

Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER; AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was built, who received the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in Heaven and on earth? — TERTULLIAN Præcep. xxii. "There is one God, and one Church, and one Chair founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other Altar be erected, or a new Priesthood established, besides that one Altar, and one Priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere, scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, is violation of the Divine Ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious." — St. Cyprian Ep. 43 ad plebem. "All of them remaining silent, for the doctrine was beyond the reach of man, Peter the Prince of the Apostles and the supreme herald of the Church, not following his own inventions, nor persuaded by human reasoning, but enlightened by the Father, says to him: Thou art Christ, and not this alone, but the Son of the living God. — St. Cyril of Jerusl. Cat. xi.

Calendar table listing days of the week and feast days: Sept. 3 - Sunday - XII after Pent 1 Sept. 4 - Monday - St. Rose of Viterbo. 5 - Tuesday - St. Lawrence Justinian B.C. Somid. 6 - Wednesday - St. Anastasius P.C. Doub Sup. 7 - Thursday - St. Peter Martyr Doub from 29th April. 8 - Friday - Nativity of B.V.M. Doub H. cl with Oct. com &c. 9 - Saturday - St. Sergius I.P.C. Doub Sup. com &c.

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. MISSIONS OF OCEANICA.

Letter of Father Grange to the Very Reverend Father Cohn, Superior of the Society of Mary. Sydney, September 18, 1847. (Concluded.)

On the 19th the fire reached the small boats which the commander of the Seine had left us. Thinking that this day might in reality be the last of our life, we made our confession. His Lordship consumed the sacred Species. The Scotchman, George Taylor, whom I had instructed for some time, in order to prepare him to become a Catholic, requested baptism from me, which I gave him conditionally; he approached also the sacrament of penance. At two o'clock we were surrounded on all sides by the savages; they were all daubed black, and uttered ferocious cries. Concealed behind large rocks, a short distance from the house, they hurled enormous flint stones, which smashed the walls. Still they did not as yet dare to attack the enclosure. Brother Bertrand was wounded in the hand, Brother Blaise was dying. The savages were as ferocious towards us as a lion against his prey. On a sudden a chief cried out, "Burn the house, burn the house." Immediately fire was set to the props of the ground floor; it was impossible for us to extinguish it. Already we felt the heat under us; our anxiety was extreme; to remain was to perish in the flames, to go down was infallibly to fall under the blows of the savages. We all assembled in the inner little chapel. Brother Blaise himself left his bed, and dragging himself as best he could, came to join us; there was a serenity on his forehead, and a smile on his lips: "I come," said he on entering, "to await here the last stroke." A few minutes before, as his Lordship on giving him his benediction appeared affected, "Ah!" said he to him, "why should we annoy ourselves? are we not going to exchange this life for a better?" I should say in praise of this excellent brother, that his death edified rather than afflicted me. While I was administering to him the sacrament of penance for the last time, and was exhorting him to pardon from his entire heart his murderers, after the example of our Divine Master; "Oh!" said he, "how I wish that my death would bring happiness to these poor people! I pardon them with my whole heart." The sweet serenity of this good brother has so much edified the new Catholic, George, that he cannot help saying, "This, indeed, is the true religion."

Meanwhile, there was no time to be lost. The Right Rev. Dr. Collomb knelt down before me to ask a last absolution, and a plenary indulgence in articulo mortis. After this we fell on our knees, praying him to grant us the same favour; then we embraced each other, and bid each other adieu, until we would meet in heaven.

