death of so many holy laborers would become, in that country, like the blood of martyrs in the early ages of Christianity. I adored the divine decrees and cast myself blindly into the arms of Providence. At last, after an hour and a half, or two hours spent beside him, in prayer and recommending his soul to God, he passed from this life to eternity without one convulsive effort, like a child sinking into a gentle slumber. After death, his countenance was beautiful. His death occurred on the afternoon of Ascension Eve. Father Nacquart's anniversary, was the day after the festival; at the time our Blessed Savior made His glorious entry into Heaven accompanied by the holy Patriarchs and those devout souls who had labored to extend His kingdom on earth.

Behold! dear and honored Father, wrote Father Bourdaise to St. Vincent, the sorrow, the anguish of my poor heart. The subject of affliction which I feared to communicate to you. But God willed it! Let us adore His divine Providence!

Having deliberated as to what I should do with his remains, considering the great heat and the length of
the way, I resolved, come what would, to take the body with me; not only that it might repose next to those of our other departed confrères, but that, even after death, I might be near the companion of my life.

Having journeyed all night, we reached Itolongas the next morning at 9 o'clock. All hastened to meet us to weep our dear departed and to console me in my sad bereavement.

But alas! if Tobias was inconsolable for the loss of his sight, how could I be comforted for the loss of my spiritual and temporal guide? I sang High Mass for the repose of his soul on Ascension day, and we buried him with all possible honor.

Not a single negro present could control his tears. When the last sad rites were performed, I withdrew. Reflecting upon the uncertainty of life, I took an inventory of everything. Then I resolved, as far as I could, to attend, alone, to customary duties for the dead which our confrères are wont to perform in their several establishments.

Virtues of Rev. Father Mounier.

Oh! how sweetly was my mind refreshed by the consideration of the virtues of that beloved confrère whose loss I deplored!

I remembered our Seminary days—and the zeal and affection which he manifested in our conversations on the several virtues. His extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Virgin appeared in spite of himself. He spoke incessantly of our glorious Queen whose festivals he most devoutly observed. He even composed discourses on the several feasts and virtues of that Mother of Purity. He made a vow, to recite her Rosary daily, to obtain the favor of devoting his life to the foreign Missions.

With regard to maceratings of the flesh and bodily austerities, he was most constant; he never abandoned the use of the discipline and the frequent observance-
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... of fasts. I often remarked that on fasting days he partook of nothing but a little rice boiled in water, and a small quantity of cheese. He suffered much on days of abstinence, never partaking of anything cooked in grease, which is used instead of butter in this country.

He proved his ardent love of suffering, during the two years in which he was engaged in distributing alms throughout Piccardy and Champagne, during the war and famine. He had to visit three or four parishes on foot, distributing alms, caring for the sick and providing them with food. What wrongs and insults he endured! What dangers he incurred!

But, how describe his ardent desire to give his life for God's honor in foreign lands! his fatigues, the prodigious labors he underwent whilst preparing for his voyage. The account would be too lengthy, and you were the witness of his toils, as well as I. Neither shall I relate his terrible sufferings during our voyage across the ocean. I must be content to tell you of the difficulties he met with in that last journey to Imaphalis which were most prized by him, as he endured them as a preparation for death. He had to traverse two hundred leagues on foot over narrow, steep, rough and craggy roads, often across mountains, with nothing to sustain life but a little rice boiled in water and without seasoning. During three days, he spent towards the close of his journey, though parched with fever, he could not procure a drop of water to moisten his lips. The Frenchmen recounted the tortures he endured. During six days travel, he had to be carried, tied up in a sheet, fastened to a long pole, and all along the road his body was knocked against rocks and gnarled trees. Once, during a spell of extremely cold weather, he was dragged, as it were, through a river, and, when brought out of the water, his body was as livid and stiff as a corpse.

All this is bad enough; but when we consider his...
mental anguish, his bodily pains appear light by comparison. What grief was his when seeing God offended; he could not prevent it. What calumnies he endured; what perplexities tortured his delicate conscience! Before my arrival, he was asked if he had any message for me; he answered that he had a great desire to make his confession. As the—

(To be continued.)
The French advised him to remain at about twenty leagues from the plantation; he answered: that he must be resigned to suffer and return promptly, that he might be at liberty to undertake a journey which had been agreed upon.

Can so many labors have proved unavailing? Certainly not! God, who read his heart, gave a special blessing to his journey. He remedied many disorders; and filled the hearts of those idolators with a desire to embrace the Christian religion. He induced the French and the negroses to say their night and morning prayers.

During the voyage, he offered the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday and holyday; he persuaded nearly all the Frenchmen on board to make their Easter, and he most zealously attended to the sick. Several persons have assured me that he fasted much and said his office daily throughout the voyage, which was very fatiguing.

This, Most honored Father, is the little I have to say of his good works during the short time I had the happiness of living with him. I know that he led a very hidden life, and that many of his virtues shall be revealed to us, only, in the life to come."

June 25, 1656, St. Vincent wrote to Father Martin, Superior of the house at Turin: "A vessel, the St. George, has arrived at Nantes from Madagascar. It has brought us some news: The letter of Father Bourdaise has, at the same time, consoled and afflicted us.
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At the present writing, I will not communicate the subjects of consolation; reserving all until I can forward a complete account. But the help we owe our dear departed, amongst them, Father Mounier, obliges me to make known our common sorrow, that you may afford their souls the assistance they may need, although we have reason to believe that they no longer require our help. Good Father Mounier's zeal and many austerities hastened his death; and, the whole tenor of his life—gives us reason to believe that he is now in the enjoyment of that glory with which God crowns those evangelical laborers who die, as he did, in the heat of combat.


Rev. John Baptist Legros.

Montauban, December 31st, 1855.

Rev. John Baptist Legros was already a priest when at the age of thirty years, he was received into the Congregation of the Mission, June 24, 1644. He was a native of Coutances.

St. Vincent was not slow to appreciate his energy and talents. As early as 1647, he made him Superior of the house at Richelieu. Of a generous character, he appeared anxious to forward vigorously, whatever he undertook. Our Saint discerned in him that temperament which he loved—that needs a bridle, rather than a spur; and often exhorted him to moderation. "I have noticed," he remarked to him, in one of his letters, "some expressions of yours that savor of regret because our affairs do not proceed more rapidly, and are not conducted according to your desires." Then he begged him to remember that we are in this world only to receive and fulfill the commands of God and, that it suffices us to omit nothing by which we can further His work. This was the vast program which...
St. Vincent knew how to carry out, without blaming others for delay.

In the same letter, he congratulates him on his devotedness to the Community of the Daughters of Charity and for the excellent instructions he gave them. On another occasion he wrote the following words, which sufficiently indicate the zeal of the pious Missionary for the rising family of Louise de Marillac.

"You have told us of the young persons who are now postulating, with the intention of entering the Community of the Daughters of Charity. If they are pious and resolute, I beg you to send them. Should others present themselves, write to me; for the Little Company is in great want of subjects. The Daughters of Charity are in demand on all sides."

Feeling what a help he would have in Father Legros, St. Vincent desired to keep him near him. At one time, we find him charged with the important office of Procurator at St. Lazare's.

At that time, the Bull of Innocent X, condemning the "Five Propositions," was published: and Brother Descourneau relates, in its connection, an incident which proves the influence of St. Vincent in denouncing the errors of Jansenism. A Missionary, said he, Father Legros, Procurator of the House of St. Lazare, having called upon some officers and councillors at the House of Parliament, who were not infected with the new errors; they manifested to him their joy at the Papal decision—adding: "For this, we are indebted to Mr. Vincent!"

The Saint gave Father Legros charge of St. Charles, or the "Little Seminary," of which he continued Superior for two years. We know something of that establishment;—an annex to St. Lazare's.

In the days of St. Vincent, young men repaired thither to go through their "Humanities." St. Vincent encouraged them; hoping to find among them
good subjects for the priesthood. The essay was attended with consoling results, though not so successful as it deserved to be. So that, after a trial of a few years, in 1668, the project was abandoned. The house then became a kind of Seminary for the spiritual renovation of Missionaries who, after having devoted themselves to the salvation of souls, returned to recruit both body and soul for about six months and regain the fervor of their early training in that school of virtue.

Whilst Superior at St. Charles, Father Legros attended the Assembly General in 1657, and was one of the chief reliances of the holy founder, whilst important questions relative to the Congregation of the Mission, were under discussion.

At Richelieu, where he had been sent as Superior, almost immediately after he had finished his Seminary, he had left memories that rendered his return thither most desirable. In 1651, he was again assigned his former honorable position. St. Vincent, from time to time, appointed him Visitor of several houses of the company. He was engaged in this confidential mission when attacked by the illness that cut short his days. He had concluded the visitation of the houses in Gascony and just reached Montaubon when he succumbed.

St. Vincent on, learning the death of a Missionary whose virtues and great qualities he so highly appreciated, wrote: "Father Legros, on reaching Montauban, was attacked by the illness that ushered him into Heaven."

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Rev. Charles Ozenne.

Warsaw, August 14, 1658.

Father Charles Ozenne was already an experienced Missionary when St. Vincent sent him to Poland. God visibly blessed his labors there, and there he died after
having worthily sustained the reputation of an Apostolic life inaugurated in that country by his predecessor, Rev. M. Lambert. (1.)

Mary de Gonzaga, Queen of Poland, sister of the celebrated Ann of Gonzaga, whose funeral oration Bossuet preached; was deeply interested in the Missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul and entertained a high esteem of Father Lambert, at Warsaw. She expressed her regret at the death of the Missionary in a letter to St. Vincent which ended with these words: "In fine, Reverend Father, if you do not send us another Father Lambert, I know not what we shall do!"

St. Vincent, desiring to comply with the Queen's request, cast his eyes on Rev. Charles Ozenne, who was born April 13, 1613, in the village of Nibal, near St. Valery, diocess of Amiens. About a year after his ordination, he was sent to Troyes, in Champagne, where he labored zealously giving Missions for over ten years.

"He is a man of God," wrote St. Vincent, "zealous, detached; to whom God has given the grace to direct and win the hearts of his own confrères and of externs. The Saint selected him to replace Father Lambert.

Father Ozenne, filled with the spirit of obedience, willingly accepted this delicate Mission, and started on his journey August 9th, 1653, with a cleric of the Congregation of the Mission and, several nuns of the Visitation order, whom the Queen had invited to Warsaw to open an establishment. The colony traversed the Netherlands, to embark on a vessel of the Hamburg line. St. Vincent, informed of the embarkation, wrote most affectionately to Father Ozenne: "What shall I now say to you, Sir?" Merely these words: "God is Master. As Master of oceans and winds, I pray that He may render them propitious to you; that he may direct the vessel that bears you across the waves to
your destination; that He may be your guide and your pilot; that He may lead you happily to Poland, where you are expected, as a man who is destined to effect much good and, whose coming is ardently desired."

It was in the designs of God that affairs should make slow progress. The ship was captured by English pirates—although according to the laws of the country, their detention was unlawful, Father Ozenne and his fellow-travellers were retained a long while at Dover, where the decision of parliament, in this case, had to be examined by the counsel of the admiralty whose adverse parties contended for their reciprocal rights, which gave rise to many delays and inconveniences. These many annoyances proved the admirable virtue of St. Vincent and his disciples. The former was content to remark: "the most important works of God are generally treated in this way!" and addressing Father Ozenne, he said: "God must have great designs upon the projects of the Queen and upon your person—since, He permits these difficulties. You should, by the good use you make of your trials, merit the grace of fulfilling the designs of God."

