PARIS. CENTRAL HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY; VIEW OF THE SEMINARY

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SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

ANNALS

OF THE

CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION

OR

A COLLECTION OF EDIFYING LETTERS

WRITTEN BY PRIESTS OF THE MISSION AND
SISTERS OF CHARITY.

ISSUED EVERY THREE MONTHS.

ENGLISH EDITION.

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THE YEAR 1900.

We quote, as usual, from the Circular of the Very Rev. Superior General for the New Year, the principal facts recorded during the past year that may be of interest to the family of Saint Vincent de Paul.

...For nearly seven months our attention—like that of the public—has been mostly engrossed by the melancholy tidings that reach us from the vast Empire of China. In several of the vicariates apostolic the destruction of our missions has been almost complete. Many years must elapse before they can regain the degree of prosperity which they had attained. We have, however, the consolation to know that Missionaries, sisters, and the faithful have passed the crisis of the severe trials by which it pleased God they should be exercised. The respective diaries written by Mgr. Favier and our venerable Sr. Jaurias furnish an idea of the intense sufferings which they endured. These sufferings both moral and physical so heroically borne, will be—we may at least cherish the hope—a seed of Christians, a new source of benedictions for this unfortunate land of China. As yet, we do not know what terms will be made for the Missionaries. Whatsoever they may be, nothing can cause forgetfulness of the ruins heaped up before their eyes, nor can any indemnity dispense them from the conditions imposed upon all the Missionaries of Jesus Crucified, which conditions are thus summarized by the Psalmist: Euntes ibant et flebant, mittentes semina sua. When peace will have been signed, and security sufficiently restored, I am confident that our young Missionaries will not be wanting in devotedness. This devotedness is indispensable for the re-establishment of our works,—works so much the more necessary as our poor Christians have
lost everything, and they can expect assistance from those
only whom they justly call their fathers.

Whilst speaking to you of these disasters, I must not
forget those brave marines who, for more than two months,
under the command of Lieutenant Paul Henry, defended
our Missionaries, our sisters, and all the refugees of Pe-
tang with remarkable intelligence and a devotedness above
all praise. Several of these marines with their valiant
chief met their death in that memorable siege, a glorious
death not unlike that of the martyrs! In any case, they
are entitled to our everlasting gratitude, since they gave
their lives for us. I ask you, Gentlemen and dear con-
frères, to associate, for this year, these never-to-be-forgotten
departed to those of our double Family, in the pious suffrages which we are so happy to grant to them every month.

The cordial welcome extended to our Missionaries of
Abyssinia by the Emperor Menelik, and the recommen-
dations with which he furnished them for the viceroys, his
vassals, did not effect the hoped-for results. Molested by
the local authorities, our confrères have been compelled to
abandon several posts and withdraw to Alitiena the only
residence tolerated. Notwithstanding the fair hopes awak-
ened by the protection of the Negus, and the prosperity
of the college-seminary, the future of this mission is
very doubtful. With us, Father Coulbeaux is striving
to devise some means of smoothing away the difficulties
of this painful position.

At Madagascar, Mgr. Crouzet meets with many obsta-
cles against the organization of his works; nevertheless,
the commencements promise a rich harvest.

The Sovereign Pontiff has just given us a new proof of
his benevolence. His Holiness has been pleased to confide
to the Sons of Saint Vincent de Paul an establishment
destined for the reception of priests who, seem for a mo-
ment, to have lost sight of their sacred character and who
are sincerely desirous of being reconciled with God. The Holy Father has largely contributed to this important foundation which is fixed at Massa, in the Province of Turin, and is commended to the special solicitude of the Visitor of that Province.

The Cause of Blessed Petboyre goes on regularly, as do also those of the servants of God, Louise de Marillac and Catherine Labouré. Several extraordinary favors are the result of the Triduum celebrated everywhere with so much fervor in honor of Blessed Clét. These favors will be examined later by competent authority. We hope that Mgr. de Jacobis will soon be declared Venerable.

Our confrères and our sisters of the United States of North America are now occupied with the informative process for the introduction of the Cause of Very Rev. Felix de Andreis, who died among them in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1820, in the odor of sanctity, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, and worthy rival of Mlle. LeGras.

Peace and the blessing of God attend the labors of the Children of Saint Vincent throughout the European Provinces. In France, however, we live in serious apprehension in consequence of the hostile laws projected against Religious Communities.

List of the confrères that we have been able to send during the past year to the Foreign Missions:

Syria:  
Rev. Anthony Chiha.
According to our custom, I join to this Circular the list of our departed for the year that has just closed. You will not find among them the name of Father Bartholomew Ly, whose death had been announced to us. By a special Providence this dear confrère succeeded in making his escape from the Boxers. He is full of life and I am happy to address him, herewith, my paternal and public congratulations.

The Necrology of 1900, longer than preceding ones, contains some names that seem destined for a glorious triumph like that of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre and Francis Regis Clét, since their death appears to present all the characteristics of martyrdom.

May the blood of these generous Missionaries return in blessings upon this poor land of China and draw its entire nation into the fold of the Catholic Church.
EUROPE

FRANCE

TRIDUUM OF BLESSED FRANCIS CLET

AT THE MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
PARIS, NOVEMBER XXII, XXIII, AND XXIV, 1900.

We are happy to place before our readers the principal features of an interesting description of this Triduum.

The Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity followed the example of St. Lazare in honoring with a solemn Triduum Blessed Francis Clét recently placed upon the altar of the Church.

November xxii, xxiii, and xxiv, were appointed for this solemnity which was truly a sweet family feast.

On November xxii, at 8 a.m., the members of the Community of St. Lazare, in surplices, entered the brilliantly illuminated chapel exquisitely adorned for the occasion.

Above the altar of the Apparition, in a rich frame of crimson and gold, was an oil-painting representing the apotheosis of the glorious Martyr. He is in a triumphal attitude, borne up by Angels and presented by his Father, Saint Vincent, to the august Trinity.

In the nave of the church, garlands of lilies and roses extend along the galleries, intertwining the pillars. At regular distances, palms remind us of martyrdom and victory.

In the centre of the chapel a handsome shrine contained the venerated relics of the hero of the feast. The Missionaries: priests, students, and seminarians, advance two by two, reverently salute the relic, genuflect before the altar, and take the front places generously relinquished.
by the sisters, who retire to the body of the chapel, to the side aisles and galleries. The vestibule gracefully transformed, serves to lengthen the aisle; but every available spot was filled. Sisters from all the houses of Paris and the suburbs were present.

In front of Most Honored Mother, in close ranks, appear the seminary sisters in their quaint costume of ancient times; they were none the less fervent, none the less impressed.

Mgr. Thomas, archbishop of Adrianople, was the celebrant and the ceremonies of the pontifical rite were performed with all the dignity and perfection that faith inspires.

The solemn Gregorian chant was rendered at the Mass of one Martyr, by the Schola, in a masterly manner, above all with tender piety; and such was the case during the three days. Thanks to the young clergies, the plain chant becomes soul-inspiring elevating us above this earth to heavenly regions where the Saints reign in glory.

Pontifical Vespers at 2 p.m.; Father Sabatier, Priest of the Mission, delivered the sermon, selecting for his subject: Blessed Clét—a man distinguished by his remarkable intellect, his exquisite delicacy and his nobility of character. The Rev. orator in a style peculiarly his own, acquitted himself most honorably of his task.

After Vespers, before Benediction, the life, conflicts, sorrows, and glory of the Blessed Martyr were rehearsed in a magnificent cantata. In this also the religious sentiment was powerful; not less so were the voices of the young students vibrating with faith, love, and patriotism. The sisters are indebted to St. Lazare for the poetry and music. May we entertain the hope that the poet and the musician will soon be called upon to praise new Saints.

In reference to the music, we should not fail to mention the touching anthem sung before the sermon, the devout
Sanctus of the Benediction, and the psalms, fervently chanted by the seminary sisters.

The following day, Friday, xxiii., Mass was celebrated by Rev. Leon Forestier, at the same hour as on the preceding day; musical performance and ceremonies not inferior to those of the first day.

Father Rouget, a chaplain of the Community, delivered a panegyric at Vespers, choosing these words for his text: Mihi vivere Christus est: For me to live is Christ. In bold relief he brought out Blessed Clét, realizing the two-fold life of Jesus: the interior life of humility and meekness; and the exterior life of example, doctrine, and bloody oblation of self. On this touching and soul-stirring solemnity, this beautiful panegyric contributed powerfully to the general edification, and was duly appreciated.

In their turn, the seminary sisters hailed the Blessed Martyr in a triumphal cantata: First, we hear the concert of Angels bearing the Martyr to heaven. Again, we listen to the Christian's prayer so full of hope: "O Lord, give us Saints, and call us to share their glory!" Nothing purer, sweeter, we might say, more angelic, than this devout cantata.

He whom we so reverently call "Father", was to preside on the last day of the feast. It was a subject of joy for us to see the Very Rev. Superior General at the altar; but, was there not on his benign countenance a shade of sadness at the thought of what to-morrow may, perhaps, have in reserve for us?

But, why fear for the future when we have among us this noble band of students and seminarians? These young men are indefatigable: after the High Mass, they repeat the beautiful cantata of the first day to which we listened with renewed pleasure abandoning the soul to the sweet emotions it inspired.

Father Milon, Secretary General of the Mission, preached
in the evening. His text under which he portrayed the principal facts in the life of Blessed Clét, was taken from St. Paul: *Servus Christi Jesu:* the Servant of Jesus Christ.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by veneration of the relics. Our trembling lips were pressed upon these sacred remains which seemed to us still throbbing with love for God and for souls.

The festival is over! No, I mistake: Christian feasts last as long as the impression they make on the soul. If the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, this blood shed in so noble a cause and by so noble a heart, will be the seed of Apostles for the double Family of Saint Vincent de Paul.

We shall respond to the desire expressed of having inserted in the *Annals* a panegyric of Blessed Francis Clet, by giving the following which comprises the life of the Blessed Martyr.

**PANEGYRIC OF BLESSED FRANCIS REGIS CLET, MARTYR.**

**DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, PARIS, November 24, 1900.**

**BY REV. A. MILON, PRIEST OF THE MISSION.**

*Servus Jesu Christi.*

A Servant of Jesus Christ. (*Romans* 1. 1.)

**MY VERY DEAR SISTERS,**

**GENTLEMEN,**

Unless we are sceptics or rash materialists, we must acknowledge that man is not his own end.

And if such is the case, how limited soever be the estimate of the value of our life, this question arises in the
mind: To what end must we direct our existence? In what general plan must we seek a place; and in what work greater than ourselves must we take part, as collaborators and auxiliaries?

There are various objects of a higher order which we may promote, of which we may become apostles and laborers: for example, there is civilization, the sciences, the arts, the service of our country. To advance civilization, to encourage literary or scientific progress, is a noble end, for it elevates humanity, at least, that portion of humanity capable of enjoying it. To serve our country, to fall, if need be, in its defense, or to procure its aggrandizement, is also a most noble work: fatherlands are willed by God.

But, although artists and geniuses have traced on the monuments of brass or of marble made by their hands: Non omnis moriar; yet, at the end of ages, at least, when the Angel of heaven will come to announce, as St. John says: Time will be no more: Tempus non erit amplius (Apoc., x. 6), your works will perish. But, fatherlands? Alas! many ages may not elapse before these countries for which so many valiant soldiers have bled and died, will disappear from the face of the globe. May God preserve our native land for ages yet to come!

But, you will ask: What am I to do? for if I am not to die absolutely; and if my life must be profitable, I would wish to engage in an immortal work.

I give you the answer, Gentlemen, and this was my object in selecting my text. You are aware that St. Paul is the author, and with the finger with which he wrote it, he gives us the signal to read this other sentence: Christus heri, hodie, in scecula: “JESUS CHRIST yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever.” (Heb., xiii. 8). JESUS CHRIST and His cause, are the car to which I would attach my fortune: behold the immortal work, to which I devote myself: sharing His crosses that I may have part in an eternal
triumph: I, Paul, servant of JESUS CHRIST—Paulus servus Jesu Christi.

This is the response to the question of so many noble souls. This is the program traced out by the first Apostles: Paul, whom we have mentioned; Peter, prince of the Church; John, the beloved disciple. This is the program followed by their successors in evangelizing Gaul, Germany, and the countries of the North; this is the program carried out by the apostles of later times, who generously hastened to the spiritual conquest of Japan, China, Africa, and Oceanica. To serve JESUS CHRIST, is the program adopted, in particular, by the apostle whom we are here assembled to honor: FRANCIS REGIS CLET, BORN AT GRENOBLE; PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION, OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL, MARTYRED IN CHINA, whose life I am about to recount.

I shall first remind you that he served God in piety; secondly, that his piety increased till it reached the apostolate; thirdly, that this apostolate was exercised even to martyrdom: in this threefold career of the servant of God we shall in thought accompany him.

O Immaculate Virgin, from this sanctuary wherein thou didst appear in 1830, and wherein, Missionaries and sisters, we are at this moment happily assembled; in how many souls at thy feet hast thou enkindled the flames of the apostolate! Be thou ever for us, O holy Virgin, the Queen of Apostles! Pray for us.

Piety. To serve God, Gentlemen and my dear sisters, every Christian must render to God the worship due to Him: colere Deum.

But, again, in what manner shall we render to God the worship which will constitute us His true servants? "The God whom you worship, you know not", said St. Paul to
the Athenians: *Quod ignorantes colitis*, etc. (*Acts*, XVII, 23); with us, perhaps, it is quite the contrary: we know God, but we sometimes err in the manner of honoring and serving Him.

Neither sacrifices of themselves, nor prayers alone, could sufficiently honor God. If you should heap together the trees of Libanus, to make a pile, said the prophet, and place all the beasts of the forest there upon for a burnt offering, it would not suffice: *non sufficiet* (*Is.*, LX, 16). The same may be thought of our prayers, since the Lord Himself said: "Your shouts, your songs and your canticles I will not hear: *Aufer a me tumultum carminum tuorum, et cantica lyrea tuae non audiam*" (*Amos*, v. 23). What then is the secret of pleasing God and of serving Him according to His desires?

Bossuet flatters himself to have learned this secret from St. Augustine, the renowned Bishop of Hippo; he will reveal it to us: "The worship of God consists in piety; nor do we honor Him, says St. Augustine, but by loving Him: *Pietas cultus Dei est; nee colitur ille nisi amando.* "(*Ep.*, CXL, 45). second sermon for the feast of the Annunciation. Place your hand upon the breast of the man to ascertain if his heart throbs, and then listen to what ascends from the heart to the mouth: the words which his infant lips murmur and which, grown to manhood, he will proclaim: we have received the spirit; *nos autem accepimus spiritum*, the spirit whereby we cry: O God, Thou art our Father: *spiritum in quo clamamus, Abba, Pater!* (*Rom.*, VIII. 15). This is the cry of love, the cry of filial piety. Piety is the homage of the heart; this, Gentlemen, is the mark of the true servant of God.

In the mountains of Dauphiny,—that region which has given birth to heroes of the battlefield, as Bayard; and which has attracted other heroes of solitude and penance, as St. Bruno,—in the city of Grenoble, about the middle
of the last century (1748), a little child was born—Francis Clét. Will this child be a servant of God?—Perhaps so, Gentlemen; and by investigating we shall be able to decide the question.

If it had been given us to bend over his cradle to learn from his earliest years what he had been taught to love; if later, we had asked him to tell us what he loves; I doubt not his hands would be joined, and the eyes of the little child would be raised to heaven in saying: "Our Father." This was the impression of piety awakened in his soul; this was the realization of the words of the Apostle: *Spiritum accepiimus in quo clamamus: Abba, Pater.*

And if, again, you had asked this amiable child, this gracious little servant of God, who thus instructed him in piety, he doubtless would have replied, that not only by a supernatural instinct did he comprehend it, but also by a holy tradition: "I serve God from my forefathers: *Cui servio a progenitoribus meis.*” (II. Tim., I. 3).

He came in possession of piety, as it were, by a happy tradition; for by his father and mother, he was linked with those ancient families who in comfortable circumstances, made of the members of their household honorable citizens and edifying Christians.

Some of his ancestors served in the magistracy, some in the Church; but his immediate family was engaged in loyal commerce. The brothers and sisters of Francis Clét shared with him the family inheritance of piety: some in the world, others like himself, nearer to God, in the sanctuary, or in the cloister under the banner of St. Theresa in the Carmelite order, as his sister Anne; one of his brothers was enrolled under the standard of St. Bruno. Among the children of this patriarchal family, Francis Regis was the tenth.

*Adolescens juxta viam suam, etiam cum senuerit non re-*
cedet ab ea (Prov., xxii. 6). I have shown you the child; and if now you would judge of the piety of the youth, consider only the sentence of the Scripture which I have just quoted. The determined will which bound him to God, and later, made him an heroic martyr, united with affection and meekness, are the qualifications which doubtless predominated in the youth of our hero, Francis Regis Clét. For, "a young man," says the Scripture, "according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it: Adolescens juxta viam suam etiam cum senuerit non recedet ab ea."—If you wish piety to be the charm and the crown of your old age, apply yourselves, Gentlemen,—I speak to you my younger brethren,—to adorn your youth therewith: what more beautiful on the brow of a young man than piety?—this aureola of grace and modesty, this charming reflex, this mark of the presence of God in the soul!

In the bosom of his pious family, formed intellectually under the guidance of the Sons of Béru.le, at Grenoble, young Francis Regis Clét arrived at that age in which, conscious of the strength of soul he possessed, the young man sought to employ it, to invest it in the service of a cause worthy of his choice.

He has taken his decision. Behold, he has entered upon his career. He has descended the steep mountains of Dauphiny, advancing towards those of Forez, and to the city of Lyons. He has reached this populous city. He crosses the bridges under which the Saone rolls its pale waters; those beneath which the Rhone dashes on its way to become a mighty river. We could also say to the youthful Francis: "Young soldier, whither goest thou?"

Is he on his way to be enrolled in the militia? In a certain sense, this is the case; for, on beholding the declivity of the hill of Fourvière towards which he is making his way, it seems to me that I discover almost a camp
where the soldiers of the religious city are installed—religious soldiers themselves—soldiers of the Lord. For at that period it was doubtless as to-day. On the sharp slope of Fourvière, facing the city of Lyon, at the left upon the heights, stands the seminary as a calm but strong fortress; and here and there upon the same declivity, volunteer troops have arranged their tents. Here are the Sons of Ignatius, there the Sons of Francis the man of Assisi, or the Children of Dominic, the preacher; here also are found the cherished Sons of St. J. B. La Salle; and there, the Children of the humble and charitable Vincent de Paul. On the summit stands the temple of the Blessed Virgin always pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol, valiantly presiding as an army in battle array: terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata. And, in truth, as we contemplate her dwelling, overlooking towers and battlements, might it not be said that the Virgin of Fourvière inhabits a citadel rather than a temple? This curious spectacle brings to the mind the cry of admiration elicited by the prophet: "Quam pulchra tabernacula tua, Jacob, et tentoria, Israel (Num., xxiv. 5). O Jacob, O Israel, and I may add, O Church of God, how beautiful are thy tabernacles and thy tents."

"Young soldier, whither goest thou?" Where wilt thou be enrolled? To whom wilt thou give thy name and the promise to spend thy life under the banner of thy choice?—What matters it! he might at first reply, provided I serve the blessed God who has spoken to me and who calls me to devote my life to Him even to its close, in justice and holiness: Ut...serviamus illi in sanctitate et justitia omnibus diebus nostris (Luke 1).

Francis Clét pauses at the residence, the home of the Sons of Saint Vincent de Paul, still designated as "Lazarians." What prompted the choice? Was it the echo of the apostolic sermons of these humble Missionaries that
inspired him with the desire of being one of their number? Has he read the account of the heroic labors of some among them at Madagascar, at Tunis, at Algiers? Perhaps, so—I know not. Besides, "the Spirit breatheth where it wills." Yes, enter this blessed house, young man; thou wilt be able here to serve God in piety and in peace as thou desirest (1769).

As those who are enrolled to serve their country are exercised in the field in the management of fire-arms, so in our training houses—the institution in Lyons was a novitiate of the Congregation of the Lazarists—subjects are also exercised in the management of the spiritual weapons with which the servants and soldiers of God will be furnished. The Apostle enumerates them. (I. Thess., v. 8). And this is all comprised in the advice he gives to his disciple Timothy (I. Tim., iv. 7): Exercise thyself in piety: "Exerce teipsum ad pietatem." Hence, the novitiate.

During the first part of the career of our Blessed Martyr piety was his principal study. During his novitiate how steadily it increased! In the humiliations of the Rule his piety shot forth the deepest roots: in the austerities and mortifications which in the fervent soul of a novice twenty years of age, need only to be moderated and regulated, his piety became strong and enduring; under the influence of solitude and estrangement from the world which conduce to greatness of soul, his piety assumed greater proportions; in the blessed hours he spent at the foot of the holy altar, his piety became sweet and tender; and in the daily perusal of the Life of the charitable Founder of his Community, he became penetrated with the sacred fire of zeal which burned in the heart of Saint Vincent de Paul. Exerce teipsum ad pietatem.

When Francis Regis Clét, at a later period, was cast upon the shores of China, overburdened with labor, in
the trials of isolation and torments of various kinds, his thoughts must often have reverted to this period of his religious life, to this peaceful home of his novitiate in Lyons; and the recollection must have been balm to his soul wearied with fatigue, or sinking under persecution.

O Blessed Clét, I shall not presume to compare my sentiments with thine in the hour of heroism and in the glorious termination of thy career; but may I not be allowed to unite with thee at this moment, in saluting the blessed days of my own formation to the religious life—days of peace, of fervor, the remembrance of which still hovers over me, as a vision of heaven which will cheer me through the days of my exile.

Finally, Francis Regis is raised to the priesthood: this is the hour in which piety must envelop and permeate his whole life. The priest is another Christ, and the pontiff bids him imitate the mystery accomplished by his sacerdotal power: *Imitamini quod tractatis*. He will go forth repeating this mystery. In renewing it he himself will be renewed in piety; for this mystery—that of the Incarnation at Bethlehem, that of the Incarnation on the altar—is a Sacrament of love and piety; *Et manifeste magnum est pietatis sacramentum* (I. Tim. III. 16).

This mystery he will also explain. But how, and to whom? This meek and ardent soul, this treasure of the young priest's heart, to whom will it conduct him, and who will be the favored ones to profit by it?

A chosen mission was assigned him. He was placed among youthful Levites who, close to the sanctuary in those blessed retreats, ecclesiastical seminaries, are trained to science, to piety, and to all the sacerdotal virtues. Francis Clét was sent to Annecy, the bishop having confided to the Sons of Saint Vincent de Paul the duty of training his clerics.

He is very young, it may be objected; this is true, but
virtue has already stamped upon his brow that gravity, and, I may add, that delicate impress of austerity which in later years rendered him particularly venerable. Piety is diffused over his whole exterior; and faithful to the advice given by the consecrating pontiff to the ordinand about to ascend the altar, he is humble in authority, constant in mildness, and innocent in life: sit in eo auctoritati modesta, pudor constans, innocencia vitae (Pontific. Roman.) de ord. diaconi which will secure to him universal respect and win the affection of all.

