

The Writings of Saint Antoine Daveluy

IRFA Archive 5C-MAR/074 (Volume 8)

Letters from Korea to his family

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The family of Bishop Daveluy

Marie-Nicolas-Antoine Daveluy was born in Amiens on Holy Monday, March 16, 1818, at ten o'clock in the morning. He was the first son of Marie-Pierre-Isidore-Nicolas Daveluy, mayor of Amiens (1787-1870) and Marie-Anne-Thérèse Laroche (1795-1874). He was the third child, the eldest son of fourteen children, seven girls and seven boys. In this very pious Picard family, three girls became nuns and two boys were priests or bishops.

F Thérèse DAVELUY 1815-1856 sister of the Sacred Heart

F Pauline DAVELUY 1816-1884 mother Marie Borgia of the Sacred Hearts

M Saint Antoine DAVELUY 1818-1866

M Joseph DAVELUY 1820-1821

F Marie Collette Joséphine DAVELUY 1822/1823-1868

F Caroline DAVELUY 1823-1887

M Xavier DAVELUY 1825-1894

F Agathe DAVELUY 1826-1910

M Louis DAVELUY 1828-1862

F Marie DAVELUY 1830-1830

F Adélaïde DAVELUY, 1832-1918 Mother Marie Emmanuelle DAVELUY

Religious of Louvencourt

M Marie Alfred Alphonse DAVELUY 1834-1883

M Isidore DAVELUY, 1837-1921 Canon of the Notre Dame Cathedral of Amiens

M François Marie Charles DAVELUY 1842-1845

“The Daveluy family had been honorably known in Amiens for many years; not only its commercial probity, but also the Christian virtues and patriarchal morals, of which all its members gave the example, had earned it the esteem, we would say better, the veneration of all its fellow citizens.”

Marie-Pauline Daveluy, in religion mother Marie Borgia of the Sacred Hearts, became superior general of the nuns of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Born in 1816, Pauline was the second of the fourteen children of her family. “When Mr. Salmon was, in 1874, commissioned to write the life of Bishop Daveluy, Mother Marie-Borgia, more than anyone else, inspired and enlightened this work, thanks to the documents collected by her sisterly tenderness and to the memories so precise and so present of their common youth.”

Fr. Daveluy wrote a good number of letters to his aunt Marie “Céline” Daveluy (1790-1863) who married on May 4, 1808, in Amiens, Joseph Marie Ghislain DUBOIS de HOVES de FOSSEUX, (1779 – 1851) administrator of the hospice of Paris, merchant. Copies of these letters are bound at the end of Volume 6 of the Daveluy Archive. These letters follow here the letters written to the immediate family (Volume 8)

Every letter is headed with his motto: “Who has Jesus has everything!” and most are simply marked “Korea” and these words have not been retained in this translation.

1. October 27, 1845. To his Parents.

Kontong in Korea

My very dear Parents,

Finally however I am in Korea, God be blessed. After many miseries and trials we have disembarked at a port quite different from the one we would have wanted to go to, Providence wanted to save us from the dangers that awaited us in the capital. Everything is going well for his friends and I almost dare to hope to be among them. I had to write to our Gentlemen in Paris the details of this long and adventurous navigation, not being able to copy them for you, I ask Mr Baran to whom the letter is addressed, then Mr Jurines to send you a copy. I prefer to spend a few moments giving you a few other details.

A word must still be said about China, i.e. Chinese ships. We were a few days (as you will see elsewhere) on a Chinese ship whose Captain and all the sailors, except three or four, are Christians. These ships are quite large and conveniently arranged for those who live there, however, due to certain not very ingenious arrangements, they do not carry as much merchandise as they would seem to be able to. We were very well on this ship and all the good sailors edified us a lot, they did not blush to say their prayers in public evening and morning, they recite other prayers during the day then the rosary; when we are underway they pray sitting at the foot of the mast which they must maneuver, at the signal given the maneuver is done then they continue the prayer. On Sunday they were in the habit of making the Stations of the Cross, the Captain himself presided and read the prayers. I had the happiness of saying Holy Mass several times, on this ship and each time everyone attended very devoutly with the captain at their head. God had reserved consolations for us for the day of the Nativity. The day before we arrived at Tsum-ming to drop anchor. We saw a Christian ship, immediately we greeted each other with the tom-tom and a few jumps of joy, it was quite a celebration. Soon after two other Christian ships arrived, the same thing happened again, we stood close to each other, and all four large Chinese ships and the Korean boat. Having learned of the presence of the priests on board, they all wanted to take advantage of the good opportunity. A Lazarist priest who was on this ship could alone hear their language, he spent the whole night hearing their confessions. It was edifying to see these good Chinese spending their night in preparation and worrying very little about sleeping. The next day, early in the morning, the Masses began; there were four of them. I gave communion in advance to some Koreans to enable them return to the ship, because these good people counting on Providence had left no one to guard the ship. Then at 6 o'clock. Bishop Ferréol celebrated Holy Mass and gave communion to all the Chinese and Koreans, about forty in number. The crew of the ship where we were was not of this number, they had given way to foreigners and since time was lacking, they made their devotions only a few days later. You understand what must be our joy, and our consolation to celebrate the day of the Nativity in this way, it was to compensate a little for the delays caused by bad weather and contrary winds. The Chinese do not sail badly, their large ships sail quite well and even better than the European ships against the wind. This is largely due to the nature of their sails. All these ships are flat underneath, as well as the Korean ships. This was very fortunate, because several times, being at anchor, we found ourselves entirely on land at low tide, and thanks to the construction of the ship, there was no inconvenience. It was curious to see us leaving the port, there were between one hundred and one hundred and fifty ships leaving for the same place. If my ship set sail, all the others followed, we went in fleets. If the weather became bad, all without exception returned to port, we did this five or six times, not without laughing to see all these ships following one after the other like a flock of sheep. Twice we met Chinese ships

which we were told were manned by robbers and which seemed to cast lustful eyes on our poor little Korean boat, but we frightened them off with a few gunshots; besides we were well armed with rifles and pistols, not to mention the numerous squadrons of cavalry and artillery which our ship carried and which, doubtless out of spite at not meeting the enemy, rushed upon us with unparalleled ferocity and forced us to declare war on them without quarter. You will see in the other letter all the dangers we ran, almost all those which St. Paul speaks of in his 2nd to the Corinthians, fortunately we had made ample provisions, for we would never have thought to be six weeks on the road. During all this time and all these miseries I have enjoyed excellent health and until now I do not suffer from Korean food, however I feel well that the food of these countries does not have the virtue of the food of France and my strength does not increase, but it does not matter, provided that health is good, and there will always be enough strength to work for the glory of God.

You do not expect from me today without doubt great details on Korea, what can a poor missionary barely arriving at his destination know. However to satisfy your curiosity I will tell you a few words on what I saw. The Koreans of both sexes approach the European form more than the Chinese. It is no longer this special type which characterizes the Chinese, many Koreans do not differ much from the French, however in general they have a short nose, a rounded head & face and eyes a little different from us. Men have little beard, generally many do not have any, they put their hair up in the middle of their head and form a bun about the same as women in France, but a little more on the front, they put on top a kind of horsehair net which holds back hair that is too short and does not fail to have a certain elegance. Before marriage, young people let all their hair hang down and braid it in a tail about the same as the Chinese. Korean women do not have the whim of small feet like the Chinese, they let nature act. Their morals are closer to European morals, they are not always locked up prisoners.

Korean clothes are like those of all these peoples, extremely wide. The body would easily pass through each leg of the pants; the shapes are not very graceful but one gets used to it. To go out you need I don't know how many clothes, a pair of stockings, two pairs of trousers, gaiters, two shirts, and over them two or three types of canvas frock coats depending on the conditions and the solemnity. Above all this you always need an enormous horsehair hat, at least two and a half feet wide, I lean towards three feet, but not having a measure I fear being accused of exaggeration. In short, to enter the rooms you almost always have to bend your head, to reduce its width. Shoes are made of string or straw and very uncomfortable for walking, besides the fact that they do little to attenuate the force of stones. The great people in the Capital wear shoes made of cloth or skin. In the rooms you never wear shoes, and even the Koreans take them off to take a step in the room and go out again immediately. Korean paper is remarkable for its strength and the size of its formats. I have seen some that are equivalent to canvas; it could not be torn, it is composed of very strong filaments. The Koreans use it as glass for their doors and sell a lot of it for this use in the north of China. They coat it with oil and make a material almost equivalent to our light oilcloths, for parquet floors. It is of great use.

Their houses are almost always made of earth and very low, you have to bend down to enter and the door covered with paper serves as a window at the same time, they cook at one of the outside ends of the house and make below the house a kind of conduits for the smoke, by this means all their rooms are heated, for us it is not very healthy and in summer not very pleasant. My room is about 7 feet long, 7 feet wide, 6 and a half feet high and 5 and a half on the sides, there are two glass doors, that is to say covered with paper, they serve as windows, they are two feet or two and a half feet high, by 18 inches wide. The earth serves as my floor, all the walls have been covered with paper in honor of the father and also because my room serves as a chapel. The first time I celebrated Holy Mass there I could not help

thinking of the hymn: In this stable how charming Jesus is. However my room is worth a hundred times the stable of Bethlehem. I have very clean mats to sleep on and to sit on during the day, little by little my legs will get used to this posture, at first one is a little tired. The good people I am with are Christians from the surroundings of the capital who were driven away by persecution, they came to this remote corner and cultivate the land, their main resource is tobacco which they sell and thus support their existence, there are many Christians in this position in this province. To find them I will have many mountains to climb and remote places to travel, I will be all the more peaceful. Here there are seven families and thirty or thirty-two people, my arrival has delighted them, they did not expect to see a priest this year, every day most of them attend the Mass which I say early in the morning and edify me greatly; they also often run to attend my meals and amuse themselves by hearing me stammer a few words of their language. I enjoy it a lot too, I have not thought of being bored since I have been alone, I am learning the language by force, the good Lord keeps me company, I have never been happier; I can only explain it by these privileged graces that God is so kind as to bestow upon us. I hope after two months to be able to begin some ministry, in the meantime I am not moving.

You may think I am very unhappy with food. Think again, I am given delicious rice, soon I am afraid of committing sins of gluttony and then there is chicken, beef, what do I know? Recently a good man killed a delicious pigeon and offered it to me. I have very good fruit, a kind of large plum that is very good, pears that are almost European, small plums that are not bad, chestnuts that when cooked are European chestnuts **** which are good almonds and several other fruits. Korea is quite well supplied with them, they say; and I easily believe it, since there are already so many in my hole.

The Koreans live on rice but also have wheat, a kind of corn, a kind of millet and quite a few vegetables. I saw on my way birds that I believe do not differ from the magpie, it is a beautiful species, then another which for the flight, the cry and the plumage must be a partridge, my good people while working take their rifle and thus procure some pieces of game. The Korean rifles are much superior to the Chinese rifles, the barrel is perfectly made and of great solidity, but the battery is not famous, they use a long wick that is attached to the hammer and which falls on the powder, when one fires, it is not very convenient. What more can I tell you, my dear Parents, I do not know much more, I often think of our spiritual meetings, they are my consolation and then I like to believe that you will see me with pleasure in this country despite the continual dangers, there is no persecution, but if our presence comes to be known, it is sure that we will be sought, probably that we will be found, God alone knows where the thing would end. In the meantime, know that despite this I am in good health, happy and very cheerful, I enjoy myself with my good people as best I can, but have no worries. Please remember me to all our parents and friends, I cannot write this time to Arras, Duirans, Paris, Autun as I would have liked; The Bishop suggests that I send my letters, and then if I have a moment I want to write to some people who have not had news from me before my departure for Korea. Farewell then, embrace all my brothers and sisters very tenderly, if they think of me I hope that it is for the good of all of them, oh! let us try to see each other again up there, since this life is so short and so miserable. Farewell dear Parents, from far and near I think of you, I pray for you and preserve, be sure, the feelings of a devoted son.

Your son

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

2. End of October 1845. To his Parents

My very dear Parents

So I am in Korea. The very Christian way in which you view my position does not allow me to hide from you all that is critical about it, to consider it humanly. Our presence here is unknown not only to the government and the pagans but also to the great number of Christians, we will not make ourselves known until we have learned the language and when we can administer. But then it will be very difficult to remain unknown, and if the government hears about it, there is no doubt that it will carry out searches and from then on it is likely that it will be able to find us, the Koreans are very skilled in the art of finding those they are looking for. What would happen to us then, God alone knows... For us, you know, a few days of suffering would be well compensated by the happiness of confessing Jesus Christ and if God allowed the palm of us to be granted we would be too happy, you would be too I have no doubt. There I am not hiding anything from you. However, God has protected us in such a providential way in the journey and in everything that has had to do with our entry that we can supernaturally hope to escape the searches of the tyrants - it seems that he wants to grant some help to the poor Christians of this country. That is how things are. Now Monsignor does not think he will be able to send a letter to China before a year, so do not expect news from me any time soon. If there are opportunities I will always take advantage of them. I must remain in the south of Korea where there are many Christians. I will always think of you and of all those who are willing to take an interest in me and will try not to forget our days of meetings so sweet and so consoling for Christian hearts.

In praying for me always remember that God watches over the missionaries in a special way, I have already experienced in a very tangible way the effects of his goodness since in the midst of all our miseries I have enjoyed excellent health. I am very well adapted to Korean foods and the whole way of life and then I have not the shadow of worry, no troubles, no discouragement, I am always calm, cheerful, content, happy. This is the beginning of the graces signaled by which God wishes to surround us. Under his care what can I fear, I would not change my state for anything in the world. In the eyes of faith everything is very good. Now I have two things to tell and I will communicate them to you.

I have kept for the four cousins with whom I studied a very special affection, and I greatly desire anything that could keep them on a good path.

Whether I live or die, whether of natural causes or of faith, I think that perhaps the memory of our sincere friendship and the position in which I have engaged myself will be able to remind them of good thoughts, I therefore wish to give each of them a crucifix that they can keep in any position. My father will therefore be kind enough to choose for them in Paris a crucifix that I want to be quite beautiful, given the position in which they will perhaps be. I will willingly put 30 to 40 francs into it, if necessary - and you would devote to it this year the income from the small annuity that I have, of which my father has kept the capital.

The Crucifix being a principal thing in our religion, I also thought that it was better that each of my brothers and sisters had one as a souvenir of me. It inspires thoughts that no one else could give. I would therefore like that next year, for example, with the same income, we buy for those who do not have one crucifixes like that of Josephine. It is quite true that those will have two instead of one, I hope that no one will be jealous, a crucifix seems to me more and more the true souvenir that a missionary must leave. It will not be money lost, perhaps a few thoughts of salvation will come by this means and my purpose is fulfilled.

This second commission is not urgent, that is why I speak of next year: but I do not know if I will be able to write again afterwards.

Now allow me to speak to you of the case where my life should not be prolonged for long. If you learn of my death, I desire that for five years you send to Paris for the Mission of Korea the income of the above-mentioned annuity.

And if you want to add during the same space of time a small offering to the missions to thank God for the grace he would have given me, I believe that the most useful use would be to send it to Paris for the baptism of infidel children in the Province of Sutchuen in China.

I designate this place because in this country one cannot, because of the persecutions, baptize many, while in Sut-Chuen, one hundred or one hundred and fifty francs for example, can because of their organization, procure the baptism of several hundred, perhaps a thousand children. All this last article only concerns the case where God would have called me to him. - I have finished, my Dear Parents, you see that I speak to you without beating around the bush, your religion allows me to, all to the glory of God.

Farewell again, with Jesus and Mary we will always be happy, and we will be able to reunite one day, then no more separation. I am for life and ultrà your very respectful and devoted son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary in Korea.

Sure to please my father I enclose here some notes on the Korean language. I have seen in many books that the Korean language different from the Chinese language is however written with the same characters, this is not true

It has its particular characters. The spoken Korean language is very different from Chinese, it has like our languages declensions and conjugations, more or less regular or irregular and does not seem poor, without being able to entirely affirm this last part. Here are big differences with Chinese which does not know any conjugations or declensions. If there are indeed Korean words which are close to Chinese one should perhaps rather attribute it to the relations of the two peoples than to a common origin.

As for the Writing, it is entirely alphabetic, very different from Chinese. I am attaching here the alphabet and the first pronunciations written by my catechist, this is where everyone begins and whoever pronounces this page well can pronounce almost all the words, I have repeated it many times. The Koreans like the Chinese write from top to bottom and from right to left, however some people I have been told write from left to right, but always from top to bottom.

What made me think that the Korean language was written with Chinese characters is the esteem that the Koreans have for Chinese, it is good form to know how to read, write and speak Chinese. A man in charge cannot do without it, public acts are usually written in Chinese, I have been told; they pronounce this language a little differently from the Chinese but can be understood by it, moreover the Korean language is the only one used for conversations.

Thus they are two languages and two completely different writings.

I do not want to reason about this language, it would be madness on my part not knowing it, but what I say here is something so well known and so easy that despite my little knowledge I can affirm it-.

3. November 4, 1845. To his Siblings.

It's my feast day, Caroline exclaims!

Good morning to you too, my very dear brothers and sisters, if this letter can reach the others and does not miss the good opportunity. Good morning in this family solemnity; because this morning I have not forgotten my promises. Until now everything has been in order. When I was not able to celebrate the same day, for example, at St. Therese, it was postponed, but not lost. So I did for the family of Fosseux on the 14th; But for the family of Paris, God allowed everything to be ready and I celebrated in pompibus on the designated day! Oh! how dear all these days of Holy reunion are to me. How they will help us all, it seems to me, to confirm forever the bonds of family and those of Charity! consequently, they will help us to find ourselves all together where you know.

Imagine then how happy I am. I am here in a kind of hermitage, almost like the dear Bergicourt. Choose the last cottage in this beautiful country and you will probably have better than me. But on the other hand it is the abode of inner and outer peace. I see only my good Christians whom I consider as my children and they also love me as their father. Their happiness is quite simple, all their joys and their pleasure are innocent, how could I not be happy. If in Bergicourt we were sized up for pleasure for example when we went for a walk, here it is quite another thing, it seems that everyone wants to take my portrait, everyone examines me; if my interesting person has faults and God alone knows how many, they must know them well, perhaps they already know the number of hairs with which my illustrious chin is gradually crowned. Because here beard and hair grow at will and like the Nazarenes, if I am not mistaken, the scissors never even come to graze the epidermis of our head. With that they interest me a lot: watching me write, eat, walk is for them a delicious occupation, and for me it has its charms. I love them so much. When they are around me, I try to cheer them up and their pure hearts are not difficult to dilate, without difficulty their face blossoms. My jargon or rather the crooked or flayed words are for them a great recreation, for me a real subject of distraction. Did I manage to say ***** happy, even your servant. And then you would like to believe me in pain or sadness: it fled far from our mountains. A Christian from the area shows up, quickly we must hide the smuggler, such is the order. But a few smarter ones or better served by Providence manage to know of my presence. How could I be saddened by it, it is so sweet to see new children, ***** admitted to visit me and then to tell you of their joy, their happiness in knowing that after so many years finally they have fathers, would not be an easy thing. Every day this joy spreads and soon perhaps all Christians will know it. But also every day approaches the moment when I will sound the trumpet of departure to set out on campaign and then whatever the poor priest who ***** I imagine that all the squadrons of the powers of darkness will be a little frightened and I have good intentions to show them beautiful things with the grace of God and the help of Mary. This good mother is always at my side, if I write to you it is under her eyes, if I sleep, if I eat, she looks at me and assures you she takes good care of me. How sweet there is then in her service and her Love; let us never move away from this all-loving heart and joy will not leave us. You will have seen elsewhere our beautiful journey and with us you will have ***** the ***** of Jesus and Mary. Now no more wind, waves etc. always trying to speak or write thanks to my two magnificent glass doors, easy however to repair when I don't know what has found it good to pierce them. Like yesterday for example. Here is my Bergicourt and the good Koreans, no doubt by a natural instinct, take great care not to close their huts too tightly, asphyxiation would be to be feared when, for example, I let a few swirls of tobacco smoke rise into the air, but rest assured their instinct has provided for it. If there is no chimney, no

window, no ***** there are other ways of letting air and wind in, everything is well planned. So rest assured. Provided that an unwelcome rain does not come and make the windows a kind of ***** , we are very well and even then we ***** very well, there are always spare windows at home.

Ah! how nice is my little home from which worries and sorrows are far away and where my ears do not need to widen with effort to let the ***** pass; If I hear some thing is often the sound of voices that go to heaven to ask him ***** happy and bless him for having brought us here. No quarrel, no noise except the more or less beautiful cries of the big and small dogs, the birds, the insects and the incessant company of certain characters more friends of man than man loves them, but after eight days we are accustomed to it.

Here comes a little cold, in winter we wear wadded clothes, because here it is always canvas or silk. With the wadded we make the canvas warm or we put on extra pants and a jacket. Furs are also used, and I do not know if they are common. I am very happy to have a little winter since two years I have not had any and it is a good thing.

What more can I tell you, my good friends. That I remain attached to you? But who among you doubts it? That I am in wonderful health, fresh as a pincushion, gay as the gayest, all is well then. Let us try to think often about all that we have said or written: I keep some of your letters to each one where I ***** with delight your good intentions ***** your resolutions. Oh! do not forget them. You know that we must all come together. One less would be a great void. Oh let us put this thought away. Each one in his state will serve the good Lord with all his heart, we will not seek riches, honors, pleasures so bland, so dangerous and let us add, always accompanied by great worries, let us thank God for our small position. Let us serve Him as he desires, you find by his grace in your small interior this joy, this happiness with which he wants to fill me here and which is worth in my eyes, a hundred times all the joys of the world. Thus to God and Mary forever, we love each other as much, perhaps more, whether it be for the glory of God and our true happiness. All yours forever, your brother and best friend.

A. Daveluy

Apostolic Missionary

Done in our quasi-episcopal palace on November 4, 1845 Farewell

4. July 11, 1846. To his Parents

From my fortress of Eurikool

My very dear Parents,

I am sending you these few lines from a place that I honor with the name of fortress because the danger there is less than anywhere else. However, there is a great chance that the rabbit will be taken soon. Persecution has broken out: Father André, a native priest, is taken as I report in a letter to Mr. Barran. It will be easy for you to learn about it. I will not repeat it here. The great hunters and all the good dogs have set out on campaign. We are said to have been denounced, however there is still a doubt; but this doubt will soon disappear: twenty Christians have already been taken in the Capital, six or seven in the provinces. Now it would take a miracle for there to be no denunciation. We are waiting, The Bishop has come to join me in the fortified castle. It is a real happiness: We had already spent a few days together two months ago: our interviews had restored the body, the soul and the heart. I had emptied there my bag of tricks etc. ... I still have a good opportunity. I will take advantage of it; because since that time so much mud, scratches, even large wounds.

In any case we are in good health, and in joy. It is sad to see my poor Christians seized, beaten and again dispersed, we expect to be part of it, from one day to the next, God will dispose of them. It would be a beautiful day that nature dreads, but grace will have the upper hand I hope. Be very calm about my fate. I certainly do not repent having come to this country: probably my stay here will have been very short; but it does not matter if such is the will of God. Worries and boredom have no place here, we hide, we sleep three-quarters of the day, we go out in the evening: it is a monotonous life, but the Bishop is so amiable in conversation, he likes to amuse himself a little, I take advantage of it so as not to be left behind, we have a lot of fun while waiting for the big days, then it will be red, but things will only get better: I promise myself beautiful ones and I hope to win the game over the tyrants. I will always have good Mary near me who is still my consolation. Let us all love her: she is so good.

To get here, I walked thirty leagues through rain, mud, rice fields and very strong heat. It is enough to delight the most indifferent. One day 16 was ** ***/ the expedition was like Don Quixote. We fall into the water, we lose the road, we cross the torrents on the backs of men, we improvise the art of the boatman to cross the rivers, we finally arrive in a state of beggars, however we always play the great Lord and the pagans fill you with care and respect: Here is pleasure, recreation. Isn't it charming, worthy of envy? I mean when it is for the name of Jesus Christ and the salvation of the world. Console yourself, I pass in the eyes of the pagans for one of the noblest lords of Korea and there is no mistake. In my last campaign my passage made an impression everywhere: also it must be said that I had moved on my thirty-one, always the gray canvas of course, but there is a way of tying oneself. What respect on the part of the pagans. What deep greetings and sometimes what eagerness to serve me! Isn't it a farce?

I fought with the devil every day in duels and in pitched battle. In a duel I always receive wounds, he did not kill me however, thank God; but in pitched battle when it comes to my Christians, I send him famous cannonballs and make a big breach in his army. He must have made proud grimaces at the sight of the great number of baptisms that I administered. I do not care much for him. It is probable that all my ministry in pagan country will be limited to the three thousand and some hundred Christians that I visited, if such is the will of God. What regret could we have about it. Pray hard for all those we have not been able to visit even once. Our presence will not have been useless to them, they will have lived six months in

fervor, learned all the doctrine, instructed their children: That is already a lot, but if we had been able to clean the bottom of the bag a little, it would have been less painful to leave them. So the noble and glorious campaigns have stopped for the moment, perhaps finished. I will not speak of these daily battles against the journeys trotte and croque-menu or other envoys of Liliput. There I kill, I knock out, I assassinate. I do more than Samson, I kill ten thousand following the example of David, but the fighters are reborn from their ashes. It is a real joy. Pray hard for me. If I die there is much to wash, to purify and whatever the manner in which I receive my passports, one cannot suppose that the door of paradise opens immediately. Pray a lot. If I live, there will be many difficulties to go through, suffering: come to my aid.

Farewell, my very Dear Parents, a respectful and friendly memory to all the relatives from my good grandmother, to the distant relatives. I forget no one: I believe I have given proof of it in the past. To the friends also in Amiens, Paris, Roye, Querrieux etc. I still have satisfaction in remembering them. Farewell in the Holy Heart of Jesus and Mary. We will know how to bear Crosses and Sufferings for the name of Jesus Christ, Fidelity of all to the great meeting. I will try not to miss it. A very special farewell to my brothers and sisters. I loved them very much, but in God I will always love them. I will always think of them. I entrust them again to Jesus, our master, to Mary, queen of Martyrs, our good Mother; we will see each other again one day, won't we?

Your devoted and respectful son
 A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

5. August 27, 1846. To his Parents.

From a well-equipped fortress

My very dear parents,

After having written an entire volume to Mr. Jurines; (notes on Korea that I allow you to read if you have the patience) I want to talk a little with you. It's been almost a year since we landed on Korean soil and yet this little guy is still alive. Would you have believed it? Would you ever have believed it? Yes he is still alive and by the grace of God very happily, not to mention the days when there is a bit of mad cow to digest; in any case, being able to speak to you only of myself, since I no longer know whether Europe has gone underground or not: I am going to tell you about my life for the past year. Note that no letter from Europe has reached Korea since our entry. Our letters sent to China only brought back for the Bishop two or three letters from Leaotong; from Macao, from Europe not a word.

You may have received some epistles dated from the place where I was learning the Korean language. They gave you few details, here is the rest.

All day sweating blood and water to learn the Korean jargon, I managed not without difficulty, to understand a little after two months, and to be able to confess. To prepare myself, I gave free entry every evening to all the male individuals of the village. Each one said at will the faults that came to mind, I questioned, I joked, the interpreter played a big role. But finally it worked for me. I was able to understand more or less the main details of Confession. For the day of St. Francis Xavier; there were two or three Communions, and on the day of the Immaculate Conception 15 people received this sacrament. What joy!

You may have pitied my position, but it is not so miserable. We live, not very comfortably, not in cotton boxes, not in pleasures and good food, but finally we live and without getting bored and the good Lord does not allow me to have the least regret for having come.

I can hear, it is true, Miss Agathe moaning about my poor dinners. Not so poor if you please. Everything is served at once, but if necessary we could see two or three courses. The first would contain a broth of either beef, chicken, or sea herbs; the second a peck of rice, the third pheasant, yes pheasant, if you please and very often even during the winter. In its absence the chicken leg appears on a saucer, or at least a few scraps of this animal. Add to that salt water, vinegar, thirty-six I don't know what quite bad, as hors d'oeuvres, and you will know what my dinners are. And the wine, generous or more often stingy! I drink it from all the hillsides and each hillside has its own taste and particular color. Lime water, lye water, muddy water, Brazil wood, you see that there is a choice. Also how I enjoy myself. Then finally fruits, more or less edible, but little by little you get used to it, with all that I am not doing badly, I work hard and am not dead. My Lent passed well, I did it complete, except for the days of big journeys, because then I did not fast. The fish is so deliciously prepared that I lived during these ten weeks only on rice. Add a few eggs at noon from time to time, because there were not always any. And well! I was all the better for it. Before Lent a little tired, after Easter everything had disappeared, besides there are graces of state, I sometimes do famous journeys, I always have the strength to reach the end. Often as tired for 3 or 4 leagues as for ten, but finally God sends strength for the journey to be done. That is the main thing.

And my clothes! You think they are very poor, miserable, no indeed! In my palaces I always wear white clothes, as resplendent as Caroline's on the future day of her wedding. It is dashing. When traveling, I am a noble but a noble in mourning. Consequently I wear gray linen clothes, more or less like those used for sack racing. It is noble! What do you want! A

man in mourning is no longer of the world, he must cry, moan, hide. That is what we are supposed to do. Besides, we only wear mourning when traveling in order to have the big straw hat that covers our faces and then the costumes of people in mourning favor us. There is one more article: which hurts Madame Thérèse's heart because having shaved her hair, she has not lost all malice. She would like to know how Mr. Abbé, a bit talkative by nature, manages to live without talking. Well! Rest assured, there is a remedy for everything, it is true that I did not feel a vocation for the life of the Trappists, but my tongue is not as long as the good Sister would have us believe. And here is the means and the remedy. We speak and talk without being disconcerted, the assistants understand or do not understand. By this means we learn very quickly. We remain at the same point, the effect is about the same. But finally I set out on the campaign. It is January 1, 1846, I say on the campaign I should say in the mountains. Because from that day on I have not left them. The snow covered everything, but not to a depth of 10 feet. The deepest I had was up to the top of my thighs, crossing a not very long mountain. Besides, it was usually necessary to climb with the snow up to mid-leg, following in the absence of paths the tracks of tigers but not meeting them. Don't talk to me about horses on such paths, they would do somersaults on these mountains, capable of scaring Master Xavier himself. Once at the top, one would willingly lie down on the admirable white carpet if prudence allowed it. It is less the height than the steepness that is tiring. After the snow, one would have the advantage of traveling in the water and that barefoot! Because straw shoes are equivalent to Adam's, I wear out a pair a day, they are replaced for four or five sous. I also use a lot of stockings, ten or twenty then replace them. As for my other clothes, I pay little attention to them, the more worn they are, the better they will be. Also in the beginning I used them as much as possible. I am talking about my traveling clothes. That is to say, for farce and carnival.

Do you want an idea of my life when visiting Christians? When the father is expected in a Christian community, great preparations are made. A house serves as a chapel, the wall between the two is knocked down, the two apartments form only one. White paper is stuck all around the altar. This altar is a wooden table resting on four legs; sometimes two small trees are placed across the room and stuck in the mud wall, they support the altar. This is all the ornament of the Cathedral or the Collegiate Churches. It is very poor. The Father brings some canvas hangings and, the greatest of mysteries is celebrated. In the richly prepared places, there is an armchair but of the most distinguished kind. They are all more picturesque than the others and in the latest taste, I could enrich the exhibition of fine arts with them. They are round, square, triangular; hooked, solid or not, the most difficult man would find in the variety something to satisfy himself. The first thing for a Korean is to see the father, one runs to examine this extraordinary character, to look at his long nose; and then to receive his blessing. They listen to my jargon and don't understand a thing, but it doesn't matter; when they've seen it well I dismiss them, the first scene is over, the canvas that separates the chapel in the middle is lowered and I have a small, almost palatial room. During the meal they are free to examine me again and they don't fail to do so. Then confessions must be heard and in the evening there are always ceremonies. Then at night we sleep if we can, because for them it's a big celebration. They chat all night long or almost. From morning onwards the mass attracts them all, they rush like herrings, unless they knock down the walls. Which didn't happen. An admirable ceremony is baptism and the Supplement to ceremonies for children: 10, 15, 20 and all at once, what a racket. Isidore couldn't control his big voice. Then when it's time to touch them, what cries: you come out of there with your nerves irritated and your head split open. It's worth the cane and more.

When there is a little time, we chat; I hope to learn a few words by this but things go very slowly, then the very curious Christians ask to see my effects. Sometimes I agree: we display what in family style we call, I believe, the little treasures. Agathe will explain the

thing, here they are some Holy relics, the images of my breviary, I do not show the packages; the Christians would like everything. When there is nothing more, there is indeed a little fatigue, but we come out of it. When I am sleepy during the day I sleep to repair the night; if sleep comes two or three times, I take it in passing. But when there are sick people it is more tiring. We arrive in the evening after a long journey and you have to leave the next day for Six or eight leagues through mountains and royal roads. The Koreans never know if there is danger, they scare you for injuries and for serious illnesses, they do not hurry you. That is the beautiful side.

In winter I always had padded clothes, very large, real barracks, they were inhabited by numerous cavalry, because the Koreans who would give everything for the father are not stingy with these gifts and I am always well supplied, I hunt daily, but without diminishing the army. Also Gustave will learn with pleasure the perfect realization of his wishes. A thousand friends, or enemies if you will, tickle my very little fattened calves daily. May the good friend however sleep in peace, I forgive him this famous curse, especially if he will pray sometimes to the Holy Virgin for me. Besides my calves are quite right not to get fat, I do not know what to do with them. When I have to sit in the Korean style I don't know what to do with them and how to position them properly, they are too old and too stiff to bend and serve as a chair. To see the legs of all these people, one would think that there was elastic instead of bones: they turn them and return them at will like tightrope walkers. In this noble country we travel in broad daylight, heads raised or lowered according to the circumstances, but passing for very noble people we are looked at with fear and respect, no one ever thinks of addressing us. Besides, there is always with us one or more Christians who would act as good police if necessary. One day when I had been dropped off at the corner of a town sitting on a litter, a curious pagan came to sit next to my noble individual; he was told to stand aside, the laymen not having such free access, so he began to smoke his pipe and examined me from below: my gendarme asked him who he was, where he was going, why he was on the errands, etc. etc. All this in a doctoral tone, the poor frightened devil quickly ran away, he feared that the nobleman would have him followed and cause him a quarrel.

If one thinks a step a little dangerous, one puts oneself on a higher footing, and one respects one more, not the least suspicion. The Bishop thus went fifty leagues eating and sleeping with the pagans, he was in the tone of a prince, and no one paid attention to it. When I see the pagans thus giving me marks of respect and not daring to move in my presence, I laugh heartily while hiding under my big hat. It is a farce, but a Holy farce. The satellites themselves are on their guard when they see me approach, they are not proud of the nobles. I once met a bad subject, a former satellite, who knows the dwellings and secrets of the Christians. He has the kindness to live habitually at their expense, and consequently does not want to betray them. Not at all on my guard and walking with my head raised, I suspected nothing, but the fellow looked at me out of the corner of his eye. Returning home, he told the Christians of his encounter, he described me and mine, then added: This figure there is not Korean, you must know who this man is? The Christians immediately warned me, but there is no danger. My catechist, realizing this, said of me, such noses there are none under the Korean Sky. Indeed, I am too well born to be Korean. Every day there are alerts, but they are tales upon tales, so we do not pay attention to them, we sleep very peacefully. The day the rabbit is seized it will be a good catch, but in the meantime let us have a good time, I mean live without worries. The Koreans make up so many stories that we must never believe them before proof. It is a principle received among us and we live in security. So this poor abbé is very much to be pitied, or really very much to be pitied, I advise the whole little family to cry so many good and big tears. During this time I will laugh with all my might. And then in the hands of providence must we not rest in peace, not a hair will fall from my head without his permission. Why worry?

In the month of May the good Lord prepared a pleasant surprise for me. The Bishop until then shut up in the Capital, came down to my area to also go to the Countryside. After seven months of separation, we saw each other again. To tell you the joy, the happiness of the two, would not be an easy thing. Seven months without seeing a European, without being able to communicate thoughts, certainly it was a rare thing in the past. The Bishop arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening, of course that night was spent in conversation, however between 2 and 3 o'clock we tried to close our eyes but at 4 o'clock we had to prepare for Holy Mass. All day long it was a pleasure, it was a joy for the Christians to see us together, we were so happy. For a few days we stayed here, doing together the work of one and then resting, what charming days! Monseigneur is with me with all the frankness and friendship possible. No embarrassment, no constraint. It is a real pleasure. There we rebuild our body, our mind and we give life to the soul. For five months the internal washing had not been able to be done. We consoled ourselves for the absence of Mr. Maistre, awaited with so much impatience and stopped at the Chinese border, as you will have known elsewhere. His entry would have consoled us, and relieved us etc. but the good Lord wanted to send us this ordeal again. After a few days I left for a southern province, but on the thirty-second, I had two horses, one for my catechist whom I ennobled and who was supposed to be a young man in my suite, the other for myself. Five or six servants formed my suite. You cannot imagine a nobleman's journey on horseback. An individual of human form drags his beast whose harnesses are most picturesque. A pack-saddle is placed on the horse's back, then on both sides the bales are attached, so that the whole presents a platform on which his majesty is thrown like a bundle of stupidity; there each one arranges himself in his own way, one sits as in the rooms, or one lets the legs hang on each side of the horse's neck. I had distinguished grooms, they pulled my beast exactly as one pulls a cow or a goat, and their rare talent once made me laugh at my expense. However, they put on a good face. As a true nobleman I did not dismount before a mandarin who passed by, the plebeians were made to waltz, and in each village my people made a hell of a racket to enhance my nobility. Everything went wonderfully; for my test I was made to do about seventeen leagues on this animal, I was exhausted, fortunately the rain came and gave me a day of rest before continuing. I arrived in a rather pretty country; it was a beautiful time, the woods had regained their greenery, the fruits were beginning to appear, the birds delighted me with their varied chirping. It was a real entertainment for me; and what can I say about the chirping of the flies of which I once counted more than three thousand in my little room. It is convenient.

To paint you a Sunday morning in summer I could take as a model a large Christian village in this province until noon they are idle, and then it is permitted to work. Unable to stay in the houses in the heat, everyone sets up under their large shed, sometimes several gather and there they recite the rosary, or the Way of the Cross or other prayers; it is very picturesque and very edifying. For me this spectacle made a great impression, one day when I was returning to this village each house offered me the sight of Christians in prayer. but at the slightest signal everything changes, the dogs come to bark. Quickly we are on our guard, who is the arriving character? If it is a Christian, the faces brighten. It is a brother, good news. Is it a pagan? the tone becomes serious, we abandon all exercise of piety; we pretend to be busy until his departure. Here it is a major distinction, you ask who is this man? there are only two answers: Christian or pagan. That says it all.

In this journey I saw several new Christians. One of them, a former mandarin satellite, admitted to me that he had arrested more than one. At that time he thought they were bad people, today he is very fervent. Another served for several years in a temple of idols, until grace tore him away from it.

I saw again a nobleman, a true nobleman but very poor; in his family they hate Christians: he did the same, but grace pursuing him he felt little satisfied with the worship of

idols. He seeks information, spends three months with the priests of idols, reads their books, all this without finding what he is looking for, he sees only emptiness and absurdity. He also wants to know what the proscribed religion is, and informs himself somewhat. The courage of the martyrs astonishes him, the beauty of morality excites his admiration, so many noble Koreans who have left everything for religion makes him think, all this does not seem detestable and worthy of contempt to him. He wants to know more deeply and for that goes to pitch his tent in a country that passes for Christian. On his arrival everyone trembles, no one wants to speak to him; he is a nobleman, certainly he wants to persecute. He asks for books of religion; they answer that they do not know what books he wants, he protests in vain, so many times they have been deceived, they do not believe him. Finally, despairing of achieving his goal, he accompanies a Christian to the market one day, a Christian, then on the way back he sits down by the road and asks for an explanation of religion. He does not answer, he presses, he returns to the charge and in the end he agrees to give him books, he studies them, finds religion good and converts. From then on he left his family entirely, lost his property and went to settle in hiding in a Christian country, he seems to have a strong faith, I baptized him and gave him a few ugiams, his wife being ill. To understand all the difficulties that the Christians made, you must know that talking about religion, especially to a nobleman, is to risk your head; if he denounces you, persecution comes and all its consequences. I could cite many others, I limit myself. When our Christians say their prayers and especially on Sunday, they prepare a small oratory in each house, if there is a way. It consists of a piece of silk or flowered cloth that is placed against the wall. On this hanging they attach Crosses, Medals and images, each according to their wealth, and often they add a small lighted candle that has been blessed when the father passes by. There they pray very devoutly. It is worth a chapel. Everyone does what they can. This is how I myself during Holy Week had to do things more or less. No tomb of course, I did a kind of adoration of the Cross, then on Holy Saturday all the ceremonies. I had a beautiful Paschal Candle prepared, a foot long, not having any incense, I made the incense grains out of wood, everything went just as well. I then took with me my beautiful candle and when after fifteen days it had disappeared from the land of the living, I had no more Paschal Candle, but no remedy, the rubric had complained in vain, I sent it back to the Greek Kalends or to Holy Saturday 1847. The cries ceased.

That is quite enough, I do not see anything very interesting in my letter but what do you want? we always expect something marvelous, and there is very little, or rather there is none. However I wanted to give you this proof of memory, happy if it can be agreeable to you.

I do not forget the days of particular or general meetings.

I often think of you before God. It is there where hearts remain united and inseparable, I do not think I will write a special letter this time, because even if I had the time, I do not have the courage. None of the letters I write will arrive in all likelihood, they will fall prey to satellites before or after me; this does not commit much, but please assure the whole family of my continual remembrance. If God gives us peace I will write.

Accept the assurance of the respectful and sincere affection of
your son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions Society.

P.S. 1846. The persecution has diminished after the martyrdom of Father André, a native priest, and eight other Christians, so we are trying to send our letters but they want small packages, I am forced not to write to the various relatives and friends to whom I would have liked to address a few words. I am sending a letter to Mr. Yuvines, one to Mr. Baran, you will probably be able to get them, it is impossible to add others. My respects and

friendships everywhere: you know that nothing is forgotten. I have missed the best shot I could have: the king is unaware of our presence, we will not have the little shot now. I am probably not worthy; later on we do not know whether to hope or despair, by the grace of God, I would have liked to write to my brothers and sisters. Impossible, let them think of me, they know my heart, we will understand each other without words. I had written a letter to Thérèse, in the persecution it was lost and besides I am already accused of having written too much. The couriers make the journey reluctantly, they ask for little paper because of the dangers, we must be reasonable. In case I am not dead, we must ask for some objects for our poor Christians who have still lost in this persecution. You can devote to this purchase all or part of the money you send me each year. Requests: Images on canvas, for scapulars, two thousand. Small copper statues of the Immaculate Mary, about an inch or two high with or without a pedestal, number undetermined, for a hundred francs. Small chapels of Mary, or of the Crucifix, opening and closing at will, in bone or copper. About sixty or seventy. Six dozen rosaries, a little pretty chain, but not glass, medals at will, a few large ones would be well received. Colored images, not too common. id. gilded and Moorish frames. id. black lithographs. All these images must be of the most modest kind. St. Barbara, the apostles, the most famous Saints, mysteries of Jesus and Mary, no emblems, no little-known Saints. Make known the price of each thing. 3 rosary tongs, 2 compasses having at the same time sundials. About twenty closing knives with one or two blades, two or three with five or six blades of various kinds. These 20 knives must be passable, but not rich. Crucifixes, all with the Crucifix standing out and not just printed, from 8 to 12 sols, one can have some smaller ones, some more beautiful ones. I repeat what I said, already. In terms of images, some well-chosen models are enough, we send a certain number, the main patterns are very sought after. St. Agatha, Thérèse, Lucie, Cécile, Catherine, François, Antoine, Joseph, Elisabeth, Françoise, a little of all sizes.

There is a small image of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, in front of which those who recite Ave Maria gain 1080 days of indulgence. This image is not sold, but is distributed free of charge, these two points are inscribed on the image, from where it would be easy to recognize it. I think that at La Trappe, or at St. Acheul, or at the St. Esprit in Paris we could have some. If you can discover this precious deposit, ask for a large number for our mission in Korea. A few hundred, or even a few thousand are not capable of frightening us. But in any case try to have a few.

6. September 5, 1847. To Pauline Daveluy.

What are you doing, my good sister, what are you doing now? I have received all your letters in which you confide your troubles to me; I take part in them, I assure you, the good Lord wants to test you and perhaps he will do so for a long time to come. From what you tell me, he does not allow you to return to the Community; if such is his will expressed by your superiors or confessor, my dear sister, you must generously make the sacrifice for him, and then try not to think about it any more; these thoughts worry you, waste time, harm your health and cannot have any good result. How often I pray for you! dear sister, but have you forgotten that God always tests those he loves, that the elect must be marked with the seal of the Cross; you often envy my fate; it is true God be praised, happier than you, my desires have been fulfilled, but if God continues to love me the way of the cross is not closed - and then to tell you all my thoughts, I do not know what feeling has been pushing me for several years to think that you will remain at your father's house, where in my opinion you can do great good, not to mention the works to which perhaps little by little you will be able to devote yourself. And this good will perhaps be greater than that which your works would bring about in a community. If at present you do not see any of this, with a little patience you will be able to feel it for yourself. In a parish, communities are a precious treasure, but of what price are not pious lay people and those occupied with good works. A Jesuit may not feel it, but ask a priest and you will know what good a person in the position in which you seem destined to remain can do. In all things, dear sister, generosity, and then let Providence act, which has a longer view than we do, loves us more than we do ourselves, and directs everything for our salvation. Thus in Macao I complained of the inaction of eight months, blind as I was! the good Lord reserved a chosen portion for me. Let us abandon ourselves, **** always in his arms! and let us try to do for our salvation and that of others the good that presents itself in the position where he leaves us or leads us.

Besides, I bless God for all that is happening. Here is our dear Caroline established and on the right path to salvation; her arrangements have been very consoling for our parents and for me too, dear sister, the good Lord has not used you to contribute a little bit to it, is it then a waste of time. And the others will do the same, I have the sweet confidence. You speak to me of your way of acting towards each one, it seems to me good, approvable and of a nature to obtain the desired effects, continue dear sister and never think that you would be more pleasing to God and more useful to his glory in a position other than that in which he himself has placed you as if by the hand. Let us pray well and Our Lord and our good Mother, let us offer him our pains and our trials to obtain what we desire; and then let us entrust to Him all success; our time will not be wasted. You will also think well of me, Dear friend, here we live on provisions made in France, we have nothing new, no more retreats, no more speeches, nothing more, and yet Jesus and Mary will remain for us I hope, but often hidden and as if distant, the spiritual help of friends in Europe is therefore very necessary.

Farewell, all yours, you know, who would doubt it.

your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

7. October 1847. To his Parents.

My very Dear Parents,

Finally, Finally, Finally has arrived what I have been waiting for so long it was at the beginning of May; a man arrives from the Capital. Is the mail from Peking back, I said to him immediately? Yes a few days ago. My heart was beating very hard, are there any letters? The Bishop has received many. - And for me? I do not know, I bring a package from the Bishop. I open this package judge if the heart was beating very hard, a package of letters is encountered, but where does it come from? Finally everything is open, I recognized the handwriting of my father, my mother, of so many people who are dear to me. I must admit my weakness, a few tears of joy escaped from my eyes and this was happening in the house of the father of the Peking mailman who also cried knowing his son had returned safe and sound. So God be blessed! I received your letters from the end of March 1845 to August 1, 1846 inclusive. In all, more than 80 letters, from thirty different hands, what satisfaction. A package must have been lost or misplaced, because I have not seen any letters from the Ursulines, and they are announced to me elsewhere. One day perhaps this package will return to the fold, like the unfaithful sheep. And then in the family things are always going more or less, I never stop praying, but what can I do alas! if you knew everything. It is up to you to pray for me, here alone, without help, without encouragement, the poor soul is very dry: if in France you said a Hail Mary for the salvation of my soul, here you must say ten, and it will be little. All this is said without detriment to confidence in God and in his good mother.

How much I thanked God for Caroline's alliance with Mr De Brandt, I am happy, certain that things will go well and then this family fit in so well with ours. Happy beginning, a sign, let us hope, of the graces with which God will never cease to fill those who strive to serve him. You will have been happy on this day, Dear Parents, and I have shared your satisfaction. Caroline has since written me two letters which gave me the greatest pleasure. Let us hope that everything will continue well and in everything let us praise and thank the Lord who alone can make us happy. You were doubtless expecting some news from me, but what more can I say? If you have read my letters or rather my volumes sent last year, I have exhausted all material. A volume to Mr Barran, a large volume to Mr Juvine then a letter or two to your address. We always expect to see wonders from faraway countries and there is nothing in common, our life is every day the repetition of the previous one with the difference of a little more or less sleep or appetite, or if you like that the bad broth of a country is replaced by an even worse one. That is our whole life. The wonders would be found in the perfection of the culinary art, or in the perspicacity of Korean intelligence, witness a Christian met by Monsignor who knows in God only two persons, his intelligence not allowing him to count up to three, his life will undoubtedly pass without the Holy Spirit. Witness another Christian, baptized for a long time who on my questioning told me that there were three Gods and maintained that tooth and nail; some time later another said wanting doubtless to complete this new system of polytheism made me his profession of faith in nine persons. Everything fits perfectly you see. Others, when asked about the person who resides in the Eucharist, will answer you frankly that it is the priest

Poor people, a true marvel in ignorance, having only glimpsed the pastors and whom we cannot yet instruct well, because of the few priests and since then they do not understand the language of foreigners speaking their own language. Here again a new marvel. The pronunciation of the Korean language is of a rare difficulty. Our former confreres after two and three years of study and ministry were included in the preaching of only a very small number. Even today, after almost two years, the Bishop and I cannot make ourselves understood except for confessions and what is necessary, in preaching there is no **** - If

you change their pronunciation even a little, it is as good as speaking French or Turkish to them; Whether it is due to their language itself, or to their bad hearing or to the depth of their intelligence, I leave it to you to judge, I do not know; I will still find wonders in their skill in badly scheming a business, in losing the little money they have, in making everything they approach shine with filth, etc. etc. ... But enough of wonders, we will soon be considered to be in the first country in the world. Moreover, if the administration of the Annals has not been too stingy, you will have seen the most beautiful wonders of Korea in the detailed account of the martyrs of 1839 sent by the Bishop last year and which really has some very beautiful pages. A glorious year, but one of great sorrow, where famine, together with persecutors, should have destroyed all our Christians if God, with his powerful hand, had not reserved a small flock for himself. Every day I still learn some details of imperishable memory for our Christians. One still wonders how many of them were able not to die of hunger. Where the pagan found some resources, among the rich, the mandarins, etc., the rejected Christian was obliged to flee and herbs and roots became his only food. The nobles especially offered a very dreadful spectacle, raised from childhood in abundance and often in idleness, or occupying themselves only with Chinese letters, their bodies, their habits did not allow them to work; more than the others, persecuted; more than the others they suffered from hunger. I know men and women who for several months lived only on acorns and roots, every day waiting for the last hour. One of them told me that after a long stay in the uninhabited mountains, he thought of returning to a pagan cousin. Having no clothes, he had to go there in his usual costume, that is to say, trousers and the remains of bad rotten straw. His cousin, at this sight, recoiled in horror and would not agree to speak to him until he had him put on human clothes. Now this poor stuffed man belonged to a very rich family. With the mother, all the children converted, they began by making restitution of twenty thousand francs for exorbitant loans, then persecution came, several were caught, the others fled, all the property dissipated. The three sons who survived the persecution of 1839 have since that time led a most miserable life. To the point that one of them, after the persecution of 1846, wanting to move out, sold his house and some kitchen vases for the sum of thirty-five sous. What a rich man. With him he took his clothes that covered his body, and that's all. Almost all the nobles are there. It is among them that the heavy debts are. Unaccustomed to fatigue, their work cannot suffice to support their family. I could also mention the one who has been giving me hospitality for a month. When the satellites are launched they have boundless power, they seize, beat and kill at will, then they pillage everything they come across. To discover the Christians, all stratagems are used. We have seen some who in the evening in the inns seemed to look around them to see if they were not being examined, then afterwards made the sign of the cross, then a murmur of prayer so that if a Christian was there, he would come to find him, believing he was meeting a brother and instead throw himself into the lion's mouth. Their rage does not even spare young children, a man and a woman who, at the same time, not wanting to apostatize, were very cruelly tortured; ten months later when I passed by they had not yet fully recovered. As much as I blamed and punished the apostates, as much I praised the brave triumphant and what was their joy, their happiness, I will say their glory, when in the eyes of the other applauding Christians I gave each of them a beautiful image in memory of their good conduct.

Shall I also say a word about insults. The satellites, fairly well instructed in religion by the books seized, then the interrogations, asked the Christians if they were baptized? Was it by the Bishop or by such and such a father? In this case you have little strength, you will be beaten little. But to others: Are you confirmed? on the affirmative answer well in this case you are a vigorous soldier, we will beat you further to apostasy, and they redoubled the blows. If the unfortunate apostatized, shouts, insults, sarcasms. After the confirmation you have apostatized again, you are a coward unworthy of the name of Christian. This is how they laughed at the Christians and with a thousand other insulting words.

Last year 1846 the persecution having been less strong and less long we saw only a part of the atrocities of 1839, but the satellites are still as good and certainly they only lacked opportunity. I remember a providential fact. An old man of 70 years whom I baptized in fervor in the month of June 46, seeing, only ten days after his baptism the arrival of many satellites, had nothing more pressing than to apostatize. Not content with that and fearing that it was not enough to avoid either death or blows, he put himself in front of the house and while the satellites beat those who had not been able to flee, he did not cease to vomit against God, Mary and religion the most horrible blasphemies until the departure of the satellites. Since that moment he is a demon, he no longer wants religion, if his wife wants to read religious books or pray, he beats her violently but without success; When he knew of the arrival of the Father, he left giving his wife these warnings: "The Father is coming, confess yourself well, receive the good Lord and when I return I will make you die, you will be a martyr and go to Heaven, I do not want a Christian wife", he also ***** his son to make him renounce his religion. - Who taught me about religion: the son replied, it was you; for me I find it good and do not want to abandon it. There is not even the grandson aged 8 who, when asked what he thought of his Grandfather, answered in a bitter and violent tone: he renounced religion, he blasphemes etc ... now he is a bad man, he must come back." This poor old man having lost some money in the persecution his head has turned halfway, he is very hardened, I fear that he will not come back, pray for him. I see all this as a punishment from God for this atrocious apostasy immediately after his baptism. Next to this picture I could put some consoling traits.

Here is a 71 year old man who came to us at the last hour. He has only been a Christian for three years, his day is spent in prayer, pious reading, works of penance. He is not afraid to declare himself a Christian, if the opportunity arises. Last Lent he did a great number of penances to prepare himself for death, fasting every day (a difficult thing in this country) every day reciting the Way of the Cross and other pieties. In the evening he took a bale of straw and went to sleep outside on the mountain. Several times his son wanted to moderate this imprudent ardor, it was useless "Jesus suffered so much for me, he said, can I not suffer a little for the love of Jesus" his whole Lent passed in this way and when he came some time later to receive the annual sacrament, his words, his maintenance of his faith, everything edified me supremely.

Another, noble by origin, leaves his family and retires to the mountains to become a Christian. During the famine, eight years ago, having left his country, he spent two or three years in a distant country. On his return he sees some **** among his acquaintances or other people of the country. He inquires about them and learns that as Christians they had been taken and put to death. This thought strikes him, there is therefore something great in this religion which places men above death. He goes to the mountains to look for Christians and after having learned, retires there himself with his family. In vain his other relatives **** him to get him out of the dreadful place where he is; if he is asked if he has embraced religion, he does not fear to admit it, has preached to several of his relatives, some of whom are not far from becoming Christians. The poor man has a house open to all winds, a miserable shelter in winter! The first year having worked continuously on his cultivation and after much fatigue, he harvested in all for about fifteen francs. I baptized the whole family after the persecution, last year. After having visited all the countries not far away at the beginning of 1847, I had to leave to visit the most distant about five hundred Christians, distributed in very separate places. - This journey presented many dangers having to always eat and sleep in inns. At that time God tested us again. Some serious civil affairs caused the roads to be covered with satellites and spies and we had to hide again and remain inactive for a month, after which I was not allowed to leave on this expedition. What a ***** for these poor people - eight years they waited for the fathers and when they came, new obstacles prevented them from

seeing him. Immediately a great number ran to where I was. Women with children at the breast, old people, young people did not fear to travel two, four, six and even eight days to come and seek the sacraments, and this through the snow, the cold and the mountains. When they arrived near me they were very tired; often, the women especially, their feet were swollen, scratched but no matter, when they arrived near the father all pain ceased, they fell at my feet bursting into tears, recovered the peace of their conscience, then began their long journeys again with joy. Many were new Christians not having seen the old fathers. Thus came two hundred and some people. Judge what emotions for me, there were both sorrows and consolations, thus is the life of man shared everywhere. Here, for example, the faithful of Europe often imagine that all our Christians are saints, that everything is in extreme fervor, that there is no misery. What a false idea! Christians and missionaries are also men and subject to misery, and if we want to consider that the Christians of these countries were pagans, i.e. subject to great vices, that they live among pagans, i.e. still having these vices and habits before their eyes, that they have little education, almost no sacraments, i.e. little help in temptation, if we consider these things we can judge that all is not beautiful, and that in Korea as in France there will probably be few chosen ones. If our letters are not filled with these details, miserable and distressing for the heart of the priest, it is because there would be no subject of edification for you, it is better to share with you our few consolations, there will be more joy for the missionary and more spiritual edification for you, you will praise God, you will thank him, but above all never forget our poor sinners, our infidels and the pastors who are at work.

