

PER
A-211

Fifth Year No. 8

QUEBEC

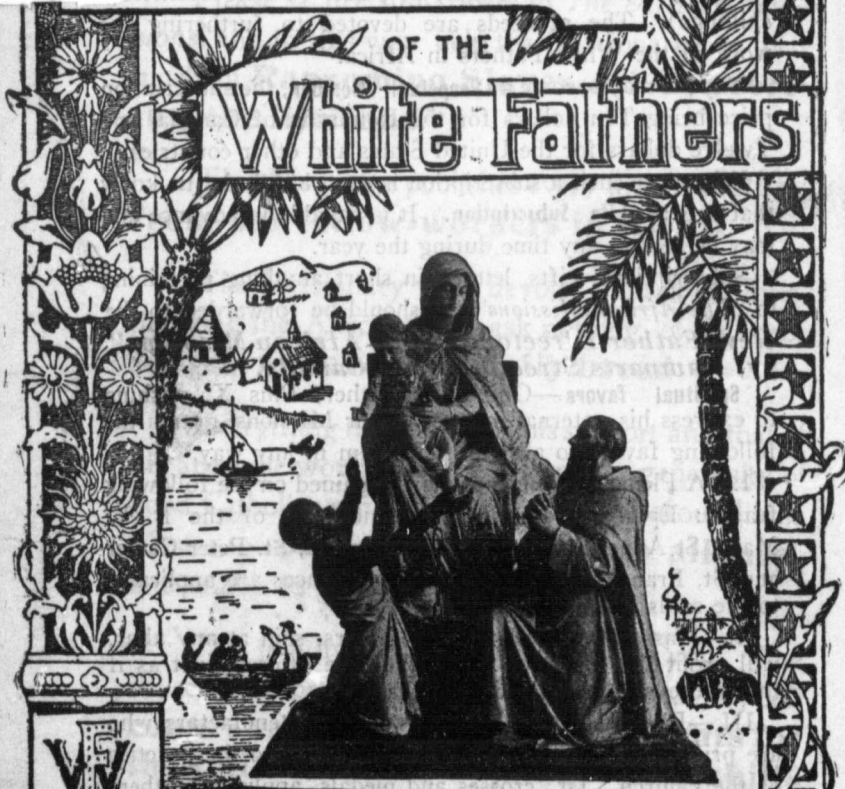
AUGUST 1913

PER
A-211

THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptrix of Slaves. • Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

November for all our deceased benefactors, subscribers and p...
 4—A Requiem High Mass will be said every year, in the month of
 and their spiritual wards.
 have a share in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries
 Benefactors and promoters as well as their families.

Table of Contents

Appeal.....	225
Kabylic.....	226
Father Michel Larbi.....	229
Letter to Ursulines of Quebec.....	237
Prefecture Apostolic of Ghardaia.....	241
French Soudan.....	248
Worth Knowing.....	255
Ransom of Slaves, gifts, etc.....	256

The Subscription price of "**The African Missions**" is 50 cents a year, (United States, 60 cents. Other countries 3 shillings). The proceeds are devoted to furthering the work of the White Fathers in Africa.

Anyone may become a **Perpetual Member**, the subscription price being Ten dollars for the Dominion of Canada, and Twelve dollars for the United States and other countries.

Whenever such a subscription is sent, kindly let us know that it is a **Life Subscription**. It is payable in advance and may be sent at any time during the year.

Subscriptions, gifts, letters, in short anything pertaining to "*The African Missions*" should be forwarded to the **Rev. Father Director of "The African Missions" 37, Ramparts Street, Quebec, Canada.**

Spiritual favors.—Our Holy Father, Pius X, wishing to express his paternal interest in our Missions, grants the following favors to all who help them in any way.

I.—A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on the following feasts: Epiphany, Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary, St Anne, St. Augustine, St Monica, St. Peter Claver and St. Francis Xavier. These Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

II.—Masses for deceased Benefactors, said at any altar, will profit the souls for which they are offered, just as if they were said at a Privileged altar.

III.—Power is given for five years, to Benefactors who are priests, to bless privately and according to the practice of the Church: 1st., crosses and medals, applying to them the Plenary Indulgence for the hour of death; 2nd. rosaries, applying to them the "Brigitine" Indulgences.

Other favors granted our subscribers

1.—Two Masses are said for them on the 7th and 15th of each month.

2.—A Third Mass is said on the 21st of each month for our zealous Promoters. Any person who sends us six new subscribers is a Promoter.

3.—Subscribers and Promoters, as well as their deceased, will have a share in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries and their spiritual wards.

4.—A Requiem High Mass will be said every year, in the month of November, for all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters.

PER
A-211
FS

Appeal !

Dear Reader,

Please secure subscribers to *The African Missions*, and in this way help the Missionaries in their work of **Ransoming Slaves** and **Converting the Africans**.

This Magazine publishes every month **letters from our fellow-workers in Africa**.

The Missionary who devotes himself to Christianizing the Africans can ask nothing of the poor savages, **not even his daily bread**.

Everything necessary for his support and that of his apostolic work must come from the generosity of good Catholics mindful of the command of our divine Master to **preach the Gospel to all men**, and unable to preach it themselves.

This is why we make this appeal to you. The subscription price to "*The African Missions*" is **50 cents** a year **for Canada**, and **60 cents for the United States**. Other countries, **3 shillings**.

In return for your charity, the Missionaries **will pray for you**.

THE FATHER DIRECTOR of *The African Missions*.



Fifth Year, No. 8:

QUEBEC

August 1913

Missicn of Kabylie.

Letter of Rev. Father L. Vidal to Rev. Father C bron.

Les Ouadhias, Feb. 14, 1913.

Very dear Father :—

Your kind letter and the two months' intentions reached me safely. Thank you with all my heart ! Thank you equally for your good prayers, and those that you obtained for us.

At Easter we will have the happiness of baptizing thirty persons. Among them are two good women more than sixty years old. "To teach them the catechism", some one said to me, "is like watering dry wood." Happily this was not true. The grace of God triumphs over all obstacles, and my two grandmothers give me much consolation.

Another of about forty years is animated with a great spirit of proselytism. She will be baptized at the same time as her four children, and her husband next year, as he is one year behind her in his instruction. One of the catechumens has three children already Christians, and has brought the fourth to us for baptism. He will be baptized himself at Christmas.