For twenty years he discharged this consoling but laborious task. His mind was an inexhaustible reservoir of erudition and science, to which his disciples and the clergy of the diocese had free access; in testimony of this, they designated him as "the living library," which tradition has been carefully preserved. His soul was an unfailing spring of benevolence, affability, kindness, and devotedness; from his lips fell words replete with wisdom; that he was an orator, we may judge from the fact that he was chosen to deliver the funeral discourse on Mgr. Biord, bishop of Annecy.

After spending twenty years in training ministers of the Lord in the diocese of Annecy, his Superiors intrusted to him the direction of the novices of his religious family. Did he not emulate the piety of Saint Vincent de Paul towards God, since, say the acts of his beatification, he trembled with love and wept at the holy altar? (Demi-muid. Vie, p. 393); piety towards the Virgin Mother of God under whose auspices, I doubt not, he had placed all his undertakings? But why should I enter into details? His faith and intelligence had taught him that by piety we serve God, as he ardently desired to do; Pietas cultus Dei est, as St. Augustine says.

Nor do I doubt that, charged with the duty of training priests, he was also a teacher of piety: he did not hes-
iterate in presence of ministers of the altar to epitomize their duties in this sentence of Bossuet who, on one occasion, in presence of the court and at the grave of a celebrated general, thus condensed all the doctrine of religion: "Piety is the whole man!" *Funeral oration over Prince de Condé.*

Such was the first stage in the life of the Servant of God.

When Peter and the other disciples wished to complete their number, the Acts tell us that they elected him whom the Holy Ghost inspired them to choose: *annumeratus est cum undecim apostolis* (1. 26). This circumstance occurs to me while considering our hero at the period of his life to which we have arrived. When the Missionaries—his confrères—were to be represented at the General Assembly of their religious family in 1788, those of the province to which Annecy was attached, designated our Blessed Francis Regis Clét, by vote, as delegate. This was a mark of their esteem; and this choice, doubtless without their suspecting it, was to introduce him into the second period of his career, *et annumeratus est apostolis*: This I shall lay before you in the second part.

II

I, Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ, said this incomparable man whose self-imposed title: *Servus Jesu Christi*, I have chosen for my text. Paul added to this: Apostle: *Servus Jesu Christi Apostolus* (Rom., 1. 1.); as if the one was a consequence of the other; as if the second title was derived from the first.—What is the connection between them?

I shall advance no theory of my own; but listen, Gentlemen, to the two following statements. The first is from Lacordaire: "There is no Christianity", says this great man, "without proselytism". The second is that of an old monk in his cloister; you, perhaps, are acquainted with the circumstance. This man of God having to entertain himself in his Community with the young religious, asked a novice recently admitted into the monastery: "Why did
you come here, my child?”—And the young man replied: "In order to save my soul, Father."—Then the aged man said: "God forbid, my son, that it should be simply for this; we do not consecrate ourselves to the service of God solely to save our own soul; we give ourselves to Him to labor for the salvation of our brethren."

He, doubtless, is a servant of God who in piety bends the knees before God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ: Hujus rei gratia, flecto genua apud Patrem Domini nostri Jesus Christi (Eph. iii. 14); but, he has a higher claim to the title who, cherishing the flame of love in his own heart, becomes an apostle.

Numquid ornnes Apostoli? may I ask in my turn (1 Cor. xii. 29). No: all are not apostles. But he who loves ardently is an apostle. Peter was an Apostle—Peter to whom our Lord said: "Lovest thou me?" and on replying: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee", heard the Master add: "Then feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Paul was an Apostle. Being cast down on the road to Damascus, he said to God: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the Lord answered: "Arise, and carry My name before the Gentiles, before kings, and the children of Israel". (Acts ix. 5, 15). Francis Xavier was an Apostle, dying from excess of labor on the shores of China, exclaiming in rapture: "My God, my love!" He is an Apostle who in all justice could say, that considering his toil and sufferings, he is not inferior to the noble souls that have gone before him: Existimo nihil me minus fecisse a magnis apostolis. (II. Cor., xli. 5): Francis Regis Clét, whom we honor in this festivity.

What gave rise to his special vocation to the apostolate? I know not. Perhaps his heart was inflamed with this apostolic zeal in studying the heart of Saint Vincent de Paul, whose ardent soul seems still to vibrate in his writ-
ings which Francis Clét so diligently perused for his own profit and for the instruction of the novices under his direction;—Vincent de Paul of whom his hearers said when announcing the word of God to them: *Nonne cor nostrum ardens erat dum loqueretur*: Vincent de Paul who was heard to say at the age of eighty: “Old and infirm as I am, if obedience ordered me to go to the Indies to preach the Gospel, I would obey, should I die on the vessel.” (Abelly, Vie, III. ch. x).—Vincent de Paul, in fine, whose attention was fixed upon China, and of whom Etienne, one of his beloved disciples, the martyr of Madagascar, wrote these lines: “It was the intention of the late Mr. Vincent, our Blessed Father, that I should go to China.” (Ibid. ed. of 1890, vol. III. p. 148.)

It may be that heaven had specially invited him. Do we not read that the Angel of the Macedonians appeared to St. Paul in a vision (Acts xvi. 9), saying: “Pass over into Macedonia and help us?” Did the Angel of the remote and infidel countries of China appear to our servant of God: *Angelus cito volans tetigit me*: and did he touch his brow with his wings to inspire him with the thought of this mission, or to enkindle in his heart that fire which would make of him an apostle? This is the secret of God’s noble servant. You who aspire to the apostolate, Gentlemen, have also your secret; and you, my sisters, you have perhaps, yours also: these are the sweet mysteries of God and of the soul, we must respect them. But we know that Francis Clét sought henceforth only the opportunity of entering upon the apostolic career: *Statim quiescivimus proficisci...certi facti quod vocasset nos Deus evangelizare eis.* (Ibid.)

Watching occasions, he soon found his place in the new band. In 1791, Superiors had appointed some Missionaries of Paris for the land of China: one of these, at the last moment, is delayed by unforeseen circumstances; our ap-
The immediately presents himself to fill the vacancy. "Go," said Superiors to him: "it is the will of God." One of his confrères wrote of him at the time: "He possesses every desirable qualification: piety, learning, health, benevolence of character; in a word, he is an accomplished subject." (Letter of Father Dandet: Vie, p 94).

I picture him to myself at the moment of departure: "At last," said he (these are his own words) "my wishes are fulfilled; I am overwhelmed with joy. Providence destines me to labor for the conversion of infidels." We know how much he was beloved, and how tender was his affection for the family of St. Lazare, re-established after the shock of 1789, and which the storm alas! was soon to disperse anew. I fancy I see him on the day of departure from this ancient and holy dwelling where the patriarch of the family, Vincent de Paul, once abode. The novices like sons, the ancients as brothers, gathered around the traveler. It is but a continuation of the touching scene described in the Acts, and which is continually renewed.

When Paul, the Apostle, was about to embark for Ephesus, (Acts xx), the faithful of the city of Miletus surrounded him, and he bade them adieu. "You know," said Paul to them, "in what manner I have been with you all the time; how I have kept nothing back that was profitable to you, preaching the word of God. And now, behold, bound in the spirit and called by God, I go: Et ecce alligatus ego spiritu, vado. I go, ignorant of what awaits me on these distant shores: quae mihi ventura sunt ignorans, only that the Holy Ghost witnesseth to me that chains and afflictions wait for me: nisi quia vincula et tribulationes me manent. Sed nihil horum vereor. But I fear none of these things neither do I count my life more precious than myself, provided I preach Jesus Christ and consummate my course: nec facio animam meam pretiosiorum quam me, dummodo consummem cursum meum et ministerium verbi quod accepi.
And all kneeling down he prayed with them. *Et eum hæc dixisset positis genibus suis oravit eum omnibus illis.* And there was much weeping among them, and falling on his neck they kissed him; being much grieved for the word which he had said, that they should see his face no more. And they conducted him to the ship. *Magnus fletus factus est omnium; et procumbentes super collum Pauli, osculabantur eum, dolentes maxime in verbo quod dixerat, quoniam ejus non essent visui.* *Et deducebant eum ad naves.*—This was the scene exhibited by the faithful of Miletus at the departure of the Apostle Paul for Ephesus; it was repeated in the year 1791, in the holy dwelling of the Sons of Saint Vincent de Paul, at the departure of Francis Regis Clét to preach the Gospel in China.

He embarks. Salute thy country, my brother, for thou shalt behold it no more; but courage; thou wilt still labor for it, until thou art transferred to the glorious country of heaven.

Months glide on; but at last, the shores of China come in sight. Behold the land that was promised to thee. The promised land! but this time, it is no fiction: it devours those who enter it. Thy brethren before thee: the valiant Louis Appiani and Theodore Pedrini; the gentle Mullener, Sons of Saint Vincent de Paul like thee, and thy confrères, all, perished there. The tempest has scattered the courageous Sons of Ignatius; and you, little flock, a handful of reapers, enter upon this glorious but disheartening inheritance.—Methinks I hear him answer: I know all this, but the Church has spoken by the Roman Pontiff; and in the bosom of my religious family the successor of Saint Vincent de Paul sends us: we will labor, and if needs be, we will die for the cause; but humbly and courageously, we are apostles, and we will serve our God.
—Ah! my brother, begin thy work; kiss the soil which is to be watered with thy sweat; nay, who can tell, if one day it will not drink thy blood? Behold the Apostle!

Quitting Macao he enters the region of Kiang-si. The population is dense, the soil fertile; but the Christians dispersed over this vast province are poor, and it is difficult to reach them. Our apostle must conceal himself lest he excite the persecution which merely slumbers: "I have traveled hundreds of leagues by water," he writes, "without being recognized"—Life is very hard: "We sleep, said he, "on boards with a light covering of straw and a mat; this might seem sufficiently austere. At present, I have no need to envy the Carthusians or the Carmelites; but the body is fitted for all." This is well.

But, to preach?—Ah! to do this, he must learn the language or at least as much of it as he can, for it is incumbent on him to preach. He has no longer the freshness of memory that would have rendered this task easier; but he knows that he must undertake the work. Heretofore, Gentlemen, St. Jerome, in order to serve the church, applied himself to the study of Hebrew, as a slave, said he, fastened to the grindstone, without relaxation; our hero will apply himself unremittingly to the study of the Chinese language, that he may evangelize the pagan. He admits that the task was very burdensome and that sometimes, discouragement filled his soul; but he would begin anew, saying, as he wrote, that after coming six thousand leagues to accomplish the will of God, it did not become him to look back.

Behold a new field of labor opens before him. In the vast region of Hou-kouang—where five vicariates have since been established—a more urgent need of spiritual succor was felt. Francis is called, and hastens thither. This rich province is styled the granary of the empire; but, as in the beginning of Christianity, only the poor and
the working classes are brought to the faith. "Our Chris-
tians," he writes, "are almost all poor; their houses are but
miserable huts open on all sides to the wind and rain."—
And the life of hardship continues.

In the midst of vast plains, a spot is selected; there
among rocks and trees the Missionaries halt to instruct
their destitute flock, equally poor themselves. There, as
he playfully says, he erected his "straw castle". In this
region formerly there was a fervent Christian settlement
that recalled the first days of Christianity; but the perse­
cution of 1784 broke out, and when the shepherds were
banished the flock was scattered. It had been re-organ­
ized, when a second persecution burst upon it, sowing the
cockle of superstition—so difficult to root out of China—
and mingling it with the good grain. Hence, the land
again became sterile, and the harvest mixed with cockle.—
Of what art thou thinking, Apostle?—I am thinking,
he replies, that it is my duty to wait. We go not to pagan
missions to enjoy Christian settlements already formed,—
but, to establish them.

But in what poverty and with what zeal he labors! He
undertakes apostolic journeys of a year's duration; for,
there are Christians who have not seen a priest for twenty
years; and he is too zealous to leave them in this condition;
thus does he establish the reputation and acquire the name
of "terrible adversary of Beelzebub," which tradition has
handed down to us. If he returns to the centre of the
mission, he spends nine or ten hours a day in hearing con­
fessions and preaching; so that his confrères wrote that
they were more anxious about him when at the residence
than during his apostolic journeys. He was not satisfied
with converting infidels, he prepares clerics for the sacred
ministry; and in this humble residence, he assembles four,
five, or six young boys whose education he commences, and
whom, later, he will send to Pekin to complete their sacer-
clotal instruction, and one day be raised to the priesthood. He exemplifies the holy boldness of apostolic poverty (II. Cor., xii., 27); he feels he is an apostle by his labors, and also, could he say, in his turn, by privations and devotedness: in labore, in jejuniis multis, in nuditate. To this degree does apostolic destitution fascinate him by its dignity and austerity. From the city of Canton a Missionary who landed in 1802 wrote: “Our courier—a Chinese Christian—remained some time with Father Clét. Oh! the description he has given me of his poor cabin, of his labors, and his apostolic life causes me a regret that I was not sent to be trained in his school!” (Letter of Father Richenet. Vie, p. 196.)

In laboribus plurimis. One is an apostle by his labors; and the duties of our hero increased immeasurably. First, in the province of Hou-kouang, there were but five priests, then but three. Father Clét had two Lazarist confrères, Father Aubin, the elder, and Father Pesné, one of those who sailed with him in 1791.

On one occasion when Father Aubin was going to Chen-si, called thither by the vicar apostolic, he was arrested and thrown into prison by the mandarins; and died a few days after, pronouncing these words worthy of the heart of a new Paul: “I have no desire but to see my God, the object of all my thoughts.” Father Louis Pesné was one of the apostles, I have said, who accompanied Father Clét to China. Of him and of his companion, Father Lamiot, they wrote from Paris: “These are children of great piety and of an amiable disposition.” These touching words might well be inscribed on his tomb, for he also died when but twenty-nine years of age; falling in all the bloom of his sacerdotal youth he left behind him the most edifying recollections (Vie, p. 155). Francis Clét thus remained alone in this vast region. O God! how impenetrable are Thy designs! Why is Thy apostle thus deserted after coming
to the succor of Thy abandoned children in this immense country? These are God's mysteries. What I can say, Gentlemen, is, that the servant of God whom we praise, was not discouraged: he rose above all misfortunes, above all difficulties and trials. It seems to me that under these afflictions and in this isolation, his very height increased.

His isolation, do I say? After all, though it may appear such to the eyes of those who do not understand the mysteries of faith, a man is never truly alone as long as God is with him. Now, God accompanied His servant, and when necessary, He will convince him of His presence, by miracles. This fervent pastor was the refuge of Christians in times of public and private calamities. "Father," said they one day to him, "we shall perish in the famine; everything is destroyed by the drought.—"Go, and pray in the oratory," said he, while he retired to his poor cell. For two hours he implored the mercy of God. And on appearing among his flock he said to them with eyes bathed in tears: "God will graciously hear you. The rain fell, and the people were saved.

"His enemies laid snares for him in his pathway," as the prophet says. One day the pagans waylaid him when about three miles distant from the settlement he had just visited. And this time also, we may quote the words of Scripture: Circumfulsit um lux: they saw him enveloped in light, raised two palms from the ground. The pagans fled in terror, but the man of God, miraculously saved, continued his apostolic journey. (Causa beatifica; Epistola judicium delegatorum. Aug. 12, 1870).

At this epoch nearly 7,000 Christians were scattered over the vast territory of the provinces of Ho-nan, Kiang-nan, Tehe-kiang, and Kiang-si; at present, there are, perhaps, 100,000. From this yield, I judge of the seed sown and of the labors of those who fostered it. O Francis Clét, thou canst justly attribute to thyself the words of St. Paul.
above cited: "I do not regard myself inferior to the great apostles who have gone before me in the Church." True servant of God, thy piety charms us; we admire thy wonderful apostolic courage; shouldst thou fall at this hour, thy course would be well fulfilled, as thou thyself wouldst desire: *dummodo consuma cursum meum.*

But, behold, another path still more glorious opens before thee, O servant of God: *Ostium magnum apertum est,* couldst thou still exclaim—and this is the road to martyrdom. Courage: *Euge, serve bone!* In this last stage our heart and our thoughts will accompany thee.

**III**

"*Desiderium anima ejus tribuisti ei, Domine:* Thou hast granted him, O Lord, his heart's desire, and Thou hast not defrauded him of what his lips implored of Thee: *et voluntate labiorum ejus non fraudasti eum.* "These words we find in the Liturgical Office of a martyr (*Ad matut., response, v. lect.)*; we shall henceforth read them on the feast of Blessed Francis Clét, and this will be just. For, says his biographer, in his last years, every evening in prayer with a heart all inflamed with love for God, he offered himself to suffer martyrdom. Thus was he an apostle even to the end. Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? *Quem mittam et quis ibit nobis?*—Lo! here am I, answered the prophet! *Et dixi ego: Mitte me.* (Is., vi. 8), I will go for thee, O God.—And whither? And how? I will go wherever I can be faithful to Thee, even to death: no; neither life, nor death shall separate me from Thee, O God."

This is as it should be: this proves the faithful servant: *Euge, serve bone et fidelis.*—To the work!

Nor did he delay to enter the lists of the last struggle. In 1796, an emperor of China who had shown himself comparatively benevolent, died; under Kia-King, the new
sovereign, the storm that had been gathering, burst upon the Christians.

The ministers of the Christian faith are proscribed. What will our Blessed Brother do?—He will obey the Gospel teachings. As a prudent servant of his Master he will be mindful of the injunction: “If they persecute you in one city, flee to another.” (Matth., x. 23). Being tracked in the cities, he fled to the deserts; and like the Apostle, he dwelt in grottos and caves. With one companion of his labors, he concealed himself for ten days under a rock, a retreat very narrow and deceptive: “God watched over us,” said he. And one morning, through a cleft in the rock, his companion heard the voices of the satellites in pursuit of them; passing they said: “The stone closing this grotto has been lately moved; we must see if they are not behind it. “This”, said he, “seemed to be a warning from heaven;” and they had barely time to make their escape when the soldiers returned. What a life, my brethren, and what anguish! Again, the tempest was appeased (1805).

But the persecution was renewed in 1811. The mandarins hunted anew the Christian priest. They attacked the dwelling of the apostle; pillaged and overthrew the little chapel which stood at the side, also the schoolhouse, leaving him nothing but ruins. Then again, for an instant, the storm passed over.

“I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious”, said St. Paul to the Greeks at Athens: *Quasi superstitiones vos video.* This certainly he could have said to the pagans of the Celestial Empire. One day, a fearful tempest fell upon the city of Pekin, thick darkness enveloped it. The emperor terrified, demanded of his false gods an explanation of the phenomenon. These ministers taking advantage of the occasion, answer that the priests of the Christians are the cause of it. Consequently, a more pos-
itive edict ordained that these should be seized and put to death (1819). This time, the apostle was not to escape.

The acts of his beatification relate that one day, while the Blessed Martyr was saying Mass in the chapel of his humble residence, some birds flew in and chirruped around the sanctuary which, finally, they entered. After Mass, Blessed Francis caught them; then turning to the people he said:

"Here you behold a figure of what will happen to me; I shall be taken by the satellites as I have just taken these little birds: Captiva harum avium a me factura parabola est, scilicet assimilatio est in futurum me a satellitibus capiendum esse. (Causa beatific. sess. v.; Vic, p. 319).—This sad and affecting scene reminds us of that in which the divine Master said to his disciples: "Behold the hour is at hand in which the Son of Man shall be taken and delivered to His enemies." The prediction was soon verified.

Francis Clét in a house of the Christians, thought of making his escape in order to save himself for his flock. In the dress of a merchant, with a jug of oil in his hand, he was just leaving the house when the satellites surprised him. A traitor, a Christian whom the servant of God on past occasions had reproved for his crimes, led the band; and to gain the reward promised to his treason, guided the soldiers. "That is the man!" said he, perceiving the servant of God; and he was immediately seized.

Francis was first led to the chief town of the province, a distance of 180 miles, laden with chains, maltreated on the way, and presented before the tribunal of his judges, or rather of his executioners. One day, after listening to the accusations and insults of a most cruel mandarin, he said: "My brother, you now judge me; but in a short time my Saviour Himself will judge you;" the prophecy of the man of God was quickly verified. It was on this occasion that the judge ordered his face to be struck with a triple thong of leather. Severe tortures followed. "At Ho-nan"
he afterwards wrote, "I was honored at different times with thirty buffets, and made to kneel with bare knees three or four hours on iron chains."—Being remanded to prison, he spent the nights in prayer and holy rapture. The gaoler in admiration cried out: "Who is this old man that prays even till sunrise?"

But like his divine Master who was sent from Caiphas to the tribunal of Pilate, Francis was referred to another judge. The mandarin of Ho-nan was glad to free himself from the prosecution of the suit, and thus the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the mandarin of Hou-pe. "140 leagues", wrote the martyr, "140 leagues, fettered, manacled, a chain about his neck, and finding no shelter but prisons."

At Hou-pe he found the judges more compassionate, although they finally condemned him to death: he renders testimony to their humanity. But the servant is not above the master; hence, interior anguish will complete the purification of the victim. Did not Jesus say on Calvary: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" And the victim of to-day, troubled about the condition of his brethren trembles—God thus permitting—the humble apostle asks himself if some imprudent word may not have excited the tempest against the faithful committed to his care; he is troubled and in his grief he also turns to his God, saying: "My Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Oh, no: his heavenly Father does not abandon him: He gives him the consolation of finding in prison another member of his religious family and also other Christians; then tears of joy bedew his countenance.

The examination continued, Francis is ordered to abjure his faith; and on a day of abstinence, meat is offered to him, the eating of which is a sign of apostasy. Like Eleazar he pushes the dish aside; he will not disgrace his gray hairs. As to his faith, and the Cross which they wish him
to trample under foot, he answers: "No, never! never will I deny my faith: Omnino nunquam fidem meam negabo. (Causa beatific. Summarium super dubio an constet de martyrio, pp. 67, 72.) The sentence, therefore, is pronounced: against the native Christians around him, perpetual exile; against himself, death.

How beautiful, Gentlemen, is the death of the martyr: how beautiful in its peace, in its grandeur! Addressing his Superior, the servant of God with humility and calm serenity, writes: "Well or ill, I have fulfilled the task confided to me. Nothing more remains for me but to die!" Then his heart overflowed with peace and charity. "I, Paul, in chains", wrote the Apostle to the first Christians; and our martyr says: "I, the captive of Jesus Christ, write to my beloved brethren of the Church of Nantang" exhorting them to mutual charity. And then we behold repeated the agape which the early Christians celebrated before going to execution: he assembled the Christians, and in a frugal repast, consoled them, encouraging them to serve God. "To-day, January 26," he wrote, "I am still in life. Yesterday, feast of the conversion of St. Paul, a memorable day for us, by the institution of our Congregation, Father Chen (his confrère) and I received Holy Communion; and at noon we had a little feast; we were three priests and six laymen—two from the prison and four from outside."

But I delay too long on these touching reminiscences. His days are numbered: one morning, soldiers entered the prison to lead him to death. The ground was covered with snow, and the band set out at a running pace, as it is the custom in China thus to conduct criminals to execution. At the foot of the instrument of death, Francis asks for a moment, and falls upon his knees. You would have said it was Stephen, the first Martyr, thus kneeling
in prayer; eyes raised to heaven, says the Scripture, peace on his countenance, and exclaiming; "I see the heavens opened, and Jesus who awaits me" (Acts, VII. 55). This was Stephen; this was also Francis Regis Clét. Immediately his executioners bound him, and his soul, set free, ascended to heaven.