In pagan regions there are many desires, some even learn and practice without us being able to go there. Thus there is a place near here where there are thirteen new Christians, they are distributed in four or five houses and practice without the knowledge of their relatives and their husband, for the moment we cannot speak but little by little the husband will also be one of us, this is how fish are caught in Korea. There are many pagans wishing to convert, fear holds them back; Last year the French ships having withdrawn without doing anything several pagans murmured: And why don't they give us freedom of religion they said? One of them made me offer the money necessary to arm a small ship and surely go to the ships to exhort them to this work. And if one could preach, what a harvest in all probability. If a favorable and danger-free opportunity presents itself, it is rare that our Christians do not make some conquest. Thus 15 months ago a mandarin satellite converted, he left the city and retired to the mountains. A few months later he met relatives and friends; he was questioned about his foolish conduct, why go to the mountains etc. ... are you a Christian? yes he said I am, then began to preach religion to them, they asked for books, admitted that religion is a good thing, thirty people heard the good news, and almost all of them in a few months will doubtless be with us. Another time another Christian who had secretly left with his family returned to one of his uncles, same questions, same answers, thirteen people had conceived good desires and if the fear of persecution, of the loss of goods did not hold them back, all these pagans would convert. However I do not count them as catechumens, but they are the hope of the recruits of the coming years. This is part of our joys, they are in the hope of the future, hope is the life of man, they say. How much more the life of the missionary by dint of waiting, perhaps something will come. Besides the fruit is not entirely nil, between my first and my second visit, fifty new Christians came to increase our ranks and my second visit is only half, may I find as many in the second half; and this note it, while it is impossible to preach to unknown people, and this last year i.e. year of persecution, temporary it is true (3 or 4 months) but the noise of the death of the martyrs is not unknown to any pagan. It is something that is repeated from mouth to mouth and spreads terror everywhere.

In all this the missionary is completely useless, he is always hidden, the sacrifice that we offer each morning is our only cooperation in the conversion of the pagans, grace does everything by itself, and if sometimes it uses men, it is our Christians, sometimes the most idiotic, who are at work, the missionary can only pray and administer to the converts. Shall I tell you a word about the fury with which religious objects are sought by our Christians. When we left China, several of those who had come to look for us had a supply of objects of piety; on our arrival each Christian had given all his possessions to possess them, and when everything was exhausted there were murmurs, complaints, almost war. If I give one of these small objects, the joy is at its height in the whole family and for several days they consider it in all directions. A good old man of 75, broken and sickly, to whom I gave extreme unction last winter, dreams only of rosaries, crucifixes, medals, etc. Unfortunately he is in great poverty; every day when he has the strength, he makes straw shoes, as he understands nothing about the trade each pair brings him a penny which he carefully places in a small bag while waiting for the loot to allow him to buy a new object; and if he no longer has a penny to buy food, he never allows anyone to touch this precious treasure. You see that these objects are highly prized, not only for their beauty but also for the indulgences of which the Korean is extremely fond. Last year, at the end of the persecution, the Bishop, wanting to dedicate this unfortunate country more than ever to Mary, erected the brotherhood of the Holy Heart of Mary in a poor hut, most of our neophytes hasten to register to participate in the countless graces which flow to the associates. After six months I returned to this poor hut and on Sunday we did the usual little exercises. What sweet impressions when hearing the prayers of our Christians in the Korean language, I thought of this competition of all languages united for the praise of Mary and to bring about the conversion of sinners. May this good mother share with us these countless blessings that she has spread over so many countries, for this purpose I request the prayers of all the associates and all the good souls.

Apart from the letters, I have not been able to receive anything that you have sent me, nothing can penetrate here and the lines of communication are becoming more and more restricted. Last year two extraordinary mandarins were sent to the border to watch over the Christians. Our courier who brought some small objects was fortunately warned when leaving the border of China. Very quickly he returned to Pien-men, deposited these objects there and kept only the letters, a happy thought because each package was against custom, deposited in a room and opened wide, everything was scrupulously searched, the objects would have been taken and persecution would have followed. Our letters went unnoticed thanks to providence. So it is in Macao that these objects are waiting for a favorable opportunity. If you send me more, do not choose anything too common, some beautiful objects, I mean quite good, some well-colored images; the too common is despised here although well received for want of anything better. Thus it will be a general rule. No rosaries or else beautiful ones, crosses whose crucifix stands out and is not only printed, thus our Christians will be satisfied.

Farewell dear Parents, pray for me as I do every day for you, the union at the feet of Jesus and Mary gives strength; Please believe in the respectful and lively attachment of your devoted son.

A. Daveluy. Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions Society.

P.S. Nothing in particular to communicate to you, things are always more or less; we have no persecution, perhaps the arrival of the French ships then their departure will give rise to it, but nothing clear; Until then, even if we were known to some pagans, we are not wanted. If this letter reaches you before having passed through our house in Paris, I beg you to communicate it to Mr. Barran, our procurator; this is the only news I am writing this time. I am always faithful to our pious appointments, I bless God for everything that happens, I pray for the whole family, especially for those who need it most. May God grant my wishes. This

time I am writing to many people, some will not receive a reply today, I have already written too many, but nevertheless I do not forget them. e.g. Guerrieux, Abbé de Brandt etc. etc. Remind me to the memory of all those who think of me, and tell them that my memento has an incredible extent.

I was tired this year so much that I could not eat; an illness followed, it must have passed now, because it has not reappeared for a long time, let us bless God for everything, I have started the administration again. All yours.

Column of the tears and moans of the Korean Nobility. When a Korean noble has lost a close relative, he is not free to mourn in his own way and as he wishes, the rubric assigns the time, place, manner and number of years that the noble must spend mourning, all under penalty of losing face, i.e. honor. There is a book of rubrics for this that perhaps one day we will have out of curiosity. Here is what I have from noble people.

To mourn father and mother well, one must prepare an ad hoc apartment - it is well decorated - there is an altar where the corpse of the deceased is kept for a very long time: this is where one must go to mourn. but before entering it one must get dressed. It consists of a large gray canvas frock coat, necessarily patched. It barely, they say, can be called a habit. It is awful - one takes a belt the thickness of the wrist, partly straw, partly thread, and one girds one's loins with it. Then one combs one's hair. The net in gray canvas, the cap of the same material - around the head a beautiful ribbon the size of a walnut, partly in straw, partly in thread. The two ends must fall on both sides of the head on the front. Then another ribbon all in thread goes up on the head transversely. Special stockings and shoes. In this outfit one can go to cry. Add a stick, a kind of club. The tears usually take place four times a day, in the morning when getting up, then before meals. At this solemn moment a small table loaded with food is brought, they are all placed on the altar. From then on the mourner, i.e. the relative gets into position, bent and leaning on his stick he intones the funeral wails. The rubric foreseeing that tears would often be missing, has designated words that must be pronounced incessantly. For father and mother these words are ai ko, they are repeated in a lugubrious tone. For other parents these words are oi... The song lasts about a quarter of an hour or a half hour. Then the comedy is over, they retire, take off the clothes, take away the food and the noble is free to take his meal. This is the daily practice. The more they cry, the more they gain in public esteem and according to this principle I presume that the reputation must be in proportion to the volume of the voice because a loud voice will be heard from afar and will give a high opinion of the noble.

On the 1st and 15th of each month, they invite relatives and the music becomes loud.

A noble must often go to the grave of father and mother, it is de rigueur if it is not too far away - spend the day there, it is great. sometimes they spend the night there. I am assured that many have a small house built near the grave and stay there. Without a doubt such characters must have a place in the calendar.

All these antics for three years and a few months for father and mother, and the rest in relation. You understand that tears should not flow all this time, three times a day at a fixed time, unless the venerable deceased gives the gift of tears at the entrance to the apartment of tears. Moreover, no doubt there is a grace of state.

P.S. I find this note in my papers, I send it as it is, it is the essence of things without style or anything. If it interests you, you read it, I do not have time to put it in a presentable form.

8. October 1847. To Isidore Daveluy.

Before leaving France, My dear little brother, I would have liked to write you a little letter too; not having been able to do so I do not want you to lose out, it will reach you after a long journey, it is written fifteen or sixteen hundred leagues from the house where you live, that is to say from a place a hundred times further from Amiens than Duisans, but all that will not prevent you from receiving it with pleasure. I learned that you were very happy to receive a little crucifix that I sent you from Paris. I gave it to you so that you will always keep it; and that you will better remember your brother who has gone to the ends of the earth. I hope that you will go from time to time to say a little prayer in front of this crucifix, you will ask the good Lord for the grace to be very wise, to always be very docile to everything that is said to you and above all the grace not to offend the good Lord. Then you will also pray to him from time to time for me in front of this cross, you will ask him to grant me his grace and his help and to always accompany me when I am among the pagans and all these people who do not know him and then finally you will also ask from time to time that the good Lord will convert all these people who without this could not go to Heaven of which you have already been told many times. Try to learn all your catechism lessons well. I hope that when someone writes to me, mother will be able to tell me that she is very pleased with you and that you love the good Lord and the Holy Virgin; I have sent you all a medal of the Holy Virgin so that you all love her, and if you love her you will always be happy, she will grant you everything you ask of her. Pray for me from time to time, I often think of you, I ask the good Lord to make you grow in wisdom. This is what I will learn with the greatest pleasure. I embrace you with all my heart and I charge you to embrace all the others for me.

Your brother who loves you very much.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

Written in April 1844 aboard the *Archimedes*

I find this beautiful sheet of Chinese paper, it will be for Isidore, Are you still very good, my dear little brother, are you not a little too awake; I hope that mother is happy with you. I was written that you prayed to the good Lord for me. I thank you; pray also to the Holy Virgin, you have a beautiful medal, kiss it often to love the Holy Virgin. Have fun, run, jump, sing at your leisure but remember to work when mother says and to always be obedient. By this means the good Lord will love you as his child and also the Holy Virgin. Think of me sometimes, I love you very much and I kiss you very tenderly.

your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

P.S. If you have been very good I charge you to kiss everyone for me starting with papa and mama whom you will kiss on both cheeks, and so that you are not jealous it is Alphonse who will kiss you for me.

(Written in October 1847)

I also want, my dear Isidore, to send you a few short lines. So here you are in boarding school like a big young man, what do you do in your boarding school, do you have fun or are you bored? I think you like recreation and holidays, because when I left, when you were as tall as a rider's boot, you were good at games, races and all entertainment. It's not a bad thing, often he who plays well works well. Try to do both well and the good Lord will always love you very much and then don't forget the Holy Virgin who is our good Mother to

all. In this way you will be happy; you must try with her help to always be very good, to overcome your faults and later you will be very happy.

Do you want to come and see me? Do you know that you would not recognize me, with my big clothes, my enormous hat and all the singular and grotesque costume of these countries, you could look in vain, you would not know who I am. Here what is most striking is the length of my nose; it is not famous, but in Korea it is a colossus. Besides, I do not show my face to everyone, when a pagan comes to meet me I put a gray cloth over my face and one cannot see anything.

Pray well for me, my good friend, so that the good Lord protects me and blesses my work for the conversion of the Koreans. I will not forget you either and it is by this that I will prove to you the sincere and very lively affection of your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

9. August 1848. To his Siblings.

Tsong-Triang Province in Korea,

My very dear Brothers and Sisters.

Last year I sent each of you a very short note that must have reached you safe and sound in the custody of the great pilot, but do not these little words, all disjointed and divided into ten or twelve, seem to you very dry, very arduous, I was going to say very boring? Today I have the thought of bringing together here in a single letter those that I like to think form only one heart and one soul, and to give bridle to my imagination. I will trace for you in globo as they will present themselves some episodes of my existence. The picture will be without color all black but what to do about that? Every day I grow older, imagination is no longer in season, soon I will be in the ranks of wigs and besides the pretty, the picturesque, the grandiose especially is not on the agenda, everything is common, very common in my area.

Last year if I remember correctly I wrote to you at the time when I had just shaken off the remains of a small passable illness. By the grace of God it has disappeared entirely and this year nothing very unfortunate has presented itself. Perhaps it will not be indifferent to you to know how things happen on this side of the continent in such circumstances. Here where our people are all the more dear because they are rare, there are very strange things. Towards the spring of .47 my strength diminishing and the beast threatening to have a small fall, I was urged from all sides to take comforting and preservative remedies; by dint of insistence I had to put aside my repugnance and the council of the assembled learned decided that the Father needed everything that was good and comfortable. It was necessary to lower the flag. Some wanted me to take the famous Gin-Seng whose reputation had spread to Europe, but on my formal refusal to take this plant generally harmful to Europeans it was necessary to follow the party opining for the deer horn. You laugh and yet the fact is true, the deer horn is a very comforting remedy, some will say delicious. In short an express is sent and they bring, at a high price, a few packets of the drug in question, accompanied by its brothers, sisters, cousins, what do I know? and even the stubborn ones put in it without my knowledge a little of the famous Gin-Seng. So I innocently took the delicious drink, certainly the Korean nectar and I took it in good measure. Everything was going well and I thought I was quit, when an internal fire lit by the Gin-Seng swallowed without knowing it, came to consume me from all sides. It was the time of the heat. Impossible to hold on, day and night everything was fire, I swallowed the fire, I gave back the fire, the fever sets in, the food refuses to go down. And there you have it!!! In this circumstance many judged the matter serious and it was necessary to bring from far away some Christians, men of the art who could save my days. Couriers sent brought me one after five days, he is a noble gentleman, styled in the Korean style and who is considered capable; but after seven or eight days arrived a good old man, one of the most famous purgons of the kingdom whose serious and pedantic style must have made the poor martyr tremble. Drugs were not lacking, everything that is most bitter, most dreadful was gathered for my person; I had to drink it all, they smeared my face and arms with some disgusting compote. In short, I had never even seen such filth from afar and yet glory be to the purgons, the drug had its effect, the fire was put out and little by little I was allowed to resume my natural state. Everything was paid for well, however note that to make me sick it cost me twice as much as to cure me. This is the kind of country, what do you think? Póde passar, a Portuguese would say – and each one boasts of his exploits; the Purgons emphasizing the seriousness of the disease; others, inter ego, on the disgustingness of drugs; they boasted of their talent and I of my skill in making such hosts descend into the stomach, I really laughed (after the fact, of course) and now I pray to God not to let me fall into the hands of these

Empirics; I would rather lose my bowl of rice than all these delicious stews. But do we think about it? I am ashamed, what a tirade on purges, purgations and the like, let us quickly shut up because this year I have not even tasted drugs.

Two months after this romantic or novelistic episode I embarked on a great expedition. It remained to visit the scattered part of the Christians. Until then the occupations and troubles of the kingdom had prevented this distant excursion. Around December 1847 the Bishop went up towards the north to look for some small scattered Christian communities, his journey in the middle of the snows and the mountains was happy. I cannot speak of it in great detail. During this time I pushed to the south of Korea or scattered on the side and others about five hundred sheep were waiting for me: My heart was heavy since two years in Korea and several Christian communities not yet visited, so it was necessary to go over the representations of some meticulous people who still wanted to postpone the departure under different pretexts of security. Hardly on the road we had to receive gratis pro Deo a driving rain which did not suit my followers on foot very well; for me mounted on a dashing horse and buried in an oiled paper coat I was only half wet; soon the road became dreadful, it was necessary to cross a long region in the middle of the rice fields, splashing around as best we could and each one carrying a supply of mud; We had to give up the horse and paddle too. Then there was a wide river to cross where the tide was rising in all its force, there were about three ly to do against the tide, the boatmen frightened by the rain, the mud, the tide refused to come, we had to use force; fortunately I had many accompaniments; we shouted, we threatened and gaining nothing we grabbed one of the boatmen and started to beat him. Then they agreed to let us cross and after a long work we arrived on the other side but in a grotesque outfit, wet and covered in mud, however having lost nothing of our nobility and passing everywhere as such. From that day and thereafter we made the people of each inn leave the house to take their apartments. Sometimes these poor people were very cold sleeping outside with their children, I pitied them inwardly but what to do? This is the only way to avoid bad encounters and not to be recognized, consequently we always acted like real watchdogs, speaking in a severe and often threatening tone and according to the custom of the Korean nobles not letting us step on the foot.

The province I started with was that of Tsella, the South-West province of Korea; the people of this province have a defiant, suspicious and unsociable character. The nobility living little in this province, one is not accustomed to seeing people a little posh; From there our passage could not be made without noise, everyone went out to see our carriage, in the inns women and children came to look through the holes when we were in the apartments, despite this nothing serious happened to us. We feared especially my mourning costume very compromised in this province with great persecution. God pulled us out of all the bad steps. Only three were a little slippery. First, when pierced by the rain we had to spend a whole day and a night in an inn where there was a bad guy who proudly examined us, he even said some rather nasty words, my people were quite embarrassed about what to do, we rightly decided I think to wait, my servants began to smoke a pipe and one of them, a storyteller by profession, began his tales, stories, episodes and for three or four hours no one thought of us. The rain having stopped a little we slipped away lightly and disappeared. Another time led by an unlucky star my people went to an inn run by a former satellite known for his hatred of religion and his vexations against Christians. He had played an active role in the great persecution, and was aware of all our tricks and unfortunately knew one of my servants, barely having entered, this servant seeing the hotel manager turned pale, but to retreat was to compromise oneself directly. God allowed this tiger to have a blindfold, he did not recognize my servant, otherwise the danger was great, especially since we were in a city, where a seizure would be promptly executed. Finally I do not know why we addressed ourselves once again through ignorance to an inn where Father Chastan was recognized in 1838 or 39 and

was rather pestered. My costume, my accompaniment, everything was similar, and the sly hare recognized me at first sight. Without doubt he is not bad, he was content to say a few pleasant words to us and we went quietly. These are the only positive dangers that I have run, I do not speak of the dangers of the roads in the middle of ice, snow, steep mountains, sometimes it is rather a rock than a path, it takes very skillful horses to get out of it, they risk perishing at every step. I remember one time when I had to get my horse down on large stones covered with ice, the jump was more than two feet and there was no stone on which both legs of the horse could rest at once, my men half pulled him and half carried him, for my part I do not know how he managed to get away, we pedestrians tumbled like little children, and all this is in the mountains when there is no way to go anywhere else or to turn around.

I had been on the road for about ten days, my men were already at the end of their tether, tired, scratched, having lost their appetite, when the devil without a doubt brought to our ears the most unpleasant noises. On the one hand the persecution had begun in the north by the arrest of Christians from their various regions, and on the other my passage in the countries of the South was reported from post to post by a Christian traitor! What to do? having waited so long and after two years of waiting when I am at the gates of each region, would I turn back? It was very hard. On the other hand, should I go deeper and deeper into regions where Christians do not exist, so to speak, at the risk of being immediately seized? Judge my position

I was three days in this cruel perplexity and certainly these days were not the happiest of my life. I prayed a lot, I asked Mary to be my guide and not to let me be intimidated and trusting in the help of God, I continued against the advice of my servants. My passage, it is true, was announced to some pagans, my costume, my procession, the route I was following, everything was revealed by a new Christian and several pagans had been in a region where I was expected to intimidate and extort money. They were beaten and given nothing; they threatened and sent other pagans who were no more fortunate; All this was true; but I thought I saw a simple matter of money; the authorities had not yet been informed, so I left in spite of my people and if someone had appeared I would have had him tied up until he had reached a distance and could no longer join me. God blessed my resolution and nothing bad happened later, so these rumors of persecution were not confirmed, oh! how I then blessed Providence for not having turned back on my steps, three hundred Christians would not have seen the priest again this time.

Besides, the region that I traveled through in this province has nothing extraordinary except that they wanted to call by this name the boundary stones which on the royal roads indicate distances. Nothing cruder than these so-called human figures, winged on a wooden beam. The figure alone is drawn, but with blows of an axe, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, all stand out to frighten and perhaps some of our French would be afraid to pass near such monsters. Their true place would be, I believe, in a fair at the home of grotesque figures and doubtless they would surpass all French industry in this genre. Shall I tell you that one day, exhausted by fatigue after a long journey, we hoped to have come a long way. One of these monsters met us and for the day we had traveled a league less than we thought. My men, entering into a holy anger against this monstrous figure and not seeing any witnesses, knocked him out with stones and doubtless one of the promontories standing out on the figure will have disappeared under the blows. I burst out laughing at seeing their relentlessness, for them they found strength in this act of vengeance and followed me more cheerfully. Would we not find similar pranks in the French schoolboy, man is the same everywhere.

After about 25 days of travel in this province, I passed to the South-Eastern province of Kieng-Sang. There everything is different, it is the country of the nobility, people are more respected, the road becomes safer and if I did not fear a false judgment I would call this province the Auvergne of Korea; there is in many of its inhabitants a character of charming

simplicity. But there again, mountains, rocks, snow, nothing is missing and the latter does not even retreat before the regions that I believe to be at latitude 33. One day it was charming, I was going to say grandiose. Imagine a road of about six leagues between two mountain ranges. **** * steep, the snow covers a few bushes sown here and there, a severe rock forms the background of the picture; the road is only a series of stone rocks that one travels with great difficulty and not without a heavy heart, everything is ice and freezes you with fear. But on the other hand the view is made delightful by a thousand pictures of a charming roughness. Here it is a slight stream which runs slightly under the ice its little trickle of water, further on it has swelled and forms itself into a torrent whose bubbling waters make the echoes of the Rocks felt. In the middle of these waters are stones or rocks of all sizes which form as many islands, astonish the spectator and multiply the cascades to infinity; all this is traveled in the middle of the most complete silence, one hears only a few cries of admiration or the redoubled cries of the servants carrying or lifting up a poor beast which can no longer take it, yes it is a beautiful horror, a horrible beauty and there in the middle of the mountains, the rocks, the waterfalls and the ice we find all that nature on the day of its most horrible fertility could have sown on the earth, its fertile roughness seems to be exhausted there. and there, God supporting us with his powerful arm the journey passed gaily and without accident. This Christian region was visited little by little, the poor people renewed each time these touching scenes that I cannot repeat here. Everything in a word made us bless Providence which takes care of its children in whatever distant place they may be. One thing however saddened us with grief. My horse, exhausted by fatigue in the midst of these journeys, began to limp and a wound formed on its leg. There remained a place five days' journey from us, and once covered six more days' journey were necessary to find a Christian habitation. The poor Christians of this country came to meet me, the journey was decided impossible with my beast, I gave orders to rent or buy another mount immediately, it was useless, we found neither to rent nor to buy and with tears in our eyes we had to turn back towards the north; waiting for another opportunity to visit this land of hope, I say land of hope because there are gathered new Christians whose number increases every day and in a manner as consoling as admirable. One day, however, I will go and my orders have already been given to prepare two good horses. A little more time and I will set off, between now and then there will be about ten days of travel and two Christian regions. Until then I am not at peace, I dream of this place, I send them religious objects, I pray for them. This is how last year when I was turning the corner, abandoning this road I sent forty objects of piety at once, ten of which were very beautiful. The poor people, on the return of their companions who had come to meet me, all gathered in the catechist's house and, their heads resting on the altar already prepared, they let out long groans, then receiving my little objects, they kissed them but their tears did not dry up. They wait, they pray, oh! when will I be among them?

This is my expedition of last year, during which Isidore himself was not forgotten. One day especially I would have liked to be only a few days away from you. I met a horse in a Christian region, but a very small horse, a real toy horse. In my life I had never seen one like it, as tall as a big dog but also so cute as a devil. Isidore would have been delighted. My servants wanted to mount him, we set off with him in tow, but when we wanted to mount him he acted frisky and sent the rider two steps behind, three squires made their efforts without gaining anything other than seeing their busts very well imprinted in the snow. Finally he was tamed and he followed; but the poor poodle (he was a horse however) after two leagues could not stand it any longer and was sent back to his lodgings to the great regret of my men who had enjoyed themselves wonderfully. These are recreations you will say; yes, we take them when they present themselves and they help us digest the bad weather.

What more can I tell you? I had finished the distant journeys, I was near the nearby Christian villages when we had another party of pleasure, the Christians wanting to save us

two or three leagues of detour, we took the road of a high mountain to cross it. The road was passable according to the guides. Arrived at the pagan village against this mountain we were asked where we were going from here and on our answer that we wanted to climb the mountain they smiled and said: Doubtless you want to carry the horse on your back. The sequel proved that they were right, but it was impossible for us to go back. We had to advance, but the mountain was horrible, my horse was sweating, was panting, at each step it was necessary to rest it, then I had it relieved of the baggage. We advanced little by little when a place appeared that I can only compare to the ruins of a rampart wall, we climbed it on all fours, but the horse? By making a detour we left there again and here we are at the top. Evening was beginning, after a little rest I gave the signal to leave, it was a precipice covered with ice and snow, men and horse refused to advance, fortunately some Christians came to us. Two put themselves at the head of the horse and two at the tail. The latter hanging on the tail held the horse with all their strength while the first two pulled and I looked on bursting with laughter, despite the fear of losing my horse; it was a most comical scene, even those who were in danger of falling and being crushed laughed heartily, everywhere they are marvels. Truly never was a carnival scene more comical and more amusing. The comedy lasted some time and all begging for mercy we sat down in the snow to breathe freely, this time again God protected us very strongly, without that I do not know if we would have come out without accident. Everyone boasted of having a Don Quixote expedition but we will not do it again. However, a few days later another mountain higher but less steep presented itself, I made another remarkable ascent. Carried on a sedan chair by I do not know how many men we climbed as if by magic, but as the road did not exist, in fact not, people fell admirably, the great number prevented one from noticing it, we continued to advance. I named this mountain the mountain of the moon because arriving at its summit and finding the snow that for fifteen days had disappeared everywhere, I thought I was transported to another hemisphere. However we were not in the Alps.

I end this importunate chatter, I count that you are all faithful to our little meetings, for me I do not fail to do so. That is the consolation of all of us, is it not? In the Holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary, distances disappear and melt away. Let us always be there to enjoy peace and happiness. Pray well for me because if you knew, how much I need it. Farewell, for this time, read or do not read this joke, however it will prove to you that I think of you, that I still love you, that despite my occupations I try to please you in a word that I am still your brother who loves you very much and desires the salvation of all of you. Farewell then again

All yours in Our Lord

Your devoted brother
A Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

10. September 1848. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

Another year has passed without seeing too many ugly events, so far at least our lives are safe, and no direct persecution. I received your letter in February, our mail having not been to Peking, but only to the border returned immediately and brought forward this satisfaction by two or three months. Several overdue letters have arrived and all up to January 1847 inclusive. Plus a letter from my aunt Céline March -47, then another from Mr Barran June -47. That is all I have received and the others will come to me in six months, if God gives us help and assistance. I learned through this channel of Josephine's marriage, I hope that it is in God's view and that it will still be a Christian marriage; plus the birth of a little nephew, Albert, and I bless God that he continues to shower his favors on the whole family. Let's get to the news.

The greatest and most important news of all is that there is none. Everything is as bland as a piece of cork, but let's say something unless we bore the world. Last year the French returned to our shores, but by an unprecedented fatality, two ships were wrecked at the same time and they withdrew without saying a word.

In this country we are very vexed to see foreign ships constantly. I say constantly, because the French having come twice, there is no more question of foreign ships during the whole year. They are announced by the dozens, the entire French navy is on the coast. This time again after the departure of the ships, we heard ugly rumors. They were more violent than last year, very formal petitions to seize and exterminate every last Christian were addressed to the king and the persecution was seen so close that the Bishop in the vicinity of the capital was obliged to cease the administration and went into hiding for a while. The time had not come, God suppressed the efforts of the impious and it had no result; however the hatred of Christians increased among the people in place, a Christian village was completely pillaged by the satellites and the neighbors without any order from the mandarin. The Bishop having been seen by the pagans in the administration of the sacraments, there was a denunciation to the authority, the Christians called responded skillfully and thanks no doubt to the peaceful character of the mandarin, he accepted the responses. In the Province people only spoke of foreigners and Christians, it is still now a major affair in the country, everyone is busy with it. Some to hate others and it is especially the people in place; the others speak indifferently about everything and would look favorably on freedom of religion and the reception of foreigners. But all blame the French for their ambiguous and unfrank conduct; if they want freedom, let them speak loudly and frankly; if they do not want it, what grimaces and declarations do they come to make on our coasts. All laugh and mock this aborted policy. Foreign ships are laughingly called ****- mandarins. The reason is that the custom of the country requires that the mandarin opposite the district in which the ships drop anchor be immediately dismissed; hence until now the arrival of the ships has had no other direct effect than to dismiss all those who gave news of them. Gossip of all kinds is made and people are beginning to believe that their words are pure farces. From all this, therefore, we derive no good, we have less peace of mind. Having seen no one this year, I think that the French will not reappear and really if they do not want to act a little strongly it will be a great good if we do not hear any more about them, because it is painful and shameful to see and hear oneself mocked and insulted, even by the Korean people.

The present king does not foresee anything good either for religion or for civil affairs. He knows only his whims and passions. Gambling and debauchery, crazy spending, that is all he knows how to do, and to satisfy himself, he does not fear to trample on the customs of the country. If any relative or minister gets involved in making any representation,

he is severely punished; as happened to a relative of the king not long ago, he is exiled for this fault alone and many think that he will end up losing his life. Recently we have seen several moderate characters removed from affairs to replace them with brutal people, enemies of religion and recently again an atrocious man, it is said, exiled for twenty years, has just been recalled; the Koreans shudder and regard this single act as the mark of a very bad king. So all, nobles and people, are dissatisfied with their king, some want change, others who perhaps venerated him, fear losing the positions they enjoy, everything is in bad condition, positions are sold in a scandalous manner, what will come of all this? God alone knows, but humanly speaking it is not permitted to hope for anything good.

Everyone, pagans and Christians, expect a persecution of which the slightest circumstance can be the signal. We recall with shudder the great storm of ten years ago. The trembling Christians do not know what measure to take to avoid or flee it and the pagans who have the desire to convert stop intimidated. As long as this crisis lasts and even as long as there is not a little freedom we can expect only few conversions. It is hard to see oneself proscribed and pursued, to lose one's property and one's honor, to lose one's parents and friends, and in the face of these considerations many shrink; there had been some hope of French intervention, it had stirred many hearts, but today people have fallen into despair, how many tears have flowed at the departure of the French, and courage has dried up in all hearts. Hence the number of annual conversions is not considerable, only a small number, marching above all, begin in earnest. The number of those hesitant, of those who postpone the game until happier times, is much greater. Last year we had quite a few baptized, the number of new converts has exceeded two hundred. The Bishop and I, who are on the spot and see all the obstacles, have received this number with great joy, and we fear that each year the land will not produce as much. For you, accustomed to seeing in the Annals countries where conversions are counted by the thousand, you will look at us with an eye of pity; ah! at least let this pity excite you to pray to God for this poor country.

For the old Christians, I have visited since my last all those entrusted to my care and the third general administration of my district is now half; it is because the persecution and the troubles of the kingdom have not allowed me each year to visit my whole family. You ask me what is new among my Christians. Well! there is as in France among some more fervor and among others perhaps less, however speaking in general there is a great improvement. Instruction is less neglected, the children more cared for. Unfortunately until now we are not at all understood in the preaching and we cannot act by ourselves, this Korean language has desperate turns of phrase and pronunciation.

I desire, without daring to hope, that other brothers have the talent to make themselves well understood, but for my part I cannot. Many abuses have also disappeared: during seven years of widowhood of our Christians, there was much misery, many wounds are today healed and Christianity is consolidated. However, we cannot yet announce anything very marvelous or very stable. Our Christians are weak, they are not saints and need to be strongly supported. However if God allows us to work a few years and especially if he sends us some collaborators, we can hope to see our mission on the same footing as all the others and perhaps would not even yield to any other. In the meantime we are obliged to admit that this is a country where everything is to be done, everything to be created, and the resources do not present themselves in proportion. The shortage of somewhat capable Christians is especially felt, we can count them easily, we can barely have servants to accompany us. This may seem strange to you, but it is nevertheless true, and one would not believe that the first servant who comes along cannot lead us; we need capable, stylish people, etc., and these people are totally lacking in the Christian community; without a man of this kind you could not even set foot in an inn, so how can you go a little far, and the smallest roads present very great dangers. In a word, it is certain that in this country, there is no other way of traveling

than to have a suitable companion. May God send us some of them. And then catechists! Imagine our big peasants of France transformed into catechists and preachers and you will have a faint idea of our catechists. A few come from this class, but the number is very small. For the moment we can say that conversions are few in the educated class, what Christians we have a little good, are almost all old Christians and each persecution takes away some who are not replaced. Those who come to swell our ranks are good people, more suitable than the rich for the kingdom of God, says the Gospel. They are simpler and faith is given to them more easily.

Despite the conversions each year and the daily births there is little increase in Christians, in total; this can be due to many causes, but probably the large number of children who die in infancy has a lot to do with it. There are still often old Christians who enter the fold. A year ago I saw a good old woman who for 30 or 40 years had been a Christian in spirit, but by some circumstance, having been separated from Christians and not being able to find them again, she could never fully satisfy her desire to be a Christian. She could only sigh before God. During the stay of our former confreres she knew nothing; only the rumor of their death reached her and besides she did not know any Christian. Finally providence allowed her to meet Christians and learn of the presence of the Priests. She immediately came with her children to pitch her tent in Christian country, I met her about ten days after her arrival, but her complete ignorance prevented me from giving her baptism. I urged her to learn as soon as possible and a few months later I learned that she had died, having received baptism at the hour of death. These examples of special Providence are not rare. How many Christians at heart have still been thus dispersed for a more or less considerable number of years. In those remote times, Christians not having priests as a center, saw each other little and had no meetings. I was told of some of them a short time ago who, dispersed by persecution, found themselves gathered in two or three houses without being able to communicate with any other Christian. Despairing of this state of isolation, one of them one day sets out to explore and, under the cloak of a traveling merchant and beggar, he travels through many countries everywhere doing small trade and asking for bread. On receiving it he made the sign of the cross. God blessed his efforts. He once addressed a Christian who, noticing his sign of the cross, invited him to come in. The conversation is pushed forward, and little by little, both sides confess to being Christians. Judge of his happiness, he has nothing more urgent than to return to his home to make all his friends sharers in his joy, they communicated from then on and practiced the principal of Religion, as much as one could do in those times of ignorance. But how many also fail to renew these communications and sigh in vain for the distinct knowledge of Religion, and its precepts, they probably ignore even the principal and the form of baptism; This is how last winter a Christian woman lost among the pagans, on the point of losing a young child, cried because she could not give him baptism, but she did not know what it consisted of, only her mother had spoken to her about religion during her life, had taught her the truths of Heaven and Hell and shown her baptism as necessary to go to heaven, she therefore sighed and cried because she could not open the door of Heaven to her poor child, he died like this without anyone being able to help him. It was only several months later that the brother of this person also lost among the pagans providentially met some Christians and began to practice, he was our servant during this summer and had to go and tell his sister of the Good News.

Now all this happens in the capital where the Christians do not know each other at all. They hide as best they can to avoid denunciations during persecutions and sometimes all communication is broken off in spite of themselves. This is how now if two Christians died several hundred Christians of the Capital would no longer know how to renew communication. Terrible position and yet it is certain that without these precautions, they will not escape persecution because at this moment all the known Christians of the capital are

betrayed and denounced; the terrible tortures that the prisoners undergo make them confess almost everything that one wants, it is rare that they resist it. I have said several times that the most unfortunate of the Christians are the nobles: not knowing how to work and from their childhood only occupying themselves with letters, they can neither live nor feed their family.

This is due to a custom of these countries. Only the nobles can reach positions or at least somewhat distinguished positions. All prepare themselves from childhood for the study of characters and then undergo examinations on which depend, or rather on which should depend, the nominations; because now one pays little attention to the examinations. During all this time one lives on borrowing, debts accumulate, from year to year, if one manages to have a mandarin in the family or close relative, the debts will be paid, that if one does not succeed everything is repayable at the last judgment. Despite these loans which are not easily obtained, each nobleman lives in incredible misery, there is never among them neither money nor grain, their existence is a problem and yet they do not die. Our Christians having no resource with the pagan mandarins are always in this miserable state, until sjourneying off the shame they become farmers, but then still not knowing the trade and not having strength they cannot suffice for their maintenance.

They have all this in common with the pagans, only with the latter, there is hope of obtaining some position and if this succeeds, all the relatives immediately fall on the back of the poor mandarin to have bene sonoribus (good quality money) and he cannot refuse. By the very fact that he is a mandarin he must support the whole family, and far away, so that in ordinary places there is no way to enrich his family, it is only made to live. That if money is not given with enough ease the most hungry use sure means to obtain it. They present themselves at one of the mandarin's receivers in places where he is not and ask for money. The poor man always answers that he has none, they shout, they threaten, they do the trick two or three times; then if the receiver does not open the purse, they finally come back with two or three slaves, they seize the poor manager, tie his hands and thus attach him to the ceiling by the wrists; if he does not agree to give he is beaten, it is necessary to end by paying. Later the mandarin knows everything, but he cannot say anything, he keeps quiet and continues to send money each year to his more or less close relatives. Such is the custom, and in the hope of obtaining something by some of these means, you see all the nobles studying the characters, refusing to do anything, and dying of hunger, overwhelmed moreover by the weight of debts. This summer one of these unfortunates in whose house a Christian lived did not eat rice more than every three or four days, he lived on air, and his poor wife after giving birth spent three days without being able to taste rice. Is it not heartbreaking; and these poor devils do not even have the consolation of offering their pain to God whom they do not know and to use it to expiate their sins. This is one of the vanities under the cap of Heaven.

Two periods especially in Korea, present dreadful pictures of domestic famine and this every year without distinction of pagans or Christians. First in the spring, at the time when they expect the harvest of a kind of rye which is done in about the fifth month; money is only borrowed at very high rates, as soon as people see the grain a little big they live in hope, every day they hope that it will be ripe and in the meantime live in the most miserable state, a few herbs, a little salt water, really it is enough to make tears flow. This harvested grain is eaten for a few months then around the eighth moon while they are waiting for the millet harvest, the same picture presents itself and I have seen it many times among our Christians without being able to remedy it. It goes without saying that people who are comfortable are not in this position. This year the crisis was even stronger, because of last year's bad harvest, the grain rose to double the price of previous years, it was almost a small famine, and the rumor of war with the Foreigners made that no one wanted to lend their money, even at high interest, fortunately this year the harvest seems to be good.

I said above that the Christian population is not increasing, no doubt because of the large number of children who die in infancy. There are many diseases here for children and others that are real scourges. The strongest perhaps is smallpox, it rages indiscriminately on all individuals and in the kingdom it would be easy to count those who have not had this disease, assuming that there were any. Now this smallpox has a terrible strength and venom. I have often seen Christian countries where it raged, it is dreadful. All the children are infected and have their bodies covered with these disgusting scabs. The houses are infected with it and many times I could not bear the air of these rooms. If someone has avoided it in infancy, he will not escape it for many years and the danger is greater. Now more than half of the children die of this disease. When it is bad as in certain years almost no one escapes it. A Christian druggist tells us that out of sixty for whom he gave remedies in a village, only two survived. When it rages in the capital, which happens once or twice a year, the victims number in the thousands, and it is the same proportion everywhere.

Another disease that I cannot translate into French and is also very common also claims a large number of victims among children, from there judge the number of those who can grow up and I have not spoken of the abortions that are so frequent among Korean women. Among the diseases that attack adults, the one that is most feared is a kind of contagious disease, a kind of plague that I have seen often because cases of it are very frequent. It wears you out in a few days, and if the sweat cannot break through, death is inevitable. Several times a year it rages a little on all sides and each time a considerable number of people are carried off. (These lines were written when, changing regions, I learned that this disease was raging in a village of three or four hundred people, sixty of whom were carried off in a month.) Then indigestion, almost everyone is subject to it; the food blocks all passage, it can neither go down nor go up, in no time one suffocates. It is not rare, I am assured, that one dies from it, this indigestion attacks people in perfect health. I have been several times on the point of giving extreme unction in this case that I have seen quite frequently; finally, high sickness is also quite frequent in this country and among our Christians there is no lack of it; it is true that it does not carry people off suddenly but it does not make them live any longer. I add that in a third of one of the most beautiful provinces of Korea and in the most fertile part, the waters give a disease that dries up, destroys strength and takes you away in a few years. Moreover, the waters that are said to be good cause intermittent fevers daily, which for three years generally attack you several times a year. Those who resist them have lost a great part of their strength and their days must be shortened. The number of deaths is not very great, however they are not rare. I will say further that a child whose mother dies before it has reached two or three years of age will rarely survive and if she dies in the first months after giving birth, the child is lost without resources. There is no means in this country to feed children, they take absolutely only their mother's breast, without that comes death.

From this you must judge if the mortality is high in this country. Whether the population increases or decreases in this country is what I do not know, but among Christians I do not believe that it increases and these reasons lead me to believe that it does not increase much in general. I think I can now explain by this how in ten years our Christians have not increased in number despite the conversions whose total number would perhaps go to a thousand and some. The births far from increasing Christianity have not even been able to compensate for the gaps produced by death. This moreover is only a conjecture and having no figures to bring to support my statement, I cannot give it as certain.)

But I realize that my letter has taken a development that I was far from expecting. I had nothing to say and probably it is all nonsense. In any case it will please you I hope. I think of our meetings before God, that is my consolation and I think that it must do us all good. I pray without ceasing so that all the members of our family preserve themselves and always

think that the things of this world are not our final end. Farewell, my dear parents, there is no point in telling you not to forget me before God, I know your heart and your feelings too well to dwell on that. Believe that I do not change either and that my feelings will always be those of a very devoted and respectful son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions Society

I do not forget all my relatives and friends, please remind them of me: the Degone and Deshayes families. M.M. Canoples Brasseur, Cachelens, Mr le Curé, etc., and then our communities of Amiens on which I count to support me in the perilous path I am on. Oh! how good it is to think that all hearts are united in the heart of Mary and sigh together to obtain fervor and perseverance.

October 13. Nothing new, I am rolling my hump again through mountains and valleys, I find my Christians as they were last year. We do not yet have persecution, God support us. I still have a few new Christians and my heart was several times in consolation. There are curious things under the sun. Thus a very cowardly and not very devout Christian admirably converts his whole family, of which I baptize some branch each year, and all except the converter are very fervent. It must be believed that he gives everything and keeps nothing. Thus again a young girl whom an unfortunate Christian took as a concubine, I found the truth in this detestable business. I separated them, the girl is now married and is getting an education. How singular and how the devil is played. I had a thousand things to say, I cannot, I am sleeping and the couriers leave tomorrow morning. Goodbye. I can't write anymore.

11. October 15, 1849. To his Grandmother Larsène in Arras

My dear Grandma.

Before I set off again to visit the Christians, today is the feast day of the three Thérèses, I want to address a few words to you. Needless to say that faithful to my commitments, today's Mass was in honor of the great Saint and for the Thérèses, and even if I should forget the other anniversaries, this one cannot go unnoticed, since from childhood until today this day has been celebrated every year. But here everything is done without pomp and in secret, only the heart is joyful.

Each year, the reception of my letters is like a surprise, when one arrives we don't know if there will be any following ones; The thing is true and yet we have still spent a fairly quiet year. Research carried out secretly to discover exactly our presence has revealed nothing positive, we only suspect the fact; I almost met the emissaries in full force, God seems to have delayed their march by two hours to give me free passage, so here again is his Providence clearly marked on us. Such is life, sometime hidden, sometime in the countryside, in summary the administration is always done every year, or at least almost complete. What acts of thanks must we not render to God! We have lived for four years in this poor country, doing our best to win and save a few souls, and astonishingly if there are fatigues and indispositions things are always arranged in such a way that Christians do not suffer from them and can receive the Sacraments. It is only to remind us that at any moment we can die, even without persecution. You who no longer have the worries and embarrassments of the world, and who no longer have thoughts except for eternal things, Please interest people in my work and pray to God that he enlightens these poor people. Every year a few hundred are converted, but what is that compared to the millions who fall into hell, and then not all our Christians are Saints. We must pray as much for the perseverance of the good as for the return of the sheep who have gone far away, and you will have a lot to do if you want to win over every last soul. I count a lot on your prayers, on those of the good souls and Communities who have the glory of God at heart. Above all, ask that I do not deviate, that my soul be comforted and sanctified, that is the main thing, and the greatest mark of affection that you can give me. So then, subsequently as in the past, united in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, we will all pray to him above all not to miss the great meeting. By this I want to prove to you the respectful and tender attachment that your very obedient grandson still retains.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

12. November 6, 1849. To his Siblings.

My very Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I hear your murmurs and your complaints, You would each like a nice letter of four or five pages, well written, very interesting. But how to satisfy this desire? I have neither the strength nor the means. Have pity, I will cry to you, on an unfortunate person and do not overwhelm him. In fact, this is where I am, about to leave, having little to communicate, few facts to note, several letters to write. It is therefore better to put together a few less ridiculous words.

Let us return to the events of last year. After the letters that I sent last year, I made all my preparations for a long journey to the South, all in the noblest tone. Some rather uneasy rumours that were spreading from all sides stopped me for a while, but finally believing everything was back to normal I left as calm as the Baptist. The first day I went to sleep in a town with a Christian prisoner for religious reasons. Then the next day, early in the morning, I continued on my way. A few hours after my departure the king's satellites sent to the provinces arrived in this town; they went to lodge at the inn where my horses had still been in the morning. Then going to a satellite of the town who more or less governed the district and who knew our secrets, they told him positively: We have come to look for foreigners, according to very precise information, there must be some in this district. Give them to us immediately. He smiled; and responding skillfully dismissed the policemen and immediately sent me an express to keep me on my guard. Great was my surprise. I had to go and seek refuge with a Christian several of whose relatives were not practicing, and wait for the outcome.

After twenty days, the horses were saddled again, but to go to a less distant place. This was a new region for me, administered until then by the Bishop. God protected me well. A few days after my departure from the house of refuge, one of their close pagan relatives came to spend several days with them. I would have had great difficulty in avoiding him. Then again, arriving in another country where I was to spend two days, chance allowed that a close pagan relative came from far away to spend a few days. The good Virgin fortunately sent him to the Prefecture, and the mandarin for some unknown reason, had the good sense to deposit him in the dungeon. Two days later I left, the same day, he obtained his release and came to the apartment that I had occupied. This is how God protects us.

But here come these beautiful roads and these great mountains which I have described a hundred times, all this goes up to heaven, and helps to water this pagan land with my sweat. But alas! my sweat is not enough to fertilize it. We climb, we climb, we climb, ah! what beautiful parts! Once when a north wind froze us all we had to run, yes run like schoolchildren from morning to night, and that by a grace of state, because while it is difficult for me to do three or other leagues on ordinary days, this time I found the strength to reach a dozen leagues. But all my people were cut in two by the cold, three were sick, another lost the use of an ear for two days and I, the weakest of all, I held on. This is how God spoils me on difficult days.

Some time later another adventure occurred. On a day when the snow covered everything, and made the paths slippery, we had to cross one of those magnificent bridges formed by a tree. I was on horseback and it was judged that the passage was passable. Unfortunately, the poor rossinante slipped and fell with me, the driver and the follower right in the middle of the river. Fortunately the water was not deep, but we had to run another league with our wet clothes to reach a Christian region, and we were frozen. The thing had no consequences, no one was seriously ill. You might want to pity me, but those days are the most beautiful, there is no way, we must take things on the bright side and laugh; it is

supposed that it is to break the monotony. Besides, you will see from other letters that there is really nothing serious and that our position is more or less tenable. Providence alone supports us and guides us and perhaps our days will be able to extend a little.

I receive several of your letters each year. I know that God protects you too, he arranges everything for the best. I learned of Thérèse's great vows and the two very happy marriages of my sisters, and the birth of my two nephews, and the establishment of my brothers in Paris without knowing where they are in this new position. So everything is going well. Those who were called the little ones are becoming big, and with the grace of God all will be good children and good Christians. I think of them very often. I always ask God to keep you and preserve you, and that everyone can be part of the great reunion. Continue to give me news of you. A few little letters from time to time are so nice when they reach me! And then what does not arrive immediately is only delayed; we receive them in the following years. So no discouragement, always trusting in God, believe that we will be able to live and send me a few little words. Tell me without fear everything that concerns you, it will always interest me, that is precisely what I want to know; everything that happens among you is interesting.

For me, I will always write to you either in particular or in general. I would like to be able to interest you more. But imagine that there is nothing extraordinary to say, it is very common, nothing but very common, no remarkable facts. I said a few years ago, everything that there was to say, all that was a little new for you. But today what more can I say? That I spend my days as they are, that up to now there is nothing serious, that our Christians are still more or less what they were, with however a small increase. Yesterday we counted that since our arrival there was a surplus of a thousand. For us it is a lot. Will you count the same? Every year a few hundred come, and there are hardly any defections. Thank God with us and above all ask him to cast a favorable eye on this country, and convert this poor people en masse. Ah! what there would be to do if the reign of terror did not exist; if God allowed a little freedom. We know many pagans who have faith, but a dead faith, they desire to save themselves, and not having the strength to break with the world, to endure persecutions and perhaps death, they wait for happier times, they hope that the moment will become favorable; and if the time does not come, they remain with the hope of receiving baptism at the hour of death. Only yesterday a noble woman died in this way, having received baptism, God have mercy on her. I am leaving, my good friends, I am finishing this little epistle while waiting for those that you have written to me and that perhaps I will receive in two or three months.

Farewell, let us always pray for one another, let us not miss the meetings and above all let us always be united. May we be one soul, one heart.

All yours in Our Lord

Your most devoted brother
A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

13. November 11, 1849. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

Have you received my letters from the year 48? I sent some of them to all the classes of my acquaintances; since then I have received from you some overdue letters, more letters from 47, those from January 48, then finally one from my aunt Céline who, as is customary, had the skill to slip through and pass alone to our borders. You see that everything happens or will happen, sooner or later. Mine, thanks to God, reach you even more faithfully, but today that revolutions are upsetting everything, what ***** to do for the future. Will the correspondences be able to take place, what to think; what to say? Nothing, except to place ourselves in the hands of Providence and to await from its goodness all that must happen to us, which of us will be more on the volcano, which of us will be the most worried I could not say.

As for me, things are not going too badly, it is more than four years that we have been in this country, which was considered uninhabitable, and truly we will perhaps be able to make old bones there, if we cannot too quickly die a natural death. If there is not a Judas and perhaps the persecution will be long in coming. Everything is in the hands of God, but deep down there is hope of living without being clearly known. So reassure yourself on my account. I have said several times that many mandarins are tired of persecution and fear to provoke it. Every year there is proof of it. Towards the end of last year we were denounced directly by a bad subject, ***** by profession. He knows us perfectly, having often seen us at the homes of relatives, who are all Christians, even his wife and children. Having had I know not what temptation, he turned his back and denounced his relatives to the mandarin as receiving Europeans. The mandarin, fearing to hear such words, had him beaten, reproaching him for his bad conduct and his bad heart. The other replied that if they do not believe him on his word, he undertakes to hand over the priest when he comes to administer the country, for response they redouble the blows and forced him to keep quiet. Since that time he always says that he will seize us and waits for the moment; fortunately he is not clever enough. I have been in this place, I have spent four days there, administered more than two hundred and fifty Christians, and he has known nothing, seen nothing. So nothing serious, nothing dangerous. A bad mandarin, in such circumstances would have caused us much misery and hassled many Christians. He is not the only one of this opinion, several facts less serious *** than compromising have happened without follow-up. From there we conclude that our existence is consolidating, or at least does not run greater dangers from day to day, we hope a little that God wants to protect our Christians, and the change towards us of many pagans, their return to less bad thoughts about our intentions, the decrease in prejudices against the religion that we preach, everything makes us believe that perhaps there will be a way to live, perhaps God wants to prepare minds for the day of deliverance and freedom that sooner or later must come here, as elsewhere. Let us hope, but not too much, for fear of becoming discouraged afterwards.

A great event took place this year in the kingdom: I have often spoken of the young king, impious, debauched who governed Korea, selling places and attracting the hatred of all his subjects. Worn out by debauchery he died this summer. What a thunderbolt. He had no children, no close relatives. The province was in an uproar difficult to describe, civil war and its horrors were feared, the most sinister rumors circulated on all sides. In fact, things happened quite quietly. A young man of eighteen, a distant relative of the deceased king who had imprisoned him for many years for fear of being supplanted, was taken from prison to ascend the throne. He is said to be, and all his family, uneducated, however the people augur better for his reign than the previous one, he is less debauched and less greedy, but how to

foresee the future; some fear that he will be supplanted. For us it is impossible to foresee his feelings on religion and on us in particular; We must wait for the opportunity for him to express his thoughts. But we can say as very probable, that he must share more or less the feelings of his predecessor kings. As a result of this new advent the whole government is changed, there is a complete reversal in politics, let us wait before warning anything. The death of the king is in this country a major event. All the people must mourn him willingly or unwillingly. In the Capital they gather near the palace to let out lamentable howls. In the provinces the principals of each district go on a fixed day to the mandarin of the city, and mourn with him the deceased king, then salute his soul or his shadow with a genuflection. The rest of the people assemble by village on the same day, then withdrawing a little to one side or to the mountain, they let out the groans customary in funerals. Each citizen must wear mourning, which is two full years. During this interval all colour is forbidden. White hat, white or grey clothes, grey gaiters, grey belt, all is worn exactly. For five months, that is to say until the burial of the deceased, it is forbidden to eat meat, it is no longer sold, one must abstain willingly or unwillingly (by an exception hitherto without example, the new king gave dispensation from abstinence from meat because of the heat and the work of the summer, we were very satisfied,) it is even claimed that in one of the provinces the custom is to abstain, during the two years of mourning. Public festivities are also forbidden during these five months. Songs etc. All this is state law, and to fail to do so would be a serious fault and very punishable.)

This is the custom of this country. I omit various details no less interesting fatigue forces me to be brief, and then one must leave to make a campaign in the East of the country. I am going to see again Christians visited by me last year and perhaps another village not yet visited until now. There again some new Christians await me. May God grant that the number be considerable, but I dare not hope so. You know that we have each year the consolation of giving a certain number of baptisms, few it is true, but everywhere, says the Gospel, the number of the elect is small. I would like to be able to speak to you longer, I will tell you how The Bishop, going down towards the South, went for a few days to my poor cabin where a single apartment unites for the moment the Bishop and the priest, that is to say all the clergy of the kingdom. Needless to say that these days are days of enjoyment, you can easily imagine the joy of meeting in these regions a bishop who is at the same time a colleague and a friend, or rather who is willing to put himself on this footing. To develop this joy to you, would be the material of several pages for a time of rest.

Today I must cut short and say goodbye. I am still sending a few letters, fewer than I would have liked, but how can I always do according to my wishes? Those that cannot be sent this year will be postponed until next year. Farewell my dear Parents, please take charge of my friendships, respects and friendships for all the family, friends, ecclesiastics, priests, etc. I have no memory left except for these things; but this one will not be lost either. Please also accept for yourself the assurance of the respectful and sincere attachment of your son

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions Society

14. September 1850. To his Grandmother Laroche.

My dear Grandma

Once again this year I was able to receive news from you and I see with sorrow that the infirmities are increasing. We must always see in this the will of God, and think that he uses this means to expiate here below the remains of the faults and to make you avoid a long purgatory. If it is thus, should we not thank him. Knowing moreover that in the hand of God the good and the evils always turn to our advantage.

You have been very sensitive to the loss of my aunt Baudelet; besides that it is always a painful moment for nature, she was so good and so loved by all that it is impossible not to regret her. Our consolation and our hope, however, rest on too solid foundations to weep in the manner of those who do not have faith. Her very Christian life, her well-established piety, the slow way in which God prepared her at the last moment, give us all the guarantees that one could desire. But knowing the justice of God, I did not fail to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul, not to mention the special mementos when I can offer the Holy Sacrifice. I was two months this winter without being able to celebrate Holy Mass due to illness. I offered it for the first time on St. Joseph's Day, without however being able to do it every day. Now I have gained the upper hand and I no longer have a chance of going before you in the great meeting. Pray well for me, my dear grandmother. God who sent us doubtless supports us with his all-powerful arm, but what graces are needed to save us. In these countries where all religious aid is lacking, there is continual famine; It is especially up to you who no longer have any of the world's embarrassments to provide us with a little Spiritual nourishment so that our work does not turn to our detriment.