The humble Missionary, on his side, proved by his perseverance and imperturbable fidelity to the divine guidance, worthy of his model and father. St. Vincent might, in all security, write, on this occasion, in reference to Father Ozenne: "Truly he is a man of God, I have never yet discovered in his letters the least mark of impatience at being detained and maltreated; nor any murmur. On the contrary, he evinces great meekness and prudence—as if nothing unpleasant had occurred."

Our holy Founder had advised Father Ozenne to delay his departure until the return of a more favorable season; but, the zealous Missionary anxious to reach his destination, left the nuns of the Visitation at Calais, whither they had gone to wait the return of spring, and started, as soon as he was at liberty, with
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Father Duperroy. He reached Warsaw about the middle of January, 1654; just one year after Father Lambert's death.

The plague was still raging at Warsaw, and Father Ozenne had ample opportunities of exercising the same charities as his predecessor.

He conciliated the Queen’s good will by his meekness and piety—by his attentions in which he persevered, although they often subjected him to annoyances,—but, his reserve saved him from impositions, and gained for him universal esteem and the regard of the Queen’s Almoner, the Abbé of Fleury.

Her Majesty favored the establishment of the Missionaries by every means in her power. She requested to be allowed the privilege of appointing the pastor of Holy Cross Church at Warsaw,—and, immediately, caused Father Ozenne to be nominated.

Prince Casimir Czartoriski, Bishop of Posen, gave the church up to the Congregation of the Mission, in the person of the virtuous Superior whose merit and modesty had enlisted all his sympathy. He went so far as to have a house built for the Missionaries, with a view of sending thither, under their direction, candidates for ordination.

Father Ozenne had to serve God amid many tribulations. In the beginning, he felt the need of Apostolic laborers. St. Vincent shared his sorrow. "For my part," he wrote, "I admire the fidelity of a soldier to his captain, which forbids him to recoil when combat is necessary, or to leave without his captain’s consent, under penalty of being punished as a deserter."

"An honorable man will never desert his friend in the hour of need. "Why?" Lest he be branded as a coward, or a traitor. I marvel at seeing more firmness in wordlings, through human respect, than in Christians and priests, in the interests of charity, or in the continuance of good works which they have undertaken to perform."
Two of the Missionaries became discouraged. They soon, however, returned to their posts. In the meanwhile, St. Vincent told Father Ozenne to ordain the students who had accompanied him from Paris. "One good soldier is worth ten indifferent ones," said he—and experience verified his words on that occasion.

Father Ozenne was most solicitous for the faithful observance of rule in his new establishment and soon rejoiced in the happy results of his zeal. He began by giving a mission in his Parish of "the Holy Cross." Among other spiritual fruit, he announced, to St. Vincent, the baptism of a Jewess and the adjuration of two Lutheran women. In compliance with St. Vincent's request, he urged the Daughters of Charity, who had been sent to Poland, to persevere in the faithful observance of their holy rules and the fulfilment of the exercises of their holy state.

In the village of Skuly, the King, had ceded the benefice attached to it, to the Congregation. The Priests of the Mission introduced country Missions throughout Poland. Father Ozenne would, no doubt, have extended them had not a storm burst over the kingdom. War cast its dark clouds all over the land.

The Muscovites, in answer to the appeal of the peasantry of Ukrania, invaded Lithuania.

Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, declared war against Poland and would treat with no other than the inhabitants of Warsaw; against which city, he marched his formidable army.

King John Casimir and his Queen retired into Silesia. They desired to retain, near their own persons, Father Ozenne, and were, likewise, accompanied by the Daughters of Charity and the Nuns of the Visitation, to withdraw them from the horrors of a beleaguered city. Father Ozenne left Fathers Desdames and Duperroy at Warsaw, where their presence was required to fulfil the duties connected with the Parish of the
Holy Cross. The Swedes entered Warsaw, August 30th, 1655. For the space of two years, that capital was alternately under the dominion of the Poles and the Swedes. Father Ozenne, exempt from the perils of war, mourned, none the less sincerely, over the sufferings of his two confrères who remained in Warsaw and to whom, whenever it was feasible, he sent assistance.

Finally, after an exile of nearly two years, Father Ozenne, always in the suite of the King and Queen, who, by degrees, regained their possessions, rejoined their majesties in the camp of Cracow. There he ministered to the souls of the sick and the wounded during the siege—whilst the Daughters of Charity attended to their corporal necessities. After the taking of that city, they re-entered Warsaw during the month of October, 1657.

Father Ozenne there found only a heap of ruins. Three houses belonging to the Congregation were destroyed; five others, in the country, shared the same fate. He was not discouraged; but, he remembered the words of St. Vincent—that: “it would not be just, if we were exempt from public calamities, and, when God permitted us to suffer these trials, He would, if such were His divine pleasure, repair those losses, in His own good time.”

He himself set to work with true Christian confidence and Apostolic zeal and, soon, the works of charity in Warsaw were restored, and an establishment was offered him in Cracow.

New laborers in the Lord’s vineyard, were promised him; but he did not live to see the realization of his plans.

Shortly afterwards, whilst making a visit to Cracow, to examine the house offered the Company, he felt the first symptoms of his last illness. It was during the month of August, he was attacked by a malignant fever, which carried him off in a few days.
He expired at Warsaw, on the fourteenth day of the month of August, 1658, and was buried in the cemetery of the Parish Church. Later on, his remains were conveyed to the vault of the Holy Cross Church.

Father Ozenne died at the age of forty-five, in the twentieth year of his vocation. He had a strong constitution, and was remarkable for the meekness of his disposition and his great and noble simplicity.

When St. Vincent was informed of the death of this excellent priest, he wrote: “You can easily understand that our sorrow is profound. I judged of yours by my own.

“But as the hand of God has inflicted this blow, we must meet his visitation by conforming ourselves to the divine will.”

“Our dear departed is now happy in his Heavenly home, we have every reason to believe. Perhaps, we are not so much to be pitied for his loss, since he can render us more assistance now, than, when he dwelt amongst us.”

“From the time of his entrance to the Congregation, he studied to shun evil and to do good. He was very candid, meek and exemplary. God Himself is now his exceeding great reward!”

“He is deeply regretted by all who knew him. We have lost much in losing him, if we can term that a loss, which is to Christ a gain. May the divine will be forever accomplished in us, and all that concerns us!”

Memoirs—Poland.

Christopher Delauney, Coadjutor Brother.

Le Mans, 1658.

Christopher Delauney, coadjutor brother, was born at Haute Chapelle, Diocese of Mans; was admitted to the Congregation of the Missions, at the age of nineteen years, October 4th, 1653.
Brother Christopher Delauney, "a timid, humble and gentle child," to use St. Vincent's words, gave a beautiful example of courage, which the Saint himself related to the Community at the repetition of mental prayer. November 13th, 1656.

That day, as we read in the Collection of Conferences, Mr. Vincent gave a signal for the Community assembled to draw nearer to him. "I wish," said he, to inform you of a grace that God, in His infinite bounty, has granted some members of the Company; in order that you may thank Him, "and, on the other hand, I must inform you of a calamity that has befallen some others."

"Last evening I received a letter from Father Bous­sordée, in which he informs me, that the vessel bound for Madagascar, on which he had taken passage, perished.

You may remember the high wind that prevailed last "All Soul's Day." On "All Saint's Day," the two Missionaries having already embarked, said Mass on the vessel which was still at anchor; they found it difficult on account of the wind storm.

All Soul's Day, the storm increased and, to escape all danger, they directed the ship opposite Saint Nazaire's on the wide river of Nantes. The priests, who greatly desired to celebrate Mass that day, went into the town, about three-quarters of a mile, to say Mass. But, on their return, they found no one willing to row them to the vessel, on account of heavy rolling of the sea."

"That night, at about 11 o'clock, the storm increasing, the vessel was driven on a sand bank and sank. But God inspired some of the seamen to construct, in haste, a raft, by fastening together several heavy planks, upon which seventeen or eighteen persons cast themselves; trusting in God's mercy to guide them safely over the dark and angry waters. Among the number,
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was our poor Brother Christopher Dalauney, who, holding up a Crucifix, began to encourage his companions in danger. "Courage!" he exclaimed. "Have great faith! Put all your confidence in God!" "Let us hope in the Lord!" "He will save us!" Then he spread out his cloak as a sail, giving one end of it to another passenger to hold. In that way they reached the shore. God in his goodness and, by a special protection, securing them from the danger to which they were exposed. All reached the shore in safety, save one who died of the cold and fright. (1.)

What can we say about these happenings, gentlemen and my dear confrères? If we consider the favor God granted the Company, in saving it from shipwreck, must you not acknowledge that He extends a special protection to our little Company? This should encourage us to abandon ourselves more entirely to His Providence and seek, by every possible means, to accomplish His great designs over each one of us! But do you not admire the influence of the divine Spirit on that boy, good Brother Christopher, who was the most meek and humble youth I ever met. Let your imaginations picture him standing on that tempest-tossed plank in mid-ocean, holding aloft the Crucifix, exhorting his companions to be courageous. "Courage! Let us trust to God’s goodness and mercy! He will come to the rescue!" It was not of himself he did this, my brethren. God acted through him and in him. But had all those Missionaries perished, there is reason to believe that their’s would have been a blessed fate. To die in God’s service with all who had been committed to their care! for all those souls had been under the spiritual direction of the Missionaries during the voyage.

(1.) It is related that they travelled two leagues in this way before touching land. (The fact was published in a French Gazette, as a wonderful escape.)
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We learned, subsequently, that twenty-six were saved from shipwreck. Sixteen on the raft, and ten who had previously landed, including two Missionaries. All the rest, to the number of one hundred and thirty (130), perished with the ship."

Brother Christopher Delauney was then sent to the House of Mans, and expressed his readiness to depart again for the perilous Mission of Madagascar. St. Vincent made this known for the edification of the whole Community in a conference given August 30th, 1657.

"This good child," said he, "wrote to me so candidly that his letter touched me deeply. He tells me that he often prays God to grant him the grace of always doing His holy will;" and adds that frequently he asks himself: "Where would you prefer to do that divine will, here or at Madagascar, and I acknowledge to you, sir, that, I believe, I would rather return to Madagascar than remain here!"

The Saint then remarked: It is a species of martyrdom to expose one's life and traverse the ocean for the sole love of God and for our neighbor's salvation. Because, although it is not actual martyrdom, it may be considered such, as far as the will is concerned; since we forsake all and expose ourselves to unknown, possible perils. And, in truth, the Saints, who died in exile for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, are looked upon as martyrs by the Church.

Brother Delauney embarked once more for the great African island in 1658. He was shipwrecked a second time and rescued by a Dutch vessel near the Cape of Good Hope.

He won, so entirely, the friendship of the Captain, that the latter, as St. Vincent relates, could scarce endure the thought of being separated from him. On his return to France, the good brother was missioned to the establishment at Saintes in 1658.

We are not aware of the date of his death.

Conferences to the Missionaries.
Rev. Mathurin de Belleville.

AT SEA EN ROUTE FOR MADAGASCAR.

Jan. 18, 1656.

Father Bourdaise wrote to St. Vincent from Madagascar: "Father de Belleville, known to me only by name and his reputation for sanctity, died on the way!"

The Saint, in his turn, numbered Father de Belleville among those Missionaries who sacrificed a temporal life to secure eternal life for the Islanders of Madagascar, and said of them: "They belong to the ranks of our Missionaries in Heaven."