The vicar of Jesus Christ has placed our Hero upon our altars. And we now delight to contemplate him with his palm, and to feel that he mingles his accents of praise with the choir clothed in the purple of martyrdom, exclaiming: We praise Thee, O God: Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

Have you not sometimes seen a sunset on the ocean? The fiery disk gradually sinks below the waters; the heavens are crimsoned; the red and purple clouds gather around the declining orb forming a royal canopy. These are the dying glories of a perfect day.

At the conclusion of these festivities, I am impressed with the thought that this is also the evening of a century. This century has been a stormy one; but it has also—I allude particularly to France—its glories for the Church. I would here salute it, ere it disappears.

Call to mind, that: At the dawn of this century the meeting of an Emperor and a Roman Pontiff took place under the magnificent vault of Notre Dame—preluding a new life.

The early ages of Christianity may justly boast of their solitaries, of their virgins, their doctors, their martyrs—but they had also their persecutors.—The sun of this century has expanded a bloom no less beautiful.

Fathers of the Desert, do you not recognize the voices which in this xix. century arise from our Carthusian monasteries, or from the fields and forests where our Trappists, wrapped in prayer, are yet engaged in tilling
the land?—Virgins of former days?—But had we not
virgin martyrs, persecuted victims at the opening of this
century?—Carmelites of Campiègne who sing at the foot
of the scaffold, and so many others adorned with similar
palms:—are ye not rivals of Cecelia and Agnes?—And if,
instead of palms I seek for lilies in the white-robed army
of virgins, the most beautiful ornament of our age, my
eyes rest upon thee, O Bernadette, the favored Child of
Lourdes, and upon thee, humble Sister Catherine Labouré,
the Seer of the Miraculous Medal.—Shall we look for
Doctors? Cyprian, Ambrose, Hilary, and Augustine are
no more; but have not illustrious orators graced the sacred
pulpit during this century? While the multitude trembled
with emotion and enthusiasm at the foot of the pulpit of
Notre Dame listening to the words of a Son of St. Dom­
inic, 1 another Hilary at Poitiers 2 uttered oracles of
wisdom; and the pen of the noble bishop of Angers 3
traced immortal doctrines not inferior to those of the
bishops of Carthage and Milan.

These were the splendors of the day.

And when I alluded to the empurpled evening sky, I
thought of your blood, O holy martyrs and apostles, who
in this century undertook to plant the Christian faith
among the people of Asia, of the distant Isles of Oceanica,
or of mysterious Africa.

The blood of our martyrs is still flowing; it has lately
been shed in the Far East. It still shines upon the brow
and on the scars of those whose glory we have lately
proclaimed: martyrs of China, in this century, like John
Gabriel Perboyre, or Peter Chanel martyred in the Isles
of Oceanica. It shines upon the brow and scars of those
whom we honor to-day: that cohort of seventy-seven of
which Francis Clét forms a part:—martyrs of Annam, of

1 Lacordaire.—2 Cardinal Pie.—3 Mgr. Freppel.
Cochin-China, or of the Celestial Empire advancing with palms in their hands and clothed in crimson.

This is a glorious ending of the century.—It is said that the future will be disastrous: this may be, yet, who knows it? For my part, it is a pleasure for me, despite its miseries, to extol the grandeur of my century adorned with the glories that I have just set forth: solitaries, virgins, pontiffs, and which closes crimsoned with the blood of martyrs.

I have finished.—It is related in the history of Blessed Francis Clét that when his relics were brought from China to his own country (1863), the vessel that bore them was overtaken by a violent tempest. Two other ships were exposed to the same danger; one of them sprung a leak; the other had its masts broken and its shrouds carried away; but no harm befell the vessel bearing the precious remains! The bishop who accompanied the holy relics (Mgr. Delaplace), wrote: "Could it be otherwise when we were traveling with Father Clét, so venerable and so highly venerated!"

O Blessed Martyr, Francis Clét, now that the treasure of thy holy relics reposes among us, in the midst of the double Family of Saint Vincent de Paul, our common Father, ah! protect our barque! We do not ask to escape the tempest: for the tempest assailed even the boat which bore Jesus Christ on the lake of Genesareth, and it tosses in every age the barque of Peter; but we ask thee to watch over us and shield us. For we desire to serve Christ—the Christ "yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever;" as thou didst serve and love Him yesterday, good and faithful servant, we wish to love and serve Him to-day, that with thee, we may be with Him for ever. Amen.
GRENOBLE.

TRIDUUM IN HONOR OF BLESSED FRANCIS REGIS CLET
IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF GRENOBLE

November 16th, 17th, and 18th, 1900.

The Semaine Religieuse of Grenoble gives the following account of these solemnities. This city is the birth-place of Blessed Clet.

Entering the ancient cathedral with the crowd for the opening of the festivities, on the morning of November 16th, I contemplate with emotion this venerable monument, the work of past generations.

And behold, at the close of the century, it is no longer marble and carved wood, jewels or precious stones that add artistic value to the venerable temple, but the sacred relics of a native of Dauphiny, of the child born at Grenoble in 1748—eleven years after the feasts of the canonization of St. Francis Regis,—the child who left France after the pillage of St. Lazare, Paris, in 1791, and who received from the executioner the reward of his labors: martyrdom, February 18, 1820.

The procession of the faithful, the clergy, canons and bishops, starts from the episcopal palace preceding the relic of the Blessed Martyr which is deposited on the throne prepared at the right of the Communion Table. The statue of the Blessed Martyr stands above it, representing him at the moment of execution, his eyes raised to heaven. Their Lordships, Mgr. Montéty, archbishop of Béryte; Henry, bishop of Grenoble; Hazera, bishop of Digne; Dom Grea, mitred abbot of St. Anthony; Herscher, bishop of Langres; Mgr. Bellet, prothonotary apostolic, halt: Mgr. Montéty incenses the sacred relics, the prayer of the martyr is chanted, and thus the first official
honors are rendered to the precious remains which, henceforth, will be the treasure of Grenoble.

The fame of our illustrious compatriot will extend throughout the world. For the Church makes local glories universal. Everywhere, among our friends, among our enemies, in Catholic lands, on Protestant soil, in civilized regions, in barbarous countries, in Scandinavia and at the Cape; on the banks of the Mackenzie, or on the shores of the Indus, the name of our Blessed Martyr will be known and glorified. In China his name is in benediction, the pagans themselves venerate him. He is the true Patron of Missionaries, and his tomb is the sacred spot to which they repair to implore strength and light: Blessed Perboyre testified to this, and all ocular witnesses attest the same.

With respect and holy envy we observe in chosen seats the members of the family of Francis Regis Clét:—His great-grand nephews, Mr. Laforest, Messrs Emile and Maurice Laforest; Madam Laforest, née Clét, and Madeleine Marie Laforest: Mr. and Madam Felix Emery, Madam Jules Emery; Madam Auguste Emery, and Jeanne and Marie Emery. When the Te Deum was intoned, these relatives must have felt in their souls the joy of conquerors,—of those who are "participants of glory." Does it not seem that rays from the aureola of the Blessed Martyr have fallen upon them, rendering their race forever illustrious?

Happy also the Sisters of Charity! They have another protector in heaven; and those testimonies of honor and satisfaction which the world sometimes refuses to give them, have been bestowed by God in drawing from "abjection and chains" the Son of Saint Vincent de Paul. One hundred and fifty of their sisters are laboring in China: they tread in bloody footprints, but blood does not intimidate them; countless subjects in France sigh for the exile of foreign missions; we salute their white cornette!
And in the person of Father Bettembourg, Procurator General of the Congregation and who represents the Society, we waft our heartfelt homage to those noble soldiers of Christ—the Lazarists. These, to the number of 140 are destined to win love for France. With the eighty native priests trained by them, they evangelize a territory ten times the extent of France. The papers stated yesterday: We know how Mgr. Favier and his companions defended and saved the cause of God and of humanity. May they be blessed and encouraged by this exaltation of one of their number! May they generously continue the glorious work commenced more than a century ago; and may they be conscious of the admiration and gratitude of the Dauphineese for the successors and brothers of Francis Regis Clét.

During the three days, pontifical Mass was celebrated. Friday, Mgr. Montéty whose cordial benevolence endears him to our parishes, was celebrant; on Saturday, Mgr. Isoard who has special claims on our Blessed Martyr, having formerly been professor of theology at Annecy for fifteen years; Sunday, Mgr. Hautin, archbishop of Chambéry whose diocese for a long time, was incorporated with ours. The ecclesiastical seminary rendered choir service. It is needless to say with what perfection it was executed. Modern music was well represented by two cantatas in honor of the Martyr, performed each evening of the Triduum by a choir of two hundred mixed voices, with organ accompaniment. We offer our congratulations to Rev. Father Champavier on the success he attained.

We have now but to mention the discourses. The decorations of the cathedral in crimson drapery, the display of fire-arms, the perfection of the ceremonies under the vigilant eye of Rev. Father Fagot, the piety and recollection of the multitude each day increasing, were already beautiful contributions to the splendid ceremonial. But the Martyr's panegyric was eagerly looked for, and the people
of Grenoble, lovers of eloquence, delight in listening to the recital of the virtues of our hero. At the foot of the sacred pulpit is assembled an audience already deeply impressed by the knowledge that the massacres are still continued in China; that the era of martyrdom has not closed, and that many priests of Dauphiny are still exposed to the cruelty of the Boxers; the theatre of the present persecution is much the same as that in which our apostle perished.

On Mgr. Herscher, bishop of Langres, devolved the task of delivering the opening sermon, Friday, 3 p. m., after Pontifical Vespers. He spoke in eloquent terms of the apostolate; we regret our inability to cite the discourse in full.

Mgr. Rozier was the orator of the second day; the Martyr’s life and apostolate were eloquently discussed. From the apostolate to martyrdom there is but a step; and the last vision presented to the faithful was that of the servants of Christ, banished, hunted, massacred, in hatred of Him whose doctrine they preached. Such was the picture traced in strongest colors by Mgr. Hazera, on Sunday in presence of a vast audience.

November 16th, 17th, and 18th, 1900, are among the happiest days in the history of the diocese and city of Grenoble. Our liturgical calendar is enriched with a new name. It remains for us to hasten by our prayers the day of canonization.

On that day, Mgr. Henry who celebrated the inauguration feast, will then reap the full harvest. Oh! how far these festivities will outstrip those of yesterday! There can be no comparison. But if his Lordship will add to his habitual devotedness in behalf of his diocese, the tribute of his solicitation and eloquence, he will soon have the honor of delivering the panegyric not only of the Blessed Martyr, but of the Saint!
CHATEAU-L'ÉVÊQUE, DIOCESE OF PÉRIGUEUX
Interior of the Chapel, where Saint Vincent was ordained priest
September 23rd 1600.
(From Saint-Vincent de Paul, by A. Loth; published by Dumoulin).
To allow space for notices relative to China, we are forced to suppress the account of other Triduums which we have received: At Lyons, in the solemnities inaugurated by the archdiocese and the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, Blessed Clét had a conspicuous position; also in many of our establishments in France: Amiens, Loos, Meaux, etc; in Italy, at Mondovi, Frascati, and at the House of Naples; at Cracow in Poland. We are in possession of a most beautiful program of the Triduum at Emmitsburg, United States. It is our intention later to give in detail these edifying and truly interesting accounts.

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CHATEAU-L'ÉVÊQUE.

THE FESTIVITIES OF THE THIRD CENTENARY OF THE ORDINATION OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.

It was at the Chateau-l'Évêque in the diocese of Périgueux—as we know that Saint Vincent de Paul received the sacerdotal unction in 1600. It was but natural that the three-hundredth anniversary of this event, followed by results so happy for numberless souls and for the honor of the Church should be celebrated there. For the past thirty years, the presence of the Sisters of Charity has converted Chateau-l’Évêque into a focus of good works. On occasion of the solemnities which have just been held, the Semaine Religieuse of the diocese of Périgueux thus describes the outset of these works:

"It was in 1869, that through the generosity of a wealthy companion, Sr. Lucas, the Sisters of Charity commenced, at Chateau-l’Évêque, the foundation of a small Community of three sisters.

"The seed had been sown and the work developed.

"Three things preoccupied us from the date of our ar-
rival, in 1870, writes the venerable pastor of the parish. To secure to the two Families of Saint Vincent de Paul, at Château l'Èvêque, an establishment worthy of the precious memories to be henceforth associated with the locality; then the construction of a new church; and, lastly, the organization of a pilgrimage to this sanctuary blessed by the priesthood of Saint Vincent de Paul. In 1872, the first foundress abandoned the work to the Community of the Sisters of Charity who began the building of the spacious house which is seen now at Château l'Èvêque. After several important acquisitions necessary to the development of the work, this house became a place of retreat and rest for the Sisters of Charity, worn out by old age or by labor, as well in the schools, as in the hospitals, and orphanages which they direct, both in France and other countries.

"The church, in its turn was commenced in 1875, and, after thirty years of effort and soliciting, it was completed for the Third Centenary, commemorated September 23, 1900.

"Regular pilgrimages were inaugurated in 1883 by the diocesan clergy, and from that time, the Sanctuary of Saint Vincent’s priesthood became the resort of numberless pilgrims who deem it a privilege thus to honor the memory of the great benefactor of humanity."

The Triduum so zealously prepared by the pastor of Château l'Èvêque was held on the 21, 22, 23, of September; on each of these days the faithful assembled to attend the religious exercises, a sermon being part of the program.

The Bishop of Perigueux presided at the closing. Rev. Pierre Mécut, C. M., represented the Superior General, and on the last day was celebrant at the solemn Mass. Abbé Olivier preached at Vespers. At eight in the evening, the Te Deum was chanted. The last sermon was delivered in the church Square which had been illuminated in honor of Saint Vincent de Paul.
REV. ARMAND DAVID.

"On November 10th, writes the Univers, there passed away at the Mother-House of the Lazarists, at Paris, a priest of great learning and distinction,—Rev. Armand David.

"Born in 1826, at Espalette in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, Father Armand entered, in 1848, the Congregation of the Lazarists, where he was at first employed in teaching: his tastes inclined him even then to the study of the natural sciences.

In 1860, he was sent by his Superiors to China; and aware of his aptitude, the administration of the Museum of Natural History obtained from his Superiors that he should take charge of the scientific missions. He returned at two different epochs to China and afterwards published the result of his explorations.

By visiting near the canton of Mongolia, Ourato, the name of which was then scarcely mentioned in Geographies, Father David made the first contribution to the Geographical knowledge of China; in another voyage, he explored the environs of Kou-Khou-noor. In a third voyage, in 1872, he studied the chain of mountains of Tsin-ling, extending from the coast of Che-si.

"In this triple scientific mission, Father Armand procured treasures for natural history, and few explorers have so enriched our natural collections for the Museum; this may be seen by glancing at the numerous specimens that bear his name; from the smallest insects, to the stags that inhabit Thibet and the bears found in Moupin.

"We are indebted to Father Armand himself for the description of some zoological types; but the greater portion of the species which he discovered have been described by Milne-Edwards or by other zoological savants in the Nouvelles archives du Museum. In 1877, Father David published, conjointly with Dr. E. Oustalet, his splendid
work, *Les Oiseaux de la Chine*, with an atlas containing one hundred and twenty-four colored plates. More than eight hundred species of birds are therein described.

Father Armand's specialty was zoology but he had a thorough acquaintance with botany, mineralogy, geology, as evidenced by the *Plantae Davidianae* and the interesting notes, concerning these sciences, scattered throughout the reports of his voyages to China.

"His rich collection of natural history, made in the Celestial Empire and in the neighborhood of Thibet, is the property of the Museum of Natural History in Paris; this collection has not yet been entirely analyzed and described."

On occasion of the death of Rev. Armand David, the Director of our grand establishment of Natural History addressed to the Superior General the following letter:

Paris, November 14, 1900.

Very Reverend Father,

It is with the most profound grief that I learn the death of Father Armand David. I had the honor of being acquainted with him and he won my admiration, both as a scholar and as a man.

Had the notice reached us in time, the majority of my colleagues of the Museum would have made it a duty to tender to the illustrious dead, and to the Company which mourns his loss, the last homage of our gratitude and respect.

Mine is a sacred duty, Reverend Father,—to express to you how deeply the Museum shares your grief, nay, how heavily this grief weighs upon its Members.

Father Armand had been one of the most able correspondents of the grand National establishment. He enriched it with papers that must always remain unrivalled.
His name shall live among us as that of one of the dearest and most devoted of our friends.

* * *

Father David organized three important collections of the Museum of Natural History. One at Pekin: this is owned by the Emperor of the Celestial Empire; another at Savona, in Italy, where he was professor. This second museum belongs to the city of Savona. Lastly, a third museum formed of his collections is at the Mother-House of the Congregation of the Lazarists.

During the closing years of his life, Father Amand David, although broken down in health, preserved unimpaired, his remarkable intellect and his amiable disposition to the end, living a retired life and occupying himself with a zeal truly edifying in the duties of the sacred ministry, and teaching the young students of his Community the natural sciences, in which he was always interested.

He passed away gently, in the peace and piety of the religious life.

Father Amand David was corresponding member of the Academy of Science at Paris, and of the Museum of Natural History. He had received the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Les Missions Catholiques Françaises au XIXe Siècle, published under the direction of Father John Baptist Piolet, of the Society of Jesus, conjointly with all the Societies of the Missions. Illustration from original documents, Vol. 1. Mission of the East, in-4 of xcvi-430 pp. Paris, Colin, 1900.—At the Colin Publishing-house, Paris, Rue de Mezières, 5; each Vol. net $2.50. Subscription to the complete work (6 Vols.), $12.00.—
There will be no disappointment, we feel confident, to those who welcomed with joy the project of this great work whose appearance they so impatiently awaited. The Rev. Father Piolet, who conceived the project and the plan of this publication has with wonderful activity and tact secured its realization, by the concurrence of those most competent to furnish information concerning each mission. Dominicans, Carmelites, Jesuits, Lazarists, etc., each has brought its tribute to the undertaking. Father Étienne Lamy is the author of the masterful Introduction upon the Apostolate which opens the volume, Rev. Ferdinand Brunetière will trace the conclusion.

This explanation is furnished for those readers who are specially interested in the works of the Family of Saint Vincent de Paul; we assure them that a most honorable place has been assigned in this volume to the Children of Saint Vincent de Paul.—The chapter on the Mission of Persia is from the pen of Rev. Louis Bray, Lazarist Missionary, who has long evangelized this region.—The Rev. Canon Pisani of Paris, has contributed the chapters on the Missions of Constantinople, Salonica, and of Macedonia, of Smyrna and the Archipelago, of Syria, of Palestine, of Egypt; he points out the reliable sources from which he has drawn his information: notably, the *Annals of the Congregation of the Mission*. After having expressed in general, his thanks to all those who have contributed to the work, he concludes by these just and delicate words (p. 48): “I owe a special tribute to Father Cazot, Lazarist, Superior of the Seminary of Zeitenlik (Macedonia), who has furnished information as complete as it is interesting, upon the works of his Confrères, at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and at Salonica.”

The Subsequent volumes will be illustrated by the missions of Africa, of Asia, etc. We are aware that the study on Abyssinia is from Father Coulbeaux; that of China,
from Mgr. Favier. The whole must, therefore, be most interesting.

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SPAIN.

Letter from Sister Mailhan, Sister of Charity, to Most Honored Mother Kieffer.

Cartagena, House of the Foundlings, Nov. 20, 1900.

Most Honored Mother,

The grace of our Lord be ever with us!

Knowing the sincere interest you bear to all our works, to that especially which is expanding upon Spanish soil, it affords me much pleasure to speak to you of the boys' Patronage just inaugurated here.

The work is so much the more interesting as it is quite a novelty in this country, being I believe, the only one of the kind in Spain. The edifice, which is a very fine one, is an evidence of the indefatigable zeal of an humble and holy priest, Don Trinitario Marturano who, possessing nothing of his own, has the gift of opening hearts to benevolence. The building is composed of two groups joined by a large court, around which extend graceful galleries reached by a beautiful white marble stairway. The first wing contains a large hall where the young men meet every Sunday. On the first story three large class-rooms; on the second, class-rooms, the same number and dimensions. The other wing contains the hall of the asylum on the lower floor; a hall for entertainments (always most carefully selected, it is needless to say), on the third story; and, lastly, two other class-rooms on the
second floor: one for drawing and one where French is taught. Six hundred boys can be accommodated.

At the front, amid most attractive surroundings, the statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be placed; for the Patronage is under the protection of the Sacred Heart. The pedestal destined for this statue awaits the gift expected from some lover of this Divine Heart.

From my brief sketch, Most Honored Mother, you can form some idea of the importance of this work; you will not be surprised to learn that the festivities for the opening were unusually grand. His Lordship, the bishop of Murcia was pleased to accept the invitation to bless the house and the Board of Ladies having suggested a visit to this House of the Foundlings, we had the honor of having him in our midst for four hours.

On the eve of the dedication, at 7 p.m., the students from the college bore the statue of the Sacred Heart to the house. During this transition, alternating with martial music, their innocent voices formed a delightful chorus of sacred canticles. The front of the Patronage had been exquisitely decorated by gardeners sent by the Ladies' Committee. The streets adjoining the new establishment were literally covered with garlands and small variegated lanterns. Fronting the building alone there were nearly two thousand; the scene was almost fairy-like. To this might be added an immense crowd which during the whole evening filed past the front of the edifice, and you could still form but a faint idea of the enthusiastic welcome extended to this new work, and of the people's appreciation of the Daughters of our good Father, Saint Vincent de Paul.

On the day of the dedication, at seven o'clock, general Communion was distributed by his Lordship, Mgr. Bryan. At the nine o'clock solemn Mass, celebrated at the cathedral by Monseigneur, that the ceremonies might be more
impressive, the choir was composed of the students from the college. The morning office over, his Lordship accompanied by the clergy and a vast throng of the faithful, repaired to the Patronage, where a charming altar had been prepared, for the blessing of the establishment. At 4 p.m., a little entertainment and addresses to Monseigneur and to Don Trinitario, the worthy founder of the new work. At 8 p.m., two military bands stationed themselves on each side of the house and played the finest selections from their repertory. On the two following mornings at half-past seven, Mass was celebrated in the court-yard of the establishment profusely ornamented with shields, escutcheons, and banners displaying the French and Spanish colors; and, at noon, another benefactor of the newly-opened classes procured us the sweet satisfaction of distributing over one thousand loaves of bread to the poor. An indescribable enthusiasm prevailed, and it might be said that from the highest authority, civil, military, and religious, to the very poorest of those who frequent our houses, all regarded it as an honor to lend their earnest and eager assistance. Monseigneur was charmed with our festivities.

It remains for us now, Most Honored Mother, to labor with courage and in the fullest measure of our strength to carry on the work of God according to the spirit of our Blessed Father. We have, at this very moment whilst I am writing, four hundred and twenty children and...four sisters to attend to them all; you may imagine, dear Mother, the labor that falls to the share of each. Be pleased to offer to Our Most Honored Father the homage of our filial submission. And you, Most Honored Mother, remember us, we beg you, at the feet of the
Powerful Virgin, believing me in the love of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, always,
Your very humble and obedient child,
Sr. Mailhan.

