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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptress of Slaves. • Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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

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

I. — A Plenary Indulgence 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.

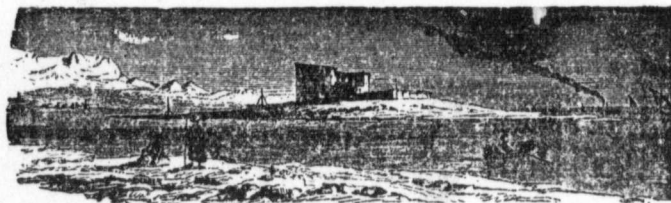
II. — The Masses for deceased Benefactors, said at any altar, will profit the souls for which they are offered up, just as if they were said at a Privileged altar.

III — Power is given for five years, to Benefactors who are priest, to bless privately and according to the practise of the Church: 1° crosses and medals, applying to them the Plenary Indulgence for the hour of death? 2° rosaries applying to them the "Brigittine" Indulgences.

Other favors granted to 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 subscriptions may become a Promoter.
3. Participations of the Subscribers and Promoters, as well as of their deceased, in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries and their spiritual wards.
4. A Requiem High Mass every year, in the month of November, of all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters.

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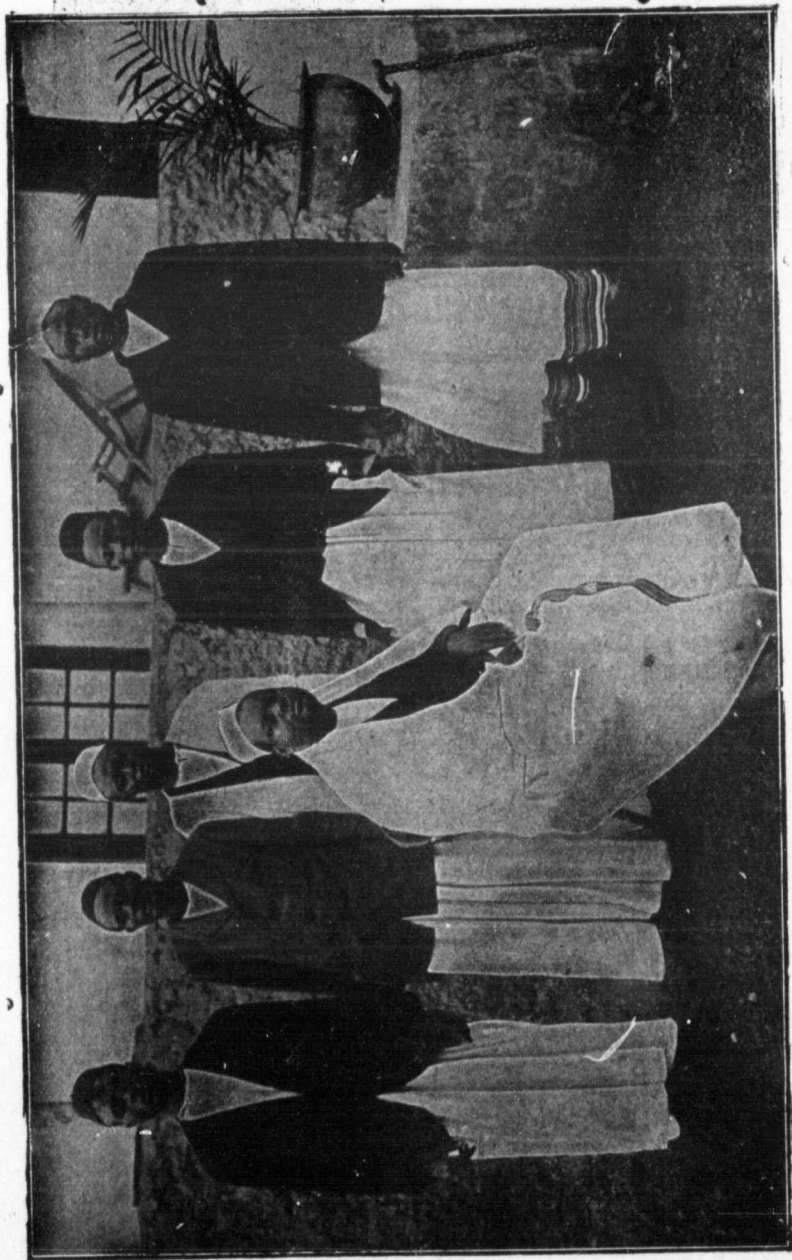
NORTH NYANZA

ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE SISTERS AT TORO.