It is a great happiness that, through my knowledge of the language and the influence which my long connection with the mission gives me, I am able to talk freely of our holy religion. "No one can listen to you without weeping," said a rough old fellow to me. "One would wish never to have sinned," said another, "never to have given pain to *Sidna Aisa* and to *Lalla Mariam*." (1)

On January 8 I baptized, on her bed of suffering, a young woman ill of consumption. I wish you could have seen her joy when the holy water was poured on her forehead. "Now the good God is really my father," she said, "and I am really your sister." At times she suffers very much. I have given her a relic of the true cross, and when a complaint is wrested from her by her suffering, she puts it to her lips: "Pardon, my God", she says, "give me the patience which you showed on the cross." Her habitual ejaculation when her pain is at the worst is: "*FouDEM ik a Rebbi!* For love of you, O my God!"

I bring her Holy Communion almost every day. On arriving at the house I find her seated on her mat, her little daughter, two years old, beside her, and the two older ones, nine and ten years, on their knees; they are not yet baptized. The picture is charming in its simplicity.

One day one of these little ones was kneeling at the foot of a statue of Our Lady placed above the door of our chapel. She was asking of the Blessed Virgin the cure of her mother. That day, the poor sick woman had herself carried to the church; she wished to return Our Lord the numerous visits

(1) Kabyle names for Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

he had made her in her miserable hut. She had never entered the holy place, as we had instructed her in her own home. Seeing the tabernacle from which Our Lord was brought to her, she wished to draw near to it, and sinking down there, talked long to the Divine Master. I was present. The ardent faith of this neophyte brought the tears to my eyes. "My God", said she aloud, "if I had not my little children I would wish to die at once ; heaven is more beautiful than earth. But what will become of my daughters if I am not with them ?"

The good Maria Julia (for so I have named her) is not yet cured. She continues to suffer patiently, and to draw down blessings for our mission and our dear benefactors.

As I told you in a preceding letter, we have had a year of trouble. Just now, a man wasted by sickness brought me his five daughters, the eldest only fourteen years old. "I give them to you", he said to me, "instruct them. Their mother and myself wish only that they may be near you. You are truly the messengers of God."

May the Divine Providence continue to help us in our zeal for our dear Kabyles, and grant that we may soon have the consolation of seeing them all Christians !

P. L. VIDAL, W. F.





Father Michel Larbi.

(Continued)

From the time of his arrival in 1882, Father Michel Larbi had charge of the children and the care of the supplies. From that time on, under the different superiors who succeeded each other at Bou-Noh, his occupations hardly changed. He gave without stint, and until the very end, his time, his trouble and his meagre resources.

He watched with a jealous eye the lands and trees belonging to the Mission, and would not allow any Kabyle, even a Christian, to infringe on the rights of the Fathers. At the least injustice, his old African blood boiled within him. A Native once contested with the missionaries the ownership of an olive tree that Father Michel knew to have been bought by them, and threatened even to use force in gathering the fruit. Indignant, the Father, understanding that it was useless to waste time in discussion, rushed into the house, seized a loaded firearm, hurried back and planting himself at the foot of the tree, cried to the Kabyle: "I dare you to touch it!" If the man had felt himself in the right and had possessed a little spirit, he would not have hesitated to answer this challenge by a gun-shot, but intimidated by so much decision, and doubtless not very certain of his rights, he took to his heels and said no more about the olive tree in question.

Nocturnal expeditions did not frighten our missionary. If he found that the vegetables in the garden were being stolen, he asked a confrère to accompany him, and passed the

greater part of the night watching, crouched in the hollow of an old tree, to show the robbers that a guard was kept. He was once the victim of a robbery. Knowing the language perfectly, and being in constant touch with the natives, he was not slow in discovering the author. He wished to set fire to his house and his heaps of straw ! The Superior to whom he confided his project, had some difficulty in dissuading him.

He was always on the lookout to defend the supplies of the station, so much so that the Kabyles gave him the name of "Watch Dog of the Fathers." Every one knew, as we said before, that the least injustice made him indignant and that he made his indignation felt, but nobody was surprised at this violence of his character. "He is of our race," they said, "*d'asr'ar ennar* (of our wood)."

He brought an equal ardor to the defense of his faith. *Marabouts* and *khouans* excited his anger, and he did not spare them. It was unfortunate for those who ventured to attack him, or to reproach him for conversion to Christianity. "I know the Koran" he said to them, "and I know better than you what your Prophet has said and done. I am also familiar with your private life. Do you wish me to speak of it in public ?" Then, under his glowing, imaginative words, perfectly suited to the native mind, the arguments succeeded each other so rapidly, were so just, and the accusations struck so hard, that after one or two discussions, the marabouts no longer dared to measure swords with such a combatant, their prestige always receiving a rude shock. Once in particular, at the house of the Beni-Kouffi, he reduced a dozen to silence and covered them with confusion.

He discussed one day with a native a certain passage of the Koran which distinctly contradicted the natural law. Our man, confused at seeing exposed before the public such abomination in the sacred book, could find nothing to say except to deny the authenticity of the passage in question.

Father Michel threw his burnous on the ground, invited his contradictor to do the same and cried : "The two burnous belong to the one who is right !" The Kabyle accepted the challenge. At that moment a marabout came up who was renowned for his knowledge. Somebody stopped him and asked him to open the Koran at the place indicated and read the verse in dispute. "Impossible to deny it," said he, "the truth is with Father Michel." The latter seized the two burnous and carried them home, while his adversary returned to his house amid the taunts of those present. Needless to add, that the same evening the burnous was returned, the lesson being thought sufficient.

* * *

Father Michel was not only a strong foe of Islamism ; he was, above all, a zealous apostle of the Gospel. Who can tell the numberless journeys which he made through the villages in search of sick to care for, of little dying children to baptize ? A tireless walker, he traveled through the tribe in every direction, at the price of what fatigue God alone knows.

Thoroughly familiar with Sacred History, on which he gave each day a reading in Arabic, he interested the natives to the greatest degree by his Biblical recitals. "Being one day on a trip with him," wrote one of his former superiors, "we were obliged to pass the night in a village of the Flissas. After supper, Father Michel was asked to speak. He commenced with the creation of the world and went on to the deluge. At this point I fell asleep. The Kabyles still listened, but little by little they yielded to slumber. He spoke an hour longer. In the darkness he did not perceive the sleepers, but soon snores warned him to stop. He was then at the story of Joseph !"

