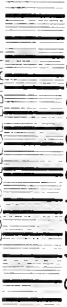


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THOUGHTS FROM
MODERN MARTYRS

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY
V. REV. JAMES A. WALSH, M. AP.

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“Souffrir pour Dieu est désormais ma
dévise.”—*Henry Doré.*

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Fourth Edition

DEDICATION.

To the hallowed memory of the three martyrs whose pure souls are partially revealed in these sentences, this little book is affectionately dedicated.

FORE-WORD.

To many it is a new thought that ours is an age of saints and martyrs. The reader of current events notes everywhere the spirit of evil, and the huge towers of commerce that dwarf the spires of our churches proclaim the people's greed for gold.

Yet in the throngs that daily walk the busy streets in every centre, large and small, the good touch elbows with the bad, and lovers of God are often found where children of darkness were thought to be.

Saints and sinners have appeared in every age, and the saints of the nineteenth century will compare favorably with those of the past; while the martyrs of our day, especially those of China and Tonquin, natives as well as Europeans, have equalled in heroism and in numbers the glorious record of any nation yet evangelized.

The martyrs of our day have

brought to the Church of Christ visible blessings, in which, consciously or unconsciously, we have shared, and for which our grateful acknowledgment is due. A wider acquaintance with their lives will strengthen our own faith and broaden our charity, stimulating us to greater service for our fellow-men, — if at the cost of our own comfort, *so much the better*.

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES





J. M. de Bretonnières
Mis. ap. in Corée

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES, * martyr in Korea, was the only brother of the late venerable and respected superior of St. Francis de Sales College in Dijon, France. He was born Feb. 28, 1838, at Chalons-sur-Saône, and his father was the Baron of Bretenières, a small village about seven miles outside of Dijon.

A remarkable incident which has been recorded of his early life by the Abbé d'Hulst, was told to the writer in a visit to France, by the younger brother, Christian. When Just and Christian were respectively six and four years old, they were playing one day in the garden of the chateau at Bretenières. Just was digging a hole by the side of a path when a sudden

* Pronounced Bret-on-yair'

cry escaped him which drew to the spot Christian and the boys' nurse. Just, pointing down into the opening, declared that he could see Chinese who were beckoning him to go to them. Neither Christian nor the attendant could distinguish anybody, and no further mention was made of the occurrence, which apparently passed out of the minds of all concerned.

Twenty years later, however, on the eve of Just's departure from the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, he turned to Christian, and, breaking silence on the subject, spoke of the incident to his brother, who also vividly recalled it.

Just and Christian de Bretenières made their preparatory studies under a governess and tutors at Bretenières and Dijon, a German priest being with the boys for a considerable period. In the summer months, during seven years, the family travelled through Europe, taking up various nature studies and examining masterpieces of

great artists, sculptors and architects. The advantages derived from these studies has made Christian de Bretenières's college one of the best in France.

Just took his Bachelor degree at Lyons, and, when only eighteen years of age, translated from the German Dr. Neumayer's work on Christian Art. Two years later, he began his clerical studies with the Sulpicians at Issy, outside of Paris. One of his fellow-students describes Just de Bretenières at this time: "His tall figure indicated perfect health and strength; his face was pale and showed an energetic temperament; his forehead, high and framed with waving hair, expressed the nobleman; but the great charm was in his eyes, which were infinitely mild, yet lighted with fearlessness. His frankness and native modesty inspired immediate confidence."

Just de Bretenières entered the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions in 1859. His parents were staying in that

city at the time, and the news which the son announced was a severe blow which they both faced with silent grief, but with perfect resignation, the father actually presenting his son in person at the Mission House in the Rue du Bac.

Just de Bretenières stayed in this nursery of apostles from Nov. 1859 until 1864. Some of the recent directors remember him perfectly as talented but unpretentious, and, as Father Delpech expressed it to the writer, — “carrying to the extreme his love of poverty and self-denial.” The works of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross were, according to his brother Christian’s statement, responsible in no small degree for his remarkable spiritual development, which brought from one of his colleagues this estimate: “Just de Bretenières has such a great soul that I hope God will some day allow him to be canonized, even if He should not grant him the grace of martyrdom.” The latter desire was

constant with Just de Bretenières, yet he felt sincerely what he said occasionally, "I am not the stuff of which martyrs are made."

The allotments to missions are not known at the Missions Étrangères until shortly before the young priests' departure. When Just de Bretenières was told that he should go to Korea, his joy knew no bounds. Three others were to accompany him,—Fathers Dorie, Beaulieu and Huin. The class numbered eleven and all departed together.

They stopped at Cairo and after a voyage of forty days arrived in Hong Kong. The four "Koreans", as they were called, then went on to Manchuria to await a favorable opportunity for landing on the closely guarded coasts of Korea. Ten months from the time they left Paris these young priests reached their mission. Just de Bretenières remained with Bishop Berneux, living in the back room of a Christian's house, where he stayed in

hiding. "It is the only place I have," he wrote to his parents, "for exercising my long limbs. Like a squirrel in his cage, I turn round and round, and imagine myself making delightful excursions in the mountains." As the room was not high enough for the tall young man who occupied it to stand erect, we can understand his special difficulty in securing exercise. Here the Christians assembled in turn to attend Mass and to receive the Sacraments.

Through the perfidy of a native Christian, Bishop Berneux was captured Feb. 23, 1865. Four days later, Just de Bretenières was arrested and tried, at first without torture. He had as yet learned only enough of the Korean language to fulfil a necessary ministry, and could make but one reply to all questions: "I came to Korea to save souls, and I will joyfully die for God." He was tried again on each of the four following days, and every question was accompanied by

the bastinado, administered with heavy cudgels on the leg-bones, the bottom of the feet and the great toes. He did not utter a cry during this ordeal.

After each interrogatory, Just's mangled limbs were wrapped in oiled paper and he was taken back to prison. When the sentence of death had been pronounced, he was thrown into a filthy jail which the deafening noise of a bell ringing continuously night and day, the darkness, the vermin and foul air made more dreaded than torture itself. Although Just de Bretenières had to spend several days in this awful abode, where his wounded body had no resting place except the bare, humid ground, he had the supreme consolation of meeting there his Bishop with Fathers Beaulieu and Dorie who had all undergone similar treatment.

On March 8th the four prisoners were carried in wooden chairs, their legs and arms bound to the rungs, their heads drawn backward and tied.

Above the head of each was an inscription; Just's bore these words: "Paik (Just's Korean name), rebellious and disobedient, condemned to death after many tortures."

Bishop Berneux was the first summoned. His head fell to the ground at the third blow. Just was called next. His attendants unloosed him and tore off his clothing. Then they threw water on his face and sprinkled it with lime. Each ear was bent over and fixed with a dart. Under his arms, tied behind his back, they passed a pole, by which he was suspended and carried about the arena in decreasing circles until he finally reached the centre. Here they placed him on his knees, a soldier holding the cord by which his hair was tied. Six executioners, armed with immense broad-bladed knives, surrounded the young priest whose serenity never forsook him for an instant. Four blows were struck, and Just de Bretenières was among the band of martyrs.

His body was thrown by the Pagans into one grave with his three companions in martyrdom. Five months later, the faithful ventured to give these sacred remains Christian burial.

It was not until September of that year that M. and Mme. de Bretenières received word of their son's glorious end. The father shed tears abundantly, but the mother did not weep; her mute agony was terrible to behold, but these parents had the grace to renew, in the presence of Bishop Rivet who brought the news, the sacrifice, which they had made to God, of their child; and, together with Christian, they recited a *Te Deum*.