Letter from Fr. Beauchamp to his sister.

We have received during this month 4 precious auxiliaries, I mean the White Sisters. Oh! why were you not here to rejoice at the triumph made to them by the population? They had been expected for a long time. The buildings were being elevated since several months, but too slowly to the liking of our Christians and Catechumens. They pressed us every day with a multitude of questions. Will they come numerous? Will they come from Europe? When will they come? As for me, said a little girl of 8, I will go to meet them as far as Muhumbu, a village situated at an hour and a half from here. I shall go to Butiti, said another, that is to say a walk of nine hours; and she was as good as her word, dragging along with her a crowd of young girls.

At last the day so long wished for arrived. It was a Saturday morning, 23rd of September. As early as 7 in the morning, the roads were crowded with Neophytes, Pagans and Protestants. Others had started the day before and had gone to pass the night on the way. These were the first to meet the Sisters. It was for them a great joy, the Nuns told us later. They came back with them, preceding the bearers.



Kasagama, king of Toro and a few Batoro Chiefs.

As far as they could perceive the immense crowd, who as soon as Saturday morning went to meet them, they commenced shouting screams of joy : " We are bringing our Mothers, we are bringing them. We met them yesterday, at sun-set. From Ntebe they slept 13 times on the way, etc." And it is thus singing the incidents of the way, that they passed Kamembo, Fort-Portal, all the Protestant quarters, Maguru, etc. The closer they were coming to O. L. of the Snows the more compact their crowd was getting. From all the different roads new comers were arriving ; the Protestants themselves had not been able to resist the general impulse. The joy became frenzy when, followed by an immense crowd of Christians and Pagans, we went to meet the Nuns. Amongst them I had the happiness of saluting a Canadian from Quebec. The Mother Superior is a Pole, an other is French, and the other is a Belgian. We went to the church which filled completely. After an allocution from the Fr. Superior to invite the Christians to thank Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On going out of church, it was hard for the Nuns to get home. The Blacks throwing themselves on their knees, saying : " Thanks, Mothers, to have come amongst us. We had Fathers ; we needed Mothers." It was touching to see old women call them their mothers.

We conducted the Nuns to their home only half finished, and we went up on the gallery. A forest of black heads spread at our feet. Then with the surplice and stole on, the Fr. Superior blessed the house, amidst the complete silence of the immense crowd.

The next day at High Mass, there were numerous Christians come from distant villages to salute the Sisters. The queen-mother herself considered it as a happiness to visit the strangers, and offered them a sheep as a present.

Such was the welcome given to the White Sisters, arrived at Toro. May God bless their work, and give to our holy religion a new scope.

LETTER FROM FR. ULRIC BEAUCHAMP TO B. FR.
FORBES.

At the time of your passage here you were able to prove that there was much work to be done. The work will still increase for us, for the coming departure of the Fr. Superior will reduce our number to four.

To-day, before the morning instruction to our 200 Catechumens, I went to make the catechism in a village situated at an hour's walk from here. I found there 90 "worshippers" and 94 Neophytes. What happiness to see ourselves surrounded by all these Blacks who will owe us after God the salvation of their souls. I found there a brave Christian : Musa Tigalyoma, a true patriarch, surrounded as he is by his fourteen children all living, and by four orphan nephews, which gives us a house of 20 Christians. He lives in the middle of Protestants and Musulmans who dispute the souls from us. Two years ago, he offered us spontaneously to build a reed chapel in his property, and to nourish every day the two Catechists established in this place. At present they pray very well in this village of Bukwale, which, in six months, gave us 16 Catechumens preparing immediately for baptism. Of the 90 other Catechumens, 30 come each day to the Catechists to receive instruction.