ITALY

FAVOR OBTAINED

THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF THE VIRGIN IMMACULATE OF THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

The following notice communicated to us has since been confirmed by the Sisters of Charity in Rome.

On November 9, 1900, at noon, the blessed hour wherein the Angelus bell invites all to salute Mary, the Marquis Auguste Biioleti, a noted benefactor of the House of the Sisters of Charity of Artena, experienced in a striking manner the protection of Mary Immaculate. Returning from the chase, he was making his way towards his villa situated in the territory of Valmontone. The serene heavens, the perfect calm of the country filled the soul of this excellent Christian with profound peace. Having crossed the gravelled path, the Marquis tranquilly pursued his journey over a swampy meadow when, suddenly, he felt the ground giving way under his feet; he had sunk into a ditch or rather into a sort of well, concealed by a heap of branches and leaves; this pit or well was sixteen ft. deep, and contained thirteen ft. of water. In vain might he call for help, the solitude was complete. Instinctively the Marquis made an effort to swim, but it was impossible; the enclosure was too narrow. He could not cling to any part of
this muddy ditch, which presented no point of support. Three times, with the superhuman energy which the fear of death inspires, he came to the surface and thrice did he sink again, drawn down by the weight of his heavy hunting-boots, now filled with water. It seemed that all was over; death was inevitable, imminent. Like a good Christian, the Marquis recommended his soul to God, made an act of contrition, and invoked MARY, whose Miraculous Medal he wore around his neck.

At that very instant, and without being able to explain how he was rescued from peril, he found himself standing in the meadow on the edge of the well. In a transport of joy he hastened to the Sisters of Charity in Artena, that the entire household might help him to return thanks to MARY. It was not long before the members of his pious and noble family shared his emotion and his gratitude as they contemplated the precious Medal disfigured with mud which still covered the hunter. His brother, Mgr. Bisleti, one of the Sovereign Pontiff’s attendants, and who, under all circumstances, proves himself the devoted friend of the two Families of Saint Vincent de Paul—immediately deposited an ex-voto at the feet of MARY Immaculate in the little chapel of the Sisters of Charity in the House of St. Joachim at Rome, and it was with admirable fervor that he strove to prepare the children of the Patronage for the solemnity of November 27th, the Feast of the Manifestation of the Miraculous Medal!
Plutarch, translated by Amyot, speaks of "the memorable sayings and feats" of ancient heroes. What a sheaf could we, in our turn, gather of the memorable sayings and feats of those heroes of recent times: missionaries, soldiers, and Christians who, in 1900, sustained for nearly two months, under an incessant shower of bullets, and despite the horrors of famine, the siege of the principal Catholic residence, at Pekin!

These events are thus characterized by the message of the French minister at Pekin, Mr. Pichon: "Of all defenses organized during the siege, that of the bishopric of Pekin is perhaps, the most astonishing and remarkable."

Mgr. Favier in the praises he bestows,—as we shall read later,—has rendered justice to all...himself excepted. We certainly do not doubt that he consecrated, as he says, a portion of his time to prayer, and that anguish filled his soul. But the commander who, from an eminence, during the battle, presides at the action and sustains discipline among his soldiers does his duty far more effectually, than if, yielding to his desires, he joined the ranks of the combatants. And to those personally acquainted with Mgr. Favier, he will be duly recognized in various deeds of valor and determination. Did we not fear a play upon words, we would see at once that this should be taken in a literal sense: to make use of an expression quite common at the present time, we would say that the bishop's trumpet speaks
louder by his humility, than when, at intervals, it burst upon the ear.

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Touching details mingle with the deeds of heroes in these recitals. What more tender than these lines of the bishop: "Two or three hundred children, confined with the crowd in the cathedral, cry for food; the intense heat preventing me from sleeping, it seemed to me that I heard the bleating of a flock of lambs destined for sacrifice. But these cries diminished daily, for we have buried one hundred and seventy of these little innocents!"

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What more distressing than to read that during the terrible famine which compelled the multitude to devour the leaves and roots of trees, a poor mother, a valiant Christian, having given birth to a child during the night, cast herself at the feet of Mgr. Favier, saying: "Bishop, bishop, give me a bowl of millet that I may have a little milk for my child." And the bishop writes: "In tears, I was obliged to refuse her, for there was no more."

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Valor appears at the side of tenderness: the picture was found in the Journal of Sr. Jaurias: "Our Marines, accompanied by Mgr. Jarlin, made a masterly capture: a cannon from the Chinese." This was accomplished on June 22d, a most disastrous day; in the evening, a cannon pointed at 500 metres from the Great Gate, made a breach and was on the point of entering. After a display of artillery, the bishop's coadjutor, Mgr. Jarlin, several French Marines, with thirty Chinese Christians, rushed forward seized the cannon and bore off the prize under a lively discharge of musketry.

4*
Family joys and love of country, relinquish nothing of their claims: we find in the midst of the prevailing anguish a fleeting but sweet expression of the same. For example, feast-day wishes, June 29th, festival of SS. Peter and Paul: "On this day," says the journal "we offered our congratulations to our brave commander, Paul Henry."

This valiant young chief, so affable, so gracious, so highly esteemed by all, fell a few days after at the breach, pierced by two bullets; the bishop wrote this beautiful but most touching sentence: "We wept but once during the siege: it was on this day!"

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Historic recitals of fire and blood are not surpassed by the terrible spectacles of these days: for example, those of the 13th to the 15th of June. "On the 13th, fire alarms and cries of death prevail. In the evening at 9:30, we beheld our beautiful church of St. Joseph, at Toung-tang in flames. We watched until morning, for the Boxers' horns resounded on all sides. At eight o'clock in the morning, we discovered from the height of the church, the Toung-tang still burning, and many other places on fire. At 11:30, the ancient cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at the Nan-tang, the residence, college, hospital, orphanage, all in flames; it was a heart-rending spectacle! "And later, we perceived the tower of the church of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, at the Si-tang, the bricks of which were reddened by the flames." In these furnaces, burned to death, perished two Lazarist Missionaries who had charge of the posts: Father Garrigues, of the diocese of Albi, and Father Doré, of Paris.

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In the midst of these fiery scenes, and the thunders of cannonading and bombardment, we behold another spec-
tacle of heroic courage afforded by women.—The Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul conduct a multitude of women and children from one part of the building to another in order to avoid the projectiles. “When obliged,” writes Sr. Jaurias, “to pass from one place to another to escape the bullets and the knives, 1,200 persons are to be looked after, or assisted, and a number of infants to be carried.” When the cornette of the European religious, Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, gives the signal, an immense human wave, as it were, obeys, advances, or recedes according to orders; these people follow, listen, and trust, because the sister is present.

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Oh! the tender solicitude of divine Providence! Provisions so carefully managed are exhausted; on the eve of the deliverance, there remained but four hundred pounds for 3,000 persons. Mgr. Favier writes these affecting lines: “Providence seems to have counted the grains of rice; who could have done this more accurately?”

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But we must bring this series to a close. The last incident is furnished by the bishop, Mgr. Favier, in whom we still discover soldier instincts.

It was during the last days of the siege, when the liberating troops were approaching. The besieged were dying of starvation and despondency. Oh! for the hour of deliverance! “Three times, on the bugle,” said he, “I played the air: Helmet of Père Bugeaud.”1 He was standing on the ramparts wafting the notes of this popular air over the crowd of the besieged, convinced that if they

1 Our foreign readers may not know that Bugeaud was one of the most popular generals of the French conquest of Algeria. The soldiers who loved him devotedly, had saluted his helmet in a spirited and well-known French melody.
were heard by some little soldier of his country, he would certainly send back the echo; but alas! from the distance no trumpet, no hurrah responds."

He must still wait some hours. But one of the French soldiers who brought tidings of the deliverance, depicts the vision which electrified the beholders. On the besieged wall, they perceived the bishop standing: the venerable prelate with white floating hair and beard, the golden cross upon his breast, holding the French flag, calling and indicating where to mount. Ladders are planted; the besieged and the deliverer fall into each other’s arms.

Rescued,—at last!

Oh! the anxious questions in regard to the works of religion: What has become of the Christian settlements in the district of Pekin?—Alas! to almost every question came the sad response: “All destroyed.”

And the Christians?

We remember to have asked Mgr. Favier when in Europe last year, the number of catechumens. He replied: “We might swell our statistics by more numerous admissions, but we require a serious, a severe examination: we wish the work of Christianization to stand on a solid basis.”

The day of trial came at last. Tortures equal to those of ancient persecutors were applied to Christians who refused to deny their faith. The Christians of Pao-ting-fou were covered with straw and wood steeped in petroleum and thus burned; Christians in Pekin were cut into pieces. Ten thousand, perhaps fifteen thousand were thus immolated.

“Fifteen thousand victims, “writes the bishop,” burned to death, cut to pieces, thrown into the river without making a single idolatrous prostration which would have saved their lives! I do not think that two in a hundred
purchased their deliverance by a superstitious act which their heart disavowed.”

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The Church of Pekin has just written a most touching and glorious page in her history. From our inmost soul, we salute these heroes.—A. M.

II.—THE SIEGE.

To give a more correct idea of the tragic events that occurred in Pekin and in particular at the residence of the Missionaries, the Pei-tang, during June, July, and August, we shall first present a general sketch without which we could not arrange details that are of particular interest to us. We shall then note the circumstances connected with the deliverance of the besieged Pei-tang; finally, we shall follow the diary of Mgr. Favier, describing the condition of the vast inclosure of the Mission which it was necessary to defend weapons in hand.

For the general sketch of these events, we borrow the statement written at Pekin, October 10th by a correspondent of a large Daily. 1

I.—GENERAL STATEMENT OF EVENTS ACCOMPLISHED AT PEKIN FROM MAY 12TH TO AUGUST 6, 1900.

...At the distance of two months from this frightful nightmare, it seems to me that a true history of events might be written while still under the painful impression they produced.

The troubles commenced, as you know, May 12th. Seventy Chinese Christians were massacred at Cao-lo: on the 17th, there were other massacres at Tcho-tcheou. Mgr. Favier wrote to the French minister stating the gravity of the situation; in his opinion there was a striking resemblance between the present state of affairs and that of Tientsin in 1870... But Mr. Pichon had not waited for the bishop's letter to be convinced of the impending danger.

On May 10th he had asked for a detachment to guard

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1 *The Times*, December 10, 1900.
his Legation; on the next day, he warned his foreign colleagues; but these were incredulous. However, it was decided to address a letter of grievances to the Tsong-li-ya-men, and if satisfaction was not obtained, troops would be summoned. The complaint was sent in, but met with no response, nor did the soldiers appear. Mr. du Chaylard, on his side, had an interview with the viceroy of Tien-tsin, to obtain the suppression of grievances which were daily multiplying in his district; the viceroy was deaf to the proposal.

Meanwhile, admiral Courrejolles resolved to make a personal appeal. Accompanied by twelve officers he reached Pekin. But some days after, he rejoined his fleet, and in the evening of his departure, placards threatening Europeans were posted in the principal streets, and the Boxers were preparing an attack outside the city.

May 27th, Mr. Bouillard, chief engineer of the railway of Han-keou, received a despatch stating that the line between Lieou-li-ho and Tcho-tcheou was destroyed; a second despatch a few hours later, notified him that the workshops and depot were on fire. The engineer assembled his household at Chang-sin-thien; but this locality also became a prey to the flames. He then decided to return to Pekin; you know what happened: these thirteen men and nine women were exposed the entire day to the shots of their pursuers.

Finally, on May 28th, as the situation seemed to be less favorable, forces were demanded; but the Tsong-li-ya-men wished to prevent their arrival. He promised to punish the authors of the massacres at Cao-lo and Tcho-tcheou; to insure the protection of the railway as far as Tcheng-tifou. Mr. Pichon was determined that this promise should be effectual.
Nevertheless, two days after, an imperial decree ordered the Boxers to be seized. The French and Russian Marines landed at Ta-kou inspiring the fear of retaliation. After a lengthy session, the imperial government finally declared that there was no objection to the coming of the European troops. The following day the international detachment arrived; which, together with the volunteers, would guarantee the safety of Pekin. There were 75 Russians, 75 English, 75 French, 60 Americans, 40 Italians and 22 Japanese. All were employed for the protection of the Legations, with the exception of 30 French and 10 Italian Marines, installed at the Pei-tang.

The bloody struggle continues. Eighty kilometres from the imperial city, a Christian village was destroyed; and all the Missionaries of the South threatened.

But the Boxer movement rapidly extended to the neighborhood of Tien-tsin. Along the railway bridges were thrown down, rails torn up, locomotives overthrown. European dwellings were guarded during the whole night. The diplomatic body repeatedly besought the Tsong-lia-men to take more active measures. He gave no satisfactory answer, but sought to gain time, and effected nothing.

June 9th, the battalions of Tung-Fuh-Siang are ready for the attack. This Tung-Fuh-Siang is a general of Kansu. It is evident that he marches only in accordance with the orders of his government; and he who doubts of this at eve may be quite sure of it the next day, on learning that Prince Tchouan has been admitted to the great council of the empire.

Therefore, new and urgent demand is made for troops: 1,500 men under command of Admiral Seymour; the Chinese make new and strenuous efforts to prevent the arrival of these troops. But the ministers are determined.

Troubles increase in the streets. The Japanese chancellor on his way to the depot was taken by the regulars who
cut off his head. A Boxer was arrested in the streets of the Legations—the first Boxer—and Baron Ketteler himself binds him. Other Boxers are concealed in pagodas.

Churches, houses of the Missionaries, are set on fire. The Legations organize a patrol; Mr. Pichon at the head, commands the artillery.

The last assault was made June 14th, when the French volunteers, Messrs Chamot, Bartolin, Pelliot, Feit, Fliche, and Veroudard, made efforts to save the Fathers and brothers of Nan-tang. After this, the gate was closed, the barricade thrown up, and the camp suppressed. In the street of the Legations, however, the struggle will continue, beating a retreat inch by inch, until August 14th.—It would be impossible to describe the proceedings of the Boxers on June 15th—flourishing their sabres madly in the air, rushing in masses against the dwellings of the Europeans! When the flames enveloped the Chinese city, from behind the high wall, a stream of human beings issued, seeking shelter.

At one o’clock in the morning, it is no longer but a smoking pile. Two thousand houses are destroyed; the loss is estimated at seventy millions of francs.

The following day appeared the famous letter announcing that the admirals have sent the final conditions for the surrender of the forts of Ta-kou. “The Chinese government, considering this fact as the opening of hostilities, gives the Europeans one day to leave Pekin.” The diplomatic body immediately replied, that it could not organize a departure in so short a time, that a guaranty of security would be required....And this guaranty of security the Tsong-li-ya-men gives them by assassinating, on that very morning, the German minister; and a few hours later, opened fire.

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From this moment, a constant struggle is sustained day
and night, amid ball-, shells, and flames. It was thought at first there would be no safety but in remaining together within a limited space; it was proposed to evacuate the Legations of Japan, America, Russia, and France, and take refuge in the English Legation, the largest and the best protected on account of its walls; but in so doing, the entire street would be at the mercy of the assailants. Then orders were given to resist to the last.

The Marines and soldiers remain at their respective posts with a few volunteers. All the ministers and a portion of their household—the women and children—were installed with Sir Claude Macdonald.

The firing continues, coming nearer and nearer, for the Germans and Americans have succeeded in getting possession of the Tartar wall; have fortified a barricade and behind it continue the shots. On the other hand, the Chinese have planted in the inclosure of the imperial palace two cannons in constant action, directed against the English Legation and the residence of Prince Sou,—an immense park sheltering 2,000 Chinese Christians, and which the Japanese colonel, Shyba, defends with his twenty-two men.

Dangers thicken. The interior is fortified while outer defenses are abandoned. A sharp lookout from behind the accumulated bricks, and in each opening guns are pointed. A French volunteer, Mr. Wagner, in the customhouse service, was killed by the bursting of a shell breaking his jaw-bone; an Italian captain was wounded. A few days later, the Austrian commander Thomann, falls at the foot of a hill, his breast pierced by bullets.

Showers of grapeshot, houses rifled, roofs falling in—Oh! the horrors of July 8th, 5th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th! Bombs, balls, sharpnels, graze the by-ways; cannonading from the four cardinal points: a mine exploding
in the French Legation killed two Marines. The Germans charge with the bayonet and succeed in freeing themselves from the enemy; the Americans from the height of the walls clear the road.

Then new proposals of peace are made, followed by earnest assurance "of future friendship." The Tsong-li-yamen is happy "to see the Europeans in good health, and he will continue his efforts to promote peace." The taking of Tientsin seems to have taught him a lesson of wisdom; in fact, a sort of armistice is inaugurated. Regulars arrive with flags of truce bringing provisions. Then a secretary of the Ya-men appears expressing his regrets at the death of the Baron Ketteler, assassinated, he says, by the bandits. He profits by his visit to convince the ministers that the Boxers will not be satisfied until the Legations are taken, and that it is the wisest, the most prudent plan to go to Tien-tsin. This disinterested counsel Prince Tching endorses by a truly paternal letter, and by a present of water-melons, egg-plants, cucumbers, flour and ice.

The order is definitively given to desist from firing; but in the evening, the Chinese soldiers throw up a barricade. Why this barricade, if there is to be no more shooting?

"Oh! this is not a barricade," replies Yung-lu, "but a road". At this moment, there was a shower of balls—"Whence these balls? asks the same Yung-lu—they are not from my army, that is sure; it was you that commenced..." But the shower of balls continued all the same.

Finally, on August 10th, a note was received from General Gaselee, written from Tong-tcheou. The allied forces arrive; the attacks are less and less powerful. Tching is afraid, he seriously promises this time complete suspension of hostilities, but Ting-fuh-siang and Tchouan are obstinate; in an angry session at the Tsong-li-ya-men, they demand that the struggle be continued to the end. Firing recommences, but it will not be of long duration.
The influence of Ting-fuh-siang and of Tchouan declines while that of Tching increases. Fear is indeed true policy.

Attentions are multiplied, the chief is yielding, obsequious, and promises in two or three days to open the Mongolian market. At last, the European troops arrive, August 14th, and gain the mastery after a fight of some hours.

The operations in which the French expedition took part even to the date of the entire abandonment of Pekin, were attended by no great difficulties. August 15th, Frey's column, after having at the request of Mr. Pichon, bombarded, by way of retaliation, the palace, went to establish a garrison in the interior of the imperial inclosure. On this day, the international army occupied the greater portion of the city: English and Americans in the Chinese quarter; the Russians, Japanese, and French in the Tartar quarter.

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The Regulars and Boxers are still masters of some of the gates, and continue to assail the Pei-tang. After having freed the ministers, it is necessary to free the Missionaries who for two months defended their walls of 1,400 metres with forty guns.

This was an heroic effort of patience, and determination: Attacks by day and by night, continually repulsed, intrenchment, mines against mines—all this is beyond expression. It is the highest sentiment of duty, the loftiest enthusiasm—methodical defense, the tranquil sacrifice of life.

Such is the example given at the Legations.—

Gaston Donnat.

1 Commander of the French troops.
I.—DELIVERANCE OF THE PEI-TANG. OUTWARD EVENTS.

The following statement will be useful by giving an idea of the plans of Pekin and of the Pei-tang:

Pei-tang signifies establishment of the North.
Ton-t'ang " " East.
Nan-t'ang " " South.
Si-t'ang " " West.

This last, the Si-t'ang, the smallest, comprises the church, residence of the Missionaries, and schools.

The Nan-t'ang, the most ancient, comprises the old cathedral, formerly confiscated, then restored for worship in 1860, and repaired by the French soldiers; a large residence had been added, also the Franco-Chinese college, schools, and the Mother-House of native religious, called Josephines, several of whom died martyrs.

In the neighborhood was a large hospital for Europeans and Chinese, served by eight Sisters of Charity.

The Tong-t'ang comprised a magnificent church, built at a great expense, about twenty years ago; a residence is also connected with this church, schools, and an establishment of Josephines.

Finally, the Pei-tang, erected in 1887, in exchange for the ancient Pei-tang, comprises a number of establishments inclosed in a square surrounded by a wall of 1,400 metres.

The mission comprised under the name Pei-tang:
1. The church, the present cathedral;
2. Residence of the bishop;
3. That of the Missionaries;
4. Residence for the foreign missionaries having important business to transact;
5. An ecclesiastical and preparatory Seminary;
6. Schools and catechumenates;
7. An important Chinese and European printing es-
In the centre of the Pé-T'ang is the cathedral of Holy-Saviour; two large courtyards separate the cathedral from the principal gate or entrance, where the Boxers are supposed to destroy during the siege.

To the left of the cathedral (upper portion of the above plan) are four large courtyards separating the houses of the Bishop and Missionaries; and round which are to be found Provost's office, Great Library, Chinese Library, Refectory, Museum, and Drug-Store.

Beyond the apse of the Cathedral are the workshops, the printing-room and the Guest's Pavilion.

To the right of the Cathedral (lower portion of our plan) are three large courtyards containing the Seminary, Preparatory School and the Magazines.

The Yen-tse-tang or Charity House (Tang, church or house, and Yen-tse, Charity) held by the Sisters of Saint-Vincent de Paul, is separated from the Pé-T'ang by a street. Round seven large courtyards (from bottom to top of plan) it comprises the buildings facing each of these courts: Orphanage, Schools, Church, Sisters' House, Novitiates, Corn-Stores, Kitchens and other premises, etc. The Pé-T'ang is situated within the enclosure of the Imperial Palace, and the total extent of its walls is of 1350 metres.
tablishment which had issued the splendid volume—Peking—written by Mgr. Favier.

11. The Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, in the Misericorde or Jen-tse-tang, possessed:
   1. A large chapel;
   2. Their residence;
   3. A dispensary;
   4. Orphanage of the Holy Childhood;
   5. A catechumenate;
   6. Schools for girls.

A street separated the Pei-tang from the Jen-tse-tang; for greater security, the extremities of this street were walled in: in this way a quadrilateral figure was formed. Cha-la-eul, situated at the north-east, about ten minutes' walk from the walls, comprises:
   1. A Missionary residence, with a church and a catechumenate;
   2. An establishment of the Marist Brothers with an orphanage for boys; a courageous native Marist Brother disappeared during the siege—probably died a martyr;
   3. An establishment of the Sisters of Charity with an orphanage for boys and girls—a dispensary, hospital, etc.;
   4. The burial-ground of former Missionaries and Sisters of Charity.

To give a complete idea of the outside events, we shall copy the report of the French minister, Mr. Pichon, published by the French government.—Mgr. Favier's Journal will give particulars of the siege in relation to the interior of the Pei-tang.

Report of Mr. Pichon, French minister to China.

Pekin, September 1, 1900.

Immediately after the entrance of the international
troops into Pekin, I was intent, as the journal annexed to my political despatch of August 28th stated, on delivering the Pei-tang. To this effect I solicited the concurrence of the English and Americans — our expeditionary corps not having yet arrived in the capital — and the Russians not being able, according to Mr. de Giers' account, to furnish immediately the necessary quota of men.

