

where he remained two days and two nights. He had scarcely returned to the village, when he was again forced to fly to the mountains: being unable to walk, he was carried in the arms of the Christians. During those days of terror, Father Retord also spent many nights wandering from place to place, unable to find a safe retreat: at last he found an old shed, which served to shelter from the rain the worm-eaten timber belonging to some nuns, whose house had been demolished during the persecution; here he spent about two months, unknown almost to every body. He afterwards partook of Father Jeantet's retreat in the mountains, which they were both often obliged to abandon, and in the night, upon some sudden alarm. But, as they could sometimes forget their troubles in the effusion of friendship, the aspect of their solitude changed in their eyes. Those dark and unhealthy caverns were, for the two exiles, delightful grottoes, rendered dear to them both by friendship and religion; the tiger, roaring in pursuit of his prey, appeared to them less terrible than majestic: so true it is, that nature charms us less by her own inherent beauties, than by the dispositions with which we contemplate them. To a heart gay and contented, there is no solitude without its embellishment, and which does not, like our soul, reflect back an image of Heaven; whilst the gilded palaces of the

great when viewed with a depressed mind, appear more gloomy than the catacombs of Rome. Oh! how sweet is friendship at all times, but particularly in the hour of misfortune, and in far distant climes!

But we have said enough of our personal sufferings; besides, they are but trifling when compared, to the events we are about to relate. We have already said that Dr. Harvard had fled towards a Christian congregation called Bach-Bat, situated near the mountains of Sanh-Ninh-Binh. He had scarcely reached this retreat, when, in consequence of alarming rumours, he was forced to abandon it and to fly to the caverns of the forest. He remained sixteen days in those unhealthy mountains, wandering about having no other food than a little cold rice, which he shared with his two catechists. The cave in which he first took refuge, afforded him considerable accommodation, but he was obliged to abandon it, in consequence of more alarming rumours which reached him. He was, therefore, conducted to a more secret place of concealment, a frightful hole, the entrance being so narrow that it was with difficulty a man could crawl into it, and the interior was horribly damp, no possibility to sit down, eaten up with fleas, and breathing a noxious atmosphere. Dr. Harvard could not remain long in this hole, without exposing himself to the unavoidable danger of contracting a mortal dis-