The chief Catechist, Martini, is a brave boy, who is at his employ since 6 or 7 years. At present he is thinking of getting married, and does his work just as well, which is a good note for a Black. We have given him as assistant a boy of fifteen baptized since two years. They do the office of guardian angel to one another, and in four or five years, the second will be able to become chief Catechist. The work of the Catechists is our great means of action. Therefore does the Fr. Superior put all his soul in this work. He gathers the Catechists twice a month to teach them to read, and especially to instruct them in the du-

ties of a good Catechist. Amongst our 80 Catechists some are real little Missionaries. Oh! could we double their number! From all the parts of the country not yet evangelized they are asked for; but where shall we find the modest sum necessary to their maintenance.

The day after to-morrow, Friday, I will go to visit another village situated at 3 hours from here, and Sunday I will visit another. I recommend to your good prayers this work of the journeys. When we go out frequently to visit the villages, the Catechists have courage, the Catechumens persevere, and every second month we have the consolation to see a crowd of Catechumens arrive at the Mission, chosen in the villages to follow the preparatory Catechism to baptism.

UL. BEAUCHAMP,

(of the African Missions.)

TWO TOWNS OF TRIPOLITAINE

(Continued.)

II.—R'DAMES

In the number of December 1911 we have seen what was Tripoli in 1880. Here is what R'dames was at the same time, after a description given by Father Guille. This town being very far from the coast, theatre of the war Italo-Turk, the news-papers have hardly spoken of it. The name of this town is written two ways: R'dames and Ghadames.

R'dames is built in a little oasis which surrounds on all sides, to several days of walk, the most barren and sad desert. That is why there is in the surroundings no wandering tribe. The nearest wanderers are the Cha-

ambas, on the other side of the Erg (1), and the Ifour'as, whose camps are at about 10 days from R'dames in Ighar-ghar. It is supposed that R'dames is the ancient Cydamus ; it is at least certain that the Romans have inhabited it for a long time, as attest the inscriptions the Roman coins that were found there. There is also a manifest drawing nearer between the two names : R'damès and Cydamus, especially when we give to the latin C the hard



The lesson of Catechism

sound of K as certain grammarians will have it. But the town must have existed previously to the inhabitation by the Romans, to judge by the ruins and remains of non-Roman pillars, and by the inscriptions half Greek, half unknown, of which speaks Mr. Duveyrier.(2)

(1) We call "Erg" certain regions, where dominate the sable downs.
(2) Duveyrier, celebrated French explorer. He was hardly 20 years old when he went on his first expedition in the region we are speaking of about.

The town of R'dames has nothing that can recall the cities of Europe not even those of the littoral. The houses built of clay, or rather large flat bricks dried in the sun, have nevertheless a first flat and a terrace ; but they are so crushed up one on another, and so completely closed, that they offer rather the aspect of confused heaps of walls than that of a town. The streets are only narrow spaces where generally pass but one at a time. No laying out upon a stall, no windows. A door of thick boards made of palm-trees is the only communication of the houses with the outside. Moreover, the streets are not open to the sky, but recovered by the lengthening of the first flat, so that, notwithstanding the rare openings that have been left for light, from distance to distance, they are nothing else but dark subterranean passages, sometimes so dark that one must grope with hand and foot to find out the way. One thus crosses all the city without seeing it. In certain places nevertheless, they have given an essay to some ornamentation. In this case the streets are three and four times wider than elsewhere, and form a square space more or less regular recovered by a vault supported by massive pillars. The walls of rough plaster are covered with different drawings very commonly made. Amongst these drawings, we are surprised and happy to find many forms of crosses, probably made by the Touaregs. Around these kind of public places, and also along some of the more important streets, are found banks of massive clay. It is there we meet the R'damesians, some busy making shoes of yellow leather, or embroidering shoes ; others, in greater number, doing nothing, or at most picking out their long beads. The native population of R'dames is of Berbere race ; there are also Arabs ; but they form an element apart, and inhabit special quarters. The remainder of the population comprises negroes, and those issued of the commerce between the masters and their slaves.