His knowledge of the New Testament was most extensive. "I have heard him," says the same Father, "make a whole catechism in commenting on this word of the Gospel : "From the fruits one knows the tree." The faults and vices

of Mohammedanism were taken up one after the other, and continued for several sessions. Some days after, I said to him : "Well! are you still on the fruits of the tree?" "Yes," he answered, "I have been for a week, and have not finished yet!"

Speaking the Kabyle language to perfection, he sowed the good seed wherever the occasion presented itself. If he met on his way a well-disposed soul, he instructed it with particular care, not shrinking before any increase of work when he could promote the glory of God.

It has been rightly said : "There is no better sentinel than a rifleman." But from accounts of the vigilance of Father Michel, he was a real Turk,—"The Turk of the good God," as his last Superior called him. He watched every stranger who entered the village. If he saw one going too often to the Christian families, he intercepted him at once and made him understand, in unmistakable terms, that he had better stop his visits immediately.

Having learned that certain profligates had resolved to do some harm to the Sisters' house, and even wished to carry off one or two of their orphans, without saying anything to the religious to frighten them, he set himself on guard and passed part of the night watching, a gun in his hand. The ruffians must have gotten wind of this, as they did not appear, and very fortunately for them, as surely one or the other would have remained on the ground.

He who had guarded intact and pure the faith of his baptism, could not understand the least defection on the part of a neophyte, and would reproach him severely. He thought himself right. He knew the men of to-day very little, and the Christians of Beni-Ismaït were his children. Some found him too strict ; we must add, that these were not the most praiseworthy.

"Father Michel", wrote the Superior of Bou-Noh, "was always a man of rule ; the old "Turk" understood his duty and executed it exactly. He would not exempt himself from the common exercise unless very sick, and we have seen him, during the last days of his life, drag himself to the

chapel in spite of his intense sufferings, to perform with us his exercises of piety. He would not consent to keep his bed unless in great pain, and I have not known him to remain there more than one day. Nevertheless, as soon as he was able to leave his room he would at once take up his



A KABYLE FAMILY.

work. This was only three days before his death."

I have written the word "room", but the word "gourbi" would perhaps be more just, for our dear confrère had a great contempt for his ease. I do not think he ever made his bed ; in the evening, his last inspection over, his last acts of piety finished, he stretched himself on his hard pallet,

which he took no pains to make comfortable, and slept a light sleep, rising at the least unusual noise which penetrated his alert ear. The bed coverings, not removed at the time of rising, were still there at bedtime. The rest of the room was in keeping ; boxes of oil were mixed with sacks of Indian wheat, and plowshares from a Kabyle plough were found among his pairs of shoes. When any one was at a loss to know what to do with some object, it could always be left with Father Michel.

Under his slightly rough exterior he concealed a very tender heart, and knew how to appreciate the marks of esteem and affection that his confrères were happy to show him on many occasions. More than once tears were seen in his eyes. His sympathetic soul could not see any misfortune without trying to relieve it, and his slender purse was always open for any good work. How many Kabyles have had recourse to him ! We have even seen him despoil himself of his clothes to dress somebody poorer than he, and give up what little money remained to him, depriving himself of the necessaries of life to succor families in distress.

Among the Christians, there were few who had not at one time or another shared in his generosity. He was active in caring for the material interests confided to him, and more than one family owes to him the ease which it enjoys at the present time. The Mussulmans had complete trust in him, and on his death some hundreds of francs belonging to them were found in his care.

His humility was profound. Having a great horror of "I", he was never heard to speak of his work or of himself. Although his long experience of men and things well qualified him to give the missionaries lessons, he kept always a great reserve, deferring willingly to the wishes of others, even the youngest Brothers. When, last year, there was talk of ordaining him as sub-deacon, he hesitated **very much**, for in his humility he did not think himself worthy of such an honor.

In the community life he never forgot that he had priests for associates,, and showed them always the greatest res-

pect. "In one instance," we learn from one of those who had lived with him, "when he thought he had lacked moderation in a discussion, he came to my room, fell at my feet and, with tears in his eyes, asked pardon for his vehemence." Although tenacious of his ideas when he believed them just and reasonable, he would at once yield his will at the order or even the simple desire of his Superior, and none were more obedient than he.

Some very edifying pages could be written of his piety, in particular of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. We could also mention his great love for the Society, his filial affection for Card. Lavigerie and his respect for his superiors, but we must restrict ourselves and only speak of the last days of Father Michel.

Thirty years of hard work had undermined his robust health, and his hour of reward had come. Some days before the last retreat he was taken with a high fever, which kept him in his room a day or two. Being slightly better on the day of departure, his superior took him with the others, thinking it would benefit him to spend some days at the Sanatorium. But Father Michel would not hear of the Sanatorium. He made his retreat with the rest of the community, attending the exercises as punctually as his fever permitted him and at the end, believing he was sufficiently recovered, asked and obtained permission to return to Beni-Osmail. He could hardly drag himself along. In spite of the fever he still rose, followed all the pious exercises with the community, fulfilled his functions of catechist, and when he was able visited his dear olive trees. He did this for three weeks, but seemed to feel that his end was approaching, for in his last catechism lessons he spoke only of death.

On Rosary Sunday, October 1, he rose as usual and commenced his meditation with his confrères. He was to complete it in Heaven. One of the Fathers preparing before Mass to carry Holy Communion to a sick person, Father Michel rose to take the lantern and accompany the Blessed Sacrament. Hardly had he gotten outside the door when

he fell to the ground. The missionaries hastened to his assistance, and with the help of the Christians present, carried him to his room and laid him on his bed. The poor Father writhed in pain ; he tried to vomit, fell back exhausted and then remained immovable, covered with a cold sweat.

“I gave him absolution at that moment,” writes the Superior of the station. He then became a little quieter, and his confrères went to say their mass. I left him in the care of a child while I wrote a note to the doctor. The letter was not finished when the child came running to me, saying that Father Michel was in the death agony. I rushed to his side, but death had already done its work. The dear confrère gave up his soul to God without receiving Extreme Unction, he who feared nothing so much as dying without this sacrament.

“The news of his unexpected death produced much feeling in the tribe, where Father Michel was so popular. Numbers of Mussulmans came to see him for the last time and to “weep over him”. One of them, who had some difficulties with him, was inconsolable that he had not asked pardon before his death, and wished to pass the entire night near his mortal remains. A collection was made and a sufficient sum realized to celebrate a fortnight of *masse*, at which a large number assisted and went to communion. The female catechumens, too, gave from their little.

“Each post of Kabylie sent a representative to the obsequies of our regretted confrère. A great number of missionaries, several Europeans, at their head an assistant governor, and the Mussulman president of the tribe, alike, came to show a last testimony of respect to the dear departed.”