I would like to be able to announce wonders to you, unfortunately there are none, God has not yet allowed the way to open wide. We are content to glean each year a few privileged souls and to strengthen Christianity; all this while waiting for better; humanly speaking this better must not come soon; but who knows the designs of God; It is already a miracle that the tranquility that we have enjoyed for four years, who knows if God will not complete his work. He allowed this year that Father Thomas, a Korean priest, entered without exciting any noise and certainly this is not a small grace. His first journey was towards my bed to give me Extreme Unction, then he immediately did the administration that my strength did not allow me to do. You have to be in our place to feel the importance and the price of this reinforcement. So thank the good Lord with all your heart. I have few things to say; I enclose them in a short letter also addressed to my parents. I leave you then, again, the appointments are not forgotten; those, the strength and the consolation of the soul.

Please recommend me to the prayers of your community, I do not forget it for my part.

Your very devoted and obedient grandson

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

15. September 1850. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

I have received the letters of this year again, my dear Pauline, and it would be very wrong of us to complain, for no year has passed without my having received news from you and if some letters have been misplaced it is indeed a small number. All your letters speak to me of the misfortunes of France and really could one not speak of them, poor homeland! must she let herself be blinded in this way to destroy herself with her own hands, I pity her, I pray for her; but what will become of her in the end?

I understand that with this you are in fear, in embarrassment and that there is no way to fix anything, but let us have confidence God sends trials to his chosen ones and will he not have a look of pity for you all. But I also share your sorrows, your fears, your hopes, and perhaps at this moment I am the most peaceful of the whole family.

We do not have very bad days. The government does not think much of the Christians, and although poor, the harvest having always been good for a certain number of years, they do not live too badly and consequently we can hold on to it ourselves. If I consider the civil life, it is not very beautiful. Everyone expects great events, there are sinister predictions and things are turning a little to change. A shock would be difficult to get through, but if God permits we have nothing to lose and perhaps to gain. So I do not worry about that. It is even said that there is an old prediction, written in a book that is hidden, announcing that the religion of the West will invade the kingdom, but you understand that this is not entirely worthy of faith, the Koreans are so jaded about deception and jokes. In any case, this is not unfavorable to us and people are more likely to be rallied than alienated from religion. Despite this, I cannot announce great progress, it can be said that we remain in more or less the same state, but without losing anything; we have not spent a year without having to register several hundred neophytes and, on the other hand, no defections have taken place; I say none because in five years we would count at most ten people; There is indeed cold, misery, vices but apart from times of persecution, our Christians do not abandon. You will see in my letters the few details that I have been able to gather, it is as good as saying nothing; I drag myself along as best I can, trying to make myself useful to these good people, my life is very uniform, nothing marvelous, worthy of attention. At a distance of 8,000 leagues our lives have enough similarity, occupying ourselves with the work of God without noise or fuss. Continue to abandon yourself in the hands of God and to follow his movements, I have nothing special to mark for you, above all let us each arrive by the road that is traced for us at the great goal of eternity. The trials will not be beyond our strength; our happiness, our union is in prayer, prayer of one for the other, prayers for sinners and the deviant, prayers for the glory of God and the extension of religion, there we will find the nourishment of our souls and what is needed to pass without too many falls the few years that are granted to us.

Farewell Dear Sister, I cannot write much to each one but remember the past and we will still be supposed to talk.

All yours

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

16. September 1850. To his sister Adélaïde.

My very dear Sister

When I begin a letter addressed to you I always imagine you to be the little Adélaïde whom I left a few years ago. But it seems that this is no longer the case, I am now addressing a great girl who has just left a boarding school and who is the ornament of the house on rue St Leu. And truly all this pushes me towards old age and when I do not see on myself the signs of an advanced age I will be forced to think of it when I see you all growing up and spreading throughout the earth almost like the four rivers of the earthly paradise. The letter that I received from you last gave me great pleasure, I see that you have taken to heart what can make you happy even here below. I think that you will always keep the good impressions drawn from the Sacred Heart and nothing is easier than to develop them; you are in a very favourable position for this, do not lose such beautiful opportunities. And then, what am I doing preaching to you, all my words have no force compared to the living preaching that surrounds you.

Here on all sides the scourges sent by the hand of God have taken up the trumpet and resound in the ears of even the deaf. Without being very old you easily understand what God asks, what he demands and it is not up to us, thrown to the ends of the earth, who should not unite to appease the anger of God and obtain happier days. In these parts we are quite peaceful and can without great danger devote ourselves to the ministry. I would like to be able to announce to you by the thousand the conversions of this people, unfortunately this year I will not be able to communicate such beautiful news to you yet. Pray well that God hastens the days of salvation for these parts. In the meantime we do the job of gleaners and each year reap a small harvest with God's permission. May it be doubled, journeyed, millioned, that is the wish of my heart and the goal of your efforts;

All yours, your brother.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

17. September 1850. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

And for Isidore, wouldn't there be a little word? Yes, certainly he will have his share, I love him too much not to say hello to him, especially since he is no longer a child. I learned that you had made your first communion and that you had prepared for it with care and desire to enjoy it. I hope that this great act will always remain engraved in your heart and that you will never lose the memory of it. With age you are becoming, I think, a reasonable young man, eager to make your way in the world and your salvation in eternity. Take advantage of your college years, it is a precious time and one that must not be wasted - your future and your happiness depend on it, especially think that it is the moment to attach yourself inviolably to the good Lord. You have all the necessary help for this, use it to your advantage; Good examples and good advice are not lacking for you; you just have to follow them faithfully. Until now I have received good news from you, and it will be the same later on. I have no doubt about it, knowing your good heart.

I will not give you great details about my life, I lack time and strength. Let it suffice for you to know that I am quite calm and that for the moment no one is trying to seize me too much. Besides, despite doubts and conjectures, they do not yet have very certain proof that there are foreigners in the country. So you will be able to sleep peacefully and if I must die it will be from illness rather than by the executioner's sword or axe. Think of me often in your prayers or when you have the joy of taking communion; for my part I do not forget you. I place you all on the paten when I say Holy Mass, if I had a little more credit with God you would all be little saints.

Always make efforts to satisfy your masters and our good parents, it is the way to become a good child, a good citizen, a good Christian.

Farewell, my good friend, believe in all the tenderness of the affection that I have devoted to you and which will never cease.

Your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

18. End of September 1850. To his Parents.

My dear Parents,

Another year has passed and God allows me to still be alive. I have received, as in previous years, a certain number of letters from family and friends; you know how pleasant these moments are for me, and I am very sensitive to the good memory that all the members of the family are kind enough to keep of me. Your desire often makes you wait for news from me, but I must repeat to you that it is impossible for us to send them more than once a year. This is the only opportunity we have and if it were missing, the year would necessarily pass without sending them. Let us thank God that until now each year has brought them so faithfully. Because for a few small packages lost we must not speak of it: this necessarily follows from the distance and the difficulty of communication. I have not been so fortunate with the shipments. Until now we have not been able to receive anything. I have learned of the arrival in Hong Kong of several packages sent by you, everything is still there in good condition, waiting for us to be able to bring them in; except however some small pictures that I received as a letter. We hope next spring to receive everything by an extraordinary means. It remains to be seen whether the affair will succeed. We are expecting at that time some confreres, may God have pity on this country, and allow their entry, it would be a very useful and much desired reinforcement for us. We can however receive almost every year a little money and despite the losses suffered during the persecution we have not found ourselves short. Thus the body has not had to suffer from shortage. God also allows by an effect of his goodness towards us, that for ten years the famine, so common in this country, has almost disappeared. This year again the harvest will be passable and the people will be able to live easily. Would to God that it were not the same with the soul; but alas! if we must first speak of ourselves, we must admit that it is very dry in these states of continual isolation and without the help of anything that can comfort and put into fervor. Our Christians support themselves but there is necessarily much misery caused by the little care that we can give them. We cannot see them more than once a year, and besides, instructions cannot be given to them in abundance. They are therefore almost left to themselves in the midst of a pagan and vicious people. As for the latter, we are still at the same point, fear holds back a multitude of those who have seen the light and few are converted. The number does not exceed that of the converts of last year, but the word of God has made itself heard a little here and there. Generally it is well received, faith is born ever so little and the events that are feared are the only obstacle that holds back a great number of them. When will we be free to do good and fulfill the duties of man? We always count on the prayers of good souls and all those who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of their brothers to hasten this moment.

We have had nothing remarkable for a year. If you have received my latest, you have known both of the death of the young debauché who was on the throne, and the accession of a young man of 18 to 19 years, cousin of the deceased king. We cannot yet foresee what he will be either for the kingdom or for the Christians. Completely foreign to affairs before his accession to the throne, he has only followed what the old Queen Min insinuated to him. He cannot yet govern by himself. Some say good things about him, others think he is stupid, nothing can be decided yet. All this comes from the different parties that make up the nobility, only the sequel will be able to make it known. The kingdom finds itself in a rather singular position. There is a great agitation of minds caused by discontent, rumors of civil and or foreign war and then also by prophecies which, it is said, must have their accomplishment shortly. This people also has its Sibyl, a certain very ancient book, which one cannot examine because the police seize those who read it. This book, I say, is according to the Koreans the prediction of everything that happens of great importance in the kingdom. They believe

everything that is contained therein and claim that the past has always justified the words of the book. I am less credulous, but whatever it may be, the prophetic book, true or false, real or supposed, announces great events, it predicts war, some even say the ruin of the kingdom and the establishment of the religion of the West. All this coinciding with the appearance of foreign ships for some years, is more than enough to sow among the people an internal unease and quite strong fears. Despite this I think that great events are not yet on the eve of breaking out and that everything will pass like the year forty in France. As a result of these fears a certain number of rich and high-minded people move their tents into the mountains to shelter themselves and their fortune from war. One of them, having come to pitch his tent not far from a Christian place, had occasion to hear the good news. The Christians were set on fire without anyone knowing where it came from: eight houses were burned; instead of insulting each other and getting angry at the supposed imprudence, as often happens, they bore their loss with resignation and, consoling each other, remained very united and in good understanding. The nobleman admiring this fraternity asked the cause. As he was a good man, he was told that religion gave them enough strength to bear this ordeal. Then coming to the details, he was instructed in everything, he found the doctrine good and wanted to embrace it. A great obstacle remained, it was the presence in his house of the tablets of the ancestors. Now to get rid of them he took advantage of a moment when no one was at home, he deliberately sent his slaves on an errand, and being alone he set fire to the apartment of the tablets, his house also burned, but having taken precautions the slaves' house remained intact. Thus he got rid of these tablets and he said he would begin to practice in earnest in the month of October. May God comfort him and make him persevere. In these good dispositions, this is what the sequel will reveal to us. There is much to do, because all his relatives are launched into the world. However, grace can do everything and we hope that he will not change his feelings. After finishing my letters last year, I went into the countryside according to custom; but God had a test in store for me.....

What consolation! May God preserve for us such precious help. With this help we are a little more at ease. The Bishop, fearing that the administration would harm me, and by way of rest, has charged me with giving Latin lessons to a few little men who are not getting on with their work quickly. Is it the fault of the master or the students? I do not know. Perhaps both have something to do with it. Consequently, I am with a few of them, and I must go shortly to where I have had a house prepared that will serve as our winter quarters. It is very large, two rooms, plus the neighboring houses that will do a little work for us. I will be there like a prince while waiting, if God permits, for circumstances or unfortunate rumors to make me lift my heel and clear off with or without a trumpet according to the demands of the time. Thus you will know that I am at the head of the first Catholic and literary establishment in the kingdom of Korea. What a fine title, will you not be proud of that, especially when you think that for want of a competitor I was necessarily appointed superior of the establishment, professor of Latin, and teaching into the bargain all the parts of the sciences known or unknown to me. If God grants us life, we will see wonders. The worst of all is that the Koreans do not have the virtue of perseverance to a high degree, and the students that I had somewhat roughened up in past years during a few summer months, are withdrawing one after the other, preferring to establish themselves in the world. I lost one in the spring whose departure caused me much pain. What can I do but to have recourse to God more and more. I like to believe that a good old man of forty, who gives himself to work with admirable zeal will be stronger and will not flee like the young people. In any case, if everything disappears without much fruit, we can say that we have made all our efforts, the rest depends only on God, for him to dispose of it according to his good pleasure.

I must not pass over in silence a fact that is something marvelous. I have sometimes spoken in my letters of the power of the noble Koreans, here is yet another proof, but a proof

demonstrating at the same time the protection with which God surrounds us. Now a few days before Easter, the Bishop sent effects a few leagues from the place where he was. The Christians, as often happens, packed the effects in a grotesque manner capable of attracting the attention of passers-by. Arriving near an inn where there were satellites, they put down the loads to rest and refresh their throats. At the singular shape of their luggage, everyone asks questions about the contents. The Christians answering rather clumsily, the satellites come forward and say they want to visit. Fear seizes our poor people and it is impossible to resist, not having the strength in hand. The packages are opened and immediately European and religious objects appear. A good find for the local police, there was also money. The pillaging begins, one of the Christians however wants to hold firm and defend the effects, but beaten on all sides he is forced to give in. The passers-by grouped together and each one got hold of what suited him. But here is another actor arriving on the scene. It is a pagan nobleman lodged nearby who seeing the tumult and the pillaging immediately sends his slave to seize everything and to beat the satellites and the populace. He arrives then, snatches the effects from the hands of the kidnapers, beats the satellites, puts them to flight and deposits a large part of the effects at the nobleman's. A Christian followed and claims to be the owner. The nobleman sees all the objects and sees immediately that he is dealing with Christians. He treats the poor unfortunate very well, has him taken aside and his package rearranged again. Then learning that such and such things have been taken, he sends his slave again in pursuit and, with the rod in hand, has the money and the stolen effects returned. However, a small part could not be found. The Christian therefore left in peace and under the protection of a pagan. Isn't it a miracle, the satellites were already salivating, a single nobleman crushes them and saves Christianity! However, one of the fleeing carriers had returned to warn the Bishop of the events. Without telling anyone, all the religious effects are hidden immediately and the Bishop leaves through the mountains to avoid the police. He was already far away when another courier came to announce that everything was over. It was necessary to travel back and forth, but the danger that had passed gave strength. There was never any more question of anything. What thanksgiving to give to God. This is how he uses everything when he protects his children. As for me, I only learned about it after the fact and when everything had passed. This is a beautiful story, really, affairs arise when we least think about it. There have been still some small noises, some unreassuring words etc. etc. but nothing worthy of mention.

I have seen from your letters received in January (I received November 1848) that France is well tested, and at the time I am writing to you who knows where things stand. Poor country, but above all I am eager to know where the Sovereign Pontiff is. God has his designs; may the great blows of the right hand of the Most High bring back to themselves so many people who still have faith, but let themselves be carried away too easily. God has protected us all well in the moment of peril and I like to believe that this protection will last. Glory especially to the Holy Archbishop martyr, he is one more protector in Heaven, since he wanted to take an interest in our whole family. With all this it could well be that I am more peaceful in this barbarous country than you are in the midst of great civilizing geniuses. And if by chance the fine days were to shine on these parts, leaving your lands... it would be curious however let us not flatter ourselves. We could have a little peace, we could well not be concerned about ourselves; but giving freedom is too strong, it is something too far beyond all prediction for one to be able to truly think about it. To God doubtless everything is easy, let us pray that at least the number of the elect increases in these countries where the light of faith has never shone so brightly.

If I wanted to cite all the people I often think of before God, it would make a famous list, the communities have a good part in it, then all the relatives even distant ones, should we cite among others, M.M Canaple, the Abbé of Gove, the Abbé of Brandt, our venerable Curé

of St Leu etc. etc. etc. I hope that there are also good souls in France who will be willing to come to the aid of my soul and pray to God for me.

I end this epistle, my dear parents, by renewing to you the assurance of the respect and devotion of your very obedient son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

If one could obtain one or two relics of the true Cross, very authentic, I mean, having the seal of the Bishop, it would be well received here. At the same time a dozen pretty little silver reliquaries, even if they were empty, our Christians love them very much. The Koreans claim that all fruit stains etc. on clothes are easily removed by mixing the washing water with the ashes of the tree that bears this fruit. Is this an invention? Is it a falsehood? It is up to you to see if this can satisfy you.

19. October 1851. To his Siblings.

Capital City of Korea

My very Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Last year I wrote to each of you in particular letters of remittances, did you receive them, I do not know. This time not being able to do it to each one I resume the system of generalities, which in summary seems to be better than nothing. Despite all that you often say or think falsely about the loss of many letters addressed to me, I still had the happiness of receiving two from each around the month of February of this year, those of 1850 were late, they will undoubtedly come soon, but please have confidence in providence and never be diverted from writing a letter by the prospect that there is a possibility that it will go astray on the way, such a system would condemn me to a proud Lent which could be felt in body and soul. Your letters are the source of life for me, without them I no longer know if there are Catholics in the world and if charitable works subsist, my soul would dry up and the body which as you know has never sinned by too much fat could dry up on the stalk.

But I have already said too much: Let us speak of this country, the embarrassment is in the lack of materials, nothing to say, nothing to tell. I have been a teacher for a year and unfortunately to see my students, nothing very honorable for the magister: learn a lot to reap little, it is the system of almost all human things. In the month of September, making a diversion from these serious occupations and also having business to settle, I took my flight to the capital, a city of delights for a Korean. Mounted on a cow, belonging to me, if you please, I took my frolics like a noble gentleman and arrived in a few days living with His Highness in a passable house, with a good garden; but according to the custom of the country no paths to walk, everything is jumbled and without any trace of art. There I had a little more distractions, no longer finding myself alone, but above all I allowed myself one that you perhaps wish to learn in detail.

I went to see the exit of His Majesty the King of Korea. Despite my heterodox face etc. I was able to examine everything in detail, wait on the side of the main road and contemplated the procession up close. First I must tell you that the kings of these countries do not go out when they want, all this is planned and arranged in advance, moreover they must have a procession required by custom and it is always large. From the day before a kind of flying camp is placed in the vicinity of the palace which must guard the royal residence during his absence and make a stricter police than usual, tents are erected for this purpose and the soldiers go there with their captains in the afternoon. The next day, his majesty was to leave at daybreak, during the night or early in the morning everyone gathered at the palace. We were waiting on the side of the main road when the sun appeared, the people had gone there in crowds. I do not know how many thousands of people were there waiting to contemplate the march and the king. Soon we saw the arrival of convoys that seemed to contain provisions, little by little a few great personages accompanied as always by a large procession of slaves and servants... a short time later a squadron of soldiers arrived, lined up five by five in rows quite far apart from each other, then other bodies of troops on foot or on horseback from distance to distance. Then came a few grand marshals with the confused crowd that accompanied them. Everything became more and more solemn, what represents the great bodies of the State must be there. Finally we could see from afar the one that all eyes were looking for. In front and behind are very numerous bodies of musicians on horseback, fairly well-dressed, around his Majesty the Eunuchs and other guards of the palace, perhaps some tall ones. His Majesty is a young man whose face does not seem unpleasant unless you look at it more closely. Mounted on a white horse and covered on the side with a red parasol

which sheltered his person from the rays of the rising sun. The procession passes, the act is not over, there is behind a troop almost similar to the one which preceded and it is said to be larger but I had seen the important thing, hunger and cold made me return to a shelter to comfort myself.

The purpose of His Majesty was a visit to the tomb of the deceased king about four leagues from the city, elegant chairs preceded to carry him if necessary, and a special one to enable him to climb the mountain where the tomb is located. This procession extended over more than a league of main road. Arrived at the goal the king had to pay his superstitious duties to his predecessor, take his meal as well as the whole band and return the same day by the same road and in case the night surprised him they had prepared on both sides of the road monster torches very close together and bigger than the body of a man. It is the most pompous and beautiful ceremony that there is in this country and each time there is a crowd beyond what one can imagine. Really there would be materials to do something good, but unfortunately there is no order, the troops themselves are without alignment and without gravity, there is even a lot of talk. The clothing of all the troops is a little varied but very different from our European style. There would be enough connections with the clothing of our actors in troops and the Carnival festivals, large clothes of various colors thrown from top to bottom, plumes of all kinds and especially thousands of flags, some of which are quite pretty and which from a distance form a not contemptible sight. The great ones also have their clothing, a kind of dress in the Oriental style. The weapons, i.e. guns, lances and bows, seem to be in rather poor condition and the iron very rusty. The music was composed in large part, at least from what I could see, of kinds of flutes and clarinets and trumpets with long tubes, but all these sounds had little harmony, they blow into the instruments without order or measure, do not come out of a few combined notes to prevent too much cacophony which does not produce pleasant sensations. I do not know how many thousand the whole procession must be, but it is not little. In summary, despite many faults and jumbles, it is a march that deserves to be seen by anyone living in Korea and that can give an idea of their pomp. Would you be interested in reading these details without order coming out of my pen like the breath from my throat. I have neither the time nor the means to make a beautiful narration of it as our young writers would do, I do it as quickly as possible and without consulting anything other than my desire to interest you even a little.

In a few days I will make my retreat and return to my college that I must still direct this year. I think of all our meetings, I pray a lot for you, think also of me and above all preserve the union in the family, the trust and love of our good parents; Always care for the soul and may the sacraments always come to revive the spiritual life.

I have finished. Farewell, goodbye in eternity, let's not miss anyone.

All yours, your devoted brother.

20. October 1851. To his Parents.

Capital city of Korea,

My very dear Parents,

Have you received my letters from last year? I dare to hope so, since until now the good Lord has not allowed my letters to be lost. For my part, I received, as usual, those from your hand: they arrived around the Purification, and I found two packages there from the family, the last of which bore the date of December 49. That is to say that those from 1850 were a little late, and I am waiting for them by return mail that we will send soon. I see from your letters and those of other people in the family that you believe many letters to have been lost; but in summary I believe that there were few packages that did not reach me sooner or later; the number of those lost is not as you seem to think. So let not the thought of the too great danger of the roads hold you back by depriving me of a very lively satisfaction.

I have learned from these letters of many deaths that have occurred in the family. The most sensitive to me was that of our good aunt Fassen, of whom I was far from thinking. I will not dwell on consoling you for this common loss: the subjects of consolation drawn from faith are better known to you than to myself. I have done, for myself, what could be useful to her, I have prayed and still pray often for her, without forgetting other more distant relatives whose deaths I have also been told of. You also spoke to me of the protection with which God surrounded our family during cholera and in civil wars. Truly we must thank him; and if such benefits do not excite our gratitude, where is faith, where is nature among us? And then again Agathe established to the general satisfaction; it is a great burden, a great duty less for you, dear Parents, and I do not doubt the contentment that will have followed. In summary, God watches over us, Mary loves us and protects us, let us therefore abandon ourselves in their arms, and make sure to profit from so many blessings, not to abuse them.

Thanks to this same Providence, I also spent this year, if not without a hitch, at least without anything serious. The rest that was imposed on me by putting me at the head of a small school, was not harmful, the illness did not return in large numbers and I was able to devote myself more or less to my duties. The summer also passed without anything serious. I came to visit the Bishop for a while, and soon I will leave again for my post having to perform the same duties again this year. Would that I could speak more easily and be less disturbed by a thousand circumstances. Thus it was that last October I went to take possession of a house built for the college, and before the month of May I was obliged to leave it with all my people for the one about twenty leagues away. This will be the refrain of each year perhaps. Now judge how pleasant it must be to emigrate with children and baggage, in a country where there is so little facility for communications. As for me, I left first mounted on a cow. Scarcely had I left when the rain began, we all had to receive it in full force from morning to night, and the oiled papers with which we covered ourselves did not provide shelter. Fortunately the mild weather prevents illnesses, we got off with water and fatigue. The summer we have just spent has been one of the rainiest. For two consecutive months there was only more or less heavy rain; barely four or five days were free of it, and the third month was not much more favorable. There were floods on both sides and many fields were devastated. In addition, the sea flooded a vast region and destroyed all hope of a harvest, the grains, moreover, not receiving the rays of the sun, always hidden, did not form well, and there is talk of famine. From day to day the noises are more alarming, and since the interval of a letter written a few days ago there has been a terrible increase. We are paying these days (I am speaking of the capital) for rice four times the price of two years ago, and almost two-thirds of the price of this summer. I do not know if this is the case in all the provinces, but no

reassuring news is heard. We will always have enough to avoid dying of hunger, but so many poor Christians, so many pagans, what will become of them? Besides, there is hope of a slight drop when all the grain has been brought in: to know if this hope will be realized. In the midst of this prospect of famine nothing can reassure: the slightest famine is here more than elsewhere the occasion for countless crimes. Pray God that he will have pity on our poor Christians and let us benefit from the punishments that he perhaps reserves for us.

I have done almost no administration this year and have no great religious news to give you. Nothing interesting has happened. - In November or December we were made to fear investigations into our presence, it was said that there had been some discussion of it at the council of ministers; nothing came of it, peace was preserved for us. The Bishop and Father Thomas administered the Christians with the pains and consolations of each year, it is always more or less the same thing. As in the past a few hundred pagans (400 and more) came to be part of us, in all this nothing very remarkable, here and there local vexations, forced emigrations; several times also we saw mandarins stifle rumors or affairs very bad for us: Deo gratias, in all this God always finds his glory. Recently the conversion of a man in place was announced. In charge of the administration of a district, he enjoyed a fairly good authority and a considerable income. Having come across a book of religion, he found the doctrine good and wanted to seek more extensive explanations. But where could he find Christians? God permitted him to meet some. Educating himself more thoroughly, he wanted to practice, left his position, declared to a concubine by whom he had children that he could no longer live with her. She wanted to learn the doctrine, her mother did the same; all at this moment are preparing, it is said, for baptism. Grace has been very prosperous in this man, and it is very admirable for anyone who knows how rare and difficult it is here to give up a position such as he had, or a concubine. To God the glory, he did everything alone. May this neophyte persevere with his whole family. Previously, in the same vicinity, a distant relative of a man who was the leader of the party most hostile to religion in Korea was converted. Until now he has persevered; This is the first of this party that has been baptized to our knowledge. I do not speak of so many others that come by circumstances, and fill us with joy; God does not leave us entirely without consolation, things are going their own way.

There are enemies in power and men who are not enemies without being friends of our holy religion: to know what will happen is beyond our strength. All are occupied with knowing what turn the government will take when the young king administers by himself, a time that cannot be far away. Some continue to say that it is stupid, others very judicious; what can we know? Let us wait and see what God has in store for us in his mercy, nothing will happen except by his order and permission. - This year again we had a great disappointment, when, sending couriers to receive some brothers, none were at the designated place. What happened to them? For what reason was there neither priest nor courier? Nothing can make us guess. You others perhaps already know. How inscrutable God's designs are! Pray to Him a lot for our mission, especially for the college which is such a fundamental thing in these countries; for the ease of communications too: all the replies from Rome only reach us after many years; it is very painful and very inconvenient. Few missions are as isolated as this one. Pray to God on all sides so that the day of salvation may finally dawn on this country. And then would you forget to recommend me to God in a very special way? With His grace I can save myself, no doubt; but the difficulties are very great, greater than in France. I am going to begin a retreat again. What will be the fruits? However, it is high time to change. Life, the years go by; and who knows if I have long months to spend on this earth? I do not miss our appointments. Since I entered, the Masses on a fixed day have only been missed two or three times and have been made up for immediately. May these spiritual meetings unite us more and more and inflame us with love of God and zeal for our own salvation.

I have finished, My very dear Parents, I add nothing to these few words. It will prove to you that nothing in me has changed, and that the feelings of respect and deep devotion of

Your very obedient son,

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

My respects and friendships to the parents De Gose, Deshayes, Le borne, to the families of Brandt, to the ecclesiastics who think of me. I often have in mind Mr. the Priest, Mr. Canaple, Petigny, De Grove, Michel etc.... and then the good Alène St Sébastien, and then the other communities... the families Brasseur and le Sellier, the P.P. of the Holy Heart of Mary of St Acheul. If I wanted to list everything, what a list. Many things come to mind at this moment, but not everything can be written. I do not even write in particular to all my brothers and sisters: I lack time and strength. Farewell for this time.

Religious objects cannot pass; perhaps other objects will pass, e.g. small telescopes, microscopes, magnifying glasses, prisms, music boxes: please send me some of these or other similar things; our Koreans are fond of them.

21. October 17, 1852. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents.

I must begin by telling you that I received this year around the month of September a large quantity of letters from my family or friends. There were some from 1850 51. 52, up to the month of March inclusive. I learned at that time only of the losses that we suffered successively from my good Grandma, my uncle Joseph, Father Joseph etc. I will not dwell on giving you the consolations that you have received from so many others, faith consoles us and despite the pain that separation makes us feel, I cannot help but be calm with regard to these dear relatives, such deaths are worthy of envy. All that remains for us is to try to follow such beautiful examples and pray to hasten, if need be, the moment of their perfect happiness. I do not forget, be sure of it.

Last year we sent couriers to the border as usual, but by some unknown circumstance they did not meet the Chinese Christians, our letters could not be sent, and none reached us from abroad. A few months later Mr Maistre one of our colleagues having made an attempt to enter, we tried again to receive him and to pass the letters, vain efforts: I sent a third time for the same attempt in another place, without more success. Finally Mr Maistre introduced himself without our knowledge and brought many letters, but this time again the baggage could not be unloaded and our letters also could not be sent. It is therefore for the 4th time that I will try to send you the letters of 51 with those of 52.

I must tell you in a few words the story of this miserable and so sad year. Last autumn and winter had been as usual, only with more misery because of the famine that was raging almost everywhere, rice was always at a price almost journeylike that of ordinary years; pagans and Christians all had to suffer without distinction and the agitation in which the kingdom finds itself contributes not a little to increasing the price of grain. The Bishop and Father Thomas did the administration while I tried to devote my attention to a few students as I had already started last year. Things were going along at their usual pace, nothing very remarkable had happened but administration is * nante in this country, the fatigue is extreme, the iron temperament of His Highness had made him bear everything until then quite well. But behold, towards the month of March, fatigue and solitudes increasing, the Bishop suffered a violent attack of some illness, in a few moments he was thought dead, Father Thomas, who was nearer than me, was called, things seemed to be getting better when after some time a new danger made me climb up abruptly near his Grace. I thought I was receiving his last breath, but the illness without being cured took on a slow character. After about three months of waiting, things not being too bad, I left to appear at the college. I arrived in very hot weather, almost all the people in the house were attacked by dysentery. By dint of precautions I managed to avoid it, but soon the position of His Grace called me back to the capital again, the danger presents itself, it ceases a little, the illness does not change. During my stay in the Capital I had to replace the Bishop and administer the Christians because of the heat. This work and the fatigue contracted elsewhere, the painful position in which I saw myself constantly on the point of losing His Grace and my only support in this country had hurt me a lot, and to crown it all dysentery came in September to delight me with its fortifying gifts; it lasted me twenty to twenty-five days, not however very violent. Today it has ceased, but leaves some traces and above all the fruit of these six months is in me a weakness such as I had not experienced. However there is no illness and I think with rest I will find something better.

His Highness is still in the same state and I completely despair of recovery although his illness may drag on. I had to write the Bishop's letters and I no longer have the strength to write others. You will therefore excuse me to the people who might expect some. If my

strength returns before the couriers leave I will write a few, for the moment I really cannot. In the midst of all these miseries God has granted me a great consolation in the arrival of Mr Maistre. He has become an absolute necessity for the administration and if God calls Bishop Ferréol to him, I will not have the burden alone. In the midst of all this there are still moments of pleasure and where one can have fun. This year you would have seen me distract myself with gardening by cultivating a little the mountains where I am; I have planted many vegetables with my servant and my students which are eaten here as if by magic. I am currently harvesting a little of all sorts of things, among others millet, which I would like to see in greater quantity to put on my table, yes, seriously, millet and it is passable. We are harvesting a little tobacco to get through the year and a thousand other things: my house is almost a small farm: if you were here with all your children you would have enough to enjoy for a little while.

Outside our Christians are as in the past, nothing new to say: adult baptisms still number about three hundred, nothing can be done on a grand scale, we are too happy with this temporary tranquility. The spirit of the population seems to be coming closer to Religion, perhaps our successors will see better days. There is at the moment agitation in the kingdom, the king seems definitely not very capable, the great ones who govern the kingdom know only the *** sacra fames: the place, justice, everything is sold at auction, the people murmur and no longer have any attachment to power; they speak with disgust of this dynasty and would like its ruin, but here things are not done easily. There were last year in the North, and this past month in the East, attempts at revolt - which may or may not have deep and widespread roots. We are waiting, many are calling on the rebels to change the state of things. What will result from all this, God alone knows; we could well taste civil war here and what the results would be, no one can predict. Besides, the Korean Sybil announces the end of the currently reigning branch. Trust in God; pray for us and for the success of the faith in these parts. It will be necessary that one day God also makes this torch shine more brilliantly over this country. Hasten this moment by a greater fervor for the conversion of Korea. In the midst of the trials that God allows in the family, we must thank him for what he seems to bring back to him all that seemed to be moving away. I see with pleasure the small families increasing, because I hope to see good Christians come out of them and consequently good citizens even of the republic. God uses everything for his glory: could it be that France wins through its revolutions, what a miracle.

I learned with sorrow of the death of Mother St Sébastien, I believe that she was zealous for our missions and was very fond of me, she is not forgotten here. I also maintain the same unions of prayer with the community. The good Mr Dupesson was also taken. I prayed and will pray for him.

I thank Mr Hamicle in particular for the good memory that he was kind enough to send me. I have not yet received it but it will come. My strength does not allow me to write to him in private, but I will think of him even more. The letters from Mr Petit, Graval, from the Cme de Querrieux, from the Abbé de Gove of the Ursulines... everything has reached me, may they forgive me for not replying this time. I do not forget all the families, all the friends, the memory of Mr Ganaples touches me singularly, may God preserve and protect him in his old age.

I have finished, Farewell, dear parents, always believe in the respectful and sincere attachment of your very obedient son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

B.

I see with pain in your letters that you are afraid to write to me for fear of multiplying the expenses. It is true that it would not be useful to write to me every month, but

by doing it three or four times a year, there will always be something when the opportunities arise: moreover, the postage of letters often costs nothing; but if you did it too rarely it could well happen that due to inevitable delays there would not even be a letter for the time of the favorable opportunity.

Good day to old Gadré whom I always think of so willingly.

22. 18 Sept 1853. To his Parents.

Korea province of Kieng-kiei, Son Kol

My very dear Parents.

Here comes again the time when we can hope to send you some news, twice in the last year I have sent letters in case some opportunity by sea would present itself, everything failed and these little words having no interest, I took them back. God has not allowed again this year that any confrere reaches us. It is very hard and yet we have only to adore his designs, he has allowed that some letters reach me, these are the letters of August 1852, the rest of the dispatches are expected this winter by the return of the couriers if Providence wants to do us this favor. Every year I learn with great sorrow of the losses of the family, all the elders of the family disappear, all for our consolation have so far made a death worthy of envy, but will such beautiful examples left after them have the effectiveness of their voice and their daily presence, I pray to God continually so that the new generation in our families walk in these venerated footsteps, it is indeed my greatest desire, and everything that can make me hope for this result has for me a very lively interest. Until then we must thank the divine goodness which gives daily proof of its protection on our family, that it would be sweet for me to learn that each one without exception appreciates these favors and seeks to profit from them. When I left the paternal house was full, our good eldest Sister had disappeared alone, what a difference today that each one has received his placement, fortunately these necessary departures have succeeded well and all is well so far, let us always pray to God, let us implore the good Mary to direct the steps of each one; I pray them especially, my dear Parents, that they be your guide to place each of your children on the path that God has intended for them and which must be for them the path of salvation. I know that you have no other thoughts, believe that I am doing my best to support you.

If you have received my letters of 52, you will have shared all our worries caused by the illness of Bishop Ferréol; this good Bishop spent a few more months always in alternations of better and worse; without ever leaving us the hope of his recovery and finally on February 5 of this year gave up his soul to God. This blow that strikes me so closely will be very sensitive to you, I am sure. Our mission loses in its leader a missionary still in the prime of life, he was only 45 years old, in robust health fearing no fatigue and able by his knowledge of the language and customs to render great services for a long time to religion in this country; and then without knowing when we will be able to receive a new Bishop. I lose in Monsignor a support so necessary and a very sincere friend. You know how I accompanied him on his entry into the country, how great perils and so many difficult moments were shared alone with him; for seven years and more I had and could have no other guide, no other counsel, no other friend, judge my deep pain. Here I am alone, what a void. I can find a good Bishop again, I will not find this friend again. You see that God is pleased to test us, may I use everything to the benefit of the salvation of my soul. As a result of this event we are still reduced to two European priests and a native. Our joy in receiving a confrere a year ago has turned into mourning, no more Bishop among us. Pray for the repose of the soul of His Grace, pray for this mission which has become a widow, pray for me. Since my last letters no other very serious event has taken place among us.

The government is not concerned with religion at the moment. But in any case there is nothing good to hope for under the new king. This young prince of whom one speaks at will of good and evil very cheerfully. Every day at sunset I went to the edge of the village under a tree whose position gave a little air, most of the men gathered near me and we spent the evenings in the cool on mats in stories and distractions; From time to time galas took

place. Do you want to know what our Koreans' galas are? Sometimes it's meat that they tear into with their teeth; other times it's melons. There is a kind of small melon here: long and as big as an arm or a thigh, they are neither expensive nor indigestible. For about three French francs, we could get two hundred in our area, including the cost of transport. Now sometimes I treated my good people with these little melons, each one gnawed at them deliciously, it was a pleasure to see them make these two hundred melons disappear, one after the other, even the little children would greedily plunge their faces into these squashes and crunch them admirably, do you think that your servant would simply watch without hitting them, no, certainly not! Or else we feasted on Turkish wheat, the Koreans steam the large ears whole and then everyone eats them while chatting, I have been learning this for a long time and I shared their snack very well. Nothing was more cheerful than our meetings, I also sometimes made them sing their country romances, who well who badly, it was always perfect and the company applauded, the instruments like flute, chalumeau & accompanied, I would have liked to see you share these charming recreations, they have a charm that you will hardly understand. We also went to the edge of the stream where everything is poetic. The meandering water under the cool shade, the gurgling of its course, the small rock that forms its edge, the little fish playing in the clear water, that is nice and above all refreshing; one takes a foot bath, another takes his walk in the waters, a third makes war on the fish and makes my provision for the next day, then is there not some somersault, it is so hot that somersault has its charms too. Really how to count my pretty relaxations would you have believed that there were for me these charming recreations, transported to France, one would pay to share them.

But I must also tell you a little about our Christians. Here as everywhere there are the fervent and the lukewarm, but in short the practices of religion are observed, the old Christians support each other and the new ones revive the drowsiness of some. We have had more new brothers, a few hundred have gathered under the banner of Christ; how good it is to meet them. They manifest to the outside the new life they have received, their words, their air, their conduct everything is very edifying and sometimes makes me very ashamed. The religion that they do not know has brought them consolations of which they could not form an idea, they are new men and this world is for them quite different from what it was formerly. If only we could open their eyes and make sharers of the same happiness so many other good people who if they heard in detail the truths of religion, would surrender at once, but they do not know it and we cannot make it known to them. What pain! and no remedy. We have no other hope than the prayers of those who are willing to think of the poor infidels still plunged into darkness. Truly, should not every heart animated by Christian charity strive to make the whole universe share in the benefits that it enjoys abundantly and freely? What have we done more than these peoples to be treated by God in a privileged manner and would it not be ingratitude to refuse at least the obol of prayer for their conversion. Last autumn, The Bishop entrusted me again with part of the administration. With some rest I was able to more or less fulfill the task that His Highness had imposed on me. To avoid too much fatigue I almost always had myself carried in a kind of small palanquin, the hardness of the roads and the steepness of the mountains could not harm me. The death of His Highness, by which I was so deeply afflicted, contributed, it is said, to renewing illnesses that I have again experienced, but the efforts of the art and the care of a good old empiricist who follows my condition with such devotion and friendship make me hope that this will not have a sequel. He promises me more beautiful days and with the help of God I intend to devote them to him as in the past. So do not be worried about me. Soon I will return to the administration again, it will be quite gentle and all indications are that there will be little fatigue. Our good students whom I placed in other hands this summer to be able to take care of books will be a little abandoned again; May God protect us and increase his help. If at least a good opportunity allowed us to send them to

a safe place to do good studies, on this depends in part the success of our missions, pray in particular for this matter that I have all the more at heart since until now they have so to speak been entrusted solely to my care. Without having much talent they would be very useful to us.

You already know that no object has been able to reach us, God be blessed! it allows long years of sacrifices, but one day everything will come, I have no doubt, the joy will be double, journey, tenfold, our Christians live on hope and so do we. This is how the world waits ten and twenty years for a place or a reward. The reception of small objects has all these charms for us, God will finally allow it, I have no doubt, I am not making any request of you this time, there are enough objects addressed to me at the procurator.

I am finishing, my very dear Parents; This letter will bring you the assurance of my respects, of my inviolable attachment, it will prove to you, I hope that we do not have to regret a determination, that God has directed, I am still where he wants me, I have confidence in it. Thank him for his favors and pray to him to grant me more abundant new ones. I always think of the various members of the family, then of the communities to which I am united in prayers in particular the Carmelites, Sacré Cœurs, St Acheul, Bon Pasteur etc. . . . I do not forget either all those who take an interest in me, Mr. the Priest, Mr. Canaple, De Brandt etc ... I have received several letters from Mr. Petit, last year among others I responded to his letter, I will probably not be able to do so this year, but please present him with the assurance of my respect and remembrance. Good Mr. Capelle too: our old Gadré and all your maids are often present in my mind, may they pray well for me.

Farewell my very dear Parents, next year God will allow me to address a few words to you, trust in Jesus to Mary

Your obedient son

They say, I believe, that Father Guidé is in Amiens, if that is the case please present my respects to him and recommend me to his prayers. Perhaps there are still other good Fathers I know, they will be kind enough not to forget me before God.

On the day of my departure I asked Gustave in the event of his father's death to be my attorney, my power of attorney is doubtless in his hands, it is good that you know it.

Please present my respectful respects to Mr. Padé of whom I keep a grateful memory, then to Mr. Michel in St Fulfran. Father Cacheleux and Mangot are often present in my memory. as well as Messrs. Rivage father and son.

P.S. November 7. Do not be too worried about us, I am assured today that the governor is not pushing the Christian affair any further, we must be off with money.

If the meditations of the Abbé de Brandt are good, please send me a copy for the use of worldly people.

I believe I left the books listed below at home, if they are not there please get them and send them to my address at Mr. Barran. Knowledge of God and Oneself by Bossuet, 1 vol; Exposition of Catholic Doctrine 1 vol by the same; Existence of God and Immortality of the Soul by Fénelon 1 vol; The Christian Mentor 1 vol in 18 by Gris du Val, I believe; Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul by Laluzerne 2 vol, I believe: Familiar Instructions by Guillet 2 vol in 12 ed. d'outhmin. Chalandre, I want them to be connected simply but solidly.

23. September 22, 1853. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My very dear brother,

When I think of you I always picture little Isidore as I saw him in the past, but that is quite wrong since today you are a tall young man in the upper classes and already capable of very serious reflections. The two or three letters that I received from you gave me a pleasure that I cannot well express. I saw there both your progress and the development of your faculties, it was a happiness, try to procure it for myself often. The good Lord allows you to be tested by illness, it is a very painful state that I had to go through also in these parts, try to preserve your health, it is necessary everywhere, and if God allows suffering, offer it to Him well and profit from it to obtain merits. You are probably at home as I write these lines, you are perhaps rejoicing in a reunion of the whole family, for me I am at the moment in a small village surrounded by mountains and where no pagans live. I am very quiet there and can even get some air and recreation. You would be very surprised if you saw me again, I would certainly not recognize myself, with my hair rolled up, my little beard, my large and loose white clothes; if you feel like coming to pay me a little visit, you would see my good Christians gay and happy, because for the moment there is not too much trouble. I urge you to pray from time to time for them and for me; if we cannot meet at least let us preserve the feelings that should bind brothers and although the age difference is very great I can assure you that for my part I have given you and preserve all my affection, it is a real joy for me to learn everything that concerns you.

Soon you too will be at the moment of choosing a state of life, take good advice then from your relatives and serious people and you will have no regrets to have later, especially pray well on this subject to the good God and the good Mary.

It is in their hands that I place you so that they preserve you and reunite us one day in Heaven.

Farewell, My good Friend, believe in the frank and sincere friendship of your brother.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

24. End of October 1853. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My dear Sister

I received news from you again this year and it is always with pleasure that you know, everything you tell me about the good works that are rising in France and in our city in particular does me good and fills me with consolation. How good God is and how sweet it is to see the glory of God shine throughout the universe. His holy name will fill all nations and even Korea, because one day we hope we have confidence the Koreans will receive this grace and they will open their eyes to the light. You will see through my letters our trials, and the so painful, so terrible loss of our Apostolic Vicar I will not repeat what I have said elsewhere, pray for the repose of his soul; pray also that God supports me in this trial, and that he makes me benefit from it.

While I was writing my letters we were very quiet but now from three or four sides news of vexations of Christians arrives. On the one hand the Christians were denounced to the satellites by a young man who pretended to want to be a Christian and lived with them. The satellites came unexpectedly one Sunday and seized several religious books. They wanted a lot of money and while they were composing, several of our neophytes were caught and put in prison. The first mandarin to whom they were taken treated them well and with little money the matter could doubtless have been settled but the provincial governor having called the matter to his tribunal did not treat them so well and three Christians remain in irons without it being possible to know where everything will end.

They are still trying to catch a few other denounced Christians. On the other hand a bad subject, related to the Christians and known for his rage denounced fifty-two Christians. The mandarin, still not wanting to stir up persecution, seized the bad devil and forbade him, under pain of death, to denounce anyone, but the affair had already leaked out and the pecuniary greed of the satellites caused a great storm to break out that the mandarin could not stifle without the provincial governor getting wind of it. In the meantime a book of religion was seized and many Christians, the number of whom I do not know, were imprisoned. Here again we must wait for the end. - A third affair was sparked by the satellites who seized a prayer book and after having greatly vexed the country, the affair went to the Mandarin. Pagan friends of the Christians immediately wrote some letters of recommendation and we think that this affair will end with the punishment of the satellites for having vexed the people without orders. Finally, a fourth and fifth affair are still pending without the mandarin being aware of them and we do not know what will result from them. These are many miseries to begin our winter. May God protect us. I will try to give you the outcome before sending the letters. But despite the suffering and losses experienced by the Christians in many places, it must be noted that on all sides the mandarins seized of the affair have shown themselves to be quite good for the Christians and sought to stifle the beginnings. This is proof that many do not wish us harm and they only act when it is too dangerous for them not to do so. The provincial governor himself, although less good, does not seem so far to be pushing the matter to a large extent and we hope to avoid persecution properly speaking.

What else can I tell you that might interest you: my life is still the same, nothing new is happening around me and I am in the part where there are the fewest new Christians. Everything is as in the past with some fatigue and some consolation. Our poor neophytes have been quite miserable for two years because the harvest is not doing very well, we are not in a famine properly speaking but in a general hardship. I am not talking about myself who always has more than I can eat, but about the people. This poverty even prevents a certain number of families from passing into our ranks, pray to God to remove all obstacles. . I have baptized quite a few adults for my part but other missionaries have been more fortunate and I have

learned these days that there have been this year about four hundred and fifty adult baptisms in the mission and if God allows our efforts for propagation to be crowned with success we have reason to hope that the following year will not be bad. However, one of the good veins where we harvest abundantly each year is said to be in terrible famine and consequently for possible conversions.

Here dear Sister, ten years have passed since our separation who would have thought that I could live so long especially when I was sent to Korea. Everyone seemed to expect to see the end of me month after month and year after year. God's designs have been different: I am still alive. Let us hope that it is for the good of my soul, however the more I advance the less I collect for Heaven, so do violence to the good God so that at least I do not lose my soul. Do not see in these words a despair on my part, God is always so good to me, our good Mother always watches over me, but it would be necessary to respond to so many graces, ask it for me. Let us be more and more united. I learn with happiness that the union of all our brothers and sisters increases rather than diminishes, let us remember that unity is strength and let us be united. All write to me with frankness and friendship, it is for me a great consolation. In three days I must doubtless receive dispatches, how good it will be!

Farewell good Sister always be first of all to God then to the family for God; everything will be fine I have confidence. Collection of prayers for the poor Koreans, that is the main thing. All to you your brother.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

I do not forget before God any of the communities or good souls who want to pray for us.

25. January 25, 1854. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

Will this letter reach you? I want to send it on the Chinese ships with some children that we are still trying to send to study, but I am still afraid that we will not succeed.

It has been a few days since I received your letters of March 1853, at the same time my letters written in the fall have crossed the barrier and are in Leaotong, may they reach you happily.

I have seen from your letters that our whole family is in fairly good condition. I thank the good Lord for this and pray that he preserves and sanctifies all the members. Benoit also tells me of the death of my uncle which I was expecting a little. I am not replying to him in this too fortunate way, please in the meantime give all these dear cousins my compliments of condolence and show them all the part that I take in their loss, this summer I intend to write to them.

Here we live pretty much as in the past, the vexations of a provincial governor that I spoke about in a last one have had their end, the Christians had to give about 4000 francs. Some say that he only wanted money, others say that a letter arrived from very high up stopped him in his plans. This last feeling seems to have some proof in its favor, in any case let us thank God, but these two or three months spent waiting for a big affair have done great harm to the mission. The Christians have been dismayed, dejected in many places, some have left, conversions stopped in several localities; oh how little it takes to cause great harm.

I have done two months of administration this fall, and finding myself tired I am resting a little, to start again doubtless soon, pray always for our Christians and for me; this is our rendezvous, our refuge.

If I believed that these two words would reach you, I would lengthen them, but it is a lost letter. My respects, friendships to all our family and acquaintances, in the summer I must write to you as usual.

Farewell very dear Parents, receive the assurance of my deep respect and sincere attachment.

Your son

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

If you know of a good work a little extended on the respective duties of parents and those of children, I beg you to send it to me. It would probably be found rather in old books, because for books like that of **timé Martin* or ***** I do not want them.

26. October 1854. To his Siblings.

My very dear Brothers and Sisters,

I would like to write a lot and send you thirty-six letters filled with the prettiest stories, but this time there is no fuse; and why, you will say? It is that I do not have the time; and the bottom line is that this summer I wanted to satisfy repeated requests to do a little work on this country, and to tell the truth this little work, which, if one saw it would appear the work of a day was for me a colossal work, unfinished and that I do not send. My ignorance of languages, literature etc... then the illness of one of our colleagues, then the heat, then a little fatigue, then the wig that grows, the faculties that lose their youth, then finally all the rest has made the mountain in labor give birth to a mouse, but whatever the fruit the child's labor is the same, so that's why I'm late, backward and I hurry to put a few lines on paper to be able to put my foot in the stirrup on the appointed day, that is to say in very few days; and then once in the countryside goodbye to letters, correspondence and all that jumble of stories, we walk our way, we do the work as best we can, night always comes too early, and sunrise too, there is no more wick. So therefore, consequently, pardon, a thousand times pardon, I am not sending you details separately, the payments are not on the agenda this time, whose fault is it? no one's and let's not worry.

Let us say first and quickly that I received letters from all of you, either in January or in March, that is to say at two times; this is the first time in ten years, and a good sign for the future, if the custom could be established, certainly none of us would have the idea of complaining about it. Your letters have given me all the pleasure that you can imagine. I bless God and good Mary a thousand times for all the graces with which they fill you and for the favors that they always pour out on our family, I hope that each one will know how to respond faithfully and deserve their continuation for greater exactitude in their duties and continuous efforts to fill all the gaps that there could still be, let us remember constantly that our goal is above all to arrive at the place where we can be reunited. There are different states and different places in the house of the Lord, but if each one makes his efforts to fulfill his duty well, everything indirectly contributes to the glory of God, to the good of his neighbor, to the salvation of the soul, everything contributes, I say, to bring us closer, to reunite us, to make us meet one day and certainly after the happiness of enjoying God, I believe that it is the greatest happiness that we all aspire to. For me who has left you, would you think that I do not sovereignly desire a total, fixed, solid reunion? No certainly, this thought has not even been able to enter your minds; there has never been, there can never be the shadow of indifference in my heart, I want and at all costs that we all be one day in the same house and this new paternal roof where fathers and mothers will undoubtedly also be will have many other delights than those of which I still have so often the memory present in mind. So let us all pray for one another, let us work to reach the goal, let us overcome the obstacles that stand in the way, let us devote ourselves entirely to our duties as Christians, without neglecting, however, what the present demands of us. I have said it all.

(Yesterday I learned some good news; I am passing it on to you as it is. A man of a certain rank had been searching for the crux of the things of this world for ten years. Wanting to understand his existence and procure happiness for himself, he moved about in all directions. He went to see the bonzes to study their doctrine, he devoted himself to astrology, he consulted sorcerers, fortune tellers, etc. Eleven years went by and everything remained empty for him. The idea came to him to consult the Christians as well: so he went to find one of them who, fearing to compromise himself, received him rather badly; two or three days later he returned to the charge and was received in the same way. This routine continued for quite a long time, when finally the Christian, seeming to recognize in the singular character a

little good faith and desire for truth, communicated the doctrine to him, adding: I have declared to you the foundation of all things, go and think about it maturely and at leisure, if you find this foundation solid, come back to see me, if not, please do not bother me any more. He left and against his custom he spent twenty days without returning. It was believed that everything had fallen into the water when finally appearing again, he said: I have meditated on everything, reflected on it, I have discussed everything and truly outside of that there is no true doctrine. Although the king forbids being a Christian under pain of death, I cannot help being one. They give him books, prayers, he learns everything and confirms himself in the faith. He does more, he evangelizes his entire household including his father and mother. His father, but especially his wife, resisted, he composed for them in his own way a refutation of pagan doctrines and an apology for religion and in two or three months he won the place, all his people were won over to religion, twelve in number. A few days ago he received baptism with all the desirable dispositions and promised when his father passed through his surroundings to have seven or eight of his household baptized, the others not being able to learn the doctrine sufficiently to be baptized this time. Oh how grace has led him well, how his constancy and patience tested for several months have been crowned with success. Glory to God, thanks to Mary.

What do you say? Is the arm of God shortened, we always have a few of this kind, and such men can become very useful to us in enrolling a few other pagans. Pray for this family, that it perseveres and brings us many proselytes. Besides, this year will not be considered a fruitful year, probably the little storm experienced last autumn struck at the heart and made some of those who perhaps would have become ours retreat. Thus always hindrances, always obstacles and not yet perfect tranquility. We cannot hope for it without a real miracle that God may not perform so soon. Who knows his designs of justice or mercy.

I was going to finish without even saying a word about the many effects received this time. Finally they have arrived at least in part. From the albs and altar fittings requested for ten years to the medals, scapulars etc... I have received many objects and few have been seriously damaged by so much sea travel. The reliquaries have also arrived safely and a beautiful chasuble that I had requested from Mr Barran. Our Christians are in heaven with all this, they rush at everything and already without having left my house almost everything has disappeared. When I go to the administration there will be requests from all sides and I will be besieged by all these good people, fortunately I have some objects left that I will make last as long as possible. The patron images came in very small numbers or rather almost none, it is a great desolation; because here nothing is appreciated like a patron image or medal. Unfortunately again most of the medals are the same and of a model that we already had quite a lot of. Whatever the case, it was and still is a great joy, a great celebration, and very consoling for us.

Farewell for this time, pray for a brother who always thinks of you and is in great need of God's help and Mary's favors.

All yours

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

27. November 1854. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

I would like to send you a beautiful and long letter and here it is that for a month unforeseen circumstances have prevented me from getting down to work and time is still passing I find myself unexpectedly in the course of the administration; now what to expect from me in the middle of the hubbub of the administration and the constantly recurring affairs? I will only say a few words and again without continuation, without connection, it will only be a proof of memory.

I hope that you will have received my letters of October -53 and those of January, we had two occasions last year, the first time in ten years, I hope from the Divine Goodness that these two letters will have reached you. The second was taken by the Chinese ship which brought us a colleague. Things went well, three students were able to be sent abroad and a thousand objects reached us. I say a thousand objects because since our entry nothing had reached us, the baggage must have been quite considerable, Mass wines, necessary books, altar ornaments, objects of piety, almost everything arrived safely, what a beautiful day! What thanksgiving! All of Christian Korea leapt and stirred, everything was in turmoil and blessed God.

A brother so long desired was among us, everything seemed to announce happy days. But Providence, which always delights in testing us, allowed our joy to be troubled immediately after his arrival, this young brother was taken by a violent illness which subsided after ten to fifteen days. He came to me to breathe the good mountain air and enjoy freedom. Unfortunately the illness still existed and after about six weeks resumed more strongly. After eight days difficult to paint, he expired in my arms. To tell you my position, my pain, that of the Christians, finally the general mourning, would not be possible. We must say our Amen and pray to God to put balm on the wounds.

Here we are again reduced to our number of last year and would God that my colleagues do not feel the decrease in strength that I myself have experienced, but man is man and each year weighs on the back. Unfortunately, everyone experiences it and finds himself less fit than in the past. However, since God imposes these privations on us and does not allow relief to come, we must present our shoulders and accept the burden. So to work and I have started my errands for six days with the desire to do good work.

What can I tell you about our country? See my previous letters and please make a new copy, you will have the history of the present year. A few local vexations, nothing very serious; Enemies quite numerous, but the current administrators who seem to want to take it easy and pretend to ignore that we are in their country and are working to convert the people. We are working on it, I say, but the success is no different from that in the past. Few listen to us and very few have the strength to declare themselves for Jesus Christ. Held back by fear, by the desire for pleasures, honors, by the bonds of sin, the harvest is what it was in the past. It is said that it is on the same footing. A few hundred have been able to be baptized.