(To be continued.)



MISSION OF KABYLIE

LETTER FROM R. F. BOCQUEL

(*Continued.*)

The next morning we started, by the same road we came yesterday, but to go up higher on the mountain. We had hardly gone out, when we were stopped by a Kabyle, who begged us to come and see a little girl who was dying. "My house, said he, is at one mile." We followed him on a road very much opposed to the direction of our day's journey and I murmured in Fr. Cailla-va's ear: "I bet that it is more than 4 miles from here; let us go just the same." It was true; at the end of 4 miles, we arrived at the *gourbi* where the little girl was lying very sick; she is a little Arab, and every one speaks but Arab; happily that we know this language. The child had but a high fever, and was not in danger.

In coming out, I remarked to my confrere that we were far from Ibahelal where we intented going, whilst we were in the Cheurfas direction which could be seen at about 10 miles in front of us; he made me two faces and said: let us go!

For some, the Cheurfas would be an interesting population; for us they are not, it is the reason of Fr. Cailla-va's first face. Those people descend from Mahomet by his daughter Fatima: this occurs a little every where, in Kabylie, where they form distinct villages almost venerated by the other Musulmans, listened by them particu-

larly in the explosions of fanaticism : the French have experienced it in the Kabyle rebellion in 1871.

After a long walk we arrived, by climbing, as far as their village ; hardly any men, for it was the market day at Tazmait.

Nevertheless, some were warming themselves in the sun, lying on the streets ; they received us coldly. We offered our services to tend the sick, if there were any in the village.

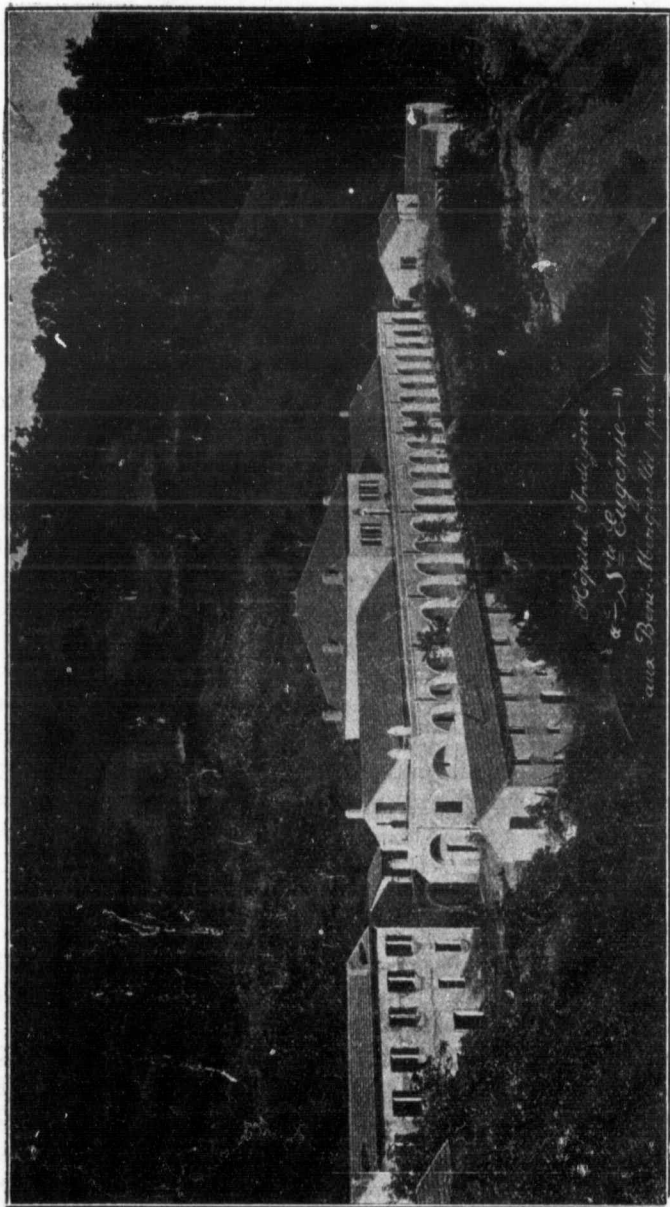
They seemed surprised. Sick ! There were no more, or at least hardly any more, for this poor village had been more than decimated, since six months, by typhus ! The administration and the medicines had not succeeded to save them from the claws of the plague. On account of their defective installation, of their being so crowded, of the want of sun in the houses, of the want of water and cleanliness, death was fearful.