On General Frey's arrival I concerted with him. Unfortunately his forces were insufficient to undertake the expedition unaided; and it was agreed that the Americans would add 500 men to the number at his disposal. But the project could not be carried out on the 15th of August, as we desired, the American general having declared that it was hardly possible to insure success until the Chinese had been driven out of several positions which they held, and from which they could do us much harm. I insisted strongly with the commander-in-chief of our troops, that he should at once have an understanding with his foreign colleagues, that the expedition might be undertaken, and with the least possible delay: he understood as well as I the necessity of prompt action. Conditions were agreed upon with the English and Russian generals, each of whom contributed 400 men; that is, numerical forces almost equal to those which he himself could put in line. Thus he had in command a body of 1,200 men, comprising the cavalry (Cossacks), infantry, and artillery. All assembled August 16th, at 5 o'clock in the morning, near the gate Tsien-men, whence they set out to dislodge the enemy from the road and the neighborhood of the Pei-tang.

I accompanied the general with the Messrs. d'Anthouard, Morisse, Berteaux, Filippini; Doctors Matignon and Talayrach, Feit, Saussine; Neillot, interpreter of Indo-China; Brouillard and Vilden, agents of the Han-Keou-Pekin railway; Baetholin, representative of Lyonese Credit; Merghelynck, first secretary of the Belgian Lega-
tion. This was the plan: to drive out the Chinese from the Chou-tche-men gate, where they seemed to be in great numbers, and from which position they could fire upon the Americans installed at the Tsien-men gate; to free the road leading from the Chou-tche-men gate to the street which branches off to the gate Si-kou-men (entrance to the imperial city); to take this street, to force the gate, behind which are barricades defended by a large body of soldiers; then to get possession of the barricades and push on to the archbishopric.

The leaders of the advance-guard were Doctor Matignon and Mr. Berteaux. I made the journey with the staff officer, joined by other members of the Legation, and by French citizens or strangers who came with him.

It had been decided that the English who formed the rear-guard, should place two cannons at the Tsien-men gate, whence they would bombard that of Chou-tche-men as soon as they would hear the report of our musketry, directed to the same gate. The enemy would be thus assailed from two points at the same time.

This plan was faithfully executed. Two of our cannons were pointed towards the Chou-tche-men gate, as soon as we reached the neighborhood. The English shells fired from Tsien-men were united with ours, and the Chinese fled at the first attack.

In twenty minutes the path, the gate, and wall, swept by our artillery, were opened to us, and we mounted without meeting any opposition. We found there thirty cannons of divers sizes and of various styles; howitzers, pieces of the seventeenth century and of the beginning of the nineteenth. Krupps of recent construction and perfect workmanship. Large rampart guns with capsules: these being still used in the Chinese army, generally carried by three men.

The soldiers marched on, taking the road perpendicular
to the gate, where a guard was stationed. No serious ob­
stacle was encountered as far as the gate of Si-hoa-men,
which was closed, and before which the Japanese had al­
ready arrived; but having no artillery, they could not force
it. Nevertheless, it was opened without the aid of the
cannon.

It was done in this way: Some French soldiers were
mounted upon the wall of the imperial city, at the left of
the gate, while the Japanese were stationed on the right.
They fired on the Chinese barricades and on the places
where the enemy were intrenched. A Japanese scaled the
wall under the fire of the Chinese and succeeded in opening
the gate. At the same time, Captain Marty, of the infantry
of the Marine, descended from the opposite side, into the
imperial city with a certain number of men, and routed
the Chinese. From the opened gate a shower of bullets
was poured upon us, and we had only time to shelter our­selves in the houses along the street. But when the Chinese
found themselves attacked in the rear, they were alarmed
and relaxed their efforts; profiting by the circumstance,
the Japanese rushed to the barricades with furious shouts,
and in a few moments were in possession of them. One of
our field pieces placed under the gate bombarded the houses
and pagodas into which the soldiers and Boxers had
withdrawn. The way was soon sufficiently cleared before
us, so that without much loss we were able to reach the
Pei-tang where our arrival, anxiously awaited, was hailed
with transports of joy.

Of all the defenses organized during the seige, that of
the bishopric of Pekin is perhaps the most astonishing and
remarkable. The population is large: more than 3,000
native Christians were sheltered there. The bishop, Mgr.
Favier, had with him his coadjutor, Mgr. Jarlin, thirteen
French priests, three missionaries, two Lazarist Fathers,
and eight Marist; an Austrian student, eight priests, and
one hundred and eleven Chinese seminarians. The Sisters of Charity whose establishment, called the Jen-tse-tang, is separated from the Pei-tang, by a narrow street, number twenty. The military garrison charged to protect the Missionaries, sisters, and refugees, consisted of forty-two men: thirty-one French, for the Pei-tang; eleven Italians, for the Jen-tse-tang. A certain number of Chinese Christians were furnished with lances, sabres, or pikes. Some seminarians were armed with guns.

From June 20th to August 16th, many thousands of soldiers or Boxers who had at the time as many as fourteen cannons at their disposal, entirely blocked up the two establishments. Their attacks were levied from all points, principally from the south-west (palace of Prince Ly), from the south-east (Blue Pagoda), and from the north-east (Lamas Pagoda).

More than 2,500 projectiles were employed: shrapnels, bombs, bullets of every size shot forth from enormous engines, fabricated in Europe at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and millions of cartridges. More than 500 bundles of straw, dipped in petroleum, fuses, inflammable arrows, and fiery sacks. Seven mines were laid, four of which exploded—three being discovered.

Four hundred fell victims during the siege; of these thirty-eight were Chinese, killed by balls; 120 children died from starvation, fifty-one buried by the explosion of a mine; eighty women died of sickness and exhaustion; five French sailors and their officers; six Italian Marines, the Visitor and Superior of the Marist Brothers and a French Missionary, Father Chavanne, etc. Of our Marines, nine were wounded—Italians, three.

It was a most difficult problem to provide for the maintenance of such a population. All the provisions had been consumed; we had only rations for two days, barely suffi-
cient to ward off starvation, when the troops arrived.

In the beginning, the nourishment, consisting of sorghum, millet, corn, and rice, was eight ounces for each individual; the quantity was afterwards reduced to four ounces (and this for a whole month); for the last week it was but two ounces. The army was always supplied with flesh meat (eighteen animals had been killed), bread, wine, coffee, and brandy. August 16th, there was but one mule living. Onions, the roots of plants and leaves of trees, had been eaten by the Chinese Christians.

It was not sufficient to deliver the bishopric, and the sisters' establishment from the besiegers; it was all-important to drive from the environs the soldiers and Boxers who were in great numbers, and who might attempt new outrages, lay their mines, and shoot whoever came in their way. General Frey immediately took measures to defeat them. After a short delay at the Pei-tang, we resumed our route which from the gate Ste si-hoa-men, conducts to the imperial palace.

The Chinese had intrenched themselves in the courts, lanes, and houses on the right and left. The Russians mounted the walls and roofs, while our soldiers penetrated into the lower stories. A sharp discharge of artillery followed, in the course of which several hundred Chinese were killed. In a single trench, our volunteers, composed mostly of the personnel of the Legations, surprised and killed thirty of the regulars. Of our troops but four were killed and five wounded; the Russians sustained an equal loss.

Silence soon succeeded: the bodies of the Chinese strewed the avenues of the imperial gardens, the gates of which the Japanese had already entered when we arrived. The French flag was raised in front of a pavilion constructed beyond the marble bridge, over a lake of water-lilies in full bloom. A few minutes after, we crossed a second marble bridge, and our tri-colored banner floated over the
the Pei-ta, a white tower built by the first Emperor of the Tsing; this afforded us a magnificent passage. We then crossed a third marble bridge, and after a few shots, we reached the Mei-chau, the porter of which killed himself, they told us, when we forced an entrance. This pleasure garden is formed of an artificial mountain 200 feet in height and 43,700 feet in circumference. Its Chinese name signifies "Mountain of coal;" this it derived from the legend, that the elevation of the earth would be a consequence of the heap of coal prepared for a siege.

At the foot of the mountain are pavilions; many of these are objects of peculiar veneration. One of them consecrated to the worship of the ancestors of the dynasty was chosen for headquarters by the commander-in-chief of our forces. The Russians and English occupied two others. The flags of the three allied detachments that had taken part in the military operation so happily successful, were unfurled at the summit of the Kiosques overlooking the mountain around which the camps are pitched.

PICHON.

III.—INTERIOR OF THE PEI-TANG DURING THE SIEGE.


In this general tableau Mgr. Favier summarizes all the points of highest interest relation to what occurred in the interior of the Pei-tang. This will be followed by the narrative of daily events.

Tien-tsin, September, 1900.

Our Christians have been admirable; all devoted themselves to most fervent prayer without fear of their lives. The couriers whom we sent to the Legations incurred danger of death; several never returned. On the 10th of August, one of them again gave himself up to warn the Minister that we were in the last extremity of need. Poor
young man! he was flayed, and the Boxers exposed his skin and head within a few yards of our own walls.

It is a sad sight to see Christian women deprive themselves of their own meagre allowance of food to nourish their infants; for a long time, they have had no breast milk; with small pieces of tin that serve as spoons, they introduce the weak broth into the mouths of their poor children. The population of China has been increased during these two months by thirty new-born infants.

One morning before Mass, one of these brave Christian women who had been confined during the night, threw herself at my feet with the words: "Bishop, bishop, let me have some millet that I may have a little milk."

I was obliged to refuse her with tears in my eyes; there was nothing more to give. Leaves of trees, roots of dahlias and cannas and bulbs of lilies were boiled together to increase the poor pittance allowed to each.

All slept together, trying to shelter themselves against balls and, especially, mines. Two or three hundred children crying for hunger and the intense heat, kept me from sleeping; it seemed to me as though I were listening to a flock of little lambs destined for sacrifice. These cries, however, grew fainter day by day, for we buried one hundred and seventy of these innocents.

Misery, hunger, sickness and bullets more than decimated the Christian population; the number of dead buried in our garden exceeds four hundred. All died as good Christians, saying: "We die for our religion, killed out of hatred for the faith; God will give us Paradise."

Our Sisters of Charity have been admirable; more tried than we were, perhaps, they deprived themselves of everything for their children. Excepting one or two, whose nervous debility excused their apprehensions, all manifested true manly courage. The fearful shock of the last mine was the final blow to the venerable superioress, Sister Jau-
rias, who was seventy eight years old and sick; she died a happy death, for God did not call her until after the deliverance.

How shall I speak of the Missionaries? My coadjutor was everywhere, watching over everything, encouraging, consoling, sustaining all, crossing the most dangerous places unceasingly, without heedling shot or ball. The director of the seminary, with his young men, watched night and day on the roof of the Church, on the barricades, and in the trenches. The students of the seminary, with one of our young European confrères, not yet in Orders, replaced our dead or wounded soldiers and handled their guns like trained men. Several were struck by balls, but, thanks be to God! none killed.

Our procurator continued to discharge his duties with astonishing calm, attending to all, and, though in delicate health, bore privation with uncommon fortitude. Our native Missionaries multiplied themselves to establish a little order in the house; they directed the workmen, watched over the distribution of food, preserved peace, and administered the last consolations to the dying. I alone did nothing worthy of mention. Almost constantly retired in my room, I prayed to God, the Blessed Virgin, the holy Angels and all our patron Saints. I tried to preserve within myself and to impart to others the resignation, the patience, and calm, necessary in times like these.

I do not believe that I exaggerate in estimating the number of victims to be 15,000 at least. 15,000 victims, dead, burned, cut to pieces, thrown into the rivers, without making one single idolatrous prostration that would have saved their lives. I do not think that two out of a hundred redeemed their lives by one superstitious act where the heart was not even in question. Not one of our Missionaries left his post; notwithstanding the solicitations of mandarins, who offered to conduct them under es-
oort to a place of safety, not one forsook his Christians. Even at present, despite the arrival of troops, more than twenty-five are besieged in their residences. May God protect them!

In Pekin, three churches, seven large chapels, the colleges, the hospitals, the establishments of the Sisters of St. Joseph (native)—all are totally destroyed. The cemeteries in which Missionaries have been buried from Matthew Ricci to Bishop Sarthou (three centuries) have been violated, tombs overthrown, the bones, even coffins, reduced to ashes and scattered to the winds. The Pei-tang, riddled with shells, stands alone. Fathers Addosio, Garrigues, Doré and Chavanne were killed in Pekin, and in the mission several Chinese priests likewise suffered death.

The vicariate contained five hundred and seventy-seven Christian settlements, most of which possessed their own chapels; scarcely one fourth have been left standing; the houses of Christians have been pillaged and burned. I know of but one still standing in Pekin.

In short, ruin is nearly complete, the work of forty years is destroyed; nevertheless, the courage of our Missionaries is not on the wane, and we are going to begin anew, assured of success, for the "blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." Unless God designs to punish unhappy China that, for centuries, has abused His grace, let us hope that He will grant pardon; so many persons, even among the mandarins, are innocent of the atrocities committed. We love and shall always continue to love our poor people of China. Pray for them and for us. "Gratias agamus, Domino Deo nostro!"

FROM DAY TO DAY.

The latest news that I have been able to send you from Pekin was dated May 30. Permit me to write you to-day
a brief account of the terrible siege we have had to sustain at the Pei-tang until the day wherein it pleased Almighty God to deliver us.

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Wednesday, May 30.—We have now proof that the Boxers are aided by the Chinese government and the regular troops. The latter set fire to the establishments along the railroad. The Tsong-ly-ya-men endeavors to delay the departure of the troops; the European Ministers insist answering that they will walk to Pekin if not allowed to travel by rail.——From nine to eleven in the evening, small red balls thrown by the Boxers are seen throughout the city: these are signals for assembling; the Chinese soldiers have laid in a good store of cartridges.

Thursday, May 31.—My vicar-general, Father Guil-loux, whom I had called to Pekin, set out again with Father Capy, for Tien-tsin. Will they be able to reach the station? We know not: it is said that the route is cut off by the soldiers. At ten o'clock a telegram from Father Dumont: Seven more Christian villages burned! At half-past twelve, letter from the Minister: a decided effort on his part, as well as on that of his colleague of Russia was required that the French and Russian Marines, who landed yesterday at Takou, might not be hindered from reaching Pekin by the railway. At half-past three, a friend called; we were informed by him that the Empress is unable to resist the anti-European current; the well-disposed are deprived of their position, or they resign. Of the troops expected this evening, 75 are French, 75 Russians, 75 English, 40 Italians, 22 Japanese, and 60 Americans; they left Tien-tsin at half-past three, for Pekin.

Friday, June 1.—Refugees come to us from all directions; our missions of Pa-tchoo are almost entirely destroyed. Our valiant Father Lou Gregory remained in his
residence until the last moment, then escaped from the Boxers by flight. The Sisters of St. Joseph, and the children of the Holy Childhood have been massacred. The French Minister came at half-past nine to announce the arrival of thirty Marines, who, accompanied by almost all the French of Pekin, entered the Pei-tang at ten o’clock. The Tsong-ly-ya-men had specified “that the troops were destined solely for the Legations!” But Mr. Pichon brought to us himself, nearly half his detachment. Everlasting gratitude is due to him! At midnight, Father Guilloux telegraphed us, that the refugees come in crowds from Pa-tchoo to Tien-tsin and that the river is blocked up by the bodies of massacred Christians.

Saturday, June 2.—We station men at every point: Ensign Paul Henry, who commands the Marines, is a young man only twenty three years of age, as pious as he is brave,—a true Briton.—Distressing news from Tien-tsin: even the concessions are threatened. The engineers have left the city of Pao-tsing-fou and the mandarins are most anxious to bring about the departure of our European confrères: the latter insist upon remaining with their Christians to the end: May our good God protect them!

Pentecost Sunday, June 3.—The Sovereign Pontiff having delegated me to offer his letter and accompanying gift to the Empress, I felt bound to fulfil this mission of trust. Being absent from the city, Her Majesty had designated Prince Ts’ing to receive me in her name; which he did to-day in his own palace. The Prince was surrounded by the higher mandarins: letter and gift were presented with all imperial ceremony, and accepted with marked testimonies of respect and gratitude. I had drawn up a petition to the Empress, in which petition I exposed our actual situation; I demanded protection for our Christians and chastisement for the Boxers. The Prince willingly charged himself with the delivery of my paper, and I was notified
The following day that this petition had been placed in Her Majesty’s hands.

*Monday, June 4.—* Examined by our Commander, it is declared an impossibility for thirty men to defend the Pei-tang: there is a wall of nearly 5,000 ft.! It is decided that in case of an attack, all will assemble in the church, and a plan of defense is being prepared. Here we number, besides 70 Europeans, including the sisters and the brothers, about 1,000 Christians, and nearly 2,200 women and children. At one o’clock, a visit from several gentlemen of the Legation who inform us that they are obliged to withdraw the fifteen soldiers, already sent to the Nan-tang, as they would be doomed to certain death owing to the impossibility of an efficacious defense. In case of an attack what will become of our Confrères, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Marists, and so many Christians who reside in this parish? We are in the hands of God! At six in the evening, twenty Christians are armed to stand guard: the danger increases.

*Tuesday, June 5.—* I telegraph early in the morning to the Superior General: *at Pekin and at Tien-tsin extreme peril for all.* A despatch from Father Guilloux announces numerous conflagrations and the no less numerous massacres of the Christians; here everyone is working at the barricades; they are putting the spears in order and are laying in army supplies. At six in the evening, the Italian Minister sent ten of his Marines to defend the establishment of the sisters who belong to the Holy Childhood; among them are several Italian sisters. At half-past seven the governor of the city called and said:

“You have nothing to fear, the Boxers will not dare attack the Pei-tang.”

This great mandarin may, perhaps, be sincere; but I believe his assertion to be absolutely false.

*Wednesday, June 6.—* We multiply our means of de-
We learn that the Empress has sent two members of the Great Council that the Boxers may give over by persuasion! Useless effort.

Thursday, June 7.—We construct a small turret to protect the eastern wall of our residence, I go to the Legations, where they still have hope, for a new imperial decree more encouraging than any of the preceding ones has just appeared. As for me, I have no hope and I cease not to repeat that an attack is imminent.—At eight, the Marists of Cha-la return to the Pei-tang.

Friday, June 8.—On all sides, villages burning, conflagrations multiply during the night. Reports of musketry from every direction, and we are obliged to keep watch until morning.

Saturday, June 9.—Some Boxers have made their appearance in the “K’ou.” (This K’ou is in the northern part of the large park of which the Emperor had given us the southern portion to build our Pei-tang.) I go once more to the Legations where they still hope for the best. The Empress returns to the city and issues a new decree in very forcible terms. The governor writes me that he has received a special order to protect the churches of Pekin; I place very little reliance on his word: these orders will be set aside.

Sunday, June 10.—I telegraph again to Paris, for I fear that very soon even this medium of transmission may be cut off; then I make my way to the Legations where there is much uneasiness because of the revolt of the soldiers of General Toun-fou-siang. A reinforcement under the command of Admiral Seymour left Tien-tsin this morning; we expect them here to-morrow...But the Boxers have all gone from the city; the regulars are on the walls with the artillery. At eight o’clock, the telegraph wires between Tien-tsin and Pekin, are cut, and likewise those between Pekin and Pao-ting-fou! These are evil
omens; I would not be surprised if the troops on the way be unable to reach us.

Monday, June 11.—From the church steeple we can see the flames from the burning summer residences of the Europeans, on the hills to the west. At a quarter of ten, crowds of Boxers with their standard pass along the wall of the Yellow City; this causes serious alarm; every one is at his post. I was just setting out for the Legations; they are all reassured, they await Admiral Seymour's detachment and numerous troops; for the admirals have been ordered to detail all at their command as soon as the telegraph would be cut, which has really happened. There seems scant hope. Prince Toan, chief of the Boxers, and the higher mandarins, their friends, have just been named members of the Tsong-ly-ya-men. At five in the evening, the secretary of the Japanese Legation, going to meet the troops that were expected, is massacred near the Southern gate, by the soldiers of Toun-fou-siang. Espousing the cause of the Boxers, they wish to prevent any European from entering or leaving Pekin.

Tuesday, June 12.—The Boxers set fire to the stacks of straw near the house of the sisters of Cha-la. At seven in the evening, owing to a new alarm, all make ready; but no results. Half an hour later, Mr. Pichon wrote us that the new members of the Ya-men called on him, that they were very amiable and that Admiral Seymour had entered the city without meeting any opposition. God grant that the words of the mandarins may be sincere; but...we can put no faith in them.

Wednesday, June 13.—General Toun-fou-siang in open revolt, the Christians removing from Pekin; three of them massacred in the Chinese city by the Boxers. We learn from the Legations that Admiral Seymour halted last night with his troops at Lang-fou; this village is more than thirty-seven miles from here; the railway has been de-
stroyed: we scarce hope henceforth for the arrival of any troops. At noon, we are informed that the French cemetery is burned; the guardian, his wife, and children, have all been massacred. Sad night: fires and threats of death in almost every direction, the women take refuge in the church. At half-past nine, we see in flames our beautiful church of St. Joseph at Toun-tang. At ten, sinister sounds; we hear the Boxers who give orders to the west of our establishment. At eleven, two Christians from the Toun-tang confirm the news of the destruction of St. Joseph’s church. We keep watch until morning, for the Boxers’ trumpets peal forth on every side.

Thursday, June 14, Corpus Christi.—At eight in the morning, we see from the roof of the church the Toun-tang and several other places on fire. All communication is cut off, the gates of the Yellow City are closely guarded by Prince Toan’s troops. Half-past eleven, the ancient Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Nan-tang, the residence, college, orphanage, all take fire; a horrible spectacle.

Towards midnight, repeated reports of cannon and musketry to the south: could it be the arrival of Admiral Seymour?...Cries of death! from the Boxers resound on all sides: Cha, cha, death to them, death to them!!! Chao, chao, let us burn them, let us burn them!!! Every one is afoot until two in the morning; then the cries diminish and the Boxers seem to depart.

Friday, June 15.—All the sisters have received Holy Communion as a preparation for death; women and children take refuge in the cathedral. Eight o’clock, we learn from a Christian who made his escape, that the Missionaries, brothers, sisters, and daughters of St. Joseph of Nan-tang are safe with the Legations. A detachment of volunteers, as daring as devoted, went to their rescue at one in the morning. Half-past eleven, we descry the
tower of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors at the Si-tang, the bricks reddened by the fire: surely, everything has been burned. We send a courier to the Legations; he returns at three o'clock, bringing a letter from Mr. Pichon and one from Father Addosio, pastor of Nan-tang. "No news from the detachments: fight with the Boxers. Father Garrigues, pastor of the Toun-tang, has certainly been massacred: Christians in numbers take refuge in the palace of Prince Sou to the north of the Legations.

Six o'clock, we learn that Father Doré, pastor of the Si-tang has been massacred. At seven, the south, east and west of our establishments surrounded by an immense crowd of Boxers. Half an hour later, horrible yells reach our ears: an attack must be threatening. The sisters, with all their children come to the cathedral, where there were already 1800 women and babies wild with fright. They were not too soon: the Boxers arrive from the south at a quarter of eight: their leader on horseback, is a lama or bonze, he is followed by a large red flag surrounded by young Boxers who have submitted to all the incantations and are also clothed in red garments. They burn scented wood, make prostrations at the entrance of our street to the south, then advance in close ranks. The Marines of our Great Gate allow them to approach until within about 200 yds. then salute them with a volley which prostrates 47 of these so-called "invulnerable," and put to flight thousands of Boxers who followed in the rear. There is a hasty return with five sabres and one spear. The Boxers repulsed, immediately set fire to the houses surrounding us on the south. We are preserved by Almighty God who, in our favor, changes the direction of the wind; we, on our part, by bringing to bear all the water-power at our command, did all we could to aid Divine Providence.