Two days ago I received the visit of a bonze very distinguished by his religious knowledge and his virtues. He was in the midst of the honors of his sect; when I do not know how he got wind of the Christian religion, he saw its books, studied its doctrine and left the monk's frock to become a disciple of the cross. We hope a lot from him provided he perseveres, he can bring us many children, I have strongly urged him to study Religion deeply and to spread it with the necessary precautions, he has already communicated the doctrine to several of his acquaintances who are studying it for the moment before deciding, but success depends on God who can spread his graces abundantly, especially if good souls pray to him often for this. Several other serious people have come into our ranks, we hope for a little

propaganda by their means, but what difficulties on all sides. Direct propaganda to unknown pagans is very thorny and does not seem to promise all the success that I had dared to hope for, however it is not without fruits and if they are long in coming, they will be no less good. Some are won over to us, most do not decide so easily and it takes time for things to come to fruition. We try for our part all the means that seem practicable, the rest is in the hands of God.

Truly it seems that if the government were not so opposed, many souls would be saved and the obstacles will be the cause of their ruin; what then can we say of so many Christians in Europe who have at hand so many means of salvation and so few real obstacles; what will be their judgment if they do not take advantage of all this. Our poor Christians also have all the obstacles of old Europe: business and poverty and criticism and contempt; the true faithful persevere and make their salvation.

I received all the requested objects or almost, only they are a little different. Thus there are quite a few engravings of saints. I also found the statues of Mary very common and the statues in niches too ugly. The Koreans do not care for them. If you have the opportunity to send some objects please do not put statues. I especially want images of the Virgin with the child Jesus, of St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Joseph, St. Thomas, St. Andrew, St. Francis, etc., of St. Barbara especially, St. Agatha, Cecilia, Lucy, Anastasie etc. Please choose five or six large and well-colored engravings whose portraits are large to adorn my altar, then a few of medium size, but well done. In the past the Letaille Debost and Basset houses made neat ones; if you could choose them yourself or someone from the family I think the detail would be more precise. Besides, I do not expect large shipments, if there were some large beautiful medals, they would be well received. I received this time many medals of St. Peter, Paul and portraits of Jesus and Mary, there are enough for the present, I prefer others if necessary. I had wanted a small telescope to carry on the roads, I would like it to be good and roughly the shape of the small white telescope that my mother has had for a long time, it is convenient. I add that some crucifixes of different shapes and sizes would be well received.

What more can I say? The years go by, everything changes. They say that you have some beautiful days of religious freedom and that there are many conversions, all this news gives me great pleasure, may I see these same changes here and share them with you. God alone knows what will happen: for us let us pray, fight and live in expectation of the reward promised to faithful servants. Please remember me in the memory of the good communities who want to think of me and then of all the people who pray for me, I am not talking about the family, it is undoubtedly in the first rank and I am faithful to almost all your appointments.

Forgetfulness sometimes has its part but it is not great.

I have finished well dear Parents this little word will be again a token of my respectful and inviolable attachment.

Your son

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary.

28. February 17, 1855. To his Parents.

My very dear parents,

I recently received your letters dated Easter, that of Mr Petit. Those from Paris and Arras were late and will come later, no doubt. Hoping to have an opportunity in a few days, I want to give a sign of life, but in the middle of the administration I will only say a few words. I thank Providence every day for all the graces it showers on our family, yes everything is going well and we will reunite one day. Each letter brings me the news of the departure of some member of the family; but how consoling it is to think that everyone falls asleep in the arms of the Lord, however I do not fail to celebrate the holy sacrifice for each one, thus paying my debt of gratitude for the good memories before God that each one wants to keep for me.

I am almost at the end of my visit which has lasted for more than four months. I did it without much shock, that is to say that I am supporting myself and that God allows that some priest remains near our Christians, I will shortly take the rest that is necessary for me and then try to fulfill my other duties and the rest of my task.

The part that I visit is always the most arid and the most sterile in new Christians. However, I have met a certain number and I am happy to learn on the other hand that there is movement in certain regions, we will not be below other years and certain conversions are marked with the stamp of special grace.

Ask above all that God sends us some capable Christians, it is my wish every day and it seems this wish is beginning to come true, there is in some new Christians everything that is needed to render service to the mission and yesterday again I learned that there was a shake-up in some families who would support us wonderfully, but the big step has not yet been taken, we must pray a lot. How comforting it is to think that God listens to us and supports us. In France you try to work to make him serve and love, in Korea I try to do the same, this is how everyone fulfills his mission. Here a capable man can support the work of God better than a missionary, he can do immense good among Christians and pagans, where is this man? where are these men? I dare to believe that they are already designated by the counsels of God, let us pray that he hastens the moment of their conversion, of their manifestation.

For the moment we are almost at peace, there are still a few Christians in prison for a month or two, but things do not seem to be too much troubled, and all our brothers have not had too many great fears. God holds everything in his hands, *quid timide eritis modicæ fide!* Trust in God is where we must rely and then try to fulfill our task as best as possible.

Let us wait for God's moments, China half-opened, Japan half-opening, and then won't Korea's turn come too? Sooner or later, before or after, in our lifetime or after our death, one day there will be a clamor in Korea, and this clamor will be that of pagans seeking to learn and receive the sacraments. Yes, I believe that one day this clamor will take place, and yet I do not know if I will witness the fact, let's hope so.

Things seem to be settling on the basis of giving us two opportunities per year, one at Christmas and the other after St. Joseph's Day, if you want to take advantage of it, please write me a few lines at least three times a year, otherwise there will be lost opportunities. I think I will not be able to receive anything this time on St. Joseph's Day, your letters at the end of the year will not have had time to arrive.

Please send me the maps of the 5 parts of the world, then that of China, Korea and Japan. These cards must be in ***** format, the most recent and the most accurate: have it glued on canvas and sent folded. I made some requests in my letters of the fall, I add nothing to them.

Farewell dear parents, receive for you all the family and acquaintances, the assurance of the respect and the attachment of your son

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

29. November 2, 1855. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

Here is another year coming to an end and the time when I must give you some news; but how can I do it in the midst of a thousand occupations for which my strength can barely suffice? I would like to write a lot and really have on the one hand nothing very interesting to tell, on the other hand time is very rare here. I must therefore limit myself to a few things, putting off more numerous dispatches until the spring if God permits. You had news from me twice last year, since your letters found two openings, but you probably knew that only once the dispatches from outside were able to reach us. I received from the north some letters from you, written at two different times and I thanked providence, which watches over our family so tenderly, more recent dispatches could have reached me if the sea route had succeeded, but by some circumstance, either no one was sent from China, or the meeting could not be made, so that letters, baggage and brothers all missed. Only the meeting of a Christian boat allowed our letters to pass. You must judge how painful this setback must have been for us, because we are always too few in number, and await reinforcements with great impatience. When everything seems arranged for success, God always allows some impediments and things do not improve. It seems that if a few Brothers could help us there would be a way to do a little more and to extend the circle of our efforts, always a fallen expectation and the few workers who are here cannot suffice to do things properly; the distances are too great to be able to direct and push affairs in an efficient manner. Besides, as in the past, our efforts are not entirely useless. The Christians are more or less visited, and some pagans are evangelized.

Always pray for our work or rather for the work of God since our works have no other end than the reign of Jesus Christ and His glory, through the salvation of souls. During this year, do you want to know what I have done? Not much and yet I am very busy. According to my custom I have done a little administration, and in the space of a few months visited I do not know how many small Christian communities scattered here and there either in the mountains or in the vicinity of the pagans, all this very slowly, but by the grace of God no serious business arose and I was able to support this work as well as I could have hoped. But as trials are necessary in life, I was obliged for a month or more to stop work and take care of myself. It is that I am not a Hercules and that being less solid than the rocks of the ocean I stumble at times and ask for the help of art; however I have not needed to ask for the help of religion or in other words I have not been very seriously attacked. This time once passed I wanted to use my summer, and for the good of our Christians I had to become a translator, or at least help the translators. A fairly considerable work that I wanted to dispatch in less than a month, took me two complete ones and from that came disorder and disappointment in my affairs. The time that I had to devote elsewhere was taken and naturally the pressure increased. I still wanted to collate and rectify notes for a dictionary and for that I had to go for six days in a row to settle, at the end of the world, with a distinguished old doctor who has passed through many dignities. It is there that I spent the hot weather. The air is good there, the stay pleasant on the banks of a river where sometimes they waged war on fish. But the conveniences of life are as rare in this distant country as among the savages of America. In this country it is a part apart. Poultry suffered from it, not being able to provide me with beef, it was necessary to seize all the chickens which were raised in mass in the village, and this *** thanks to the good care of my hosts and the charming character of my old doctor the summer passed very well in Philological discussions, less dry than the bad rice of these regions and to compensate for the thinness of our table. I sometimes made half-European brioche which my doctor swallowed very graciously. There was formed the basis

of a Korean-Sinico-Latin-French polyglot. That sounds good, if it were realized, but time still, always time failing me, it is barely sketched, and will have to finish in I do not know how many years. Every day still in intervals of leisure, I put my hand to it without knowing if ever the end will present itself. Also my Koreans not having the word indefinite in their language, say that it is an infinite work. I am of their opinion and with my little strength, I should perhaps not have started it if the desire to make profit of a few years of stay in this country had not made me believe it useful to me and perhaps to others.

So that is how always on the way time passes and the works pile up, it was necessary to leave this distant place and already the time of the administration had come; One has left, the other will set off; I therefore approached the center of the mission and wanting to write letters there is no more time, I have already visited some Christians and it would be necessary to continue. On the one hand letters to write, on the other the need for rest, finally the necessity of helping the Christians, how to reconcile everything, it is not easy, but I am trying it by delivering a certain number of letters by sea in the spring and I hope that our relatives to whom I should have addressed them today will forgive me, moreover the time of receipt will be almost the same.

What else can I tell you that might interest you? We are for the moment perfectly calm on the part of the government, and it does not seem to want to worry us. It is not freedom but it is peace, probably reasoned peace on its part, that is to say that it wants to avoid affairs; moreover in every other respect, it is pitiful. The administration is nothing more than brigandage and the people are very unhappy. It is always said that this dynasty is coming to an end, who knows? but it is not out of the realm of possibility. Besides, the king, whose capacity can hardly be known, loves his people and wants nothing but their good, but he is poorly supported, or perhaps he cannot act as he pleases. Hence much misery among the people, fortunately the fertility of this year relieves all classes and cuts short many evils. Our Christians will also be a little more comfortable than in the past, it seems that abundance is general throughout the kingdom, it is a blessing from God, and among so many millions of men, who thinks of thanking him for it? Let us try, my dear parents, we to whom God has given light, not to be among the ungrateful and to thank him every day for his benevolent providence.

All your children have grown up a lot, are placed, several others will be soon and in everything is it not true that God has kept us and filled us with graces; that at least the prayers of all be unanimous, and that not one of us is in a class apart. If I can receive your letters at the end of this year, I will doubtless learn that such and such have a new position. I would like to have news of them and especially to know how everyone can in their part fulfill all the duties imposed on us, I ask God constantly and I hope from his goodness that he will not withdraw his benevolent hand from our family and that religion will always be the first basis of all our steps.

I have no serious request to make this time, if there is reason to send me some pictures and medals they will always be well received, pretty little crosses, of several kinds are very desired, no need to go into great detail because it is always as in the past. The consignment I received two years ago has satisfied many desires, but there are still some to be fulfilled, and then the Korean is so attached to objects of piety, I only fear that he will pass over the main thing for the accessory, and would give all he has for an image that suits him, similar in this to children who have such violent desires for these objects. But is this then an evil? I think it is very good for them, and I see it with pleasure. I have kept some beautiful engravings for my altar, but more than a hundred times they have told me clearly: if it were not for the seventh precept, even if we had to be beaten, your images would not be with you for long. Such is their simplicity. But no matter what I do, their greed will never be entirely satisfied. What would they say, if they glimpsed one of our churches decorated for a feast

day, if they had the freedom, I believe that they would easily give themselves to increasing the pomp and solemnity of worship, that is in their character.

Do you know that this spring I was entertained for a day and two nights by the cries and threats of the pagans. My presence among the Christians was revealed by a Christian woman who was perhaps more foolish than bad, although she practices rather coldly. The pagans came at night to make a racket around the house, then held a council and resolved to seize me as I left the Christians, in order, they said, to teach me a lesson. My fault is that I give the sacraments to several of their relatives and this very time, the principal member of the whole family and the whole village had just surrendered and was practicing. This deserved punishment and they only wanted to drag me ignominiously around the village to take away the thought of ever returning near them. The roads were guarded and we feared some bad story. But God granted that by dint of compromise we managed to obtain free passage without further misery. I went out with my followers and although two or three watched us, no one did anything. Afterwards, I do not know how the visit to this village will take place. You see that God watches over us, and that if there are any missteps, he is always the master of the courts. Besides, I think that whatever happens, a foreigner would not be so mistreated as in the past, and all thought of martyrdom must have been completely erased from our minds, whatever happens or I might die very quickly without a sword blow and ask God for me to always be prepared.

No other story to tell you. I do not know any and time is running out.

Please take charge of all my respects and compliments for all the members of the family and also for all the other people who want to think of me. In three months if God permits I will send my annual mail. In the meantime, be at ease on my account, providence will not allow anything that is not for my spiritual good. Ask for me patience, confidence and all the virtues of a missionary.

Accept the assurance of the profound respect and inviolable attachment, with which I have the honor of being your very obedient son.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

Please send me two gilded frames, not very large, nor very small, and also about ten pretty colored pictures of the new kind.

30. End of January 1856. To his Parents

22 degrees centigrade in the morning 5 at noon

My very dear Parents

I recently received your letters of September 1854 and April 55. The blessings that God has bestowed on our family have filled me with joy and not knowing how to thank Him myself, my first step the next day was to celebrate a thanksgiving mass, what a joy to see that this God of goodness leads everything to good, and if there is still something to be desired on several sides, let us be confident that God will still know how to fulfill our desires and satisfy our sighs. On the other hand I see that the road of sacrifices is still open, and that his designs are to increase your crown by patience, if my heart on one side is moved by all that happens I immediately throw myself back to God saying to him: *Pater noster qui es in coelis*, I regain confidence that he will always keep you and surround you with his paternal care. The past is a guarantee of the future and whatever his designs, they are full of goodness, benignity, mercy, we will not be confused. Poor Alphonse has therefore missed his career, it is unfortunate for him, all the more so as age advances, I do not know if I should rejoice to see him at the Ecole Centrale, because in my ignorance it does not seem to me a very clear path, but rather the center of dead ends. In any case, for want of anything better, we must go through this and hope that the body and soul can find their maintenance there. God grant that all my brothers and sisters settle down properly and my great desire would be that they come closer to the family, this too great dispersion is very close to my heart, I would like to consider it as temporary but if we are careful, it could well become permanent, which would cause me a lot of pain. You have had incomparable solemnities one after the other, why could I not have been present: the triumph of our Immaculate Mother could not above all have failed to excite me, oh if I dared to hope like you for an era of tranquility for the church, it would be too beautiful, I pray to this end, will God's designs allow it? but on all sides I see only volcanoes. It is true that a little respite is needed to allow faith to make its conquests more freely, but under this threatening horizon should we not rather prepare for the storm. Whatever the case: Hope.

In our little kingdom things are better than in the past. God allows peace and everything leads us to believe that it will not be disturbed, seriously at least. For the moment everything would be fine if God in his mercy allowed the entry of our Bishop with some reinforcement. This spring we will try but who knows the outcome, it is the greatest of the blessings that we can desire and there also is where all our prayers are directed. Conversions are on a par with the past, again this time five hundred and more, but no probability of seeing things go at full speed soon. I have just met two old stragglers who must have been baptized 40 or 50 years ago and had never reappeared, it is consoling.

Would you like a trait of fervor from one of our young Christians? He was very well placed with an honest pagan and lived quietly. One day he heard his mother talking about religion, his decision was made on the spot. For some time he tried to educate himself, but not being able to have books in this pagan house, he took a singular means, he wrote on his arm a sentence or two, then when he had learned them erased them and went to write new ones. In a short time he learned the principal truths and wanting to practice without delay said goodbye to his master. The latter, astonished, reproached him many times, why leave me, me who treats you so well who has confidence in you, who wants to get you advancement etc. - all that is true, replied the neophyte, but I must leave you. The angry master had him seized, suspended and beaten violently, he endured everything without discomfiture and ended up withdrawing; he came to his mother's and since then has lived with difficulty doing all sorts of

jobs, but he was baptized and lived as a good Christian. His older brother also began to learn, how strong grace is when it enters a soul, glory to God the conqueror of conquerors.

I am resting for the moment, I must go slowly to preserve myself, soon I hope to get back to work, pray to God that he supports me and grants me his favors for the soul more than for the body because that is the main thing.

I do not forget all the people who want to think of me, please present them with my respects on the occasion. I put in the first line Mr. the priest of St Leu and Messrs. Canaple, Petit and so many others of the clergy that I cannot all write. The Abbé of Brandt will not have a letter until the fall. remind me also of the good communities of the city, I am in full union of prayers with the conference of St Vincent which has always had my affections. A thousand compliments to all the people of the family, I think of all, the good Gadré has his part there and not as a stranger.

P.S. Mr Albrand is appointed as Procurer, replacing the late Mr Barran, you can contact him for our correspondence.

31. End of January 1856. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very dear Sister

Your letters have just arrived, I do not change anything in those that I have already written, but as you will easily understand my heart is dilated and has no other thoughts than thanksgiving. As for you, you think that I am not satisfied, the thing is not like that, I desire for you only the full and entire accomplishment of the will of God, assured that he will grant to each one the graces necessary for the sacrifices and that it is the true means of saving oneself. It is true that in the past I told you my thoughts on your behalf but it was as a friend and not as a director or judge. My thought has always been that places do little, there can be and certainly there have been souls as perfect, as spiritual in the world as in communities and it is enough for each one to follow the path traced by providence to arrive at the degree however sublime it may be where his hand wants to lead each one in particular. Thus the choice of places is little, the choice of God, everything is there. I do not think I will be reproached for not loving communities, for fearing great sacrifices or great emotions, I have said things as they are. And even today these words are far from being intended to turn you away from the path where you walk. Consult, pray, do what is necessary to know what God asks or desires of you, all the rest is dust and smoke. But if your long and tried desires were not fulfilled for any reason whatsoever, then I hope that these few words would give you back both the joy and the peace that we can and must seek only where God wants us, and then never too great displeasure, never despair, never a thought that could make one imagine that for one habit or another we will have less beautiful crown. The divine will so holy, so sweet, so lovable is without a doubt our most beautiful habit, the crown of the Christian here below, his crown in eternity. fiat voluntas outside there no Church.

This is too much, you will therefore be in whatever place it may be for God and for God, tranquil and content. Here too we try to always have before our eyes these holy truths and this is what makes our strength, our consolation. This God a thousand times too good sends us trials and rewards. The greatest trials are in isolation and in the impossibility of having reinforcements, or of keeping those who enter. They are in many miseries of Christians that are found everywhere where man is, they are in the few people who bend the knee before the one that Heaven, earth and hell should continually adore; yes there are sorrows and trials; But there are also consolations. Those that God sends to each one in particular, the fervor and the fruits of salvation that our presence works in many, the holy will of God that does not allow us to advance faster fiat voluntas and we may say it is executed every day. God be blessed.

Do you know that last year our new Christians were as in the past five hundred and more adults? It is very little? Yes it is very little, but it is a lot, it is very much; it is what all men together could not have done without the grace of God; 500 worshipers of the true God gathered in the fold in the eyes of faith is famous and with that how could we not be consoled. I am in a hurry, I am finishing but whatever happens pray, pray all so that the number increases, just one more. It is a miracle of grace more and a degree of glory for our God.

Farewell dear Sister, I always think of you, always think of my soul which if it were less stained would serve better for the glory of God, take care to improve myself.

all yours.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

32. January 1856. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My very dear brother,

Your letter of last year gave me extreme pleasure, not so much for the things contained in it as for the simplicity and confidence with which you communicate your thoughts to me. It really seemed to me that I was near you, talking with you, something that your age before my departure had hardly allowed us to do. How happy I am to think that distance matters nothing and that you are willing to make me the confidant of all your thoughts. I thank the good Lord for all the graces he gives you and for the determination you have to serve him well, it is without a doubt the best news you can give me, continue to take advantage of all the blessings that God grants you and above all think in advance that there will be painful and difficult moments in youth and throughout life against which we must guard ourselves. Whatever part you embrace as you grow up, provided that it is the order of God and with the intention of fulfilling all your duties, all will be well. Think carefully, take advice, pray a lot and it is impossible that your fate will not be advantageously fixed for your salvation. I follow you in the course of your studies, I follow you as you leave college which is probably already completed. I think a lot about you before God, pray to Him also a lot for me. You know that I am every day on the battlefield, here everything is to be fought; there is war ad intrà and ad extra, there are miseries and dangers of all kinds for the soul as for the body, everything is fire, everything is terrible, ask God to support my soul and my body if it is for his glory. Who knows when the great day will come for us. But until that time pray to God that I may fight faithfully like St. Paul *bonum certamen certavi* and if the hour has come let us not be too sad, since it is the end of all. Courage my good friend, write me a few little words, it will always be delightful for the one who is and will always be your very affectionate brother.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions

If you still have the opportunity to see the young Balin and Gamounat tell them to remember me in the memory of their whole family and to pray well for me. It is the best work that a Christian can do.

33. November 1856. To his Siblings.

My very dear brothers and sisters

Although I wrote to each of you in the spring, I had the very positive intention of writing a letter to each of you in particular this time, but today I see the impossibility of doing so, the mails are going to leave and although I hurry, the letters do not come by magic, as I would like. But what is it that puts a spoke in the wheel, you say? First, there are Christians who take up my time, then pagans who come to prepare the way for their conversion, as again today one of them kept me up for more than two hours, which forces me to write to you at night, and so, one thing leading to another, time passes; but all this was in the forecast and would not have deprived me of the pleasure of talking at length with you. The great hindrance comes from an expedition that took me a month and just the month devoted by tradition to our correspondence.

Now do you want to know what I spent my time on, really on nothing, but what to do about it? Well, here it is: near the Assumption a foreign ship landed on the coast of Korea, rumors spread and after information we believed that they were French. Immediately his Grace wrote to me to try to communicate and I set off on my ox (because I had one, and the poor beast was then sold to meet various expenses and it left me.) In this way, I traveled three days and found myself on the shores of the sea. Then new worries; they are here says one, they are there says the other. I send here, I send there; to the south, to the west, to the north **** ** **** nothing. So time passed, and carried without effect to this extremity of the country I did nothing but bore myself. The fact is that our people had disappeared. But before I arrived, they had come into the gulf which leads to the river of the Capital, had sent boats to sound the roads everywhere, and one of them went just to place itself in front of one of our great Christian villages. A little sooner and my goal was reached, this time as always the inevitable delays made the shot miss. However my frigate, my pilot and my sailor were ready and I resolved to cross this gulf to visit it and from there go to the Bishop to tell him of my failure. Everything was going well, but while crossing the sea, Neptune to receive a tribute from us sent a storm, which made us return to the hollow of the rocks etc, but thanks to providence cannot swallow us, I was left to jump on the waves in seven days I reached a port, or two days should have made me arrive. All things considered, a month had passed, not to mention the expenses, incidentals etc. The provisions had run out, the wood had been consumed, we were preparing to fast and smoke without tobacco. God did not allow it. He always takes care of us, how many times I thought of you to whom I had to write at that time, but what to do without pen or paper, what to do in an impromptu tour like that one.

During this time a more interesting tour was being plotted. About twenty or thirty years ago, a Christian family had been sent into exile five or six days from the Capital, in a place where religion is completely unknown. The parents died and the children had nothing left but the desire to practice. All relations were interrupted with the Christians, when a few years ago distant relatives wanted to have news. They make the journey, talk about practice, announce the presence of priests in the kingdom and everyone wakes up. Although we are few we prepare for the sacraments, we communicate the good news to allies or friends, finally we find ourselves ready and it was while I was running at sea, that the Bishop had sent our native priest to visit this withdrawn Christian community. Consolations awaited him, these good neophytes no longer possessed themselves, they who did not dare to hope for the visit of a priest. Everything happened with edification, about thirty adults received baptism and thus form from now on the nucleus of a new Christian village, in a distant region towards which our thoughts could not turn at least for the moment. We hope very much that it will increase, and that the number will not stop there. One of these neophytes, the wife of a high-ranking

praetorian, had to endure vexations from the outset. Her husband, unable to make her renounce religion, decided to take her to the mandarin: She was not frightened; she was dragged by the hair through the street to the door of the prefecture, she held firm and was determined to confess Jesus Christ before the tribunal, when finally her husband, seeing his efforts useless, did not have the courage to take her to the mandarin and sent her away, since that time she has been more or less at peace, and it was shortly after this glorious confession that she received baptism, but her soul must have already been very beautiful before God. The grace of the Sacrament will bear fruit, let us have no doubt, and let us thank God for having given these beautiful examples in this new Christian community! You see that the Church is fruitful everywhere and that consolations are not denied to us. Every year in the midst of many miseries, facts of this kind sustain and strengthen us. Ah, pray then that the way may be opened to us more and that so many souls may join the flock of Jesus Christ.

One more word; near my new home is a pagan who did not want to sell us his house, of course we spent the summer in the neighborhood with him, but all things considered he seemed like a good man. When leaving for the sea, I gave orders to finish with him during my absence, we must catch him in the net or make him sell his little house. The Christians obeyed, and five days ago someone came to tell me that he had been spoken to about religion, and had received the preaching very well and wanted to be one of us. We will be careful from now on not to make him leave. This is how our ranks are recruited, here seeds sown long ago germinate and multiply, there what seems like chance brings us a few. Admirable springs of providence. If I had not bought this little house in pagan country, this neighbor would perhaps never have been a Christian, and if he had first sold his house as he had done, no one would have gone to him to instruct him in religion. Immortal thanks to God, Savior of all men. And then see the oddities, we have pagan acquaintances who do not practice, being too involved in the world, Well! they also preach sometimes, and these last days they brought us one of their friends whom they have determined to practice. Is this a farce, or what do we say? Let us wait a little and we will see, but could it not be that two of our Christians sent into exile this summer found small Christian communities there where we would be called in two or three years.

For my part, I think about it a lot and even hope so, the devil must fall into the pit he has dug. Pray for this intention, it is worth many others. Ah! but! say it is too late, the night is advancing and my eyes murmur of the labor imposed on them, however I forgot: Near one of our Christian communities were four pagan houses. The traitor I speak of in my letter to our parents, came to vex our Christians, and one evening the whole village in turmoil fled to the mountains. The neighboring pagans noticed it and followed the Christians to find out the reason for their flight and their vigil on the mountain. Our Christians, having nothing to answer, declared that they practiced religion and were fleeing persecution. They questioned them about our beliefs, the answers were satisfactory and some time later an eloquent Christian passing by gathered these four houses of pagans, men and women, and converted them all without exception. It is only three or four months and despite the work of the harvest several have already learned enough to receive baptism, all have learned more or less. Frankly, is it not the traitor who himself brought these four families composed of about twenty people to us. Without his arrival in the village, no one would have dared to preach to them and tell them our secrets. How the devil must have been silent. And then again as a continuation of these vexations, a family from this village has just emigrated to a place of pagans, where there is a family who knows the religion, without practicing it. His arrival gives us strength; they have started to practice without counting on talking about what they will gain little by little from the neighbors. Whose fault is it? It is certainly not mine. Mr. Traitor will be able to say his *mea culpa*.

Now I have finished, I must say goodbye to you, but first I will remind you of everything I used to tell us about our firm, constant and intimate union, that no one forgets it and that this union is formed and cemented under the paternal roof, that is our great capital, and to achieve it, each one should aim to establish himself as close as possible to our center, the body and the soul, everything will gain. I have already told you this several times, but I have it so much at heart that I cannot not repeat it. So carry your views there and with efforts we will succeed. Never forget the religious duties without which not only will you not have a peaceful soul, but also no true happiness, not to mention the danger of not finding you all at the great meeting solemnly taken at the foot of the altars, I therefore implore you complete renewal, if there is coldness on any side that from today we warm up, but all in good earnest, so as not to fall back into the unhappy state. Farewell my very good friends, life is short, time passes quickly let us not forget it and take advantage of the moment that is granted to us! I think of you all constantly, do not forget me either before God everything will be fine I hope.

Count on my sincere and inviolable affection.

Your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Society of Foreign Missions

34. November 1856. To his Parents.

Capital of Korea,

My very dear parents

I received some of your letters on the Thursday after Easter by a hand very dear to my heart, would you believe it? Our wishes were fulfilled, his Highness Bishop Berneux our new Apostolic Vicar arrived that day while I was saying my morning prayer. The entry was made without incident, two confreres brought by his Highness followed him, all the baggage little by little was received, what thanksgivings do we not owe to the Lord. To tell you my joy, my happiness, the joy of all our Christians would not be an easy thing. Our Bishop among us is it not the head united to the body, confreres to help in the work of God, is it not the object of all our wishes, of all our prayers. My emotion was such that the fatigue of the administration from which I returned to receive His Highness, suddenly disappeared as if by magic and during a month that I remained near him I felt better than I had done for a long time. And then I must say it again in thanksgiving, the knowledge of our new Bishop increases my joy even more, he is a good friend to his missionaries, he is a very excellent pastor for the flock. God chose him himself and everything fits perfectly with the needs of the mission, business will have a new impetus and I can hope for everything for the good. What peace and calm there is in the heart when I see the finger of God directing all things so well. Yes I come back to life thinking of this admirable Providence. Unfortunately the Bishop who last year was attacked by an illness from which he did not hope to recover, felt it again this summer and quite serious worries mingled with the common joy. But at the beginning of autumn this illness was cured and for the moment we no longer have this cause of pain. God who brought him to us will know how to keep him at the Mission and your wishes will join ours to obtain it.

As nothing is perfect under the sun and this life is a life of combat, it was necessary that some trials remind us of these truths. For some time there had been talk of the maneuvers of a new Judas, without being able to know the bottom of things. However, people were on guard and several facts seemed likely to lead to serious matters. Father Thomas, a native priest, was visiting these rather unquiet areas when one day towards night, having gathered together a certain number of catechumens, including the mother and wife of the traitor, and preparing to baptize them, some factious people sent by him rushed to the Christian village and set about seizing the priest. Fortunately our Christians who always expected some blow were in force. They fought and the battlefield remained for our neophytes, the father was able to escape and left these too dangerous places.

The traitor, ashamed and furious at having missed his prey, wanted to go and make a formal denunciation to the government. But there again God has his agents. The minister who for the moment does everything he wants here, received the traitor, called him crazy and chased him away without wanting to listen to him. Some even claim that he was beaten, which I cannot formally know. Disconcerted he went to knock on other doors but without more success. Finally, in despair, he returned home - what can we say about such attentive providence, is it not a miracle, are we not strong, against all odds. At this same time the government, to the great scandal and despite the complaints of the enemies of religion, rehabilitated a Christian family who had played the greatest part in the introduction of Christianity in Korea. It is true that in the rehabilitation religion is treated as a bad sect and that it is said that the guilty former Christian had hated its errors, but in the end it is a fact of tolerance. It is also true that the direct aim of the government is to use as a doctor the grandson of the decapitated former Christian. But this tolerance is very favorable for us, and

although religion is still declared prohibited, do we not seem to be getting closer? We know very well that the descendants are Christians and that they were servants of the priests in 1839 and yet they have been reinstated and the scandal that our enemies take from it proves alone that the fact is serious and denotes the spirit of this minister, if he remains in power we count on tranquility.

After these facts came less happy ones. Two Christians denounced by the pagans were seized and after a fairly long trial sent into exile. In another province five Christians were imprisoned and for five months their case has not been decided and still leaves a fair amount of worry, especially since they are from the province where the famous traitor lives. The governor of the province alone deals with their fate and does not seem as well-intentioned as the great minister of the government. In any case, we flatter ourselves that things will not take too bad a turn and that at least the storm will not spread to the generality of Christians. All this is not conjecture, but based on the one hand on the visible protection with which God surrounds us, and on the other on the peaceful intentions of the government for the moment, but besides, I am not a prophet to know the future. The administration therefore begins as in times of peace and we will not believe in war until it is clear; which is not at all for the moment. Please, my dear parents, be calm as everyone is here, there will be nothing serious. And yet all our little affairs are going on, the new Christians still exceed four hundred, it is said everywhere that the time of freedom is approaching and would it not be here as elsewhere: vox populi, vox Dei. The rest will show us.

In all this what am I doing? because you are waiting for this chapter. I am doing what I used to do, more or less – less administration and more sedentary work. Last winter I made two expeditions to the Christians, each quite long, the rest of the time I worked on leave for the mission and this regime seemed more favorable to me, our Apostolic Vicar still manages to work outside the administration, especially since there are more missionaries than in the past and the work in the office is no less urgent than the others. It is therefore likely that I will follow this path. On both sides it is a cooperation in our work, and without realizing it, the work at home sometimes has a longer range than that outside. I am happy with everything, and everything that His Highness finds good, will I hope be to my taste. Besides, except for my strength which is not entirely recovered, I no longer feel the attacks of illness of previous years and I am quite ready for work. All will therefore be well; the general is at his post, we have regiments in the field, then a reserve camp to prepare the work of the following campaigns, it is a very complete thing.

Thank God for all this, our work is progressing, it is consolidating, our colleagues are also gradually expanding, not in a big way, but as much as we could hope in the difficult circumstances in which we find ourselves. We do not do everything in one day, but God helping the establishments will be solid and will serve his glory.

The Holy Childhood is spreading here, we are currently raising more than fifty children with the funds that have been sent to us, and if they are increased we will be able to extend this work further. The propagation of the faith also has its associates, see how little by little we are pretending to have free rein.

I realize that I have said nothing about the family, the reason is partly that I do not have your letters here. I was thrown here by ricochet, two days from my home and I spend a few delicious days near the Bishop writing a letter and preparing the expedition for the border which will be done in a few days. But my spring letters by sea will have reminded you that I am the whole family in its new position, I rejoice in everything that God allows and however I allow myself to form wishes that the dispersion is less great and that all settle not too far from the paternal roof, because finally it is there our cradle and it is to be desired that each one returns there often, all the rest is eccentric and leads to nothing, except in extraordinary cases. I too get closer to the paternal roof as often as possible, I am often, very often near you and

God I hope will listen to the wishes that I make so that our whole family is and remains very intimately united. I follow you in all the good works in which you can contribute, how beautiful it is to think that each one advances the work of God on his own side and that our different works are for the same master, are seen and accepted by the same master, that they will be rewarded by the same master and in a single meeting place where we will soon find ourselves. May these thoughts console us all, may they excite us to do well, may they unite us more and more.

Please present my respects to the venerable Mr. Canaple, to Mr. the priest of St. Leu, to Mr. Petit, Graval, Degave, the priest of Querrieux and others who want to think of me. Father de Brandt will not have a letter this time, but I am united with him. I think of Father Cocheleux all about his good works. Mr. Brasseur is often with me. All the communities where we have meetings are not forgotten. The communion of saints is my usual thought.

Farewell dear parents, farewell for this time, I will write every time I can have opportunities, but I doubt that there will be any this year in the spring by sea. It is all the same time passes quickly and we will wait patiently for God's moments.

Your very respectful and obedient son

A. Daveluy, Apostolic Missionary of the Society of Foreign Missions

In the first shipment please pass me two or three fine combs, more or less tight.

35. November 1856. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very dear Sister.

Should we let the letters go without a little word to my gossip who is a religious or religious gossip, as you prefer. Time is pressing very much, it is true, but even if it is only one line, it must be written. Your good letter **** of this year comforted me as always in the union of good works and sacrifices which dates especially from Autun. I see with a singular pleasure that you are still able to work for the glory of God, and even to help the good works of the city. It is a real consolation because we must begin with the exterior, to then regulate the interior which is more difficult: but God, I dare to hope, has views of mercy and will gradually allow the return to the life of faith, to the interior life which had almost disappeared from our France. Happy are those who can favor and help this religious movement whose progress will undoubtedly have continued since the reception of your last ones.

Here we do not have to make too much distinction between interior and exterior. For we see our poor so little and so much in passing that it is difficult to instruct them a little thoroughly and that we are too happy when we can obtain the practice of the precepts. However, God can also have his elite souls in a number that we do not know and especially probably in the lowest and poorest class, because here more than elsewhere are the elect.

You will learn from this mail that Bishop Berneux is among us, his entry accompanied by two missionaries filled us with joy, and does good both to the body and to the soul. These great emotions are those that one encounters rarely during life: I am most happy to possess it and the good Bishop has everything that is necessary to be useful to me, not to mention all the qualities that will make him one of the most remarkable bishops in our society. He is already aware of everything and our affairs will only go better, we hope very much for the future, God helping, because there is still so much misery in this country, we believe ourselves to be at peace and yet uproar is made from time to time as you will be able to see from my letter to our good parents. Prison, exile, whipping, everything is on the agenda, but despite that peace. God seems to visibly protect us and we do not want to be left behind. Also without paying too much attention to all these local miseries, the administration has begun as if in great peace, ready to change plans if providence sends us greater and more serious trials. Farewell dear Sister this is not a letter but a good day through the grill in the door, it is enough however to recall me to your prayers and to those of all your community that I do not forget before God.

Farewell to you all in Jesus and Mary.

Your brother

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Society of Foreign Missions

36. November 1856. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very dear Sister,

The decision of the cabinet having been for a common letter to all my brothers and sisters, for lack of funds in time, you should not have received one this time, but a few quarters of an hour presenting itself, a new decision on stamped paper grants dispensation for the two inhabitants of the cloisters. Now since I can say hello to you, I want first to know how you find yourself in your new regime, are your body and soul in a satisfactory state, in a word does God seem to bless your good intentions in this step and confirm his will for you? These thoughts which come to me from time to time, without however troubling me, also lead me frequently to pray for you, since that is all I can do, and besides you will not find it bad. Do you still think a little about the traveling missionary since you have been separated from the world, have you not included him among those thoughts that distract you? I hope not, because to tell the truth nothing is more harmless than me, who only comes to disturb your retreat once a year, and even then to submit to all the rules of the community. I never show you my face, see how punctual I am and consequently I deserve a little indulgence from you. Now you will know that to model myself on my elders I have gone out much less for a year, and that this winter again I must be almost cloistered, so do not despair of my conversion. And then however not to intrigue you too much, I will add the reasons for my conduct. Having received our new Bishop and two confreres, His Grace desires that I occupy myself in a sedentary manner with urgent work and as I have only to gain for my health, the thing is almost decided. Besides, being more numerous than in the past, the administration will not suffer and everything will be done even better than in the past. For my part, I am completely resolved to the provisions of the Apostolic Vicar and I see that there is a way to make oneself useful in all positions. So I am very happy. And then do you know that our Bishop is exactly the man we needed, what a joy that God sent him to us himself, everything will go perfectly and we have only thanksgiving to give to Providence. Thank him also for us; our mission will go very well I have confidence in it and besides God gives us such visible proofs of his protection that one would have to be very ungrateful not to abandon us in his hands. For all the news if however it is received in your community I refer you to my two letters to the parents and brothers and sisters, you will see there not much, but more or less what there is to say for the moment. Pray well for me dear Sister, the years go by and I have no provisions for the great journey always occupied with others, I think too little of myself, help me in your retreat to compensate for what I have not done so far so that I have not worked in vain.

Farewell, I often think of you, I do not forget the holy community of which you hope to be a part, ask for me a little return to all its members and no one will lose anything.

All yours for life in J. and M.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary in Korea.

37. October 1857. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My dear Isidore,

Your little letter of 1856 arrived safely and gave me all the pleasure you can imagine, I thank you. But I am very embarrassed to follow you somewhere, I do not know where you are. Could you be in Issy, of which I have kept such a charming memory and so filled with the balm of piety. Oh if I knew you were there, everything would make me spend my days near you; each place has memories for me and in great number; if you are there, I will believe you more and more to be the spoiled child of the Holy Virgin, because she reigns and spreads her favors there, as nowhere else. And in this case you will take great care not to forget me with regard to her, and to obtain graces from her in relation to the immense need of which I see increasing each day; above all do not forget me. Wherever you are, I flatter myself that you seek above all the salvation of your soul and I thank God for it? I pray to him a lot so that he makes you know his designs for you, and if you abandon yourself to him he will not fail to make you hear his voice in one way or another. I will not repeat to you the little that I was able to say in my letter to our parents, you will easily have knowledge of it, let these two words suffice for you as proof of the sincere and inviolable attachment that I maintain for you. I do not forget you before God, do the same for your affectionate brother

A. Daveluy coadjutor

38. October 1857. To his sister Thérèse Daveluy.

My very dear Sister,

As in the past, I had the advantage, the happiness, the satisfaction of receiving your good missive, it was dated April, and was received in January, see how it ran, or rather it followed the ordinary route that opens for us once a year; this is to tell you that we are not yet in progress, despite all the hopes that many people would have us conceive. Vanity of vanities, let us return to the principle by saying or singing: Spero in unum Deum. by this we will not be fallen in our expectation. To want to trust and hope in an arm of flesh is too little apostolic; Let us leave that to the sterile heretics, and faithful to the traditions of our fathers, who came without any human help, or rather against all the predictions of human prudence, let us remain at our post, leaning only on God. God alone. That is where our thoughts are, and what could we do better? Has he not supported us well up to this day? The flag was planted in blood and now it is being unfurled and displayed little by little and more and more. You think you see something great happening underneath, think again, we are as in the past, but is not that already very beautiful and worthy of our thanksgiving?

Peace has been general, few attempts at disturbance, and none crowned with success, it is because God holds the hearts of the rulers in his hands. From there the work has been able to continue, the catechumens have been able to be baptized, and all of Christendom administered. for my part I have done guess how many, I will give you twelve; Well I have done a great deal of nothing. Oh my God! So you have been very ill, you will say to yourself. Not at all, I have had in my whole year two or three scratches and nothing more. The bottom line is that instead of doing the administration I was given other work to do, sedentary work which made me spend almost all the time in my room and did not displease me at all. This is a very consoling work, but for which the documents are not numerous enough at the moment. I am searching, I am compiling and I hope that the collection will be done; by the way this story is for us and not for you. I always have more work than I can do and have no time to be bored. Pray to God that he supports me and comforts me with his grace, I feel more than ever the heaviness and difficulty of my position. It takes all the help of God and the help of Mary to not be overwhelmed. But finally God who sent me, who began his work will bring it to its end himself, it is always the two words: Omnia possum... nihil potestis. If they were well anchored in my heart. I recommend myself to the prayers of your Community that I do not forget and of all the good souls who have the glory of God at heart, I implore you to pray more than ever.

Farewell very dear Sister, your very devoted brother

+ A. Daveluy Coadjutor

I received the letter from my little niece Thérèse, it made me very happy, kiss this dear child for me to thank her, tell her to love the Holy Virgin and to pray a little for her uncle at the end of the world.

39. October 1857. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

By our regular mail I received your good letters of April and always with the same pleasure. I was very sensitive to all the details that you were kind enough to give me there, whether on the family or on all religious affairs, in our little corner nothing arrives and everything is new, it does good and distracts a little from all the affairs. Constantly reborn; I also find there something to edify me, encourage me, thank God, everything turns to the good of the body and the soul. I have seen by these last ones that Providence allows many trials in our family and the affairs of Agathe's house are not small. It becomes all the clearer that God does not want to allow us an ease that would undoubtedly turn to our detriment and the best thing is to resign ourselves and wait with confidence for whatever his hand has in store for us. Xavier's establishment came later to give some consolation and for me I only regret the distance. I also hope that he will have found since that time a woman according to God's heart to support and strengthen him. We still have the last ones whose party seemed more or less made, in all we thank God because he really has many signs of protection.

You are also impatient to have details on our position and I will not fail you in your expectation, but really what to say about us, it is always the same thing, nothing new, nothing remarkable. Thanks to the peace we enjoy, we live almost as in France, except for a few precautions. These are baptisms, confirmations, everything that takes place everywhere and that I have already repeated a hundred times. You're welcome, how can I write a letter that might interest you, especially since my old imagination no longer knows how to embroider. In any case, two little words about the Christians. When I wrote to you a year ago, I think we still had five Christians in prison, and without giving ourselves much worry, we wanted to see the end. A short time later, probably according to secret orders from above, the five Christians returned home, some even without having wavered for a single moment; the desire to get some money had made the mandarin delay in releasing them, but finally they all returned and even without ransom. Good deal, we said, here is just like a new plan, they return home in full view of everyone and still claiming to be Christians, would it be a beginning of tolerance? A short time later the famous traitor made a few more errands, even in the courts, but it seems that he is not listened to much, because he soon returned home and is said to have been very quiet since then.

Encouraged by this protection of God, the administration was done on all sides and each of the missionaries had to praise the general provisions that he encountered. A good number of pagans also came to ask for baptism, and these vexations seem to contribute only to the manifestation of religion. It is more and more known and the truth asks only that. In the face of its light, little by little the calumnies with which people have taken pleasure in branding Christianity in these regions fall of their own accord, never to rise again. This poor, simple people will soon see, I hope, if the imposture is on our part or that of others, and from that day on we will count them en masse in our ranks. That same winter a young man came with his mother to learn religion and began to learn prayers and catechism. Soon he fell ill and reduced to extremity, he was baptized by the catechist of a neighboring country and died. That night, it is said, a rainbow appeared resting on the house of the deceased. Several pagans going to the mortuary say they saw it very distinctly and information obtained on the spot by one of our colleagues confirms all these rumors. Whatever the cause of this extraordinary event, several of the neighboring pagans concluded that the deceased had gone to a place of happiness and that the religion he followed must therefore be good: several were immediately returned and at the beginning of this summer three or four families from these places had begun to practice, this gives us about fifteen new Christians; what resources God has! the fact

does not have a very great brilliance because the village has few houses, but would it not have other consequences, is it not enough to thank God for this manifestation that he seems to have made.

In many places some Christians by their courage and their firmness have stopped vexations which then turned to the good of religion. A man from the northern provinces where we have no communications having gone down to work as a traveling merchant, met Christians, learned the doctrine from them and spent a few months among them and did not leave until he had received the benefit of baptism. He went to preach to his family and try to make some proselytes there and should only emigrate if he has too many persecutions to endure. Could it be a door that God wants to open for us in these distant lands, I await his return after the harvest with great impatience, what will it be? And my dear pagan neighbor who was warned last winter, despite his somewhat advanced age and the hubbub of his half-inn house, he has learned all his catechism and I must baptize him in two or three days. That is how he turned out, and his faith does not seem very good. Finding himself near a cousin who always came to his house to do superstitions according to custom, he was obliged to confide in him in order to protect himself from everything. The other said nothing and promised silence. But one evening when he had come for a birthday, he said: Since we have no sacrifice to make, tell me what your new religion is; he was told in detail and he was astonished. Never, he said, would I have suspected this, so much bad is said about it: several times he returned to the charge, then got in touch with the others in the village and now he is stamping his feet because he cannot be baptized immediately, for lack of instruction. Four days ago his wife came to see the women of my house to also see some books and since her return she has been saying that it is absolutely necessary to be a Christian and to be prepared to practice. Little by little, will there not be something else later? I do not know but we can hope so because almost never does a family convert without attracting a few others.

On March 29 before daybreak, while the four of us were gathered at the house of the Bishop in the capital, the servant knocked at the door, to wake us up. What do you want? A father has just arrived - Where does he come from? From the sea. What! Where does he come from? from the sea - At this well-understood word, we jump, we put on a garment, open the door and by the fact it is indeed a new brother. How did he come, it is there that the finger of God showed itself. Not having an appointment this year at the sea, or rather not having understood well with the Procurator, no boat had been sent. This dear brother met by chance a boat chartered by a pagan to go and trade in contraband and manned by Christian sailors. They do not hesitate despite the presence of the pagan, receive the priest on board and he is fortunately brought to us. Is there not something providential there. God alone brings him to us without anyone suspecting it and getting involved: Where are we then? in Korea? This once impenetrable Korea seems to have the doors wide open. Let us thank the Lord, but also what an omen for the future. I leave it to you to calculate.

Before finishing I must still tell you a word about my personal position. For a year now the Bishop, the Apostolic Vicar, feeling the need for certain works for the good of the Mission, has charged me with doing them; these are language works, books, history, this is therefore the part that has fallen to me and which has already kept me going all this year without going out. I have had little contact with Christians, always in the office and enclosed. This kind of life suits me well in all respects, I am very happy and am better off than in the past, I only have weakness left, but what is that? I am happy to be able to make myself useful in this way, I no longer have the strength of youth to run around as before, everything is still for the glory of God and the good of this mission. Since this spring I have also been charged with compiling and collecting all the documents relating to the introduction of religion in this country and to our many martyrs; This part of my work has a special interest, but

unfortunately the continuity of persecutions will not allow us to find things in their entirety. There are few writings and many are not found.

I have yet to tell you about an event that will be, I have no doubt, more painful than pleasant for you, as it was for me, and certainly in the eyes of faith how could one rejoice in it. I have always been convinced that I was made to be led and not to lead. For many years I was happy under the obedience of my Bishop and I never wanted to leave this state, moreover I really feared it and did everything I could to spend my whole life like this. What then are God's designs? a combination of circumstances and the fear of failing in my duty and of bringing other evils upon this Mission forced my consent in a completely new line. When it seems clear that God asks it, there is great danger in resisting. Finally you will forgive me, you will even take pity before God on my position, the fact is accomplished. On March 25, the last feast of the Annunciation, I had to let hands be laid on me once again and I was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Korea under the title of Bishop of Acônes designated by the Sovereign Pontiff. I have said enough to urge you to redouble your prayers in my favor, it is heavy, very heavy, but since I did it only out of necessity, I have the right to expect proportionate help from the Most High and from the Holy Virgin whose feast I have chosen as the day of my consecration, she cannot abandon me. I no longer have the courage to say more.

Please accept only the assurance of the devotion and profound respect with which I have the honor of being even more than in the past your very obedient son.

+ A. Daveluy – Bishop of Acônes, Coadjutor of Korea.

I would like you to send me the explanation of the catechism by Mr. Petit, grand. *** and another one published a long time ago by I don't know which priest of the diocese.

40. September 1858. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

The mail has not let us down and although many letters have not reached us, those from the family have had the advantage of reaching me. Three letters from you, including the one from June 1857, have been granted to me this year and I thank the good Lord for this blessing. I was far from thinking that God would have called our dear Thérèse to him so quickly and despite her continual ailments I thought that she would hold on. Since the Lord wanted to grant her the crown right away, I do not want to be too upset about it, but rather by reflecting on her life and her holy death, I dare to flatter myself that we have one more protectress on high and that she will help us to go and join her. How all the details of her last moments have edified me! What special graces she was able to receive; This is indeed the reward for his virtue and a very consoling sign of his predestination. All the other news from the family has given me great pleasure, only one desire remains for me, it is to learn that my godson is really warming up and is not leaving us in worry. Your solitude is also very painful for me to think about, however I always flatter myself that you are happy to see your last children on a less slippery path than many others, and that you find your rest and consolation there. Besides, our two new nuns being so close, the separation is a little less painful; all these thoughts deceive my worries and I cannot believe that God does not grant you very special favors in your advanced days to prepare you even more for the great journey which must bring about the great reunion. It is there that we must meet again and soon. The pains and trials are to purify us and ensure our rights to the reward; let us try to bear them always with these same views which are those of our heavenly Father.

How many years have passed since my departure, and it seems to me that it was yesterday. I probably no longer have an equal number of years to spend in Mission, our meeting is therefore not far off, provided that I do not miss it. I tremble at this thought. Every day the responsibility increases, and I do not know how to take advantage of so many opportunities for merit, what will happen in the end!!! Please pray to God, conjure Mary our good Mother to all, to surround me more than ever with their protection and not to allow me to walk uselessly on the path that has been given to me. It is a path very close to following Jesus in his public life, but which would lead me far from him, if faith or courage were lacking. Pray then that I may put to good use from now on all the favors of heaven and that I approve of what love of suffering is, otherwise the apostolic life would be my downfall.

Another year has passed, and it has not passed without some rather serious events. When I was coming down from the capital last November, one of our Christians had just been imprisoned by a plenipotentiary informer who was making his visit. Imprisoned 20 *li* from my home but in another province, he was not very badly treated and the informer did not seem to treat the matter as a serious matter. But the criminal judge in whose prison he was found seemed to want to stir up a storm and asked the Christian the most delicate questions about our presence and our tours – fortunately the good old man aged 73 got away with it quite well in his answers, and without having the courage to confess his faith properly, he knew how to avoid apostasy and the favorable dispositions of the informer caused him to be released after about two months, without further consequences. Before he was released, the greed of the pagans who wanted to get money from the Christians, gave rise to another trial against the great informer of the province where I live. The compromised village is still 20 *li* from my home, and we had frequent relations there. The accuser knew all our affairs and could set all of Christendom on fire. The informer also seemed to want to avoid major affairs and questioned the Christian prisoner with very measured words. The Christian lost the map and did not understand the intentions of his judge. From then on he had him questioned and

obtained on the one hand the confession that he had religious books and on the other the apostasy. The prisoner was sent to the military capital of the province. Questioned again and always followed by the accuser, also a prisoner, he made some revelations to him and the satellites were sent to the village of the Christian to seize the books denounced. The satellites of the capital are renowned at all times for their ferocity and their hatred for religion, the noise of their appearance made all the surroundings tremble, but they had received very strict orders not to make any scene and were very gentle. Not finding the books denounced, they summoned the prisoner's father to deliver them and threatened him while saying that they had orders only to bring these books, and no order to seize anyone. The old father lost his head and secretly went to look for some religious books where they were hidden; while pulling them he dropped a box of religious objects from Europe and the satellites ran by the noise, got their hands on everything, leaping for joy. They left, but things were becoming very serious, these European objects were going to be the subject of an examination and revelations of all kinds were to follow. Indeed, after the judge had seen these objects, the Christian and his accuser were questioned and many facts led to the belief that the pagan accuser had revealed everything in a big way. However, the judge was on his guard and said nothing, only he let his satellites go again with orders to go and take such and such Christians from the compromised village. They had not been unexpected, not only had this village been evacuated, but also three or four others not far from there. The satellites therefore found no one and surprisingly they did not go looking in other Christian villages very close by and very well known. After having visited the neighboring mountain for a while and waiting half a day they withdrew, no one knows where.

All the Christians in the area, and there were many of them, were upside down, it was a rout, couriers arrived day and night and all begged me to withdraw for a while; it was claimed, and these rumors are confirmed, that my home had been denounced. Finally I gave in and left to go secretly and without anyone knowing ten *li* from there, where I stayed for fifteen days to see how things turned out. We do not know what the informer was planning, but it seems likely that considering me a big shot, he was afraid to take me, without knowing what the government would think of it and his conduct until the end confirms this conjecture. In any case, things ended there by a kind of miracle, and the informer returned to his government without deciding the fate of the prisoners. Then finally the Christians having found a way to have a friend of the governor of the province interpose, the latter freed the prisoners after four months and the affair had no further consequences. The images, medals, rosaries, all coming from Europe remained in the hands of the authorities, I do not know what they did with them; they would do well to keep them to be used on the day of their baptism, which will take place one day I hope.

All this was of little consolation, the apostasy, the losses of the Christians wounded my heart and God allowed new pains to come and join them. The day I had left my home to flee the danger, at the beginning of the night my servant arrived with a heartbreaking letter. The Christians wrote to me that our dear colleague Mr. Maistre was dying 25 or 30 leagues from my lodging. Unable to go there except in several days, I sent a courier that very night to a colleague who that very day had left to get closer to the place where the sick man was, and soon I learned that our dear colleague had left this world after having received the last sacraments. What a loss for this mission, he was that of the missionaries whose health, virtues and knowledge made him considered as the pillar of our work. He died in full exercise of the Apostolic life and in such a holy and admirable manner that all our Christians were struck by it. Please commend his soul to God sometimes, although I believe him already in possession of happiness. He was my only companion after the death of Bishop Ferréol, and was supposed to be my support, so for me it is a deplorable void. Let us adore the judgments of God; he

does not want to allow our numbers to increase much, each entry is followed by a loss, ah! are the days of great blessings still far away!

As a result of this loss I had to leave my sedentary work and go try to fill the void. I went into administration and returned home after just three months. God allowed me to bear this fatigue quite well and I did not feel bad about it. Back home it was necessary to double the work rations. It was a question, while waiting for the history of the martyrs and the Mission of Korea to be finished, of making a choice of the lives of our most beautiful martyrs to place them at the feet of His Holiness and ask for a judgment of the Church on these venerable confessors of the faith. Writing is for me now slow and tiring, but supported by the intercession of our Christian heroes I could gather the documents and everything is ready. This choice includes the aggregated life of more than 150 martyrs and must be sent this year. The history of the Korean Church is also advancing, I have collected almost all the documents that one could hope to have, it is only necessary to complete them, which is long because of the distant places where the people to be consulted are, but nevertheless we will see the end of it if God preserves our peace.