At last, a few inhabitants risk to ask us some remedies for sore eyes, and a tooth to be taken out. They trembled, for in their eyes, we might have been sent by the French Administration who wishes to be informed about the epidemic, and who has already spoken of establishing outside of the village, infirmaries, where they would be obliged to take their wives and daughters to get them attended to. This seems horrible to the Musulmans, to the Cheurfas !!

Nevertheless one of them asked me to come and see a sick person in his house ; I followed him without hesitating.

Though rare with a Kabyle, this one has four wives ; all four were in bed, with typhus ; I gave them all the attendance I could, indicated to them a few ways of disinfection, and recommended to them to pray God to have pity of them and to relieve them all. Then they recited aloud, the profession of the Musulman faith, to show me their resignation.

Yet, though sad to state, the husband does not seem grieved ; with the Musulmans, the wife is neither a spouse



Hospital of the Mission of Kabylie whose care is entrusted to the White Sisters.

nor a companion ; she is less than that, if she dies, he will buy another. Nevertheless, some of them seem to have gained a little on that chapter.

As we passed near the Mosque, the Marabout asked us the hour !

We quitted this sad village displeased with ourselves ; the people saw us leaving without regret, for we were for them but infidels in peril of our souls, and of which they pray God to preserve them.

In entering Tazmalt, we went to see our poor Mohita who was dying ; the house was full of people ; the sick man was dying ; we perceived, in going in, some sheets of paper, an inkstand, and the marabout who had come to write a charm ; the poor mother had called him for her son, but how was she to pay him ? The purse was empty ! Before all these spectators, we felt that we had nothing to do, nothing to say : all would compromise us. We retire in saying to one another that our day had been unfortunate till the end.

The next day we started again, this time for the Ibahe-lals, towards the top of the big mountain. Here we were at the real Melikeuchs, at the landing of the forest, with fountains of fresh water, and melting snow.

In the first house were we entered, were two little scrofulous children in the last period, seeming only to be waiting for the baptismal waters to row towards the port of heaven. And we harvested still others, as we conversed with these brigands who seem so brave. Many visits from the Protestants have accustomed them to hear a few Christian truths ; we completed them. One village, two villages, and we got lost on the road of the third.

Happily a Kabyle perceived our embarrassment, and cried out to us from much higher, to come up towards him. He is an old soldier from Madagascar, very intelligent, who, he related to us, having had difficulties with the former administrator, addressed himself to the Governor and had succeeded in making himself named "Field-

Keeper". He put us on the right road and we arrived at the most distant village.

There also we gave to a little one his pass for heaven and we visited a good many houses in giving a little relief to some unhappy persons. A shower obliged us to look for a shelter in the *tajemait*. Many men did like us ; so we could talk. Father Caillava sat down alongside the AMIN—the village mayor,—who quite proud of this preference commenced to relate to him the difficulties of his administration. My functions of physician drew a considerable group around me, and I spoke with the people as I distributed my remedies. A good old man cried out : " What a pity that you who do so much good, do not know the way to God ! may Allah grant you the grace of becoming Musulmans and you will be saved ! " Tell me, my friend, when you go to market to buy barley, do you not examine it as an intelligent man, before buying it : the first bag that you see, the second, the third and the others ? It is only after that, that you make your choice, and you are right. Well, I know the Jews' road, the Greeks, the Russians, the Idolaters, the Musulmans, and that of the Christians, it is then reasonably that I can attach myself to one and despise the others.