Rendered furious by their defeat, at which a populace
of ten thousand had assisted in the hope of pillage, the
Boxers redoubled their tumult and their ferocious howlings
until past midnight, but dared not renew the attack.
This first serious affair awakened hope, as it manifested
the cowardice of our enemies. The Christians, about 500
of whom we had armed with spears, had still seven or
eight muskets; encouraged by this first success they prom-
ised to stand guard with the Marines upon the nearly
600 ft. of wall.

Saturday, June 16.—We are informed by a fugitive of
the admirable constancy of unnumbered Christians massa-
ered beyond the P'ing-tze-men gate; not one of them re-
nounced his faith: this news is most consoling. At half-
past twelve, serious alarm: cries of Boxers; arrival of the
regular soldiers who guard the Si-hoa gate: evidently they
came not to defend, but to attack us. The man who hitherto
furnished us with grain refuses to sell any more: under
penalty of death, he dare not supply us with the least pro-
vision. About half-past four, an immense fire breaks out
at the Tsien-men; after having set fire to all the houses of
the Christians, they now burn the shops offering European
articles for sale. A courier sent to the Legation returns
at five o'clock. No tidings of Admiral Seymour! At half-
past seven, every man is at his post: more than 300 sol-
diers and crowds of Boxers surround our residence; the
sisters and the Christians pass a sad night in the church.
An imperial decree appears during the day publishing to
all China, the official announcement that the churches of
skin have been burned.

Sunday, June 17.—From two to half-past three in the
morning, reports of cannon reach us from the direction of
the Legations: ten o'clock, Boxers and troops form complete
blockade. Meanwhile, a Christian, at the peril of his life,
brings us a message from Mr. Pichon: "More than 2,000 "houses at the Tsien-men have been burned, among them 26 large Chinese banks." Great excitement prevails during the evening: the Boxers and their fires all around us.

Monday, June 18.—We prepare for a possible attack by artillery, for several cannons have been placed to the south of our establishment. Prince Toan himself is not far off. At half-past four, crowds of Boxers come in wagons and make ready for the attack; their design is thwarted by torrents of rain sent us by our good God, at a quarter before six.

Monday, June 19.—A domestic from the Si-tang, after wandering several days through the city, at last makes his way to us and informs us that Father Dore was burned alive in his room with twenty Christians. He would not defend himself. A few days previous this brave Father had said to me:

"My Lord, if I am attacked, would it be lawful for me to fire upon my assailant.

I replied:

"Undoubtedly, this is justifiable in self defense."

He added:

"But if this were done to defend myself alone, would it not be more perfect to refrain from using any arms?"

I answered:

"Most assuredly; to be massacred for our good God without any attempt at self defense is true martyrdom."

This is what our dear confrère did!

In the street, ten pieces of artillery are directed towards us. Are they there, to defend or to attack us?

Wednesday, June 20.—Despite the blockade, a Christian succeeds in reaching us. He tells us that the German Minister was assassinated on his way to Ya-men, and the other Ministers have orders to leave within twenty-four hours.
Thursday, June 21.— (30th anniversary of the massacres of Tien-tsin.)—A devoted Christian risks his life to go once more to the Legation: he is the bearer of these few words from Mr. Pichon:

"The French Legation and the other Ministers must withdraw to the English Legation: the German Minister has really been assassinated and his interpreter wounded; the Austrian Legation has been evacuated and will be fired. The project of leaving Pekin must be abandoned; let us prepare for the last voyage: but let us still hope."

Mr. Darcy, Lieutenant of the vessel, and superior officer of Mr. Paul Henry, wrote him: "You should have received the order to rally, but for the present remain at your post." Our good God permitted that this order to rally was never transmitted, otherwise we must all have perished. Our situation is indeed grave: shall we rejoin our martyrs of Tien-tsin? We prepare for the worst.

Friday, June 22, Feast of the Sacred Heart.—Complete blockade cuts us off from all exterior communication.

Here is the list of the besieged: Mgr. Favier; Mgr. Jarlin, coadjutor; Father Ducoulombier, Procurator General of the Vicariate; Father Giron, Director of the Seminaries; Father Chavanne, professor recently arrived; Mr. Gartner, student not yet in Orders; Brother Denis, and Brother Maës. The Marist Visitor, the Superior and four Brothers of the same society; twenty-two Sisters of Charity, eight of whom are native; thirty French Marines from the d'Entrecasteaux; the Midshipman of the vessel, their commander, Paul Henry; ten Italian Marines besides an adjutant, and Lieutenant Olivieri; one hundred and eleven students of the preparatory and ecclesiastical seminaries; 900 men and boys, refugees; 1800 women and children; 450 young girls of the schools or orphanages; 51 babies from the Crèche; total about 3,420 persons, of whom 71 are Europeans.
Allowing 1 lb. a day to each individual, we have provisions for more than a month; as to our arms, we have forty marine guns, seven or eight muskets of every description handled by the Chinese, some old sabres and five hundred spears or rather five hundred long poles pointed with iron; these comprise all. The perimeter to be defended is exactly 1,360 metres.

I had appointed this day for the consecration of the Vicariate to the Sacred Heart. At 6:30, kneeling at the foot of the altar, the priest had read the first words when a large cannon ball shattered one of the windows of the church, where all our people were assembled, killing one poor woman. A panic—most excusable indeed—seized the attendants; all crowded into the chapels and sacristies to the west, for the attack came from the east. The reports of cannon succeeding every moment, the church was quickly evacuated; fourteen Krupp guns sent an incessant shower of Shrapnels of the latest make. Several small brick columns of the double windows were shivered to atoms; the front of our Cathedral was much injured; the steeples are demolished, but the marble cross still holds its old position.

At 3:30, so violent was the attack that we thought our last hour had come. At 5, an ordinary Chinese cannon discharged at 300 metres from our Great Gate, sent us a ball which set a bell-clapper in motion. Exercised by such audacity, Commander Henry and Mgr. Jarlin gained over four Marines who, with thirty Christians, rush forward after a tremendous fire and capture the cannon which, notwithstanding a fierce discharge of musketry, they bring to us. This daring deed cost two Christians their lives, and two were wounded. Shortly after, reports of cannon ceased; the Boxers sent forth horrible yells, and set fire to the neighboring houses to the south; they will stop here;
for on this day, they have yielded place to their friends, the soldiers of Prince Toan. On this date alone, they had sent us 530 balls! We had to deplore the loss of three men and one woman. Not much affected by the explosion of so much powder.

Saturday, June 23.—The night comparatively calm, but at nine o'clock, the attack resumed with as much violence as on the previous evening. I was seated beside the Commander on a small bench near our Great Gate, noting the marble of the front of our beautiful church as it fell to pieces, when a skilful aim sent a bomb-shell to the very base of the cross, which, shattered, fell upon the pavement. I had been so happy only thirteen years ago, when I fastened this marble cross upon the summit of the edifice! Some day, if God spares us, it shall be planted there again. The bombardment ceases at 4 p.m. We had received on this day only 350 balls, not a man had been wounded, all prayed fervently in the momentary expectation of death. Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin were visibly protecting us.

Sunday, June 24.—The regulars, sheltered behind the walls of burned houses, send from early morn thousands of Mauser shots; their guns are powerful and of the latest model! Up to mid-day, we counted 30 reports of cannon; not much harm done by the bullets. Towards 4 p.m., a battery of four pieces was installed in the K'ou, at the north of our establishments. Tartars aim destructive shells at the church and squares, taking successively all our posts of the east. Two Christians killed. The Italians being short of ammunition, Commander Henry will aid them; ten French Marines will join them. Our shots sent from the distance of 750 metres silence the enemy; the Tartars lost more than 50 men, and hastily led off their cannon.
With us discipline is maintained, sanitary condition excellent; the divine protection, manifest; we hope now to be able to withstand future attacks which could not be more serious than those of the past days. God grant that we may have sufficient provision, and that the expected army will not be too long delayed!

Monday, June 25.—Night and morning rather quiet; but a great battle seems to be going on in the direction of the Legations; the cannons of yesterday are silent behind their intrenchments.—A shower of projectiles from the guns on the ramparts; we have been accustomed to such uproar during the past three days, that we pay but little attention to this. The Boxers place manikins on the roofs of houses; this childish strategem causes a loss of powder with us. We have only 275 cartridges for each man; we use them only in extreme cases.

Tuesday, June 26.—The Boxers set fire to the houses in our neighborhood, and work behind the imperial wall, using ladders and scaffolding to shoot at us more effectually. They fire from all directions but hurt no one. Heavy fighting in the evening near the Legations.

Wednesday, June 27.—At six a.m., the Boxers attacked us at the south; they entered our street with a large red flag, thinking, perhaps, that our guard at the gate of entrance was destroyed by the balls of preceding days. Our well-aimed guns put them to flight as on the first day; they were pursued, and the weapons they dropped were taken. In this sally of scarcely 100 metres, the second Mate unfortunately was wounded on the shoulder by a ball. From the tops of houses, from ladders and scaffolding, the enemy for six hours, threw their projectiles over our yards and verandas; a young girl was killed, and a
woman, wounded in the head. About eleven o'clock at night, we were surprised by a large band of Boxers hurling their fiery bombs and arrows against our Great Gate which, at the same time, they drenched with petroleum by means of engines. During this time, the regulars send a shower of balls from their Mausers: all our people are on the alert; the Great Gate is saved, but one Christian wounded. Our Marines are worthy of the highest praise; all wear the scapular and a Crucifix, and feel that God protects them.

Thursday, June 28.—After a quiet day, we were vigorously attacked at 6 p.m.—42 gun-shots per minute—a fearful night. The Boxers recommence their attack at the Great Gate. Our people, exasperated, resolve at midnight to dash forward: they rush upon the Boxers who pour petroleum upon us to the distance of 30 metres; ten of the enemy were killed, the rest put to flight. Our men take possession of the petroleum engines, of powder, lead, even chests of clothing. Despite the constant shots of the regulars, they succeed in setting fire to houses endangering our safety. The barrels taken still contain, each, one hundred pounds of petroleum.

Friday, June 29.—Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.—We offer our congratulations to the brave Commander Paul Henry; speak of Angers, his birthplace, and of the happiness of his parents on his return to them. He said to us: "You will see that we shall save the Pei-tang: perhaps some of us will not be there; I would be very happy to die in so noble a cause; I hope our good God would open paradise to me. If I must disappear, it will be only when you will no longer need me..." etc.

I implore him daily, not to expose himself; I fear for him, he is so valiant, so brave, so devoted!

It might be thought that the Boxers wished us to have this day in peace and joy: with the exception of some
balls that broke our windows or were flattened against our walls, as usual, all is quiet—no serious attack. At 10 p. m., a terrible storm burst upon us, and lightning seems to threaten the palace. Notwithstanding this, there is heavy cannonading in the direction of the Legations.

Saturday, June 30.—The morning is saddened by the death of our poor second Mate, Joannic; we thought him out of danger; but gangrene set in, and he was carried off in a few hours. Alas! we had no physician, no surgeon. He died as a brave Briton, fortified by the holy Sacraments.

At 11:30, we were surprised to find ourselves bombarded: twelve enormous shells darted into the air, but harmed no one. In fifteen minutes, this cannonading, accompanied by heavy musketry from the east, suddenly ceased. What could it mean? I see on the mount of the White Tower, situated in the centre of the palace lakes, 1,200 metres from us, twenty persons magnificently attired: we think that Prince Toan, the Empress, and other dignitaries have come to assist at the bombardment, as at a display of fire-works. Our Marines were anxious to send a salute of Lebels to this group; but I thought it more prudent not to increase a deep-rooted hatred.

At 5:30, we buried our second Mate, quite simply and hastily, in our garden, for the balls were flying around us. Our poor Christians are very sad, they say: "Why were not a hundred of us killed, instead of this brave sailor?"

Sunday, July 1.—About 8 o'clock, we heard constant reports of cannon at the south: could it be the reinforcement? We hoped even against hope. For the first time we ate flesh of asses; the mules and horses will be the next; we have eighteen of them. Small-pox is among the children; seven or eight are carried off daily.

Monday, July 2.—Attacks less frequent than during past days; but food is very poor: no vegetables, no salted weeds for our poor Christians; the ardor of the first days
is abating; heat at 38°, atmosphere moist: twelve days without tidings—how long it seems!

**Tuesday, July 3.**—A heavy rain increases our anxiety. If the rainy season sets in now, we must abandon all hope of deliverance.—It is well known that every one in China smokes; but our tobacco is all gone; our people substitute the dried and pulverized leaves of the pear-tree.—Mortality on the increase; we bury now as many as fifteen children a day.

**Wednesday, July 4.**—This morning the Legations were strongly assailed. Towards noon, we saw the soldiers and Boxers making a large pile at the north of the Yellow gate; it is evident they intend to plant cannon to bombard us at the distance of 800 metres. Our sharp-shooters disposed of a dozen of these bandits.

At five in the evening, the Boxers arranged themselves anew opposite to our Great Gate. The cannon we had taken was charged and pointed; the Chinese artillery-man, a Christian formerly employed in Prince Toan's army, applied the match too soon; the enemy fled, some few wounded. Christian clock-makers among our refugees, make excellent cartridges: Lebel, Mauser, and others; we have plenty of ammunition.

**Thursday, July 5.**—We have been able to fabricate powder for the cannon taken from the enemy, placing it at the sisters' establishment, to respond to the pieces that threaten us from the north; but it is very small compared with those of the enemy; they fired on us all day from the south of the Yellow wall, but not much harm done.

**Friday, July 6.**—Famine threatens us: rice, corn, beans, millet, all carefully weighed: more than we expected, nearly 60,000 pounds; this will allow daily one pound to each, for twenty days; by that time, we shall probably be delivered. At 5 p. m., we heard a singular noise; Congreve rockets were directed towards the church, breaking a
window, leaving after it a long fiery train. We picked up
the fusee; it was formed of a tube about 0.70 hammered
copper, garnished with a strong triangular point; the tail
has a wooden handle 3.50 in length. These projectiles
pierce a roof as effectually as a bullet and, moreover,
produce conflagration.

Saturday, July 7.—From 4:30 this morning, the Box-
ers have been throwing inflammable pots on the roofs of
our houses; more than 250 exploded, but we had taken
precautions: vessels, bathing-tubs, buckets of water, etc.;
men supplied with pumps stood ready so that the fire made
no progress. At six o’clock, we heard cannons from the
north; they sent us a shower of balls; we returned the
salute. The astonished Tartars at once exchanged their
cannon, replacing it by a Krupp. At the first discharge
of shells, our pointer was cut to pieces; the position was
untenable; all the buildings west of the Jen-tse-tang, rid-
dled. Besides, during the entire day, hundreds of rockets
were aimed at our roofs. This was the most disastrous
day of the siege. Towards evening, the shells were re-
placed by Chinese bombs, many of which did not explode:
360 discharges of cannon in twelve hours. We lost but
one man—a few wounded. Without miraculous protec-
tion, the whole establishment on that day would have been
a prey to the flames.

Sunday, July 8.—In the morning, the points most in-
jured by the cannonading of the previous day, were forti-
fied; but the firing commenced again about nine o’clock,
bullets first, then shells. The bell-tower completely de-
stroyed. Total: 200 cannon balls and new rockets, which
like those of the eve, failed of their object.

Monday, July 9.—At 5 a.m., the Boxers recommenced
their fire-pots; sharp shooting the entire day, 700 reports
of cannon: two Christians wounded. Our poor exhausted people begin to fear, as the enemy seem to be preparing to bombard us from the south and west. Eleven o'clock at night we hear terrible confusion in the direction of the Legations.

Tuesday, July 10.—After a quiet morning, the firing began again at 10 a.m.; at 2 p.m., more desperate attacks; two enormous cannons planted at the north are doing serious damage to our Great Gate and to the church. We silence them for a moment, but the Chinese artillery-men are determined to save their pieces. At the Great Gate, a sailor named David, was struck on the head by a ball and died half an hour after, fortified by the Sacraments. Only five men remain at this dangerous post; others take refuge at the fort; 700 balls, each weighing twenty-five pounds, have been sent to us; one of them after breaking into fragments a window in our chamber, fell upon the bed which I had just left. Another miracle! we cannot count them.

Wednesday, July 11.—A casemate in ruins, but repaired as quickly as possible, despite the flying balls. A Mauser grazed the cap of Mgr. Jarlin, carrying off a leather band: I came very near losing my Coadjutor; but the Blessed Virgin saved this dear and valiant bishop.

Bombarding recommenced at 1:30, and shortly after, a terrible explosion shook all our houses. An elevation of earth and stones, more than thirty metres in height, arose at the east of Jen-tse-tang. We hastened thither; happily, the mine had not fully succeeded, and we escaped with the damage of a few buildings which can be propped up: one man killed, and a few wounded. We thank God for this mercy... The bombardment goes on. A shell fell in the sisters' chapel, on the very seats they had just vacated to go to supper.

During the night, our people went to set fire to the
houses occupied yesterday by the Boxers; they found there twenty cases of petroleum, sabres, and guns, burned with the rest.

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Thursday, July 12.—The morning of this day was so calm, we fancied the soldiers had gone. But about 10:30, enormous bullets were showered upon us till six in the evening. On account of the distance, only thirty reached the goal, that is, our Great Gate which is now in a sad plight.

Friday, July 13.—Fearing the mines, we resolved to make an exploration about 2 o'clock in the morning. We found some holes commenced, these we filled up; and some coils of electric wire enveloped in gutta-percha, evidently destined to discharge the bombs. At noon the cannon was brought into action; a sailor was seriously injured in the head by the fall of some bricks; another was much bruised. From seven until nine in the evening, bombardment and discharge of musketry on the side of the Legations.

Saturday, July 14.—Some Christians set fire to the houses in the way of the firing from the Great Gate. At the Jen-tse-tang, about eleven o'clock, an Italian Marine was struck in the head by a ball and killed. A Christian looking to see whence the blow came, was also killed. With the exception of some hundred gunshots, the day was tranquil.

Sunday, July 15.—It is said that the Chinese gunners repent for not bombarding us yesterday: at 9 a.m., they recommence their work of destruction; artillery at the south and south-west do serious work at the Great Gate and at the church. 140 reports in the day, and continued at night. Another nocturnal exploration: two unfinished mines are discovered and destroyed.

Monday, July 16.—Boxers continue to hurl their fire-
pots, which, however, do little damage. From 9 a.m., they send us hundreds of bullets: a Christian woman is killed: a sailor has both eyes injured by an explosion: one of them is certainly lost.

Tuesday, July 17.—This day perhaps, is the most tranquil of the siege; no cannon, seldom a gunshot. The Boxers must be preparing an attack. We commenced a novena to St. Anne, patroness of our brave Britons; our beloved Commander, Henry, will take her the ex-voto which we promise, if we are delivered.

Wednesday, July 18.—We are hurrying on the work of a counter-mine already commenced; for some days past we have heard dull sounds at the west of the Jen-tse-tang, under the Yellow wall. About 11 o'clock, we noticed a move near the Lama's pagoda towards the east. Fifty wagons loaded with chests, bundles, Boxers, and soldiers. Is this the army of succor arriving, or do the Lamas fear the district is to be blown up?—Mystery!

Alas! the latter supposition was the true one. At five o'clock the mine exploded: 25 killed, 28 wounded. All the western portion of the Jen-tse-tang in ruins—all is hurry; an attack of the Boxers is expected, but they do not appear. Unfortunately, among the dead was Brother Joseph, Marist, who directed the works of the counter-mine—a young man 25 years of age, pious, brave, beloved, and universally regretted. The explosion caused a panic; all fancy they hear subterranean sounds: women and children in terror run from all directions, and braving the danger seek refuge in the cathedral, our central building.

Thursday, July 19.—Feast of Saint Vincent; buried Brother Joseph; exchange of shots with the Boxers: a French Marine struck on the head by a ball, died immediately, barely time to give him absolution.

Friday, July 20.—Our Christians set fire to houses endangering our safety; towards 6 p.m., the Boxers on their
side, burned a house south of our Great Gate. They are also laying a mine near the sisters' establishment; it is difficult to put our Christians to work, remembering the catastrophe of the 18th.

*Saturday, July 21.—* Provisions getting scarce: with strict economy we can hold out for fifteen days. Our people started to go to a little store 200 metres distant; but were stopped by the soldiers and Boxers, and returned empty-handed.

*Sunday, July 22.—* Shooting the whole night; the enemy evidently fear that we are in search of provisions: two Christians wounded, and a sailor had his left eye pierced by a bullet which lodged behind the ear, and remained there. One of our Christians reports that the Boxers are making a deep pit behind the Yellow wall; four men supplied with ample ammunition mount ladders and beat down twenty of the enemy, among them two mandarins. In the evening a heavy rain; casemates uninhabitable.

*Monday, July 23.—* After a half day of quiet, we were attacked at 4 p.m., by thousands of Boxers and regulars called together by horns and trumpets continually sounding. The north, east, and south, were attacked at the same time. The death of some Marines and the serious wounds of many others, deprive us of five guns. We have put all in service, the Marist Brothers and grown Chinese seminarians not yet in Orders, so that the number of our thirty Lebel is always filled, besides the ten Italians at the sisters' house. There was sharp fighting. The Boxers, Lamas, and regulars numbering more than a thousand, attempted to scale the walls; they left 150 dead bodies on the square and fled. In rage, the soldiers of Prince Toan spent all their powder at our Great Gate, and for one hour shot forth more than 5,000 Mauser balls which harmed no one. The bugles then sounded a retreat and we were left in peace at 9 p.m.
Tuesday, July 24.—We saw to the north-east, near the pagoda, a multitude of Boxers, with yellow turbans and cinctures: these were the Lamas enlisted; they carried the French flag; this childish sport excited laughter, despite the sadness of the moment.—At 4:30, the horns summoned the Boxers anew, and we expected an attack; we were happily disappointed. The lesson of the previous evening had been profitable. On that day three Christians were wounded; a new mine at the south was found out and destroyed. From the height of the church during the day, countless standards were seen, and at night, as many lanterns on the city walls.

Wednesday, July 25.—Day comparatively tranquil; our Christians venture out and burn some ruined houses, but are not molested. Boxers are digging deep trenches behind the Yellow wall, for what purpose we know not; our Marines struck down a dozen of these brigands.

Thursday, June 26.—Heard a detonation at a very early hour: an explosion of a mine was feared and every one hastened to his post—a false alarm. A fierce Boxer had placed a large bomb against our eastern wall; this burst but did no harm. At 3 o'clock, Father Chavanne, a Priest of our Congregation, died quite suddenly: some days before, he was wounded while on guard, by a ball, probably poisoned; for it caused the black small-pox of which disease he died.

Friday, July 27.—We heard distinctly heavy cannonading at the south and east; we look continually for the army. Some rockets thrown up at night gave us the idea that the Legatious were communicating by signals with the troops outside the city: we easily believe what we hope for...

Saturday, July 28.—Our fears, relative to provisions, are
excited; the amount now is eight ounces a day to each individual; in this way we shall be able to live for ten days. Discharge of cannon is heard about ten o'clock; one piece was pointed only 100 metres from Jen-tse-tang: the managers were cut down, but the pieces were carried a little farther from us, and sent us 75 projectiles; the enemy seem to be short of ammunition, and charge the cannon with stone bullets. During the night 35 bombs were received and countless gunshots.