In the midst of many local vexations, we still have to give thanks to the Lord. This year has been good and above all has allowed us to take some new and advantageous positions for the next campaign. Some parts of the Mission are moving, the capital among others is experiencing a commotion and the catechumens are presenting themselves in large numbers. The story of my departure for Japan is a myth, it was never a question; it is true that we have powers to try the thing if the opportunity presented itself, but it is not at all probable. Only we hope to obtain this year a Christian post in the city where the Japanese are in the South-East of the kingdom, pray for us that this affair succeeds, but even if it succeeds, there would still be no hope of establishing relations with the Japanese.

You have perhaps learned from the newspapers that a Korean shipwrecked near Canton, had been taken in by our Hong Kong Procurator, then baptized. He returned by land and was able to meet our Christians and even one of our colleagues. Now this brave man who is said to have a strong faith and to be capable is from Quelpaert, he returned there and will try to convert his family first, and must come next year, we hope to open the door of this island to religion, let us pray and wait for the views of God to be manifested. This very recent Mission, where everything is to be created, has required considerable work from us in recent years to try to establish everything on a stable footing and thus ensure the success of the first efforts. Fortunately, the tranquility has already allowed us to do something and every day we try to add a few stones to the building. Soon part of these foundations will be laid. We are still able to provide for the instruction of our Christians; they are too scattered and we are too few in number to obtain satisfactory results. However, there is still improvement and the improvement seems to be felt from year to year. May divine goodness be blessed. The harvest is great and the workers few in number.

In the midst of great misery, we also have real consolations and certain localities are growing visibly. Examples of virtue and constancy are not rare either. We had a young catechumen of 15 years old who, despite frequent and repeated blows from his parents, continues with equanimity to prepare for baptism; another young woman who, to avoid superstitions in her husband, has been feigning an illness for two years that stiffens her legs and arms and presses both hands against her shoulders. She remains in this position day and night, undergoes, according to the doctors' orders, all the suffering of acupuncture and swallows all possible medicines, her faith and constancy are a kind of miracle, and she was able to escape for a moment this spring to receive the sacraments. Others who separate from their children, or leave the one they were concubines with and find themselves on the street, but it is for God, it is for the salvation of their souls and all sacrifices seem light to them. A young man of 14 or 15 years old, son of a mandarin, has lived for two years in a terrible

situation to preserve his faith and holds firm in spite of everything. All these facts occur so often that we no longer count them and in this respect it must be admitted that the capital gives admirable examples and that we find few elsewhere. The faith has also penetrated into some very high families, in some palaces also recently, and we await the effects of time and constant practice if it is sustained. Little by little we will have milestones a little everywhere and will be able to extend the circle of our works that all this is beautiful and does good to the soul, and truly sometimes we need it. Redouble your zeal in favor of our Mission, dear parents, it has its troubles and its privations, but it is not entirely ungrateful. God has his designs on this country and the days of salvation will come. The introduction and preservation of Catholicism in Korea has something too providential for it not to bear fruit there one day, which perhaps is not very far away.

Since we entered here with Bishop Ferréol, what a change and what an increase, the past gives us confidence for the future and if the prayers of pious souls join the work of the missionaries, there is nothing that we cannot hope for. Please therefore collect many of these spiritual alms which cannot inconvenience anyone and bear fruit in the donor as well as in the recipient. I end this letter here with the confidence that it will be a source of joy and consolation for you, I forget no one from the family or the faithful friends who want to continue to take an interest in me; the ranks are thinning everywhere, the venerable Mr Canaple has also left, not to mention so many others. Please offer my respectful homage to Mr the Curé of St Leu, Mr Petit grand vicar, Mr Michel, etc. I don't know if I will write many letters this year, I have so much urgent work. Say hello to the servants, to old Gadrée and to Françoise, I think of them from time to time. For you at my parents, please accept the assurance of the deep respect and inviolable gratitude with which I have the honor of being your very obedient son.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acône. Coadjutor

A large memory to all the communities who want to be in union of prayers with us; We must deliver a general attack to obtain from God the advancement of our Mission. We are obliged to write our letters in advance, they do not leave until the month of December, but if there were in this interval some very serious event, we would always know about it, so no news is good news.

41. September 1858. To his sisters Pauline and Thérèse Daveluy.

To my Religious Sisters

My beloved Sisters,

Since the Holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary have united you in such a close manner, you will not find it wrong that I do not separate you here, and besides, the mere inspection of my paper proves that I do not want to be stingy with you. Your kind letters have reached me and have filled me with joy as always, all is well, Long live Jesus Long live Mary. I was only very saddened by the loss of our Dear Therese which I was far from expecting, I thought I would precede her and it is she who seems to want to do me the honors of the palace when I am called here so again fiat voluntas and nothing to add. What else can I say to you except that I have nothing to tell you, absolutely nothing. To speak to you about what is happening here, I have done so in all the other letters and they would be pure repetitions. To tell you about my health, you know well that it is God who sustains me. To tell you that I still love you all, but the thought that you doubt it does not come to my mind, it is clearer than the sun. What to do then? Otherwise sign and close my letter; it would be the easiest and shortest, but it comes to me to send you a few edifying lines extracted from the history of Korea, I send them to our mother house, but as it is old, they will not be published and perhaps you would be happy to enjoy them in your private and you of your discretion, I enclose here the life of Ni Niou hei Martyr in 1801; she is a young person of 18 to 19 years old whose letters are my delight perhaps you will share them?

Ni called Niou hei in her childhood, was born in the capital; Her family descended from a natural son of the founding king of the present dynasty and was always in the high dignities of the kingdom, until the time of its ruin caused by the persecution of 1801. Her younger brother followed her in 1827. Niou hei had received from nature an ardent and firm heart and was endowed with all the beautiful qualities of body and mind. Her early years are not known to us. She was barely thirteen years old when Father Tsiou entered Korea in 1795, practicing religion from then on she longed for the reception of the sacraments. Her young age and the lack of education of the Christians of that time made her fear that she would not be admitted, but to prepare herself she locked herself away alone four days before the time when she was to meet the Priest and the Holy Spirit who was already directing this elite soul instructed her sufficiently, so that the priest, judging her sufficiently disposed, completed her vows by granting them to her without reservation. Such a great favor did not find her ungrateful, from then on she applied herself solely to the care of adorning her soul with all the virtues and to make herself more and more pleasing to her divine Spouse, she formed the plan of devoting her virginity to Him forever. Great obstacles opposed the realization of her vows. Besides the fact that her family held one of the first ranks in the kingdom, which made her stand out, the state of virginity is an unheard of thing in this country, moreover, any step taken by parents to prevent a child from obtaining the relationship of marriage would be considered an attack.

Father Tsiou greatly desired to facilitate the realization of this dear child's desires. He knew a young man who also wanted to live in celibacy and he urged the parents to unite under the veil of marriage these two hearts consecrated to God. Charles, Niou hei's elder brother, and his widowed mother gave their consent and the marriage was concluded. The future husband was called Jean Niou, a young man from a noble and extremely rich family, but of a condition much lower than that of the Ni family, moreover he lived in a parish in the southern province 500 lys from the Capital. As soon as the parents of our young Virgin knew of the conclusion of the marriage, they met to have it broken off and, beginning violent vexations, they went so far as to make a circular to all their relatives and friends to make a splash and

push things to the limit. The widowed mother and her son did not give in, however, they gave the pretext that in their position they had to be allowed to create the resource of a rich son-in-law; little by little the storm calmed down, the marriage was celebrated and the two spouses made each other the promise to live as brother and sister. The young woman went to her husband's house, applied herself there to all the duties of filial piety and lived in perfect harmony with all the members of this large family. Our two young spouses cherished each other with a friendship that was all the more frank because it was purer, they devoted themselves together to prayer and mutually excited each other to the practice of all the virtues so that they could pass for the models of Christian spouses, at the same time as they enjoyed an uncommon happiness.

The enemy of all good, jealous of the purity of their hearts could not delay in troubling them by seeking to make them break this sacred promise which restored their souls to the delights of the Divine Spirit. Temptations soon arose and the demon bent on their destruction excited nature to revolt in order to free itself from the restraint that it had voluntarily imposed on itself. Here is what Niou hei wrote to his mother about it. "It was in the 12th moon, a most violent temptation having arisen, I lived with a heart seized with fear, like someone who would walk on broken ice, or on the arduous edges of a precipice, I addressed myself on high and prayed, conjured the Lord to send us a grace of victory, about ten times I saw no more remedy and believed all was lost, my eyes raised to Heaven I invoked the merits of the precious Blood and by divine grace with great difficulty, with great difficulty we were able to avoid, we are still children (i.e. virgins). On both sides our mutual trust has become solid as iron and stone, our feelings of love and reciprocal fidelity have become firm as a block of mountain. We renewed the promise to live as brother and sister and from then on have not been troubled any more. »

However, persecution arose from all sides and the Niou family, so known for its attachment to religion, could not avoid it. In the spring of 1801, Jean, Niou's husband, was seized and taken to the prison of Tsien tsiou, capital of the province of Tsien-la, then at the same time or soon after Niou hang kem i, her father-in-law, was also taken. One can imagine the pain that Niou hei felt at this cruel separation and expecting every day to be seized herself, she prepared herself and sighed for martyrdom. She was indeed taken around the 15th of the 9th moon of that year and the details of her life are now traced for us by herself in letters to her family written from her prison.

We will therefore let her speak, only shortening these letters a little. "This year I had already had my heart and entrails liquefied, things were becoming irremediable, and seeing myself still separated from my father-in-law, all desire for life abandoned me. While the opportunity is beautiful, let us die for God, I said to myself; my resolution is taken at once, and thinking of the greatness of this action, I tried to prepare myself well for it. At the moment when I was least thinking about it, suddenly a band of satellites arrives and seizes me. Truly everything yields to the will of my desires, while I was worried about not meeting an opportunity, Thanks to God for his benefits! Filled with joy I was nevertheless in trouble and agitation, the satellites press me, groans to make the sky and the earth tremble are heard from all sides, I must leave my mother, my brothers and sisters, my parents and friends, my neighbors and my country and that forever. Nature not having yet died in me, my eyes bathed in tears and all terrified I said these eternal farewells, then turning around, only one desire remained to me, that of a good death. I was taken to the prison, then an hour later I was made to go to another where I found two of my parents-in-law and two of my brothers-in-law. We looked at each other from side to side, tears everywhere and not a word. Little by little night fell, it was around the full moon. It shone in all its brilliance on the pure autumn sky, and its bright light was reflected against the prison window. The depths of each person's heart could easily be seen; lying or sitting, each person prayed quietly, prayer, the desire of each person,

was the grace of martyrdom. This desire can no longer be contained, it overflows, each one wants to talk about it and all five of them say at once, as if with a single eruption of voices, let us all die for God, we promise each other and each one forms his resolution separately, solid as iron and stone. This communication made and our wishes being the same, trust and mutual love tighten and all sadness dissipates and is forgotten. At each step grace increases, a very spiritual joy rises in our hearts, no more thought of business, no more worry remained. However, my thoughts always turned to one person, in prison elsewhere (her husband). The reason for my worries was no other, here it is: While still at home, I had written to him of my desires, "let us die together and on the same day for God", the occasion being unfavorable, I delayed sending this note, then all communication having been cut off and prohibited, I could not send it to him; however the secret object of my prayers, my hope, my desire, was to die with him for God and on the same day.

Who could have known God's designs? On the 7th of the 10th moon, Jean, one of my brothers-in-law, was suddenly taken away, and we did not know for what purpose. Where were they going to take him? It was the mandarin's order, they said, he was going to be taken to the great prison near his beloved brother (Niou hei's husband). I was cut in two, they were taking him away. Yes, I said to him, what would become of it? Go to him, let us not forget each other. Then I give him my recommendations: Above all, tell Jean from me: "Let us both die on the same day for God." Above all, do not forget him. We separate, there were still four of us left in the prison, having no hope except for God's help. Barely a quarter of an hour passes when the news of the death arrives. Natural sorrow and compassion were second to me. Jean's happiness filled me with joy and I was happy about it. But alas! alas! Jean (her husband), what has become of him? At this thought my heart seemed pierced by a thousand swords and for a while I did not know where to turn my thoughts. But soon I calmed down by thinking: Could it not be another blessing from God, could it be that he has abandoned him? and I consoled myself without being able to reassure myself. I asked some relative, who said that they said he was quite determined. Finally, from the house I was told that his body had been removed and that on his clothes there was a note addressed to his sister: Courage, console yourselves, let us meet again in the kingdom of heaven. Everything was decided and my worries disappeared....

Day and night I trembled lest he come to deny God and sighed to die with him, who would have guessed that he would have to precede me? It is still a grace of God, now I have nothing here below that can preoccupy me. When a thought arises, it is from God; when a sigh arises, it is towards Heaven... On the 13th of the 10th moon I was condemned to exile in Piektong and thereby became a slave of this prefecture. (the slaves of the prefecture are the most vile and degraded thing under the sun, they are in the full force of the term at the mercy of all those attached to the prefecture, great and small, this condemnation is more dreadful than death for an honest woman). I went to the mandarin and said to him: worshiping the God of Heaven, according to the law I must die, so give me death like the other people in my house. He sends me away abruptly, I insist, sit down in front of him and say to him: Paid by the government how do you not carry out its orders? etc. etc. But he does not even pretend to hear me and has me taken away. No more remedy, we leave, along the road I prayed more than ever. We had barely made a hundred lilies when the satellites pursue us, I was called back. O incomparable blessing, how could I thank the Lord enough, even after my death deign to thank him again for me. We had passed through four villages, I thought of the four districts that Jesus crossed on his way to Calvary, could it not be, I said to myself, a small resemblance that God wants to give me with the divine Savior; I received these satellites with an indescribable joy and as if I had met my own parents. From the first interrogation I said I wanted to die serving God, they sent to the king and the answer arrived I reappeared before the judge, signed my sentence, received according to custom a volley of blows, then they

loaded me with the cangue and put me back in prison. My flesh was flayed and the blood flowed, after a quarter of an hour no more suffering, the benefits only increased and after 4 or 5 days, against all expectations, everything was healed. Since then more than twenty days have passed and I have not had the slightest suffering to endure. To say that I am a being in suffering is not only to abuse the terms, but directly the opposite of the truth. Everyone speaks of me as in suffering and I say I am in peace and well-being, who is there who would be as quiet and as well at home as I am here. For more than 20 days the king's response has arrived and yet nothing is said, the rumor even goes that there is a chance of life, my hope is in God alone, could he reject me entirely?"

She then sets about consoling her mother, her sisters and sisters-in-law: I have testamentary wishes to communicate to you, deign not to reject them. When you learn the news of my death, I dare hope for it ten thousand times, do not worry too much. I, a vile and miserable child, I, a stupid and unfeeling sister, if I can become a child of God, have part with the just, become the friend of the saints of paradise, enjoy their perfect happiness and participate in the sacred banquet, what glory will that not be? Is it so easy to obtain? That a daughter or a sister becomes the object of the king's good graces, one rejoices; What should not be the congratulations when a child becomes the object of the love of the great king of heaven and earth... I, the greatest sinner in the universe, in this world no longer able to wash myself of the title of slave of the prefecture of Piek tong, and who by my sins have denied my God and his benefits, if I end well and I come to be a martyr, in the blink of an eye all my titles of sinner are erased and I enter the bosom of ten thousand happinesses, could you really be saddened by it? To hear yourself called sister of a slave of the prefecture or sister of a martyr, which of the two smiles on you?

My mother when you hear yourself called mother of a martyr, what will you think of this title? She then exhorts them to a meritorious resignation and to the practice of virtues to obtain a good death. Then she recommends filial piety to his sisters in these terms:

"During my whole life I have done nothing for my parents and leave no trace of filial piety, my sisters, make up for what I have not done and will no longer be able to do, and take good care of my mother. Filial piety that is exercised towards the body is good, but that which is exercised towards the heart is even better. I too, living with my parents-in-law, have seen that nothing satisfies them as much as being united with them in feelings and entering into all their views. If being poor you cannot offer her what you would desire, at least be well united with her and console her, often awaken her obscured intelligence and if by chance in her conduct there could be some wrong on her part, do not be content with addressing kind words to her, do it urgently with a cheerful and serene air. If she is in sadness, carefully hide yours, even, if necessary, make the child near her and with jovial words, force her to recover.....

"If I succeed in my desires, will I be able to forget my mother and my sisters; weak and miserable as I am, if I obtain the crown of glory and eternal happiness, when you leave this world, I will come to meet you and take you by the hand will introduce you to the place of eternal enjoyment."

What beautiful sentiments of filial piety, more to God than these precious pieces of advice were engraved in the hearts of all children. This admirable letter ends with these words: "Having no virtue myself, I have dared to exhort you to it at length, am I not like those good wooden men placed on the side of the roads, who teach the way without being able to take a single step. However, it is said that the words of a dying man are right, mine at the hour of my death will perhaps not be too faulty either."

We have no details on the end of this illustrious martyr, she was beheaded on the 28th of the 12th moon of that same year, uniting to the crown of martyrdom that of virginity. She was then 18 to 19 years old. Her holy life, her admirable death and her delicious letters dated from her prison, have placed her in great veneration in all of Christendom that she still

instructs and edifies every day with her precious lines. I cannot write this life without tears coming to my eyes, it is the jewel of our martyrs, I love her madly. Poor child! How highly placed she must be. Her nephew was my servant for many years, made this family even dearer to me; praise God and pray for the survivors.

I have finished, that's too much. I had to go back to work many times to copy these pages, the sweat made me rot a pair of clothes, so do not blame me if I add nothing, except that you must pray for me, but as you have never done so yet, my immense needs demand it.

Farewell, I do not add that I love you, as the Abbé did ...

+ Antoine, Bishop Coadjutor, of the Congregation of Foreign Missions

It is tedious and unfortunate to leave so much blank space on my letter, I take up the pen again in a moment of leisure and go from 1801 to 1839

Anastasie was born in the district of Tsiang seng, province of Tsien la, of parents of the common class. From childhood intelligent and docile to the instructions of her pious parents, at the age of seven the gravity and modesty appeared on her exterior and attracted the praise of everyone. At ten years old she had learned all her catechism and the morning and evening prayers and ardently desired to receive the sacraments. When the priest arrived, he was struck by her intelligence and the good dispositions in which her piety had placed her and allowed her Holy Communion. It was a real family celebration, where the unspeakable joy of her good parents was not inferior to the sweet and pious emotions that our little Angel felt.

During the persecution of 1839, having followed her mother to the house of Hong Protais to hide there, she was taken there with all this family and sent to the criminal judge of Tsien tsiou, who said to her: Is it true that the Europeans have been to your house? Also declare where your father has retired? She answers: It is true that the Fathers have come to my house. (At that time it was known to all and the Christians no longer hid it) but I do not know where they are or my father. How do you want a little girl like me to know about these affairs. The judge: "That is good, but now deny God and insult him and I will spare your life, otherwise I will have you put to death", and he said these words in a very severe tone. Anastasie answers: Before the age of seven, not having reason, and not knowing how to read and knowing nothing, I was not able to honor and serve God, but since the age of seven that I know and honor him, how do you want me to deny him today? How much more can I not insult him, even if I had to die, I cannot. She is returned to prison. Two days later, she is cited again, she is threatened again but she does not let herself be shaken; she is again sent back to prison. Then a few days later brought before the judge again, she then undergoes this one time violent tortures which she endured admirably and was condemned to death.

Anastasie returned to prison and awaited with fervor the moment of execution; her candor, her intelligence and her innocence made her the idol of the satellites and jailers. The mandarins themselves were as if at her feet. She was implored to retract and come out safe and sound. Eyewitnesses have reported these delightful scenes where gentleness, promises and threats were alternately used to shake the constancy of this child and she knew how to triumph over everything. Apostasy would not have been necessary for her, a half word, an equivocal sign would have been enough, they would have been delighted to send her away. Everyone pitied her young age. But our young Christian, aided by grace, was above all, courageous and patient until the end, she was strangled in the prison around the tenth or eleventh moon of 1839 and flew to her chaste husband, adorned with the double crown of martyrdom and virginity. Anastasie was barely thirteen years old. All those who saw her are still in admiration today. What a charming patroness for your dear children. Farewell

42. September 1858. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My very dear brother,

What a sweet impression your letter dated from the Seminary of Issy made on me and what sweet memories it brought back to my mind. It is not that my thoughts no longer related to it, how could I forget the most beautiful years of my life, yes, let it be said without fear of being mistaken, they were the most beautiful, the sweetest, the most constant and I do not find them again, even 8,000 leagues from my country, however since I know you are in this house of Mary, the memory has even more charms and I enjoy making more frequent excursions there which are for me a sweet rest in the midst of work and a balm against all miseries. Moreover, you are not alone, all these cousins who are so dear to me, become even more precious to me by the beautiful vocation that God has inspired in them and by the thought that they will draw from its source the milk of the doctrine of Our Lord. How happy I would be to go now to spend a little vacation with the family to distract myself and edify myself with our young seminarians. Oh, take full advantage of this favor and may your hearts expand constantly to receive in abundance the heavenly dew that Mary wants to spread on you. In the Seminary itself, be on guard against human respect, my dear friend, it is found there as elsewhere and if it is not followed by the disorders that it produces in the world, it has very pernicious consequences and stops the course of privileged graces. In everything, therefore, simplicity, frankness, abandonment and Mary will know how to work in you what her divine son desires. I then learned that God had allowed the course of your studies to be interrupted in order to test you, this news has grieved me greatly and yet would it not be a favor on his part, do not worry too much about it, just try to be faithful to your resolutions in all the places where you find yourself and I dare to flatter myself that little by little your desires will be fulfilled.

You would doubtless like to know what is happening near me, my letter to our good parents will teach you more in detail when you have the opportunity to see them. Let it suffice for me to tell you that God's protection over us is always manifest. Last winter two consecutive seizures of Christians gave us a glimpse of terrible days. Things were happening very close to me 20 *li* to the north and 20 *li* to the west. I even left at night with all my belongings on the news of a formal denunciation. Well, would you believe it, it is likely that this denunciation stopped everything, the taking of a big shot would have thrown too many into embarrassment. What is certain is that things calmed down *ipso facto* and since then nothing has been renewed.

Grace also works marvelously in certain parts of the mission, we are more overloaded than ever and unable to support the movements that are being felt. All the urgent work cannot even begin and among many miseries we have the consolation of seeing our work expand, the baptisms of adults are in satisfactory numbers. The catechumens are even more numerous and outside of there the pagans know more and more about religion and are getting closer to it. Our work is therefore not lost and the hope of even more abundant fruits increases our courage, not a moment to be bored, no time to think about anything, that is what is needed. The cross is planted only by the cross, so not everything is rosy around here, pray well for me whose shoulders are too loaded, since the fatal time of 1857 it is terribly heavy, ask Mary to come to my aid, you have there Lorrette, all graces and St. Francis Xavier, what sweet memories. Present my respects to Messrs. Pinault and Telles, my friendships to Mr. Leclerc, recommend me much to their good prayers. They are in port and we are downwind, their charity will want them to pray for me greatly. A thousand friendships to all the dear cousins, and for you keep the assurance of all the affections of your brother

+ Antoine, Bishop Coadjutor

43. End of January 1859. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

I have just received the mail from China, it brings me the letters that you were kind enough to write me in December 1857 and June 1858, as well as those from the whole family, my uncle Laroche etc... Please express my thanks to them, it will be impossible for me to answer them this time, it will be for the autumn according to custom. We will try to send a boat, but besides the fact that the expedition has a good chance of not succeeding, there are only a few days left before me, and I have a lot to write and draft for the affairs of our martyrs, which is my special business and which I absolutely cannot delay. I must also go immediately to the Apostolic Vicar to prepare and dispatch the affairs of the mission and I can only give you a small sign of life. The letters from my good aunt Céline alone were missing. I hope that they will come on this occasion if the journey is successful.

I have only just arrived from the three-month expedition that I have just made to regions more distant than I have been for many years. In addition to the administration that I had to do in passing; my main goal was to meet and question for myself all those who must give me information for the task with which I am occupied. It was therefore necessary to add to the work of the ministry, the research on our history, and it can be said that I did not pass a day without probing, scrutinizing, questioning and listening to a number of witnesses, whether ocular or auricular. God allowed me to sustain myself during all this time and it seems to me that he granted me special strength to reach the end. I am very happy with my tour. I found in many respects more than I dared to hope. I see clearly things that until now were as obscure as the dark night, and find myself able to fill in many gaps and clarify many facts.

All this, which has not harmed the administration, is also good for the glory of God and I am convinced that the history of the martyrs of Korea will be a true manifestation of divine power and goodness. May God grant that these works may soon be completed and help pious Christians to bless the name of the Lord more and more.

What a beautiful life mine is! Two years have almost passed and I am still in the midst of rods, drills, sabres and other instruments of torture. My nights are spent in prisons, bloody dreams delight me and I wake up near the scaffold. All this has become like my daily bread, and in the midst of all this how many times have you shed your blood, you would say? My blood, if there is any left in my veins, has not flowed once, my body has not received a single wound. I am still intact, is it not astonishing? Ah! May God give me at least a share in the courage of these generous athletes, and may these intrepid confessors also deign to become my protectors. My task is far from being fulfilled, but little by little this, like the rest, will be done.

All the news from the family is very consoling and I thank the good Lord greatly for it: Xavier's marriage especially fills me with joy. My new sister-in-law Sophie was sent to our family by our good mother and protector Marie and everything I have been told leads me to believe that our family ties will be very strong with her, there always there my main wish. Please send her now the assurance of all my cordial friendship, while waiting for me to be able to write to that country. I would have liked to know at least her family name, and from which country this amiable Sister came to us.

The great distance between Louis and Alphonse torments me a little, but what can I do? When the road is taken one can hardly get out of the rut. I think more especially of them than of the others and very much desire to receive completely reassuring news of them. Let us pray and have above all confidence in Mary who never ceases to give us such evident signs of her benevolence, and I hope that they too will prove faithful and give us consolation.

I do not know how you did not receive the news of the reception of the various objects that you sent me. However, I believe myself quite sure of having acknowledged receipt of the geographical maps and images that accompanied it. Only the patron images were too small and have no value here, everyone wanting images that can be placed against the wall and form a chapel for the time of their prayers. This was probably due to the fact that I had asked for some large images for my altar, adding to send the others in ordinary format. In the future you will kindly remember that small images to be put in books are not appreciated here, although they were very pretty.

I cannot understand either how the reception of the pretty cross containing relics of the true cross and sent by Mr. Daniel was not mentioned; it arrived very safely, and is all the more precious to me as it comes from a venerable and Holy Priest, a great friend of my Father. Should we then believe that I did not mention it? How could this have happened? Since I always keep the letters at least until they are answered, and reread them when I write my mail. Besides, I always have so much on my mind and my memory has been so badly served since my illness that when I think of something even when writing my letters, I finally forget about it again. Forgive me for so many other oversights, but I am almost a Parakeet. I would like to ask again, but really we have to wait so long, and then how could everything happen? The books you sent me were pillaged by the Chinese thieves, when they threw our dear Brother Mr. Biet into the sea; and only shreds of them have come to me, what was in that box then, no one will ever know, and the most important thing having reached me, I still do not know what was missing. What to do? Are these not the pleasures of the profession?

I do not know that any person with whom I correspond has been indiscreet in publishing my letters in the newspapers, however I ask you again never to publish any of them in this way, it is important for the work of the propagation of the faith which is the life of the missionaries, that all publication be done by the Annals only, and I think that all will willingly enter into these views.

If the letters that I have sent to you in large numbers by the Leaotong way arrive you happily as I hope, you will have many details, today I must limit myself here. A respectful or friendly memory to all the parents or acquaintances, if you please.

Accept in closing the assurance of the deep and respectful attachment of your very obedient son.

A. Daveluy Bishop Coadjutor

Despite my desire that all my relations remain on the footing they were in the past, it seems to me that the use of the tu on the part of my brothers and sisters, all of whom are younger than me, except Pauline, would be very contrary to custom and would do little honor to the person who would use it, assuming that these letters fell into other hands. Besides, I do not attach any importance to it, confined as I am in a hole at the end of the world.

44. August 1859. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very dear Sister,

I hardly dare to believe my eyes, is it a dream or a reality, I believe I have before my eyes two letters from you dated from Roye and cannot believe it, but finally I must act as if it were true and answer you where you are.

Poor city of Roye where I only passed through and where all my memories are still. For barely two years, I had become attached to it, a part of these people seemed to understand my feelings and have some affection for me, how could I forget it. So it is with great joy that I recognized in your letter the names of the good people who still want to think of me and if the litany were not too long, I would write down their names here as they are engraved in my heart, but above all I would say again to all those who have not forgotten me, that I still think of them very often and that I wish to learn that they are all advancing in fervor and devotion to the good Mother, whose brotherhood they then wanted to found and whose altar they wanted to adorn. I would like to learn that the whole city has gained and you seem to insinuate that it is even colder than during my stay, that would be very unfortunate, and so much work over fifteen years would be lost; that we must therefore pray a lot for souls. I do not know if your boarding school is in the Ursuline house on the main road where I went every day. I seem to have heard that they had bought the house then called the large pension, so that my thoughts are not fixed on your home. Moreover, I see from your letter that the good Lord is also sending you some trials, this surprises me all the less since it is the admirable order of Providence, but I do not doubt that you receive them from his paternal hand to make your profit from them and thus respond to his designs whatever they may be. Is not the cross everywhere and who could be saved without a cross.

Here God has spared us the big crosses for some years, persecution has not raised its head, but his goodness allows us to often have more or less serious vexations to keep us in suspense, and in addition everything is far from going according to our desires. Pains and disappointments are the order of the day, we try not to take them too badly since there often lies the way to salvation. One of our rather acute sorrows was not being able to meet with the confreres who were sent to us this spring and with whom we had made an appointment. Everything failed and we remain without reinforcement, despite the extreme need that we feel, fiat it was necessary to say, and God alone knows when from now on we will be able to receive someone. In the midst of all this we have consolations, this winter we have several times avoided persecution in a completely providential manner. Several mandarins refused to receive the accusations against the Christians, others covered them and protected them against their enemies during the trials, and closed their ears to compromising words, finally Father Thomas himself was surrounded by satellites, two of his followers taken, beaten and released; without a benevolent order from God he would not have been able to get out of there, the satellites knew who he was and wanted to open baggage, everything finally ended without trouble, what a favor from God! All this was excited by the betrayal of a bad catechumen, as a result of her denunciations, about fifteen Christians were taken and taken to court, they all came out after more or less detention, but I do not know how things happened.

On the other hand, the catechumens also arrive to us as in previous years and the number of baptized adults does not seem to decrease over the past. It is a small ordinary very consoling in the difficult position in which we are, and extraordinary blows are not probable. Pray well for us and ask prayers from souls desirous of the glory of God, all will be well.

I will not fail, be sure, to join you all on my side. You speak to me of the Holy Childhood, it is established among us, but does not seem to have to take on great developments. There are no exposed children here as in China, or at least the cases are very

rare. During epidemics, smallpox etc. a superstitious custom prevents anyone from entering the house, we can only save these poor little children rarely. In summary we will remain in this respect well below our confreres in China, I do not see that there is reason to do anything on a large scale, when we have a thousand children baptized in a year, we are too happy.

Farewell good Sister, courage in your career, obtain for me constancy, greatness of soul and love of suffering, then all will be well. All yours in Jesus and Mary.

+ A. Daveluy, Bishop Coadjutor

I will think of your two names Claire and Lucie for our children of the Holy Childhood, but it is so rare that they are baptized by priests that I must wait for the opportunity for me to do it myself.

45. end of August 1859. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My beloved brother,

Having done all my correspondence with the family without following any order of age, etc.: it so happens that you come last, is it a bit of a coincidence or is it not that you are by fact the Benjamin, I leave it to you to decide. I received in January your dear letter dated from Issy in June after having received the tonsure, you will imagine the pleasure I had in reading and rereading it while thinking of your happiness which has become mine. Everything there reminded me of such happy times, alas so far from me today, and this delightful stay seemed at times to be close to me, and to communicate to me still sweet influences. Besides, why would I want to regret it? After the Lord has nursed us for some years to make us know his immense love, would it not be shameful to always want to enjoy ourselves and not try something in turn to show him our love too. Everything is capable of making us tremble in the position to which it has pleased the Lord to call us, but in the midst of the greatest miseries we have the joy and consolation of thinking that he will not abandon those who have wanted to work for his glory, and if there is perhaps a little too much presumption, is it not rather ignorance than malice and will he not know how to have pity on our weakness. Continue, my good friend, to make solid provisions, while you are in the blessed house of the Lord and then abandoning yourself to your secret designs do not worry about the future, which in due time will be revealed to you. Besides, I would be careful not to try to influence it in any way on one side or another, it is up to God alone to speak through his ordinary voices, and as long as you follow them simply, I am completely satisfied. I strongly desire that good and numerous workers go to the aid of abandoned peoples, it seems to me however that I would not receive quietly anyone who would have been led by me, and should the work be doubled again, waiting for those whom God has chosen alone, seems to me the true source of peace, as the only means of advancing the work of God divine.

To tell you now a little word about what surrounds me, you would know that we continue in peace to try to clear this little corner of land, and the heavenly blessings have continued to flow without noise and without din on our poor mission. Still on the footing where you followed us in previous years, the administration has still succeeded everywhere, but in the midst of much fatigue and great dangers for several of our colleagues. The devil struggles more than ever, furious that the government does not want to take care of us and stop the real progress of the faith, he has raised in many places bad subjects who harass the Christians and several of whom have brought lawsuits to be able to engage in pillage. If he succeeds in doing us a lot of harm, he has also succeeded in making it known more widely that the rulers do not want persecution, because things have not had very serious persecution consequences anywhere, and several mandarins have refused point blank to pursue the Christians. Victory is ours. However, the king or rather the ministers have released most of our old prisoners or exiles, is it to encourage us, or do they have some secret goal, I do not know, but everyone applauds this act of clemency. Pagans also come to us from all sides, not in mass, but in number, and all together has still given us the small harvest of about five hundred adult baptisms, of which we will try to boast modestly before God, because before men this figure will be found rather meager, but what does it matter? They are and will be, I hope, as many good worshipers of God and they will be our consolation.

As for me, although exhausted for many years, I have not had any illness and have been able to devote myself more or less to the various ministries that have been entrusted to me. On the road or at home, I have hardly lost a moment and without doing much I have made myself somewhat useful. Pray God to make me think more of my soul and to dispose me to all that he will ask of me, pray also for our Korea where there is much to do.

Present my respectful homage to all the venerable Directors that I have known, their good memory mentioned in your letter has filled me with joy, and makes me hope that they will be willing to continue the help of their prayers.

To God, good friend, fervor and devotion, this is what your affectionate brother wishes for you.

+Antoine Daveluy Bishop Coadjutor

46. End of September 1859. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents

I had written you a short letter in February to try to get it across through the opportunity of the colleagues that we were flattered to receive this spring, unfortunately it came back to me and I am attaching it here as is without unsealing it, so as not to go back on what it has already announced to you. I believe I acknowledged receipt of the letters of 1858 and I greatly bless the Lord for all the blessings that he continues to pour out on all the members of our family. Everything that you report to me fills me with joy and I dare to hope that the family traditions will be preserved and that all these little people that we see being born and multiplying around us will become a flock of worshipers of the great Master and will be devoted to spreading his glory, each in his position. I follow them all continually in spirit and this thought brings me singularly closer to all. Here they are scattered, some on one side, some on the other; it is almost like in the great Christian family where there is no longer any distinction of people or nations, and as far away as I am, I consider myself as close as many of your other children, and I tighten all the more the bonds of a union where such great fruits and real consolation are found. The meetings having now become so difficult, they replace each other at the foot of the altars and for my part I admit that they sometimes have an extraordinary charm there. Is this not again a blessing from God, a caress from good Mary. I am told in the last letters of the great ceremony planned for September 13, 1863, and my uncle Laroche in particular wants to urge me in the most amiable way to obtain permission to go there. My heart is as moved as you can guess, by this thought alone and if it were possible to realize it, the enormous expense of the journey would not be able to stop me. But unfortunately nothing in all this can fit in with the order of providence, and the position in which I have placed myself according to its inspiration. One should not think of a thing so outside of custom, besides that the so multiplied works which increase every day could not permit it without too serious detriment. A miracle alone could bring about this result by making the order of God and the events necessarily lead me there, but how can one hope for a miracle? Besides, I do not prevent anyone from asking God for it, because my only desire is to be faithful to my duties and to accomplish his holy will.

It was thought everywhere and we had also dared to hope that the happy success of two entries by sea, had finally opened the doors of the impassable barrier of Korea; very great was therefore our disappointment, when this spring having sent to meet the missionaries, announced to us, we finally saw our Christians return alone. Perhaps you have already been able to know the cause that caused our efforts to fail, but for us, reduced to making a thousand conjectures on this subject, each sadder than the last, we still do not know the end of the story and what is clearest to us is the general consternation spread here by this news, and the sad position in which we find ourselves as a result. Since the death of our dear colleague Mr. Maître, we are truly incapable of facing up to business, even the most pressing; we see all our young colleagues exhausting themselves and despite this, business stalled on all sides, at the very moment when reinforcements would not have been enough to support the good dispositions and take advantage of them. Everything was arranged to take advantage of the help of two new missionaries and launch them into the most urgent matter, the days and hours were numbered, judge how our faces, not very fleshy besides, must have lengthened when we knew that they were not there. The fiat was hard on nature, may it at least have been recorded in the book of life. I had then come to the capital to arrange everything in concert with the Apostolic Vicar. A moment forbidden by this flash of lightning, it was nevertheless necessary to recover, and the final conclusion, intoned in the tone of the great solemn, was that it was necessary to multiply and double the work to be able to offer to the Church the fruits that new

workers would have produced. The conclusion was accepted on all sides and until now everyone has held to it. A month later, God again allowed two of our colleagues to be successively tested by a contagious disease which kept them in the room for about twenty days each, they fortunately got out of it. As for me, I was told that having in the past, generously paid my share, I would be let off this time, which I was. My summer therefore passed without hindrance, I was going to settle not far from my old palace, sold this spring, and I began the work of the Summer which I pushed vigorously without any respite. These were books to be published for our Christians and there was barely time to breathe, two copyists whom I constantly harassed could not take it any more and asked for mercy, I could not grant it, and after having thus passed all the heat, they and I were also on the sidelines, but without illness, and the most urgent was finished.

While I was busy with this, two or three other types of work still had to be done, it was necessary to devote some time to them, but how to do it? I managed to advance a little, however, and this one and that one, little by little everything will be done. Business is multiplying in frightening proportions, besides the fact that the administration, increased by the new neophytes that each year the good Lord is kind enough to send us, requires an increasingly considerable amount of time and effort, three or four more colleagues would be most necessary from this moment on, and we cannot count on a single one. In the midst of all this, God continues to give us proof of his paternal tenderness. We are not worried by the government, even more it stifles the bad stories that should compromise us. The devil, doubtless jealous of the progress of the faith, arouses restless men from all sides, eager for pillage, and our Christians have been molested in many places, fortunately the divine resources are great. A provincial governor and several mandarins refused to listen to the complaints against the Christians, in several other districts the mandarins supported the Christians, in lawsuits brought against them and finally no serious affair took place. Our native priest Father Thomas betrayed by a bad catechumen, saw himself surrounded by the satellites, his servants were seized and flogged near him as a result of the calumnies of the pagans, the mandarin who must have known the end, did not push further and the priest was able to continue on his way. How the spirit has changed in recent years! and should we not think that days of grace are not far off.

On the occasion of the birth of a crown prince, almost all the prisoners were pardoned, eight of our prisoners or exiles for religious reasons, then returned to their families, and these days again it is assured that two others have obtained their release. What do so many favors granted this year mean, what do all these facts mean? We will see clearly later the designs of God, in the meantime we march under the banner of hope and all our hearts are in joy. Our administrative tables are also very consoling, and are far from letting us think of rest. According to the figures already known, we hope to have our six hundred adult baptisms, that is to say nearly a hundred more than last year, and the remaining catechumens presume that next year will not yield. There are movements and life, pray to God that he blesses our weak efforts and waters this field whose bottom does not seem ungrateful. It is prayer and prayer alone that can produce the effects that we expect, so redouble please, as well as all the holy souls who are interested in the glory of God and the extension of his worship. One of our great desires at the moment would be that God would be pleased to glorify outwardly the fervent confessors of the faith that we count here in such great numbers, this would make easier and ensure the success of the requests begun near the court of Rome for their canonization; may this intention be often present in your mind, it is for the glory of the universal Church, as well as that of our Mission. All our work in this regard will necessarily be long and can only be done little by little, but I trust that God will allow it to come to a good end, Korea has its Christian heroes, he will not leave them in obscurity. See from this how

right it is to put all one's strength into advancing the work of God here, the terrain is less ungrateful than in many other countries, and God thus supports the courage of his workers.

After finishing my correspondence, which should however not be sent to you until December, I will leave four days from here for the administration, I will probably be forced to make it long enough for everyone to be able to cope with their task, ask that God sustain me and look upon our work with a favorable eye, but above all that in seeking to save others I think of sanctifying my soul and sjourneying it of its miseries, everything is danger, everything is a pitfall, but with help from on high, I can avoid everything and trample underfoot aspic and basilica

Please remember me to the memory of all the people who are kind enough to take an interest in me, several are perhaps expecting letters from me that I will not be able to write all this year, I ask for their indulgence, the heart is not lacking, but the time. Respects and friendship to the whole family, hello to old Gadré. A souvenir to the good Mr. Lesellier, to Mr. Brasseur etc. I was thinking of writing to Mr De Brandt, I may not have time, I will not forget him. The memory of Mr Dela Fosse was most touching to me, I commend myself to his prayers, with a promise to return. All the communities of Amiens will be so kind as to receive my thanks for the prayers they address for us, we will not be ungrateful. I commend myself especially to those of the conference of St Vincent, whose work I see with so much consolation.

Finally, I must finish, but not without praying God again to share with you all his blessings, and asking you to accept again the assurance of the profound respect and entire devotion of your very obedient son,

+ Antoine. Bishop of Acônes. Coadjutor

47. End of October 1860. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

To my Sister Marie de Borgia at Louvencourt.

My very dear Sister.

Two letters from your dear hand reached me by our usual winter mail and made their way through incalculable dangers, for the reason that our men who had left in complete safety, had to find on their return everything in a mess, everything on the run, everything bristling with spies, satellites, police agents etc. and the danger was such that the Bishop of Capsus did not dare to let these men wait in his house while he opened the package and divided up each brother, he told them to come back opposite the door after a quarter of an hour to receive the letters from the brothers if there was still time, because it was thought that the house would be invaded at any moment. So it is our good Mother who has led everything and allowed your new letters to reach me in my refuge, glory and thanks to Mary. You are still in Roye, what memories! I already thought about it frequently but since I know you are established there and busy trying to establish the reign of God in this field where he had also sent me for a while, my thoughts turn to it even more.

I am not surprised by all that you tell me about this dear country, there is much to do to make it warm, but nevertheless it has always seemed to me that by moving with tact and perseverance, there would be a way to warm up so many hearts that deep down desire to serve God in earnest and are only waiting for a gentle, insinuating and at the same time pressing and constant direction, and by that again there would be what seems to me a way to bring back as many people who are distant without being bad. I had hoped that the efforts and works that have been made in favor of this people would have had a less slow success, but what is the thought of man? We must always continue by means of good works and especially prayer which is the strongest weapon and little by little the fruits will be felt. I often think with joy of all the people that you point out to me as remembering me, tell them how sensitive I am to this mark of affection and always tell them also that I always flatter myself to see them move and give themselves a little trouble for the good of all, if no one puts themselves forward, nothing can be done and we only meet with regrets, instead of a little activity fills the heart with joy by the sight of some fruits more or less abundant according to the measure of devotion. As for the good mother of the Holy Heart of Mary, I believe I learned previously that she was in Abbeville, and consequently not far from the venerable Mr. Michel, is she really there today? I am very sensitive to her efforts to have news of me.

If you find that things are moving very slowly, think carefully, dear Sister, about what has just happened to us. Suddenly a bomb is thrown by a wicked great criminal judge, it falls on the Capital and its entire province and in three days all our Christians in these parts were either captured or beaten, or taken refuge in the mountains then covered with abundant snow, the pillaging of all their effects had taken place, to become day and night without food and without shelter by a violent cold - and the Bishop of Capsus who was there in the center for the administration obliged to flee immediately, to go to half-pagans, to travel day and night roads and counter-roads for eight days. This first blow made, fortunately the government, without daring however to blame openly the great Judge, did not want to support him or take charge of the affair. The latter wanted to compromise but everything was left on his hands, and then, not knowing how to get out of the bad situation, he launched his satellites everywhere to take on the Europeans so that the government was forced to take charge of the affair. Then on all sides many miseries took place, despite the prohibition made to plunder the Christians, and many mandarins even refusing to the satellites the searches in their district,

everything would have been soon finished, without the felony of two or three traitors who without even having been beaten, confessed to having received the Europeans, and one of them even indicated the traces of one of our colleagues who escaped with great difficulty. From there the affairs languished and new confessions complicated things, despite this the government did not want to take charge of anything; the satellites, not seeing themselves supported, went reluctantly and ended up saying that they could no longer go to the provinces, since they were not given the means to seize those they wanted to take and little by little the great Judge obtained his resignation, to leave to his successor the care of finishing this affair with more ease and after much delay, and hesitation the new great judge released the rest of the prisoners after ten months in prison, but in fact the persecution only lasted five to six months.

Such was the sequence of events, this long storm should have strengthened us since the government did not want to declare itself against us, but our Christians driven by fear and weakness broke our hearts in a thousand ways; we saw a large part of our interests ruined in an instant and all our projects or works reduced almost to ashes. In the midst of these setbacks and tribulations of all kinds if at least there had not been defections to cry about, but alas! There was not only one; and the conduct of a great many covers us with shame and fills us with bitterness. Our new Christian communities in the South-West are those which, having suffered perhaps the most, have shown themselves to be the most courageous and we will doubtless have some fine traits to gather there when everything is clearly known; a little joy is therefore mixed with our sadness. What do you say to all this, dear Sister? Should we after this hope to consolidate everything in a short time, or rather should we not work with all our strength and leave all kinds of success to the will of God; let us try, you and I, to get this into our heads once and for all and then walk with bowed heads on the path traced by the Lord, without looking to the side or worrying about anything. I assure you that I have learned to some extent to know my misery during these days of excessive languor when I had for only book the Imitation, I read it, reread it, meditated on it, rehashed it and the days still did not end. Perhaps I have glimpsed some of my truths there, God grant that I take advantage of it to reform myself and from then on it would be true to say: happy persecution that opened my eyes, happy detention that opens the way to freedom of the heart. And then finally whatever regrets you may have to see some people of the family without advice and without being able to help them, above all do not make an act of contrition because it would be laughable to say to God I am contrite to have followed your will that you made known to me. But it is too late, I am leaving you, pray for me who does not need to tell you that I pray for you as I love you, your brother.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

48. November 2, 1860. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

My beloved brother,

Your letter dated April 1859 and from my little cell No. 9 arrived happily and as you can easily imagine filled me with joy, learning of your stay at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the memories of which are always so present to me and to which I refer every time I want to awaken in me some germ of the ecclesiastical spirit. It is no less a satisfaction to see that you understand the remarkable graces with which the goodness of God fills you, and if it were necessary I would not tire of telling you to take full advantage of these years of abundance on which your future and the salvation of your soul largely depend. I do not know, it is true, what Providence has in store for you and in what kind of ministry you will have to spend your days, but I know well that everywhere there are difficulties and trials from which one will not emerge victorious, if one does not have a solid, unshakable foundation; and the missionary, despite the idea that many people form of him, is more exposed than any other in all respects and will only save himself by constant and generous efforts. Whatever path you must enter in the future, take great care to make continual preparation for it from now on and the means being so frequently explained to you by mouths more expert than mine I will not dwell on this article.

To tell you a little word about what concerns me you will know that Our Divine Master has been kind enough to visit us this year and bring us as a gift his holy cross, his crown of thorns and all the sufferings that accompany them. Since the end of last year two months of the cholera invasion formed the vanguard, soon after comes the persecution which raged for 5 or 6 months and was not completely finished until after ten months, then last summer a resurgence of cholera which caused everywhere a terrible mortality, during all this time rice constantly very expensive, and the summer rains which lasted two months bring us the famine for the year which begins. Finally to crown the rumors of war excite among the people a distressing agitation, which joined to the physical sufferings of the poor people sets in motion all the bad subjects, pushes them to form bands which sow tumult and brigandage in many places. You see that we are very divided and that if I had the strength to ask the Lord to suffer or die I would have a chance of believing my death delayed for a long time: however in the midst of so much misery, God who knows my weakness, has been kind enough to protect me and to speak frankly, I have personally had almost nothing to suffer; but what one sees with one's eyes, what one hears every day hurts the heart and would drive away any idea of tranquility and cheerfulness if one did not make efforts every day to preserve these two guardians of the soul. As for the persecution of which you will see the details in some of my other letters, the ruin of half of our Christian communities, the impossibility of visiting and comforting Christians, and above all the shameful conduct of a great number, make very deep wounds in the heart. I am not talking about so many projects that have fallen through ipso facto, so many hopes, on various points, fallen by this diabolical maneuver, we have, so to speak, our arms cut off and the means of action are more lacking than ever. To all this what can we say except *fiat voluntas tua*; for almost a year we have had no other thought than to implore divine mercy with great cries, all possible supplications are at stake to stop all these evils, finally will God have pity on us.

Do not believe, however, that all is lost, we must get used to all these trials that have been planned and we know that our Leader said: *Confidite ego vici mundum*; what is more, it is by his cross and by his blood that he has conquered, therefore we hope that he will draw good from evil, and in this hope, we have already resumed part of our work, to repair the ruins and compensate for our losses. God is with us, all will be well. This persecution has something too providential for the fruits not to be felt. I already know that during the storm

itself many catechumens came forward to fill the places of the cowards, it will be even more when everything will be appeased. Pray well for us and do not worry about my fate, I have no chance of going through the sword and fire, and I will live as long as it pleases the Lord, besides I am not doing badly. On the occasion please remember me to the memory of Mr. Superior and Mr. Carbon, and in Issy to Mr. Mrs. Tell and Pinanit. Farewell Dear brother I have too much work to tell you more but my heart always thinks of you, pray for me as I do for you, and believe that I am your best friend as in the past, your brother

+ Antoine. Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

49. November 11, 1860. To his Parents.

My very honored and very dear parents,

Long live Jesus! It is written that the Christian must enter the kingdom of heaven through many tribulations, you will judge if our divine Master has opened a beautiful road for us to try to reach it, but alas we must know how to take advantage of the trials that his paternal hand wants to send us.

We had barely recovered from the general consternation caused by a cholera outbreak that invaded the capital last fall while I was there with the Bishop of Capsus, and which wreaked considerable havoc there for a month, when towards the end of December the battlefield opened up in a more formidable way than it had done for fifteen years. The first news was most alarming. While we were all ready and scattered for the administration, three couriers were sent one after the other from the capital to His Highness, it was announced that the government had finally taken the decision to persecute the Christians to the extreme and to take control of the foreigners who circulate in the kingdom. In three days the capital and the surrounding province were covered with satellites and turned upside down. They invaded many places at once and a few thousand Christians were on the run. The Bishop of Capsus was in the province at the center of the storm, His Highness only had time to send me a few lines and fleeing at night through the mountains had to take refuge from lodging to lodging with Christians then with pagans without being able to find a place to rest for nearly eight days, in the midst of fatigues that are easier to imagine than to describe. Having received the warning from His Highness, I immediately sent couriers to all sides to our dear colleagues and each one had to choose ex abrupto a place of refuge, awaiting the orders of Providence, what consternation everywhere! However, all information taken, things although serious, were not at the extreme point that had been announced.

Here is the fact: The great criminal judge pushed by his satellites who were in poverty, decided to persecute the Christians to share their spoils with his own, and allowed to seize some well-off Christians of the capital, some were taken immediately and extraordinary searches to find those who had been able to escape, put everyone to flight, some abandoning house and their furniture, others taking some effects, others finally managing to entrust their house to some more or less reliable depository. What a sad picture, and what suffering. At the same time a wicked nobleman of the province, a relative of the great judge, had also obtained from him satellites to go and enrich himself with the spoils of the Christians of the province. They fell unexpectedly on several centers of our Christian communities and at the first blow seized about thirty heads of families whom they sent to the capital. Immediately the alarm spread widely, from all sides men, women and children abandoned their homes and all their possessions, took refuge in the mountains or sought shelter with pagans or far away with Christians. It was then one of those distressing spectacles that the pen could not even sketch. A very thick snow then covered the whole country and a cold of 12 to 15 degrees raged. What was to become of these thousands of people thus day and night in the snow, cries, groans resounded everywhere and above all hunger reduced these unfortunates to an inexpressible state, many had frozen feet and lost one or more fingers shortly afterwards, not to mention the illnesses which were the result of these days of pain. However, the satellites and their subordinates seized everything that was in the abandoned houses, and on the other hand a vile rabble that the continual rumors of war, together with the dilapidation of all the administrations, had in some way put on foot on all sides, went where the satellites had not yet been able to go, to participate in the booty, and they went so far as to set fire to some villages after having pillaged them. We even saw people of condition take part in this unworthy excess. There were even temptations to kidnap young people and I don't know

where it would have all ended, fortunately the first fire having fallen we can avoid many of these evils, but how bitter it is to think of all that happened then, as to see the too cruel position in which so many families still find themselves today, without a house, without rice, without money and without any means of obtaining resources.

This is what we call a civilized country, what do you think? If only the local authorities tried to stop these dreadful excesses, but most turn a blind eye to them, and some even lend a hand directly. Poor kingdom! While all this was happening, the Bishop of Capsus having learned that the affair was not instigated by the government and reflecting on the natural bravery of the Korean, decided to go up to the capital to save some of the most precious objects of my mission if there was still time. His arrival could not have been more opportune, the guards of the house could not stand it any longer, day and night there was only talk of fleeing by abandoning everything and the resolution was made to go out the day after tomorrow, the presence of His Highness held them back a little, and however the master and mistress escaped a few days later. This bold determination and the stay that the Bishop continued to make in his house saved the Mission, because the house taken with its furniture, the government could not have closed its eyes to our presence any more.

About thirty prisoners were therefore in the capital, and the great judge had to share his prowess and his captures with the governors. – These seemed very little satisfied with things and without daring to blame the judge openly, for fear of compromising themselves they made their thoughts clear to him and one of them even went so far as to ask him if he, a public officer, was unaware that the law forbade any pillage before the condemnation and execution of an accused; a word which subsequently saved us from so much misfortune. The government refused to take charge of the affair and the judge was told to end it as he pleased, which threw him into a terrible position, not daring to kill the Christians or release them, because on both sides he opposed very serious consequences. Learning all these details and thinking that things would end gradually without further ado, the administration in the provinces was resumed. But the great judge, always left to himself in embarrassment and fear, finding no way out of the bad situation, decided to pursue the foreigners to force the government by their seizure, to take charge of the affair. Bands of satellites were therefore sent into the provinces to search for us. They were forbidden to plunder and torture the Christians and only ordered to bring the foreigners. This resumption of hostility nearly made several of us fall into the hands of the judge, because surprised by surprise and denounced by some traitors the satellites knew the traces of several. But God has his means of preserving us and all escaped, two by a very particular Providence.

Then the various provinces had to suffer more or less according to whether the mandarins were more or less hostile to them, some took up the defense of the Christians and forbade the searches in their district, others while allowing it kept the satellites so in check that they could not really act; Others finally took advantage of the opportunity to exercise their rage or satisfy their greed and it was there that our young communities in the South-West were ruined on a grand scale, pillaged, delivered to the flames and reduced to a state worse than the table above for the province and the capital. Father Thomas who was there escaped as if by miracle and the distance has prevented us from having exact details on everything that happened and on their current state. Among many prisoners taken in this flourishing part, two were taken to the capital and presented to the judge who, seeing two Koreans and not a European, became angry with the satellites for having brought two Christians against his orders and not a European. The satellites sent to all the points of naturally vain searches, for not being seconded by anyone, returned to the capital, received only reproaches and had had no profit. The judge wanted to send them back again, but each one gave pretexts, and all pretended not to want to obey. The great judge was furious and had no rest day or night. His position was becoming more and more critical. To get out of the first

bad situation, he had said that the Europeans were circulating in the kingdom, and upsetting the provinces without taking a single one, this fact alone could lead him to a most serious extremity; public opinion was speaking out more and more openly against his odious conduct, the government continued to let him struggle alone, seeming to enjoy his embarrassment, and although he was secretly supported by some very powerful men, he expected some catastrophe.

