

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Bishop Anouard, C. S. P., Letter from the Centre of the "Dark Continent." - III - Our "88. Leo XIII's Resolves Brought - Pastoral Visitation.

IV.

Dublin Irish Catholic.

And so, through all sorts of difficulties and perils, our steamer "Leo III," reached at last Banghi—that is, the gates of the rapids, which now barred our passage. Our Mission station of St. Paul's is three miles beyond this spot, higher up the river. The small pirogues can manage to pass the rapids, and so Father Gourdy was not long coming up with his tiny boat. On meeting me he told me of the narrow escape he had from getting too near the gridiron of his ferocious parishioners. Still, would you believe it, notwithstanding the dangers he had narrowly escaped, and the continual fears of which his very existence is made up, the good missionary was cheerful and happy, and spoke only of doing the journey over again. He was simply sublime, or sublimely simple, but did not suspect it.

My first visit was to the little cemetery where our beloved martyred brother is awaiting his glorious resurrection. I was inclined to pray to him rather than for him, for we love to think that he is in Heaven with the holy martyrs praying for the conversion of those savages for whom he laid down his life so courageously. Whilst I was praying there, another grave was being opened for a little orphan who had died the previous night. Now, whilst the grave-diggers were at their work, other men, watchmen armed with guns, were beating the wood all round the Mission in order to prevent a nocturnal attack from the Bondjos, always ready to seize human flesh, dead or alive. It was a truly mournful sight. These precautions are necessary. An armed patrol all round the Mission house and premises must put the cannibals off the scent that a burial is going to take place. They seize every opportunity to get a human prey. Not long ago a boy was fetching water at the spring close by the house. As he filled his pitcher he heard some Bondjos whispering to one another: "Gnamu" (meat). And looking around he saw the fellows aiming at him with their assegays. He gave the alarm, fired off his gun, and put the aggressors to flight. On another occasion one of the poor orphans of the Mission was killed at twenty yards from the house, but the Bondjos had no time to carry away his body. Isn't this a fearful life of ours? But do you not think that Almighty God has reserved special seats in Paradise for the Missionaries of the Bondjos? I think so, at all events. Such are our difficulties; yet, withal, the good work is progressing, and there is not a week where we cannot save some little creature or other from the flesh pot of those horrible cannibals. What a consolation for us to rescue these little ones from the horrible fate always impending over them!

But alas! our resources are not commensurate with the work to be done, or with the desire of our hearts. For this reason do I hope that every charitable and humane soul who comes to know of our work and wants to try to assist us in this most humanitarian enterprise. Yes, Christian charity will enable us to rescue the bodies of the little children, whilst we shall rescue their souls from sin and hell, and make them become children of God by holy baptism. Thus, by our united efforts, we shall deliver them from the double slavery of man and demon.

In the course of my last pastoral visitation I had the happiness to administer the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and fifty children, and at present a good many more are preparing for the same blessing. Since 1890 we have snatched over a thousand children from slavery and, therefore, from the butcher's block. Of this number about one-half died after receiving baptism. Those poor children had had to undergo such sufferings, and had been so awfully ill-treated before they came to us, that they were mere walking skeletons. In this case we can get the children for very little, as the price of a slave depends on his physical condition: "his flesh that he wanted in the market, not bones." Now, when these children see the care we bestow upon them in our orphanage, they are simply not pleased. They cannot understand how a free man can take such an interest in miserable slaves as they are. When once at home with the older orphans they show a charming simplicity. We speak to them of God, of the soul, of a heaven for the good, of a place of punishment for the wicked. By little and little they come to understand us; their hearts open to hope, they believe. Then, we tell them that to go to God in heaven after death we must be marked with the Precious Blood of Our Saviour who sends us to them. Soon they desire to "become friends of God"—they ask for baptism, especially after seeing a baptism of orphans, and their happiness is then truly great. Now, those who die after having been regenerated in the holy waters of baptism go straight to heaven, where they are our patrons, especially for the kind benefactors of the Mission, to whom they are mainly indebted for salvation. They pray for their companions, for us their fathers in God, and for the conversion of the poor blacks. Those, on the contrary, who continue to live, thanks to the care which is bestowed on them, become, or are destined to become the

founders of new Christian villages. For our great object is to multiply these as much as we can all around our great stations and along the lines of communication connecting the centres of our operations. Our work is not confined to our orphanages or missions. We do not neglect the country around us, that is the people around us who are not in a state of slavery—who are free. We are evangelizing a great many villages by means of our catechists, and great hopes are entertained for the near future. We work in this way: We appoint in all the chief centres catechists who are of great help to us. These are our orphans, long trained and well taught, and safe and sound Christians; they reside in the midst of the free people and teach all those who wish to come near them. They teach the catechism, prayers, etc., and prepare the way for the priests, who call regularly, examine, instruct, and win them gently to the faith. Such is our work—two-fold as you see; the orphanage for the redeemed slaves and the catechists in the villages for the free people, the adults. And, oh, how interesting both these works are! And how encouraging these poor creatures when once they begin to know us!