* * *

Sunday, July 29.—Bombarding continues; the soldiers shot 115 bullets at once, and the balls were so numerous that our battlements are demolished: three Christians killed.

Monday, July 30.—A bad night; continual firing on the Jen-tse-tang. At 7 a.m., cannons opened fire, seconded by a violent discharge of musketry. Commander Henry is at the breach with twelve men; the Boxers enter in crowds laden with fagots dipped in petroleum; these they light at the north wall.

Commander Henry is everywhere: hundreds of Boxers are slain; unfortunately, two of our sailors are wounded by a ball which pierced the Commander's neck. Descending from the elevation, he received a second Mauser ball in the side. Despite these mortal wounds, he maintained his position; but, finally, fainting under the veranda, he falls into the arms of a priest who gives him the last Sacraments. He expired in about twenty minutes as a brave soldier and a good Christian; we wept but once during the siege, and it was on this day. Never were our prospects darker. Quartermaster Elias took command of the detachment; but Mgr. Jarlin was at hand to watch over the conduct of our Britons who wept like children at the death of their chief. 150 reports of cannon throughout the day;
one hope remained to us, for the Commander had said: “I shall not be taken from you, as long as you will need me”.

From the height of heaven he will watch over us and guard us with St. Maurice and St. George.

Tuesday, July 31.—The Boxers shoot their arrows, to which many copies of the same letter are suspended; the substance as follows:

“You Christians, shut up in the Pei-tang, reduced to dire misery, eating the leaves of trees, why do you so obstinately resist when you can do nothing? We have cannons and mines and can blow you all up in a short time. You are deceived by the devils of Europe; return to the ancient religion of “Foou”; hand over Mgr. Favier and the rest, and your lives will be saved, and we will supply you with food. If you do not do this, your women and children will be cut to pieces.”

It is needless to say that not one of our brave Christians was tempted to accept the offer; and yet, at this time, no one received but 300 grams of food per day.

80 cannon balls have done no great damage to-day; but the roofs of our houses are almost all pierced.

Wednesday, August 1.—At six this morning, three or four hundred Boxers returned by the north; but they were speedily dislodged; 50, at least, killed.

Shortly after, we heard in the direction of the Lamas’ pagoda, shouts and reports of musketry; it seems there was a dispute between the Boxers and soldiers, and these latter fired.

Thursday, Aug. 2.—We are reducing the rations of our Christians and our own: general exhaustion; we have only sufficient to save us from dying of starvation. The dogs, feeding on the dead bodies of the Boxers, are chased, killed, and eaten; our poor Christians add this disgusting nourishment to the leaves of trees and roots of plants. It is long past the rainy season, but no rain has fallen:
GOD wishes to leave the roads free for the army of succor.

Friday, Aug. 3.—It might be thought that we are no longer watched; reports of cannon, rare. There is talk of going to-morrow morning at 2 o'clock, in search of grain; but this would expose the lives of two thirds of our Marines; we will wait until there is absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Saturday, Aug. 4.—According to custom of the past four days, we have not been disturbed during the day; but at night there is violent shooting. The Boxers and regulars know that we are at the last extremity and wish to prevent us from going out. Urged by hunger, however, some Christians venture; search the burnt dwellings, and bring back a little rice found among the ruins; how sad!

Sunday, Aug. 5.—The question of provisions is almost the only one that troubles us; we can resist balls, bullets, and shells, but not famine. We carefully weigh whatever can be eaten: total, 7,000 pounds. It is decided that our 3,000 persons will have 1,000 pounds a day; this will be for seven days. We hope the troops will arrive this week; our merciful God has wonderfully protected us so far!

Monday, Aug. 6.—Some Christians in a state of starvation, go in search of food; three are taken by the Boxers and led off to be hacked to pieces. To this sorrow, another is added: the sailor on duty at the Great Gate had the right eye pierced by a bullet. Already, three of our poor soldiers are blind.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Heavy cannonading at a distance. Soldiers and Boxers attack us but feebly; this inspires the hope that the army is approaching; but our Christians are so exhausted that they lie down under the veranda, haggard, pale, and almost dead; should the enemy assail us, but 25 of our 500 lancers, would be in a condition to offer resistance.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.—All is quiet with us, but we hear
Thursday, Aug. 9.—We are on the alert, for the Boxers tell us we are to be blown up: despite the danger, some venture out at the east of the Great Gate. One Christian killed, two wounded; a mine was discovered, but no time to destroy it.

Friday, Aug. 10.—We find with terror, that provisions can last but two days; we set aside 400 pounds of rice and a mule, that our defenders may have wherewith to live ten days.

The question is asked, if we have re-erved anything for ourselves and the sisters. We answer: "No! we will die with our Christians." Some remark, however, that we are more to be pitied than the poor creatures who, at least, can eat the leaves of trees, which we cannot do. It was then decided, that a two-pound loaf be given to each of us; this last reserve we shall keep in our room.

Rations are reduced to two ounces for each individual; this will provide for six days; but what days! At last water fails, and we cannot live long deprived of that.

At noon, a fresh cannonading from the north and east: only 50 balls; firing weak: the Boxers alone seem supplied with powder. Towards 3 o'clock, we saw a balloon caught at the south: our confidence increases.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—60 reports of cannon to-day: instead of bullets, broken earthen-ware, nails, stones, bricks; anything at all, employed. In the evening, we discover and destroy a mine at the south of the Great Gate.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—At 6:15 a.m., terrible explosion: a mine near the sisters' house. All hasten thither; fortunately, the majority of the children and the sisters were at Mass in the chapel, otherwise, half of the household would have been blown up. All the eastern portion of the
Jen-tse-tang a heap of ruins: frightful destruction! An opening, 7 metres in depth, 40 in diameter, marks the spot. Five Italian Marines and their officers are missing; more than 80 Christians, comprising adults and children, are buried forever under this chaos. In the midst of a shower of balls, we hasten to assist the wounded.

Brother Jules André, Visitor of the Marists, in rescuing a woman half buried in the rubbish, received a mortal blow. This was a man of undaunted courage, displaying throughout the siege, a degree of wisdom, devotedness, and valor, which no words could express.

Our French Marines hastening to the scene of disaster, disposed of 50 Boxers trying to enter; the others took flight. We were seeking for the bodies until evening. We rescued Mr. Olivieri, Commander of the Italian detachment; he was severely wounded, but will be saved. Of his five Marines, two were found living, but they cannot recover. A body of French Marines is stationed at the Jen-tse-tang, with some seminarians, to defend the breach 80 metres in extent. Steady cannonading since 8 a.m. More than a hundred projectiles have reached us. We are at the last extremity.

Monday, Aug. 13.—Intense suffering from hunger, despondency general; but repeated reports of cannon at a distance, inspire a little hope. At 11 a.m., another explosion of a mine at the Jen-tse-tang; thank God! it was not well laid, and the destruction it caused, relatively slight.

In the evening, the Boxers were heard to cry out: "The devils of Europe are coming; we shall die if need be, but you will all be blown up first!"

At 4 p.m., the brave Marine, Robours, was killed at his post by a ball. We have food only for two days—and what food!

Tuesday, Aug. 14.—A terrible fight going on at the south-
east; cannon, grape-shot, artillery; from the height of the
church we note the disappearance of Chinese flags from
the walls.

At 11 a.m., bombarding continued; we see fugitives
hurrying on, people removing. Despite the bullets show­
ered upon us from all sides, hope revives in all hearts.
We can talk, and even smile; for, certainly, the allied
forces must be attacking Pekin. At 5 p.m., by means of a
powerful telescope, we noticed on the walls five foreign
officers and a Marine advancing towards the east; not far
from these an American flag. Up to 9 o’clock, the firing
continued; two or three hundred wounded Chinese carried
away.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Feast of the Assumption.—Before
day, a fire is observed to the east of a gate of Pekin. From
7 till 9, incessant discharge of cannon, grape-shot and artil­
lery; probably the army gives the assault. Numerous
European soldiers are seen on the walls, where yesterday
the five officers stood.

We hoped until nine in the evening, that they had come
to deliver us. Finally, the Blessed Virgin who, on the
day of her glorious Assumption, permitted the troops to
enter Pekin, will send them to us to-morrow, please GOD!
Only 400 pounds of food for 3,000 persons! Providence
seems to have counted the grains of rice; who could have
done this more accurately?

Thursday, August 16.—I said Mass at six o’clock, and
was making my thanksgiving under a veranda, when I
heard heavy reports of musketry from a large body advanc­
ing by the south.

Towards 7:30, the reports drew nearer, and by 8 o’clock
they were but 300 metres from us, behind the gate of the
Yellow City, called Si-Hoa. This gate had been closed;
numerous regulars had been stationed there; and in the
street from this gate to the Imperial Palace, many strong barricades made of sacks of rice, were defended by at least, 1,500 men armed with powerful revolvers, without counting the Boxers and soldiers posted in fortified houses.

Our men on the walls, thought they recognized European soldiers stationed behind the gate; others thought these were Chinese soldiers; hence, we could not tell whether a final attack, or deliverance awaited us. At haphazard, I played upon the bugle three times, the salute to the "Helmet of Père Bugeaud." No response from the distance, but from within, a shower of projectiles rained upon us. A shell burst at my feet; I had time to shelter myself behind a pillar of brick. At the end of half an hour, a daring Christian on the wall of the Yellow City, ran to me, saying: "It is certainly the Europeans; I saw an officer in white with gold lace."

We had already placed on the highest point of the church a large French standard with the signal: "We ask immediate help." The Director of the Seminary with his students, then carried another flag 200 metres farther to the north, and renewed the bugle peals. The officer that had been spied, drew near the flag: a ladder was passed to him, and he grasped the hand of my coadjutor who was at this point. This was a Japanese captain; he asked:

"Can you open the gate of the Yellow City?"

This was impossible considering our small number.

"Very well," said he; "I will attempt to blow it up. And he passed to the other side of the wall. At this moment we beheld a new body of soldiers in blue, advancing rapidly with cannon.

"This time," they cried out to me, "there is no doubt; it is the French." They made for the flag, placed ladders on their side, and we on ours. In a few moments, 50 men of Marty's Company with their captain, were with us.
In the meantime, the Japanese scaling the wall farther to the north, had opened a side of the gate; the French artillery stationed opposite, finished the work, and despite a sharp and constant firing, seized the barricades.

The infantry and Marines with us had time to cross our buildings and to reach the great barricade in the rear, after having burned the fortified houses and destroyed those who defended them.

The contest was over. More than 800 bodies of Boxers, or Chinese regulars lay upon the ground. We had to deplore the loss of two men killed, and three wounded, among whom was the Commander Marty.

This was about ten o'clock. Within fifteen minutes, Mr. Pichon, the French Minister, and General Frey were at the Pei-tang; it is needless to say how cordial and heartfelt were our mutual congratulations. We were delivered, and delivered by the French soldiers.


The subjoined fragment of a letter written by a soldier of the French expedition was published by the Indre-et-Loire. In his own way, as we shall see, this soldier designates the vicar apostolic, and his coadjutor, as the archbishop and the bishop: and we at once recognize Mgr. Favier, and Mgr. Jarlin.

Pekin, September 14, 1900.

"My very dear Parents,

"I now reply to your letter of June 24, the very day that I embarked for China.

"This letter reached me to-day at Pekin......

"We have not had many killed or wounded but the route from Tien-tsin to Pekin was terrible......

"The march was so rapid that we are already at Pekin.

"Pekin is inclosed by three walls."
"The first wall, ten metres high and twelve wide, in­
closes the Chinese Commercial City.

"The second inclosure forms the Tartar City, that is
where the Europeans—French, and other nations reside.
Lastly, the third inclosure comprises the Imperial City.

"We entered Pekin on the evening of the 15th, and on
the 16th, we made our way into the imperial city to a
place called the Pei-tang. We found there forty sailors, with
some civilians, sisters, priests, the bishop, and the archbishop.

"They had been held there some months; they had
thrown up fortifications and had made a desperate attempt
at self-defense; for, had they been taken by the Chinese,
they must have perished in frightful tortures.

"We did not arrive too soon! their ramparts were taken
and occupied by the Chinese.

"Never in my life have I seen, nor could any one imagine
anything more sad. As soon as these unfortunate people
heard the noise of the bombardment and the crackling of
the fire as it spread in every direction, they understood,
they knew, that we were at work at last! We had manu­
ufactured large ladders that we might be able to pass over
the wall, and now we stood opposite the place where the
Europeans had been defending themselves. Our shouts
reach their ears. They also had ladders and they soon
gain the top of the wall.

"The first to appear there is the archbishop, hair and
beard as white as snow, the crucifix upon his breast, and in
his hand a large French flag.

"We were in the front line, and only about five hundred
metres away, when we perceived this grand figure. We
were much fatigued; but at the sight of the flag held by
the old man, a deafening cheer went up from every breast,
and each strove to outstrip the other in speed. We reach
the base of the wall, ladders are planted, one moment
more, and we are within the inclosure.
"Archbishop, bishop, priests, sisters, sailors, all give us a cordial welcome; even now, my dear mother, I weep at the remembrance of that never-to-be-forgotten hour.

"When the archbishop spoke to us we were all so overcome that every man covered his face to hide his tears.

"The sisters gave us some bread, whilst they thanked us in terms of the deepest gratitude.

"Rejoiced that the long-looked-for deliverance had come, the poor sailors cut the most ridiculous figures as wild with joy they leaped and jumped about throwing their caps into the air.

"I reserve the rest, my dear mother, to tell you when we meet, as such a scene would not easily be described; for, if I live one hundred years, never could I forget it."

The Journal of Sr. Jaurias giving an account of the siege of the Pei-tang is very similar to the Journal of Mgr. Favier. We shall insert this Journal in the next Number of the Annals, as it contains some new details and many edifying reflections of the lamented Sr. Jaurias.

III.—AFTER THE SIEGE.

On the very day of the deliverance of the Pei-tang, Mgr. Favier addressed to the Superior General the following letter, already published:

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF PEKIN AND NORTH TCHE-LY.

Pekin, Aug. 16, 1900.

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

Yesterday, the troops entered Pekin, and we owe our deliverance, this morning, to the French. During the two months' siege 2,400 shells or bullets were poured upon the Pei-tang; everything is in ruins; the church must be rebuilt; many have lost their lives by the explosion of the...
mines, as well as by the bullets and the famine: we have now provisions only for two days, allowing two ounces for each individual; the animals, leaves of trees, roots, etc., all have served as food to our starving people. More than one hundred and twenty children have died, and fifty-one were buried under the ruins by one explosion; we have four hundred graves in our garden!...At last, our three thousand Christians of both sexes are saved; so far, we have not to mourn the death of any sister in our mission.

Father Chavanne, died during the siege, of a wound and the small-pox. Fathers Garrigues and Doré are martyrs, massacred in their parishes. Whilst trying to make his way to the Pei-tang yesterday evening, Father d’Adosio was massacred in the street. We have been informed of the death of four or five Chinese Fathers, and, probably, there are other victims; of these I shall write later.

At Pekin, everything has been destroyed by fire, with exception of the Pei-tang, which made an heroic resistance, defended by forty Marines! You shall have, shortly, other details. We have suffered much; but, our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints have wrought unceasing miracles in our favor.

And now, as Saint Vincent would say: “Let us not lose heart, the work must all be recommenced; well, with God’s help, this will be accomplished.” In our Vicariate alone we count over twenty thousand martyrs; and, surely, these will aid us in our efforts, they will intercede for us in Heaven! There are no faint-hearted ones amongst us, and all hope for the best. In the love of our Lord,

Your very humble Son,

A. FAVIER.

P. S.—Aug. 17th. Sister Jaurias has received the last Sacraments, but the news of our deliverance has revived her.

Shang-hai, September 6, 1900.

Most Honored Father,

Your blessing, if you please!

Here are some details: The venerable Father d'Addosio was massacred on the day following that of the entrance of the allies into Pekin. He was hastening from the French Legation to the Pei-tang to announce the glad tidings: this was perhaps an imprudent act, yet the imprudence was compensated for by the heroism of a noble heart. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a few paces when he was killed by Prince Toan's soldiers. Father Chavanne died of the small-pox at the Pei-tang; Father Doré was burned alive in his church (Si-tang); Father Garrigues was burned in his church (Tong-tang); Father Peter Nié was burned in his oratory at Yen-chan, in the prefecture of Tien-tsin; lastly, the venerable Sister Jaurias, who passed through all the trials of a siege that lasted more than two months, without ever losing her calm self-possession.

At divers intervals, the subterranean mines, excavated by the Boxers, exploded in different sections of Jen-tse-tang. Fifty children of the crèche were killed by one explosion; there were besides many victims from other mines. No Sister of Charity has yet received any injury from these explosions. Although her heart was broken at the sight of so many calamities, Sister Jaurias seemed, nevertheless, impassable; truly did she persevere unto the end, and when the peril was almost past, she sank, without a struggle, or even apparent suffering. She had received the last Sacraments and, in death, was as calm and

1 Father Bartholomew Ly who was at first believed to have been massacred escaped from the Boxers.
peaceful as she had ever been in life. Those who knew her well will be better able to portray her holy life than I; and yet, I do affirm that, rarely, perhaps never, have I met an individual possessing in so great a degree meekness, and gentleness; more completely mistress of herself, and, at the same time, capable of carrying so far the power of endurance, as Sister Jaurias.

What a beautiful type of the Sister of Charity moulded after the primitive spirit of the true Daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul! May our Lord grant her many imitators in our Province of China!

Here then, Most Honored Father, are the six children that you have lost: Father d'Addosio, venerable by his years, and not less venerable in his virtues; Father Chavanne, upon whom high hopes were built by men, but whom our good God has snatched from us; Father Garrigues, a true type of simplicity; like another Nathanael, all who held intercourse with him recognized the charm of his simplicity, his mildness, his zeal; Father Doré, always aglow with holy zeal, so that it might be said he was consumed in a nimbus of burning gold; Father Peter Nié, who died in that part of the vineyard formerly fertilized by the toil and sweat of the heroic Father Chevrier; lastly good Sister Jaurias.

With these dear victims who were, upon earth, and, in Heaven, are still, your Children, were four others, two of them secular priests: Father Thomas Pao, Father Andrew Ly, and two Marist Brothers—one the Visitor of China, the other the Director of the School of Cha-la-heul. All these are so many devoted laborers lost to our dear mission of Pekin...

There are no dead at Kiang-si, but ruins everywhere. It seems to be the turn of Kien-tchang, Kiou-tou, Tsi-tou in the Vicariate of Mgr. Vic, to whom nothing is now
left but the residence of Fou-tcheou. Alas! will this residence be yet standing when he returns? L. Boscot.

Paul Henry Midshipman

Paul Henry, of the warship d’Entrecasteaux, of the French Squadron sent to China was originally from Anjou. We have heard with what intelligence and what heroism he directed the defense of the vast residence of the Missionaries, besieged in the city of Pekin. His portrait has been placed in our Mother-House at Paris, among those of persons who are dearest to the Congregation, in one of the large parlors. Beneath the picture has been placed the following inscription:

PAUL HENRY
ENSEIGNE DE VAISSEAU
CHARGE DE LA DEFENSE DU PETANG
OU IL SUCCOMBA HEROIQUEMENT
EN SAUVANT DU MASSACRE LES MISSIONNAIRES
LES FILLES DE LA CHARITE ET DE NOMBREUX CHRETIENS
(SIEGE DE PEKIN, 1900).

Form Mgr. Favier’s letter, yet to be given, we may form some idea of the Christian virtues of this admirable young man. One of his colleagues, an officer of the d’Entrecasteaux, referring to his generosity, says: “Henry was not named for the detachment sent to Pekin. He was altogether unsettled when he learned he must relinquish to another his right in this project of devotedness; besides, he thought,

1. Paul Henry, Midshipman, charged with the defense of the Pei-tang where he fell, heroically saving the Missionaries, Sisters of Charity, and numerous Christians (Siege of Pekin 1900).
PAUL HENRY

Midshipman, entrusted with the defence of the Pé-Tang, he died a hero's death, in saving from massacre the Missionaries, Sisters of Charity, and numerous Christians.
(Siege of Peking, 1900.)
and rightly, that military honor made it a duty for a fusilier officer attached to the Company charged with the landing of troops, for the different points of action, to march at the head of the men whom he had prepared for these engagements. After serious reflection on the course to be pursued, he sought out the Commander to whom he so clearly represented the case that he was appointed instead of the one first chosen. I seem still to see him, his countenance radiant with joy, as he made the welcome announcement to us."

Mgr. Favier's Journal recounts the valor of the young officer and relates how he fell. During an assault by the enemy, he was first wounded in the neck; he continued to direct his men until the moment when exhausted, he felt that it was absolutely necessary to have the wound attended to; as he withdrew to the rear, he received a mortal wound from a second ball.

In a letter to the father of the young and heroic defender of the Pei-tang, Mgr. Favier writes: "I will tell you frankly, never, in my life, have I met so accomplished a young man as this dear Mr. Paul. He was gifted in every way: perfect skill in his profession, the valor of a hero, the piety of a seminarian; with all this, of fine presence: tall, well-built, strong, and his affability beyond expression. Do not think that I sketch this portrait for his father alone I trace it for all, and each one may recognize in this picture,—your son!

"It was on June 1st, that he arrived with his thirty Marines to defend our Catholic establishments of the Pei-tang. He made a thorough examination of our possibilities of defense; there were nearly five thousand ft. of wall! He at once took measures to secure the defense of the heart of the foundation,—the cathedral. It was only after becoming acquainted with the cowardice of our enemies that he decided that his efforts to save us were not entirely
hopeless. You can read the details of the siege as published by the *Missions Catholiques* which I have just sent by the last mail.

"To return to our good Paul. He led with us the life of a Lazarist; sharing our meals, our recreations, and almost our spiritual exercises. He said his prayers in his room kneeling before the crucifix on a prie-Dieu. He went to confession very frequently, and each time received Holy Communion with great fervor, saying that he *must be ready*. Truly, he was ready: for he was indeed a saint!

"He came to my room every morning about seven o'clock; we spoke of the siege, and, without knowing it, he bore away with him each time a special blessing. I said to him: "Do not expose yourself; be careful for sake and that of your own family etc. He invariably replied: "I must give good example to my men, I would be happy to die in so noble a cause; such a death I believe would be martyrdom and I have the hope that I would go straight to Heaven. You will see that we shall save the Pei-tang; we shall not all be there, perhaps, to see the end; but we shall save it. If I must disappear, I shall only be taken from you when you no longer have any need of me..."

"He also spoke much of Angers and of all of you; the joy of meeting you again, the arrival at the depot, perhaps of his betrothed!...The vow to Saint Anne d'Auray, etc. etc. Always: "if our good God so wills." Now, it is I who, instead of our good friend, will go to see his excellent parents and who will make the pilgrimage, probably about the end of next December, or in January of 1901.

"On July 30th, at half-past six in the morning, our good Paul had not yet come to my room, when a cannon thundered above the sisters' house threatening wholesale destruction. Our brave boy who had just finished his prayers hastened with some of his men to the scene of danger. Thanks to him, the sisters were saved, the cannon
captured and more than one hundred and forty Boxers killed; he was in the act of going down, when a ball rebounding from the hand and the shoulder of two Marines penetrated into the neck of poor Paul. Notwithstanding this grave wound, he was descending when a second ball struck him in the side; he still moved on four or five steps under the veranda, where he fell into the arms of a priest, who hastened to give him the last sacraments; twenty minutes later, he was no more.