Finally he prayed that he be changed and obtained by grace to leave his office, from which he emerged dishonored and without knowing if one day he would not be asked to account for his actions. A new great judge arrived, who in the spirit of the government, tried by long maneuvers to finish the affair without noise and after much hesitation, he released the rest of the prisoners, after ten months; thinking of which five or six had been real persecution. Today we think we have recovered peace. This persecution, personal affair of the judge, has a very special character, in that the government constantly refused to take part in it, and consequently the public spirit was also almost generally opposed to violence and in this respect it seems that the victory remained on our side, despite this it is certain that it has done us incalculable harm and perhaps more than any other. The Christians did not know how to take advantage of the fine position that the mentality of the government gave them, and in which a little firm and bold conduct was necessarily to bring results of high scope, their past timidity in nature has on the contrary done us a terrible harm. Almost half of our Christian villages have been devastated and ruined, the courage of many and especially of the catechumens is broken, the prisoners are far from having all behaved honorably, in a word we have to deplore loss upon loss and ruin upon ruin, and you can easily imagine the mourning and bitterness in which we find ourselves plunged. *Cibabis nos pane lacrymarum et potum dabis nobis in men***** ... Exurget Deus adjuva nos ... ne forte dicant gentibus ubi est Deus eorum ?*

As for me I had very little to suffer, bodily suffering, I was left to go from one hut to another. From the first days I made my sacrifice and expected to see the prisons shortly. Later the hope of life returned to me and very special protections made me think that God had other plans. Chance prevented me from going to a retreat that I had designated and where I had already sent some effects; well a few days later the pagans suddenly fell upon the village and searched every corner of the rooms, so I should have fallen into their hands - no longer having a home I had deposited the bulk of my effects with a Christian in pagan country who could flatter himself that he would not be disturbed, even in times of persecution. Now he was denounced by a traitor Christian and the satellites went to seize him. He was absent; they fell upon everything he had and took away 200 francs that I had deposited there. His mother, by reproaches and threats, temporarily prevented the satellites from entering the women's apartment where my effects were and the satellites ran on the trail of the Christian whom they seized. However, that same day a distant Christian arrived by chance, he managed to remove my effects (the load of two oxen) and transported them elsewhere; then soon the satellites return after the master's capture and seize everything. What providence then watched over my baggage, which without this combination of circumstances would have been taken and denounced us loudly and without remedy. Now there were gathered all the Chinese and Korean originals of the history of the martyrs, of the history of Korea, etc. my works on the language, etc... this loss would have been irreparable in the fullest sense of the term. Does God have any plans for the future?

When the satellites arrived in the district where I was, and which I had to leave for other reasons, I slipped quietly behind them and went up to the capital. Now I had slept at an inn and left before daybreak. One day after my departure, the satellites, badly received by the mandarin and disgusted with this district, returned on their steps, came to lodge at the inn where I had slept and rested there all day. If I had followed the advice of my people who

wanted me to leave quietly only after lunch, I would have fallen into the hands of these good people. So what the good Lord keeps is well kept, and not a hair of our head will fall without the permission of our heavenly father.

To complete the miseries that God is willing to allow to fall on this country, cholera appeared towards the end of the summer and raged not only in the capital but in all the provinces. It caused terrible ravages for two months, it was a universal mourning, and truly one cannot calculate the number of victims. They fell with or without contortion, with or without pain, but all in a very few hours. What prey for hell and must we see ourselves reduced to not being able to even speak of God to so many poor pagans who were dying at all times and around us. Our Christians were very spared, on all sides, although we had to lose a certain number of them. The noise of the war of the Europeans in China, produces here a general fermentation which puts everything in agitation and harms all parties, as well as all conditions. We must expect serious events or several scenes of extravagance and unheard-of excesses of the loss of the people, just as warning signs of more serious things. Add that we are here in famine, a time when bad subjects raise their heads, there are already bands who make their rounds and exercise their vexations. The drought first prepared the way, sacrifices were made for rain throughout the kingdom. The rain came, but too late for some of the plantations and once it had started it lasted more than two months without interruption and caused a large part of what was planted to perish. Sacrifices were made for good weather; but what could be done against God who exercises his justice. All this had been preceded by the appearance of a magnificent comet apparition, every day at sunset and in the direction of the West, which casts the eyes of the people on the West, all this falls back on the Europeans. *Levate capita vestra ecce appropinquet redemptore vestra* say some; should we believe it, especially when we see this year so cold, so lukewarm in God so little honored, who is more so strongly insulted, I dare not wait for anything but his justice. We tried to appease him, however, and perhaps he will finally have pity on so many poor souls, I like to think of the ancient Jews captive in Babylon, and to say with them, *annus septuagesimus est* - it is indeed next year the 70th year since God was confessed for the first time on the scaffolds in this country in 1791 by our noble martyrs Ioun t'siong and Kouen sieng ien, they doubtless do not forget us from the heights of heaven, but their descendants should have their fervor and their virtues. Pray well that we at least profit from the chalice of bitterness that is presented to us, it is to humiliate the shepherds and the sheep and for the good of all that the Lord chastises us, and I dare still hope that he will want to draw good from evil.

We will redouble our efforts and our work with the confidence that everything will recover physically and morally, all is not lost, but probably this year will bring us few pagans, they will want to wait for more favorable times. However, some are moving forward despite the danger, and I know a certain number who despite the persecution have converted and have prepared or are preparing for baptism. We will work in secret, but God will know how to take our efforts into account, the cross will be planted by crosses. I had written a little letter this spring to try to get it across while going to look for colleagues coming by sea, God has still allowed us not to succeed, may his will be blessed! Our attempts have been useless for many years; it is very painful but what can we do except submit cheerfully, he may have a large reinforcement in store for us.

I have received a number of letters by our usual mail, but none are subsequent to the receipt of your letters of two years ago, could there have been some lost package? Nothing from Xavier, Alphonse and Louis. By my last ones I acknowledged receipt of many objects, but a good number have been lost and besides I receive them after so many years that it seemed simpler to me not to mention them. I thank you very sincerely for the offers that you have been kind enough to make me in case my new position requires some expense, for the moment I need nothing and as long as we are in our hiding places and under the weight of

persecution, I think I will have no expense to make. The representation of Bishops in Korea is almost that of shepherds in France, and even then they can hardly carry the crook, this is not a bad thing, it is a great good, from this dignity will only come responsibilities, nature will therefore have nothing to prize, Deo gratias. I ask you to kindly recall me to the memory and prayers of those who still wish to take an interest in me and in particular of the communities that I do not forget. I am very sensitive to the good memory of Mr. Morel grand vic. and Mr. Delplanque, on occasion please show it to them and recommend me more than ever to their prayers; a respectful memory to Mr. the Priest of St Leu. I forget neither the good Gadré nor Françoise who must be old now, I cannot list them all, but my thoughts often turn to all those who once wanted to take an interest in me. I end my very dear parents, by asking you to accept a new testimony of the respect and sincere affection of your very obedient son.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes. Coadjuteur

I was very surprised by my father's determination not to address me any more informally, but what is done for God must have its reward, I have nothing to say. I ask you to let me know if my letters arrive sealed or not, being very happy to know for the future.

50. January 24, 1861. To his Parents.

My very honored and very dear Parents,

Every year at this time I have tried to send you a few lines, and each time they have come back to me from the sea with an almost desperate accuracy. I am still trying my luck, however, in the thought that if by chance my letter crossed the strait, it would give you great satisfaction, but not being able to hope for it I am not writing to anyone else, besides the fact that time at this time is failing me.

I begin by acknowledging receipt of the letters of 1859 and April 1860. I have had them from the whole family including Duisans, Paris, Fosseux and it has not been a slight satisfaction for me. I thank all these dear relatives here and propose to reply in the fall according to custom. I will not wait for this time to thank you very warmly in the name of the Apostolic Vicar and mine for the prayers that you have been kind enough to provide to our mission on a vast scale, we have especially been very sensitive to the benevolence with which the Bishop of Amiens has been kind enough to lend his name to the requests made for prayers made in the parishes, and I consider myself henceforth even more committed than in the past to His Greatness, it is by the Holy Sacrifice that I will try to pay this debt. Please kindly express on this occasion our sincere gratitude to all those who have been kind enough to take part in this concert of prayers. When I think that at the time when this novena was made, it coincided with the time when the great criminal judge was quietly brooding last year over the ruin of our Mission and the capture of the priests. Should we not think that Mary, then invoked in the diocese of Amiens, took these prayers into consideration and deigned to obtain from her divine son that the persecution could not have its natural course and was only a passing trial, as it was in fact?

I gave you all these details in the letters sent a month or two ago. You will learn with joy that so far the winter is passing without too much misery and we do not see that the government has the thought of taking care of us. The people are very unhappy by a combination of a thousand circumstances, all are suffering greatly, and yet our Christians are not badly off, and even the regions that have suffered the most from the storm have been able to find the means to maintain themselves so far. The most difficult will be in the spring, but then again the hand of God would be shortened. So trust in God and things will go well. The administration of the province of the capital will be the most crossed and will probably not be able to be done completely, but there again God having his designs, let us not worry. The persecution has procured for our Christians a real advantage in a point not very apparent, but in the end of the greatest importance. Against all expectations, it was the cause that we have reviewed, corrected and increased our catechism, and several volumes of prayers, to which several other volumes have been added. The work had been desired for a long time, we felt the urgent need for it, and yet our occupations did not allow us to do it. Well! thanks to the persecution five volumes have just been delivered to the Christians and the two that remain are well advanced. It is to keep an eye on them that I have remained in the capital until today, but I absolutely must leave in the next few days for the visit, it will last a few months and before the heat I hope to finish our prayer books and intone the Te Deum on this precious finished collection. All these books are due almost entirely to the work of our native priest Father Thomas, for me they only required eight to nine months of labor.

Already we are recovering a little on all sides from the terror caused by the events of the year, little by little everything will get back on its feet. But what occupies us more than ever is the war in China, it seems certain that Peking has been taken and peace arranged, we imagine that Korea will be invaded in its turn and such is the subject of everyone's worries. I hope however that this agitation will calm down little by little and that the people will not

suffer too much from it. As for us, we are not waiting for anyone, perhaps the English or the Americans will come, but would that be a good thing? It is permissible to doubt it, and France itself, especially with its revolutionary and impious ideas, which its leader seems to embrace and want to spread, what would it do? Besides the fact that it always has a timid demeanor and very little in keeping with what these people need. It seems that twenty years of experience, of deceptions and insults swallowed in full ears, has not yet been enough to remove the blindfold from its eyes, it is very ignoble and miserable.

I have finished this little note, everything is urgent at the moment, please present my respects and friendship to all the members of the family and other dear people and accept for you dear Parents the assurance of the respect and inviolable attachment with which I have the honor of being your very obedient son.

+ Antoine. Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor of Korea.

51. September 1861. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

Capital of Korea.

My very Dear Brother,

The winter mail brought me this time three letters from your hand, the last of which was headed July 1860, which is to say that it arrived quite promptly and all the details they contain are of the greatest interest to me. So here you are forever engaged in the career to which God is calling you, the great step is taken without turning back and since you only took it after mature deliberation and by the advice of those who hold the place of God near you, I do not fear to say out loud: May the holy name of the Lord God be forever blessed! Thanks be to him forever! you are henceforth consecrated to him, not directly to serve him but to have him served by all, *hæreditas præclara nimis*. Already subdeacon, since that time you have undoubtedly risen to the Diaconate, oh how time flies and how the days of novitiate and tranquility will soon be over! Following you on all these degrees and in the midst of all these ceremonies I recall point by point all the impressions that I myself felt at a time already distant and these memories still spread over me a certain something that cannot be defined, but brings me closer to God, enjoy your happiness and take advantage of these favorable times that are no longer found.

Shall I now tell you a word about our position in this country, the only one left outside the action of the Europeans, which could well be no small favor. Since the storm of which I spoke to you a year ago, we have been at peace, but in a malaise produced by the great events in China and the confusion which reigns among the principal rulers here, a large part of the administration of the Christians has been able to be done with precautions of all kinds, and alas what evils have been the result of this storm; the effects are still felt everywhere, not to mention many villages where the priests have not yet been able to present themselves. All hearts are still more or less agitated and consequently less applied to their duties; however things are supposed to be restored to their usual footing and what is admirable is that most of the catechumens have not let themselves be intimidated and we count this year more than seven hundred adults baptized so to speak on the smoking ruins of the Christianity which emerged from the ordeal, it is a very great grace that God has given us.

The administration was not finished when four new confreres arrived fortunately and came to top off our joy; it was too good, the test was to follow; and indeed in the month of June a short illness took away our only native priest, Father Tsoi Thomas who after his distant journeys, was on his way to come and find us. Nothing can give you an idea of this loss, to understand it you would have to have seen the service he rendered to the Mission and all the good he did; he is without a doubt the most difficult man to replace in the position we are in. Judge by that our pain and our regrets. This is how we are always tested and that our position while improving ever so slightly on the one hand, worsens on the other. Fortunately God is there, he is always the good God and he will support us, pray to God that we all carry our cross cheerfully however heavy it may become. I am leaving you dear brother because there is so much to do and I must write to many people. Recommend me and this mission to the prayers of the Directors of St. Sulpice for whom I do not forget to pray to recognize the benefits that I received from them. Farewell, enjoy your last moments at the Seminary. Sanctify yourself and everything else will be fine. Your very affectionate brother.

+ Ant. Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

52. October 10, 1861. To his Parents.

Capital of Korea

My very honored and very dear parents,

I was able to send you a few lines this year by sea in the spring and I think that this time they will have reached you. You will have seen that I received your letters from the end of 1859 and beginning of 1860, but the little hope of success prevented me from sending you other details. This opportunity should not arise again next year, and it will only happen from time to time, that is to say when we have serious reasons to bear the costs of this very fortunate, fortunate, very expensive and very dangerous expedition, so we should not count on it.

I have seen from your letters from then that the good Lord continues to test certain parts of the family, I take part in all the pains that result from it, but I maintain the confidence that everything will turn to the good of each one, and will be a means of making us all reach the great goal that we desire, it takes patience and constancy to cross this life, valley of tears, and I pray God with all my heart to share these fundamental virtues with all those who are dear to me. They are necessary everywhere and in Korea too, but the numerous prayers of the great novena have undoubtedly obtained for us great help from Mary, since we were able to happily emerge from the terrible storm caused in December 1859 and recover more or less, as I announced to you in my letter of the spring and as this one will show you. I therefore thank again all those who were kind enough to take part in it and I do so also in the name of our Apostolic Vicar the Bishop of Capsus. I must also acknowledge receipt of the 40 francs that Mr. Desjardins Creton was kind enough to send for the aid of our Christians, please thank him warmly, I pray to God that he will deign to reward him for his generosity, in money of a hundred times more precious value, according to his divine promise. I will therefore begin with some details on our position.

After having emerged from the great vexations, it was necessary to think of remedying so many evils and everyone set about visiting the Christians to warm them up and strengthen their faith. We had barely begun when the details of the disasters of the Chinese empire and the treaties imposed on this empire arrived here in the 12th moon. Nothing could convey to you the terror and dread that struck this kingdom, from the court to the people everything was at bay, so that all business and work were suspended for a long time, people no longer thought or spoke of anything but the invasion of the Europeans and ways of preserving their lives. The rich and the great then took the decision in droves to hide in the provinces in secluded places, and the emigrations from the capital were innumerable. The picture which then presented itself was most curious. We saw very high mandarins humbly praying to relatives whom they presumed to be Christians to recommend them to our protection, or taking steps to obtain from us some sign of salvation for the bad days; all the people talked only about religion, the only way henceforth to keep their lives safe; the satellites in their meetings excused themselves as best they could for all the cooperation they had had in the affairs against the Christians; countless people recommended themselves to the Christians of their acquaintance, and things had reached the point that we seriously discussed whether it was not the case to show ourselves publicly. The advice of the government was no less singular and each day gave a glimpse of events of such importance that despite the pressing affairs which called me to the provinces, the Apostolic Vicar did not let me go, in order to be able to take some joint decision if necessary and to face any event.

Thus began the year 1861, called Sin iou, a very memorable year in our bloody annals, since the year 1801 was also called Sin iou (you know that the Chinese cycle is a

period of 60 years, each year having its name, the same names reappear after exactly 60 years) This rapprochement gave rise to all kinds of conjecture, some terrible, others consoling, but after a few months minds calmed down a little, and despite a great internal uneasiness which still lasts today, things resumed more or less their ordinary course. However, to use my stay and forced rest in the capital, I continued my ordinary cabinet work and we awaited news of the expedition sent to the sea to try to receive some confrere; How solemn and joyful this beautiful day must have been, when after having walked almost all night, four new confreres took advantage of the darkness to make their entry to the home of the Bishop of Capsus. I had the happiness of being there and no words could make you understand the impressions that are felt in such circumstances, they are compatriots, friends, helpers, brothers, among others Mr. Ridel who on his departure had seen Isidore.... Te Deum.... Magnificat. – What more can I say? We had these dear confreres, but their effects and those of the Mission were still on board, an unfortunate delay, caused by the carelessness of the people, nearly compromised everything. The boat was visited by some sort of customs officers, everything seemed suspicious to them, and they took it for a boat returning from smuggling with the Chinese boats. They wanted to visit, and they struggled a lot, the embargo was almost in place, when Mary, no doubt, and our SS. Guardian Angels had the affair composed and finished with a few coins; and we were able to breathe. It was an immense amount of luggage and the funds were a little less insufficient for the Mission, because for four years we had not been able to receive any object. I found there addressed to me two consignments of images made by you, combs and many other things that I had asked for from our seminary. I thank you very much. Thanks to God everything arrived in fairly good condition and will plug many holes; you can imagine how satisfied each of us must have been to receive a few objects after so many years, our poor Korea still being closed by a thousand locks.

By this happy arrival we were crowded together, and it was necessary to direct each one to some place to learn the language; here a new difficulty; the storm had destroyed the residences that we had formerly planned, little by little however the means of housing them as best as possible, and even of satisfying the desires of each, because no one, when coming to Korea, has the thought of being at large or in the middle of comfort; I then took advantage of a few moments to go and make a tour of the places most mistreated in the last storm. Everything there had been dispersed and ruined; already fortunately the Christians had more or less reunited and in the midst of the terrible miseries of poverty they began to reestablish themselves. The presence of a priest, whom they had believed they could not have for much longer, was an incomparable moment for all; there are still doubtless deep wounds in their physical and moral health; however, I have reason to hope that the sacraments, for which all were starving, will have brought them courage and consolation and will help them to recover completely. I have encountered almost no desertion; some new proselytes have even already presented themselves and several have been regenerated in the waters of baptism; everything is therefore more or less on its feet. There are, however, a number of Christian communities which, for various reasons, have not been able to be visited and are waiting impatiently; the time will soon come, but in general the administration has been able to be carried out almost everywhere, by redoubling precautions and the fruits have been very abundant. Are these not signal favours, and is it not the effect of the prayers of our brothers in Europe?

So many blessings combined filled us with joy, it was really too beautiful and we did not think of the great trials which everywhere must remind us of our misery. The blow came again from the side where no one expected it. Father Thomas, our only native priest, was on his way to join us, returning from his distant journeys. He had carried out his long administration with his known zeal and God had crowned his works with abundant blessings, we were expecting him from one day to the next, when the news arrived that he had fallen ill

on the way. A confrere ran to him to help him, only had time to administer the sacraments to him and the same day he gave up his soul to God. What terrible news and what consternation on all sides. His rare virtue; his tireless zeal, his talents and the facilities he had for doing good, make us feel all the loss that the mission has suffered in his person, it is a very deep sorrow for us, he carries the general regret and for the moment nothing will be able to replace him. Here again, what are the designs of God? Let us adore them and submit ourselves, although nature bears this cross with much repugnance; nothing foreshadowed this accident, our turn may soon come, mine more than any other, since humanly speaking I should not have survived so many faithful ministers, stronger than me, and more useful to the vineyard of the Lord. Ask more than ever that I prepare myself for this passage, by finally emerging from my lukewarm state and all absorbed in nature, and please remember that it is more difficult to save oneself here than in France, and that the habit does not make the monk; no more than the state does not make a saint. - Above all, pray well for me, because I have reason to tremble and the accounts are very muddled. However, trust, and may this feeling never abandon us.

My summer passed without anything very serious, and I was able to devote myself as in the past to useful and urgent work, the number of which increased every day and despite the arrival of new confreres, each of us will still be very busy. Besides, God be praised, all the confreres are here in joy and with a frank, simple and admirable gaiety; it is the multiplicity of work that makes everyone happy. I had the pleasure of meeting almost all our confreres this fall, our meetings were moments of delight and everyone left to make their preparations for the tour, full of courage, confidence and hope. What a celebration for all, when gathering the administration sheets, we found more than seven hundred and fifty adult baptisms for the year, while we feared a decrease as a result of persecution, far from it we are increasing on the past. Glory to God who has done everything and everyone promises not to decrease for next year. Fiat...

To prove that persecution has not cooled all hearts, this year a printing press was attempted, and its supervision has added some more traces to all my works. Finally it is in execution, and our catechism will be put into circulation in a few days, while waiting for other publications which will follow, it is a good deal. The Christian communities of the South continue to be shaken, they are forming on a large scale, various other points giving the same hopes, several conversions in completely new places make us think that God has his designs to spread the faith there, as all this consoles and animates the exhausted forces. The upper classes have some inclinations, but there human respect holds back more and one does not come to a frank practice. One fears losing one's rank, one's dignities, one's fortune. Poor people! A few days ago the daughter of a prince, leaving with her father-in-law to go and exercise a charge in the provinces, sent me a note of convention to try that I introduce her to Christians, she learned the form of baptism to baptize young children in case of death and seeks the means to be baptized herself at the point of death, but there too there is a lack of courage and one does not dare to break with superstitions; one day will this miracle of grace take place? Pray to God for her and so many others in the same position. I also recommend to you an island where we will try to pass on the good news, because we must expand.

I am in a great hurry having received these days my route sheet for a monster tour that must begin early, I must therefore leave all my other works there and say a little hello at a gallop to my brothers and sisters, etc., then go down to the provinces to go where the Christians are waiting for me. Please remember me to the people who are interested in me, I am sensitive to their good memory, especially Mr. Morel, Delplanque, Letigny etc., I cannot write to the latter this time. Union of prayers with all the communities, my respects to Mr. the Priest of St Leu, etc. Good morning to the brave Gadré... Finally believe, dear Parents, in the sincere affection and respectful attachment of your devoted son.

+ Antoine. Bishop of Acônes

53. October 1861. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very Dear Pauline,

Although you have received a religious name, I do not see any great sin in still calling you by your baptismal name, since your vows have neither the intention nor the power to erase the sacred character, it is therefore under this name so worthy of being loved by everyone, since it reminds us at the same time of our greatest dignity and our greatest duties that I begin with you a little annual chat which will be shorter than I would like and will have no continuation because of the thousand and one affairs which preoccupy me and put my head in the air.

From the family review that you give me it seems that there is still much to be desired in all respects and God seems to be testing us in many ways, all this is very sensitive to me, and without knowing what is reserved for us I can only pray his goodness to watch over all, to take charge of all, and whatever the difficulties of this world, to at least allow us to find ourselves all reunited up there. After that what else can be done? Too far away to be able to seek any remedy humanly speaking, it remains to throw all our worries into the bosom of His amiable providence and without worrying myself uselessly await in peace the realization of His adorable designs. You yourselves are too scattered today to be able to hope for frequent and continuous reunions, the main thing is to preserve yourselves at all costs in a great union and not to lose entirely the family spirit which is the most precious heritage on which we can make some foundation. Let us therefore always have an intimate union between brothers and sisters, outside of that we have nothing to expect, the facts prove it, and let us try by that to preserve not the fashionable religiosity of the day, but the true Christian spirit, the share of the elect; and by that we can hope to support each other in the midst of the storms which upset everything and are only at their beginning. Fortunately we know that the Cross is the share of the elect friends of God, let us not be discouraged, one more step and rest will come.

There has been these years of proud uproar in the countries which surround us and despite the force of arms, our isolation makes me ignorant if any happy effect will come of it. Here we have seen no one, should we regret it, I doubt it, because to help us we would have to act Christianly, which is hardly the case. We are as in the past under the protection of God alone, and we have no reason to complain. The great devastations of last year are a real trial and have left terrible impressions that still give us much pain, but everything came from the merciful hand of God, he strikes to heal, so let him do it, and all will be well. It was doubtless necessary to separate the tares from the wheat and awaken all of Christendom, let us wait for the fruits. However, what happened? The fleeing and homeless Christians sought to settle down again somewhere, in their travels many questioned them about the cause of their distress, and forced to answer, grace used the opportunity to convert some souls; once established in new places, their faith is soon known to the neighbors and in a great number of localities, a crowd of proselytes have been formed and thus we have more catechumens than in the past; and many Christian communities established in regions where the name Christian was barely known, these are so many advantageous positions that give us the hope of advancing further. Is this not like the persecution of Jerusalem at the time of the death of St. Stephen, who by dispersing the Christians spread the faith in many countries. Nature is repelled by these terrible trials, but grace has its profit there and religion makes its conquests there. So blind trust, God directs everything for his glory. We feared a decrease in the number of baptisms; men of little faith, why did we fear? God has brought more than in the past, this year more than seven hundred and fifty adults have received regeneration; and many others are preparing.

Pray therefore well for us, because all these children must be engendered in pain, and nature is always the same, cowardly, delicate, a friend of rest, etc. – Ask the Lord for strength and constancy for his ministers, his help is more than necessary for us, urge good souls to help us, quest for prayers en masse so that we become faithful and fervent, and can sanctify this people. Farewell dear Sister and since you are in Roye, recall me to the memory of these dear parishioners whom I do not forget, especially the associates of the Holy Heart of Mary, at least of those who want to think of me. Believe finally in my sincere and eternal attachment, your brother

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

54. October 1862. To his Parents.

My very honored and very dear Parents,

You are doubtless eager to receive news from me, especially since I announced to you last year the necessity in which I found myself to make a distant excursion, well beyond my strength, it is true, but seeming to be in the plans of Providence; whatever the result, I am still among the living and am taking a rest in a small mountain village, where perhaps I will manage to establish my residence after four years spent without a permanent home, almost following in the footsteps of the patriarch Abraham; however, things are not yet decided, I will make a test during this summer and if all goes well, I will gather our small effects from the four shores where they are scattered and will pretend to believe that I can have a permanent home.

Let us come then to some details on past journeys. Once the resolution was made, I went to a lodging in the province to prepare for my departure and first of all lost a month and a half to warn these distant Christians and wait for the couriers who were to come and get me. Finally, finally I left; it was at the beginning of December. I had with me my servant, two men to carry my chair and two others for the small baggage of the troop, this is my large equipage and I also had to make my tour calculated from four to five months. St. Francis Xavier whose ***** feast I celebrated before leaving was charged with watching over us, but this time I could not celebrate either the anniversary of the death of Thérèse, nor St. Nicholas, what is more, delayed by a day by the rain, the Immaculate Conception herself, patron saint of Korea, had to pass coldly on the roads and in the inns, it was very dull. On my way to the communities of the South-East, I visited some villages barely gathered around an enormous mountain that I had formerly administered in my youth. Everything had changed there, all new faces, barely two or three houses had remained the same; one of these villages had been three months previously prey to a squall, which fortunately did not have great consequences, each one lost only his small possessions and things were arranged with the praetorium, without complete devastation.

From there a day took me to some Christians recently established on the top of a mountain, their houses were barely built, even more so there was no furniture, it was incredibly poor and snow half a foot deep came to protect them from the comings and goings of the pagans; everything went peacefully there, I spent two nights there and continued on my way. From this moment one easily sees oneself approaching the extreme districts of the kingdom, every day marks noticeable changes, the customs, the attire and also the language differ more and more, to the point that arrived a little lower one would almost believe oneself in another country. The people are the rudest, poorer, wilder and their jargon is sometimes difficult to understand, it is more or less lower Brittany. There is also more simplicity and above all a great tenacity of ideas. I therefore advanced and three days of road brought me to a Christian village which dates back six to seven years. It is located at the very end of a narrow valley which never ends. One must follow a torrent for a league and a half or two leagues by a small path traced on the steep edges of the mountain and after having traveled thus one arrives on a small plateau already very high and itself backed by an enormous mountain which we fortunately did not cross. There live some few of our neophytes, quite withdrawn and quite quiet, but quite frightened since the great vexations of two years ago, which moreover did not affect them, they got off with fear.

During the four days that I spent there, news reached me from the South. A district had just been the target of persecution and all the Christians had been driven out of the territory by the mandarin. This district therefore remained closed to me. At the same time and perhaps as a backlash, the pagans of a neighboring district also cited the Christians before the

mandarin and the latter remaining rather cold, this village took justice into its own hands by destroying the houses of our neophytes and driving them out, then finally in a third district the nobles united by a circular to also drive out the Christians that were known, so that any meeting there became impossible.

Such news was far from cheerful, I had little chance of being able to visit all these poor people, it was decided however that I would go to administer to those who could present themselves. I therefore descended to Tai kou capital of the province, residence of the governor. Three years ago, there was a small surge there on the part of the pagans and we had in a few years gathered about 70 or 80 adults, the scenes of horror of two years ago did us great harm. With great difficulty could we keep the Christians, there were even some defections and conversions are rarer, only 4 or 5 baptisms took place this time. Fortunately we hope to compensate by the conversion of a certain number of pagans in a village near the city, where I celebrated Mass twice and found some catechumens in the process of being educated; For the city itself most of our practitioners are women, embarrassed or even harassed by their pagan husbands, many are of the praetorian class, which is even more difficult. There I celebrated the feast of Christmas, but very sadly, the place was so small and so suspect, that only twenty or thirty people could gather, it is however happy to think that we finally have a small nucleus in this great city famous for a certain number of martyrs at various times, and I hope that these generous confessors of the faith, will protect this place consecrated by their sufferings and watered with their blood.

The devil made every effort to hinder my path. During my stay in Taikou, they were trying ten charlatans, a kind of magicians, who in their sorceries used the name of God and some symbols of Christian prayers. They were at first taken for Christians and a lively rumor was felt: they were soon convinced of the error, but the judge in releasing them let it be known that he was going to meddle in our affairs. The Christians have intelligence in the three courts of the city, and on these three sides their followers warned them to be on their guard and to hide their books. We were already on the alert, when to top off the general disorder, an express arrived from the South, announcing that the satellites of five large courts had just been released and that they were said to be looking for the Christians, and consequently I was asked to remain hidden and not to travel. Good to say, my friends, but where to hide in those parts? I therefore decided to write to the catechists of the South to inquire as soon as possible into the depths of things and to let me know whether it was necessary to advance or retreat and yet as I was in the house of the most well-known and most exposed Christian of all, I had formed the plan of going to await the answer in another dwelling; but during the night there came such heavy snow that it was necessary to give up going where I wanted and I stayed as I was. I was in great need of this rest, for I do not know why, from the beginning of my journey I found myself more tired than ever, and the eight days that I had to devote to it were most opportune.

Little by little the rumors became less bad, couriers arrived to urge me to leave and I did so. The road was dreadful and my porters could not advance, we had to go very slowly, and in two days I met a small Christian community quite new, in the middle of a large village entirely pagan. A Christian driven from his home by persecution took refuge there and converted two or three families whose faith and morals are of a delightful simplicity. Living among the pagans and without any connection with the other Christians, they are profoundly ignorant, but their fervor compensates for this defect, and despite all the difficulties I hope that they will win. There are still some Catechumens whose candor and good nature charmed me, oh! how God must love them. There everything is done at night, the entrance to the oratory, confessions, mass, baptism, everything is arranged so that one cannot rest, but it is all the same, the consolations give strength. Having left there I went down for two more days to join a fairly strong Christian community, where the poor victims of persecution were still able

to meet, things went well and I had to admire the courage of good old men and women coming from very far away to participate in the benefit of the sacraments. It was then above all that I began to admire the designs of Providence, because wherever the Christians dispersed by persecution went, everywhere they made more or less proselytes and formed a small nucleus of Christian community and it is through this that we see this little flock so tried, increasing more and more from day to day. All the meeting places having been made inaccessible as a result of the vexations, they did not know where to direct my steps. I was made to advance another two days and there they were to gather some scattered Christians in a new mountain establishment. I saw there in fact a number of faithful arriving from all sides both day and night and things happened with enough uproar; but the place where all hopes were directed was 3 or 4 leagues from there. These are five Christian huts built on the top of a vast mountain where different roads end, this favorable position meant that I was going to settle there for about twenty days, waiting there for all those who would like to come either for confession or for baptism.

I was in my house a little isolated, very small and open to all the winds; the Christians had to prepare for the sacraments in a shed where they were freezing, despite this everything is supposed to have gone well there and I saw there 250 to 300 old or new Christians, who by their comings and goings do not seem to have excited too much the suspicions of the pagans. It is marvelous; ah how they are to be pitied these poor people! Most of them had come from two days of travel, sometimes three, and even more. When will the Lord have pity on them? it is only then that I can get an idea of the state of these nascent Christian communities. The great evil is due to their ignorance, and their ignorance itself comes from their isolation. These good people who all have great good will almost all live among the pagans and at great distances from each other; having known religion by some providential circumstance, they decide to practice it, learn the catechism and the prayers at home, then when the priest passes by they go to look for him at more or less great distances, arrive, receive baptism that day or the next and necessarily leave again immediately. How could they know much? They know only the absolute necessary; then when it comes to confession which requires more work and preparation, I leave you to imagine how they must get by. Alas, how they are to be pitied! is that not *Parvuli petierunt panem et non erat qui frangeret eis*. I would have liked to stay a long time in each locality to remedy this defect, but circumstances at the moment do not allow it, there are too many rumors and dangers, it would remain to give them books, but where to have some to spread among so many Christians so dispersed? Ah pray that God comes to the aid of these hungry souls. This dispersion is, moreover, one of our consolations, by the impetus that it gives to the propagation of the Gospel.

In this distant part nothing can be done in secret, and this is more or less how things happen. A Christian pitches his tent somewhere, in less than eight days his religion is known, the neighbors come to tell him: You are undoubtedly Christian - I am, answers the faithful - well go away, you cannot live in our village. The Christian defends himself, argues, people assemble and the Christian explains his religion to prove that it is good; everything being revealed, there is a great dispute, some find it good and others reject it; if the Christian is strong enough, he remains at his post and makes companions; if he is too weak, he must leave and the few pagans whom grace has touched get in touch with the Christians to be able to learn, which is naturally difficult; and this is how the Christians ***** in three or four districts at the time of the persecution, are today spread over sixteen or seventeen districts in these parts and everywhere have proselytes. Local persecutions are always also carried out by the people themselves, it is not the mandarin who takes the initiative, it is the villagers who go and denounce the Christians to the mandarin, and it is from then on much more terrible than anywhere else; all the characters are tenacious and pronounced, one must be friend or enemy,

no indifference, and from there what misery for our Christians who no longer find a place to settle. However, they do not give up and stand up to difficulties. What still gives hope that everything will go well is that in these new Christian communities, the vast majority of the baptized are men, i.e. heads of families. Their wives or children are often exhorted for a long time to convert, but dependent on the leader, little by little, almost all will follow and besides it is not bad that they only come into our ranks after a personal conviction, it will be more stable than if they blindly followed their leaders without knowing why.

There were no places to meet on all sides, I had to decide to leave without having been able to administer all the Christians; it remained to see the district of Tongnai where the Japanese are, not in the city itself, but 30 *li* from there in this district. This community, which dates back only two years and is due to the lively faith of an old man whose virtues God doubtless wanted to reward, gave a fair amount of hope. I should have gone there a little earlier, but circumstances which deserve to be reported delayed their administration. In this district two pagan villages had shortly before leagued against the Christians and had denounced them to the mandarin. The latter received them coldly and persuaded by the words of a slave of the prefecture, famous for her wit and capacity, he had refused to accept the accusation. When I took a day to go to this place, the rumor spread throughout the city, people talked about my equipment, my costume and my followers; a great number of people promised to come and see our ceremonies and said publicly, this time it is no longer a priest of the country (Father Thomas went there once), it is a foreigner and what is more it is a Bishop. All this prevents him from being seen, let us not miss the opportunity. Although the intentions of these curious people were not bad, the rumor became so great that the catechist, fearing too much outburst, did not dare to come forward and sent me an express the night before my departure to ask me not to show up. As upset as I was, I had to stick to his word and I set off for another community, but behold that very evening two expresses arrived to invite me again to go there.

Where then did this sudden change come from? Scarcely had the first mail been sent to me, when this rumor itself was running the day before and it was known that I would not go. Immediately a pagan man, quite influential by his position and the small dignity with which he is invested, goes to our catechist and after the first civilities says to him: I learn that after having prepared everything to receive the Bishop, you sent him word not to come, could it be true? The thing is so, replies the catechist – but why then, replies this pagan? It is because the rumors are too strong, and that many curious people want to come, such and such a band, such and such a company, etc. publicly promise to come and see our ceremonies. Now, even should I not meet the Bishop, I cannot bring myself to put him in an awkward position. -- Ah! said the pagan, you are very good to worry about such people, be sure that no one will come to trouble you, and if by chance someone does, warn me and I will know how to bring him to reason. You being Christian how could you decide to fail in the duty of once a year, this occasion having passed, there is no more remedy, so send an express to the Bishop at once to ask him to come. These words comforted the catechist and in fact he sent me immediately the two expresses above. I was as astonished as satisfied by the story, but having arrived in other parts, I could no longer comply with his request and I only told them that after New Year's Day I would fix a day, which was done and I went there, called and protected by a pagan as you see.

I said that it is force, if I did not rather see in it a benevolent permission of paternal kindness from God, who achieves his goals by quite extraordinary means. Everything is public, many pagans of the city knew of my presence and the famous slave of the prefecture had taken charge of some supplies. She even wanted to come and greet me, but the Christians having told her that I behaved in a severe tone and that I would probably not consent to let her approach, she feared the affront and did not present herself. The oratory is in an isolated

house, under the walls of the city and outside. Everything is prepared in the reception room, and if pagans come they take care to prevent them from entering. This place seems to me to offer a lot of hope, everything is well regulated and there are some capable men. The catechumens are also there in good number and in fervor, may God make them grow and prosper. Unable to properly gather the affluent Christians there, I went 20 *li* under the walls of a citadel built on the summit of an enormous mountain, a small house was built outside the walls in a completely deserted place and I waited there for all the Christians who had not yet been able to meet me. There was to be another meeting a day's journey away, in the house of the chief of the satellites of the neighbouring district, but this brave man having by too much probity attracted the jealousy and hatred of his subordinate satellites, he was at that time slandered before the mandarin and in the midst of these debates they did not dare to receive me; I had therefore finished what I could do in this south-eastern part and I set off to pass to the communities of the province of Tsienlà.

We were counting on seven days' journey. The weather was quite bad; from the first day the rain stopped us, then was driven away by a dreadful north wind which penetrated my entire crew in a very unsatisfactory manner, and reappeared several times. My men were exhausted and on the last day towards noon one of the porters declared that he could no longer advance, having taken a severe rheumatism in the thigh. I continued all the same and the poor man, doing himself violence, followed limping to the Christians where we arrived on the 6th day well before nightfall. Everyone thought they were safe and sound, but in the following days everyone realized that they were too exhausted and almost ill. While I was administering to a few hundred Christians in this area, I myself was seized by an attack of my old illness and could no longer do anything, eight or ten days passing without improvement and even getting worse, I had, instead of going to the Christians scattered in the south, to head north to reach communities where I could rest and be treated; despite my reluctance to leave a good number of Christians unvisited, I was forced to take this course and went back up in short days, according to my strength, and little by little arrived at the home of a colleague who was returning from his administration.

The very next day, a courier arrived bringing news that another brother was dying two short days away. As Coadjutor, I could not entrust this care to anyone and I had to have myself taken immediately to his side, where I stayed long enough to see him fairly well recovered, and all this led me to mid-April when finally I chose a place to try to take care of myself and rest myself. This is how I left the main roads and stopped my travels after a little tour of 2000 and three or four hundred *li*, in the space of nearly five months; formerly it would not have been very difficult, but today I found myself exhausted and for quite a long time unable to do absolutely anything; the vital breath not being yet extinguished, should we not thank the Lord? When I went to the new Christian communities of the South-East, Father Thomas had only been out for six months, and these were the six months spent in the work of cultivation and during which it is difficult for Christians to learn much, so I did not find many catechumens who were instructed and ready for baptism. I baptized about one hundred and twenty of them and left nearly five hundred well instructed and full of zeal, this will be for one of the following harvests. Pray well to the Lord for these neophytes who according to all appearances must multiply again and form in these distant regions a beautiful Christian community, which tested from its cradle will I hope be built on the rock and will give faithful servants of our God. While I had thus travelled through the South, itself prey to persecutions, our Christians in the center had also had serious vexations to endure, it was not the heads of the government who were pushing, but as none would dare take it upon themselves to declare themselves in favor of the Christians, the satellites and other pillaging hordes were counting on the fact that they could dare anything and that they had nothing to fear from the authorities, so they began to make incursions here and there among the Christians, pillaging or ransoming

them and reducing them to the greatest misery. A large number of villages were thus devastated and continued on a large scale this new kind of persecution; fruit of the events of two years ago and which does so much harm to our mission; three Christians were even imprisoned and were not released until after seven or eight months. All these events that are happening on different sides tire our neophytes more than a regular persecution of a few months, they are always on the alert and exposed to pillage without even having the honor of confessing Jesus Christ; it is on the part of the bandits and not on the part of the authorities, which disgusts them even more and from there comes a general malaise, for which there seems to be no remedy. It is all the more painful, since the affairs of China, known here to everyone, left hope of some improvement and this disappointment makes hearts heavy on all sides. You see then that everything is far from brilliant. Then this spring we had in many places insurrections of the people against the horrible vexations to which they are subjected, things have calmed down a little, but will probably start again this winter and then what will become of it? By the grace of God. Suffering is the life of the Christian and when I think of the affairs of Europe, I find myself here in a fairly sustainable position. Alas! what events are we destined to learn?

This autumn we had another cholera storm, which for 4 years has made one or two appearances each year, our Christians not having been spared, and in general the mortality rate has been high throughout the year; all this still denotes the anger of God without us knowing where the effects will stop. We must therefore try to appease more, it is the duty of pastors, but the whole would be to fulfill it well and I feel in this as elsewhere very insufficient. Please help me in this difficult and important task.

I received at the usual time the letters from Europe and yours in particular, I had some from most of the members of the family. I thank the Lord for all the graces that he pours out on you, despite a certain number of sorrows, but what touches me the most is the marriage of Louis which seems to me a great favor; and leaves me without great worries for the future of this dear brother. I am happy in the force of the term. This letter will reach you shortly before the ceremony of 13 September, I will be there in heart and by the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. I sincerely hope that everyone can then come together to thank God for having happily preserved you in our family, and in our love; my sincere desire is that this feast contributes to tightening even more the union of all the members of our family so dispersed and that each one takes advantage of it to immerse himself in the proper spirit of the family that we must all strive not to lose. These are the wishes that I address and will address again to God to obtain that we are all the crowns and the consolation of our parents. You will be happy, dear Parents, to see all your children gathered then in the same heart and the same spirit, this thought has charms for me and I hope dare to hope that God will grant us very special blessings on this occasion.

I end this letter here, please remember me again in the good memory of all acquaintances and religious communities. I forget no one. I mention in particular the family of Auguste de Borcquigny from whom I had not had news for so long and am happy to learn that all is well with them, and the family of Benoit to whom I will probably not be able to write this year. Greetings to Françoise.

Finally, accept the new assurance of the feelings of respect and filial attachment that will never abandon me.

Your very obedient son.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes. Coadjutor
Korea, October 1862

55. October 1862. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My good and dear Sister,

Your letter of last June has fortunately arrived to ease my heart and distract me a little from all the worries that are the order of the day in our stormy career. It was more than welcome and the details it contains have a thrilling interest for me; everything in it speaks to me of the little town of Roye which one day perhaps will see the fruits of all the efforts that are being made to revive and save it. You are now, you tell me, in the Graval house and what is more you have undertaken to build a chapel, oh that is good! we must establish ourselves firmly and be able to give a little pomp to the ceremonies, a chapel was indeed lacking until this day and I remember how oppressed my heart was in the past to be obliged to officiate in my somewhat decorated room. All this could pass in the country of Korea, but in France!! God be blessed for having given you the thought and the means to build a small sanctuary in his name, today it is undoubtedly finished and it will not fail to resound with holy canticles of joy, to bless the name of God and celebrate the goodness of Mary, but... you must have had at least without doubt the consolation of seeing our dear Isidore at the altar; how happy he must be! and that I am myself thinking of all the graces that the Good Lord gives him, let us thank the Lord very much for it. And since then how is your little community, and do your children give you any consolation? And then do the good people of Roye go to see you sometimes? You speak to me of Doctor Lescardé, I remember him well, he gave me his care in a small illness that I experienced, but he did not then have the fault of tiring the vicars with the care that he required. I very much desire to learn that his heart has been warmed and that he is working wholeheartedly for his salvation, besides he has so many good qualities that the Good Lord will not reject him, I have confidence. I could also tell you about many others, but to be able to tell you a little about this country I am obliged to cut short the details, recommend me well to the prayers of all those who are interested in my salvation.

Here the time of wonders does not seem to have arrived, doubtless because there is too little fervor; man is everywhere the same, that is to say that everywhere he is weak and lets himself be hindered by the baits of the world. There are also around us a great number of pagans whom the world holds in its nets and who do not have the courage to get rid of them in order to practice our holy religion which they recognize as true and truly love; and what is more, there are many Christians who, in order not to renounce the world entirely, do not have all the fervor that one could expect from them; this is doubtless what stops the largesse of the Lord and makes us always stay more or less in the same state. Since last year we have not had any very pronounced persecution, but we live in a continual state of persecution, the government not getting involved, things are less serious, and yet there are on many sides vexations, depredations, imprisonments etc.; on the part of some mandarins, then satellites, no one getting involved to repress them, we are in a position called peace, but unfortunately very painful for our poor Christians sjourneyed of everything and who do not know where to take refuge. In the province of the capital more than ten Christian communities have been thus ruined, and three Christians have remained in chains for many months, without it being known if an end will come. All this, and the continual fears in which one is, tires the heart, the mind and the body, and causes in all of Christendom a malaise difficult to describe, and whose consequences are most fatal; one does not want to put to death, nor prohibit vexations; one would rather shed blood; for then there is life, and things take a turn. In the midst of so much misery, we have our consolations as in the past, the administration is done and a large number of baptisms have been conferred, everything is working, but with too many obstacles for us to be able to gather all the fruit which seems almost ripe; pray for us and our neophytes, the Cross weighs on the whole universe, but it is by the Cross that we will conquer, so let us

have confidence; and I dare to flatter myself that we will advance a lot. I have the confidence to ask again for the union of prayers with your holy community, you will not refuse me this charity, I am sure. Your very affectionate brother

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

You will learn with interest the zeal of a little girl taken in by the Holy Childhood, she is five and a half years old, goes every day to learn one or two questions of catechism in a house where I lived last year, and when she returns home, she instructs her adoptive mother, even sometimes the father, who have little means to seek instruction outside. But what is most beautiful is that her teacher is herself another child of the Holy Child of the Holy Childhood aged 8 to 9. Long live Jesus.

56. October 1862. To his brother Isidore Daveluy.

Tibi soli.

My very dear brother,

Your letter of last July has arrived again in time to join the others and cross the formidable barriers of Korea. The details that you give me there on the various occupations that filled your days during the course of your last year of Seminary had for me a very special charm, I follow you everywhere and easily imagine all the positions where you found yourself, because my memory, having become too ungrateful everywhere else, has well preserved all the details of the places where you were then and it is for me a real pleasure to refer to them again in thought. God be praised for the different functions that he called you to fulfill, all that I dare hope has been of great use and will still serve you later. As for the confidence you make to me at the end of your letter, I admit that it was well beyond my thoughts; not that I want to turn you away from following the will of God, but this determination is so serious that I wish to make some reflections to you here to help you test yourself firmly and not risk a false step whose consequences would be eternally without remedy.

Do you perhaps believe that you are more able to achieve your salvation in this career than in another and that the dangers of the ministry are greater than those you would encounter there? I can assure you that such a thought would be a very great error and I do not believe I am going too far in saying that this career is on the contrary the most difficult of all for salvation, and without any exception. The dangers to which the soul finds itself exposed day and night are such that I believe no one can imagine them and that the pen would not suffice to render them; one must be more than saintly to emerge from it safe and sound, and salvation in this position is the miracle of miracles of divine grace. I see no vice into which it is more than easy to fall, no virtue that is (*humanum dico*) practicable, and in the midst of all this no means to get up, no none. Humility, gentleness, patience are put to incalculable tests, chastity has assaults from which even St. Louis Gonzaga would have had difficulty in emerging; character changes completely, etc. etc. From there you will conclude that we are all Angels or devils, do not draw this conclusion, I only want to let you know that everything is incomparably different and more difficult than anyone could have imagined in advance and that consequently a more than serious test is necessary to take this decision. Whether we are Angels or devils, that is what the great day will reveal.

I will add however that in spite of all the fears that I feel relative to my own salvation, I have never been able to imagine myself to be against the order of Providence, and consequently the regret of my determination does not exist and in any case pray for us all with untiring assiduity. Accustom yourself to not knowing how to remain a single instant unoccupied, and to form occupations for yourself, even for a few small lost intervals; this habit or necessity of occupying oneself is the treasure of treasures in this career. If there is still time, and if reasons quite superior do not oppose it, I conjure you to take a few years of the ordinary ministry, both to test yourself and to form yourself. We must become familiar with all branches of ecclesiastical science and by a little practice give time to the knowledge acquired to blend with our intelligence, to hurry too much would be to spoil everything; a few years of waiting are neither time lost nor to be regretted; on the contrary everything gains from it, and the calm of ideas, and the rest of the heart, and the treasure of experience and the solidity of the body. I have had two short years of ministry, it is not too much, is it even enough? I will not go into more details. You will read before God these few opinions from the pen of your best friend, who without flattering himself can speak a little knowingly and then

you will see what there is to do; act as God leads you. After all, it seems to me, I want only the execution of his will; reflect, pray, take advice, and wherever you must be, try to be all for God, that is the important thing and my great desire.

In closing, I will tell you a word about our position. The work is enormous for us, the reinforcements received last year barely relieve us, and the obstacles that squeeze us from all sides make the administration very difficult; the civil affairs that are getting worse and worse are not a small obstacle to good either, everything is very ugly; however our small affairs are going well, less well than we would like, but always advancing a little. What will happen to us? God alone knows, what is not in doubt is that there will be suffering; yes but in cruce salus, in cruce vita etc. Long live Jesus. You will see from my letter to our good parents, the little excursion that I made, I cannot speak to you about it separately, I am too exhausted and I do not even know if my correspondence will be able to be done in its entirety. Goodbye, where are you and what is happening to you? I often think about it, but to pray for you, do it for me too, and even if you put yourself out there, it would still be too little.

Your very affectionate brother

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

57. February 18, 1863. To his Parents.
(Korean New Year's Day)

My very honored and very dear Parents,

Circumstances having required it again this year, I had to take on the long and distant tour of the South, and trusting in the help of God who seemed to send me through the voice of the Apostolic Vicar, I undertook this journey so far beyond my physical and moral strength and set off last winter. Three months were enough to complete this part of the South-East and after many crossings of which I cannot give the details this time, I returned home the day before yesterday, the sixteenth of the month. It was there that I found your letters duly arrived from China and against our expectations having to immediately send a boat to meet the confreres who are going to arrive, I can only address you two lines. The mail leaves tomorrow morning and all my time taken up by the embarrassments of a recent arrival, many urgent letters, New Year's Day and still a sick person whom I had to go and administer last night in a village far from here, I only have the leisure to present my respectful greetings and to let you know that Korea is almost at peace and your son is in good health despite this enormous arduous and tiring tour. Truly it is a very special providence and you will thank the Lord for this visible protection.

It is through these letters that I learned of the sacrifice that God asks of us all by the death of my dear brother and godson. I was so happy about his return, his union with Félicie and I thought of them frequently with happiness! Who could have expected the blow that struck us? However, thanks be to the Lord, he seems to have taken the path to the great reunion, what more can we desire? The details that my good mother gave me about his last moments greatly interested me, deeply touched and edified me, they even surprised me; what privileged grace did this good brother receive, and who among us would not be happy to be able to produce such feelings? It is admirable and we must be consoled by it, there is enough to shame those whose very holy state has not yet been able to bring them to this point. Félicie in her sorrow must have been blessed, I wanted to answer this time to her good letter and try to bring her my share of consolation, but really there is no way this time, I cannot even finish this letter. I also received a good letter from Aimé who also tells me of the cruel loss he has suffered. My first thought was also to answer him this time, but I must give up, please kindly while waiting for another opportunity let him know the full part I take in his position and assure him that I will not forget to help with my weak prayers the one we regret.

I have had very few letters and news this time, however I have some from all my brothers and sisters. Duisant's letters have been missed, I expect them at the end of March by the boat that is going to leave. Forgive me for writing to you so badly and without follow-up; I am completely upset by a thousand affairs, I nevertheless want to give you a sign of life and thinking of the circumstances that force me to be so hasty and so brief, I dare to count on your indulgence; it is better, I said to myself, a few lines written in all haste, than nothing at all, see in it my desire not to leave you without news, and do not look for anything more there.

Finally I end by recommending myself to the prayers of the whole family, I need them more than one thinks; pray for our Christians who are gradually recovering from their panic and allowing us to see things fairly well restored and on the right track for many places. Several large localities have been started and God helping, we hope to expand a little, but we need people because the fatigue increases without proportion, but what does it matter provided that Jesus Christ is known and adored.

Accept the assurance of my deep respect and my sincere attachment.

Your son

+ Antoine. Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

May 31 – This letter after having been uselessly beating the sea for nearly two months was brought back to me, we were unable to meet the colleague we were waiting for. On the news that he will make another attempt in June, we send again to meet him, but too absorbed by all the kinds of work or trades that divide my days, I cannot try to write you a letter in order, I therefore limit myself to apostiling this letter, putting off until the end of the Summer to write to you at greater length according to my custom, if it pleases God to ***** grant me the time. Besides, nothing new in our positions, things are going quite well, but the illnesses of several of our colleagues and the death of one of them do not contribute to making us more comfortable, there is therefore always a lot of work and also enough misery not to let us forget that we are in the valley of tears, the important thing is to know how to make the most of everything and I ask for the help of your good prayers on this subject. Please also think of our sheep and everything will progress I hope for the glory of God.

Your very respectful son.

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

58. September 13, 1863. To his Parents.

My very honored and very dear parents,

Today is September 13, the fiftieth anniversary of September 13, 1813, a day awaited by all of us during these last years and in which each one asked the Lord to be able to celebrate the renewal of your marriage. Convinced that our vows were heard by God, as your eldest son, I celebrated the first Mass for you, while everything around you was still plunged into the silence of the night; praises, thanksgivings, prayers, all followed one another in my mind without interruption, but especially the various verses of the Psalm *Beati omnes qui timent Dominum, qui ambulant in viis ejus* did not leave my thoughts and helped me to praise the Lord, to thank Him, to pray to Him also for my father and mother, as for all the other members of the family that I saw gathered around them, and I enjoyed the universal joy, without envying anyone, then finally I cried out: How good God is! *Quam bonus Israël Deus!* All these thoughts, dear Parents, were they not yours? Yes I do not doubt it; that day no doubt all your children will have been gathered, the celebration will have been complete and entirely Christian; God, who did not know that I could not be present bodily, had in his mercy chosen my replacement, our dear Abbé will have been able to perform this touching ceremony, so that the second blessing falls from the hands of one of those who are the fruit of the first blessing, and that the sacrifice of thanksgiving is offered by one of those whose heart feels the need and is led by nature itself to show his gratitude to God for all the favors that he has transmitted to us through the authors of our days. Thanks to God forever for so many blessings.

Having recently received the collection of portraits of the whole family, I have charming gatherings in my Korea, despite the smallness of my house I do not fear the number and truly the illusion is sometimes complete, so I thank you for having given me this satisfaction. I will share with you my impressions of each one: Papa is as I knew him, but in the moments when business and embarrassment crushed him; Mama has changed little and seems less tired; Pauline who distinguishes herself by a severe tone that she did not have before; the abbé before the revolution has changed completely; Joséphine retains her features deep down, but has changed considerably; Caroline would be quite good, if she had not been made so dark; Xavier and Agathe have not changed at all; my poor godson was still the same; Adelaïde, Alphonse and Isidore are no longer recognizable to me; my uncle Laroche, much aged but not changed. That is what seems to me, unless I have a more learned and more competent opinion.

I spoke of my poor godson, I was far from expecting this sad news and this blow made a great impression on me, even more so when I think of Félicie, because for Louis he must be happy, he died with all the signs of predestination, and consequently I mourn him without pitying him. I have reread many times the precious details that my mother gave me in her letter, and they always seem to me more edifying, more consoling. What grace God has given him, I thank him frequently and admire the resources of divine goodness; Mary visibly protected him. Let us give him our thanks, and ask him to grant us all such a death. The poor child will therefore not fail to meet the appointment! About such events, I received a letter from Aimé in which he tells me of the loss of his wife, his elevated feelings, his resignation are admirable, I thank God and I admire to see him in such feelings, he is a strong soul, who will not fail to save himself, God be blessed!