And now Father Michel awaits the general awakening in this land of El Bir which he has so often watered with the sweat of his labors. His soul, without doubt, already enjoys the reward promised to the faithful servant. May he intercede for this dear mission of Beni-Ismaïl to which, for nearly thirty years, he was so generously devoted.



Letter of Rev. Father Paradis.

To the Rev. Mother Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec.

In one of the Bulletins, we mentioned an alms of \$20 sent us by the day-boarders of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec for the ransom of M.-Thérèse-Joséphine, in the mission of Rev. Father Paradis. The following letter is in response.

Dear Reverend Mother,

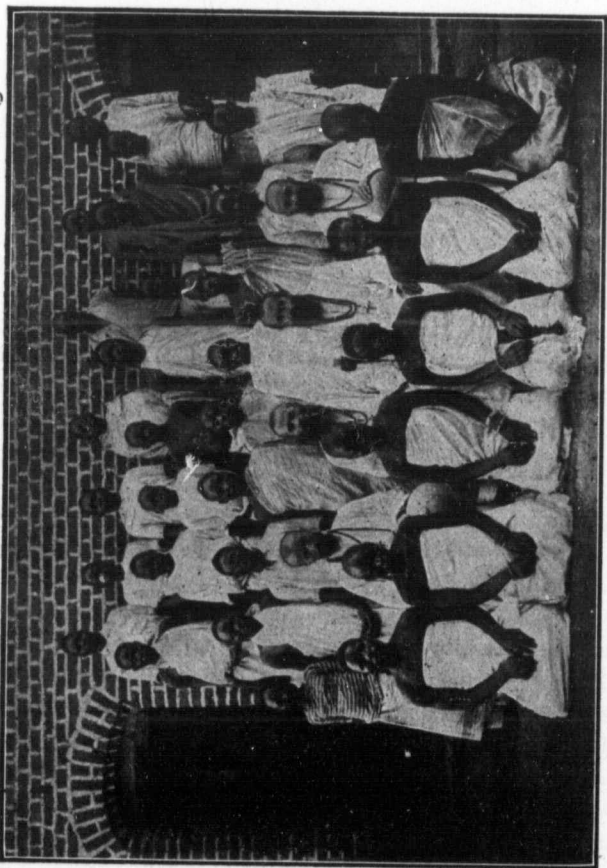
The alms of your generous pupils is on the way to Nyassa; Rev. Father Forbes thoughtfully sent me your letter itself, so I have the pleasure of expressing my gratitude to you directly.

Your dear pupils had the desire of helping a little child, but Providence put a young girl in the way instead, and I hope no one will feel disappointed at this. Their protégée's life has been one of suffering since her earliest years—was it not then time to put an end to this, when the good God gave us the opportunity?

Formerly, even after the occupation of Nyassaland by the English, the Angoni tribes, essentially warlike, carried on an incessant strife in all the countries where we preached the Gospel. In one of their battles the father of the unhappy child of whom I am going to tell you was killed, and she was carried off to a village in the neighborhood of our station.

The young girl was about ten years old when we first

came across her. The fate of her mother she never knew ; indeed she had no remembrance of her, having been torn from her so young. Her master had already disposed of



**NTAKATAKA, NYASSA). A PARTY OF CHRISTIANS BAPTIZED BY
Fr. CHATEAUVERT THE FIRST FATHER ON THE RIGHT.**

her, as a prize legitimately acquired. He had given her in marriage to an honest young fellow who, two years before, had become one of the first converts of our mission.

The young husband, however, did not obtain his wife's liberty ; on the contrary, he himself became the slave of her master, who counted on much profit from the pair. Their fields, the money earned by their labor, their few goods—all were taken possession of by him. It would be impossible to tell the annoyances and indignities with which he loaded his victims when he did not consider their work sufficiently remunerative. Hunger and misery were their daily portion.

Last year a child was born to them, but soon died of inanition. The poor parents were accused of having killed it in order to deprive thier master of a piece of property rightfully his. They were beaten and made to suffer in a thousand ways ; finally, their only shelter was burnt. For a whole month they could not find a roof to cover them. None dared to give them help for fear of bringing down vengeance on themselves. This was in the coldest season of the year, when the ground was covered with hoar-frost.

The husband fell dangerously ill ; his limbs became terribly swollen, and fever burnt up his strength. The unhappy pair now resolved to flee to the Portuguese country, where he had some relatives. But how was he to reach it in his condition ?

The devoted and generous young wife made up her mind to carry him on her back, and at midnight they started on their journey. Their flight lasted one week, and during the whole time the fugitives had to keep in the heart of the bush, shunning the villages for fear of capture, living on roots and herbs and terrified at night by the roaring of the wild beasts.

The end of their troubles had not yet come. On reaching their destination at last, they found the voice of nature silenced by fear—not a relative would harbor them. They had been gone three months and no one knew what had become of them in their former home, when one night they knocked at the door of the Mission. They were actual skeletons. So great had been their sufferings, that they had reached the point of regretting their old condition.

The tale they told filled us with pitying surprise, and we at once determined to succor them. It was useless to try flight again—their hiding place would inevitably be discovered and poison, that means of revenge so familiar to the Blacks, would doubtless be their fate.

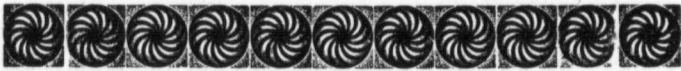
Now it was that Providence, through your generous scholars, came to their relief with the surest help—ransom and freedom. To-day we count two new pupils at the Mission ; certainly not the least grateful. Happiness has at last entered the poor little home—the time is not far distant when the wife, as well as the husband, will be a Christian, and then their joy will be complete.

This story, alas ! is repeated but too often, even at the present time and right under our eyes. Too many of the miserable Blacks are still under the domination of the devil, and the spectacle makes us long for their speedy conversion.

In conclusion, I recommend to your good prayers and to those of your numerous and benevolent family all the works we have undertaken for the good of the Negro and the greater glory of God. I beg you, to believe, in return, that the missionaries, especially at Mass, and their flocks, in all their prayers, speak of you to the Divine Master who has sent them protectoin and salvation.

Accept, etc.

E. PARADIS, *of the White Fathers*



Prefecture Apostolic of Ghardaia.