—Then, why do you not choose the religion of Mahomet ?

—I read in the Coran, that you believe revealed by God, that God had promised never to send a prophet without giving him signs of his mission. I read again in the Coran that Sidna Aissa (Jesus Christ) is a great prophet sent by God, and that he performed many miracles to prove his divine Mission. I have read at last that Mahomed gave himself as a prophet sent by God, the Arabs asked him signs, and that he answered that he had not come to give any.

That is why, I cannot attach myself to the Musulman religion, whilst I must reasonably attach myself to Sidna Aissa's religion.

—Nevertheless our marabouts relate many miracles of Sidna Mahomet.

—Read yourself in the Coran, and you will see that they contradict your Prophet and the book that you believe comes from God.

And every one said : “Here is one who knows his way.” We continued for some time this conversation, and we separated good friends.

It was a long road to walk home, but we had joyful hearts, we had done a good day’s work.

As soon as the sun had risen the next day, we started; we returned to see the little girl on the way to the Cheurfas. I found her very sick, I sounded her seriously, and discovering a serious pneumonia of which she cannot cure, for want of good care, I did not hesitate to baptize her.

Then we returned to our consumptive Mohita ; he is not quite so bad ; this time his parents alone were in the house.

Father Caillava went over again with him all the religion and asked him if he wanted baptism.

—“ Yes, Father, I see that I am going to die and I want to die a Christian.

—But, tell me, the other day you had sent for the marabout to write an amulet for you ?

—No I assure you, it is my mother who had sent for him, I refused, and he went away without writing it.”

Then Father Caillava, taking as an excuse of relieving him of his perspiration by a good friction, commenced to friction him, helped by his parents, then baptized him.

I recommended to him patience and confidence in the divine mercy, told him to recite often Our Father and Hail Mary. Adieu Mohita, good bye till we meet in Heaven !

In retiring, we both made this reflexion :

It is often said that nothing can be hoped of a Musulman ; nevertheless here is one who as left us, who has fallen back, and who comes again to us because we have

enlightened him *in his childhood*. We had not lost our time in sowing the truth, every day, into the young people who come here.

The next day Mohita was much better, and Father Caillava was surprised. My dear, said I, God does that to make them believe in the efficacy of your remedies, to take confidence in you, that you may be called for others ; but rest assured that He will take him.

Truly, two days after, the sick boy left for Heaven.

My letter is very long, too long. But I owe so much to the Nantaise charity, that I tried to pay all at once!

Please accept, with all my thanks, the hommage of my profound respect.

F. BOCQUEL,
of the White Fathers.

AN APPEAL AND A LEGEND.

It is Fr. H. LeVeux, who sends us this appeal and this legend, the latter to reward in advance all those who will kindly answer the appeal.

Nandere October 1st 1911.

It is your children of Nandere who come to pay their debt of gratitude. Ingratitude prevents from doing good; on the contrary, graceful thanks have the credit of a draft drawn in a short time on our generous benefactors.

They are youngsters, something like 1302 ebony faces, and who since January have had the happiness of often renewing their first communion. Some arrive from very far off every month, 6 and 9 hours, walk from here ? their poor little feet being very sore.

The brisk battalion, is framed by the whiskers more or less hoary of our 86 Catechists, with at the back ground

of the tableau 28 silhouettes more delicate of rural female teachers, future Banabikiras (1). When shall we be substantial enough to endow Nandere with a community of "White" Sisters? Our 2800 young girls who are baptized call for them with loud cries; our 3800 Christian children also, and even our "Little Black Sisters" themselves, who are bent down by the excess of work!.. Hoc erat in votis!!



A new church in Uganda.

Now let us come back to our sheep! But how then, will you say, can you victoriously solve the big and hard problem of finding a lodging for so many people, little and big? How do you manage to sustain so many stomachs, and so insatiable?

Well! This is how it is! We live at the expense of a Kind Providence. Confident in the solvability of this Divine Procurator, we throw our net!