A letter to Mme. de Bretenières from a missionary in Tonquin stated that two of his brethren, through a novena to her martyred son, had obtained the conversion of a person who had not been to confession for fifty years. An uncle who had not been to the sacraments since his youth, became

ill but would not hear of attending to his soul's welfare. Suddenly he asked for the priest and died a most edifying death. This took place in March, 1866, a few days after the martyrdom in a far-away land of the nephew whom he loved so well.

There is one more touching and beautiful incident which Christian de Bretenières told to the writer. When Just was nine or ten years old, he brought a rose bush from his mother to the Sisters of Charity at Dijon. For twenty years it never blossomed, but the Sisters cherished it as a memento of Just and would not permit the gardener to destroy it. In the Spring of 1866, after the martyrdom in Korea, two buds appeared developing perfectly. The bush lived on but has never blossomed since.



THOUGHTS FROM
JUST DE BRETENIÈRES



THOUGHTS FROM
JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

PRAY, and pray much; it is in prayer that you will find the greatest strength.

ASK God with all your heart, particularly at Holy Communion, to make you understand what it is to live only for Him.

I WOULD be ashamed when approaching the Holy Table if, hearing a voice urging me to consecrate myself entirely to God, I should answer, "I cannot accept Thy sweet invitation; I hold to other things besides Thee."

GOD will not bestow the sacrifice of blood on one who has not made other sacrifices.

I AM like a bell, I have but one tone: all is vanity except to love God.

THE charity and devotion of the future missionary should be, like Our Lord's, as vast as the world.

HE who is consumed by the love of souls, crosses the seas without thinking of the danger he runs; he bounds with delight if God leads him where everything menaces his life; he cannot restrain his songs of joy if he sees himself exposed to persecutions, threatened by the sword, ever on the point of dying of hunger, fatigue, misery, anguish.

HOW can he be a martyr who does not love ?

THE true lover of souls thinks he does not suffer enough, because he still sees souls around him deaf to grace; he begs Our Lord to let him suffer more.

IS it not reward enough to know that one is doing the will of God ?

DESIRE is, with the grace of God, the first step we can take; the fruit comes later. God gives it as a reward.

WE must be careful not to lose the presence of God.

VANITY, vanity! This is serious; think of it often.

WOULD that I might always, like
St. Teresa, see our Lord with
the eyes of faith, in the depth of my
heart.

HE who is consumed by the love of
souls becomes mad; he stops at
nothing; no sacrifice costs him any-
thing.

MARTYRDOM is the heroic act of
love.

TO love aught else but God, is not
to love.

PRAY that I may be a martyr and
that no one will know it.

THE love of souls is the one
thought that can urge us to do
mad things.

THINK of it, my friend, I, *I* am going to say Mass.

THOU knowest, my God, that I have never loved any thing but Thee.

OH! he who knows the value of a soul counts not the cost of saving it.

IT would be strange if the Queen of Mothers, whose glory consists precisely in giving and blessing, should refuse her aid to those whom she has brought forth spiritually.

PERFECT confidence, it is true, is difficult to acquire; it demands a great act of faith, and, at the same time, a great mistrust of our own views: but, at least, we can ardently desire to acquire it.

A HOUSE from which men go forth to war against the devil, thoroughly armed for conquest, must surely be the object of God's abundant graces.

OUR Lord asks of me continual recollection whatever may be my occupation.

EMBRACE a life in the world with fear; do as those in the world do not, while living in its empoisoned atmosphere.

DO you think God will grant so great a favor, so great a reward, as martyrdom to those who will not deprive themselves, for His glory, of a few moments of repose; while He refuses it to hundreds of missionaries consecrated to Him, who keep nothing back ?

PERFECTION is like a very, very high mountain ; it takes much time and trouble to reach the top ; but we can always get there if we wish.

(Words of Just at the age of 12.)

TO depend on anything apart from Our Divine Saviour, is to be of the world.

HAVE great confidence in the Holy Virgin ; when we abandon ourselves to her it is impossible to go astray.

WHEN one looks upon a consecrated Host and listens to Its divine appeal inviting him to the conquest of souls in distant lands, is it possible to resist ?

IS not the Blessed Virgin the best of all mothers ?

I HEAR a voice which tells me, "You are made to despoil yourself of everything in the full sense of the term."

I WOULD blush to ask for martyrdom so long as I blushed not to refuse God small sacrifices.

HAVE by you what is indispensable, and deprive yourself of all else.

I AM more and more convinced that Our Lord asks of me continual recollection whatever may be my occupation.

IF you ever hear the blessed voice of God calling you, ah! do not turn a deaf ear; for if the edge of the cup presented to you seems poisoned with gall, know that within is a delicious beverage.

I WISH to possess nothing as my own.

ALL that you believe to be capable of satisfying you, apart from God, will satisfy you never.

ONE who is consumed by the love of souls, seeks to make sacrifices; he complains of not finding them, and he finds them not.

OH! the poor, the dear poor! are they not more agreeable to God than those who live in luxury and vanity?

WHEN among the poor, put aside all vanity, all idea of superiority; work with them, serve them, show them how to do better what they are doing; and then they will believe you when you speak of the good God.

ONE thing is essential: to love God.

WHAT a happiness to be able to say, "I eat the bread of alms!"

I NEVER had any other idea than that of embracing a life poor, not only affectively, but effectively.

HE who esteems Heaven, values nothing else; he tramples under foot all the little inconveniences of life.

WHEN I am troubled, I sing softly some hymn to the Holy Virgin; this does me good and gives me courage.

DO not give yourself too much to what is attractive and apparently good, without stopping to judge it by sound principle.

WITH the least good will one can
find time for prayer.

INSTEAD of looking for difficulties,
cast yourself at the feet of God
and be humble.

DO not heed the thought that love is
for the other world : it is for this
also; and the true life is the life of love.

THE folly of the holy love of Our Lord
cannot be separated from the love
of souls.

HE who is urged by the love of souls
thinks he will find it a sacrifice
to leave places to which he is attached,
to part from friends without whom it
seemed he could not live, to break
with hopes that smile on many others;
and these sacrifices are for him, the
beginning of Paradise on this earth.

CAN he who knows the worth of a soul, think of anything else?

I PITY those who have made a bad use of graces, for their last hour will be terrible.

LOVE of souls is a devouring thirst which nothing can appease, because one is mad with an enviable folly.

ABOVE all things preserve your peace; do not allow yourself to be disturbed by what is said to you, or what is going on around you.

MORTIFICATIONS come to the missionary from all sides, without his having the trouble to seek them; this is why life on the mission is so good.

GOD blesses the missionary's work,
because of his hardships.

HE who values only Heaven, listens
to the voice of God when it
calls him.

PRAY without ceasing; words are
not necessary, it is the heart that
prays.

ONLY those who are not given to
God, find themselves lonely when
unable to converse with men. For a
true Christian it is quite the contrary.

THE missionary is poorer than any
Religious; while the Carthusian
knows that his three nuts will be given
him tomorrow as today, the mission-
ary, eating his frugal repast, cannot
be sure of the next.

ACT only by love.

EACH new day makes me desire
holy poverty more ardently.

WHAT happiness! for twenty years
I have wished to be poor, and
now I really am so.

THEY said I was mad to go to Korea,
but it was folly that cost me
nothing.

SILENCE in the presence of God is
the first condition for any advance
in the spiritual life.

THE days which we shall have to
pass here below in tears are few
indeed; should we not then rejoice to
be able, by so short a trial, to obtain
so great a happiness?

NOURISH love in your heart; seek
love in solitude.

SEEK in the holy Eucharist the
strength and courage to live as
good Christians.

WE should do like many of the
saints, who, when they had noth-
ing more to give, gave their clothes.

IT is not for the pleasure we derive
from it that we should pray; we
must love God alone, even should He
give us nothing in return.