—
Rev. Father Henri Bardou, Prefect Apostolic
—

For several years past there has been a study and investigation of the religion of Mahomet that has led a large number of serious people to a thorough acquaintance with the anti-social and anti-French character of this form of worship. The inevitable conclusion is borne in upon them that Mohammedanism is the irreconcilable enemy of all Christian nations.

It is but a step from this to understand the importance of the Catholic apostolate and to approve and uphold it. This apostolate has already produced the happiest fruits in the three stations which we possess in Sahara, as will be gathered from the following reports :

I. GHARDAIA.—After a long period of waiting here in Mزاب, we are coming to a period of transition. If our predecessors in this apostolate could return to the land, what happiness would be theirs to find that the Divine Master has not left unfruitful their labors of yesterday ! Formerly, the people of Mزاب refused them what is given to even an enemy the cup of water which quenches thirst ; to day, we never pass an oasis without the invitation from one and

another to rest and refresh ourselves and partake of their fruits. We are not yet made members of the family, but we are good neighbors" and—belong to the country.

So we are beginning to know intimately this population of Mزاب, held to be so clannish, so shut up in itself.

Formerly, the spirit of schism and the struggle for life in a wild, rough country, narrowed and cramped the Mozabite soul ; now, the commercial relations with the North, the voyages to the Tell, have greatly modified conditions, and we find ourselves facing a community on the point of disintegration. A party called "Young" have thrown aside the characteristic reserve of their race, and openly advocating the licentious manners of the North, make use of tobacco, absinthe, etc. They revel in acquired riches and mount fine horses. Opposing this faction is the still numerous party of the "Old", who grumble, groan and excommunicate. Between the two stand the timid, who still adhere, though with little conviction to the conservatives. The poor "Old" Mozabites ! Like the Jews of Jerusalem, shedding tears over the ruin of their Temple, the true Mozabite weeps his lost independence, his soil desecrated by the presence of the Christian, the tax he must pay, the unpleasant tasks to which he is compelled ; he resents the compulsory French classes to which he must send his children, and oh—last shame!—he sees his son leave him for military service and forced, in trowsers, to lead the mules of the wagon-train !

Dreary is his worship. In his processions he chants in a monotone, with abased head, as one accursed : "La el mounker !" O unhappiness ! On the days of fraternal feasts, each one arrives with his "couscous" (Arabian dish) at the appointed hour, takes his place by his neighbor without opening his lips, joins the prayer on the most lugubrious voice, and leaves as soon as possible. This is not exactly a social life of very solid foundation !

The schismatics of Islam, who appear to a stranger to be so united, obey the usual of all schisms—they split up into many sects.

Faratiens, Nafatiens, Tekkariens, Nekkariens—these are only some of the thousand divisions, whose names and meanings are simply nothing, merely empty words and prejudices.

Only lately the French Commandant, Chief of the Bureau, was forced to intervene. The grand Pontiff of Mزاب, Mohammed Itfeiech, claimed to have been favored by the Most High with a vision, in which he was shown the glory of Mohammed. He decreed that each time that the tolbas in chanting the Koran, should meet the name of Mohammed, the usual salutation "Hail to him !" should be accompanied with an inclination of the head. This was an innovation, indeed. The Mussulman judges of the peace made complaint to the temporal power. The Commandant threw the weight of his sword on the side of Orthodoxy.

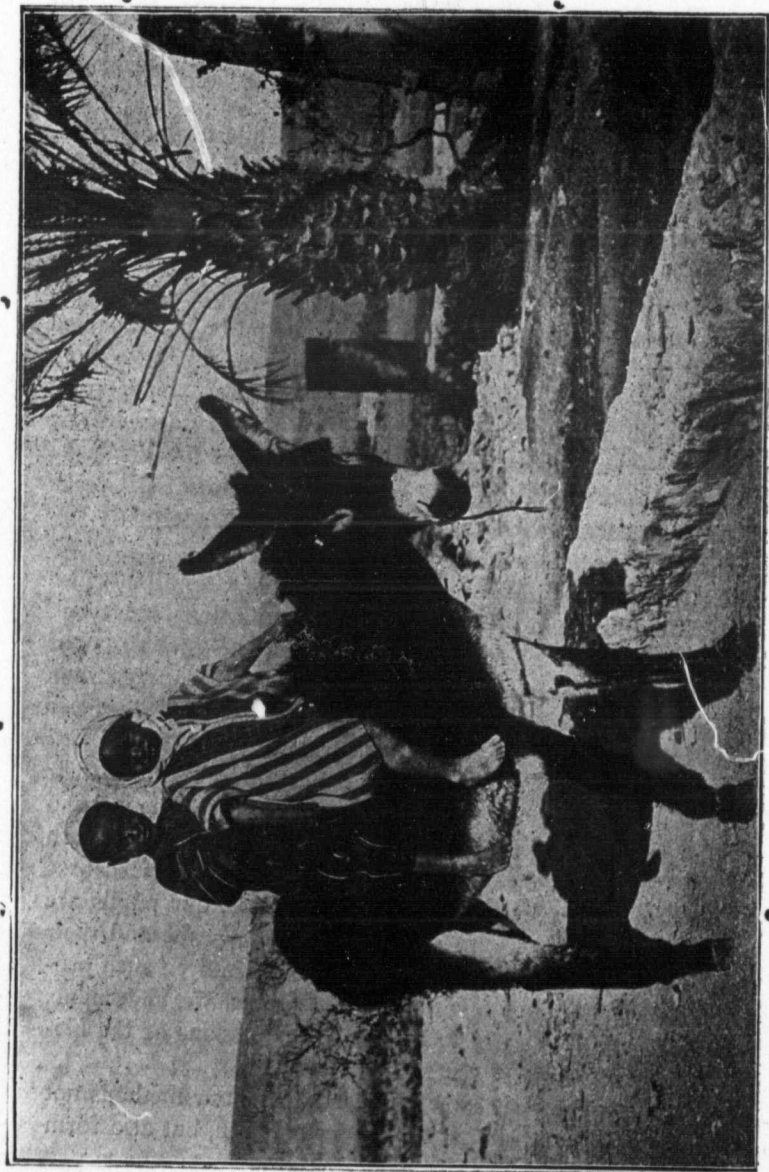
Does not this recall the ancient times when the Greeks submitted their theological disputes to the Emperor of Byzantium ?

The phalanx, then, is not so impregnable after all, because of this division in itself. We cherish no illusions, however ; we will encounter serious difficulties in the conversion of these schismatics. But we labor with more courage than ever in the ministry of the Word, wherever and whenever possible.