Father Mathurin de Belleville was a nobleman born at Brix, Diocese of Coutances in 1624. St. Vincent remarked that his want of education had been an obstacle to his admission, but that his humility and remarkable piety had over-ruled the objection on that score.

It was in reference to him that the holy Founder in his conference, September 7, 1657, encouraged some, whose mental faculties were less brilliant than might be desired, by declaring that God has often great designs on such persons: Adding, that two or three, who had been received into the Congregation despite their apparent mediocrity, had, nevertheless, directed establishments, confided to them, with great prudence and mildness.

At the request of the Marquis de la Villeraye, St. Vincent appointed three Missionaries, each of whom embarked on one of the vessels of the flotilla which sailed from St. Martin's Port, near Rochelle, October 16, 1655, having on board eight hundred; between passengers and crew. Father de Belleville embarked on the Armand; This journey now-a-days, made across the Isthmus of Suez, was then long and perilous, for Africa could be reached only by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. The Armand did not reach Fort Dauphin until the year following, on the eve of Corpus Christi.

Father de Belleville, who fell ill in the beginning of
the voyage, died on the way. Rev. Claude Dufour, who embarked the same day, wrote from Madagascar to St. Vincent, who read the letter to the Community, one evening at Conference.

We here introduce some passages from the letter:

"The three Missionaries who were designated for the Island of Madagascar, Fathers Dufour, Prievost and de Belleville held a conference, during their stay at Rochelle, upon the means of making themselves useful to the passengers. On this occasion, Father de Belleville manifested great prudence and zeal. He was so humble that he could not understand how he could be tolerated in the Congregation, for he deemed himself the most unworthy of its members."

"Yet his humility did not detract from his generosity in undertaking difficult works for the glory of God and bringing them to a successful issue;—as he did at Rochelle on two occasions. Once, several sailors took possession of a small craft and appropriated its contents. Father de Belleville made urgent representations to the Captain, and induced him to issue an order for the restitution of the stolen goods; which was done, to the great relief of the Englishmen who owned the rifled boat, and who, to express their gratitude, fired off several military salutes. The other was to clear up a misunderstanding which had originated between two lieutenants, and which occasioned disorder and partisanship among the crew. Some were for the Normans and some for the Bretons. Between the two parties, the captain's authority was set at nought."

"Perceiving the state of things, the generous Missionary sought an interview with the admiral, made a candid exposition of existing troubles; and difficulties were soon adjusted by placing the two opposing officers on different vessels, and making an exchange of the crew, by which means peace was soon and permanently established."
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"He was always solicitous for the welfare of others, and he had great zeal for souls. Every day, he gave a spiritual reading on deck—then exhortations, Catechetical instructions and heard confessions. He conversed freely with the crew, disposing them to lead good lives. Whilst we were detained at Rochelle we sometimes left the vessel to take a stroll through the city. But, he was always anxious to return promptly, that he might render service to the healthy or the sick; for the latter, he was ever tenderly solicitous." Such are the words of Father Dufour.

Afterwards, in a letter to St. Vincent, he gave the following account of the last days of Father de Belleville:

"Good Father de Belleville is no more. My heart overflows with grief as I send you the sad news. The Congregation has lost an excellent Missionary, and I, a companion of whom I was not worthy. I have reason to fear that I lost his aid, in punishment of my sins."

Our faithful companion fell sick on the very day that we sailed from St. Martin’s harbor, October 30th; he was attacked by a slow fever that consumed his life. He had been ailing, a fortnight, when I was first informed of his illness. When the vessel upon which he had embarked came alongside of ours, I went on board to see him and I heard his confession. As the Doctor thought he was improving, I took leave of him, requesting Captain Regimont, at the same time, to keep me informed of his condition, which he promised to do. But God permitted our two vessels to be so far separated that they did not sight each other for fifteen days; and his vessel was supposed to be lost, when we came in sight of Sierra Leone. There I learned that he was much worse. I went in a light boat to visit him and, finding him anxious to land, I had him carried into the woods and placed in a hastily constructed cabin. He remained on land five or six days, during
which time his sufferings increased and he begged to receive Holy Communion. Father Prevost and I celebrated Mass in his cabin. He communicated, and, two days later, he was carried back to the ship.

The day following, I paid him another visit when he begged I would help him to prepare for death. I administered the last Sacraments. That was the 17th day of the month. He rallied somewhat that day. But that night, between eight and nine o'clock the booming of a cannon led us to suspect that his death had occurred. Shortly afterwards, a message was conveyed to us that he was no more, and that, according to nautical custom, "the lifeless body had been let down into the deep!"

Reverting to the many virtues of the dear departed, Father Dufour added: Great was my sorrow, yet, not unmixed with joy, when I called to mind his holy life and many virtues that won for him a martyr's crown; for we may justly consider a Missionary who, like him, made a vow, previous to his entrance into the Community, to go beyond the sea and give his life for God's glory and the salvation of souls; and who, when an opportunity presented itself, gladly fulfilled that vow, such a one, I repeat, may be reputed a martyr.

The hope I always entertained of seeing him restored to health, diverted my thoughts from the contemplation of his holy life. But I saw enough to fill me with consolation and to edify the whole company. In the first place, I remarked in him a greater zeal for his own sanctification than I ever noticed in any other sick person. His only thought was of his soul, and frequently when I brought him some trifle to alleviate his sufferings, he would say to me, most affectionately: "Sir, in the name of God, I ask of you but one favor: Help me to die well!" He often begged me to sit beside him and talk about God. He confessed frequently. His devotion led him to recite his Office daily, as long
as it was at all possible to do so. During the last three weeks of his life, he desired still to say Mass; this desire haunted him all through the delirium of his devouring fever. He talked about it constantly. Every day he said the Beads in honor of the Most Holy Virgin. He believed that no man living owed more to our Blessed Lady than he.

His meekness and sweetness of temper, were so remarkable, that those virtues were reflected on his countenance and, rendered it so calm and pleasing, that one could not tire contemplating him.

The second mate of the vessel said to me: "Sir, I have travelled far and wide; but never have I met another as meek and gentle as Father de Belleville!" For my own part, I can assert that I never met another so condescending, meek and winning. His, was truly a pacific character that enabled him to maintain his soul in peace with God, his neighbor and himself.

God endowed him with heroic conformity to His most holy will. Although he longed to labor and sacrifice himself, for the conversion of the poor savages in Madagascar, this desire was always subordinate to the divine good pleasure.

His love of holy purity was so great, that he assured me his greatest trial, during his malady, was his inability to observe as perfectly as he desired, all the rules of modesty.

He was very mortified and was well satisfied to be served no better than the sailors on board. The very day he died, I saw that they brought him nothing to eat but a little salt fish. Throughout his illness, I never heard him mention father, mother, brother, sister or native land. He was completely detached from relatives and country; as all around him could testify."

"All through his feverish ravings, his heart seemed fixed on God, to whom all his words referred."

I can not pass unnoticed his upright, pure and con-
of the Mission at Troyes. We apply this title to them upon the authority of St. Vincent's encomium. We associate their memories, not because they were called about the same time to their eternal reward, but, because they sanctified their souls in the same place. Here follow the brief but edifying accounts which have reached us of each one of them:

Father Peter de Sodannes was born at Roche Chouard; and admitted to the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission in Paris, Oct. 3, 1647. We may judge of his merits by the words penned by St. Vincent, September 25, 1854, to one of his Missionaries in Poland, Rev. M. Ozennes, Superior at Warsaw.

Rev. Confrère, the news I am about to communicate will afflict you. But we must bow to the divine decree. Our merciful God has called to Himself Father de Sodannes; Father Levazeux, Superior of the seminary at Troyes, informed me of his death, a few days ago. Oh! what a loss to the Company, especially to our establishment at Troyes!

"I fear lest our good God in recalling that holy man from this world, may likewise have withdrawn many blessings which his virtues drew upon our Congregation."

"Words cannot express my grief in losing him. I am told that his death was that of a Saint."

"I forbear saying more at present. When I shall have received an account of his remarkable virtues and many good works which, I am sure, will be sent me from Troyes, I will forward the notes to you."

Unfortunately, the memoirs of that pious priest who, in the words of another Saint, "died with all the marks of sanctity," never reached us!

"It pleased God," wrote again St. Vincent, to call to Himself, April 12, 1658, Father Senaux. To Father Martin at Turin, our Saint wrote: Father Senaux was the soul of our Mission at Troyes, and one of the most
prudent, patient, mild and zealous priests of the Congregation. Always infirm, but, always, laboring for God.

Father Nicholas Senaux was born at Auffay in the Diocese of Rouen, May 9, 1619, and was admitted to the Congregation of the Mission in Paris, June 22nd, 1639.

For him, life was but a long exercise of resignation, on account of his physical ailments. St. Vincent cited him as an exemplar of trust in God; he never betrayed any anxiety of mind, nor desired change of place. His life was a model of labor and good example. "Shall I tell you, my confrères," said St. Vincent in a conference, "that good Father Senaux, although tried from his entrance into the Congregation, by almost continual infirmities, never, as far as I know, requested a change on that account. No! he never wrote a line to procure a change of Mission, or to go to Normandy, his birth-place, or anywhere else. And, despite his infirmities, he persevered in labor as far as his strength permitted; ever faithful to the observance of rule. We must acknowledge that he directed well our establishment at Troyes. After his death, his confrères wrote to express their sorrow and pay homage to his holy life—declaring that they always found in him an example of regularity. Father Senaux died in March, 1658."

July following, Saint Vincent announced that the Congregation had sustained another loss in the death of Father Francis Villain, likewise engaged in the Seminary at Troyes. He was born in Paris, April 10, 1605, and received into the Congregation of the Mission, December 24, 1649. He brought, to his home in religion, the aid of his temporal means and the more precious heritage of his self-devotion and his many eminent virtues, zeal, mortification and fervent piety.

The 19th of that month, St. Vincent wrote to the
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Superior of the Mission at Marseille: "Father Villain is with God! He was a priest of our Congregation, who directed the Troyes Seminary and who taught there assiduously, and fulfilled his mission with incomparable love and zeal."

"His soul had supreme control of his mortal frame and, he so mortified his external senses, that we might almost consider his spirit of mortification was excessive. He possessed a special grace for speaking of God and holy things, and expressed his ideas so clearly, that he edified and led to higher virtue all who heard him."

"As men of his stamp are rare, we have lost much in losing him. He was our benefactor; and we are under a double obligation of praying for him. I beg you all to render him the usual aid accorded to our deceased priests."

REVEREND WILLIAM DESDAMES,
Cracow, 1692,
AND
REVEREND NICHOLAS DUPERROY,
Warsaw, 1674.

We connect the names of these two Missionaries to Poland, whom St. Vincent associated, in sincere commendation, on several occasions.

Father Wm. Desdames was a native of Rouen. He was twenty-three years old when he was received into the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission by St. Vincent in 1645. He was raised to the priesthood on the Feast of Pentecost, 1648.

We do not know to what establishment he was first assigned, but we learn that in 1651, he was appointed to assist Rev. Father Lambert in his distant Mission in Poland. He shared with him the dangers of the pestilence and the charitable duties that, by consequence,
devolved upon them. They nursed the sick and buried the dead.

At that time, the streets were crowded with the dead, a prey to dogs and wolves.

Amid this desolation, Fathers Lambert and Desdames practised the lessons taught them by St. Vincent, and founded the Congregation of the Mission on a solid basis in Poland.