There is still another matter which, I think, will much interest the readers of the Irish Catholic; it is the question how we cater for all our orphans? Well, there is first the bill of fare. Happily the necessities of life are not very expensive out here for the natives; nor is the tailor's bill a very high one. The food stands us about three halfpence per head per day, say two pence on feast days; as for clothing, a yard of Manchester cotton fabric makes a suit of clothes for an orphan, for the sum of one shilling, or a little less. No great extravagance, you will say. Ah! but wait a while. When the bursar has to feed and clothe five or six hundred orphans you will understand that he is frightened when, on balancing his books, he finds the balance on the wrong side. The way we get our supplies is this: In the interior of the country money is useless; goods are the currency. There we order in Europe. The Procurator-General is our banker. He receives for our missions the annual sum allowed us by the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. We sent him our orders and he expedites the goods and pays the bills. If we overdraw our allowance for the year ending, the overdraft is taken from the following year's budget. We are not allowed to make debts and must stretch ourselves only to the length of the rug. Oh! how many more souls could be saved if we had the means! This is what breaks our hearts.

THE ARCHDEACON AND THE ABBOT.

H. F. Shortis in the "Easter Lily," St. John's, Nfld.

As far as I am aware yours is the pioneer-edition of an Easter Number in the city of St. John's, and, in accordance to your request I think I could not oblige your readers better than by contributing a little anecdote in connection with the late venerated and universally respected Archdeacon Forristal. It was my proud privilege to be on terms of the most intimate friendship with the deceased Churchman during the latter days of his life. During this friendship I had ample opportunities of studying the sterling qualities, both of heart and mind, which he possessed to an eminent degree. The very Rev. Wm. Forristal, while presenting a rough and rugged exterior to the superficial and casual observer, was endowed with qualities which endeared him to the hearts of all those who had the high privilege of coming into close contact with him. It is no mere metaphor to say of him that he was a rough diamond. He did not possess the polish, it is true, but, beneath his homely exterior, he possessed all the brilliancy of the cardinal virtues, as well as high scholastic attainments. He was a man whose heart and purse were always open to the wants of the needy and afflicted. He possessed an unbounded charity, and had the rare gift of effectually concealing the good he had performed in private. He was humble and unassuming, and though a gifted and polished scholar he never aspired to any higher character than that of a simple Irish priest. But to come to my story!

It will be remembered by the general public of St. John's that during the last years of the Archdeacon's life, he undertook an extended tour on the continent, and, of course, in undertaking this tour, his first step, after visiting the land of his nativity, was to the Eternal City—Rome—that centre of Catholicity—the home of the Popes—the land of the Caesars. As may be readily understood, the Archdeacon had the distinguished honor of being most cordially received by the Holy Father—the great Pontiff—Leo XIII. As a result of the high appreciation in which he was held by the distinguished Pontiff, he was given a mandate from the Holy Father's own hands, addressed in general terms to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and all clergy in touch with the Holy See, that he was to have free access to all sacred buildings, whether private or public, for the purpose of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In many places it was not necessary for the Archdeacon to produce this authority, but, as every intelligent Catholic is aware, there are certain places so hedged round by stern and inflexible discipline as to render it almost impossible for a stranger, no matter how exalted, to enter their precincts. One of these the Archdeacon ran against in the shape of a Monastery in the mountains

of Switzerland. Having been admitted to the presence of the Abbot, whom the Archdeacon described as a man of splendid physique and having a long, flowing, gray beard, the thought entered his mind that he would like to celebrate Mass in the venerable and historic edifice, which dated back to medieval times. Accordingly, the Archdeacon suggested to the Abbot that it would afford him extreme pleasure to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice amidst the historic surroundings. The Abbot, in the most courteous and affable manner, assured him that the rules and discipline of the institution were entirely adverse to strangers participating in their sacred offices. The Archdeacon, with that dry irony for which he was proverbial, remarked "that it did not apply to him"; and, on receiving the assurance that the rule was of general application, there was nothing left for the Archdeacon but to produce his authority. Immediately upon examining the document the learned Abbot became a model of politeness and humility, and, amidst the most profound assurance of his desire to accommodate him in every possible manner, most unhesitatingly acceded to his request. In fact, to use the words of the venerable Archdeacon himself, in his dry, Irish way, he assured me that "he didn't know but they took him to be a Cardinal." The Archdeacon himself was fond of relating this story to me, and he looked up on it as one of his greatest victories; and in finishing the recital he would say to me for personal, which he handed to me for personal, and which bore at its foot the sign manual of the illustrious and sainted Pontiff, Leo XIII.

THE UNDOING OF A BARON.

