

tained and propagated by his one, only, and Catholic Church. He was a man wellfitted for such a mission, for, though only in the prime of his life, he had long laboured, and with success, amongst the unenlightened Heathens of the Southern hemisphere, having been for many years Vicar General to the New Zealand Mission. Schooled as it were at the feet of such a master as the amiable and indefatigable Bishop Pompallier, Right Rev. Dr. Epalle appeared to be in every respect a man well-fitted to enter upon, and succeed in, a mission such as the one to which he had been so wisely appointed. Heaven, however, in the decrees of its inscrutable wisdom, has differently ordained; at the very outset of his labours, the holy Bishop has sealed with his blood his testimony to the Faith, and to his ardent desire to propagate amongst the heathen the truths of the eternal Gospel; thus adding another to the glorious band of martyrs, who from the first establishment of the Church even to our times, have so nobly illustrated her Faith and triumphed by their death over the powers of darkness; for it is no less true now than it was in the time of Tertullian that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; and we confidently anticipate that the blood of this good prelate will not have fallen upon barren ground, but that it will 'bring forth fruit a hundredfold.' From the known cruelty of disposition of the savages amongst whom Bishop Epalle and his fellow-labourers were destined to exercise their apostolic ministry, it was expected that news would be received that some of these messengers of good tidings had been slain by the hands of those, for whose eternal welfare they had left country, home, friends, and all that was dear to them; and for which each and all of them were fully prepared. The sad intelligence we are now called upon to record, has painfully realised those fearful forebodings. The language of the Archbishop of Sydney, at the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, held on the 7th of September, has thus assumed the character of prophecy. Speaking of these mission, his Grace said—'The reflection naturally forces itself upon their minds, perhaps, before twelve months had passed away, the bodies of these pious missionaries might be prostrate in the earth, their brains dashed out by the club of the savage, who had misinterpreted the end for which they had come amongst them; but their souls would be happy with their God.' The mission, though it has commenced with the death of its head, is not, and will not be abandoned. It is for the present stationed on the island of San Christoval, one of the same group, and God in his own good time, will make it productive in the meantime, let us not be as men 'sorrowing without hope,' but pray 'the Lord of the harvest, that he will send more labourers into the vineyard.'—The following is the account of the

Bishop's death, as furnished by Captain Richards, the commander of the Marian Watson:—'Schooner Marian Watson, at Astrolabe Harbour, Isle of St. George, December, 1845. Tuesday, 14th December.—At 7-30 AM. Bishop Epalle, Messrs. Fremont and Chauraine, with a lay brother, left the ship in a whale boat, in charge of the second mate and four hands, for the purpose, as they had been two days previous on the Island of Ysable, to see if they could find a place adapted for a settlement or station. About 10.30 the boat returned to the ship with three severely wounded, having been attacked by the natives. On getting the Bishop on deck, and his wounds examined by Mr. Guior, we found there were no hopes of his recovery, having received four large cuts on the head, and all clean through the skull, so as to expose the brain. Mr. Fremont, with two wounds, and the second mate with one, which had the appearance of being done with a tomahawk. The account of this melancholy affair I got from Mr. Chauraine, the Bishop's secretary. On landing they saw some natives, and all armed; one of them, who appeared to be a chief came to the boat, and wanted the Bishop's ring. The second mate and our seamen also landed, and walked up the beach, the natives coming still out of the bush towards the boat. This chief asked for a tomahawk, which the second mate gave, as he did not like his appearance. By this time several natives had got about the boat, and taking particular notice of the fire-arms. It appears no one paid any attention to the natives being all dressed or painted as natives generally are when they are for war—and the first alarm was the Bishop crying out, and a yell from the natives running out of the bush. The second blow the Bishop fell, at which time three or four natives were round him. Mr. Fremont and the second mate made for the water, and the report of a pistol from the boat saved them from sharing the same fate. Mr. Chauraine most ably fought his way through this mob of savages with stones only, and got to the boat, when he seized a cutlas, and fearlessly risked his own life to go to the assistance of his lordship, whom they were dragging along the beach, tearing his clothes off, when, at the second report of a musket and pistol, they all ran off into the bush. It appears that these natives are well acquainted with fire-arms, as, on the signal being given they tried to heave up the boat, and others wetted the arms with salt water. The Bishop departed this life at four P. M., on Friday, the 19th December, but never took notice or spoke after being taken into the boat. On Saturday, the 20th December, at five A. M., we all left the ship, and buried the body about six A. M. The grave is close to a place marked on the French charts, Debarcoir—the outer point of Astrolabe Harbour, and the highest peak near Cape Prieto, on the island of Ysable. On one of the small stones along the