WHEN one is separated from men,
and thinks he is most alone, then
he is least so. Everyone believes this,
but very few make the trial of it; they
mistrust the boundless goodness of
divine Providence.

THE voice of Jesus is heard only in
the silence of the heart.

HAPPY those whom God calls to this
portion of His vineyard.

MANY envy the lot of the mission-
ary in Korea; if it were better
known they would envy him more.

YOU will truly love Jesus when noth-
ing turns you from Him; when
all that you love be loved but for Him.

WE can, as it were, immerse our-
selves in Jesus, losing ourselves
in Him, without a backward glance.

IF you form the habit of retiring
within yourself many times a day,
you will soon be able to do it even
when speaking and acting.

WE must make every effort to obtain
the love of God.

WE are all sojourners on this earth;
our Home is above.

WE must love joyfully; doubtless the
sight of our miseries, both past
and present, will preserve us from
all presumption.

THE good God may give you what in
this life are called pains and trials;
but he whose heart is not of the world,
but Jesus Christ's, calls them jewels
added to his crown.

THERE is One very near you Who
knocks at your door every hour of
the day, Who begs you to listen to
Him, and to keep silence in order to
hear Him.

ASK for martyrdom : it is God's will
that we beg this favor.

ONE becomes mad, yes, mad, in pres-
ence of these mysteries of love.

WE should hold so little to sensible
consolations that when we are
deprived of them, it will not trouble
us in the least.

THE sight of Jesus, so beautiful and
and so good, detaches the heart
from all that is created, and binds it
in an invincible manner to this amiable
Saviour.

IT is with our eyes fixed on the source
of all love that we should walk ;
then years are nothing ; it matters not
whether we are only recently, or have
been a long time in His service.

DO not make love consist in what is sensible.

WALK by love rather than fear;
walk by love alone.

MAY you have as many crosses as
God will give you strength to
bear!

DO we not ask for martyrdom in the
prayer we address to God every
day after the *Memento* for the dead,
when we pray to be made partakers of
the company of the holy apostles and
martyrs?

IF you acquire the habit of recollect-
ing yourself frequently, you will
finally, like so many of the saints, do
it continually: and this will be your
greatest happiness, and scarcely any-
thing will be able to trouble you.

LET us sing in our hearts the continual mercies of divine Providence.

IT is essential that we love Jesus with all the ardor of our soul.

DEPRIVE yourself of everything ; I do not refer to physical necessities, but to things of the mind and heart.

NOTHING is capable of satisfying our heart, small as it is, but the unending possession of Him Who has loved us to madness.

OUR Lord sees the least particle of good will, which He Himself puts into our heart ; so whatever we may do, provided we often renew our good purpose to do all for love of God, it suffices.

LOVE for Our Lord should dominate every other affection and thought.

OFFER to God every kind of trials, as an oblation to rejoice His Fatherly heart.

WE must keep nothing back; we should not give to anything whatsoever the least part of ourselves.

THOUGHTS of our own misery and the fear they inspire, should pale before the rays of this Sun Which rises in the Orient to inflame us with ardor and love.

JOY should fill our hearts and keep us in profound peace, since, as privileged children, we repose on the side of Jesus, Who Himself nourishes, vivifies, sustains and fills us.

WE should wish and desire nothing but what tends to the love of Our Lord.

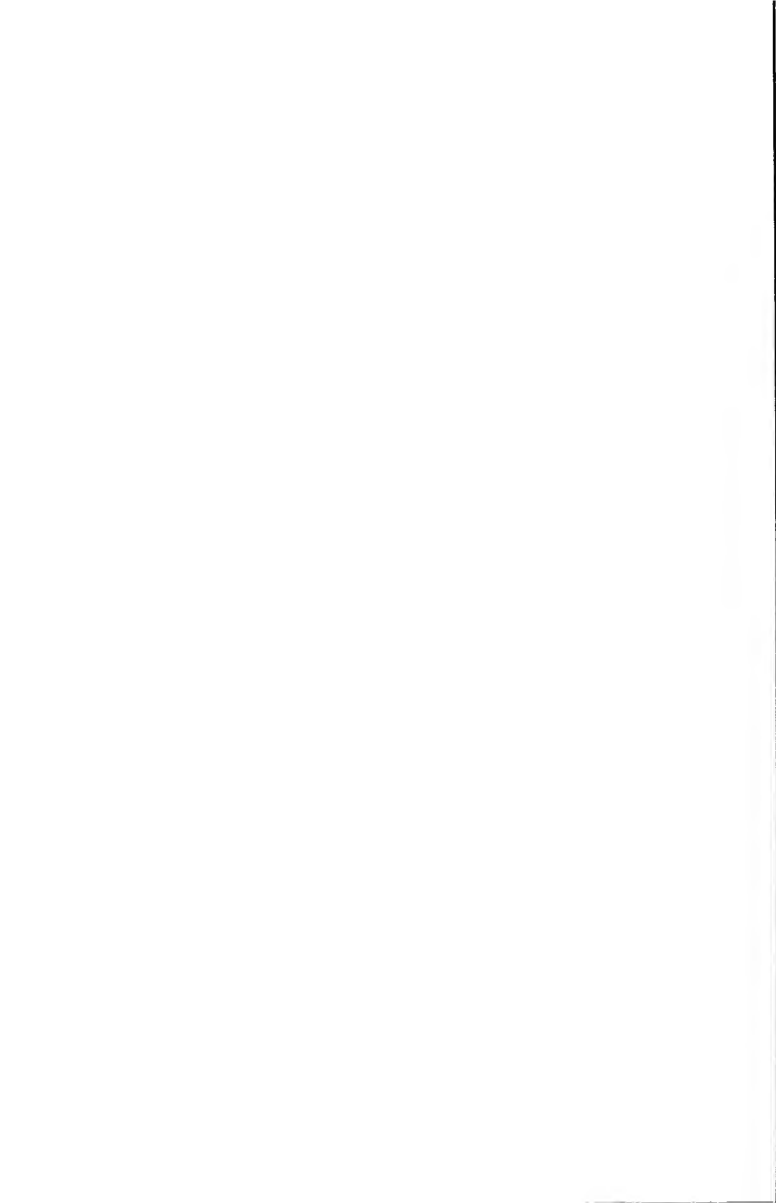
BE always cheerful, no matter what contradictions or repugnances may assail you.

THE devil tries to frighten you by temptations to low-spirits and to regrets for the past.

AFTER what shall we run, and for Whom shall we seek, except for One Who urges us to give ourselves entirely to Him?



THÉOPHANE VÉNARD





J. Ch. Vénard
m.s.

THÉOPHANE VÉNARD

JEAN THÉOPHANE VÉNARD was born November 21, 1829, in the Diocese of Poitiers, at St. Loup.

The father of the family, which included six children, was a village schoolmaster. One of Théophane's brothers, Eusebius, later became curé of the parish of Assai, a small village six miles from St. Loup. Melanie, Théophane's "second self," entered a religious community at Amiens.

As with the martyr, Just de Bretenières, the call to the Apostolate seems to have come to Théophane Vénard at an early age; for Eusebius Vénard relates that when Théophane was nine years old, the latter was one day reading aloud to his sister Mélanie from the life of Father Cornay, who had shortly before been martyred in Tonquin; and suddenly the boy exclaimed,

“When I am big enough I, too, will go to Tonquin, and I, too, will be a martyr.”

Théophane Vénard made his early studies at a school in Doué, and while here his mother died. At the end of a six years' course, he went to Montmorillon, an excellent preparatory college not far from Limoges, instituted for the training of boys who, though young, have already shown an inclination for the priesthood. Théophane Vénard is one of the honored alumni of this house, and scenes from his life are preserved today on the chapel walls. None of his former classmates are now at the College, as the professors are all young priests, but Théophane Vénard's is a hallowed name, and his gay disposition has become proverbial in the traditions of this school.