When the pestilence subsided at Warsaw, Father Desdames was missioned to Sokolka, near Grodno in Lithuania, where, to his great sorrow, he closed, in death, the eyes of Father Lambert, who expired in 1653. Father Desdames returned to Warsaw in 1654, when Father Ozenne resigned his benefice at Sokolka; and found there fresh opportunities of exercising the most heroic charity. He made every effort to assist Father Ozenne in the parish of the Holy Cross which had just been confided to the Congregation. Being sufficiently acquainted with the Polish language, he was able to open Missions in the country during the month of October, 1654, and on his return he found leisure amid his parochial duties, to translate Mission sermons into the Polish language as a preparation for future Missions.

St. Vincent rejoiced in his zeal and early success and had, subsequently, still greater reason to admire his patience in suffering.

In 1655, war was declared between Sweden and Poland. Father Desdames remained with Father Duperroy in the city of Warsaw, and had to endure the horrors of two or three sieges.

* * *

Father Duperroy was born January 16, 1625, in the village of Maulevrier, near Candebec, Diocess of Rouen. He was received by St. Vincent into the seminary at St. Lazare, September 13, 1651. As he evinced from the outset, great fervor and zeal, the holy Founder felt
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encouraged to send him to Poland with Father Ozenne, although he was yet but a cleric and not under vows. The year following, St. Vincent recommended Father Ozenne to have him raised to the priesthood, so great was his confidence in his excellent dispositions. It was concerning Mr. Duperroy that he wrote: "One good laborer is worth ten that are inert." The subject of his remark did not belie St. Vincent's favorable opinion.

During the war with Sweden, he shared all the sufferings of Father Desdames.

When the Swedes invaded Warsaw the second time, they directed their attacks chiefly against the churches. When they reached the Church of the Holy Cross, Father Duperroy interfered to prevent their violence; but they fell upon him, beat him, and left him for dead. It is more than probable that he would have perished, had not the women of that quarter hastened to his assistance, and, by their intelligent care, restored him to life and health.

St. Vincent considered Fathers Desdames and Duperroy, the two foundation stones of the Congregation of the Mission in Poland, after the deaths of Fathers Lambert and Ozenne.

Over them, even during their lifetime, the Man of God pronounced, in the Conference, August 24, 1657, that eulogium that reminds one of the homilies that Saint Athanasius and St. Gregory the Great preached over the servants of God, their cotemporaries; eulogiums in which the biographical notice was often suppressed; but, whose sacred fire stirred up fresh martyrs and confessors.

These are the words of St. Vincent: "I recommend to the prayers of the Assembly, our two confrères, Fathers Desdames and Duperroy, who are engaged in Warsaw. Father Duperroy has a painful ulcer, the result of the pestilence and neglect. I have just learned that
the Doctors have cauterized one of his ribs that had begun to mortify. His patience was so great that no plaint or murmur escaped him. He endures all pains with great peace and tranquility of mind. Another man would grieve to be so afflicted three or four hundred leagues from his native land, and would probably say: "Why did they send me so far away?" "Why do they not recall me?" "Have they really abandoned me?" "My Confrères are in France, enjoying their ease and comfort, and, here am I, dying in a strange land!" An immortified man governed by natural feelings would so speak. He would not conform to the sentiments of Jesus suffering, in those hardships. Oh! how beautiful is the lesson, the example of our dear confrère conveys to us! To conform in all things to the divine good pleasure. As to his companion, Father Desdames, just think how long he has labored with peace of mind, and in marvellous tranquillity, without ever growing weary of his arduous duties. Never complaining of trials and contradictions, never surprised by the perils that encompass him! Both are equally indifferent to life or death; humbly resigned to God’s appointments—instead of complaining, they are ready to suffer more, if needs be!"

Gentlemen and my brothers, have we attained so high a degree of perfection? Are we ready to endure whatever trials God may be pleased to send us and to stifle the emotions of nature that we may love, not our own life, but, the life of Jesus Christ? Are we ready to go to Poland, or Barbary, or the Indies, to sacrifice our satisfactions and our lives for Christ’s sake? If such be our dispositions, let us bless the Lord! If, on the contrary, there are some who fear to renounce their own ease, who are so tender of themselves as to complain if anything be wanting to them and, so careful of their health, as to desire a change of mission, or duty if the air is not salubrious, or if the food is poor, or that
they may enjoy more liberty; in a word, gentlemen, if some of them are so enslaved to nature, so given to sensible gratifications, like this miserable sinner who is addressing you, who, at the age of seventy is still so immorified, let them esteem themselves unworthy of the Apostolic state to which God has called them and be filled with confusion at seeing their confrères, who so worthily exercise their holy vocation, whilst they themselves are so pusillanimous.

But, "what have our confrères to suffer in that distant country?" "Famine?" "It is there!" "The plague?" "It has attacked them both!" "One of them was plague-stricken twice!" "War?" "They are between contending armies; and have twice been held captive by hostile troops." God has visited them with many scourges, and shall we remain here like hirelings without courage or zeal? Shall we see others risk their lives in the service of God and remain here like cowards, full of tenderness for self? Oh! misery! Oh! meanness! Twenty thousand soldiers are on their way to the battle-field, subject to all sorts of accident—some will lose an arm, or a leg, or life itself, and account it a glory; they entertain no fear and hasten, as if called to amass a great treasure.

But—to gain Heaven! Ah! gentlemen, no one exposes life for that great gain—even they who have undertaken to claim it—lead a slothful, sensual life, that is unworthy, I will not say of a priest, but of an ordinary Christian and a reasonable man. Were there any such amongst us, they would only be carcasses of the Congregation of the Mission. O my God! be thou forever blessed and glorified for the graces thou dost grant to those who abandon themselves to thy good pleasure! Be thou eternally praised, for giving men like the late Missionaries of Poland, to the Congregation of the Mission!"

Let us offer ourselves to God, gentlemen, to go all
over the world to preach the Gospel. And, wher­
ever He may call us, let us observe our holy rules and practices and remain at our post, so long, as obedience requires.

Let no difficulty shake our courage. The glory of the eternal Father, the efficacy of Christ’s word and passion require this of you!

The salvation of nations and our own is so great a good, that we must strive to gain it at any cost. It matters not if we die young, provided we die in the combat. We shall be all the happier if such be our fate, and the Congregation shall be none the poorer, for *sanguis martyrum Semen est Christianorum.* For one Missionary who shall sacrifice his life in the cause of charity, God will raise up many to complete his work.

Let each one of us resolve to struggle against the world and its maxims, to mortify the flesh and our passions, to submit to the divine decrees and to consume our lives in exercising the works of our vocation and fulfilling the divine will, wherever we may be sent. But let us do it in union with the spirit of God, perfectly confident that He will help us in all our necessities.—Will you not do this my brothers in the seminary—and you my brother students? I do not ask the Priests of the Congregation—there is no question of their readiness to comply. This is what we propose to all, in general, and to each one, in particular, with the help of God’s grace. We shall no longer cling to this life, nor to health, nor to our own ease and pleasure, nor to one place more than to another. And may nothing in this world, O Blessed Saviour, prevent us from obtaining this favor. We ask it for ourselves and for one another.”

“I do not know, gentlemen, how I came to say these things to you! They did not occur to me before. But I was so touched by all that I heard said, and so consoled by the graces that God vouchsafed to our priests in Poland, that I yielded to impulse and poured the
overflowing sentiments of my own heart into yours!"

The two intrepid Missionaries whose labors we have sketched, died in their far-off Mission of Poland. Rev. Nicholas Duperroy at Warsaw, in 1674; Rev. William Desdames at Cracow, June 1st, 1692.

Rev. Francis Whyte, or LeBlanc.

SCOTLAND, Feb. 7, 1679.

Rev. Francis Whyte, or as he was known in France, LeBlanc, set out for the Mission in Scotland during the month of March, 1651, along with his compatriot, Father Guy, or Duiguin.

Whilst the latter, evangelized the Hebrides, Father Francis LeBlanc labored on the western side, sometimes amid the Highlands, expending his strength in Apostolic labors, very successfully, but, at the cost of great sufferings.

He was a native of Limerick, Ireland, and at the age of twenty-five years, he entered the Congregation of the Mission, Paris, October 14, 1645.

Exposed to even greater dangers than Father Duiguin, the companion of his Apostolic labors, his way of life was about the same. With scarce other food than oaten bread, he travelled through towns and villages, fortifying Catholics in the faith and converting a goodly number of sectarians. His Mission patroned of the miraculous. St. Vincent felt authorized to mention the facts to the priests of his Congregation.

Some atmospheric disturbances had interfered with the yield of the fisheries. The inhabitants, of that part of the country, who had scarce any other food, or means of maintenance, were reduced to dire want; and stated their circumstances to Father Whyte, conjuring him to pray; and to pour some holy water into the sea. He did so, in the spirit of faith, and his faith was rewarded. Calm returned, and fish were caught in abundance.
This fact being rumored abroad, gave rise to many conversions. Ministers became alarmed and had recourse to Cromwell, England’s miscalled Protector, and obtained from him, in 1655, a mandate which required an English magistrate, who filled in Scotland the office of pawn-broker, to secure an accurate list of all Roman priests, bring them to trial, as promptly as possible, and, condemn them to death. The order was punctually executed; and, as it gave the broker a right to search any place, at whatever time he pleased,—he searched the castle of the Marquis of Huntley and there discovered three Catholics priests—Father Whyte was of the number. He had done much good, therefore, his enemies sought to do him great injury. He was cast into prison at Aberdeen, where, it was thought, he would soon die.

St. Vincent obtained this information in April, of the same year, and looked upon his dear confrère as already condemned to death. He wrote to that effect to several of his priests and spoke of it to the Community assembled.

His discourse, on that occasion, proves his great piety and submission to God’s will. We transcribe some of his remarks:

“We should recommend to God our good Father Le Blanc, who, whilst laboring in the mountains of Scotland, was seized by English heretics and, with Father Wm. Grant of the Society of Jesus, taken to Aberdeen. Rev. Father Lamsden, who is there, will not fail to visit and assist them. There are a great many Catholics in that vicinity who will not fail to help those suffering priests. Our good confrère is on the road to martyrdom. I know not whether we should rejoice or lament. For, on the one hand, God is honored by his captivity since he suffers for Christ’s sake. And the Company will be blessed if he is called to martyrdom. He himself will rejoice to suffer for God’s holy name, and he is
APPENDIX.

ready to do whatsoever God shall ordain with regard to his person and his life. How many acts of virtue he is now practising: faith, hope, love of God, resignation, whereby he prepares himself more perfectly for his eternal crown. All these reflections fill us with joy and gratitude. But, on the other hand, he, who suffers, is our confrère. Should we not suffer with him? For my part, I must acknowledge that, according to nature, I am deeply afflicted. My sorrow is keen. But, I consider that, according to the spirit, we should thank God, as for a special grace. This is God's way. Whosoever serves Him faithfully, him He loads with crosses, afflictions and humiliations. O, gentlemen and my confrères, there must be something grand and far beyond our comprehension in crosses and sufferings, since God generally sends, after services rendered to Him, afflictions, persecutions, prisons and martyrdom to raise those, who devote themselves unreservedly to Him, to a high degree of glory and perfection. Whosoever aims at becoming a disciple of Christ, must expect those things; but he must likewise hope that, if God so tries him, He will give him strength to endure afflictions and overcome tortures."

