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he was created Monsignor by the Pope, at the request of Archbishop Gross. In his eightieth year, yielding to the earnest solicitations of his nephew, Mgr. Desiree Mercier, a professor in the great University of Louvain, he retired to Belgium to receive that care and attention which his weight of years and labors made so necessary.

Mgr. Croquet breathed his last in his native home; but his heart remained to the end in Oregon, although for forty long years he never knew anything there but labor, poverty and privation.

In his letter to the *Sentinel*, Father Van der Heyden, who attended Mgr. Croquet's funeral, spoke of the honors paid to the humble American missionary, adding: "How great his devotion to the red-skinned parishioners of the Grand Ronde reservation was, they and his colleagues of the Western mission know best. In that devotion he never faltered; for, not more than six weeks ago, his nephew, Mgr. Mercier, the distinguished professor at the Louvain University and president of Pope Leo's College of Thomistic Philosophy, told me that whenever a visitor would ask his uncle about the Western missions and artlessly refer to the Indians as savages, quick as a flash would come the indignant reply: 'The Oregon Indians are not savages; they are civilized, as much so as anyone around here.'"

Many stories are told of his goodness and asceticism in the place which felt for so long the benediction of his presence, and where his name was the synonym for sanctity. An incident was related in Dr. Mulhane's article of two brother priests who, desiring to know something of Father Croquet's private life, made their way to his window at a late hour of the night, and by the light of a candle discovered him kneeling upon the bare ground, without fire or comforts of any kind in the large room; and, notwithstanding it was the dead of winter, his bed was a bundle of straw upon the ground, and his pillow a rock. Entering, they demanded that Father