At eighteen years of age, he entered the Seminary of Poitiers, receiving minor orders in 1850. The following year, at the cost of a great sacrifice, due to his intense family

affection, he applied for admission and was received at the Missions Étrangères in Paris. Two of his fellow students were in this seminary when the writer visited it. One of these, the Superior, the late venerable Fr. Delpech, on several occasions spoke to the writer about Théoplane Vénard, but never without alluding to his bright and happy nature which made him always the centre of life in whatever group of students he might be found.

On his recovery from a severe illness, he was ordained on June 5, 1852, in company with several priests from various seminaries in Paris. Among these was the first superior of St. John's Seminary in Brighton, Massachusetts, the distinguished Sulpician, Fr. John B. Hogan, who always kept an affectionate remembrance of Théoplane Vénard.

The departure took place, unexpectedly at the end, on September 19.

Four other priests left Paris with Fr. Vénard and embarked from Antwerp. Their vessel was driven by a heavy gale into Plymouth, England, and after some delay sailed October 10 for the East, arriving at Singapore on New Year's day, 1853. After spending three weeks here, Théophile Vénard was sent to Hong-Kong, where he remained fifteen months studying the Chinese language. The mission which he most coveted was Tonquin, and, although his preference had not been expressed to his superiors, he was assigned to the desired field, receiving orders to assist Bishop Rétord in the western district.

The thought of martyrdom seems to have been with Fr. Vénard constantly, and he could not help alluding to it in occasional letters to his fellow priests, always, however, in a joyous strain.

Towards the end of May, 1854, Théophile Vénard started with another missionary for Macao, and after a

pleasant visit to the Spanish Dominicans, boarded a Chinese junk, where the two young priests were stuffed into a small hole in which they could barely lie down, and which was filled with vermin. During a week they remained thus concealed, going on deck only at night to breathe a little fresh air.

They anchored at a place called Cuá-Can, where the vessel was inspected by a Chinese mandarin who failed to discover the two missionaries in hiding; and the following day they were safely landed in the Bishop's house. From this point they were carried in a kind of net, by bearers, through a dangerous locality, to the river, where a Christian was waiting to row them in a junk to the hut of Bishop Diaz at Central Tonquin. Two carriers were awaiting them here, and, after a few days' rest, they began the last stage of their journey, passing by night a citadel guarded by two thousand soldiers. Having escaped pursuit

several times, they arrived safely at the house of Bishop Rétord.

A frightful persecution of Christians had just devastated the Tonquin mission, and a lull had come for the moment. One bloody edict had followed another during the sixteen years of Bishop Rétord's episcopacy, yet fifty thousand converts had been gained in that time, and these native Christians practised their religion, as the Bishop testified, in a way that would shame many Europeans.

Unfortunately the lull was of short duration, and very soon Théoplane Vénard made his first flight to the mountains. There he caught a violent cold which attacked his lungs, but he recovered and resumed his labors, being placed over twelve thousand Christians who were divided into four large parishes and ministered to by six or seven native priests.

Father Vénard's position was far from comfortable. He and his fellow priests were, as he expressed it,

like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert, daily receiving messages which announced that missions had been pillaged, that such and such Christians had been put to death because the priests continued to reside among them. To spare the faithful, the young priest and his companions continued to hide in boats, in caverns, or in the mountain fastnesses, venturing out as often as possible to administer the Sacraments, to preach and to catechize.

On the 30th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, five or six junks hove in sight a few yards away from the mission house to which Fr. Vénard had returned. The young priest, realizing at once that he had been betrayed, concealed himself between two walls. The chief of his pursuers cried out, "Let the European priest come forth." Fr. Vénard's catechist presented himself boldly, saying, "*I occupy this house.*" He was immediately seized and garrotted,

while the chief, giving a powerful kick to the partition behind which the missionary was hidden, attacked Fr. Vénard brutally and dragged him to the boats. Arrived at the chief's house, the priest was secured in a bamboo cage, and a cangue, — a kind of yoke, — placed on the neck of his catechist; both were then brought before the Mandarin.

This official had not desired the capture, but could do no more to relieve the situation than provide Fr. Vénard with a larger cage and a lighter chain. A detachment of soldiers then conveyed the two prisoners to Kêcho, the capital, bringing them directly to the judge's tribunal. Here, during a long interrogatory, the charge was made that the missionaries were in league with French troops who had made war on the Annamites. The complaint proved to be only a pretext, the real cause of the arrest being the propagation of Christianity. Fr. Vénard was commanded to deny his faith

and to trample on the cross. Refusing to yield, he was condemned to be beheaded.

In the days which elapsed between his trial and the execution of his sentence, Father Vénard wrote from his cage several beautiful letters. Three of these, addressed to members of his family, are preserved today at St. Loup.

While in captivity a native priest, Fr. Thin, came from Bishop Theurel and, with the clever assistance of a Christian guard, managed to hear Fr. Vénard's confession and to give him absolution. Towards evening, the Blessed Sacrament, concealed in some bread, was brought to the prison through the instrumentality of a devout widow, and Fr. Vénard enjoyed the companionship of the Real Presence until after midnight, when he communicated.

The execution took place outside of Kêcho in presence of the officials and two hundred soldiers. During the

procession, which occupied half an hour, Fr. Vénard sang Latin psalms and hymns. The executioner asked his prisoner what he would give to be executed promptly and well. The answer was: "The longer it lasts the better it will be." Stripped of most of his garments, the young priest's elbows were tightly tied behind his back, so as to force him to hold up his head for the first stroke, which was only a trial blow. The second stroke cut the head partly off, the stake and the victim falling together. Then the executioner, finding his sword blunt, snatched another and hacked at the neck, amid the indignant murmurs of the bystanders. Seizing the detached head by the ear, the wretch offered it to the presiding official, who instantly sounded the retreat.

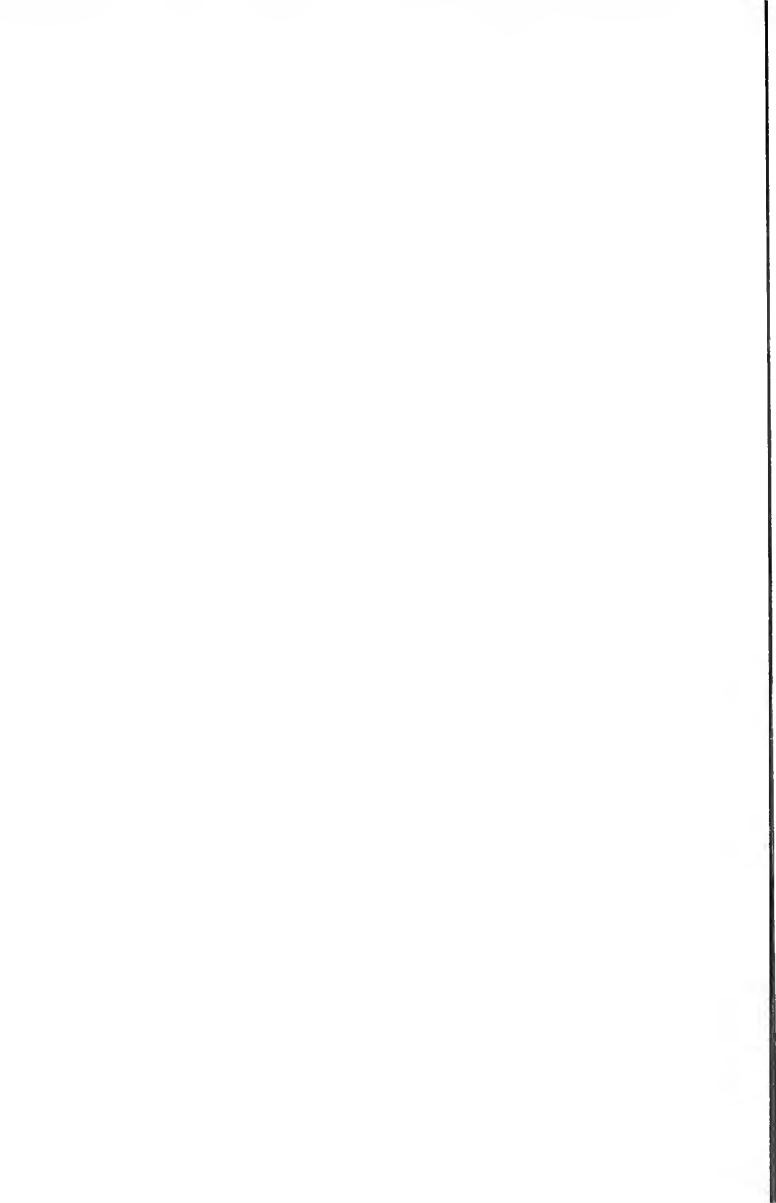
The troops had hardly withdrawn before the Christians precipitated themselves on the spot to soak their handkerchiefs in the martyr's blood. The body, wrapped in a cotton sheet