"But, let us return to our good Father LeBlanc," continued St. Vincent. "Let us consider how God treats him after the hard labor and good works of his Mission!" I have been informed of his labors and sacrifices amid the Highlands to encourage the faithful and convert heretics. If then, one must truly love God, to be willing to endure such sufferings—and that, by degrees he, through greater love, cheerfully carries heavier crosses; we can understand that our confrère loves his prison and willingly, faces martyrdom; seeking and adoring in all events the most holy will of God. Let us beg for ourselves the grace of always adoring, always loving God. Let us thank Him for the trials with which He visits us, and beg of Him the grace of
enduring all woes for the salvation of souls. The Word of God was not confined to Scotland. To afford help and consolation, St. Vincent sent one of his priests to London to confer with the ambassador of France as to the readiest means to traverse Scotland. But, at that time, Europe crouched, like a craven, at the feet of Cromwell; and, the most Christian kingdom itself sought his support. The ambassador urged his immediate departure from London, if the priest desired to leave that city alive.

The divine seed, however, sown amidst desolation, was not lost. And if, in our times, despite persecutions, Catholicity flourishes in many isles of the West, the honor and glory are justly due to St. Vincent de Paul and his Sons.

After St. Vincent's death, the Missionaries continued to labor in the Hebrides. Rev. Francis LeBlanc returned to France in 1660. Then William Ballentyne, Superior of the secular priests in the Scottish Mission, wrote to the Nuncio at Paris, under date, June 20th, the following letter which we translate from the Italian:

"There is an excellent priest, a member of Mr. Vincent's Congregation in Paris, Father White (LeBlanc), by birth an Irishman, who labored in the ministry during eight years in Scotland. He has returned to France, to render an account to his Superior, of his many years' labors throughout the Western Isles."

Father Whyte, or Le Blanc had not returned to Scotland, September 21st, 1661.

At that time, two secular priests wrote to the Secretary of the Propaganda: "Will the Sacred Congregation be pleased to appoint some clergyman at Paris fitted for this Mission? Said Missionary priest should be of Irish origin. We would respectfully propose; Rev. Francis Whyte, now at Saint Lazare's."

(To be continued.)
APPENDIX.

Father Francis LeBlanc returned to Scotland in 1662. A circular from Father Alméras, in 1664, informs us that he had converted fourteen parishes and that Father Brinn, his compatriot and confrère, had been equally successful in Ireland.

Father LeBlanc left Scotland a second time in 1665, and returned in 1668; continuing, until death, to exercise the painful labors of his Missionary life. Unfortunately, he was alone. He was beginning to sink under the weight of years, and, still more, from fatigue, than age. Some years later, Father William Leslie, rector of the Scotch Mission at Rome, wrote to Father Jolly, Third Superior General, at St. Lazare's, a most urgent letter, asking for priests of his Congregation. Father Jolly was forced to answer him, March 5, 1677, "with all my heart, would I love to respond to your zeal for the benefit of your country. But, it is, at present, beyond my ability, as I have no priest formed for that Mission.

In 1678, Father LeBlanc spent a month at the Lowlands in Gordon Castle, but he was too ill to travel; and little hope was entertained of preserving him for any length of time. He died February 7th of the following year. Dunbar, Prefect of the Scotch Mission, communicated in two letters, one in Italian, the other in English, his death to Barely, principal of the Scotch College at Paris. The following is the English letter:

"Good Father Francis Whyte (LeBlanc), died about the end of January. After his decease, in spite of
frightfully inclement weather, I visited the places he had been in the habit of attending, to console, as best I could, the poor people he had served for so many years. If any one of his nationality could be sent to replace him, he would be of great service to us. You can understand that one, ignorant of the language, would be useless. Father Dunbar then begged authority, to keep, as relics, vestments, books, &c., left in the Mountain-Missions by Father LeBlanc.”—Maynard. *St. Vincent de Paul.*

**BROTHER PETER SIRVEN, Coadjutor.**

*July, 1660. Sedan.*

Born at Verdun, in the diocese of Montauban, France, Brother Peter Sirven was received at Paris as a coadjutor Brother of the Mission, March 12, 1640.

For twenty years, he served God fervently in his holy vocation, and was looked upon, among St. Vincent’s disciples, as a model.

The Saint himself, in a few lines, wrote the eulogy of this admirable Brother, when announcing his death, which occurred during the month of July, 1660, at the House of Sedan, in which he was engaged.

It has pleased God, wrote St. Vincent, to take to himself one of our best Brothers: Peter Sirven, who was at Sedan, the living rule of the company; a prudent, intelligent man, kind to everyone; who willingly devoted himself to the poor sick and the consolation of the afflicted. All the citizens of the place loved him greatly and testified their deep regret at his loss; even the heretics, whom he edified by his modesty and charity. We have great reason to believe that God has crowned him in Heaven and has bestowed on him the kingdom prepared for those holy souls who exercise on earth the works of mercy, as did this, his holy servant.
Rev. William Cornaire, born at Teussy, diocese of Besançon, June 4, 1614, was received into the Congregation of the Mission at Paris—December 2nd, 1647. He had been raised to the priesthood in 1639. Charged, among other duties, with affording spiritual aid to the sick at the hospital at Mans, he gave, in that duty, an example of great virtue and constant devotedness.

His constancy in a work which was not of his choice, cost much to the pious missionary. St. Vincent sustained him by reminding him that God causes souls, whom He destines for a high degree of perfection, to pass through the briars and thorns of aridity; making them honor thus the languishing life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered agony and abandonment. Touching exhortations, useful to many souls, and whose value Father Cornaire appreciated.

St. Vincent wrote to him, September 20, 1650, from your spirit of meekness and the good use you make of the contradictions that beset you, I doubt not that the evil spirit instigates them; he is inimical to the virtues you practice, but confusion only shall be his portion. Tell him, boldly, as did St. Ignatius, martyr, to his executioners: “Now, do I begin to be a disciple of Jesus Christ.”

“I trust that the persecution you endure in your holy employment, will merit for you the grace of enduring greater trials; should Divine Providence permit them, which will probably be the case, for your greater sanctification. With my whole heart, I recommend you to him, both you and your trials; begging him to strengthen you to carry them to the summit of the mountain of your perfection—or, that He may Himself be your heavenly Simon, helping you to carry them as the Cyrenean aided Him to carry His cross!”

Father Cornaire certainly climbed that “high moun-
tain of his perfection," as St. Vincent expresses it. His blessed memory is a proof of this. Brother Chollier, to whom we are indebted for the edifying lives of Brother Ducournau and of Brother Alexander Verronne, had also written a notice on the virtues of Father Cornaire, as we learn from a letter of Rev. Father Gallien, Superior of the Seminary at Lyons to Brother Chollier. (Mirror of a Coadjutor Brother.) Unfortunately those notes cannot be found.

REV. FATHER TOUSSAINT BOURDAISE.
June 25, 1657. Madagascar.

Immediately after the death of Father Gondrée, St. Vincent thought of sending assistance to the only surviving Missionary at Madagascar. Father Nacquart, who exposed to fatigue so great, could scarcely fail to sink under his labors. He intended, for that glorious and distant mission, Father Mounier and Father Bourdaise, the latter, a native of Blois, then, in the diocese of Chartres.

Toussaint Bourdaise had been received at Paris at the age of twenty-seven, October 6, 1645. He was ordained Priest in 1651. Marvellous transformations effected by grace, adorable designs of Divine Providence! Several times thoughts were entertained of dismissing Bourdaise, as being wanting in talents and knowledge. (Repetition of mental prayer, November 25, 1657). And he was to become the true Apostle of Madagascar!

Arrival of Father Bourdaise and his Companion at Madagascar. Condition of the Colony (1654.)

The troubles of the kingdom and rivalry of colonial companies, did not permit the two Missionaries to embark before the early days of 1654, and they did not reach Fort Dauphin until August 16th.
The colonists had, for more than three years mourned the death of Father de Nacquart. During that long interval, the sad news had not reached Paris. It was by a letter, under date of Feb. 6, 1655, that the newly arrived Missionaries transmitted the sad details of his decease to St. Vincent.

The voyagers tarried a few days at Cape Verde, during which time, Father Bourdaise evangelized the natives, of whom he speaks very kindly in his letters. Then the vessel, upon which he had embarked, again, set sail. The storm carried them to the coast of Brazil and brought them back again. Finally they cast anchor in Itaperi Bay, four leagues from Fort Dauphin.

The first news communicated by the natives, filled them with anguish. They complained of the French and, informed Father Bourdaise, that Father Nacquart had been dead three years. Father Mounier, who had embarked on another vessel, had not yet arrived. Might not his vessel have been lost! These thoughts filled the soul of Bourdaise with deep melancholy.

"Four days after we reached the Bay of Itaperi," we wrote to St. Vincent de Paul. Our admiral, Mr. de Laforest, determined to set out for Fort Dauphin, and did me the honor to invite me to accompany me."

"We set out well-armed, as a precaution against dangers of which we had been warned. Mr. de Flacourt, after saluting us, received us with open arms. "I repaired to the chapel which was nicely decorated and very neat; this filled me with joy. We saw the fort well established and guarded by a number of Frenchmen. Below the fort, was a large village well-peopled with negroes; and we understood, at once, that things were not in so desperate a condition as we had been led to believe.

The following day, Sunday, I celebrated Mass, to the great joy of Mr. de Flacourt and all the French colo-
nists, who had so impatiently awaited this happiness. Having been informed that the Blessed Sacrament was in the tabernacle, as Father Nacquart had not been able to consume the sacred species, I could not think that they had been preserved so long; and I said to myself, that these good people had been nursing a sweet delusion. On opening the ciborium, however, to place within it the hosts I had consecrated, I discovered five hosts adhering to one another, it is true; but, to all appearance, in a state of preservation. I was delighted; and believed that God had granted this favor on account of the honors shown Him by the French colonists. For every day, morning and night, they recited their prayers in the chapel; and, on the Festival of Corpus Christi, they carried the tabernacle in procession.

But, adds Father Bourdaise, in his account, we saw the negroes running to us in great haste. We supposed they had some news for us. Some said it was good news; others inferred that it was bad. We dared not anticipate joyful tidings. We waited. Finally, they overtook us and told us that the vessel which had become separated from us and which we expected, was at a short distance thence. “All were very content, and that my Brother had sent all manner of kind messages to me.”

These happy tidings made our hearts throb for joy, and we quickly repaired to Itapera to meet them. What sweet emotions were Father Mounier’s and mine when we embraced each other! We lost no time in purifying our souls in the sacrament of penance, of which we had been so long deprived.

As my superior is now here, and he will reside at Fort Dauphin with Brother René (1) a Coadjutor Brother, I will leave to him the task of relating all

(1) Rene Foret, Coadjutor Brother, born at Boussay, Diocess of Avranches; received at Paris, October 5, 1650.
that has since transpired up to the date of this letter. I confine myself, now, to assuring you that I am happy to be in this country and return daily thanks to God for the favor.

Having been long deprived of priests, the French, with Flacourt at their head, received Father Bourdaise and his companion with great respect and cordiality. They were soon installed in their small dwelling.

On their side, the negroes, who had been baptized by the first Missionaries, hastened to meet their successors, accompanied by a crowd of compatriots, who came from neighboring parts for instruction, so that our dwelling was much too small to accommodate them; and a second, much larger building, was erected, in which they assemble for catechism.

All, both French and negroes, had reasons for rejoicing in the advent of the Missionaries.