where we hoped to rejoin each other after a few instants. His Lordship and I made a vow to say each of us a hundred masses, if it pleased the Lord to take us out of this extreme danger. Then the thought struck us, that by giving up the house to pillage we would perhaps have some chance of safety. Doctor Beaudy threw among the crowd the key of the place where our small provisions were stored. The savages rushed towards it; it was the last ray of hope; we took advantage of it to go out. I showed myself first, and encountering a chief, called Oundo, I endeavoured to hold parley with him, whilst his Lordship and Brother Bertrand would be making their escape by the court. After them came Dr. Beaudy, Mary, Julien, and George. Two natives, armed with lances, advanced to strike his Lordship and Brother Bertrand; the Doctor, who was armed with a gun, presented it at them with a menacing air; the aggressors fell back. At the same instant the savages made their way to where Father Blaise was and struck him several blows of a club. I could only escape myself with great difficulty, by passing over the ruins of the church burned the evening before. I encountered a troop of from sixty to eighty islanders, who were gathering up the remains which had escaped the fire. A huge savage more deformed and blacker than a demon, rushed on me to stone me to death. I ran then as swiftly as I could; he struck at me twice with a large stone, but I felt twice by a particular providence, and my fall timed exactly with the stroke that would have killed me. The second time, in particular, the savage believed he had succeeded; he left me in order that he might return to the pillage. I raised myself up as best I could, and rejoined my companions in misfortune. Alas! Brother Blaise was missing; we were in great grief that we had not been able to snatch him from the hands of the savages.

We directed our steps in all haste towards Poëbo. We reached the small village of Di-reone, where we had a zealous catechist named Michael; we learned from him that the chiefs of Balade had given orders to massacre us all. We decided lest the establishment of Poëbo might not have shared the same fate as that of Balade. In our distress, we were rejoiced to learn no such thing had taken place. Before arriving at the first village of this tribe, we met two children, the catechist Louis and the catechumen Monuko, whom Father Rougeyron, informed of what had happened to us in the evening, had sent to assure us of the actual state of matters. These two children were a great assistance to us, by leading us through circuitous routes; thus we escaped all dangers. Young Louis, seeing our weakness and bereavement, could not restrain his tears. Young as he was, he was constantly offering his shoulders to carry his Lordship and myself in turn, and he would then say to us, "You are hungry; remain here concealed in the bushes, and I will go and search for something for you to eat." Although we had taken nothing for two days, we did not wish to consent that he should be separated from us; the pressing and generous care of this child, compared with the barbarity of his countrymen, was a great consolation to my heart.

Finally, we arrived at the station of Poëbo at eight o'clock in the evening, in a deplorable state, and so overpowered with fatigue, that we could with difficulty support ourselves. The Fathers Rougeyron and Verguet, came to meet us; we mingled our tears together and offered them up as a common sacrifice.

On the 20th June, we consulted together and unanimously resolved, that Brother Augustus

and the sailor Aumerond, should go to Yonqueno to ascertain if there was any ship there from which we could hope for any assistance.

Meanwhile, the occurrence at Balade excited to the highest pitch the cupidity of the people of Poëbo. We learned on the 21st that they also had formed the project of attacking us. We addressed ourselves anew to God; each one of the Missionaries again made a particular vow, and we adopted at the same time precautionary measures. On the 22nd of July Brother Augustus and the sailor, Aumerond, arrived at Yonqueno. They found there no ship, and we were compelled to remain at the post in which Providence had placed us; he, alone could take us from it. We were thirteen in number at the establishment of Poëbo; six who had come from Balade, and in addition, the Reverend Fathers Rougeyron and Verguet, the Brother Augustus, the carpenter, Prosper, and the three sailors left by the Seine, Bercherel, Cadousteau, and Aumerond. We learned that the savages of Balade were anxious to make use of our house, which they had saved by extinguishing the flames, to serve as an ambush for vessels which might moor at the harbour. Knowing what they were capable of doing, and fearing for the Anonyme and Arche d' Alliance, which we expected every day, we felt the necessity there was of burning this house. The children of the Mission put this project into execution on the night of the 5th and 6th of August.

The attitude of the natives towards us became menacing; we awaited a new catastrophe. Several times we saw them collect around our habitation with hostile intentions. One night the inhabitants of the two villages collected in the house of our nearest neighbour to attack us instantaneously; he dissuaded them from it.