and roughly encased, was buried only a foot deep, and later was removed. Today it lies under the chapel of the Mission House in Paris. The head, by official order, was placed in a box and elevated to the top of a pole. After three days, it was thrown into a river, but was regained through the vigilance of the affectionate natives, who carried it to Bishop Theurel. Today this precious relic is an object of veneration among the Catholics of Tonquin.

Théophane Vénard was beatified by the Church, May 2, 1909.



A more complete life of Théophane Vénard, under the title of "A Modern Martyr," is published at Maryknoll.



THOUGHTS FROM
THÉOPHANE VÉNARD

THOUGHTS FROM
THÉOPHANE VÉNARD

O MY God, help me to say, "Thy will be done!"

TODAY in the chapel of the college at Doué, I made a vow to Mary, Refuge of Sinners, to say my Rosary every day, *in order to obtain a special grace from God.*

IF religious services on earth are so glorious, what must they be in Heaven? Eternity! Have you ever thought of this word? Eternal, Eternal! A thing which will never, never end!

WORK hard, work well, not to get praise, or honor, or prizes, but because you will thus please God. Take this as the maxim of your life: "All for our God."

TRUE devotion is natural, gay, and bright, according to the words of St. Paul, "*Gaudete in Domino semper; iterum dico, gaudete.*" "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice."

WHAT is the priesthood? Is it not the entire detachment from all worldly goods—a complete abandonment of all temporal interests? To be a priest, one should be a saint. To guide others one must first learn to guide oneself. Then should not the life of a good priest be one of continual sacrifice, self-immolation, and mortification of all kinds?

PIETY," some say, "is only good for priests and nuns. God does not expect so much of us." How do you know?

"COR unum et anima una"—one heart and one mind. Such words can come only from God Himself. Is not this the link which unites all Christians? Is it not this feeling which creates the Missionary, the Priest, the Christian Brother, the Sister of Charity?

READ Rodriguez on Humility in his treatise on Christian Perfection. But do not let this book give you any scruples, as it is addressed to nuns, and one must not confound absolute precepts with practices which vary according to the position and duties of each person.

TO God alone it pertaineth to judge of others. We have only to look to ourselves.

EVERY living thing seems to me to follow its vocation. The river flows to the sea, the plant germinates, the animal feeds and grows, and man lives and draws daily nearer to God. But each man walks after his own fashion. The business of one is to cultivate the soil; another, the intellect. Handicrafts supply the material wants of mankind; politics, the social. One and all gravitate towards their end, which is death, although each follows a different path. In one sense man has a free will, but he can scarcely be said to choose his career; it is almost always marked out for him. If he wanders from it, nothing but confusion is the result.

THE world and its maxims have long ago had their condemnation from the mouth of our Divine Lord Himself. Ah! Lord God, Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, and Thou walkest by paths of which the world knows nothing.

DO NOT love the world or its pleasures. They are all seemingly attractive and beautiful; but within, all is corruption, vileness, emptiness, and remorse. Oh, my brother, let us love God, our dear, good God, and be as sheep under His hand. Love Him, and you will have no cause for repentance even on this earth. He, too, promises us joys and pleasures, but they are joys certain, inexpressible, eternal, — *pax Dei quae exsuperat omnem sensum*, — the peace of God which transcends every sense.

ONE more sacrifice is asked of us ;
but does not our Lord prove those
Whom He loves so as to make them
more worthy of Himself? Must we
not all pass through the crucible? A
cross is given to us. Let us embrace
it generously and thank Him. Our
tears must flow. Well, let us offer
them up to Him Who has called them
forth.

ONLY a little more confidence in God!
A little more patience! and the
end will come, and the past weary
years will seem as nothing ; then will
arrive the moment of reunion, and all
will be amply compensated and re-
paid, principal and interest. O Chris-
tian hope! How beautiful thou art!
How thou dost satisfy the heart of
man,—the creature of a day, yet
created for an eternity of Bliss!

A GREAT servant of God once said that, "if some gall were not mingled in our earthly cup, we should be content with our exile, and think less of our own true country."

GOD alone is the sovereign beauty ;
His works are perfect and glorious. If man be ever so great, it is only when he draws his inspirations from God, and when, in heartfelt humility, he gives to Him the glory.

EVEN if we do part here for a little time, it is only our bodies that are separated. Our souls are united more closely than ever in thoughts which know no space or distance. We shall meet one another in heaven. Yes, all of us shall be together then. Let us trust in God, and make the sacrifice generously.

HAPPINESS is to be found only in the home and in the domestic circle where God is loved and honored, where each one loves, and helps, and cares for the others.

LIFE well employed consists in this : a faithful correspondence to grace, and a good use of the talents given. There is no other religion than this, and the rule of life is the same for all.

MAKE a little book in which you can write down your impressions, and your religious feelings, now and then, putting down the date; you can dedicate it to our Lady. Some day later you will read these thoughts again with pleasure, and they will serve to brace you up when days of heaviness and weariness overcome your courage.

SINCE our Lord Jesus Christ became man, His Divine manhood must take the lead in human affairs; for a people calling itself Christian, and throwing off all allegiance to the Most High, becomes thoroughly ungovernable, for the simple reason that corruption is greater when it shows itself in what was originally good.

I AM, first of all, a man, a reasonable being, created to know, love, serve, and glorify God. I come from God. I go to God. I belong to God. My body is His. My mind is His. My heart is His. I shall be judged according to my works and to the way I have corresponded with the grace given me. Well then, God helping me, I will use this body, this mind, and this heart, as much as I possibly can, for His greater glory, honor and love.

SUFFERING is the money with
which one buys Heaven.

POETRY presupposes a soul lifted
above the things of sense; it
means the outpouring of a heart full
of love for God and for our neighbor,
keenly alive to the beauties of nature
and of grace. The mysteries of Chris-
tianity and of the Blessed Eucharist
are eminently fitted for a poet. So
also are pure love, devotion, heroism,
self-sacrifice, and the rest. Poetry
is not meant to be the exaltation of
sensual indulgence. Yet three parts
of the world call this poetry. Let us
draw all our inspirations from purer
sources! The literature of the day
seems to me to run forever either in
impure or rationalistic channels, so
much so, that I dread lest we shall all
be submerged in the foul tide.