Flacourt beheld his colony failing every day under the encroachment of disease and the attempts of the Malagassy. He was himself threatened with assassination.

Those, whom he sent out, never returned; for the Malagassy infested the roads, carried off the cattle, and massacred the Frenchmen who lost their way. They were sometimes discomfited by the courage of the French colonists. These savages would exclaim: "We have heard of the Portuguese; we have known Hollanders and the English. But they are different men from you; for you do not appear to value life; the presence of death does not alarm you. You are altogether different. You are not men; you are lions."

There were, however, treaties of peace continually broken between them;—and the French, almost blockaded at Fort Dauphin, had to struggle, at the same time, against famine, and very natural distrust of the Malagassy and their weapons.
First Labors of Father Bourdaise. Docility of the Malagasy.

Father Bourdaise declares that the savages were easily gained by kindness. His letters to St. Vincent bear testimony to this. He says: "During the six months of our abode here, a great number of negroes come, three times a day, with praiseworthy assiduity, to pray with us. All that these poor souls require, are faithful Missionaries.

"The majority of the Malagasy have imbibed zeal for God's glory. Their demeanor, at prayer, is very modest and they invite one another to this holy exercise.

A little child, said lately to its companion:
"You do not pray to God, and, yet, He is the Master of the world!"

"It is beautiful to see a dozen or more of the newly baptized, even among adults, assisting at the Divine Office. They gather around the church door before the hour appointed, impatiently waiting the signal to enter."

"Whilst saying my Office in church, I was frequently met by a crowd of children, who would kneel around me to be taught the Patre When I condescended to their wishes, they went away well satisfied, telling one another, "they had prayed to God."

Most anxious for the decency of divine worship, Father Bourdaise wrote: "The stone church connected with the Fort, will soon be completed. The one begun by Father Nacquart is used for the cemetery."

"Thanks be to God, we enjoy good health. We do not suffer so much from the heat as we anticipated. In the central parts, it is less endurable. We have found some few feet of a vineyard planted about three years ago, which yielded us about sixty fine bunches of grapes. We sometimes find wild grapes in this country. If we could only raise wheat, we would consider ourselves very fortunate." Letter, Feb. 8, 1855.

In the meanwhile, Fathers Bourdaise and Mounier
applied to the study of the language and they were able, in the course of a few months, to catechise the negroes, whilst they attended to the spiritual care of the French. Everything was progressing favorably, when a revolution took place in the government of the colony.

Departure of Mr. de Flacourt for France. Pronis succeeds him at Madagascar.

Flacourt, without well defined authority, exposed to the complaints of the colonists, whom he could not satisfy; menaced by Pronis, the former Governor, and by Captain Laforest, both of whom had arrived on La Meilleraye’s fleet, two expectant competitors, who might, at any moment, supplant him; resolved to return to France. He gave command of the Fort to Mr. Laforet, who entrusted it to Mr. de Pronis. Governor Flacourt started February 12th, 1655, taking with him to France, four little negroes.

In the meanwhile, the colony fell a prey to irreparable misfortunes. Amid rejoicings, destined to celebrate the installation of Pronis, a part of the Fort and the magazines were consumed by flames. Some days later, another conflagration broke out which completed the work of destruction; the church, and almost the entire village, were destroyed. A disaster from which de Pronis, without provisions or instruments of labor, could never recover. Father Bourdaise has left the account of those terrible scenes.

Incendiary Fires at Fort Dauphin.

“According to a promise I made to Mr. Laforet, I was preparing for a voyage to the Red Sea. That gentleman, who had honored me with an invitation to accompany him, called upon me, Saturday in the second week of Lent, to rejoice with me over his proposed trip
and his purpose of learning the Madagassy language, when someone, rushed in and informed us that fire had again broken out at the fort. We hurried, and arrived in time to behold the house on fire, and, the front of the church, a sheet of flames. I rushed to the windows and jumped into the church. I threw out chests, ornaments, books, chandeliers, and everything I could lay my hands on. Finally the whole edifice was in a blaze. I seized some ornaments and an altar cover with one hand and jumped out of a window, was caught by a nail and hung against the wall. I struggled and tore away soutan and clothing. At the same moment two magazines and the Governor's house caught fire. Everyone carried off something. But each one, perceiving this general madness, thinks but of himself, and endeavors to escape from the burning buildings. But it is too late; the roofs are on fire. The man in charge of the storehouses filled with rice and powder, cries for help, but is not heard. The roaring of the flames and the general excitement render all individual cries for help inaudible. Someone, however, managed to make himself heard. He called me and I hastened to the spot. We were trying to save a barrel of powder when the fire, reaching the magazine with a thundering explosion, carries off the roof and overthrows the walls of the building. Then nothing could arrest the flames. All escape as hastily as possible. I rushed towards our barrack, the nearest to the fort. The heat was so great as almost to impede respiration. We stationed men around the houses with water to extinguish the fire-brands that were sweeping in every direction. All clothing was thrown into the court yard, and, in less than half an hour, the whole fort and forty or fifty dwelling houses were reduced to ashes. Oh, what a sad sight to behold the sacred tabernacle on the ground in the middle of the yard. But our dear Lord is, always and everywhere, adorable.
We worked until midnight to extinguish the fire, with great apprehensions for the entire village. Finally, the wind having changed, we could breathe more freely. The fire burned four entire days like an immense furnace.

I cannot forbear mentioning the pious zeal of a sailor who hazarded his life in the burning church to save a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which he carried out in flames, and half consumed.

Immediately, all hands set to work to rebuild the fort—and we, to build a church in which to place the Blessed Sacrament. I selected, for the time being, a beautiful house which I had purchased as a house of prayer for the negroes. I had a balustrade built on one side, and, in front of it; so that those, on the outside, could easily hear Mass. But bad weather made it very inconvenient for all who were unable to enter the church, and I could not speak in the open air. We set to work to enlarge the house and, continue the balustrade all around; to separate the choir, and build a portico in front,—for those, who passing by, could, at least, witness the ceremonies, if they were ashamed to enter. This has proved of great service, for, a number always come, who, seeing the others at prayer, find that it is not impossible for them to learn, as the Rohanders would fain have them believe.

As we must strive to turn everything to account, I adorned the small sanctuary, to the best of my ability, with pictures that we had rescued from the fire.

Remarking that the natives evinced much curiosity to see my clock, I assigned it a conspicuous place in our chapel.

It affords me many opportunities of speaking to them on the mysteries of faith. They are astonished to find that it lives and talks. They term it, in their language, ambos voulamenne, which means: golden dog—which is the usual name. Sometimes, Malingen (1), which

(1.) Meleek or Malek in Arab, whence this word is derived.
signifies angel. But, I assure them that the angels are more beautiful than the sun, or any other object visible to our eyes, because they serve God and do His will. That they themselves who, when baptized, observe his commandments shall also be, one day, beautiful as the sun; and their souls shall live forever! They listen to me very willingly and agree that the best thing they can do, is to be baptized. The house of a negress stood opposite our church and prevented passers-by from seeing the congregation pray to God. I told her that it was not right that her house should stand in front of the House of God. She answered: Thou speakest truly. “Zanhare” (God) is a great Master.” And she had the house removed at once, which obliged me to give her a suitable compensation.

By the Death of Father Mounier, Father Bourdaise is the only surviving Priest on the Island of Madagascar. Conversions.

At this epoch (1655) Father Mounier, the companion of Father Bourdaise, died, during the expedition undertaken by the Mahafales, already related. Father Bourdaise buried him beside Fathers Nacquart and Gondréé.

The death of Father Mounier prevented Father Bourdaise from accompanying Mr. Laforet to the Red Sea. He was exercising a fruitful apostolate at Fort Dauphin.

“Mr. de Pronis, he wrote, continues repairs at the fort, and I beg God to instruct these poor neophytes. Sometimes two, three, four, eight or ten new ones come to pray, or listen to prayers. I remarked one who kept aloof from the rest. I asked him what he was doing there. He answered: “I have had the smallpox, and I am ashamed to enter the House of Zahare.” I told him that God considered only the soul—unlike men, who chiefly consider personal beauty. Interrupting me, he said: “Teach me how to pray.” I did
so, to his manifest joy. The same thing happened to a poor man, both of whose legs are broken, and who crawls on his hands from place to place. Their fervor daily increases, and although Mr. de Pronis, who is a heretic, is no friend to us, God is glorified.

"Having been requested by Mr. de Pronis to invite the French to assist at night and morning prayers, and that, at the same hour, he would recite his, in his own apartment, I knew that this was merely to draw the negroes to his house, which happened in effect. For all who were engaged in his service attended prayers at which he presided, and not elsewhere. I was informed that two French women were thinking of going there too. I dissuaded them from doing so as well as I could, without exposing his difference in religion, which I always concealed." (1.)

Cures, Conjurors, Funerals.

I baptized four negro families. That is to say, father, mother and children. The first, a good old man at least ninety years old, was dying. I entered his habitation, so small that a man could scarcely stretch himself at full length in it, and so low that the head of a man in a kneeling posture, touched the ceiling. I found his wife there. She kept up the fire, night and day, to warm his poor body.

I spoke to the sick man, enquired into his ailments, gave him some treacle and good food, and, he was cured. The next day, I met him carrying wood. He exclaimed: "You are a God: I am cured! and I will be your slave forever!" I assured him that it was the

(1.) Father Bourdaise, fearing lest this difference might interfere with conversions, made Mr. de Pronis' little daughter recite the Pater in presence of the natives. Mr. de Pronis, on his death bed, confided her to the missionary. She afterwards became a Catholic.
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work of the Almighty God—and I told him to come with his wife to me every day and learn how to pray to God. "Docile as little children, they both came every day with their family."

In another letter, Father Bourdaise, who had the reputation of being a skilful surgeon, relates that the natives, on all sides, called on him to cure them. "A conjurer (1.) called on me lately to cure a man in the village who, for three months, had been unable to sleep; and who suffered dreadfully from an abscess. The leg was swollen to the size of a man's body, and full of pus which could not escape through the hard skin. Perceiving this, I took a bistoury (a surgical instrument for making incisions), and pierced the abscess, from which was discharged a pail full of pus. The people were wonder-stricken. I treated a swelling on the shoulder in like manner, and the man was completely cured.

The natives are subject to a form of dysentery called sorat, brought on by the poor food, to which they are reduced, during three months of the year. It causes death in eight days, and they have no remedy for it. I gave them a little treacle and, through the mercy of God, cured over a hundred, in a few days."

(1.) This conjurer, by name Rasti Houman-Chena—which signifies: he eats no meat, was sixty-nine years old. Small, of mean appearance, sparing of his words. He had acquired a reputation by divinations. In 1654, he predicted, six weeks in advance, the arrival of the Duke de la Meilleraye's fleet. He foretold the tragic death of Mr. de Flacourt, who, as he had announced, perished on the coast of France whilst attacking pirates. Being questioned by the Missionary, he said that he conversed with Coucoulambous who dwelt, he averred, mid the high mountains. These fantastic beings, although they do not eat, appear to be all belly. To try his art, the Missionary enquired for a person, unknown to the conjurer, asked if her father was living, and how many brothers and sisters she had? He answered correctly and without hesitation. He declared that the spirit with which he conversed, was afraid of priests. He even foretold that the whole island would be converted.
These poor Indians, wrote Father Bourdaise in another letter, have recourse to me in all their maladies. This is a great help to me, it engages them to listen to me more readily. I lately baptized four little children, that died almost immediately afterwards and went, of course, straight to Heaven. We buried them according to the customs of the country. Little children, about the same age, followed them to the grave, bearing lighted tapers. The body was dressed in white and decked with flowers. This surprised all present, but I explained the ceremonies—and they were, above all, very glad when I assured them that those children, dying immediately after baptism, were, like the angels, in Heaven. An old negro, very boldly interrupted me and said, that they would have to weep for the dead. Here, we must explain what he meant by weeping. It consists in killing animals, singing and leaping around the body of the departed and bringing food to it. I told them, they were well aware, that the body of the dead decayed, and could not eat. And that the soul, which does not die—required not food—but existed in another way in Heaven, where it prayed for them. But, that I would not prevent the survivors from entertaining their friends. Those present informed me that I had spoken well, and that the old man did not know much. The father and mother then cut their hair and removed their ornaments.”