We have always a class for those children whom their Mozabite parents are not afraid to send to us. The instructions, given in the Arabic tongue, have already brought forth good fruit. We follow, as nearly as possible, the course pursued in the primary schools of France ; our pupils are delighted to learn something beside mere words, and their parents are filled with pride to find their children such prodigies. By the aid of the Holy Scriptures, we undermine, without their knowing it, the feeble foundations of the Koran.

Here is something which will show how our methods not only cultivate the intelligence of our children, but also form and direct their wills.

One day in every week is taken by the Father in charge



GHARDAIA ; MZABITE CHILDREN

of the first division to visit the sick. The preceding evening, he announces his absence to his class, appoints the tasks he wishes done, and invariably ends his little speech thus ;

“If you love God, you have now a fine opportunity to show it. Let no one talk in my absence ; attend to your studies just as if I were here. If any of you disobey me, he must write his name on the blackboard.”

His orders are strictly obeyed. On his return, he finds the tasks finished, and those whose tongues have been a little too long for them have courageously written themselves down as delinquents. Even in the last days of school, when our scholars, enervated by the heat, grow a little unruly at times, it is only necessary to say “Who wants to please the good God ?” Silence is re-established as if by magic. How many professors in France could obtain like results from their civilized pupils ?

II. UARGLA.—We are here confronted by two parties of Arabs,—the Nomads and the Sedentaries. It will be a long time before we will gain any permanent influence with the Nomads, on account of the brief stay made by them in any place. We cannot, then, expect much from our labors in their behalf ; the most we can do is to make acquaintance, offer them help and remedies in sickness, and impress, as far as we are able, the truths of the natural law on their souls—alas ! how little, and perhaps for a long, long time to come. The Mohammedan religion is quite satisfactory to them ; the Koran puts them greatly at ease with the commandments of God, interpreted very liberally by the *tolbas*. Only lately we heard this piece of reasoning from an Arab : The Mozabites are a part of a heretical sect, the fifth part ; now there can only be four parts to anything ; consequently it is not robbery to take away their belongings.

This theory was put in practice. A raid, lasting two weeks, was made on a Mozabite palmery, showing how, in the Arab mind, easy conviction may be followed by quick action. Fortunately, be it known, the military authority had likewise its convictions and raids—and gave eighty of our

Nomads very active employment in making roads—under pressure.

As in the past, we strive to go on our regular rounds among the tribes, where we care for many sick persons.

As to the Sedentaries, we continue our visits to their homes, seeking a better acquaintance with them, and we have really no trouble ; the good Uarglis receive us with open arms. The hardest work is with the old people ; it is only very gradually that we succeed in overcoming their prejudice and get them to accept certain truths of religion.

With the young men the work is much more interesting. They flock to us, and it is rarely that our house is not filled with them. We follow a very efficacious method in our evening classes, attended regularly by fifty or sixty students. In former years instruction was given both in Arabic and French nothing strictly religious, however, with the exception of some stories from the Old Testament. This year we have turned these hours into Catechism classes, explaining the commandments of God and taking the first pages of the Holy Scriptures for study—in a word, we endeavor to show these young people what are their duties to God, their neighbor and themselves—an indirect arraignment of Moham-medanism.

For five months each Father has taken, every evening, from fifteen to twenty young people, those upon whom most reliance could be put. Notwithstanding the garden-work, which, starting here at Easter, keeps them busily employed all day, each one strives to find a few moments to come every now and then to greet us, and speak with us. It is especially in these heart-to-heart talks that they learn to see clearly the truth, and begin to love it.

Besides this class of adults, we have re-opened the school we had to close. In place of a Father, however, we have a native Uargli monitor to do the teaching. He has charge of the pupils from five to eight, as we wished to test his ability, and he gives us every satisfaction. He has a way of his own to interest and instruct his small world, and has already created the office of sub-monitor ; those so honored

have not altogether failed to profit by the example of their master. From the a-b-c up to plain chant—I will not say Gregorian—everything has its place on his curriculum. It is, on the whole, a class which makes much progress. The parents bring their children themselves, and sometimes are forced to take them away again, when a wind of emancipation blows about their little heads.

We have ten catechumens. Among our scholars we have many well-disposed, who will probably swell the number. These are fine, good children and young people, faithful, as a rule, in reciting their prayers together every evening, under the leadership of one of our Fathers. Every day we have an hour of Catechism and Sacred History for three advanced students ; for the younger and less-instructed, we have catechism alone, twice a week. These souls will be, we hope, the first fruits of Christianity in Uargla.

III. EL-GOLEA.—Besides the class, we keep up, here and in the three annexes, reunions and religious instructions, given separately to the boys and girls, twice a week. We will not say anything as yet of this work—it is still too early to speak of the fruit we expect from it. However, some *marabouts* and *tolbas* look on it with a very unfriendly eye. Each year they make great efforts to intimidate the parents, and draw away the children from us, even the girls, who are not, as a rule, thought much of in El-Golea. Sometimes they score a partial success but the tide sets steadily towards us again.

Our neophytes give us entire satisfaction. They are thoroughly in earnest about the religion they have embraced. Occasionally one of them yields to the temptation of seeking better recompensed work in the North, but he always finds it but a mirage, and comes back for his former peace of mind. We go on instructing and inspiring them with supernatural spirit. They draw strength, too, from its very source, for they confess every fortnight and communicate every day. This is how we are able to register, with the addition of some practical European Christians, more than 900 communions.



Vicariat Apostolic of the French Soudan.

— " —
MGR. LEMAITRE, VICAR APOSTOLIC.

—
REPORT.

Since my arrival in the Vicariate Apostolic given to my charge by the Holy See, writes Mgr. Lemaître, I have hardly done anything but travel about a little in every direction, endeavoring to familiarize myself with the different posts of the mission, and finding out what is necessary to be done to hasten the progress of our holy religion in the districts already favored by Divine Providence.

My first pastoral visitation was accomplished most successfully by means of the motorcycle, until now unknown in Sudan.

I am not going to say that everything is at its best in my poor Vicariate, that the mission could not be more flourishing, that our missionaries have only to speak of the beauties of the Christian religion to see crowds rushing to them for baptism. This would be, indeed, a flagrant exaggeration. As in many other vicariates—perhaps even more than in most—the apostolic work is here very hard. The climate is extremely debilitating, and the natural apathy of the Blacks

is mixed, in some parts, with a little of Mohammedan fanaticism.