DON'T be afraid of being laughed at. You will crown all by keeping up the tender love of a little child for the Blessed Virgin and a confiding trust in your Guardian Angel.

GOD is surely very good to our human hearts, which He has formed, and of which he knows the yearnings and the weaknesses: and then He is the same in China as in France, and what do we want beside Him on earth or in heaven?

GOD is represented on earth by His Holy, Catholic, Roman, and Apostolic Church. She is the City of God, whose citizens we are, no matter in what corner of the world our lot may be cast. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the chief of this city; but we shall not see this clearly until the consummation of all things.

PERFECTION does not lie in one state of life more than in another, but consists in an entire correspondence with grace in the position in which God has placed us.

O MY God! It is not wrong, is it, to love one's home, and one's father, and one's brothers, and one's sisters; to suffer terribly at being parted from them; to feel one's loneliness; to try and console one another; to mingle our prayers and our tears, and also our hopes?

COURAGE! When we leave anything for God He rewards us a hundred-fold; He has said so Himself. But," you say, "I am alone, quite alone." Oh, no, you are the child of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, the child of His love, the sheep of His pasture; have confidence in God.

BE agreeable in conversation, good-humored and merry, full of cheerfulness and fun, and not brooding on things disagreeable.

“**T**HE hand of God is everywhere.”

This shall henceforth be my motto. The hand of God is everywhere ; therefore it will be everywhere with me.

TRUE love cannot be snapped asunder ; it spreads and widens, but never diminishes. Love never dies, for it is stronger than death. God Himself has said so. The strength and increase of love is in prayer. We are little and weak and miserable, but He Who sustains us is strong and mighty. His arms are ever stretched out towards us ; let us lift ours to meet Him.

I MUST disregard human opinion, cultivate humility, bear to be despised, and follow my Lord and Master everywhere, always, and in spite of all.

LIFE has many bitter, sad, and weary hours; often it can scarcely be called existence. The little rivulets, as well as the great rivers, all empty themselves into one source—the sea. God is an ocean of love and mercy; in Him alone is the fulness of joy. Patience and courage, then! A little while and we shall be with Him. He has promised it and He never belies His word. When the little river is dried up, the heavens give rain, and the river gaily continues its course. When our life is arid and we are ill at ease, let us ask for the dew and the refreshing rain and the food from God.

WHAT God keeps is well kept.

WHEN the body is deprived of food, it languishes and dies ; and it is the same with the soul, without the Bread which sustains its life.

IN the midst of discouragement one must try to take one's heart in both hands, and force it to cry out, "Welcome joy all the same!" The soul finds itself, some days, gay and calm, and at ease ; other days, sad and weary, and broken-hearted. This is the case with everybody who is not a phenomenon. I believe it is a struggle between the upper and the lower parts of our nature. When the better part triumphs, we are at peace ; but when we yield to our natural inclinations, then comes disorder, anxiety, longing after the impossible, and dissatisfaction with our lot.

MY heart is too large, and nothing which you call happiness in this world satisfies it.

HERE am I, O Lord, thy little martyr! I shall present my palm to Our Lady and say, "Hail, Mary, my Mother and my Mistress, all hail!" And I shall take my place in the ranks of the thousands killed for the holy name of Jesus; and I shall intone the eternal Hosanna.

OUR life must be not only the active one of Martha, but the contemplative one of Mary, for both were united in the Mother of our dear Lord. The true science of piety, in fact, consists in reconciling these two. Do the work of Martha with the spirit of Mary; let the interior life leaven the exterior, conforming your will to the will of Jesus.

I SHOULD have been very happy to have gone on working with you. I do so love this Tonquin mission. But now, in place of the sweat of my brow, I give them my blood. The sword hangs over my head but I have no fear. God has taken pity on my weakness and filled me with Himself so that I am happy, and even joyous.

I AM now only waiting patiently for the day when God will allow me to offer Him the sacrifice of my blood. I do not regret leaving this world; my soul thirsts for the waters of eternal life. My exile is over. I touch the soil of my real country; earth vanishes, Heaven opens. I go to God. Adieu! The prisoner of Jesus Christ salutes you. In a very short time the sacrifice will be consummated. May God have you always in His holy keeping!

VAIN are the efforts of men when
God opposes their designs.

WHEN my head falls under the axe
of the executioner, receive it, O
loving Jesus! O Immaculate Mother!
as the bunch of ripe grapes falls under
the scissors, as the full-blown rose
which has been gathered in your hon-
or. Ave Maria!

WE are all flowers planted on this
earth, which God plucks in His
own good time; some a little sooner,
some a little later. One is as the
blushing rose, another the virginal
lily, a third the humble violet. Let us
each strive to please Our Sovereign
Lord and Master according to the gift
and the sweetness which He has be-
stowed upon us.

GUIDE your ship well. Let prudence take the helm ; let humility be the rudder, God your compass, Mary your anchor of hope. And then, in spite of the disgust and bitterness which, like a howling sea, will sometimes overwhelm you, never be cast down. Have confidence in God and, like Noah's ark, you will float always above the waters.

I LEAVE you in the field of virtues and good works. Reap a great harvest of these for the eternal life which awaits us. Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, sweetness, perseverance, and a holy death ; and we shall be together, now and forevermore.



HENRY DORIE



H. Doris
mus. ap. in Caris

HENRY DORIE

HENRY DORIE, the close friend and companion of Just de Bretenières, came from the Vendée, which lies along the west coast of France, somewhat to the south. Relatives still live in the humble salt-maker's home where the future martyr of Korea was born on September 23, 1839.

Henry Dorie's father paid rent to Count Bessay, who later became the patron of Henry and, together with Fr. Boulanger, a curate in the parish at St. Hilaire of Talmont, arranged for the boy's education.

The call to the priesthood is not always clearly given, but Henry Dorie, like Théophile Vénard and Just de Bretenières, seemed to have been thus privileged. According to his own testimony, Henry Dorie, at the age of fifteen, received an inspiration which

he could no more have resisted than could a river avoid running towards the sea.

He entered college at Sables d' Olonne, a well-known watering place on the Vendée coast, and, in 1860, began his theological studies at Luçon. He was not a brilliant student and had to work harder than most of his companions, but his disposition, modest and recollected, yet bright and even gay, won for him the love of all whom he met.

The lines of his future life were cast during his seminary course, as we discover from a letter written to an intimate friend and containing the following sentences: "I wish to give myself *wholly* to our Lord—to work, to suffer all my life, and to die for Him and for the propagation of His kingdom on earth."

This thought was genuine, and the inevitable step came soon when, in the summer of 1862, he went to the Seminary for Foreign Missions in Paris.

His patron, Count Bessay, his parents and even his pastor, vigorously opposed this step, and it was only when young Dorie, almost in despair, threatened to give up all thought of the priesthood if he could not go to the Foreign Missions, that his mother and the others interested realized the risk they were taking of thwarting the designs of God.

Théophane Vénard, whose home was not many miles away from the Vendée, had been martyred the previous year, and this event had produced a deep impression on Henry Dorie, contributing not a little to his final determination. It was thus that one young man drew another in France, and Dorie himself, by his example, soon brought to the Mission House three others, one of whom was the late Bishop Cousin of Nagasaki, Japan.

With thirteen others, Henry Dorie was ordained in Paris, May 21, 1864. He had not yet been assigned to his future missions, but in his heart there

were two preferences : one for Korea, the other, anywhere if he could only be sent with his dearest friend, Just de Bretenières.

Of the Korean mission there is a note in Henry Dorie's private diary, written while at the Rue du Bac, which says : "Korea, the finest mission in the whole world ! In spite of the rage of our enemies, the converts increase rapidly. There are two bishops and seven missionaries working secretly among these people. Of all the Asiatic races, the Korean is everywhere acknowledged to have the best heart. Some one in the house said the other day that this is the mission to which I shall be sent. God grant it. Still I have no will but His in this matter. Alleluia. Korea for ever !"