“I was informed that women, before child-birth, tell all the evil they have done—and, if they fail in this, that they cannot be delivered. This facilitates, for us, the Sacrament of penance.”

Father Bourdaise, now, all alone, courageously persevered in his Apostolic career. With the Governor’s approval, he visited every house, drove out all women of bad reputation, and, was so fortunate as to convert many into penitent Magdalen.

The colony, being out of provisions, a new expedi
tion was planned. Laforest manned a canoe which he directed to Galhemboule, Saint Mary’s and the Red Sea, but he maltreated the natives and was massacred by them. The canoe continued its route, but brought back only a few tons of rice.

Death of Governor de Pronis. Imprudent severity of his successor, des Perriers. Happy results of Father Bourdaise's mildness.

During this expedition, Pronis, overwhelmed by disasters, fell sick, and was soon at death's door. He sent for Father Bourdaise; the latter thought that he desired to abjure Protestantism, or rather, infidelity. But, he merely wished to confide his daughter to him. The legacy being charitably accepted, he expired impenitent for the crimes with which he had overrun the rising colony. The young girl, his daughter, abjured heresy and, by her example, influenced two of her co-religionists; so that only two Protestants remained at Fort Dauphin.

Des Perriers succeeded Pronis. In spite of sad experience, he inaugurated his rule by massacres, robberies and executions as awkward as they were unjust and cruel. The chiefs, condemned to death, asked for baptism, which Father Bourdaise, the powerless witness of these atrocities, administered to them. The Chiefs were preparing fearful retaliations, when two of their number delivered themselves and their families into the hands of Des Perriers as pledges of the fidelity of their relatives. Other chiefs followed this example and delivered up their sons. During their sojourn at Fort Dauphin, all were instructed in the Christian religion, they assisted at prayers and Catholic ceremonies. Father Bourdaise was about to baptise them, when peace was concluded. They returned to their own country, but, not without inviting the Missionary to come and instruct their subjects.
In the meanwhile, the land, laid waste by pillage, or parched by drought, produced no aliment for the colonists. The French were exhausted, the negroes starving. Father Bourdaise went from door to door collecting rice, fruit, bones, &c., and daily distributing soup to the most famine-stricken.

This charity touched the poor creatures: All—chiefs and vassals, begged for the sign of Christianity.

"Oh! wrote the holy Missionary to Vincent, were there two or three priests here, all in the great country of Amos would be baptized. I endeavor to inspire all with the desire, at least, of baptism."

Dian Panolabé, inheriting the hatred of his father, Ramach, desired to profit by these disasters to exterminate the French.

Des Perriers forestalled him. During the night, he sent a detachment to Fanshère to seize him and bring him to Fort Dauphin. The perfidious chief was on the point of being slain, when Dian Machicore, his relative, negotiated his deliverance. They had both been recent hostages.

This time, Father Bourdaise had the consolation of completing his work. He administered solemn baptism to Machicore's five children, the eldest of whom, became a perfect Christian. Mananghe confided to him the Christian education of his son, and the father of the chief, a centenarian, touched by the example of the younger people, also, desired to become a Christian.

The Feast of the Purification, 1856, celebrated with great pomp, awakened holy desires in many souls. And the Paschal festivities and the Feast of Pentecost were solemnized by numerous baptisms. The rumor of these conversions spread far and wide. A man aged seventy years, Chief of the Imours, falling dangerously ill, invoked his oulis or false gods, in vain. He then asked for his cure through baptism and was heard. This marvellous effect multiplied the number of Christians in a wonderful manner.

Vincent de Paul, in the meanwhile, did not lose sight of Madagascar; neither did la Meilleraye; they had learned much concerning its spiritual affairs through Governor Flacourt. Four vessels were at the Port of La Rochelle ready to start for the Island of Madagascar. Three missionaries, Mathurin de Belleville, Claude Dufour and Nicholas Prevost, embarked October 29th, 1655; the 29th of May, 1656, the squadron weighed anchor near Fort Dauphin. The vessel that conveyed Father Dufour was the first to arrive. It was the eve of Corpus Christi, 1656. Father Bourdaise writes: "A little boy who was at our house, descried the vessel from a distance. We hastened to the church to sing the Te Deum. The vessel entered the harbor, but turned away almost immediately. Finally it turned again, and weighed anchor. Oh! I no longer doubted our happiness, and my heart leaped for joy, particularly when the cannon fired a salute and we beheld Chevalier de Sourdis and Lord Gueston disembark, who informed us that the vessel belonged to the Duke de la Meilleraye, and that Father Dufour was aboard."

One was detained by the sea-faring men, who asked tidings of the colony; the other by the settlers, who were most happy to greet a new missionary. The two sons of St. Vincent de Paul had much difficulty in their efforts to meet. Finally Father Bourdaise secured the captain’s permission for Father Dufour to land without delay.

Corpus Christi in Madagascar.

When I looked at Father Dufour, I seemed to behold an Angel from Heaven. He was as fresh as a rose; but this color was produced by the excitement of zeal, for he was already attacked by malaria. His legs were
APPENDIX.

black and swollen—and yet, he did not complain. His serene countenance seemed an evidence of good health.

That very evening, we deliberated as to what we had best do. The next morning, our first care was to go to confession to each other. Then Father Dufour went to the vessel to bring the sick on land. I gave orders for their lodging and saw that they were provided with what was most necessary. The rest of the time, I spent preparing the church for the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. For this purpose, I prepared several small arches ornamented with festoons of white paper, mingled with bows of red ribbon.

Our entire chapel was hung with white linen. For want of carpet, branches of leaves covered the roads over which the procession was to proceed. I also had mats spread in several places.

"I begged Father Dufour to be celebrant on this occasion, and to carry the Blessed Sacrament, which he did with great devotion and edification. The Chevalier de Sourdis held his chasuble, the Governor and his lieutenant carried the canopy,—four musketeers walked at the four corners of the canopy, accompanied each, by a torch-bearer.

Four Indian boys, prettily attired, walked in front, each carrying a basket of flowers. Two others carried censers, and incensed and genuflected as they do in France. Wearing a surplice, I remained by Father Dufour to serve as deacon and to maintain order.

The faithful carried lighted candles. We went as far as the Fort, where a repository had been erected, as rich as our poverty would permit.

Our good neophytes, amounting in number to three hundred, were ravished and filled with devotion, and their faith was greatly strengthened. They understood that such honors could be paid only to God. As we left the Fort, forty cannons were fired and the soldiers discharged their muskets. Thence, we re-
turned to the church, where High Mass was sung. Father Dufour preached a sermon that found its way to many hearts.

After Mass, the French took turns in keeping up the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Our neophytes were not behind hand, they remained as long as the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Father Dufour and I then attended to the sick.

Fathers Dufour and Prevost go to St. Mary's Island. They both succumb. Father Bourdaise is, once more, the only priest in Madagascar.

The joy of Father Bourdaise was short-lived. After a few days spent at Fort Dauphin, Father Dufour, who was himself attacked by the scurvy, was the consoler, the infirmarian and the physician of the sick. This Missionary was obliged to rejoin his confrère, Father Prévost, at his destination, St. Mary's. And Father Bourdaise was once more alone.

Du Riveau, the new Governor, after installing one hundred colonists at St. Mary's Island, of which he had just taken possession in the name of de la Meille-raye, undertook a campaign to the Red Sea. On his return to St. Mary's, he found only graves. The scurvy had attacked the French, reduced to extreme want. The two Missionaries had, at first, shared with them their meagre rations and then, to give up their portion almost entirely, they condemned themselves to rigorous fasts.

Sick, exhausted by the climate, worn out by spiritual and temporal cares, Dufour had nevertheless conceived the thought of consecrating St. Mary's Island to the twelve Apostles. With that in view, he started out to erect crosses on the twelve elevations of the island; traversing rivers, sleeping on the bare, damp ground, exposed to the rain or the burning rays of the tropical sun. At the tenth station, he fell. Carried back to
his confrère, he died in the course of eighteen days. One month later, Father Prévost followed him to the grave. He expired in the month of September, 1656, on board the vessel, "La Duchesse," on which he was being conveyed from St. Mary's Isle to Fort Dauphin.

Father Bourdaise now seemed condemned to perpetual isolation from his confrères. He wrote to St. Vincent: "Behold me plunged in extremest woe. Looking for nothing in the future. Having nothing to lose, nor perhaps anything to hope for. Seeing that this un­grateful land destroys not only its own children, but its would-be liberators. You understand all that I would fain say—and which I would, likewise, desire to conceal from you, to spare your tears and my sighs."

"Father de Belleville, whom I knew only by the reputation of his virtues, died on the way. Father Prévost, after having endured the fatigue of travel, is also dead. Father Dufour, whom I knew only to feel his loss, is dead. Finally all your children in Madagascar have expired, save myself, a wretched servant, who survives but to inform you of their loss!"

To afford a ray of consolation amid these sorrowful tidings, Father Bourdaise described his labors and their happy results. From St. Mary's, du Riviere returned, in desperation, to Fort Dauphin. Then, he embarked for France on an English vessel, leaving his lieutenant, Gueston, Governor of the colony. Gueston had rebuilt the fort, and Father Bourdaise had transported his house between the village and the French part, to be nearer both when needed. He had also built a larger church, to accommodate the numerous neophytes, a large house for catechetical instruction, and another to serve as a hospital, until the arrival of the Sisters of Charity. He hoped to see the Sisters one day replace him in his attentions to the sick. In the meanwhile, like all his confrères, he had to be physician, infirmary and spiritual director.
Belying upon the advent of new missionaries, he had begun a seminary with five children, who might, at some future day, become good Priests, capable of converting their compatriots. Whilst Fathers Dufour and Prévost were with them, he thought of leaving one at Fort Dauphin and of going through the villages himself, spending eight or ten days at each one, until one Madagassy was familiar enough with the prayers to teach the rest. Thereby he could have satisfied the eagerness of the poor negroes, who, on all sides, called on him.

The four young Madagassies brought by Mr. de Flacourt to Paris—They are educated at Saint Lazare’s—Sentiments of Saint Vincent de Paul.

At the same time, and with the same design, the four young negroes of Madagascar, brought in 1655 by Flacourt, were educated at Saint Lazare’s. Three of them had been baptized by Father Nacquart, but, abandoned afterwards for several years, they had lost almost entirely all knowledge of God and religious practices. The oldest was not baptized until he reached Paris. King Louis XIV was his godfather.

Nothing could be more touching and sublime than Saint Vincent’s recommendations with regard to the four young Madagassies. His words prove all the respect that faith inspires for the dignity of the human race, though buried amid the shades of barbarism, and degraded almost to the level of the brute.