I must acknowledge receipt of your letters of Nov. 1861 and June 1862, plus the letters of 1860 which reached me this summer. I have letters from all my brothers and sisters, God has kept them and everything has reached me safely. I sent you a few lines by sea in May, I hope they have reached you, although there is nothing important in this letter. You will

have seen that nothing new has happened for us, we are still in the same position, without freedom and also without serious persecutions, the government continuing its system of closing its eyes to what concerns us and consequently serious matters have little chance of being raised. There are always local vexations either from relatives, some more hateful mandarins, or from more daring and greedy satellites, or finally from relatives or villages where our Christians are, and all this does us a lot of harm in all respects, sometimes even more than a small persecution would do, so the devil is always the enemy of men and does not rest but pursues them relentlessly.

In the midst of all this God has been pleased to send us some trials, despite the too large part that each one already has here usually, the increase has presented itself by the illnesses of several of our confreres. One of them is reduced to no longer rendering any service and always asks to be seriously treated; three others were taken by violent illness during their administration and remained more than a month without being able to do anything, not to mention the care that must be given to them, then one of them who arrived only two years ago was taken from us in the flower of his youth. Thus some Christian communities necessarily remained unvisited; such illnesses weaken singularly and often leave traces of their passage for a long time, it is a proverb for us that we must try not to lose our strength because if it is absolutely possible to preserve it, we can in no case hope to recover what would be lost, and experience proves it only too well; thus our dear brothers will find themselves less fit than in the past, and we must still share the work of the deceased. This is to prevent us from wallowing in idleness, if anyone could be tempted to do so. Moreover, God who always takes care of his children, allowed a brother to arrive safely in June, it is a great joy for us all and if this year he cannot render us any service, at least he is preparing and next year will be able to take his share of labors and relieve the community. Thus goes life, everything follows and renews itself around us, here are already many brothers that I see disappearing and to remind myself again of the great truths, I will go again soon to definitively entrust to the earth the remains of the one we have lost. As for me, I am still on my feet, not very robust, capable of little, it is true, but God has his designs, and his goodness doubtless expects me to be less badly disposed; let us abandon ourselves into the hands of his goodness which knows what suits us and will not fail us.

In the meantime I try to make myself useful in what I can. Last autumn I had to go again to visit our distant Christians and the protection of God visibly accompanied me there, so true is it that it is enough to let oneself be led by him to have the right to his favors. I was therefore able to return safe and sound. I found our good neophytes full of fervor and zeal. In the face of all miseries, they do not let themselves be discouraged and advance with a firm step; some localities even need to be moderated in their ardor, to avoid breaking windows; thus for example, since the publication of the burial ceremonies, all this southern part, takes it upon itself to do them publicly without worrying about the pagans. This has succeeded well in many places and has even procured conversions, but there are other places where the more turbulent people take the opportunity to attack the Christians.

There were on this subject various unhappy scenes and without the good spirit of some mandarins we would have had nasty affairs, but God has allowed that everything was arranged. It is very strange to see funeral processions parade in Korea with the cross at the head, each one holding a candle and reciting psalms out loud, without worrying about the crowd of pagans who come running to satisfy their curiosity. Generally, pagans from distant regions have found our ceremonies serious and beautiful, and have even said that Christian burials are better than theirs. But it is to be feared that this will have bad consequences. What can be done? It is recognized that there one cannot deceive the world and practice in secret; therefore Christians prefer to do things openly and on a grand scale. There would perhaps be a middle ground, but is it so easy to get started? one must therefore try to stop the excesses and

put the rest in the hands of God; it is the same with the administration, it cannot be done incognito, I take some precautions so as not to have anything to reproach myself for, but in many places it is absolutely public, and God allows that nothing follows from it, except conversions, so why worry too much, especially since one cannot prevent it?

This time I pushed my steps two days further than last year, beyond a large mountain, which one hardly crosses in the deep snows, but providence, to clear the way for me, melted everything a few days before my arrival and I arrived quietly near our Christians; what a consolation for them and for me. In summary I saw almost all of them; despite their isolation and more than two hundred baptisms conferred during these three or four months of travel were compensation for the inevitable fatigues that one encounters there. Religion having penetrated into a new district, I was asked to go and make a visit there, it was a long day's journey from where I was, and I was to meet three confessions and a good number of catechumens. I went there, there were in fact near there more than 40 catechumens, not yet entirely ready, and I could only baptize seven, but the fervor redoubled there and we hope to have development there. A few months later the satellites of this district, attracted by the bait, seized two newly baptized, and delivering them to the mandarin they were, on refusal of apostasy, cruelly beaten; the grace of baptism was there, they held firm, and the mandarin resolved to push the matter, the governor was notified. The latter, doubtless remembering the current practice of government, but also fearing to compromise himself, an answer was openly given not to force them to apostatize by means of torture and sent a private letter in which he blamed the mandarin and forbade him to continue.

The Christians were therefore brought again to the bar of the mandarin who did everything to frighten them and obtain their apostasy, without however beating them much; on a new refusal, they were put back in prison; several times the same scene was repeated and always the same consistency, which greatly embarrassed the mandarin who was too advanced vis-à-vis the public and who had orders not to continue. He therefore told the satellites to leave the prison door ajar and not to watch, which was done; our Christians took good care not to flee, they remained in their place and despite the instigations of the low servants refused to leave. The mandarin, completely foiled, was obliged to send the chiefs of the satellites to tell them on his behalf to retire to their homes, but to take care not to fall into their fault again. The Christians, pretending to believe that it was a lie, replied that they had been imprisoned by the mandarin, and that if he had to set them free, he had to do it himself, that any other word was not worthy of faith, then refused to leave again. The whole city knew these details and there was only talk of the efforts made secretly by the mandarin to get rid of the Christian prisoners who refused to come out. The mandarin was quite ashamed of having the underdog and of being obliged to ask the victims to pardon him. Finally he sent a well-written document signed by his hand which proved the release of the prisoners purely and simply, and our Christians agreed to return home, without apostasy and truly victorious. We hope that this episode will not harm us and that this district will march; Pray to God for this end and also for our two confessors of the faith whose beginnings are so beautiful and so consoling. They are also free, but who knows if there will not be more miseries from the greedy satellites after a while.

These are not the only consolations that God grants us, but it is always through the cross. Until now three provinces had remained foreign to religion, but by a combination of circumstances and conversions, the good news was communicated there and today we have a few baptized in each. One of them among others has taken things seriously, a number of highly educated men have been admitted to baptism and are burning to make their parents and friends participants in their happiness. They did not hide and speak publicly about the religion of Jesus, a large number decided to embrace it, when the enemy of all good jealous of the successes of his triumphant excited on all sides the mandarins, the parents and friends of the

new Christians and there was a great uproar in many places; however, no one dared to make open persecution, the new Christians do not give up, the most persecuted emigrate and we are waiting to see what all will lead to. This scuffle can have very big consequences, we do not fear open persecution, it is not probable, but if things calm down we hope for a fairly large opening for the faith. The number of neophytes not being small, it was necessary to think of visiting them, despite the embarrassment and the press where we find ourselves, and the Apostolic Vicar has just made the decision to make this tour himself so as not to leave these new children without the sacraments in the midst of trials, I think that His Highness must have left at this time. Prayers are needed and the post will be well guarded.

In the other parts of the Mission, things are also going quite well; we also have the well-founded hope of making some conquests with certain people who are quite influential in the capital, and this would be a new opening. Grace blows where it wills; would you believe it? Because I myself find it hard to believe, I have been assured that the three daughters of the great persecuting minister of 1839 were instructed in religion and found it good and true; one of them, a widow and in a less difficult position, absolutely wants to practice, they say, and she has bought our prayer books. Let us wait until the end, but it seems that God does not entirely reject this poor people and that he has designs of mercy on them which will manifest themselves in a given time. Moreover, if the conversions are not very numerous, it is at least notorious that religion is more and more known and if this people refuses to embrace it, they will not be able to excuse themselves on ignorance, the Gospel being presented to them, the word of God will have had its accomplishment and justice will be avenged, in all therefore glory, honor and blessings to Jesus Savior of the world!

I stop because I have so many things on my hands that we must also take care of them. I do not speak to you of the pain that we feel from the position of the Sovereign Pontiff, and also of the scandal of seeing people who call themselves Catholics emit such ridiculous and shameless political principles, Pity! on such people! have we not arrived at these days of which Our divine Master spoke when he said *putas erit fides*. . . . However his Church will remain standing and our Holy Pontiff would be a martyr that God must not frighten us. The Bulgarians arrive in such circumstances, is it not capable of strengthening our faith.

I have been asked to translate into Korean the bull of definition of the Immaculate Conception to add to the collection in all languages that his Grace Mgr du Puy is making, I am happy to think that our little Korea will be represented in this Catholic work, I must send it this time under the protective wings of Mary Immaculate.

Pauline asks me to give to their house in Roye a life of their foundress Melle de Louvencourt, which is in my library; it is possible that this is so, but having lost my memory, I have no idea of it. It is up to you, my dear Parents, to see if it is there and if it is appropriate to give it, especially since it is undoubtedly attached to some other work in the same volume.

I believe I have said what I had to say for this time, it remains for me to ask you to recommend me to the people who want to keep interested in me, and to our good communities in union of prayers. I forget no one. A very special memory to the family of Benoit. No need to reiterate to you the assurance of my memory before God, you know my heart well enough, and it does not change. Your very respectful and obedient son.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

Since I wrote this letter, God has again called to him one of our colleagues, Mr. Landres, who arrived two years ago. I am returning from there after having performed the funeral ceremony, pray for him and also for the survivors, my God! how we are tested and how can we face everything?

I would gladly receive some copies of the mysteries of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, in black and in color, published by Basset in the *Année Chrétienne*, these images are

of medium size and that is what we need, because here we do not care for small images.
Please add a beautiful St. Theodore, and also my hairbrush, hard and solid but not too big.

59. September 1863. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very Dear Sister,

I do not know what I can say or write to you because my head is tired and I cannot, however, postpone this letter until another time without risking not writing to you, which certainly would not suit me and, I know it well, you as well. I begin by acknowledging receipt of an old letter from 1860 which has just done like the prodigal son, then another from 1861 or 1862 because it is undated. I see that God, calling our Adelaide elsewhere, has left you alone in the city of Roye to add to your efforts and works the merit of the sacrifice of separation; such is life and God allows it so that we detach ourselves from everything and do his work with more purity of intention. Therefore may his Holy Name be blessed! You are therefore installed in the house of Mr. Graval where I have so often been to see the good Abbé and his family, I will perhaps go and visit you there again, but it will be in a dream. I always hear people speak with joy of this country of Roye, when will I learn that there is much fervor, that the good God and the Holy Virgin are much loved there, and also that the lukewarm are coming closer in large numbers to their duties? That would be a very fine day for me; oh how there are good people who by delaying indefinitely will end up losing their soul, and will then have only vain regrets. Here we also have many people who postpone their conversion, they fear losing their property or their life, and retreat; however many others march on all considerations and courageously endure vexations that do not yield to a full-scale persecution.

All the newly evangelized places are undergoing very violent storms these years, and these being in great number, we have many miseries, our neophytes are holding firm but many are forced to emigrate and the half-converted people are very impressed by it. Oh how powerful the devil is still, and without his vexations what a great number of souls we would have collected these years; there is however a real good and we have the hope of seeing Christian communities forming in 3 provinces of the north. This year we are going to visit them, which had not yet happened, it is a big step but there are major difficulties there that only an extraordinary grace can smooth out. Elsewhere also things are going well and the South that I have visited again has given me much consolation, with more than two hundred baptisms, but we are still crying out the shortage of workers and business is necessarily languishing.

This spring again we lost a brother taken in the prime of life, and two others have suffered violent illnesses whose consequences are overwhelming us, what can we do? Since God allows it, our great time of rest will doubtless be brought forward. A new brother will arrive in June, but this year he will not be able to do anything, we must get by without him. Which will be very difficult. So pray hard for us and we will try to do everything. What grace have we received in the family? Our good Isidore is therefore a priest and filled with the desire to do well. To God all the glory! and my poor godson, I bless God for everything, it is sad, but it is even more consoling! And this year will we have the ceremony of the 13th of September. Here I will do it first and it will also have its charms. But we must leave you, kiss my two little nieces for me, tell them that I love them very much and that they are praying for me. You speak to me of the life of Madame de Louvencourt, I do not know what it is; arrange it with my mother, because I have lost my memory.

Farewell good sister, union of prayers as in the past, is it not so? and God helping everything will be fine, union of prayers also with your community and the other good souls, I hold it very dear.

All yours forever, your very affectionate brother.

+ Antoine, Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

Your portrait has arrived to me but it is dark? I recognize you well in it, but you should have been made less black. I have the collection and from time to time have family reunions in Korea.

Does the good Doctor Lecardé, whom I still think of, have the thought of putting his soul in order? I fear that he will be surprised and then have regrets, because I take a great interest in him.

60. September 1863. To his brother M. l'Abbé Isidore Daveluy.

My very dear Abbé,

Two letters from you have arrived this time and have been received with all the joy that you can imagine, one was again from dear St. Sulpice shortly before your ordination. It arrived too late to give me the official news, but I was in a position to suspect that Christmas would be the time of your ordination and therefore did not forget you before God. Let us give thanks to the Lord for the honor that he has deigned to give you, a completely free choice, the effect of his pure goodness, but above all we must try to faithfully respond to the intentions of the great master and to fulfill well the mission that he entrusts to us, Cui multum datum est
.....

Your second letter of June tells me both your destination and the trials you have passed through. In all I must bless the Lord, this illness will not have been useless to you, I am sure, you will have known how to make the most of it and especially the time spent with our dear Dean of Rue will have served as an apprenticeship for you. I know you are also very happy at the parish of St Jacques, you will have plenty of work there, and without harming your ministry you will be able to go and entertain our good parents frequently, it is a permission from God and a consolation for all. Courage then my very dear friend, let us faithfully follow the path traced by providence and we will not have to repent of it. Our dear Louis had barely settled down when God called him to him, it is sad and it is consoling, and we, when and how will we die? You may think that the sword will cut the thread of my days, not at all, it is even very likely that I will not have the grace of martyrdom. I recognize that I am not worthy of it and I admit that I have not often asked for it; but finally these times seem to have passed, unless some reaction comes as in China to plunge us back into blood; however we do not have freedom here, we avoid meetings and melee and consequently we go our own way. In the midst however of more or less frequent local vexations. Our state is therefore always the same, our works too, and our successes more or less on the same level as in the past. To complete this uniformity I have again visited our distant Christians in the South East and that was all my administration: the rest of the time was very busy, but other kinds of business, and in short I was only able to be at home during the great heat. Thus time and years pass without doing almost anything, but everything being in the order of Providence, it is enough. Despite this I am overloaded and cannot cope with everything. Also taking advantage of your stay in Amiens, I will not give you any details you can see my letter to our parents. I am very sensitive to the good memory of the various ecclesiastics of whom you speak to me. All this brings me back to St Riquier, and that memory has many charms, whatever some may say.

If you have the opportunity to meet them, tell them how much I was touched by it and the assurance of my remembrance. I do not know if I will be able to write to the Dean of Rue this time, but in any case it will only be postponed.

Farewell good friend, do the work of God worthily, that the souls entrusted to your care may bless the Lord for his choice and save yourselves by saving them, because the priest cannot save himself alone. Non alleviasti onus tuum, but God is good and do not fear.

All yours for life, your brother

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

61. October 1864. To his Parents.

My very honored Parents,

I begin this time with a short account of what happened near me during the course of this year, reserving the right to speak of the family at the end, so without further introduction I am in matters.

After having, as I believe I told you last year, rendered funeral honors to two of our colleagues whom God called to him one after the other in the space of four to five months, I had to set off almost immediately for the administration, time was pressing all the more since it was necessary to replace the deceased among the Christians and we are too few in number. Trusting in Providence which allows this overload, I began by going to the distant communities on the shores of the Sea of Japan, and which I was going to visit for the third time. You are not unaware of how much hope these new localities give us and the abundant harvest they have given since the death of the so regrettable Father Thomas, who for many years fertilized them with his laborious successes. I had myself transported there and our hopes not being disappointed, I was able to administer the sacraments to them with much consolation. This good people, coarse and completely new to religion, requires care and fatigue that we do not encounter elsewhere, it is dispersed over a vast area that each year extends further, and besides mixed almost everywhere with the pagans, it is more difficult to instruct, train and administer it, but its real good will means that we always obtain significant progress. Also almost everywhere we find satisfaction either for the oldest who are strengthening themselves, or for the numerous confreres who are recruited annually. The grace of God seems more widespread there than elsewhere and if the devil did not cause vexations, the progress would be even more notorious. Having already made this tour twice, I am known everywhere, my costume, my accompaniment are noticed by all, the different meeting places too, so that one cannot think of being hidden and this time especially my administration was done completely in public in most of the localities. From my first steps I come across a meeting place where two houses of Christians are located in the center of a large pagan village, all the dwellings adjoining and each time our meetings had been difficult and we tried to do it elsewhere without being able to succeed. The Christian who receives me at his house is like the head of the village and every day forty or fifty pagan subordinates come to see him. This time he took it upon himself to do things more simply and he declared in the village that having a distinguished guest to receive, no one should come to address him for so many days. Everyone suspected the affair, however no one showed up and we were very quiet for the sacraments. Further on the pagans of neighboring villages knowing that I was going to arrive, came to post themselves on the side of the road to look at me at leisure; in one district even the thing was so public, that during the few days that I stayed there; each morning the praetorians announced my movements to the mandarin and we talked about our affairs with him. He is a very good man who had no thought of harming us. In a certain place, where only one Christian house must gather the faithful from the surroundings, having no place to withdraw the Christians outside the room where the oratory is made, I said to the master of the house that he should ask the pagan neighbor to evacuate his house and lend it to the Christians for two days; he did so and the good pagan lent his house, which put us a little at ease. All these facts prove at least that if we were tolerated by the government we would not have the whole population against us, many would look favorably on us or at least indifferently. Several times also pagans came asking to see our ceremonies and on answering that this was not possible, they withdrew.

I met a catechumen of sixty-some years whose faith seemed admirable to me, and I had to say with Our Lord: *Non inveni tantam fidem in Israel*. Alone in a large pagan village, she had heard of religion and resolved to embrace it; being able to learn only in a village a little far from there, she still knew almost nothing, but abstained from superstitions, which attracted the malice and reproaches of her two sons and daughters-in-law. On this smallpox invaded the village and a great number of children succumbed; finally her five grandchildren were all attacked by it. The pagans here practice a thousand superstitions to save their children during this illness, also the sons and daughters-in-law of our old widow wanted to do as everyone else, but the old woman opposed it. If they prepared tables or food, she overturned everything and declared clearly that she would not suffer any of that in her house. The rumor spread throughout the village, everyone treating her as mad and everyone expected and threatened her to see the five little creatures perish. However the good old woman held firm, she prayed and prayed admirably; not yet knowing the Christian prayers her faith suggested them to her and in her simplicity she said only day and night: 'God of heaven see these little creatures, if they die, all the pagans will curse your name and say that your religion is not good, so keep them.' She repeated this refrain incessantly and bore with constancy the sarcasm and threats of the pagans. God granted her wishes, none of the five little children died, the whole country was astonished, people say to themselves that this religion is perhaps not so bad, and since that time her children without having yet decided to become Christians, no longer bother their mother, and we hope to have some conquests there. What admirable faith! and that before baptism, before having been able to learn almost anything.

Near there a new Christian living in comfort came to lose his mother. Until then he was little known to Christians in the city where he lives; he avoids superstitions and in order not to make a dangerous splash he spends the day with the Christians, to do the burial incognito at night. They gather in the evening with caution and despite this the pagans get wind of it and immediately a crowd of relatives and friends are gathered near the body of the deceased. The Christian could no longer hide without committing superstitions, he takes his part, declares aloud that he is Christian, that his mother was also and that she must be buried according to the rites of the Church, that the pagans must therefore withdraw, unless they wish to attend the burial with reverence and without disturbing the prayers. Everyone promises it, they are allowed to follow the funeral procession, they respectfully attend all the ceremonies and withdraw edified and without any noise.

In another city an almost similar event takes place. The mother of a new Christian dies, the Christians decide to remove the body during the night to bury it in secret, but at the moment when several were gathering, the pagan relatives and friends learn of it and rush with sticks on the few faithful who entered the house, where several were even injured. They did not know what to do; a few days passed and the pagan relatives did not bother to bury her; the whole city knew what had happened, it was expected that the pagans would bury the deceased, but seeing that they did not bother, public opinion was unleashed against them, saying that having prevented the Christians from rendering the funeral duties to the deceased, they should have taken care of it themselves. Cries, jeers, insults fell from all sides on the pagan relatives, to the point that for several days, they no longer dared to show themselves in public. The Christians, taking advantage of these circumstances, met again and performed the ceremony in good order. The second son of the deceased, hitherto an obstinate pagan, resolved that day to practice and I baptized him as I passed by.

Would you like another story of a burial? A new Christian holding an honorable position in a very populous place had gone far away to trade. During his absence his old father fell ill, the Christians of the surrounding area met to care for him and the illness having carried him off before the son could return, the first ceremonies were immediately performed to bury him and the body was properly laid out while awaiting the son's return for burial. The

pagans were very surprised by this charitable care, and many of the people who were childless gathered together to ask what this very charitable religion was and to show that they wanted to embrace it so that they too could have similar help in their last hour. The son returned, he was without fortune, but considering that all eyes were on him in this great country, he believed it was his duty, for the honour of religion, to bury him with pomp. He therefore invited a large number of Christians and on the appointed day, towards the evening, the procession set off on a march. It was preceded by the cross and followed by about two hundred lighted lanterns placed at the end of large pikes. The spectacle was magnificent, and all the Christians recited their prayers aloud in two choirs; the whole country came out to see this pomp, and some bad characters having been to warn the little mandarin who resides in this locality he came out himself to enjoy the spectacle and stopped those who wanted to disturb the ceremony by saying: let them honor their parents in their own way. Everything went very well and without tumult. But when the burial was over, many pagans wanted to chase the Christian from the place, he resisted them and held firm; about ten times there were secret meetings against him, they wanted to put him out by force, then appeal to the little mandarin, then to the great mandarin, nothing succeeded and he is still there today with a few catechumens and the hope of forming a small Christianity there.

Besides, it is not the only place where the reciprocal charity of Christians has excited admiration. Not far from there a nobleman very prominent in his region had just embraced religion, then considering that he could not practice well in this place all composed of his family, he thought of emigrating. The family had in vain made him the most beautiful proposals for his comfort and tranquility, he left with his wife and a young son and went to ask for hospitality from a Christian. Already quite old he fell ill shortly after and his wife too, during this long illness the Christians rendered him the most repugnant services with an admirable charity and constancy. Thereupon one of his allies came to visit him, also a nobleman distinguished in those parts and having stayed some time near him, he was beside himself seeing the continuous care of the Christians, a son he said would not do as much for his father: he asked what religion inspired such beautiful feelings, they showed him the books and while avowing his truth, he excused himself on his position in the world for not practicing it, but asked for prayers to teach them to his wife and his widowed daughter, who, he said, would not have the same impediments as him. They provided them for him and after the death of the two sick people, returning home, he began to preach to his wife and daughter, gave them prayers and went out to run the world as usual, for he never stayed at home. The wife and the widowed daughter, delighted to have found the true religion, devoted themselves to study and exercises of piety with uncommon fervor and mutually excited each other to assiduous practice, when after some time the mother said to her daughter: In the midst of the world it is difficult to practice all duties well, for me, held back by the bonds of marriage, I cannot leave my position, but you, widow, are free to act, I urge you to take the lead and retire to a monastery, to do things properly, and later if I become free I will go and join you there, and in the meantime I will do my best.

We see here the ignorance of these good people who had never seen any Christians or books, but only heard the depths of religion spoken from the mouth of our pagan. The young widow liked this advice and, bidding farewell to her mother, she left her father's house, went to a (Buddhist) monastery and began, according to custom, by having her hair shaved, then all day long she remained withdrawn and occupied in praying and meditating, and never cooperated in the superstitions in honor of Foé (Buddha) who is honored in these places. This was easily noticed and soon she was asked why she did not honor Foé, she replied that she had no other intention in coming than to obtain a calm and quiet place. From there the community of nuns was cold with her and she was made to understand that she would do well to retire; food also being refused to her, she began to beg in the villages in the manner of the

nuns, and in her travels she tried especially to meet Christians to receive alms from them more easily; but the opposite happened; unknown to all and dressed in the habit of a nun, she appeared near a house of Christians that she was strongly rejected and obliged to withdraw without anything. No longer holding on to her position, she remembers that her father learned religion from such a nobleman in such a village, it is very far away and yet she decides to go there begging to try to find a way to practice. The dangers of the road were great, a young person well made, dressed in the habit of a nun and traveling alone on the roads is very exposed to the insults of the libertines. She had only gone a short way when she was met in fact by some young men of this kind who happy with this good fortune, surround her and want to take her away; resistance was useless, fortunately not being far from her home, she declared her family powerful in these places, and the fear of a resounding vengeance made the poor beggar be released. What a torture this journey is; begging, seeking shelter, exposed to insults and then the length of the road, what a position for this young noble widow who had never left her house, nor had found herself face to face with an unknown man; her courage and constancy go above all and after many days and searches, she finally arrives at the village where the noble Christian was said to be. This village is very large, begging from door to door she gets her information and enters the nobleman's house asking for alms; her nun's habit makes her be pushed back, the more she insists on entering the women's apartment, the more they oppose her; she glimpses objects and books that she thinks are religious and asks to see them, she is pushed back by people raising their voices. At this moment the master of the house comes back home, seeing this nun arguing with the women of his house, he tells her to leave as soon as possible. Despairing and in tears, she said to him: If you knew who I am, you would not treat me like this, and in spite of this she refused to make herself known. Finally the summons were so clear that, unable to remain without speaking clearly, she declared her father, how she had learned religion from him, her various adventures and the purpose of her journey. From then on she was received as a friend and really began to learn religion, which she knew only imperfectly. All this happened four or five days before my arrival in this country, but unprepared she could not receive baptism. What joy finally for her after so much labor, what favor from God! after such heroic conduct can one not hope that she will become a fervent Christian and persevere in her resolution. I leave you to think if the story of this story causes me joy.

I went this time to many places where I had not yet been. One of them in particular was remarkable for its antecedents, it is an enormous village where we have had Christians for a certain number of years, but the pagans, who were fiercely opposed to religion, constantly vexed our neophytes; wanted to drive them out, even instigated several trials before the mandarin, so that they lived with great difficulty and always on the alert. Little by little, religion was made known to them and all the books of doctrine were shown to them, they came back from their prejudices and resolved to live in peace, both Christians and pagans, to the point that fifteen months ago it was decreed that anyone in the village who would still cause trouble on religious grounds would be driven out of the place. Lately a man given to gambling, wine and all that follows, came to make himself Christian, his uncle, one of the notables of the village and from then on one of the most bitter against us, wanted at first to dissuade him, but seeing his conduct now so regular and his constant fidelity to the duties of an honest man, he fell into admiration, admitted the truth of religion, repented of having formerly chased away some Christians and had them urged to return to the village, so that today all this place which through fear still refuses to practice, admits that our Holy religion is good.

Last autumn, an old man of the notables of the country and the first who had practiced there, came to die. The Christians assisted him until the end publicly and he recommended them to bury him with the ceremonies of the Church; Three of his sons are still

pagans and one especially ardent pagan or rather very timid, wanted to do superstitions. The Christians opposed it by saying that the body belonged to them and that they would take care of the burial alone; the dispute becoming very lively, the Christians assembled about thirty notables of the country all pagans and brought the case before them. Everything examined, they decided that the deceased having died Christian and having testified to wanting to be buried according to the rites of the Church, it was necessary to do so. And as the custom of the village is that in cases of burial everyone lends their assistance and comes to the aid of the family of the deceased, they circulated the order that everyone do it as for a deceased pagan while taking care not to disturb the order of the religious ceremonies, which was carried out. Everyone came to help and accompanied the body of the deceased, but the Christians led the ceremony and did it in accordance with the rules, publicly reciting the customary prayers without anyone disturbing them. The circumstances being therefore favorable and the number of practitioners having increased in this country, I was invited to go there and I accepted, my entry and stay were very public; the day after my arrival was a feast day for the village, two marriages were celebrated there and all the pagans were on their feet, going and coming from the wedding houses; passing opposite the house of the Christians, a large number stopped and asked if things were going well, then on an affirmative answer withdrew. I could not help laughing at it and on the other hand pitying these poor people who know everything, and held back by human considerations, do not want to set about honoring their Creator and saving themselves. Alas! the world is the same everywhere.

During four months of travel to this extreme I had no serious accident, and travelled quite peacefully. Once a band of bandits gathered in the street of a city and publicly resolved to take my baggage on the way, hoping to find good fortune there; but God watches over us; in this city lives a very powerful former praetorian and friend of the Christians, he learns of their resolution and immediately summons two or three of the most determined, strongly reprimands them with threats of punishment if they dare to do anything. None of them moved and the surroundings were visited in peace. Several recently evangelized places received me and presented me with quite a number of neophytes for baptism, in short the year provides us in these distant regions with 270 adult baptisms and gives hope for the future. I therefore returned joyful and without almost thinking of the fatigue which however was not small. But pressed by the work I had to immediately after my return, leave for another district to replace deceased colleagues.

I had been there for a relatively short time when I learned that there was trouble in the distant Christian lands of the South-East that I had visited a few days ago. Here is the occasion of these events: for some years now a new sect has been formed in this country of the South-East, taking like the Christians the name of servant of the master of Heaven, they say they worship the God of Heaven, have almost no worship and indulge in magic. Spreading a little from side to side, they were confused with the Christians but soon they had the good sense to distinguish themselves and as we are called the doctrine of the West, they gave themselves the name of the doctrine of the East (tong hak). Soon having become numerous enough, they overshadowed the government which towards the end of the winter had them seized, killed several leaders and treated severely all those who fell into its hands. The satellites released on all sides for this affair, took advantage of it to pillage Christian villages, and some bad subjects among the people followed their example; in certain places, the villages gathered in council also chased away the Christians and consequently, without there being any order on the part of the government, it was a real persecution, or many of our neophytes were dispersed and reduced to begging. Moreover, several Christians were taken by the satellites and led to the mandarin who, not daring to release them, were held in prison, or even beaten, but these cases were rare and little by little all were released and most at least, without apostasy, because I do not yet have all the desirable details on these facts. However,

the Christians of this part had much to suffer, until these last months, misery is at its height among them and driven from their villages, I do not know how we will be able to meet this time for the administration.

It is thus that everywhere the devil shows himself relentless, and if there is little enthusiasm on one side, some disastrous affair always comes to throw trouble there, what a heartbreak for the missionary! but let us adore the designs of God and try not to let ourselves be cast down, he will know how to draw his glory from this storm as from the others, confidence and prayers, I especially ask for yours for these poor last victims. I will not speak of the rest of my administration which has nothing very striking and besides I am in a hurry; but finally will we have peace or war, two words will make you know our current position.

The king died on the 12th moon of last year, having no children, a young prince of 12 or 13 years was adopted by Queen Tsio, a widow for a long time and she is regent of the kingdom. This queen is the daughter and niece of the two great persecutors of 1839 and loves us as cordially as her father and uncle, both deceased. Since her regency she has renewed all the luminaries of the kingdom and these dignitaries are all taken in the piek party, always hostile to religion; the party so always moderate is on the side for the moment. What conclusion can be drawn from all this? I do not know. In the 3rd moon, there was talk of seizing us and the council had decided it, then the order was revoked. This was happening at the time when I had gone to be with the Bishop of Capsus, and informed of the deliberations we had taken our measures and were ready to go to court, then it seems that the prince father of the new king, opposed these projects, finally since that time, it does not seem that they have too bad intentions and we hope to be at peace, however we cannot hide that if some affair arises, it must go quite far, given that among the great dignitaries, there are no longer any, so to speak, who must seek to extinguish the fire to pass very quietly. In all, it is God who directs hearts and events, so let us wait for what he has in store for us, without worry and think that he will deign to act for the good of his mission. So we are all on our way to administer as in the past, hoping to have peace.

Your very respectful son

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

62. October 7, 1864. To his brother M. l'Abbé Isidore Daveluy.

My very dear brother

Your last letter dated Amiens Feb. 63 brought me the news of your first attempts at ministry and filled me with joy. So here you are at work and more able than ever to honor God and save souls, what a beautiful vocation when we consider it in the light of faith. I thank God with you and with all our family, certain that all are honored to see you thus called by God to help souls. Everything you tell me in your letter about the dangers and dissipation into which it is so easy to let oneself be drawn is very true; the experienced directors are quite right to thus protect all the students of the sanctuary and experience makes me feel it with my finger. For it is especially in the position in which I find myself in these isolated regions that everything is to be feared, always on my feet, often among pagans, always giving and never receiving. Also I am very convinced that it is more difficult to do one's duty and one's salvation in the missions than anywhere else. And if it were not for the boundless goodness of our divine Master, there would really be reason to shudder. Always alone, what will become of one if one does not know how to have God as companion and friend; and when will I be able to acquire this science of not leaving our master and of letting myself be led entirely by him, I sigh, and sigh again. Fortunately God is good and Mary is my mother. You have more help, take advantage of it to support and strengthen yourselves so that even in the long run you do not fall into lukewarmness, the source of so many evils.

Last year, surprised by accidents I could only make a semblance of a retreat, this time I was lucky enough to make it quite complete near a colleague you saw in Paris, Mr. Ridel, and I hope that we will both be comforted by it. The time for journeys has already arrived; last year I had to work more than ever to replace deceased colleagues, besides my long journey to the South East happily accomplished and filled with many consolations, I had to turn around to the West and spend several months there to provide the sacraments to our Christians without a priest. God allowed that my strength was sufficient for everything, it is marvelous; strength multiplies according to needs and we do more than we would have thought possible. According to this I was able to advance our other works very little, but it is God's order and it is good.

The devil is very strong around here. Our Christians are good, but do you think there is no misery? That would be to know very little of man, and especially of man raised as a pagan; read the epistles of St. Paul and you will understand that there is evil everywhere. These same epistles will show you, as well as the acts of the Apostles, the seditions raised almost everywhere where the name of Jesus was preached; it is a picture of what is happening to us here in almost all the villages of our new communities, the neophytes are attacked, they argue, they want to chase them away and sometimes they are chased away. It is very painful both for them and for us, but warned by the predictions of our Master we hope not to let ourselves be discouraged and to comfort the weak hearts of our Christians. And what would it be like if persecution arose again, which could well take place, let us adore in silence, we cannot penetrate the designs of God. I will not give you any details here, being very close to our parents you will be able to see what I write to them, no need to repeat it here.

I recommend to you in everything a great fidelity and simplicity in following the orders of your ecclesiastical Superiors. This is the true way to bear fruit, devote yourself to study as much as your occupations and your health will allow, idleness is a terrible enemy. Pray a lot for the souls entrusted to you, and also for me who sees an urgent need for it.

Farewell, in your moments of leisure, go see our good parents, your ministry will not suffer, this is due to their great age, try to console and support their old age. Recall me to the memory of all those who still want to think of me, I do not forget my old companions. Your

Curé of St Jacques is you say Mr Boullenger, but I knew three or four, which one is it? Would it not be Mr Norbert Boullenger my old neighbor of class and study, recall me to him and speak to me about it in detail. I have finished, let us be united by prayer in the hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Your affectionate brother
+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

63. October 10, 1864. To his Parents.

My very dear Parents,

My stories having filled the large sheet, I add here a few words that will be like our family confidences. I received in ordinary times the packet of letters that you were kind enough to send me in February 1863, this time we had many letters lost or delayed. I thank the good Lord very much for having allowed this mail at least to reach me. I see in it the desolation of the whole family on the loss of my good aunt and godmother, how could my regrets not follow her, me to whom she was kind enough to show for so many years so much kindness and such special care; also her departure from this world made a very strong impression on me, she also leaves a great void for me, fortunately I know where she is and where she awaits us, I pray for her very often, but always with the thought that I would do much better to pray for myself.

God also wants to test us by my father's illness, I like to believe as we hope that this illness will not return, however I pray more than ever to the Lord for him and I ask him while helping my father for his greater good, to also consider the good of his many children, we will obtain it I have confidence. I bless the Lord for the way in which he knows how to arrange all things. I see by the letters of each one that everyone truly appreciates the care that you have taken of us for so many years, and also the benefit of the religious education that you have given us, all are in good shape, our wishes are therefore fulfilled, what thanksgivings to render; then the union of all my brothers and sisters seems to me very intimate and real; it will be, I hope, our treasure and the pledge of our salvation, as your heart must be rejoiced.

In the midst of so many hopeful trials, for me it is with happiness that I learn this news. Provided that this union does not one day come to be troubled by matters of interest, it is a moment that I dread. I do not intend anything to the affairs of this world, but if there were some means of preventing any discussion by some arrangement in advance I would dare to ask you to take this side. You will forgive me this sentence that the love of the union of all has let slip from my pen, the examples of every day are enough to justify my apprehensions which I hope will never be realized. I am well and yet it is quite clear that I will not live to old age; ah if I knew that everything is arranged on a footing that at the moment of my death leaves no room for any possible dissension, I would be even happier, but without experience of these affairs I cannot specify anything. I thank the Lord for what happened among the children of my aunt Joseph, here is the family entirely on its feet, it is a favor of this good aunt on her arrival near God. The Fosseux seem to beat a little cold and move away, however Aimé seems to me to want to continue the correspondence, and his letters in addition to the frank friendship that they testify give me a sensitive pleasure by the ensemble of calm and religious ideas, I was going to add elevated; I esteem him and love him more and more, he seems to me to be out of the ordinary; I only regret that he has a useless existence for all.

You tell me that the good Father Mollet wants to still think of me; what a sweet memory! If there is any occasion please give him the assurance of my respectful remembrance. Then also to the priest of St Leu whom I regret very much to know taken by serious illness; finally my friendships to the family of Benoit.

Receive once again Dear Parents the assurance of the sincere attachment and the respectful obedience of your son

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

64. October 1864. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My very Dear Sister,

Another year has passed and the time has come to give some signs of life to friends overseas. Your letter of Feb. 63 has reached me and I see with pleasure that despite the numerous losses that the family suffers one after the other, you know how to appreciate the many blessings that God bestows upon it every day. Ah, above all, let us not forget them because that would be the way to stop the source. After having preserved our parents in all branches until old age, should we not greatly thank the good Lord, and if it is painful to see this generation almost extinct, should we not expect and resign ourselves to seeing each one finally pay his tribute to nature, to take his place in a better and more sustainable world; and if some trials come upon us, let us be careful not to believe that God no longer takes care of us, let us allow ourselves to be led by his providence and if for the moment we do not see clearly, later everything will appear to us and we will all be convinced that we are very privileged by the Lord and spoiled children of the Holy Virgin; Let none of us doubt it, let none forget it especially in trials, painful moments or complaints arise more easily. I join you entirely in blessing God for everything that happens to our family, each one takes the road so as not to miss the appointment, no matter whether it is in a more or less brilliant position, let us go to the balance. The beautiful meeting of Bergicourt that I am told about, is it not delightful? As we are united, as we love each other, isn't that happiness, I am waiting this time for news of the famous meeting of 13 September, it is true that the voids will have made it less remarkable, however it will have had to tighten the bonds more and more, let us continue on this footing and we will be happy. We have obtained by prayer, let us continue by it and our hopes will not be disappointed. Here you are in Amiens, I thank the good Lord and also the works of piety which he allows you to occupy yourself with. It is such a beautiful vocation!

Here too we do not lack work, you have heard of the death of two of our confreres in a single year, we must replace them and it is for all an increase in work which health would do well without, but God has his designs; what is health? It is what God wants and nothing more; It has been 15 years since mine was ruined and his Providence allows me to still render some services, my body is heavier, I cannot walk, my intelligence is lost, despite this I do my small share of work and am not entirely a burden to the mission. Old carcasses are less exposed to bad air and the contagions that carry off young people, however my turn will come and God grant that I am prepared for it, because I am going backwards rather than forwards. Last winter I undertook another long journey, what a source of merit if all this were well endured for God. Ask him for me the love of suffering and the desire for the pure will of God, it would be a treasure and a pledge of salvation for me. How much good there would be to do if we could spend more time near Christians, but we are always in such a hurry that we hardly catch a glimpse of these good neophytes. From one end of the kingdom to the East, I had to run to the far West, and there again administer the Christians while always running, urgent matters await us. From the West I was going to spend a good bit of time in the Capital, and finally I returned to my Coadjutorial palace to pass the heat and advance the work always late and never finished. Thus life passes without us thinking about it, the years flow with a frightening speed, work is its salt and thank God this salt is not ready to fail us. Now again I am late, many works await, and yet I am about to leave, it will be for five or six months at the most, all calculations are wrong for me, things are never as I plan them, a thousand circumstances, accidents etc. come to disturb my forecasts, the best is to leave everything to grace.

Less agitated than me, pray for us both, recommend me also to your holy community that I do not forget before God. Thus the works of God are sustained. Goodbye, you will have some details about my life in my letter to our parents, I will not repeat them.

Your very affectionate brother

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

65. April 20, 1865. To his Parents.

My very honored Parents,

I take up my pen not to write a letter, time does not permit me, but to give a sign of life by the departure of the boat that will try to bring in some colleagues who are sent to us by sea. I finished a six-month administration this morning and was supposed to leave today for the Capital, the rain held me back, and in the midst of other embarrassments, I send you this insignificant greeting without knowing what to say or write, because I am stupefied with fatigue; the administration is like a storm where the waves beat you from all sides and relentlessly, every day I take my head in both hands to try to hold back the reason that would seem to want to escape and one can barely breathe. Three days must take me to the Capital and the preparations for the boat must be made there, not to mention some urgent business letters, all this must be done in four or five days, the time set for departure, and then I will probably do as I do every year on returning from the administration, we take the horizontal position and for a few days we do not leave it to try to dissipate the state of drunkenness in which we are. Little by little common sense returns and we get back to work again. This is not an exaggeration, but a simple statement of the facts, so do not be surprised by my brevity.

I received your letters of Nov. 1865 and May 1864, the whole family was represented there; including Duisans and Maguelines, but Etampes failed to show. I thank all those who were kind enough to give me a mark of good memory, but I am not replying to anyone. Impossible! It will be for the autumn if God permits. Because I have a huge amount of work for my summer.

We are at peace, there are as always vexations and imprisonments, but we are used to it, and everything ends up confirming us in the thought that the government does not want to crack down on us. The province of the west of the Capital and that of the North West, newly evangelized are strongly stirred, there is a lot of noise, but we are gaining ground and soon the footing will be firmly taken there, things are going well and the number of neophytes exceeds our hopes, it is a great blessing, pray to God that the momentum does not diminish. Recently neophytes came to the Capital and took away at one go a hundred catechisms for the new catechumens, it is prodigious for this country. Does God have designs of mercy on these provinces whose character is considered firm and stubborn? If religion takes hold there it will be well practiced and lasting; But we need cooperators, because we are too overloaded, and the bodies are not made of iron. Pray for all of us, that God preserves the health of the missionaries and allows the entry of new confreres. The last letters make me worry about my father's health, I always flatter myself however that God will preserve him for the good of all his children, and I pray to him especially for this intention without forgetting all the rest of the family.

I limit myself to these lines written in haste, they will not tell you much but will be a pledge of the respectful attachment that I maintain for you, and of the desire that I have to take advantage of the few opportunities that present themselves.

Your very respectful son.

+ Antoine Bishop of Acônes Coadjutor

66. October 14, 1865. To his sister Pauline Daveluy.

My dear Pauline,

Your old name has flowed from my pen, would it be wrong to leave it as it is? It is the one that always comes to my mind and it carries with it so many memories that I have difficulty changing it, it is all the same, you are a religious and you will remain so for the glory of God. I have just reread the two letters that I received from you this spring and I never cease to bless the Lord who against all expectations has led you to this place of retreat where you can work for his glory as well as for your sanctification, I am also pleased to know that everything is prospering in your establishments and that the pure spirit of the Holy Foundress lives again in her children. It is for me a pledge of the good that you will be able to do in this country that saw me born and which always retains my affections. Oh how I long to learn that you are drawing many hearts to the service of God to increase his glory and to compensate for the floods of impiety that overflow from all sides. Continue to work through trials and one day we will have rest. I often envy the tranquility of your convents and so many daily means of sanctification that are presented there and I wonder if in the midst of my isolation and without any help there is a way to preserve oneself in the midst of trials, this is to tell you that we must ask God for patience and love of suffering, in order to be able to consummate the work of the Cross.

My life often seems to me comparable to the position of a ship carried away by the winds, without it being possible to make any maneuver, beaten and rebeaten by a continual and angry flood, thrown from one side or the other the days and nights, sometimes rush with such impetuosity that no thought finds its place, one must go forward almost without knowing what one is doing and after one or several months, the awakening makes itself felt, it is often too strong, one cannot think of oneself and the only consolation is that one knows one is at work that God desires to see accomplished. This year I only regained my spirit after eight or nine months, can one with this reassure oneself about salvation, and what means to stop the torrent of affairs always reborn and delayed. This is to tell you that we have not arrived at rest. Fortunately God allows the many occupations to have some good effects and the small mission in Korea is not doing too badly; this year again in the midst of many small miseries, all our Christians have been visited with fruit, gleaning among the pagans has had its small success and the number of adult baptisms exceeds 900, we are all surprised and joyful, it is little and it is a lot. The regions recently cleared and fertilized by two very difficult visits by the Apostolic Vicar are on the right track and are beginning to yield, conversions are taking place there in large numbers and already there would be enough to occupy a priest; but in the famine we are in, how can we place a priest there? It is true that divine goodness has just sent us four missionaries today busy studying the language, but with the exhaustion of several of our confreres and the illnesses of the others, the newcomers only replace the old ones and we are still just as hard up. Every year the number of Christians increases, the distances of the new Christian communities are great and the difficulties of administration are related to the distances, not to mention the trials that each new Christian community experiences. In short, we are always overwhelmed and yet we must bless the good Lord, that is to say to you that we need prayers, and that we must help ourselves to support the breath of God which strongly stirs the populations of two provinces and if the movement continues they will form in two or three years the most beautiful part of our mission. But above all pray that God preserves our Vicar Apostolic for us, because he would be irreplaceable in all respects. Now His Grace has been totally exhausted and tormented for two months by a bad fever whose attacks cannot be stopped, our worries are becoming very serious and the doctors do not hide theirs; I fear that before this letter reaches you, we will have tears to shed. Oh please and especially out of pity

for me, ask God to keep him for us for a long time to come, he is a man who cannot be replaced. I have said nothing and yet we must finish. Well, let us take our part, Farewell, very dear Sister, you will pray for us, as St. Therese did for the missionaries of her time, this will be our union, stronger and more solid than that of flesh and blood; we must love the Cross and the sufferings for which we must pray so that nature expires and is replaced by grace, it is a great work, but prayer obtains everything, so let's work! I commend myself to the prayers of your Holy communities that I try not to forget before God - always united we will be strong. Farewell dear Sister, it is with all my heart.

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

67. October 15, 1865. To his sister Adélaïde Daveluy.
St. Therese.

My dear Sister,

Today is a family celebration, how could I forget it, this day when every year we gathered to celebrate the three generations with our songs etc... Is there a meeting in Amiens, is it large? That is what I wonder and without having an answer I put my part in the bouquet and offer it directly by the hand of Mary to the good Lord who will deign I hope to answer my weak prayers.

Two letters from you dated Roye reached me this spring, how much joy they bring me! You are still working wholeheartedly to advance the service of God and your efforts are not entirely without success, that this thought rejoices me all the more since you are in the midst of a people for whom I cannot remain indifferent, it is not very warm nor very devout but it is not incapable of being moved either and I do not doubt that constant efforts will be followed by some success. Do not be discouraged therefore if the efforts are not as prompt as nature would desire, grace usually acts slowly but it always spreads when we do not put any obstacle in its way and our intentions are very pure; continue therefore to clear the field assigned to you by the father of the family, the time of the harvest will come. Recommend me to the prayers of your good community and also of the good inhabitants who are willing to still think of me.

To come to our little Korea, we have much to thank God for the blessings that he deigns to spread on this country, there are always trials and vexations. It is inevitable, but we have been able to visit all our Christians and without having seen anything remarkable there, in short things are not going badly, we would like more enthusiasm and fervor, but how can we obtain everything at once? The enthusiasm is hardly found for the moment except in two provinces, the West and the North West, there is real progress there, these are new regions for religion, but it is taking root there and all our neophytes seem not to fear persecution, they go with their heads held high and proselytize. This spring seven were taken by a bad mandarin, he asks for apostasy which is refused in terms as clear as brief. They are beaten, then asked if they will not surrender, all get up immediately laughing and remain firm in their confession. The big stick is brought into play and they are beaten violently - same constancy and all declare that such tortures are little things for people resolved to die rather than deny God. The defeated mandarin chased them out of his district. Then the Christians gave the word to their new brothers in the faith, not too far away, to meet on the appointed day before the governor of the province and ask for a reminder of the sentence. 40 or 50 were there and everywhere in the streets and inns they did not hide the reason for their coming, the frightened governor wanted to see only four or five of the principal ones, he put them in prison without any torture and three days later released them likewise; it was half victory for the Christians and the whole city had a little excitement which enabled them to make religion known to many pagans. But not satisfied with this half victory, they met again to go to the capital to appeal to the government and the Bishop of Capsus had great difficulty in preventing them from taking this step which should have broken the windows, he succeeded in the end. As a final end, these good people obtained from one of our hidden friends, very high placed, a letter for the persecuting mandarin and back in their country, they are no longer vexed and propagate the religion more beautifully.

As a result of this and the help of grace there are in all this western part many catechumens, all this summer they came frequently in groups of 5 to 10 to the capital to ask for baptism, now they are all 6 or 8 days' journey from the capital. They are firm and determined men. One of them, a goldsmith by profession, being asked by the mandarin for

some works, he replied that he could not do them now - And why can't you? It is because I am busy learning my catechism, my day of departure is already fixed to go with my companions to be baptized in the capital, I do not have time to devote myself to other occupations. The Praetorians wanted to seize and punish this brave man, but the mandarin said to leave him alone and he received baptism. In another city, a house was designated to hold meetings of catechumens, to study and to learn, the fact is public and the meetings numerous, is it not a marvelous thing? And this in Korea.

Such are our consolations and you will bless the Lord with us, but things are not everywhere on this footing and a thousand trials hinder us constantly. We will therefore continue to walk carrying the cross, ask God that I love him a little, to put fewer obstacles to his designs. I speak seriously, take him seriously and help me with your prayers. Ask also that God preserve our Apostolic Vicar exhausted to such a point that I fear to see him succumb this winter. Finally, Farewell. I do not forget you before God.

Your affectionate brother
+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

68. October 15, 1865. To his brother M. l'Abbé Isidore Daveluy.

My very Dear Brother,

Two letters from your hand have reached me and have brought me the satisfaction of knowing that you are quite busy in the service of the One you have taken for your inheritance. I bless the Lord for them and pray to him to grant you the help so necessary so as not to fail in the greatness of your vocation; the first years are often decisive, when one has taken a good footing, it is difficult to relax, so remember constantly that one must not go too fast, but ensure one's steps and that under the pretext of zeal it is easy to do oneself considerable harm. Everything must be measured on the orders of Providence that attentive vigilance does not fail to unravel and recognize.

I have told you confidentially what I thought I should communicate to you previously, and since you have received my letters I have nothing more to add, not having the thought of giving you consistent advice: You do not lack men of counsel to be able in all the circumstances of your life to put yourself in a position to act prudently and to avoid the traps of the enemy. I am therefore content to pray the Lord to bless the efforts that you make to win hearts for him.

I will not try to speak to you in detail about my position, placed at the door of the paternal house you will be able to see immediately the little that I say to our good parents, what I would add here would only be repetitions for you and I have less time than ever. – For eleven months I have not been able to catch my breath and rest my mind a little, absorbed by the various incessant affairs, I call rest these days when I write a few letters but deep down it is still fatigue because my hand lends me its help with great regret; I intended to catch my breath for a few days, before returning to the administration and now an absolute exhaustion of the Bishop of Capsus forces me to go near His Grace and I fear very much that I have the last duties to fulfill with him, and from then on what will become of me? This thought is a thunderbolt that knocks me down. Ah pray a lot that God preserves him for us. The Mission needs him and all of us too, his loss would have incalculable consequences especially since we are expanding and have hope of pushing our religious influence far enough, but for that the mission must be on solid foundations that he alone can lay well. Remember me to our good priest Mr Boullenger and recommend me to his prayers. I do not forget you before God. Without failing in the duties of your office, try to always be assiduous in going to bring some consolation to the isolation of our good parents, you will be able to do it easily by way of recreation and God far from reproaching you for these frequent visits will take it into account as an act of filial piety, replace me with them in their old age and I will make sure to take you into account also for this service that you render me.

Farewell,

Your sincere brother

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

69. October 16, 1865. To his Parents.

My very dear and very honored parents,

This spring I received two letters from your hand (Nov. 1863-May 1864) and with them the usual letters from the family, except that of Xavier which I did not have the pleasure of receiving. Some details about the fiftieth anniversary ceremony have come to excite my thanksgiving again for the favors with which the Lord fills our family. I see with happiness that everyone wants to do their duty and prepare for the great meeting; the union seems to me also very complete and this is the realization of one of my greatest wishes by the pledge of conservation and salvation that I like to maintain there, all the children grow up and if on the one hand these are serious worries, they seem to take a turn capable of giving us confidence and security, there are so many consolations and how could I be insensitive to them? On the other hand the good Lord allows a very sensitive trial in the infirmities of the old age of our good father, I think about it continually, pray without ceasing for this purpose and I dare sometimes flatter myself that God will grant him some relief; for the good of his children; this is all that I can do in my distance, but be assured dear parents that in this respect there will never be coldness on my part, I put this tribute of prayers among my principal duties, but duties to the accomplishment of which the heart pushes me without ceasing and never tires. My feelings, moreover, are not unknown to you, I am convinced of it, and if I have temporarily operated a separation so painful for the heart, it was to obey the voice of the Great King so worthy of our devotion; who directs us all, and with the assurance that he will one day know how to put an end to the separations, to reform the family on a new and more stable footing, and to allow a constant reunion whose joys and consolations are inexpressible to me. The same faith, the same hope has made you generously accept these merciful views of the Lord, a few more moments of waiting and there will be no more reason for any regret; this thought sustains us, you and me, and it will sustain us I hope until the end..... I continue to be very sensitive to the good memory of people who still want to think of me, that of Father Mollet is dear to me in many ways, Father Guichy is if I remember well one of my companions from Blamont, if you have the opportunity, please share with them my gratitude for this good memory and recommend to their good prayers the very difficult position in which the good Lord has placed me! Do the same please for the other people who are interested in me, and very particularly to Mr Pilot your current priest, my former teacher on several occasions and who was very fond of me, he too was a prophet at a certain time, but if he had told me that it would be necessary to go to the last degree, I would have done much better without doubt not to follow his prophetic inspirations, because the burden is too heavy.

From France let us go to Korea, to satisfy your just desire to know something of what surrounds me. In short, our year passed without anything very serious or significant, fairly complete administration, ordinary vexations without great brilliance, fatigue of all the missionaries, illnesses of three of them, but especially the current illness of the Apostolic Vicar totally exhausted by his too many works and whom I fear will be taken away from us before winter. Here is the bulletin: Baptism of adults since the last administration, 907 – Gratias Deo – Episode of four confreres who arrived near us and today are occupied with the study of the language, Deo Gratias.

- If we must now say something about your son, he has had nothing very special this time. Not having been in charge this time of the communities of the South-East, I am supposed to have had some relief. I therefore went to the plain of Naipo, formerly the nursery of Christianity and today containing about 4,000 Christians, a large number of whom live among the pagans. This country full of memories is hardly more than a vast marsh, a low country conquered from the sea, full of ponds and canals, cut in all directions by the natural

basins where the sea spreads during its flow. A very humid country and where spring water is very rare, one almost always drinks pond water, dirty and often infected; despite this this water is not considered harmful, one only has to get used to the taste; all the land is divided into rice fields and the houses built on the less low parts between these rice fields are frequently surrounded by water, houses and villages often form the effect of islands and islets. It was there that I spent the greater part of the six months of my administration, and there is work to be done, I assure you.

I had almost finished the administration of these parts, when suddenly I received the news of a fire at my house, what consoled me was that the fire did not take hold at my house, but at the neighbor's, moreover the fire was so rapid that in a few minutes there was nothing left but ashes, four houses had disappeared, only two small boxes were saved, but what is more deplorable, my indisposed female servant did not have time to withdraw and perished in the flames, my male servant was a month to recover from the injuries of the fire. All the furniture was consumed and by a special providence two precious works were subsequently removed from the ashes which had taken me a lot of time, one are oaths collected to push the affair of our martyrs, the other for the instruction of Christians, and both had no duplicate; burned only on the four sides, one can with work try to refill them and that is what I have already done for one of them in a few weeks of work. I wanted to do the same for the other, but could not find the time. According to this and despite quite regrettable losses, I console myself for this accident, God has permitted it -

Unable to return to this place, I found myself without a home and after having arranged some business with his Grace, I went back down to try to find a lodging for the summer in my marshes, when in the middle of my road I learned that the 4 brothers expected from the sea, instead of being taken to the capital according to the conventions, had just been disembarked in my district. I left immediately and met them one on top of the other in a small house on the edge of the sea, with all the baggage of the mission and theirs. Unable to move in this place, we left on three small boats carrying all the baggage, and having reached a large village, little by little in a month's time I was able to send everything to a safe haven.

