

those hardened, infatuated wretches; let not one escape.' Great and universal was the consternation of the Christians upon hearing this intelligence. The penalty of death, threatened against all those who should give us an asylum, had considerably cooled the zeal of the most devoted to our interests. No one seemed willing to receive us, so that we might say, with truth, *the foxes have holes, and the birds have nests*, but the Missionaries, like their divine Master, have not whereon to repose their heads.

On the 3d of June, Dr. Havard, our Vicar-Apostolic, obliged to fly from our College, fled to the mountains of Sanh-Ning-Bing, where he arrived in four nights, after having been exposed to a thousand dangers. Father Charrier was frequently obliged to change his place of concealment, constantly pursued by an enemy that sought him out with redoubled ardour. It was not because he feared for his own life that this Missionary took so much precaution to escape, for he ardently wished to share the sufferings of our holy Confessors. 'If I am apprehended,' says he, in a letter to Father Retord, 'I hope that God will pour into my veins some drops of our martyrs' blood.' What he dreaded was, the temporal evils which his arrest would infallibly bring down upon our Christians. As to Father Gauthier, who, since his arrival in 1836, was not attached to any particular district, he re-

mained during four months, in such profound solitude, that, when he came out he was like a dead man just risen from the grave. Fathers Jeantet and Retord, though they were not exposed to the storm in all its violence, were not, however, placed altogether beyond its reach; the first had taken refuge ever since the eve of Pentecost, amongst a small congregation of Christians at the foot of the mountains. He had no sooner arrived, than he was informed that the Mandarin was approaching with a band of soldiers—and how escape this unexpected danger? A few days before, his leg had been bitten by a dog, and the wound, inflamed by having walked so much on the preceding night, rendered it impossible for him even to stand. Father Jeantet was, therefore, obliged, in order to escape falling into the hands of the mandarin, who was at the very gates of the village, to be taken on the shoulders of a strong man, and thus carried across a marsh, which separated him from the mountains. A cave, at a considerable distance up the mountains, promised him a secure asylum; but he was scarcely half way when his strength forsok him, and, at his own request, he was left alone behind a large bush, in order that, if Providence was pleased to allow him to be discovered, those who accompanied him might not be compromised at the same time. In the evening he was removed to a dark cavern,