He said to the priests: “I recommend to the prayers of the company these four little negroes who so greatly need them, that they may learn to know God. And may the Divine Majesty reveal to us whatsoever we should do for their salvation. Were there an angel amongst us, to him should be confided the instruction of these poor negroes, whom the Providence of God
has sent us; his time would be well employed. Four well-instructed natives of the country and two of our priests could effect so much good! Four could convert the Indies. Nay, one, filled with the spirit of God. Let us treat them with the greatest respect, meekness and patience. Let us instruct them by our example, and train them by the modesty of our deportment, and our devout sentiments."

Let us beware of ridiculing them. God forbid, that we should humiliate them in any way! Let us lead them to serve God—so that, when they return to their own country, they may bear witness to the truths of Christianity. If they do not receive edification from us—what can they think of your religion? And what can they say of it? Let us pray to God for them. I conjure you, my confrères, to remember them when you offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And do you, my Brothers, remember them in your communions, and daily pray for them. When we meet them, let us lift our hearts to God and beg him to bless these young creatures, that they may advance in His love. Let us, for the same intention, make some sacrifice, practice some mortification and take the discipline. Yes! the discipline for this intent. We can have no better intention than the salvation of souls. God endured so much for love of them. Willingly did He suffer for the salvation of the least of these little ones. O, gentlemen, our mortifications could not be offered for a holier purpose!

Let us, I conjure you, offer them to God for the salvation of these poor souls!"

(Repitition of mental prayer, August 23d, 1655.)
Apostolic labors of Father Bourdaise. Military Mass at Madagascar.

Whilst these teachings resounded at Saint Lazares, Father Bourdaise, instructed directly by the spirit of God, proved himself a faithful disciple. Forced to restrain himself, he concentrated his energies. He had yet much to do. He was besieged by people who came to learn their prayers. He collected them in the church; and those discordant voices of men and women, young and old, rich and poor, united in their faith in one God, were, in his ears, a most agreeable concert. Baptisms and marriages multiplied, the rites of Christian burial, those, above all of the Dans or baptized Chiefs, greatly impressed the negroes. They hastened in crowds to see those whom, but lately, they looked upon as gods, consigned to the earth.

The following details which he furnishes to St. Vincent de Paul, in a letter under date, February 19th, 1657, prove the magnitude of the labors of this Apostolic man.

Last "All Saints' Day" the majority of new Christians presented themselves for Confession and Communion. It sufficed for me to announce that it was a great Festival. A Frenchman having fallen sick at Arate-Malesme, about two days journey from us, I considered it my duty to go to him, not so much for his body, as for his soul, as he had not been to confession for eighteen months.

While preparing to start, I learned that a small troop of Frenchmen were directing their steps the same way. I offered to say Mass for them—on the route—an offer which was gratefully accepted. I set out with them. It was a beautiful sight! Good order prevailed everywhere; but, particularly at night and morning prayers. That which greatly edified me, was, that on reaching the Province of Amos, we found several Frenchmen and, among them, many army officers who, on the eve of starting on the expedition to Mannanboula, wished
to go to confession and receive Holy Communion. When we reached Hount, the troops were reviewed; and, after supper, a drum was beat in the large square. There, when all were assembled, I prayed before the crucifix. There were about 2,000 negroes around us. The next morning, I prepared an altar in the middle of the square. Many presented themselves for confession. I heard them, and then celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the presence of the whole army. I could not, then, speak in public, but contented myself with visiting the soldiers in their barracks, saying a few cordial, encouraging words to each one. This done, they embraced and we separated; they, to continue on their expedition; and I, to visit the cabins of my sick.

As the journey had been long and I had only partaken of some bad fruit, I was quite sick on arriving at Arate Malesme and was obliged to take some repose. That evening, I heard my patients' confession and confessed the other Frenchmen there. I also addressed the negroes who hastened to welcome me. I spoke to them of the Almighty power of God, explained his commandments; telling them that they were not like the commands of earthly rulers; there was no question of taking their goods from them; on the contrary, He offered them gifts incomparably more precious than the riches of this world: A good spirit and life eternal. They declared, afterwards, that I had spoken truly. I offered prayers in the middle of the village. My sufferings increasing, I withdrew. A sort of dysentery aggravated the fever from which I had suffered all day, and which lasted through the night.

The day following, dreading an accident, I endeavored to continue my journey, or rather to drag myself along. It is true, the negroes carried me part of the way.”

We reached Hittolangare—and God restored me to health the next day. But, Mr. du Riveau, who feared
that my illness might be followed by serious consequences, forbade me to proceed further, saying that the French must be summoned to our habitation. I have reason to thank God for this illness. I got back in time to assist a poor man who, having been wounded in the knee, was dying.

At midnight, after a short repose, I went to him, and heard his confession. After receiving the sacrament of extreme unction, he died, we may say, suddenly.

Conversions Among the Natives.

Father Bourdaise praised the perseverance and good dispositions of the baptized negroes. He quoted the example of a good woman, eighty-nine years old, who was a real Apostle. "She labors," he said, "resolutely at her own sanctification, and is careful to lead others to prayer and baptism. She has eight baptized slaves, whom she assembles every night for prayers, and she has already introduced this pious custom into many other families."

The missionary loved to relate the good wrought among the natives. "A negro," said he, "still quite young, having fallen dangerously ill, sent for me to baptize him. I hastened to him, spoke to him of God and Heaven, and he begged me to baptize him quickly, which I did. I then gave him some medicaments which relieved him somewhat, but we could not cure him. He called for me day and night. The poor boy had convulsions in every limb, and greatly excited my pity. He died pronouncing these words, which he often repeated during his illness: 'My God, I love thee entirely.'"

Then he entertained St. Vincent de Paul with the progress of his christians, and of the hopes he entertained of the conversion of whole villages, still buried in the darkness of infidelity.
I have already made mention to you of a negro named Mara, who speaks French very well. He is now baptized and married. Mr. du Riveau, the Governor, is his god-father. His little family lead a truly Christian life. We now count twelve marriages contracted between the French and negroes; and twenty-three entirely French. Each family lives on its own plantation. On holy days and Sundays all attend church.

The nation of the Imaphales sent ambassadors hither to treat with the Fort. All came to pray to God and urged me to show them the ornaments of the altar; which I did; availing myself of the opportunity to converse with them of God. I know not if they derived any profit from my words. All took Holy Water as they entered the church. The Chief perceiving that one of his slaves spoke during prayers, reproved him and said that he showed no sense, to talk in the House of God.

Shortly before the Feast of "All Saints," we were delighted and consoled to see Mr. Chamargon and Mr. Gueston return with their little army in good health; and to learn that the expedition had proved very successful. They had taken two thousand head of cattle from the enemy, which they brought along with the hostages of those with whom they had concluded a treaty of peace.

Great were my joy and consolation on being assured that they had not failed to say their night and morning prayers publicly; and, moreover, that the negroes of that country knelt down with them, made the sign of the Cross and testified an ardent desire to be baptized.

I must not omit the fact that the two sons of the Chiefs, who are stopping with us, and their slaves, likewise, desire to receive baptism. They shall be baptized, with God's help, immediately after the de-
parture of the vessels. The ceremony shall be performed with all possible solemnity, that the glory of God may be promoted and that the negroes, particularly the Chiefs, may be more edified and that they may be stimulated to follow their example. For, it must be confessed, that we advance the cause of religion more by gaining one noble, or chief, than by converting a hundred ordinary people. This, experience has proved.

I trust that the three Neophytes, baptized these few years past, almost at the hour of death, will contribute to the multiplication of Christians; for they were the most powerful lords of the country and the most formidable of any. Being warned of their approaching end, I was perplexed, knowing that they were greatly attached to their superstitions. God, however, deigned to enlighten them. I explained to them the truths of our holy faith. Particularly, concerning Heaven and Hell, assuring them that no one could be happy after death, nor escape eternal misery, unless baptized.

They immediately begged me to baptize them at once, and to see to their burial after death. I deferred to their double request and they were buried in our cemetery. I cannot pass over, in silence, the joy and edification I derived on seeing the negroes hasten to the burial of those whom they had looked upon as gods.

The Madagassy admire the Catholic religion for the holy equality with which they treat their dead, and for the charity which leads them to grant the last honors to those whom, previous to baptism, they regarded as bitter enemies.

A little medicine, an ointment applied in due time, a successful operation, sufficed to free them from belief in their idols and charms, and to attract them towards the Missionaries. Moreover, Father Bourdaise did not neglect the false prophets, themselves, but endeavored to convert those who, by their reputation and pretended divinations, had most influence over the people.
Apostolic appeal for more Missionaries.

The work of God advanced; and, despite a deep sense of his own nothingness, Father Bourdaise feared not to say: "If I succumb, what will become of this poor Church?" "God, who makes me conscious of this extremity, he wrote, in conclusion, to St. Vincent de Paul," urges me to prostrate myself in spirit at your feet, as I actually do, in body, to say to you, in the name of many souls, with all possible humility and respect: Mitte quos missuris es. Send us Missionaries, for they who came to our gates, were not sent to Madagascar to remain, they were only called, by this road, to Heaven. How many men are here damned, for want of one man to help them. And this it is that grieves me most when I represent to myself their Angel Guardians saying to me: Si fuisses hic, frater meus non-fuisset mortuus! Oh! dear Father, how often I wish that the many worthy ecclesiastics now living in France, in comparative idleness, and, who know our great need of laborers, would make the same reflections and persuade themselves that Our Lord reproaches each of them in a special manner as follows: "O, sacerdos! si fuisses hic, frater meus non fuisset mortuus!" Without doubt, such a reflection would inspire them with compassion and even with alarm. Above all, if they consider that on account of their neglect to furnish this spiritual assistance, God will address to them, on the terrible day of final judgment, these awful words: Ipse impius in iniquitate sua morietur, sanguinem vero ejus de manu tua requiram.

Oh! if priests, doctors, preachers, catechists and others, who have the talent and vocation for these distant Missions, would pay attention to these matters, and, above all, to the account that shall be demanded of the many souls, who for want of their assistance, shall have been damned, no doubt, they would show more eagerness to go afar off to seek the stray sheep and bring them into the fold of the true Church."
Fearing lest the death of his best priests might deter Vincent from attending to this Mission, he reminds him of it by many reasons and examples, repeating always: "Send us, as soon as you can, some good laborers, I conjure you, dear Father. It is true that you have lost many sons, excellent subjects; but, I implore you, for the love of Jesus Christ, not to be discouraged on that account; and not to abandon so many souls redeemed by the Son of God."

"Hold for certain that, if so many good Missionaries have died—it is not on account of the climate, but on account of the fatigue of their voyage, their excessive mortifications and overwhelming labors, which must always be too great whilst the laborers are so few."

Full of confidence in God when His hand weighed heaviest upon him, the death of his sons, while it deeply afflicted, did not discourage him, nor was his resolution shaken by the counsels of his friends who sought to dissuade him from an enterprise which Heaven itself seemed to condemn. "The Church," he answered, "had been established by the death of the Son of God, confirmed by that of the Apostles and martyrred Popes and Bishops. It has been multiplied by persecutions. God ordinarily tries those upon whom He has great designs. His divine bounty gives us to understand, that He wills now, as heretofore, that His name be made known and the kingdom of His divine Son established over all nations."

"It is evident that these islanders are disposed to receive the light of the Gospel. Six hundred of them have already received baptism from one Missionary whom God preserved among them. And, it would be contrary to reason and charity, to abandon that servant of God."