Notwithstanding, with the exception of two posts where the work of evangelisation goes on but slowly—not, however, from any lack of zeal on the part of the missionaries, who are exemplary, but owing partly to the great influence of Islamism in those districts, and partly to the *secret societies* of the Feichists, so steeped in their superstitions—I have cause to rejoice in the relatively rapid progress of Christianity in Upper Senegal and Upper Niger.

The readers of the Bulletin will allow me to quote the words of one of our zealous missionaries, of whom death has lately deprived us :

“We have reason to be satisfied with the work of our catechists ; the one at Malou (a village connected with Dinguira) has to-day more than seventy hearers. For the last three or four Sundays, six young girls come regularly to spend the day with the Sisters. It is only our ungrateful Dinguira which does not seem swept along by the wave of conversion.

“After God, this is the work of one of our old scholars, who cannot come to us every Sunday himself. He is still under age, and has to attend to the farm work of his family under the tutelage of a sullen and disageeable uncle. Notwithstanding this, he gathers together about twenty of his companions every evening on his return from the fields, says prayers with them and teaches them the catechism. Father Ratisseau has seen him on his knees in the fields, praying with fervor.”

The same Father adds, a few days later :

“The school children have just made an application which we were far from expecting ; they ask to be given only two meals a day in future, so they may send their poor parents the price of the third. To any one acquainted with the intense selfishness of the Negro, and his formidable appetite, this request certainly shows the dawn of a new spirit.

These things may appear, and are, indeed, insignificant in themselves ; but compared with the ideas of these people

only a year or so back, it is difficult not to see in all this a change of opinion, at least among the young people ; and it is an impulse of which the missionaries will know how to take advantage.

In the same part of the country, Kita, one of our oldest missions, established by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, as was the one just spoken of, continues to be one of the most flourishing, thanks to the zeal of the missionaries and the ability and tact of our catechists.

Until now, these good people have worked, as at Dinguirá, without any recompense, giving freely of their time and labors for the love of God and our holy religion. I thought it well, however, to systematize this work by giving to six or seven of them in this district a modest stipend. It is an additional charge upon our poor Vicariate of Sudan,—I rely upon Catholic charity for help and assistance in developing this field, still in its infancy, owing to insufficient resources.

To judge by what has gone before, I will have no reason to complain too much of the western part of my Vicariate, although the most unresponsive, apparently. We have there 19 Fathers and 12 Sisters, scattered among six posts, 978 neophytes and 682 catechumens.

As for our Eastern missions, I am greatly rejoiced to find them most prosperous.

In this country of Mossi, most populous as compared to many others and as large as one fourth of France we have had, up to the present, only three posts of the Fathers ; one of them, Navaro, is of recent foundation, dating only from 1906. In spite of this, we had, last year, 454 neophytes and 1100 catechumens. The harvest promises finely for the future ; it can not be doubted that the work of grace will develop rapidly among these people, still so simple and so free from the errors of Islam.

Until now, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we could do very little for them, but thanks be to God, peace is re-established, and with it the possibility of establishing new stations. I shall make use of this calm to multiply

them as much as possible in this most interesting part of the Vicariate. I have already commenced by the foundation of Réo, and hope, next year, to bring the Sisters to Uaghadou-gou, if charitable souls will assist me in this good work. This Mission feels the need of them greatly.

Rev. Father Thévenoud told me recently that the young men educated at the Mission are now nearly of an age to be established in life—many in the Christian villages are in the



SIGIRI : NATIVE MARKET

same position. But where can they find the proper wives, either already converted, or, at least, instructed in the principal truths of religion ?

The Father has thrown himself into the work with zeal and devotedness. On this point, indeed, hangs the future of his Mission. He has placed several young girls, desirous of instruction in Catholic families where they can be well taken care of and enlightened. But this is only a makeshift while he is waiting for the Sisters.

This report is already very long, but I cannot close with-

out speaking of a Mission which appears to be most interesting—even more so, if possible than its neighbors Uaghadougou and Koupéla, both so promising.

Navaro is in the Gourounsi country. Near neighbors of the Mossi, of patriarchal manners, its chief authority that of the heads of families, notwithstanding that their neighbors have long since put themselves under the rule of a single chief with a number of subordinates, the Gourounsi have seen, for long years, their country used only as a storehouse of slaves, not only by Sudan but even by Northern Africa.

I have met several of them at Ghardaia—one of them was even filling the very easy post of cook to the Mission.

Since the settlement of the English and the French in these parts the raids have been suppressed, and with the slave trade. Peace is here again, and the Gourounsi are free to show themselves as they are—a people rather timid, a little lazy, but frank and open, without dissimulation; entirely different in this respect, from their neighbors, with whom lying and hypocrisy are the current money.

The Gourounsi have made an excellent impression on me. In many points their character strongly resembles that of the European races. Although undemonstrative, they are to be relied on, and know how to display energy of mind when occasion requires.

Witness three young fellows, who preferred losing their day's nourishment to missing Mass. Witness also the mason, who brought his catechumen workmen every Saturday evening to Navaro in order to hear Mass on Sunday, and then started back in the evening with them to their place of work, 20 kilometers from the Mission, so as to be in time on Monday morning.

They possess, too, the little ones especially, a delicacy of sentiment hardly to be expected from any but the most carefully reared children of Europe. "If you are good, Monseigneur will be your friend," said a missionary to one of the little scholars. "No," said the child, not my friend—my father."

Another time, a small visitor found himself alone with the bicycle of one of our confrères. With the curiosity of his age, he wished to examine this strange object more closely, with the result that one of the valves was inadvertently opened. The noise of the escaping air convinced the child that he had inflicted a deadly injury on the machine ; but instead of running away, as almost any of his age would have done, he courageously sought out the owner and said, "Father, I have hurt your iron horse—whip me a little."

Woman, with the Gourounsi, is in no way inferior to man. In other parts of the Vicariate we have often to labor for her emancipation—here, on the contrary, it would seem the opposite work should be done.

It is sometimes necessary to remind these ladies of the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians : "If Christ is the head of the man, the man is the head of the woman."

The inconveniences of this situation have not yet made themselves felt, however ; indeed, it would almost seem that God makes use of it to aid in the propagation of Christianity, for while in the other Missions of Sudan the women are the last to answer the call of grace, here they are the first to respond. Sixty-five of them were received as catechumens in January last.

Evidently this will be too much for the devil—he will try to hinder us. But no matter what he does, this is an augury of the very best for the future of the Mission of Navaro.