On June 13 the fields of action were distributed, and Henry Dorie was assigned to Korea with three of his classmates, — Louis Beaulieu, Martin Huin, and Just de Bretenières. The young missionary from the Vendée

could hardly contain himself with joy, yet he foresaw many difficulties, the great one being, as he wrote to a seminary friend, to get into the country, since the law punished with death any stranger making this attempt.

The 15th of July was the date fixed for the departure. The parish priest of St. Hilaire, Fr. Boudaud, went from the Vendée to Paris to represent the parents of Henry Dorie at the ceremony which took place in the evening at half-past seven o'clock.

The young missionaries and their directors met in the Blessed Virgin's Oratory, to sing together the *Ave Maris Stella* with the invocations, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs, pray for us. The *Magnificat* followed and all entered the chapel, where, after the *Veni Creator*, a Confessor of the Faith addressed the new apostles, inviting them, not to the joys of home and earthly love, but to suffering and, in God's gift, — to martyrdom.

When the last word had been said

the missionaries mounted to the platform of the altar and faced the congregation. Then, one after another, the directors and friends approached in turn to reverently kiss the feet of the young apostles and to embrace their dear ones probably for the last time on earth.

During the ceremony a psalm was sung, the verses alternating with the antiphon from Isaias: "*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona.*" "How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the Gospel of peace, of those who bring glad tidings to men."

When this was finished the students chanted the *Benedictus*, closing the ceremony with the famous Hymn of Departure, which was composed by Gounod, once an aspirant in this house.

Leaving the church, the ten missionaries hastened to the Gare de Lyon, the railway station for Lyons, and took the nine o'clock train for Marseilles.

Four days later they bade farewell

to France. In the Indian Ocean they encountered the monsoon, a terrible wind which kept them in peril for nine days, and after leaving Ceylon they met fresh storms. On August 20 they arrived at Singapore, where they found seven of the Paris missionaries to bid them welcome.

After a short stay, the four Koreans took leave of their brethren and embarked for Saigon. Here they were received by Bishop Lefebre and eighteen missionaries. Many of these had already been put to the torture, yet all were cheerful. Merry laughter with bright repartees were exchanged at that hospitable board where these apostles met for the first and last time. Night broke up this gathering which would only be renewed in heaven.

Leaving Saigon, the four missionaries coasted to Hong Kong.

Henry Dorie, with his companions, passed a few happy weeks here in the mission house and, on September 29, embarked for Shanghai. Pirates,

storms, and illness followed the young apostles, and finally they landed at a place called Tin-Kao. Here, through the courtesy of some English merchants, the weary travellers were provided with horses and wagons, and thus they reached the mission of Fr. Métayer, who arranged for their journey to the residence of Bishop Vérolles. Bishop Vérolles lodged his guests as comfortably as he could, keeping them fifteen days to recruit their health, after which he assigned each to a mission, as they were to remain in his vicariate during the winter to learn Chinese. Fr. Dorie was appointed to the mission of St. Joseph of the Bears, where he was welcomed by the Christians as if he were an angel from heaven.

The village contained about three hundred people, and, although it is in the fortieth degree of North latitude, the cold is excessive, the thermometer falling often to thirty degrees below zero. The Christians kept the fires

going for their young pastor night and day, and provided him with a long cloak lined with sheepskin and furs. They even made a fur protection for his nose and supplied him most liberally with food. On Christmas they were so delighted to have midnight Mass that, when it was over, they offered Fr. Dorie no fewer than sixteen different kinds of food, throwing themselves at his feet to implore an extra blessing.

On May 2 Henry Dorie and his companions left Manchuria. Twenty-four days later, after several narrow escapes, they succeeded in landing on the shores of Korea, in the guise of mourners. They were carried by porters, according to the custom of the country, to the house of Bishop Berneux in Séoul. Here the four young missionaries stayed for fifteen days, in a little room which served as bedroom, parlor, dining-room, chapel and sacristy. Bishop Berneux's health had been nearly exhausted after twenty-

five years of toil among the Korean people, and he welcomed the new arrivals with joy.

Fr. Dorie was stationed about seven miles outside of the city, at a place called Son-Kol. He found the language a kind of Chinese patois, and, as he termed it, "truly diabolical," but he set himself bravely to master it.

During the preceding year, in one of the northern provinces, four thousand had been baptized, including a most prominent Korean. The harvest seemed ripe when Fr. Dorie settled down to his mission labors, June 23, 1865.

The King, however, had died and the Queen Regent was a Christian-hater who, at every announcement of new conversions, thirsted more passionately for Christian blood.

Six months after Henry Dorie's arrival the prospect of persecution dawned and at the same time a terrible famine devastated the country. Fr. Dorie was lodged in the chapel, the

walls of which were of earth and the roof of straw. There were no windows, the only opening being a door three feet high, panelled with paper. The food was unpalatable at first, but the young missionary wrote home that he preferred his surroundings to the finest presbytery in the Vendée.

The village soon had not a single pagan. All were baptized and assisted with fervor at the daily Mass. Fr. Dorie then wished to extend the sphere of his activities, but, on account of the risk, was forbidden by superiors. The Koreans named their young pastor *Kim-Sin-Fon*,— *Kim* meaning gold, and *Sin-Pon*, spiritual father.

At this time Russia was pressing toward the Korean frontiers, demanding land for a commercial station. The Queen Regent of Korea, being perplexed, sent for Bishop Berneux, and was benefited by the latter's advice and friendly overtures to the Russian envoy; yet, within a few months, in February, 1866, Bishop Berneux was

dragged from his house and thrown into a dungeon reserved for the worst criminals. The government agents then made a systematic search for the remaining missionaries.

Three out of the twelve in Korea managed to escape. The nine others were seized, tortured, and finally put to death. Bishop Berneux with Henry Dorie, Just de Bretenières, and Louis Beaulieu, on March 8, 1866, were led outside the town, their heads being struck off in the presence of an immense multitude of people.

Of Henry Dorie's death Fr. Ferron, who barely escaped the axe of the executioner, wrote: "The barbarians overwhelmed him with blows until his body became one wound. The skin of his legs was peeled off leaving the bones bare; they then broke the legs and in this condition he was carried to the scaffold where he consummated his glorious sacrifice. Here was the realization of his dream: 'To suffer for God will henceforth be my motto.'

He had given to the God Whom he loved so much, the very last drop of his blood.”

The Vendée may indeed be proud of Henry Dorie, and the faithful villagers of St. Hilaire pray today that the name of their heroic townsman may soon be found among the saints of Christ's holy Church.



THOUGHTS FROM
HENRY DORIE

THOUGHTS FROM
HENRY DORIE

I HAVE not the courage to see millions of souls, created to the image of God, bought with the blood of Jesus Christ,—souls for whom He would die again, if necessary,—perish, without lifting a hand to help them.

IT does not need a month to make one feel at home in the Missions Étrangères of Paris; twenty-four hours is enough. From the very first hour, I exclaimed with joy in my heart, “Hæc requies mea. Domus Dei et porta cœli.” Every one is bright and gay, and sadness seems an unknown visitor.

IF with this poor little body I should turn out to be really a missionary according to our dear Lord's heart,—a martyr,—who knows?—would you not then be happy and proud of your son?

WE are treated at the Mission House just like spoiled children, and allowed every possible comfort and pleasure. The reason given to us by our superiors is, "By and by, you will have quite enough time to suffer."

