

God, granted her request and set about choosing her future companions.

The departure was fixed for the spring of the following year. On March 21st, 1818, Mother Duchesne as Superior, and four Sisters embarked at Bordeaux on the sailing-ship *Rebecca*. After a hard and most uncomfortable voyage of seventy days, on the 29th of May, the feast, singularly enough, of the Sacred Heart, the *Rebecca* touched land, Mother Duchesne's first act, in spite of the wetness of the soil, was to cast herself upon the ground, and fervently kiss it. The travellers proceeded by road to New Orleans, where they were hospitably received by the Ursuline Nuns.

Through the miscarriage of letters from Mgr. Dubourg, a most trying delay of six weeks occurred. On July 10th, she received orders to proceed to St. Louis, a journey of some thousand miles up the Mississippi. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the newly-invented steamboats, she speaks so hopefully about, it took them forty-two days to reach their destination.

On their arrival at St. Louis, the Sisters were cordially welcomed by Mgr. Dubourg, whom they found living in one poor room which served as study, refectory and dormitory for himself and four priests.

"You have come in quest of crosses," said the good bishop, "you will not have long to wait for them. Only strengthen yourselves more and more in spirit. That is the important point. There is every appearance that you will sow in tears and that others will reap in joy what your labors and prayers will have won for them."

A fortnight later, he set out with them for St. Charles, a town which he destined to be the cradle of the Society of the Sacred Heart in America. A year's experience made it evident that St. Charles was not the place suited for a religious foundation; so Florissant, a village a few miles from St. Charles, was chosen as a new home for the little colony.

Life here, as at St. Charles, was primitive and laborious,