Received as a "Convert" From the Catholic Faith. He Proves to be Several Other Things.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

As a "convert" from the Roman Catholic Church to Episcopalianism, "Rev. Theodore O'Brien McDonald, Baron de Suard," has come to an untimely end. The Episcopalian have cast him out. The Rev. Theodore, General is our banker. He receives for our missions the annual sum allowed us by the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. We sent him our orders and he expedites the goods and pays the bills. If we overdraw our allowance for the year ending, the overdraft is taken from the following year's budget. We are not allowed to make debts and must stretch ourselves only to the length of the rug. Oh! how many more souls could be saved if we had the means! This is what breaks our hearts.

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ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

The religious movement inaugurated by St. Francis of Assisi has been described as "the greatest and purest religious impulse the world had known since the death of St. Paul." Mankind was captivated by St. Francis—"A life so purely selfless, so exquisitely gentle, so full of tenderest compassion, that it must ever remain one of the unsurpassed glories of Christianity." He became a power in the world because of his contempt of the world's maxims and his perfect renunciation of the world's goods and gifts. His only possession of earth was Lady Poverty, "widowed now," says Dante, "a thousand years and more." The greatest need of the world to-day is living examples of the evangelical counsels so perfectly followed by the Poor Man of Assisi. That need is realized even among those not of the household of the faith. "One trusts that in more than his own, wherever tenderness, courage, purity and humility and Christ like life are held in reverence, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women ready to echo St. Francis's prayer: 'Sweet St. Francis of Assisi! Would that he were here again!'" These words occur in a recent lecture by the Rev. W. H. Shaw on "Rome in the Middle Ages."

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panted with such use of his right arm and body as to bring the fearful descent immediately to the eye of the mind.

A shudder ran over the audience. The sobs of women were heard. Men felt uncomfortable. Men and women are living to-day who still feel the power of that illustration, uttered by lips long since cold.

WOULD BE CATHOLICS.

A Presbyterian teacher of high standing, intellectual, accomplished, and of considerable renown, said to me heartily that, in becoming a Catholic, I had taken the noblest and truest attitude a man could take, and that he wished he could do the same. A friend who has suffered much told me that he often went into the Catholic church—as it was open every day in the week—and simply sat there meditating. He knew nothing of Catholic prayers and could not pray; but he always came out feeling purer, better and stronger. A lady of Paritan descent wrote us that the Catholic Church was the only one she could ever join; yet that, if she ever found herself inclining that way, she would instantly buy and read all the books against the Catholic Church that she could obtain. This was another form of tribute to the strength of Catholicity.

So, too, was that of a most distinguished scientific man who said to me that for a year in his youth he had gone to early Mass every day without ever inquiring or learning anything about the service and sacrifice, but simply because it made him feel good. He now—still omitting to inquire—seems mildly at the Church; but, with a large experience of Protestant demoninations and pastors, he says: "I have known lots of Catholic priests, and they are the best men I ever knew."—George Parsons Lathrop.

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Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

GOUGH'S PERORATION.

A Climax by which the Famous Temperance Lecturer Thrilled His Hearers.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Many and many a day ago, on the then frontier line of the Valley of the Minnesota, in the at that time beautiful village of Mankato, word went out that Gough had been engaged by the local lyceum bureau to lecture on temperance. Gough came. He was received by a committee of men who had fought Indians and "seesh," swam rivers, spoiled the virgin forest, opened new soil, endured poverty, suffered hunger and never surrendered their belief in the right. They escorted him to the opera house and stage.

His speech was slow at first, gestures few, illustrations not many. The village toppers were out in force, and some more decent men for whom women were praying to give over the habit of drink. He told something of his own life, of the misery brought by drink, of the laws of self denial and self-sacrifice. He was intense at all times, and this intensity bore down upon the listeners until he had made them one with himself. Even the small village boy inclined to cat calls and gurgling whistles was silent, and there came through the sepulchral hall no sound but the raw cry of the winter wind from outside.

He made some slight comment on the condition of a drunkard's family—the want which came upon them, the loss of self respect. He described the degradation of spirit which rested with the habitual drinker, and how if that spirit was not destroyed mere signing of the pledge would not redeem. He pleaded for exercise of will power more potent in affecting reform than all the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers for a climax.

Suddenly he swung one arm high in the air and shouted:

"A drunkard and his fall to the depths of everlasting hell is like the man who climbs to the top of St. Peter's in Rome. He is on the very summit of the great dome, the blue sky above and the world far, far beneath. He looks down from his perch, and having nothing to grasp, to hold to, grows dizzy. "Everything is whirling now before him. His senses leave him. He is swooning. His feet slip. He is off the dome. He is in the air. He is falling. "Down! "Down! "Down! "To the earth beneath and the ruin of himself. "Thus descends the drunkard— "Down! Down! Down! "To the fires of hell and the ruin of his soul!"

The whole exclamation was accom-

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Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.



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