SUFFERING is the dart or sting which goads us when our miserable indolence and cowardice would induce us to stop by the way; and which forces us, like unwilling beasts of burden, to push on, breathless and exhausted though we may be, to the end of our journey, which is Heaven. Sufferings are not only useful; they are necessary to an apostle.

I BELIEVE zeal can only be maintained by continual struggles and trials, just as the hardiest warriors are those who have accustomed themselves to every species of fatigue.

SACRIFICES made for God have a sweetness and a joy unknown to the world. Everything here below entails regret; the longer life is, the more full it is of care, because all life is, as it were, the destruction of pleasant illusions.

AH, if we only had more faith, more love, what great works might we not do for Christ! What a store of merits should we not lay up! But our miserable stupidity and coldness of heart, our clinging to earthly things, dim our sight and weaken our perceptions of God and Heaven.

IN the strength of the Holy Eucharist you will acquire a force which will enable you to love even the sacrifice which He demands of you.

CLIMBING by very slow degrees the mountain which leads to the priesthood, I am about to take the first step. As on this engagement depends my eternal happiness or misery, I recommend myself earnestly to your good prayers.

WHETHER it be among the icebergs of the North Pole, or under the burning sun of India, or in the marshes of Cochin-China, or in the forests of Tonquin, or in the plains of China, I do not care. Everywhere there are people to be converted, souls to be saved.

OH, you may well say that those who undertake this life have bitter sacrifices to make; I have felt them in their fulness, and am feeling them still; but I strive with all my might against this terrible discouragement and despondency.

YOU are right in thinking that I am happy in the Foreign Mission College; but it has likewise entailed sacrifices very painful to flesh and blood. But I feel now that the die is cast; and I can say with St. Paul, "Væ mihi si non evangelizavero!"

GOD bless you! In Heaven there will be no separation, nor need there be on this earth, if we love God. I hope to meet you very often in the Sacred Heart of my sweet Jesus, the King of my heart. It is there that we must give one another *rendezvous*.

IS it possible that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice can ever become a common thing to one? God forbid!

THE experience of each day brings home to me the truth of those words of St. Francis de Sales: "The mercy of God is the throne of our miseries."

SURELY the cross becomes the property and sole glory of a man when he has once entered on his apostolate; how can I refuse it when it is presented to me, no matter in what form?

I, A PRIEST! I, at the altar to bring down my God, and to immolate the thrice-holy Victim! The thought fills me with such terror at my own unworthiness that I scarcely dare entertain it.

THE Crucifix alone teaches one the worth of a single human soul.

NOT for all the gold in Christendom would I return to the Vendée ; I am now a missionary, and must be nothing else.

IN a sermon last week we were told that the heart of the missionary was also the most loving and the most tender to his own relatives, and I think it is quite true.

IT is in moments like these that one seems to touch with one's very finger the true meaning of those words : "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting."

O MY God, what joy to give one's life thus for our Lord! And then it is so soon over; one gets so quickly to Heaven!

THESE three great vicariates, Pondicherry, Coimbatore, and Mysore, which divide India, do not bear much fruit. About eighty missionaries are toiling there under that burning sun. This martyrdom is as good as any other, I think.

AS to Annam, it is only the fear of our troops that prevents the King, Tu Duc, from re-opening the persecution. They say he has sworn by his gods to annihilate the Christian religion in his kingdom, and to destroy every representation of the Crucified One. We must only pray the harder for him and for his unhappy people.

FIND me anything, if you can, to be compared to the consolation of being permitted to do something definite for our Lord!

WHAT a terrible thing it is when Europeans introduce vice with civilization. They should look upon themselves as apostles and evangelizers of the heathen races among whom they may be thrown!

THE people of the country of Thibet embrace the faith with joy, although they are on the eve of a fresh persecution. Four young missionaries are on their way to help our brethren there. When starting they were told, "You will have your heads cut off; but your deaths will convert Thibet." May this prophecy be accomplished for their happiness and God's glory!

THE Koreans seem eager for instruction. I believe three of our men will be sent there, and I have a sort of hope that I may be one of them; God grant it may be so! But there or elsewhere makes very little difference; I never trouble my head about it. Pray for me, that I may maintain the same calmness to the end, so that I may really have no will but God's.

TWO or three months ago my King Jesus seemed to be present in my very heart with a sweetness and a tenderness to which nothing on earth was comparable. Now all this is past and gone. I feel as if He had hidden Himself from me and all is arid and bitter and desolate. Perhaps it is in order that I should seek Him more diligently. I will try to do so. I will leave all and follow Him.

I WISH to give myself *wholly* to our Lord, — to work, to suffer all my life, and to die for Him, and for the spread of His Kingdom upon earth.

I AM just now as cold as stone. I look calmly at the sacrifices I am about to make, and accept them with a dull, unreasoning faith; but without a shadow of the enthusiasm I once felt, or the least kindling of love in my breast for Him Who gave Himself for me.

IT is not enough to say I wish to suffer; but I want to suffer very much and every day. I am going to make a special prayer to our Master for this, and you, my friend, if you love me, should ask of Him the same thing for me. In truth, however, all this is a matter of conviction with me, not enthusiasm.

WE are children of Providence, and
fear nothing.

THE Catholic faith, wherever the
Vicar of Christ numbers his chil-
dren, alone has the secret of discover-
ing real brothers and sisters.

BUT if, in spite of my search, He
should still veil Himself from me,
at least I will strive to be the first in
His line of combatants; and under His
banner, and with the simple armor of
faith, I will plant His cross or die.

THE pirates of the Yellow River may
take it into their heads to make
an end of us as we go down that
stream,—and no great harm either.
May God's holy will be done! Our
rendezvous is in Heaven; happy he
who gets there first!

LET the best among us help the worst with their prayers, and then all will go well.

ONE'S life is very short in India: our men usually live about seven years; but what if the time be long or short, provided only it be well employed?

ENTIRELY alone, unable to speak a word or understand what was said to one, would seem to be hopelessly discouraging. On the contrary, one feels happier than ever.

I PREFER my little cabin here to the finest presbytery in the Vendée. I am as happy as a king, sitting on my heels like a good Korean and having no cares whatever.

MY chapel is indeed poor, beyond what your imagination can conceive; but what does it signify? my people know no better one; they are quite content; and in this miserable hovel of mud and straw, they pray with a fervor that would shame many Christians in France.

GOOD-BY to happy days passed on the ocean's shore; to the much loved woods where we have so often played together; to my native land, the Vendée, so dear to my heart! Good-by to it all! Korea opens her arms to receive me; she asks for laborers, and I come. Already do I feel heart and soul with my poor children there. Already in my dreams I have climbed her mountains and seen my little hiding-place in her rocks. How good is our God!

WOULD only that such a mission had found a better laborer! I trust to your prayers to make me worthy of such a work. Nay, more, you must strive to obtain for me the palm of martyrdom.

GIVE us a memento very often at the altar, that we may be filled with that interior spirit which alone can keep alive apostolic zeal.

ALREADY a price is set upon my head; but what does that signify? Only pray for me that I may win my palm. Hurrah for Korea!

THE martyr's palm! — which St. Gregory calls "*suavis ad gustum, umbrosa ad requiem, honorabilis ad triumphum*,"—sweet to the taste, a shaded rest, an honorable triumph.

THE poorer the instrument, the greater will be God's glory.

THE Indian,—is he not our brother? A son, like us, of the Eternal Father? Is there a foreign land for those whose home is only in Heaven?

THE Korean has a burning faith which seems to stand in no need of human accessories. These people would really rejoice the heart of any missionary.

WE shall meet with endless difficulties, I know; but what does that matter? Our lives will be spent under sheds, or in the holes of the rocks, amidst ice and snow, or burning heat. But if we are united to God, what have we to fear?





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