On the 9th August we found ourselves reduced to the last extremity. We were after receiving the sacrament of penance, and once more bade each other a last adieu. We were about to deliver ourselves into the hands of our executioners, when, on a sudden, there appeared in the horizon a vessel which was making towards where we were, and in a short time we recognized her as a French Ship: she was the corvette La Brillante, commanded by the Viscount Du Bouret. We hastened to send two men aboard with a letter which described our distress. The sea was boisterous, and it was only on the evening of the 10th that M. Du Bouret could send us assistance. There came to us three small boats manned by sixty men well armed, under the command of Messrs. De La Motte and Fournier. We were invited to send a deputation on board to consult with the commander on the prudential course the most suitable in our present position. The Right Reverend Dr. Collomb and myself departed at ten o'clock in the evening in the boat of the lieutenant. We did not arrive until five o'clock in the morning at Balade, where the corvette was moored. M. Du Bouret received us on board with a kindness above all praise. It was decided on that the corvette should lift anchor to go and moor at Poëbo. We set sail, and arrived on the 11th in front of this village.

The commander engaged himself immediately about our deliverance. A constant rain, which lasted during the whole night of the 11th and 12th, enabled us to transfer our principal articles on board. Had it not been for this unexpected fall of rain, we would have been attacked by all the village of the large tribe of Poëbo. On the 12th, the principal chief came to present Father Rougeyron with a piece of cloth, as a

sign of peace. The Father, who suspected with good reason a snare, approached a sailor, and he advanced in front, holding his bayonet in his hand, while he received the present from the other.

At nine o'clock in the morning, there arrived three marine officers and two midshipmen, with eighty-four men; the commander conveyed to us his desire of receiving us on board as soon as possible. We set out for the village, from which we were separated by three quarters of an hour's journey. The savages, assembled in great numbers, waited until we would have entered the brushwood to attack us with impunity. As soon as we had arrived at the foot of the hillock upon which our house was situated, the great chiefs made a sign to us to pass on the other side of the brook; but, being informed that many thousands of the natives were concealed in ambush in order to surprise and kill us all on our retreat, we refused to follow the path he had pointed out to us; the great chief then gave the signal of attack to the savages. A shower of lances and arrows rained down on us. The French marines saw themselves forced to fight in self defence. But, as the savages hid themselves in the bushes, crept and dragged themselves through the grass, we could do no more than perceive the hands that aimed the blows. One of them, however, approached so near, that after having missed the quarter-master, Soychou, the latter killed him with the stroke of a bayonet. Finally, we reached the banks of the river, and were thus beyond danger. Lieutenant M. de la Monte called the roll; no one was missing; but five men were wounded, two of them seriously; among this number was M. Raymond, a second class midshipman, who received a lance wound in the neck. Luckily, the wound produced no evil consequence.

The commander, on hearing the noise of the firing hastened in his canoe; he placed the wounded in it, and we all arrived on board at twelve o'clock.

The commander told us then, that it was his intention to take revenge for the cruel conduct of the inhabitants of Balade. We signified to him in writing that our duty as Missionaries was to pardon our enemies, and we conjured him to pardon them as we did. He answered, that he applauded our interposition, but that it was not alone the Missionaries who were the victims of the rapacity and perfidy of these Caledonians; that the French Society of Oceanica had also suffered great loss; that its representatives, sealed in good faith at Bajoup (Balade) under the protection of sworn fidelity, had their lives imperilled; that the natives, urged on by a malevolent spirit, had begun by setting fire to the boats of the Seine, belonging to France; that he would deem it a dereliction of his duty to forbear chastising such misdeeds.

On the 15th August the Anonyme arrived. Here again, Providence materially assisted us. A strong easterly wind had detained us up till this day in the roadstead of Poëbo, otherwise we would have departed, and in this case it would have been all up with the Anonyme and her crew.

On the 18th we returned to Balade; the two ships arrived there at the same time.

On the 20th, M. Du Bouret landed with a detachment of seventy-five men. After three quarters of an hour's march, this troop arrived at Bajoup, without encountering any opposition. The country looks naked in this locality. All the natives flew to the mountains. The commander set fire to the houses of the principal chiefs; among others, to that of Parama, one of