As summer progressed I resumed my most urgent work, quite distraught I continued until these days when the letters for Europe forced me to interrupt. I am quite well except that my strength, memory and common sense have left me - this will soon force me to stop working, I would do it too badly. In the meantime let us thank God for the protection he grants us and the reinforcement he has sent us. It would soon be a great relief if everyone's strength were preserved, but this spring two colleagues caught by the common plague, only came out of it with not much strength left, and this autumn dysentery also knocked another colleague down, let us add the total exhaustion of the Apostolic Vicar. According to this, even if the 4 new ones were in a position to act, there would be little relief, but if we consider the extension that we are taking, we hardly remain at par. The grace of God blows in the Western and North-Western provinces, where religion was not known 4 or 5 years ago. Some small progress has led the Bishop of Capsus to make two visits there in the midst of many dangers, his labors and his prayers have borne fruit: these provinces are today strongly stirred, this spring His Grace gave 130 baptisms there, and during the summer many catechumens came frequently in groups of 5 to 10, to the capital to be baptized, without fearing the 5, 6, 8 days of distance that separated them from the pastor, they took many books each time and today there are more conversions than ever. They do not hide, everything is public, it is, they say, the only way to resist vexations; mistreated in the spring by a mandarin, they gathered 40 to 50 and went to ask for justice ostentatiously from the governor of the province; the latter, frightened of the consequences, admitted only 4 or 5 to the hearing, had them put in prison and three days later released without any punishment, they gathered again to go and ask for justice from the government and the Bishop of Capsus was barely able to stop them in this imprudent step,

but thanks to a letter of recommendation from a very high-ranking man, they are at peace at home and are making proselytes. There is life among them, but it is character, rather than exaltation and we hope a lot from their frank dispositions, does the good Lord have great designs of mercy on this part, this is what the sequel will show us.

In the meantime it is very consoling for us, except for the pain of not being enough in number to support these good dispositions. In a city and under the eyes of the mandarin a house has been designated to meet and study, everything is done there publicly, but can it last on this basis - this winter if we can visit this part, there will doubtless be a racket, because it is impossible to go there in secret. God will provide for everything. You see then that in the midst of the pains and contradictions the cross is gradually being planted. The prince, father of the young king, who alone has absolute authority for the moment, does not concern himself so far with us or the Christians, but how long will this last. He is also of a lively, cruel character, not sparing the people, and if ever he attacks the Christians he will do it in a big way, but we think that he will not do it. God keeps us, protects us and it often comes to my mind that God perhaps reserves for this small kingdom to obtain little by little religious freedom without the help of the Europeans, which would be much better and much more advantageous for the propagation of the Gospel. It is a dream, but will God not convert it into reality in a more or less long space of time, let us not despair, but I dare not hope to see it with my own eyes.

This winter will be hard to get through, the drought followed by floods, then great gales in the fall have ruined the harvests and the famine will be great, already a large number of poor people have nothing to eat, without even being able to find work, we fear the winter and especially the spring, moreover experience proves that times of famine are times of vexations for Christians, our poor neophytes being outlaws, the bad subjects and those who hunger rallies around them, fear less to attack them than the rest of the people. We will therefore probably have bad times, but God has his resources for everything and who knows if on the contrary some advantages will not come out of all this for the glory of God. Please pray a lot for us and all will be well. I also recommend our Mission and in particular the health of the Apostolic Vicar; to all the good souls and communities who are interested in us and in the glory of God, our position offers a vast field for the ardor of their zeal and a small effort can bring great fruits, without even speaking of freedom which would be a dazzling miracle. But a few choice graces, obtained by the prayers and good works of the faithful can easily open a great way to the Gospel in the provinces of which I spoke above, what more beautiful crusade could one propose.

I would have many things still to communicate to you, but time! alas. I am obliged to leave to go to be with his Grace who is sick and this setback will not lighten my already too numerous charges, too happy if I can see him restored to health. I will not forget you in my prayers, nor on the days of meeting, that is our family arsenal, ah may all be faithful to it and draw the graces of perseverance. I leave you with a new assurance of the deep respect and inviolable attachment with which I will always be your devoted son.

+ Antoine Bishop Coadjutor

I forgot to tell you that in May I sent a few lines by sea, did they reach you?

Hello to good Françoise, may she pray for me, I am still thinking of her. I received the good letter from Mr. Potigny. I do not know if I will be able to answer him this time, in case I cannot do so, please thank him for his letter and remember me in his memory and that of Eugénie

Letters to his aunt

IRFA Archive 5C-MAR/072 (Volume 6)

Transcribed by Didier t'Serstevens

1. Roye June 14, 1843.

My dear Aunt

Friday June 16 is the day set for the big journey and yet I am not going to go to Paris, what happened? Perhaps you already know, Abbé De Brandt abandoned me a few days ago telling me he could not be away at that time after having promised very formally. So here I am alone... I hesitated to leave too, but no one advised me to, I was made to understand that the journey alone would have no pleasure, would be without religious impressions and emotions and then my parents would have seen me regretfully leave alone for such a long journey. In short, I am not leaving anymore. I thanked the priest who was about to come and replace me for six weeks, I stopped everything and here I am in Roye instead of being in Rome – what a disappointment – it is the day of the sacrifice, we must not let ourselves be discouraged by that.

I do not know when I will go to see you, perhaps it will be soon. The affairs of the parish require a journey, I hope to make it and then I will see you for a few moments: but the time is neither fixed nor determinable at the moment. Perhaps it will be when we least expect it... And then I do not know what will happen for the holidays, I was counting on taking them immediately – my plans are made, I do not know how all this will be arranged. It seems that my mother plans to spend the month of September in Bergicourt, will you be in Paris, Magny, Duisans? I do not know: will your sons have a more or less long leave? same uncertainty; all this will be known if I go to see you - believe me, if I can I will not miss the opportunity. Yesterday Madame Baudalet and Madame Delivoy passed through Roye, I did not expect it at all, so they could not meet me and the car after having parked a few minutes on the square left; my servant was able to give news of me because she said that I was on an errand and that she could not find me.

Farewell My dear aunt please pray God to console me, I was too happy; the sacrifice had to be asked and I hope that everything will go to the Glory of God.

A thousand affectionate things to my Uncle and to all those around you. While waiting for me to tell you again in person, believe in the respectful and very sincere attachment of your nephew and godson.

A. Daveluy Priest

2. February 11, 1844

Brest

My very dear Uncle and my dear aunt,

I do not want to leave you in uncertainty about the way our little journey went - very well - very cheerfully. God came to our aid, very pleasantly because of our free position in the coupé, without suffering from the cold and without tumbling through the terrible hills that we have to pass. God sent us his good Angel to watch over us and he will do so again.

I will always remember the last moments that I spent in Paris, I will not forget that you were all there representing in this way my family and showing me until the end this very lively attachment of which I have had such frequent proofs for so many years. They are sweet to the afflicted heart these memories that we find mixed with pain and then joy, when we think that they are the testimony of such sincere affection - yes it was very consoling to embrace all your family at the last moment. I found there all my cousins, childhood friends as dear as brothers and we will meet, at the foot of the altars first, then elsewhere again, where I hope no one will be missing. No member of my family was there, it is true, but they were united with those whom circumstances had been able to bring together and in my memory it is something that will unite the three families even more; the sixth of February, the day of separation becomes a

Editor's note: here is a page missing.

from here below his faithful servants, may he lavish consolation on the one who sacrifices something to him. Yes he makes me happy in circumstances where men barely understand our sacrifice. May this encourage us all in the service of God. He is good, very good, I would almost say too good while we have so much trouble and disappointments in the service of men.

Farewell. I wanted to give you some details about my journey. Not being able to, I am sending you a letter to my parents that I am also writing in haste. You can read it and send it to them.

Farewell My very dear uncle, and my dear aunt, farewell to all the family who are in Paris, pray for us, you will never be forgotten by your very devoted nephew

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

3. July 11, 1844.

Ceylon

To Madame Joseph Dubois rue des petites Ecuries 41 Paris

You have had news of me quite often from my good parents, my dear aunt. Today I had the good thought of sending you a few lines. You have, I have no doubt, often directed your thoughts to the places where you thought you would meet me, I was very united in these moments with the good memory that you had of me and it was for me all the more frequent since at sea there is not much subject of habitual distraction. And then when already for a long time one has been very calm, very comfortable, a slightly rough sea, an unwelcome rolling suddenly comes to more or less disturb the head or the stomach and from then on incapable of studying, one must glide, look at the sea, pass the time, but in these moments the first thoughts turn to the past; on France, on the places where my days passed and where I left such affectionate relatives - you must judge by this what the four or five months that have passed since leaving France have been like, a succession of days sometimes very good, sometimes less pleasant but never any persistent pain, never any real boredom. Moreover, since leaving the Bay of Biscay, magnificent weather has always accompanied us and consequently I have not had to endure any great suffering, far from it. If we are sometimes a little bored or tired of unpleasant society, the good Lord is willing to grant us flourishing health to prepare us for the work of the missions. One of the things that costs the missionary the most during these long journeys is the inaction to which he is condemned.

We would be so happy to work for the good Lord, there is so much consolation in speaking of the good Lord, in making him known, in working for his glory; often a moment of ministry compensates for a thousand pains. Here, nothing of the sort - However, far from murmuring, we must thank Providence which arranged for us at Bourbon a little ministry and much consolation. I will give the details to my family. Besides, now our crossings are no longer long, eighteen days were enough to get from Bourbon to Ceylon, from here to Pondicherry twenty-four hours, and the rest will be done in fortnights and this not without consolation because at each stopover of the ship we will meet colleagues of our Society, which will be very pleasant for us - Also, from Bourbon I consider the voyage as almost finished, we will only have to do two thousand and some hundred leagues, we are touching this land of Asia the object of our desires, we consider it, I consider myself there as on my own ground and all this makes the hours and days pass well - When you receive this letter perhaps we will be resting, or in any case it will not be far away; you will perhaps say that this rest must not last long; to be fair, I admit, but we do not count the work when we are on a mission, there are so many roses under the thorns that we do not hesitate to pick them. Besides, the details that the following will be able to teach you, will undoubtedly make you know that often we fear many more than there are; we imagine that we are always ill and very ill and this does not happen perhaps once a week, one could say once a month. So not only do not pity us, but do not worry in advance. If by chance something a little more distracting than usual happens, you will soon learn about it and it will only be one more reason to address a few prayers in my favor to the good God and to the Holy Virgin. I am quite certain of your support in any case, you always send some for me and those that you offer for the conversion of the infidels still fall back a little on us - This, my dear aunt, is what distance can never stop, I think about it often and you do not forget it. It is a great consolation in the midst of seas and infidel peoples to think of the generous and fervent support of all good souls. It will not be lacking on the side of your family, it is not even your grandchildren who will have learned to offer a prayer for the propagation of the faith. And your sons whom a long friendship has

united with the one who is today at the end of the world, will not think of him without also wanting to address some prayer at least to good Mary for a very good friend whose heart, they know well, will not change; the memories of the heart do not fade, they are kept very present in my memory, nevertheless I am happy, I am happy. Time passes quickly with the help of God, we get used to everything, we do not get frightened by trifles and from then on there is some joy everywhere and less pain than one might think. Please, by offering a friendly souvenir to the people around you who are interested in me, ask them for a little prayer, I am not talking about the parents, it goes without saying; but about the Duperrou Courtain, Rivage families, etc. ... If I wanted to extend the list it would be easy, do it for me, please.

Farewell, Dear aunt, the memory that I extend to so many people, does not harm, believe me, the very special one that I owe to your family in particular. I will not fail to do so, count on me and prayer will be able to compensate for what all my efforts could not, moreover, pay off. Please believe, by giving assurance to my uncle and cousins, that not the least part will be for you

Your nephew and godson

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

4. December 1844

Macao

I like to believe, my dear aunt, that you will have received a little letter to your address entrusted to the terrible element in I do not know what part of the world. Be that as it may, it was sent, delivered to the obliging care of our good mother and queen Mary and from then on if it has not arrived, it will arrive; it is my desire. Yours of the month of June, which I could not read without emotion and without recalling a thousand moments that the reunion of paradise alone will make us find again, reached me after a doubtless happy navigation. How good are the letters from people who are dear to you when one is at the end of the world. I read them, I reread them, my heart goes over them again and then I find consolation, happiness. I see details there about all those I love and whom I have left for a little while. You have always shown me, as well as my uncle, so much attachment, so much kindness, you know well that my heart has not remained insensitive to it and distance tightens all these ties far from breaking them; if you do not know it I can assure you. I am almost surprised; it seems that when far from one's dearest friends one must think about them a little less, not at all: the heart constantly brings you back to them; prayer is only done well in their union, their memory is never a distraction: loving them in God and for God one speaks to Him of those one loves and all life is as if wrapped in this sweet memory which has advantages for all in the eyes of faith.

The thought of France never urges me to return there, I was happy there, too happy perhaps, and God grant that this memory may be a consolation and not a temptation. So you can well believe it, no change for the heart. You can tell it to all your children, to those whom I could call my brothers of youth. If they believed me, if they called me their friend, they can say it again and I dare to believe that they have never thought of doubting it. Friendship breaks down distances, and the distant journey, by making the heart beat with the waves and the agitated waves, makes it like the rock of the ocean which remains forever unshakeable and does not vary. Oh! Oh! this is almost rhetoric! What do our young men of letters think of it? A little more and I would sow flowers that perhaps our young lover of beautiful nature would not disdain - let him come to this country and I will show him arid mountains that my foot frequently treads. In the middle of these humps of the universe he would see gorges all smiling, fertilized by the labors of the Chinese and watered by the limpid stream that escapes at the foot of the mountain and makes its dreamy babbling heard in these solitary places. The walker leaps, he rushes on the hillside, he climbs the mountain, suddenly he touches the summit and there he sees everything: the beautiful, the pretty, the arid, almost volcanic lands. This is the surroundings of Macao - a little of all kinds but nothing that could make one faint. Besides, this last effect is hardly desirable. To have all this view, one must cross the famous Chinese gate placed not far from the Portuguese city and formerly impassable - some beings still find that there are some dangers; it is false, arch-false. We go there every day of leave, we visit city, villages, rice fields, mountains, pagodas, and even the formidable forts that the authority itself shows us in detail after having offered us the cup of tea and the cigarette, to make us admire the incredible ease with which one can pass by the fortress without being exposed to its blows.

Yes, we are very quiet. Eight days after this expedition to the fort near the city, the mandarin commanding this fortress meets us and he invites us to go and see him from time to time, handshakes are exchanged, what frank friendship - it is said maliciously that the true cordial understanding is between France and China. You expect to hear wonders, in a letter from an apostolic missionary. Well, I have told my prowess. I am Gros-Jean as before. I have

kept the habit of getting up in the morning, meals and going to bed – and without having changed either skin or character, or occupation I am still me. In Macao as at the Seminary of the rue du Bac, always me and unfortunately I do not change, even in what should be reformed. Pray to God that he grants me his graces so that more faithful to his voice and more docile to all that he asks of me I can at least announce some good change, for my advancement and in the interest of all.

I will try again, for that I become an anchorite, a retreat will begin for me all alone - Oh he will suddenly become very holy. - Alas I have done well in my life, please God at least that I do this one well.

Farewell my dear aunt ask that I wait patiently for the day of departure, a day of joy and happiness. In the meantime however I do not die of sorrow, I do good blood, one can have fun everywhere, even with the absent; I take advantage of it; if later everything is not laughable, then so be it. In the meantime why rack your brains, if you would write to me give me some religious news by force, they give life. A thousand things to all, to my uncle, to my cousins, close, distant; to the Baudalet family, Laborde etc. to friends. There is still a corner of heaven, quickly I give it to you you do not have the worst place.

Your nephew

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

I reread this letter and, I am quite ashamed, I find nothing in it. No religious news, but I gave in the one addressed to my family the little that I was able to know in **** little corner and in the isolation where I live, I did not think to repeat them. I took up the pen to chat for a few moments and then writing so to speak in haste, I wrote what came; I am afraid I will never change. Finally please accept this letter as it is. With time perhaps it will improve. It will at least prove to you that I am thinking of you and for the rest you will take what you can in Amiens. And then, a serious mistake that I am just now aware of, the new year is about to begin and no wishes from me. To make up for it, I would like to load a ship with them, each one better than the last. In the absence of a ship, I am putting them on paper and believe that this little line contains for you all the best wishes that one can make.

Yours sincerely A. D.

5. August 27, 1845

Mont-sié near Chang-hai

A little word, my very dear Aunt, before leaving China, I know that it will be well received - You want to take so much part in what concerns me that you will participate in my happiness. You know the reason. I am leaving for Korea; I am truly confused, the good Lord spoils me, the good Virgin Mary is too good. I had this desire, it was for me a hope that the Holy Virgin maintained very gently in my heart, all the circumstances seemed to oppose it and yet, without showing anything to anyone I heard in the depths of my heart the sweet voice of Mary. She seemed to tell me that my desires would be granted. Now the good mother will complete her work, I have confidence in it. How happy I am!

I am leaving with the Apostolic Vicar and a Korean Deacon ordained by the Bishop in recent days will increase the number of priests who will attempt to enter this country of such difficult access. We are going by sea and we will certainly enter. How long will we stay there? God alone knows. But it matters little, if we can stay, there is an admirable harvest to be gathered. The blood of the martyrs has sprouted - If God allows us to be arrested, I hope to atone for much by some suffering and to obtain from God's mercy a small place at the top, and from my little corner I will not forget you and yours. But I am mistaken, I am reasoning on unlikely possibilities, it is the time to work and not to enjoy. So pray for me. If every day all the members of your family said a little word for me to the Holy Virgin, you would be doing a well-placed act of charity. And then do not forget our good Christians. Oh! If I knew the language in a few weeks I would relieve them, but it is necessary to learn the language before getting down to work. We are leaving on board the Raphael - This is the name given by our Koreans to their boat, the Bishop confirmed it - it is a happy idea on their part. This Holy Angel has protected them and will do so again - but above all we are flying the standard of Mary, star and mistress of the sea and from then on what could we fear!

Nothing new to tell you except my joy in this country, hearing the Chinese Christians sing their prayers. Here near Shanghai freedom is complete for them. Our Korean Deacon said his first Mass at the small Seminary eight or nine leagues from here and we heard the song of the Veni Creator performed quite well by these young Chinese. However it was not worth the songs of Paris. In the villages where there are enough Christians and when they are not too poor, a kind of house of God is built like this. There is a chapel enclosed in the buildings, a certain number of rooms all around to receive the Fathers. And a separate dwelling for Christian virgins who take care of the chapel and the house. I have seen several very suitable and quite large ones. In one there were twenty virgins because in China many young people consecrate their virginity to God and stay either with their parents or for the service of the Churches. For the ordination of our Korean, everything was full, more than full, it was a beautiful day for the Christians and for us.

Farewell dear aunt I am writing at random, excuse me, I am doing it simply but with all my heart. Thanks to my uncle for his frequent memory, very frank friendships to all the dear cousins and a thousand things to all those who are interested in me especially many prayers. Finally I have finished. All yours for life.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

6. October 1847

My very dear aunt,

If a few lines from your godson are not received by you without interest, imagine what my joy must have been when in the middle of a large packet of letters I recognized several sheets of your handwriting. Here for us Europe is as if buried, the family as if annihilated, and if by chance something from these distant countries reaches us, it is a moment of joy, of happiness that the pen could not describe. In the state we are in, we only have a possible opportunity once a year; last year our letters not having arrived at the borders in time, we received twenty months at a time. For my part about seventy letters which have given me and still give me lively impressions. How sweet it is for me to think that you and yours still preserve for me the friendship that several years of relations had made so strong. It is therefore true that religion has a superhuman force and empire. All possible distances separate us and yet we are often reunited, my thoughts very frequently turn to you; in the midst of miseries and worries a return to the past consoles and comforts me; especially at the foot of the altars I like to unite myself with all your family which is so dear to me and what joy when a new written testimony comes to tell me that down there hearts are still the same. It is an ocean, it is lands which separate us, but no matter the union exists, dear aunt, what a sweet thought. How many times above all my wishes have turned towards your sorrows and your worries. I have not forgotten for yours, nor for mine, that the establishment is a difficult thing and there especially I wanted to show your sons the friendship that I have kept so sincere. Many times I have prayed for this great affair, perhaps finished today, at least for Gustave, but I will not stop. God promises everything, but to perseverance. Besides I bless God, all the details that you give me console me and I have confidence that all, without having become like me scumbags, will be good Christians, is that not my friends? Here no more possible friends, I keep all those that I had in France, they do not abandon me; and then this sweet thought that the Holy Virgin is loved by you, by yours; speak to her often for me. I was going to say that the Holy Virgin is the loving side of religion, if the thought of the mystery of the Cross had not made me immediately place her in second place. However, we can say it is the mother of Paradise.

And then what can I tell you? That in Korea as in France, more than in France, we must fight to save ourselves: witness your poor nephew, witness all our Christians whose faith is alive, I believe, and yet whose works are often not very rich before God. Nothing new, moreover; for a year we have been as quiet as one can be on a volcano, trying to run and administer as long as the greyhounds are not after us and truly if there are no traitors among our sheep perhaps we will be able to remain hidden for a few more years. There are new brothers, but not a great number. How many pagans are waiting to convert for the era of freedom, some tell us, others, not knowing us, repeat it to our Christians. God grant that it will not be too late for them then. It's like in France they say: tomorrow I'll confess, today it's too difficult and tomorrow we're four feet under. When will this freedom come? Will it come in our lifetime? Only God knows. Pray all for this end. In the meantime we will do God's work in the shadows; if he gives us strength and health, we will have our little consolations, our little merits. May God grant that they erase both our big faults and our big miseries. Ah, especially when praying for Korea, don't forget the missionaries. Two months ago I had the pleasure of a meeting with the Bishop, this happens about once a year, God allowed these much-desired moments to be experienced, we stayed together for about a month and then now we have to wait until next summer. So there are fewer visits from friends here than in France!

Farewell my dear aunt, a thousand things to my uncle, my aunt Baudelot, Livoy family, Lapinelais cousins, Alfred, whom I thank warmly, if I had time I would write a letter

to tell him; also the Laborde, Courtin, Duperron, etc. that all pray for me if they love me, and others still, communities etc. etc. etc.

All yours dear aunt

Your nephew

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

7. September 1848.

My dear aunt,

I am doing my mail from Europe, it consists of a pile of letters more or less silly more or less absurd, where I have not been able to put anything interesting despite my desire, and in any case I am tired of writing and always nonsense.

I am also very afraid of overwhelming you with some heavy epistle but in any case I will prove to you that you are not forgotten.

I have searched in vain, nothing a little clean presents itself. I have detailed some trinkets to my brothers and sisters and then it is always the same thing. Imagine a vicar serving two or three parishes and going successively from one to the other, you will know about my living, with the difference that I serve about a hundred parishes, whether the road is north or south, it matters little; whether it is on the plain or in the mountains it is always a road, the only difference is that my straw shoes are perhaps not worth the pretty French shoes and that on the road I expend a little more sweat than the vicars of France - my costume is always the same, the big straw hat and the big grey cloth levite, that is my forte and I only take it off at the end. When I have to go through places where this costume is too suspect, I am forced to put on the gentleman's outfit and show my face to the light of day; this happens to me quite rarely, and in bad times I travel at night, just like thieves. I have visited all my Christians two and a half times so far, I know all the mountains in the area, every stone is known to me and as a result I am quite well known to the neighbors. People always ask who is the strange character who goes from mountain to mountain and whom no one sees, it is a problem that the smartest half guess, sometimes we are even accosted by slightly posh people who, according to custom, ask for the genealogy. We must willingly or unwillingly decline a few titles, I am in turn the father, uncle, brother or cousin of those who accompany me, my residence also changes according to the country, in a word, the talent is to tell the story well. During this time I hide my face as best I can and as a man in mourning who has nothing more to do in this world but to cry, I cannot speak so not arousing too much suspicion, but nevertheless these circumstances are a little difficult. So far these meetings have not yet had any bad consequences, sometimes my heart beats a little, other times I laugh under my breath, hoping that God will protect me.

You think that we meet saints everywhere and unfortunately this country is like France where everyone is sinning and where the chosen ones are not the majority. If we have good Christians, there are also some who are not worth much, man is man everywhere. We are here as elsewhere to comfort the weak, raise the fallen, bandage the wounded and even raise the dead. Fortunately faith is strong enough to make our remedies effective, and unbelief does not exist. Just pray that life is more in conformity with the principles of faith and you will have done many a service.

I received your letter from March -47, it passed alone by I don't know what contraband route, because the letters from my family are only from January. I read Théophile's little note with happiness and I pray God to arrange the affairs of your two children well. Perhaps at the time I write, both of them are established. Besides, I did not wait for this moment to remember them before God, it is the bread of each day that I ask for them.

Farewell my dear aunt, pray well for me, that God gives me a little practical faith and generosity in his service. Please remember me to my Uncle, of all my cousins, cousins and friends. I understand them here in globo but in the heart they are very particularly written.

Your very devoted nephew

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

8. September 21, 1849

My very dear Aunt,

This date, if I am not mistaken, is that of the day when, reunited with my family in the little house of Bergicourt, we had to say goodbye and give ourselves the great rendezvous of Eternity, it was six years ago if I am not mistaken and then I was no longer allowed to see anyone but my godmother, in other words, second mother. That is to say that all these memories are not yet erased from my heart. They do disappear sometimes. And when one finds oneself absorbed by the ministry and the journeys these impressions do disappear for a time, France, the family, all that only comes at the time of prayer and Holy Mass. But it must also be said that at this time they never fail to come, it is the first article of the memento. To say that you and your family are part of it is useless, that goes without saying. You always suppose that I am dead and yet I live, do not put me so soon among the Blessed, especially since it is very difficult to achieve this goal. Our years pass I do not know how, age advances, the term approaches and we are surprised to find ourselves always less and less prepared. Our years pass here as in France, I mean quickly and events follow one another. There is not a year where alerts or similar things do not put us on the alert and yet so far nothing very serious, we will be able to hold out a little longer in all likelihood.

A great event took place this year, it is the death of the king, this young debauched and inexperienced king of whom I spoke in my letters of previous years. He died as he deserved, eaten up by his debauchery and left, thank God, no regret in the hearts of his subjects. It is difficult to calculate now the consequences of this change nor to foresee what we will gain from it. We could not lose anything, the new king cannot be worse, the kingdom must gain from it. But for us, God alone knows if there will be advantage. We await the sequel praying the Lord to make the young king, aged eighteen or nineteen, favorable to our cause; it will be a complete change of ministry, perhaps of system, nothing clear. So your prayers also will be directed in this direction, may God only touch the heart of the prince and the subjects will follow without effort. In the midst of all this we have spun our knot quite peacefully, rolling the hump on the mountains as usual and giving the sacraments to men of good will.

In the meantime what is happening with you? How are affairs going spiritually and temporally? Your kind letters tell me each year and truly the letter of the month of March always has the happiness of slipping in and reaching me at the end of the year. I thank God for having granted a happy marriage to Gustave, but how to get to know this dear new cousin, here is a whole generation that I will not be able to know. At least hearts will not be cold and spiritual knowledge will take place, I hope.

You will have details by more extensive letters. I do not repeat the same things ten times. Please only assure the whole family residing in Paris including the most distant cousins of my affectionate memory. I beg prayers from all, for me and my sheep. My uncle will be kind enough to share with you the assurance of my respectful and inviolable attachment.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

9. September 1850

My very dear Aunt,

I received your kind letter last winter, enclosing a note from my uncle; it was with more joy than ever, both because of the circumstances (I was returning from the other world) and the important events of which it brought me news. May God be praised forever, he does not abandon those who place his trust in him, we have had a thousand proofs of this, and could the slightest doubt remain on this subject. In the midst of the dangers that you have run, very special protection was necessary so that no one close to you perished – and today where are you? Has tranquility been restored a little? That is what I do not know and what makes me very worried. Poor France! If I were still there perhaps I would be less peaceful than in this barbaric country – what is in store for you? In the midst of all this I bless God to see religion sustain itself and not lose. What will be its fate in France? Where is the sovereign Pontiff? All this is very close to my heart and does not leave me alone. In the family things are not going badly, your posterity is increasing and growing; what joy to learn that virtue is growing with everyone and that family traditions are preserved. In the midst of upheavals we feel more than ever the need to attach ourselves to God to put our conscience in order, in a word it is a unique specific to operate the frequentation of the sacraments and shake off lukewarmness; how good it would be to learn that all of France is fervent and serves God faithfully! Will this day come? Will there be, as some want to think, a regeneration? I dare not hope for it. And if by chance it were to take place in this country, what would you say?

We are in the meantime in the same position as before, with the fairly well-founded hope that the government will not concern itself with the Christians. That is already a lot. God allows this kind of tranquility, he will know how to draw his glory from it. As for freedom, there can hardly be any question of it. But it is already a lot that they do not persecute, there is new proof every day that many mandarins or people in high places do not go into the question of foreigners in depth. Far from seeking to know positively whether or not we are in the country, they fear to have the certainty and often cut short anything that could give an awakening. I have therefore lived this year like the others without great changes and without major events, except that a fatal illness has taken away much of my strength that I will recover with difficulty. All at the will of God.

There are some conversions, as in the past, but they are not counted in thousands, a certain number of pagans have also heard the good news, but are held back by human respect or the fear of losing themselves and their family. So no great news, nothing that could make you jump for joy. As for us, we are happy with the status quo, and we ask God to preserve it for a long time, for want of anything better. I always think of all the branches of the family and those who are their friends. This year we must count less that good aunt Baudelet who loved us all and to whom everyone was also attached, I paid her according to my strength a tribute of gratitude by offering the Holy Sacrifice as soon as I recovered from illness. I have no doubt that this loss was very sensitive to you and to my uncles. We console ourselves by thinking that the first to arrive at the goal will prepare the way for the others. A thousand compliments and friendships to whom it may concern – needless to repeat to you how attached your Abbé is to his uncle and his aunt.

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary.

10. October 17, 1851.

My very dear aunt

Three days ago I had the appointment for the Fosseux family, the three Thérèses then requested their turn and I do not forget that yours is in a few days. That is all the consolation that remains for us to think of each other, to pray for each other and for Christians it is not a small one. You always follow me with all your heart, you imagine the Abbé very serious, very austere; however it is not so, except for a few white hairs that have found their way onto my head and a face that is rather aged, they say, by fatigue and illness, I am always myself and not too serious, especially when meeting the Bishop, the only Frenchman who is also on this soil, we allow ourselves a few distractions and have no qualms about very jovial chats. Sometimes one has to have fun to compensate for the moments when one is alone. Besides, the Korean has a cheerful nature and loves jokes, so that with a certain number of Christians there is also a way to relax one's mind almost as one could do in a French countryside, for example in Buisans or Bergicourt. So you see that it is not quite death, there is a way to live more or less in these countries which seem so terrible to you and already six years gone by prove that God protects us, us and our Christians.

This time again I have nothing new to communicate to you, nothing serious or remarkable in our mission. A little internal agitation, a few great people devouring each other as everywhere, a few rumors of civil or internal war reduced to well-proven lies, that is the short, succinct and almost complete summary of the year which has just passed. As is also customary, a rumor was once spread that the greyhounds were set out after us, but my heart did not beat any faster, it is always the same song and the same nonsense, we will soon end up no longer believing in persecutions except when we see ourselves under the chain or the cangue. Besides, if you want to take me as an example, I will tell you that for ten months I was a perfect model of a hidden life, crossing at most the door of my room and barely that of the house. On my heels were a few children from 38 to 14 years old, striving to learn a few words of Latin and all getting by more or less badly thanks to the convenience of the place, their superior genius and also that of the teacher. I am currently making a little diversion near His Grace in a house with a beautiful garden and soon I must leave to resume my post. In exchange for this rest I have spent the year limping along but in the end I have not done a somersault, that is very clever of me. According to this I will not have to boast to you either of the vagabond journeys or the brilliant preaching, or the administration of many Christians, my ministry has been reduced to little, entirely applied to the young Koreans, the hope of their brothers - During this time others were running in the plains and the mountains and collecting as in the past, a few new Christians but not by the thousand.

From all this commerce I do not know if my soul has reaped any benefit. No better in this respect and when will it take place? It is high time to begin, since the hair is turning white. Help me and yours with your prayers. Send me a part of the superabundance of help that flows to your side and perhaps God will let Himself be touched and will touch my heart to make it what it should be. And I have not said anything about all those around you, whom I do not forget and who are willing to remember me. I have learned all the good and bad news and the loss of my good Aunt de Fosseux and the illnesses of several others. Long lines would add nothing to the consolation that you have drawn from the consideration of her good works and her life. I have prayed, I still pray every day for her as is my duty. I also had news of my dear Uncle, of the cousins whom I still love as much, but who perhaps take me as a model to delay and only become completely saints at the moment of death. Let us all think that time passes and that we often disappear from the world more quickly than we thought and then what to say of the Lapinelais, De Sivoy, de la Borde families, of this poor Mrs. Macron for

whom I often pray, without forgetting that there is a union with several communities, plus the Courtin and Duperron and Lacoingt families and then so many others whose names come up but that it is too long to write. Please tell everyone that I ask them to think more especially of my soul, I make my efforts to be useful to them but if first I were completely converted my efforts would perhaps be crowned with more success. One more good day to the Platel family and then it is over for this time. Farewell my good aunt, think of me and we will meet again somewhere one day.

All yours
A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

October 1852. My strength does not allow me to write to you again. I preferred to address a few lines to your children...

I have nothing to tell you in particular about the loss of my Uncle. His life edified us, his death can console us, in all it is faith that alone can come to our aid. I have paid and will pay again to my Uncle at the Holy Sacrifice the tribute of gratitude that I owe him, count on me on this point. You ask me for a few prayers for a good death, I offer you the union of a Pater and Ave every Sunday after communion. I have done it for many years with my good grandmother since she also went to receive her reward. I will continue for your intention if that pleases you. I will not forget the good Mr. Duperron either. The ranks are truly thinning. My regards to all the relatives and friends including Mrs. Foulon who is willing to think of me before God.

I often think of the de la Borde family and am happy to learn of their union with the de Livoy family. On this occasion, my regards to the two young spouses.

11. 16 September 1853

Anniversary of the martyrdom of Fr. André Korean priest

My very dear aunt,

I have just reread your last letters and I see how much God has been testing you for two or three years, I hope that these are tests of love and that everyone will find their profit in them. My good uncle has only seen the beginning of the pains, is it not a grace of God.

I often think of him before God, he was so attached to me and that combined with the predilection of my godmother, was I not a third son in the house, so I want to act for him as for a father. My thoughts also often turn to Alfred whom providence is testing so strongly, if I were in France I could meet him from time to time to console him, to strengthen him with this dear Céline. Fortunately you are there to do it and you will show them on my behalf how sensitive I am to their position, and how much I try to interest God in their favor, asking that they receive the pains as well as the favors from the hand of God with the thought that often they are a great way to prepare us for eternity. How everything changes in this world! If I reappeared among you, what voids, what changes! Would I also tell you about our changes and my pains.

After having left all my loved ones, the goodness of God asked me a few months ago for the greatest sacrifice perhaps that there was to be made in this world. You learned last year of the illness of Bishop Ferréol our Apostolic Vicar. After nine months of suffering he left this world on February 3rd. What a loss for our Mission so poor and so tested! what a blow for me in particular - You remember that from Macao associated with his Grace I accompanied him in the famous crossing to Korea, the persecution of 46 was spent in his company, seven years of work under his direction while we were alone in these parts, judge of the union, of the intimate friendship that must have been formed. It was necessary to separate, God asked it, may his will be done, but it is a very heavy blow to bear. I regret it more and more, I feel every day more how much I have lost, and in these regions what is there to replace him? Pray God I pray you for the repose of his soul and then for me.

After that nothing remarkable among us. The government has left us quite alone, it did not take notice of us, we were able to do as usual the administration of the Christians, and also to collect a certain number of new Christians. Their joy, their happiness is ours and compensates for the few pains and works that we must undergo each year. But by what chance do you think I am a complete prisoner, barely able to see the light of the sun, doing the job of an owl that hides during the day? Oh! we are not there yet. It is true that one must keep hidden, disguise oneself, one does not have all the freedom possible, but when one must take a little rest, one chooses a quiet place, where the pagans do not come too often, one is then more or less free. If as a precaution one hardly makes excursions to the neighboring mountains, one can very freely go out into the courtyard or to the places near the house, one walks a little, one sees the harvesters from near or far, one talks with one and the other and there are indeed some small distractions. If you had seen me recreate myself with the good Christians of the village where I live, chat with them, have fun on the banks of the stream, take a few baths in a charming place prepared by nature and finished by our hands, you would really have enjoyed our joy; it was almost every day a family celebration; history, Korean songs, feast, everything is put into play and really full of salt. Have you had such beautiful things in your sumptuous capital, a true cavern of dark politics? We have had all the real recreations of the good old days, pipe music, flute etc. ... not to mention so many other things. It is delicious. Unfortunately the heat has been too strong and the drought too; in the

surroundings we will be able to gather something to eat, but in certain provinces there is nothing at all in the fields and the year will be very difficult.

Would you like a little more from me? My health is not great, but there is a way to live; by taking care of myself I can wait a long time for the big day unless God decides otherwise. I am not a friend of rice, I pass some around every day to sustain myself. The temptation to eat too much (?) never presents itself, which is very fortunate, so many others are lost through excesses of the mouth. But for a month and more I have been feasting on potatoes, they are really very good; unfortunately the little that the Christians grow for us (because elsewhere they do not take care of them) has completely failed this year, there is a terrible potato shortage. After having devoured the little that there was in this village I went begging in large Christian settlements eight or nine leagues from here, everything was used up. Today I am sending about fifteen leagues to get some dear potatoes and when everything is exhausted, I will have to go back to rice. This is how I live, sometimes lively, sometimes exhausted, one day calm and one day a little worried, having my alternatives like any man in this world. So there is still a way not to be too attached to the earth, to regard it as a place of exile and pilgrimage, and to raise one's thoughts to a better place, a place of constant rest. Let us try to think of it on both sides to meet there.

My friendly remembrance to all the family, then also to the other people who think of me such as Mr. Courtin, Duperron family, Mrs. Foulon etc. ...

Farewell very dear aunt, pray a lot for me, I need it more than you think, besides you will not have to deal with an ungrateful person. Your very affectionate nephew

A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

12. November 1, 1854

My very dear aunt

Although I am in a hurry, I cannot bring myself to let the mail go without a little word for you. It would be too painful for me to think of the pang in your heart that you will find yourself in when you learn that there is not a line addressed to you. I often share in my thoughts the pain that you may still be in today, however I dare to hope that all matters will have been arranged and that your situation will be a little less cruel. What can I say in the midst of all this except that we must take advantage of everything here below to prepare for ourselves a rich home in eternity. God tests those he loves, and although these trials are very bitter, I hope that he will know how to soften them for you and for the entire Platel family. Crosses are everywhere and without coming to Korea you have found some very heavy ones; I think about it sometimes when I have heaviness on my heart and I imagine that everyone must have their own; mine are perhaps light in comparison to many others who have not been to the ends of the earth. So consequently it is understood that we will ask God to bear them Christianly and to make us draw fruit from them.

But do you know my dear aunt that not long ago our charming government was kind enough to cut off my legs without realizing it; yes I am legless, that is to say that for a long time I used a sedan chair as a walking stick and I could by this means do my travelling more easily. Now by an edict descended from the throne of Korea these charming vehicles are prohibited and I find myself reduced to forming project after project to advise on the means of replacing my crutches. This is what I call persecution. You will laugh at such persecution, but if it is not worth what Saint Paul suffered, it may well have some merit for me; therefore I will take my legs in both hands and drag myself as best I can to the places I will have to administer. Wish me a good journey and remember that if from now on I fall it will be from less height than in the past, consequently there is no longer any danger to fear.

Now to prove to you that everything will go well I add that my administration began a few days ago and it was with a twenty league journey, but I made it mounted on a beautiful steed that everyone admired as I passed and it was a pleasure, now I go from mountain to mountain in the neighborhood and I see my good Christians happy also to find me again; they are still more or less what they were, and yet the number increases a little each year for the glory of God and the consolation of his workers. I do not know the number of adult baptisms that took place this year but it is still a few hundred and consequently we are not yet without fruit of salvation. There is much good to be done here, but we lack the means, I am not talking about financial means because until now we have lacked nothing, but capable men are rare among Christians and they are still bound by the merciless laws of this country, you will therefore come to our aid more than in the past and snatch from Providence some of these great graces that stir nations and shake peoples. We are waiting for this day to announce wonders to you and to have the name of God blessed in great measure. In the meantime we will always be united in prayer, we will help each other and we will be consoled.

Farewell my dear aunt, please remember me in the memory of all your family and those who are not far from you. I think a lot about everyone. May they please not forget me. A very special hello to the cousins, my heart is always there.

Your very devoted nephew

A Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

13. November 1855.

My dear little aunt

What has become of you for the past year in the midst of the tribulations that the good Lord has allowed to happen to you? Are you still with dear Céline or have you been able to arrange something? I am eager to know. Because last winter a few letters from my family did reach me but relying on you, I am not told about your family. Now your good letter which is certainly on its way will have arrived too late and our sea couriers having given carte blanche, nothing from you has reached me.

I console myself by thinking that whatever happens to you God will give you the grace to bear it generously and to take advantage of it for spiritual good. And then again our brave Théophile is settling down? How are all these things going when I see myself growing old by leaps and bounds. Everything will have a good outcome I hope but the lack of news leaves me with a void in my heart. I am not talking about so many other relatives or friends who are not far from you, this year the lack of letters leaves me in the deepest ignorance, however I often think of everyone before God and everything I learn about it interests me greatly. Why are correspondences so difficult! It seems that under our new Emperor things are getting back to the satisfaction of all good people. How happy this news makes me! France is still the same and can march at the head of nations, when will it fully play the beautiful role that belongs to it. I also learn that all good Christians are on the move and want to support the good that the pastors are doing. Oh how good and consoling it is to know so many faithful at work for the service of the great Father of the family, and I too in my little corner try to push the wheel. We are all united in the same goal and to arrive at the same place.

Pray and do much for me, because here things go very slowly and on a small scale, we are gleaners and even for my part I can only follow the harvesters from afar; always very busy, the work of a year is so little that I dare not write it. About two thousand confessions and a few baptisms, then in the intervals some work on linguistics or religious publications. It would be the business of a month for decent people, but for me it is the work of a very complete year and despite my efforts to run at full speed. Poor sir, what have you become? you will say. I have become an even more useless man than in the past, now judge from there if I am worthy of growing old bones. However, I will keep them as long as God wants to support me or employ me in something and the end will come when he commands.

No story to tell you, I do not know any; no tales or jokes I can no longer make. Don't expect anything more from me, I'm jaded about the work and old Antoine has no way of saying hello to you in passing, and very slowly. I'm two months behind on my usual duties, not to mention other business for three or four years that are waiting around me without ever being able to get to the agenda. The fault lies in my slowness, in my lack of means to deal with them as would be desirable. But in short, on that subject you would soon believe that I have an important portfolio near his Korean majesty. But to tell the truth I have not yet had an audience and I have only glimpsed his noble face once during a journey that I described in the past. So I am Gros-Jean as before and all my business is no less my duty and my burden.

Respect on one side, friendships on the other and then compliments everywhere to anyone who remembers me. I mention however Gustave and Théophile who are too close not to be united with you.

Farewell dear aunt, prayers, prayers, yes prayers, because the soul is even weaker than the body. I never forget you and am still your

Abbé A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary of the Foreign Missions

14. November 4, 1856

My very dear Aunt,

Are you waiting for news from Korea or do you think that I am freed from human miseries? In any case I flatter myself that you would like from time to time to think of me before God and help me to fulfill the designs that he has for me. My last letters were in the spring and the ship that took charge of them will have made known to all those who are interested in us that Providence has well protected us and granted us a benefit like no other. On the Thursday after Easter at daybreak, while I was saying my morning prayer, His Highness Bishop Berneux, our Apostolic Vicar, entered his house in the capital where I was waiting for him. To tell you of my joy, that of all Christendom, would not be an easy thing. For so long we have been asking God for this grace. The heart is full, happiness seems almost perfect. That is not all, he was able to bring us two confreres to relieve the mission and unite their efforts with ours. Everything happened without accident and all the baggage was able to reach us safely. Never have the clergy been so numerous in this poor country. Never could we have hoped so well; from this alone should we not conclude that God has designs of mercy on this country so long tried? I would not be short of words if I had to tell you all that we hope for from this happy entry. His Grace has moreover everything that is necessary for the good of the Mission without speaking of the very precious qualities that make him our good father and our friend. All is for the best, thanksgiving to God. But if we consider another point of view we will remember that we are in Korea.

It is true that we have spent a fairly quiet year, without great persecution. However, on several sides, Christians taken and imprisoned, some sent into exile, others not delivered and whose affairs may have consequences: this is what reminds us of the unsafe stay where we are and the little foundation that can be made on the future, if God ceased for a moment to cover us with his wings. In the midst of this we dare to hope for tranquility and the administration is begun on the usual footing. Would it not be said that on this earth one must always have some worries. In time of war one is more on one's guard, they say; we must therefore thank God for keeping us in suspense; only pray to him to allow us all to profit from these provisions of Providence and that in peace or in war we always work for the glory of God and our sanctification.

During the course of this year, I have been rather little in the administration, sedentary work has occupied me more, always however for the good and the success of our work. The year passed by, my strength did not increase but nothing serious tormented me. I led my little train and made myself useful as much as I could. I am still spending a few charming days with the Bishop at the moment, then will continue my work in the office during the winter. I have many years ahead of me if my superiors find it suitable and advantageous. I often think of your whole family scattered a little everywhere, I follow you in the little joy that you can have in the midst of many sorrows that God allows for his glory. After all, how long must the trial of this world last; the longest life is soon over and what does it matter how it goes on externally provided that we all reach the goal. Courage and confidence is the refrain of our countries and it must be yours too. Everyone has their part in the chalice of tribulations, is not the happiest the one who makes it his happiness.

I count a lot on your kindness to remind all our relatives of me. The Livoy and Laborde families are probably near you. – The Lapinelais family is probably still in Paris. Please present them with my affectionate compliments. I do not forget the good Mr. Courtin, full of days and merits also; the Duperron, Lacoingt, Foulon families and the others who are kind enough to take an interest in me are often at my memento. The Union of hearts is worth more than that of bodies: how consoling it is at the end of the world!.

Farewell dear Aunt, hugs to the dear Cousins, to the Platels that you perhaps still have at home, to the grandchildren if they know that I exist. Pray for me as I do so wholeheartedly for my dear Godmother.

Your very devoted nephew
A. Daveluy Apostolic Missionary

15. October 5, 1857.

My dearest Aunt and godmother,

Your dearest letter of last May had the good idea not to wander on the way and arrived very fortunately - Reading it was a moment of enjoyment for me because of all the details that you were kind enough to give me about the whole family, but at the same time it gave me proof that there is no need to come to Korea to have troubles and worries. This is the prerogative of this unfortunate fallen world, but let us also think with consolation that it is often the lot of God's friends. He tests us by this, wants to purify us, detach us from what must ruin us and how many times is our salvation not visibly secured by these circumstances so bitter to nature. The good news of all your children and grandchildren fills me with joy, some improvement for poor Alfred, the children growing in age and piety that does me good. But when will I learn that the whole family has reunited, putting aside the past and thinking only of strengthening the bonds of friendship and charity? May God hasten this happy moment so desirable in all respects.

You still think of me, dear aunt, and I am only too happy to tell you that our thoughts are often united. I would like to be able to put you in a position to follow my steps in more detail, but what can I tell you about me? absolutely nothing, my whole life is so trivial, monotonous that nothing interesting can relate to it. Finding ourselves somewhat relieved by the arrival of confreres, we thought that we had to take care of very urgent work for the good of the mission and it is to me that the Bishop wanted to entrust them as less new in this country. I have therefore spent all this year in office work. You may think that this does not suit me. On the contrary, it is perfect. No longer having my former youthful strength, I find myself better off with rest, I am, do not be alarmed, a young old man, fairly grey, to whom the long journeys, the noise and all the hubbub of administrations only half suit and I find myself very well in this new more peaceful position. And since the order of my superiors has called me to it, all is for the best. It is not that I must no longer administer the Christians: for a while I did not do it and that is all. Later also probably sedentary work will form a part of my task but what does it matter, provided that God's order is fulfilled and that the mission finds its fruit there.

So you will often follow me to my room - My apartment consists of two rooms quite high and well lit for the country. My altar, which also forms my wardrobe and my library is at my side, a carpet to sit on not to mention the mat, a small box that serves as a writing table when my knees are not doing this job - this is what is called a passable house in the provinces. God grant that it may be full of virtues and that the good smell may spread around to all the pagans, but alas!! Besides, I am a stranger to what is happening far away, you will only learn that our neighbor and his wife, pagans, have taken the bait and the husband already instructed is going to be baptized these days; then one of his cousins two *li* from here no longer holds back grace and is going to start practicing. That is for what surrounds me. Far away we have, they say, the same success as in the past, everything will go well because God is with us, and if everything does not shake, we can at least glean and as much as Providence allows that is all that is needed.

I would like to end without telling you about an unfortunate affair that overwhelms me and often makes me sad, but perhaps it would be considered wrong if I did not say a word about it. I am ashamed of it, confused. I dare not write it, forgive me, you and all those who know me. I am not the only one guilty - well since the day of the Annunciation this year I have been known under a new name. It was the sovereign Pontiff who designated it, so I am called the Bishop of Acônes coadjutor of Korea. But let us leave all that, you know well that I am and will always be your very devoted, very affectionate and very respectful nephew.

A. Daveluy coadjutor

I forget no one, a thousand friendships to all yours, then to Alfred, Lapinelais, to the Livoy, Laborde families etc. etc.

16. September 1858.

My dear little Aunt,

I do not know how these words flowed from my pen, is it by chance? I used to call you that. I cannot even remember it, but it is all the same. You will forgive me this expression which in no way diminishes the great affection I have for my godmother. I received, thank God, your letter of June, dated Duisaux and it was all the more pleasant to me because I saw you in the midst of this branch of your children whose life is so solitary and so withdrawn. I have had direct news of them through the kindness of my uncle who each year is kind enough to send me one or two letters. - I see from yours that despite many consolations you must still live in trials. It is very hard on nature. Would it not be a blessing from God? There are so many dangers in this world and so many things that drag you down that without trials you have difficulty turning your heart towards God. And this is what I seem to recognize around me, that man is therefore of little importance, or rather that he is therefore bad in himself. I always think a lot about the Platel family who have their great share of adversity, and will certainly acquire very great merits before God. The position of Théophile is also very painful and hurts my heart. He takes advantage of it, I have no doubt, to mourn his youth, and will find his profit in it. Truly when I think of all the pains that you must feel, it seems to me that my share of suffering is very light, although at times it seems a little heavy in my cowardice. In fact, I lack nothing and the heart is very relieved when we think that we leave no one behind us.

Let us pray for one another and God will grant us not to be too tested. - To tell the truth, I would still be, it seems to me, happy and satisfied, if it were not for the unfortunate ceremony of last year, for this one I cannot digest it, and it weighs terribly day and night. Formerly I had someone to turn to, and now I find myself as if without support. It is just like a shipwrecked man who is carried on a simple plank in the middle of the ocean, he does not know where to direct his course and has no one to call upon. Well! such is more or less my isolation since others have to address me in their difficulties. Moreover God has allowed our dear colleague Mr Maistre, the strongest of all in all respects, to be taken from us in a few days. All this weighs and falls on who you know. But it is all the same, you must not make yourself believe that God does not come to our aid, when nine of his ten fingers are turned solely towards us. He has done great things again in our favor, and without that where would we be? A bad affair which tended to make us lose our taste for rice, vanished we do not know how, and two or three others less serious also passed without bad consequences, do we not owe a candle at least, to the good Virgin. - Without having a general shock we have the consolation of seeing things going quite well everywhere, and some localities quite progressing.

Thus a new Christian community which in two years brings us more than twenty catechumens, an excellent man in two or three years gave us thirty or forty Christians and found a way by his strength of soul and his constancy to practice and to have his proselytes practice in the midst of the pagans and his relatives. They have taken the liberty that we do not want to give them and are very quiet for the moment. Also each year their village grows and increases noticeably. During my stay in Seoul, each day brought us one or more catechumens, once even one of our catechists called to preach to some families in the vicinity of the capital, returned in two days with a small collection of twelve people not counting the children, and the hope of adding seven or eight others shortly. Our Christian communities further away from the center of the Christians have multiplied a lot and make our tours less difficult, everywhere there is progress and we should be able to support the movement wherever it is felt, our small numbers do not allow us to do so. Work is pressing everywhere

and I have also had to abandon urgent work to get back into the countryside and visit our poor flock. So you see that we would be wrong to complain, grace is working on these people and the fruits will be felt, are we not the cause by our cowardice of the delays they experience. We are forced to say a little mea culpa.

Ah pray to God that above all he sanctifies the shepherds and from then on the number of sheep will increase in mass. This winter we will try to give the wheel a good push, all our brothers are well disposed, the attack will be harsh but the Makaloff tower or rather Malakoff, because I barely know its name, will it fall suddenly, the sequel will make it known, help us with your prayers and all your daily sacrifices, God will let himself be touched. If all our projects were realized things would be on track, but in these countries it is so difficult to attach one more ring here and there, patience above all is necessary. Goodbye dear Aunt, please present my respects and friendship to the Lapinelais, de Lyvois, Laborde, Tourtin, Foulon, Duperro families, I do not know if there are any members left near you. Théophile will probably not have a letter this year, time is lacking and not the heart. Good morning to your faithful servants. Finally, accept the assurance of my respectful attachment, it grows day by day, your godson and nephew

+ Antoine Bishop coadjutor

17. End of August 1859.

My very dear Aunt,

I have not had the pleasure of finding in the dispatches that arrived last January the little hello that you have been kind enough to grace me with until now and I think that it is the fault of the mail, which he will doubtless repair next winter. This is not the first time that some of our letters have been delayed and could it be otherwise when they must pass through many ships and hands.

Besides, this has not prevented me, as you well know, from thinking of you and yours. I have only been deprived of knowing what is happening in your family, each of those who write to me trusting in your kindness to let me know yourself usually what concerns your little circle. I like to presume however that nothing very extraordinary will have taken place there, you are doubtless still with our dear Céline whose position can hardly change and who enriches her crown every day by her patience, while her children give, I am told, much satisfaction to their masters. Alfred is also doubtless in Paris, Gustave is absorbed in his study and Théophile breathes the good air in the provinces. This is how I imagine this part of the family, and my thoughts follow them very often in the desire to be useful to them according to my power, and to help them to spend this life so short and so miserable in a Christian way to arrive at a better place. What I can do is very little, but good will not having changed, please believe that I neglect nothing of what we have agreed.

To tell you now what is happening to me is not an easy thing, for I hardly know myself. Having no fixed lodging for the moment and having no idea where my tent will one day be pitched, am I not supposed to be part of the corps of acrobatss, that is where I am, going from side to side to lend a hand where the need is most felt and in the intervals trying to push other works. But I have become too old and too heavy to carry myself everywhere, it will therefore be necessary to change bodies, which the future will perhaps realize. By the grace of God! I therefore went to do some traveling, which I did not do too badly, and along the way collected historical riches on our venerable martyrs. Then little by little I tried to string together everything I discover. And to tell the whole story in a word, I have been absent only six or seven months since last autumn. Then the heat approaching I chose a place to set up a flying camp and gathered a few Christians, I stuffed them with work all summer, to the point that neither they nor I could hold out any longer. Fortunately the most urgent having been done, I relaxed the instructions on both sides. And while they wonder how they survived the load, I also find that I am tired and hastily make my connection to leave one of these days and start again different kinds of life as they present themselves.

That is how time passes, it is lightning that furrows the clouds, and we hardly have the leisure to hear the little storms that rumble here and there. The past winter passed well indeed, but seven or eight affairs arose here and there would have taken us far away to another time. Now that no one wants to take care of us, everything has flowed smoothly. One mandarin refuses to receive the accusations against the Christians, another pretends not to hear what compromises them more, a third orders to leave them alone, and finally everything ends without too much misery. This is where we are at the moment and what gives us hope for tranquility; the vexations will doubtless be numerous, more perhaps than in the past, the big blows do not seem to be going to be dealt to us. Pray to God that he protects us and increases our little flock, all is not bad and with patience we hope to continue our little progress.

I am very sensitive to the good memory of the friends of the family and do not forget them before God. Please especially remember me in the memory of the family of Livoy,

Laborde, Lacoint, Courtin, Foulon, etc, unity is strength, and the union of prayers is the strength of souls.

Farewell dear aunt, one day we will be reunited for good, believe in the respectful attachment of your nephew and godson in the meantime.

+ Ant. Daveluy Coadjutor Bishop