"We laid him out, we wept,—we buried him. How grand he looked! and seemed like one in slumber; a heavenly ray from paradise illumined his countenance; our brave Christians shed torrents of tears, and the grief of the Marines was heart-rending; no one touched a morsel of food on that day, for we thought all was over for us.

"This was a want of faith. On the contrary, his words to us were about to be realized: 'I shall be taken from you only when you will need me no longer'. From July 30th, to August 16th, the date of our deliverance, we had no really dangerous attack!

"Let me tell you, in confidence, that so convinced was I of the salvation of our Paul, that I invoked him at the same time with St. George and St. Maurice. I am persuaded that he obtained from Almighty God our deliverance.

"When so good a Christian as you are, has lost such a son, instead of reciting the De Profundis, the Te Deum should be chanted.—I shall soon go to see you, and after having paid to nature the tribute of our tears, we shall together return thanks to God for having glorified a new Saint.

"A little prayer for an old bishop of China, who loves you and sends you his heartfelt blessing.

"*ALPH. FAVIER.*"
EXTRACTS FROM THE ACTS OF THE CIVIL STATE OF THE
FRANCE LEGATION FOR THE YEAR 1900.

Garrigues. (Jules), Missionary of the Congregation of the Mission or Lazarists, residing at Pekin, China, in the establishment known as the Tong-tang, born at Saint-Sernin, (Tarn), June 23, 1840, massacred at Pekin, by the Chinese soldiers June 14, 1900, without the possibility of finding the body notwithstanding the most diligent research.

Doré (Maurice Charles Pascal), Missionary of the Congregation of the Mission residing at Pekin, China, in the establishment known as the Si-tang, born in Paris, May 15, 1862, massacred in Pekin by the Chinese soldiers, June 15, 1900, without the possibility of finding the body notwithstanding the most diligent research.

D'Addosio (Raphaël), Missionary of the Congregation of the Mission or Lazarists, residing at Pekin, China, in the establishment known as the Nan-tang, born at Prescie (Otranto, Naples, Italy), December 19, 1835, massacred at Pekin by the Chinese soldiers, August 15, without the possibility of finding the body, notwithstanding the most diligent research.

Chavanne (Antoine Claude), Missionary of the Congregation of the Mission or Lazarists, residing at Pekin, China, in the establishment known as the Pei-tang, born at Saint Chamond, Loire, August 20, 1862, died at Pekin, July 26, 1900, of a wound inflicted by the Boxers, July 17th.

FROM NAN-TANG TO PEKIN

Sr. Lieutier, Superioress of the French Hospital of the Nan-tang, at Pekin, has informed us how she and her companions were saved from death.

"From the very first attack the Boxers turned their arms against religious women. It was Mr. Chamot, proprietor
of the Hotel of Pekin, that rescued us; he came to the Hospital at midnight, with his wife, armed like himself, and about eleven of his employees who had volunteered. They made their way to us by rail only after killing several of the Boxers; they took us out by main force at three o'clock in the morning.

"A few moments later, a Chinese troop surrounded the Hospital, crying out: 'Let us kill, let us burn the nine sisters!' They made search for us, imploring their demons to bring us up out of the earth, pillaging, carrying off all they could lay their hands on, massacring almost all our Christians. Not a stone is left upon a stone of our Hospital, and we have not wherewith to care for our poor sick; the linen, clothing, and even the money which we had buried, all is carried off. At the Legations, where we took refuge, the cannons of the Chinese were turned upon us every time that hospital service required us to pass through the gardens.

"Now, our dear French are in the palace, and they resist every attack, burn the pagodas, and the houses where the Boxers are concealed. We have nothing to fear except the mines.

"At the Jen-tse-tang, one half of our beautiful house has been destroyed by the mines. As for us, we find a shelter in the midst of rubbish, wearing the same clothing since the commencement of the siege; this is all that is left to us.

"Sister Jaurias has just expired; her death is the result of anxiety and privations. We would all be dead were it not for Mr. Chamot, who rescued us, and provided us with food during the two months of the siege. How deeply we are indebted to him!'"
DECORATIONS.

The Journal officiel de la République française, of December 15, 1900, gives the following nominations in the Order of the Legion of Honor:

To the grade of Knight:

Mgr. Favien (Alphonse Pierre Marie), of the Congregation of Lazarists, Bishop of Pekin, organized the defense of the Pei-tang.

Mgr. Jarlin (Stanislas), of the Congregation of the Lazarists, Bishop of Tehin-ting-fou; acquired special distinction in the late Chinese disturbances.

Mme. Lieutier (Marie Alexandre Hyppolyte), of the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, Superioress of the French Hospital; distinguished herself during the siege of the Pei-tang.

Two other Missionaries of China were also decorated: Fathers Becker and Laveissière, of the Congregation of the Foreign Missions of Paris, and the Society of Jesus.

The following was published in one of the Philadelphia papers—

TOUCHING LETTERS FROM A SISTER OF CHARITY WHO WITNESSED THE MASSACRES IN CHINA.


"Sister Joannes, 1 a member of the order of Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul and a former resident of North Carolina, was in Tien-tsin during the recent massacre and her letters to friends in the United States, possess a value which few letters written even in that history-making time can boast. Sister Joannes was one of the two American

Sisters of Charity in China during that awful time, and her letters give the merest outline of her own sufferings.

"There is the constant note of regret that death by violence was not for her. She writes in resigned humility, that she was not worthy to give the greatest proof of love, "to lay down life for Christ's sweet sake," and again: "I regret the crown that I thought so near, but my life is His, and I must wait His disposition:

"L'Hôpital Général, Tien-tsin, September 24, 1900.

DEAR MOTHER—

I received your letter and regret sincerely that I have caused you such long and acute anxiety. Yes, dear mother, I live by a most miraculous preservation. I live, while thousands have given that greatest proof of love: to lay down life for Christ's sweet sake. They have won the reward by crucifixion, by fire, or by the sword. I am not worthy.

Tien-tsin had a twenty days' and nights' battle against some 50,000 soldiers and "Boxers." We were shelled for several hours almost every day. Four shells exploded in our dwelling—one of them in my bed as I was standing by, dressing. So you see, the God of Armies protected your child. We received Holy Communion every morning, except three, and I said many times, "Father, let my exile end to-day."

Every one prepared for martyrdom, even the officers, Catholic and non-Catholic. There were two armoires (clothes presses) in my room; one of them was completely destroyed by bullets and fell to the floor in pieces; the other has forty-six bullet holes in the front. You may imagine, therefore, how closely we were pursued. I cannot see how we escaped, for day and night we were with the wounded—priests, brothers, sisters, and nurses—attende.
ing to the hundreds brought in bleeding, dead, or dying. I am still with them—brave men who gave their blood to save ours. In three days 800 Europeans and 15,000 natives died on the field. The Chinese leave the dead and wounded where they fall, and two or three times during the week the Europeans, to prevent pestilence, had to gather the dead in piles of 600 to 800 and burn them. The smoke, the flames, the smell, were like hell. "I received calls from the physician and chaplain and another from the American troops. The priest, Father Gleason, never wearies praising the American soldier. Our flag was the first raised at Pekin.

"I am not very well. The great heat—106 to 108 degrees—and the fatigue have told on me. Our sisters in Pekin ate dogs and cats, and the bishop said the priests and sisters should first supply the poor before taking anything themselves, so you may imagine how large was the piece they received. The "Boxers" brought the sisters to the pagoda to sacrifice to them, and a Protestant gentleman headed a band who rescued them. A lady, with pistol in hand, went with the band to save the sisters. She is an American and a Protestant. I could write a week and still have much unsaid. I am sure God loves you, dear mother, since I am saved. With fondest love to every one, etc.

SISTER JOANNES.

Sister of Charity.

L'Hôpital Général, Tien-Tsin, September 24, 1900.

DEAR SISTER ANNIE:

"I beg you to read mine to mother, as it contains almost everything, and I am pressed for time.

"I received your last, yesterday. You were right. On the 17th (of June), the battle between us and China began. The 22d is the anniversary of the massacre of ten of our
sisters here in Tien-tsin, a few years since, and this year
the “Boxers” declared they would make the 22d a double
anniversary. The altar for human sacrifice was erected,
and they fought like thirsty tigers to reach us. The voice
of all was raised to God—our hearts knew but one prayer:
“Send us help!” The soldiers could not reach us; they
fought two days outside the city, when lo! on the morning
of the 23d, 1,500 English forced their way into the city
and discharged cannon to give us hope. Nearly a thousand
native Christians came to us for protection. Oh, the arm
of God is strong!

“Our suffering bears no comparison with that of Pekin,
where the blood of thousands flowed in streams. Tell
Marian, over seventy Chinese boys, younger than she, said
to the “Boxers,” “You may whip us, you may kill us, but
we will not sacrifice to the statue.” They were in the
pagoda, and the cruel “Boxers” took them by their little
legs and tore their bodies in two. Glorious little martyrs.

Now, since things are more calm, I regret the crown that
I thought so near, but my life is His, and I must wait
His disposition. Thanks for the Messenger of the Sacred
Heart. I am still under the awful impression, and a little
English reading relieves me.

I trust you are well. Love to all. Yours etc.,

SISTER JOANNES,
Sister of Charity.
FOR THE VICTIMS OF CHINA.

At Paris, prayers were joined to the anguish and ardent sympathy experienced by generous hearts for the victims of China.

A solemn service was celebrated at the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame de Paris.

Later, October 18th, a similar service was held at the Mother-House of the Congregation of the Mission. The Univers, on the following day, published an account of the ceremony:

"In the language of the Church, Martyrdom is the testimony rendered to Jesus Christ and to religion by him who lays down his life for the faith.

"Nothing bears with it so powerful a conviction as the sacrifice of one's life in support of a doctrine: 'I believe,' says Pascal, 'witnesses who die in defense of their testimony'.

Among the numerous Christian victims of the odious massacres of China there are doubtless those to whom, after the examination of the conditions and circumstances of their death, the Church will one day decree the martyr's palm.

"But until religious authority has pronounced its decision on this subject, whatever may be the veneration inspired by these valorous Christians, and, notwithstanding the enthusiastic admiration which may be awakened within us, by their tragic end, we should, as submissive Christians, offer our prayers for them, as we do for all who have met their death in China.

"It was in obedience to this sentiment of submission to the sovereign authority of the Church, that so many devout persons, assisted at the solemn service held this morning, at nine o'clock, in the Chapel of the Mission, Rue de Sèvres, 95, for the intention of the Missionaries, the Sisters of Charity, the Chinese Christians, and their heroic and
generous defenders who died, or were massacred recently in the Vicariate Apostolic of Pekin.

"The decorations of the Chapel of the Mission were quite in keeping with the occasion. A black drapery spangled with silver, around the altar, a plain catafalque surrounded with lighted tapers, in front of the sanctuary, composed the whole funereal ornamentation.

"The Mass of Requiem was admirably chanted with a plaintive rhythm, by the Priests of the Mission.


"Among the attendants, might have been remarked representatives of divers Religious Orders: Dominicans, Franciscans, Marists, a large delegation of Sisters of Charity, Rear-admiral Matthieu, a number of secular priests, etc.

"These ceremonies, exempt from all ostentation, were, nevertheless, stamped with a truly religious character. The perfect order maintained throughout, the correct rendition of the sacred chants,—all bore the impress of a most prayerful recollection within this privileged sanctuary, from which so many heroes and martyrs have gone forth to bear to the universe, the glad tidings of the Gospel!"—

EDOUARD ALEXANDRE.
14. The liturgical Office of Blessed Francis Clét, Martyr, was approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, December 16, 1900.

This Office will be printed and copies forwarded, as usual, to all the Houses.

February 17th is the date appointed for the Feast.

The Mass *In Virtute* has been indicated with the prayers proper; the Gospel is taken from the Mass *Sacerdotes* common of a Martyr and Bishop. The Lessons of the second nocturn are proper.

This Office is of the rite of Double Major for the Missionaries and in the chapels of the Sisters of Charity.

Here is the eulogium approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which must be added to the Martyrology of the Congregation of the Mission:

17 febr.

In Sinarum imperio, natalis beati Francisci Clét, presbyteri e Congregatione Missionis, qui post diuturnos triginta annorum pro salute animarum labores, suspendio necatus, Christi martyr occubuit.

*Translation.*

*February 17.*

*In China, the birthday of Blessed Francis Clét, Priest of the Congregation of the Mission, who, after the long labors of thirty years for the salvation of souls, fastened to a gibbet, suffered martyrdom for Jesus Christ.*
OUR DEAR DEPARTED.

OUR MISSIONARIES:

Brother Peter Picot, Dax, France, September 22, 1900; 24 years of age, 4 of vocation.
Brother Maximus Barbero, Madrid, Spain, October 24, 1900; 67 years of age, 17 of vocation.
Brother Octavius Perez, Madrid, Spain, October 31, 1900; 26 years of age, 11 of vocation.
Rev. Armand David, Mother-House, Paris, November 10, 1900; 74 years of age, 52 of vocation.
Mgr. Parfait Amezquita, Bishop of Puebla de los Angeles, Mexico, Puebla, October 27, 1900; 66 years of age, 47 of vocation.
Rev. James Llado, Madrid, Spain, November 8, 1900; 80 years of age, 34 of vocation.
Rev. Leon Poblocki, Cracow, Austria, November, 1900; 44 years of age, 8 of vocation.
Rev. Alphonsus Haley, Valfleury, France, November 21, 1900; 52 years of age, 31 of vocation.
Rev. Vincent Salvucci, Florence, Italy, November 25, 1900; 75 years of age, 59 of vocation.
Rev. Henry Bonnet, Smyrna, Turkey, November 28, 1900; 67 years of age, 39 of vocation.
Rev. Andrew Tchang, Pekin, China, December 1900; 43 years of age, 12 of vocation.
Rev. John Moloney, Baltimore, Md., U. S., February 14, 1901; 63 years of age, 44 of vocation.

OUR SISTERS:

Sr. Felicité Goddard, Issoudan; 52 years of age, 21 of vocation.
" Marie Antel, Marianostra, Hungary; 31, 13.
" Josepha Aramburu, Leganes, Spain; 68, 42.
" Trifona Aranguren, Madrid, Spain; 54, 35.
" Maria Aguilar, Cadiz; 29, 9.
" Eulogia Uribe, Madrid; 49, 20.
" Isidora Huici, Peralta, Spain; 24, 3.
" Marie Viala, Brazil; 65, 38.
" Sidonia Cuvillier, Evreux, France; 83, 55.
" Sophie Debuchy, Valenciennes, France; 70, 48.
" Marie Elise Henry, Boulogne, France; 69, 44.
" Jane Dazin, St. Vaast, France; 43, 17.
" Mathilde Coste de Champeron, Montpellier, France; 49, 15.
" Josephine Bonelli, Rimini, Italy; 65, 45.
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<th>City, Country</th>
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<td>Zouk-Mikael, Syria</td>
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Margaret Burke, Baltimore, Md., U. S.; 43, 18.
WORK OF BLESSED JOHN GABRIEL PERBOYRE
IN FAVOR OF THE MOST NEEDY MISSIONS OF THE
DOUBLE FAMILY OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL.

October, 19, 1900.

One of my relatives, a young girl, eighteen years of age
was a victim of consumption, with no hope of recovery.
Her parents did all in their power to remove from her any
thought of death. She would make her confession, she
said, when able to go to church, etc. Being notified of the
case, I prayed, I wrote, I implored the assistance of Bles­
sed John Gabriel, promising an offering for his Missions,
if he would interest himself in my poor friend. My prayer
was heard. The young girl received the last Sacraments
before God called her out of the world. I hasten to ful­
fil my promise.

L. November 15, 1900.

Last April, my mother fell suddenly ill. In a few hours
the malady had made alarming progress; the doctor said
that another attack would carry her off. Three days later
a new crisis threatened. Great indeed was my distress;
so ardent was my love for my mother, that I would have
attempted impossibilities to save her.

Placing my confidence in prayer, I made several novenas
to our Blessed Martyrs, John Gabriel Perboyre and Fran­
cis Regis Clet. My mother was restored to perfect health;
it is now four months since her illness: the terrible disease
disappeared without leaving the slightest trace. With my
whole heart I thank our Blessed Martyrs.

Thank-offerings for conversions, cures, and other precious
favors both spiritual and temporal, constantly reach us;
bearing witness to the confidence everywhere reposed in our
Blessed Martyrs, and to the gratitude of those who have ex­
perienced their powerful and efficacious intercession.
BOOK NOTICES

140. Conferences aux Filles de la Charité, by Rev. Jules Chevalier, Assistant of the Congregation of the Mission and Director of the Community of the Sisters of Charity.—Two large vols. in 8, 718 and 776 pp.

Price of each vol. 60 cents; Saint Lazare, Rue de Sevres, 95, and Rue du Bac, 140.

This work has already been announced in the Annals. The Table of Contents will give an idea of its value:


Vol. II—Conferences to the Sisters of the Mother-House: Retreats, Renovation of the Vows, Month of the Sacred Heart, Month of Mary, Panegyrics, and sermons for divers occasions.

At the beginning of each volume, it is stated that these Conferences are published “from the notes collected by some of the Sisters during the said instructions, revised and completed by the Author.” A few words from the literary editors, to whose devotedness we are indebted for this publication, would, we think, have been appreciated by the reader. For, all might justly desire to know what belongs solely to the Author in the text published in his name, and what is to be attributed to the editors. If, later, a new edition of this work be issued, we hope that an introduction will be added, and so complete, to the satisfaction of the reader, this important and precious publication.

141. It affords us pleasure to mention the two following biographies in honor of Blessed Francis Clet:

In Holland. Life of Blessed Francis Clét; pamphlet, illustrated. Address Seminary of Saint Vincent de Paul, Wernhout-les-Zundert (Holland).—Single copy, 4 cents; 100 copies, $3. 1,000 copies, $20.


List of interesting species found at Madeira, from February 1899, to March 1900.


The translator's Preface indicates the origin and nature of this excellent work. "The Novena that we publish was composed by the learned and pious bishop of Malaga, Mgr. D. Marcel Spinola, since transferred to the Archbishop See of Seville. It was not the Author's intention to publish this Novena. The eminent prelate had written it at the epoch of the Beatification of the Martyr, John Gabriel Perboyre, at the request, and for the special use of the Sisters of Charity who have several important establishments at Malaga.

"This small volume appears to us remarkable, not only for the perfume of piety which it exhales, but still more for the solidity of its doctrine; its wealth of thought, the rich store and originality of its comparisons and imagery, and for its elegant simplicity which recalls the writings of Louis of Grenada."

144. Abbé Renard, in a way profitable to history and interesting to his readers, pursues the study which he has undertaken on the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Chartres: *Le seminaire du Grand-Beaulieu-les-Chartres,* by Abbé P. M. Renard, Director of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Chartres; fasc. IV. In-8, Chartres, Garnier, 1900.

The new fascicle, the object of which is the period of the episcopate of Mgr. Godet des Marais (1692-1709), sets forth the training of the clergy at that epoch, the patience and devotedness of the bishops and of their collaborators. To submit to an examination, and make a retreat at the Seminary,—this was all that the predecessor of Mgr. Godet-des-Marais had thought it possible to impose upon the ordinands; and he even failed in his project of requiring all the ordinands to reside for some months at the Seminary.
In 1680, the Priests of the Mission were established Directors of the Seminary of Chartres; in 1704, the bishop gave them charge of the parishes, that they might preach to the people, and having made all suitable arrangements with the Superiors at Saint Lazare, he published (May 21, 1704), an ordinance, destined to secure to the diocese, for nearly a century, the benefit of the periodic Missions" (p. 118).

The Lazarists of Chartres contributed not only by their preaching and their devotedness to the work of the Missions in the diocese confided to them. Zealous ecclesiastics made foundations for the Missions. The priest most noted in this whole series of sacerdotal liberality,—writes the recent historian of the Seminary of Chartres, was one of the Directors of the Seminary, the Procurator, Rev. Nicolas Darrest 1.

His long ministry at Chartres had initiated him into all the diocesan works, for which he had conceived a special affection. By his olograph will, he bequeathed to the Seminary a sum of 8,623 livres, 13 sols, 11 deniers, to procure diocesan Missions; leaving to the bishop of Chartres the right of determining where these should be given. It was with these rents and some other gifts, bequeathed later, that each year they were able to secure these spiritual benefits to several parishes in the country.

"During the whole of the eighteenth century the diocese was furrowed by these fervent Missionary caravans, and everywhere numerous conversions marked their passage. The Mission lasted sometimes three weeks, as at Saint-Aubin-des-Rois in 1763, and in 1776; sometimes four, as at Nogent-le-Phoën, at Bailleau-l'Évêque and at Ymonville, in 1776; sometimes five, as at Voves, in 1774," (p. 119).

145. A remarkable Notice historique sur les séminaires de Quimper et de Léon, by the Abbé Peyron (In-18. Quimper de Kérangal, 1899), gives interesting details upon the manner in which the clergy in general were trained and instructed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is easy to understand how just was the desire for the organization of Seminaries.

For the nine bishoprics of Brittany, he gives, later, the date of the foundation of the Seminaries, according to Abbé Trévaux and names the directors: 1645, Saint Malo, the Sulpitians, 1654, Tréguier, the Priests of the Mission or Lazarists. 1664, Saint Brieuc, the Priests of the Mission. 1665, Vannes, Priests of the diocese, then the Priests of the Mission. 1669, Quimper, the Priests of the diocese. 1670, Rennes, the Eudist Fathers, 1689, Leon, the Priests of the diocese, then the Priests of the Mission, 1701. Dol, the Eudist Fathers.

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The interesting book in question mentions incidentally divers Priests of the Mission, who were partly lost sight of in the archives; the Revolution

1. Nicolas Darrest, born at Paris, August 21, 1656, was received into the Congregation of the Mission, at Paris, March 17, 1681.
obliging us to lose trace of them: October 1, 1700, Father Bigault, Superior of the Seminary; August 30, 1709, Rev. Charles Dadouville, Superior; and Rev. Marin Louvel, Procurator; in 1712, Rev. Francis Chepy, Superior; and Rev. Bernard Deces, Procurator.

At the date of the Revolution, the Seminary was directed by Father Chantrel, Superior, Fathers Sar and Liard, Professors of Theology and Father Riehenet, Procurator (1791). All protested against the Civil Constitution of the clergy. (p. 124 et sequent.)

On p. 122, we find an interesting list of the Superiors and Procurators of the Seminary of Leon; this list is not complete, but it gives precious names. Those in italics have been added by us from an ancient list of the Superiors,

**SEMINARY OF LEON.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUPERIORS</th>
<th>PROCURATORS</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1703-1705. Richou (read Jean Richon.)</td>
<td>1713. Gabriel Pilon (Pierre?).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1729. Francois Poinet.</td>
<td>1734. LeSueur.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1730. Louis Hamon.</td>
<td>1736. René Fortz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1750. Gabriel de la Saudrias.</td>
<td>1771. Pierre-Fabricien Foydre</td>
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At the epoch of the Concordat, the bishopric of Leon was not re-established.
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