It is only six years old. The last two have been employed in building. The first baptisms took place this year ; that is to say, at the end of the four years of instructions, as our wise rule orders. Without doubt, Navaro is far from comparing with its neighbors in the number of its Christians, but I believe that before long it will surpass them ; the number of catechumens is already 310, nearly up to Uaghadougou, which has 429.

The Vicariate Apostolic of the French Sudan has 10 stations, 39 missionaries, 13 Sisters, 22 catechists, 1506 neophytes, 1861 catechumens ; 10 schools, with 209 boys and 162

girls ; 10 orphan asylums, 2 hospitals and 13 dispensaries, where 36,607 sick persons are relieved.

During the year there were 132 adult baptisms, 92 of children of neophytes, 77 of dying persons, 276 confirmations, 27 marriages, 16, 465 confessions and 43,120 communions.



Worth Knowing

A contribution of **four hundred and fifty dollars** forms a **Perpetual Purse** for the education of a **Black Seminarian**.

Twenty dollars rescues a child sold into slavery by his relatives, or a **young girl** delivered to a husband for money by her family.

Twenty dollars pays the board of a **Black Seminarian** for a year in one of the native Seminaries.

Twenty dollars supports a little **Black Sister** for a year.

Fifteen dollars maintains a **Catechist** for a year.

Ten dollars supports a **Female Catechist** for a year.

Five dollars enables the Missionnaires to keep a **Catechumen at the Mission** for six months prior to his baptism.

Three dollars assists in the preparation of a child for **First Communion**.

All alms, however small, are gratefully received by the Missionnaires.

RANSOM OF SLAVES

WE beg to call the attention of our kind readers to a Work of Mercy extraordinarily meritorious, that is to our AFRICAN RANSOM WORK. It is true the European Powers have abolished slavery in Africa, at least the most horrible phase of slavery. Those human meat markets of Tabora, of Ujiji, etc, have been done away with. However, slaves are still numberless in Central Africa and elsewhere. Thousands of children and even adults, men and women, kidnapped during wars out of revenge, or given away from motives of superstition are to be daily seen by Missionaries. They belong to heathens or to cruel Mahomedans, whose cruelty eye-witnesses alone can understand. Every week, nay every day, Missionaries would redeem those poor creatures had they money enough to do so.

The ordinary price of ransom is the sum of **Twenty dollars**. Those who send \$20.00 for a ransom become the adoptive parents of the one they free, and may choose the Christian name to be given them when they will be baptized.

From Buffalo, ransom of Cornelia-Miriam..	\$20.00
From Anthony, ransom of Peter..	20.00
From Albaly, ransom of Carolo..	20.00
From Philadelphia, ransom of Anna..	20.00
From San Francisco, for a Catechist..	15.00
From Los Angeles, for a Catechist...	15.00
From New York, for a Woman-Catechist	10.00
From Riviera, for the Mission in Africa..	10.00
From East Ship Harbor, for Catechumen...	2.00
From Guelph, for the Mission..	1.00
From Victoria..	1.00
Amount of Smaller gifts...	52,15

CANCELLED STAMP WORK.

From New Orleans, ransom of Eulalia	20.00
From Bangor, ransom of Philomena..	20.00
From Common Fund, ransom of a boy..	20.00

DECEASED

Mrs. Kate M. Healy, N. B., N. J.—Clara W. Carthy, Metcalfe.—John Egan. Toronto. *Requiescant in pace.*

RECOMMENDATIONS

23 conversions.—19 vocations.—26 spiritual favors.—32 sick,—30 temporal favors.—22 thanks-giving.—15 intentions for friends who promise to get subscriptions to *The African Missions* if their prayers are heard.

Prayers have been requested with the promise to secure help for the ransom of slaves.

Missions of the White Fathers in Africa.

The Society of African Missionaries called the **White Fathers**, was founded at Algiers by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Last June, the Society had charge of 127 Stations belonging to 9 Apostolic Vicariates, and one Prefecture. The **Missionaries** then working in the Field were 499, besides a great number engaged in the general administration, or in the Novitiates the Society maintains in America, Asia and Europe. **At each Station there must be at least three Missionaries.** The Fathers are helped by lay Brothers who are also members of the Society, and by an order of Sisters founded likewise by Cardinal Lavigerie.

The Society has two Missionary fields. **In North Africa**, we are working among Mohammedan population; **further South**, among the colored tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions combined cover an area almost as large as the whole Dominion of Canada or the United States, that is about **two million five hundred thousand square miles** or one fifth of the "Dark Continent". As for the inhabitants of these immense countries, they approximate **more than twenty millions**, about one seventh of the whole population of Africa.

What are 500 Missionaries for 20,000,000 Heathens?

"**Missionaries! Send us lots of Missionaries!**" Such is the continual cry of our Confreres in their letters.

"**Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth laborers into His Harvest.**"

In the name of all our Missionaries we earnestly beseech our Readers to remember this injunction of our Lord and help us by fervently complying with it.

77 JUN 1878
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE
MONTREAL

THE WHITE SISTERS.

Our Missionaries find zealous and valuable assistants in the Mission Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters). These Sisters devote themselves particularly to the instruction and training of the women and young girls and to the nursing of the sick. Owing to the lack of funds for the expenses of voyages, founding of houses, etc., the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars a year is absolutely necessary for the support of each one.

Anyone who charitably contributes the above sum will materially aid both Sisters and Missionaries in their labors, and share in all their merits and good works.

NOTICE.

The date on the printed address of subscribers is to let them know when the time of subscription expires. It serves also as a receipt. For instance : Jan. 14, Aug. 13, etc., means that the subscription runs up to January 1914, August 1913, etc. If one month after renewal of subscription the date on the address has not been changed, subscribers should kindly inform us and we will at once make correction.

CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

The work of Cancelled Postage Stamps, though apparently a very small one, is in reality the source of much good in our Missions—The ransom of slaves.

So, dear Readers, if you can send any considerable quantity to us, they will be valuable and we shall be most grateful to you.

The Post forwards them at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, as Third Class Matter. Larger quantities should be sent by Express or Freight

In order to reduce the cost, they should be neatly stripped from the paper by means of cold water, and dried.

We get the paper off in the following easy way :

We put them over night in a pail of cold water. The next morning we take them out, lay them by in little heaps, and let them dry for two or three days. When perfectly dry, we blow the stamps off the paper without the least trouble and without tearing them.

Ask your friends to help you in this good work by saving their own cancelled stamps and collecting from others.

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec

17 JUL. 1975

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE
DU QUÉBEC