(1) Little Black Sisters.

So also lastspring, a generous soul from Canada, was inspired by Him to liquidate pretty round credentials. It was concerning the building of two large dormitories, recently built for our little ones, and being able to hold each 38 beds.

To-day we are dreaming of 6 other edifices of the same kind and...of a community of "White" Sisters.

The Missionaries' desires are vast like the world but their purse is as flat as the devil's tail which is extremely so. And then, how can we not ask of God's stewards? We then come all in one voice to thank our generous stewards of New France for all their past, present and... future charities.

Yes! All we say to them: continue your work;
And since every thing here finishes by a song,
Let us relate and sing you a story.

The teller is one of the most brisk of those who are going through their course, full of poetical fire. See for yourselves rather! without forgetting his sebilla...

BROTHER AND SISTER. — (*A tale of Uganda.*)

There was once an individual named Kisasazi. His first spouse was named Kabeja; the second, Nassaza.

A certain night in coming home from an antelope hunt, Kisasazi made to his wives the following declaration:

Whichever of you two who makes me the father of a boy, will be forever the preferred one.

Two seasons passed over this marital oath and one fine day Kabeja became mother of two twins, a boy and a girl.

She hastened to dissimulate the little girl in a field of eatables, and presented to the husband but the desired boy.

Kisasazi, very happy and proud, made to his beloved the present of a heifer superbly spotted.

Nevertheless a cow-herd of the plain, hearing the little girl crying, found her out in the place where her mother

had left her. Filled with pity for the poor little creature, he wrapped her up in a flap of lubugo, (bark cloth), brought her to his hut, and fed her with the milk of his cows.

What was not the sorrow of Kabeja in not finding her child ! At the end of eight days Kisasazi's heir was initiated according to the ancestral rights of his totemic parents and received the name of " Waswa ".

As for the girl, with neither father nor mother known, she remained without a name and got accustomed to answer to the appellation of Kulyemvu " the nice little one. " Both children grew up. Waswa pastured his father's flock on the verdant piece of land which commanded the village. Kulyemvu pastured her master Nnongo's cows in a grassy valley of the surroundings.

One afternoon that the young shepherdess' beasts got misled on the slope of the land, Waswa had a glimpse of " Nice Little One ". He was fascinated by the charms of the young shepherdess. When he got home he seemed to be very thoughtful : love had shot into his heart one of its sharpened arrows ; a secret flame consumed him already.

The next day it was Waswa's beasts that *by chance* came down into the valley. The two young people bowed to one another with a sympathy sensibly reciprocal. At the fall of day, while Waswa assembled the strayers " Little One " heard him improvizing a trill : by instinct she listened with one ear, but very soon she was listening with both.

The lover was singing :

Chorus of the little chaps of Bulemezi.—The beating of the hands rythmas the singing and underlines the brio :—

" The young lady of Nnongo is the one I want for a spouse. "

In the little valley a voice took up at once :

Chorus of our young girls :

" Waswa you are luring yourself !

Our mother is the same one ! We are two twins !

You abandoned me the arum field to obtain the spotted heifer of our father's."

The voice that sung thus was sweet like the divine concerts and full of melancholy as the complaint of an exile. Waswa did not mistake it, so he let himself down with a bound into the valley. "Nice Little One" revealed to him all that she had heard from the cow herd. The young man fell into the arms of this sister doubly beloved.

Together they went towards Kisasazi's hut. It is impossible to describe the surprise and joy of the father, indescribable especially the happiness of Kabeja.

If ever, by mere chance in your peregrinations, you happen to travel over the confines of Kissima (a new place to found incessantly at Bulemezi... Et hoc erat in votis!) you will remark, on the summit of the brow of a hill domineering the plain, two notched fish bones which rise equally towards heaven. The first is called Waswa, the second, Kulyenvu.

H. LE VEUX.

Important Information.

Four hundred and fifty dollars constitute a **Purse** at perpetuity for the education of a **Black Seminarist**.

Twenty dollars free a young slave—boy or girl—and thus make possible a conversion.

Twenty dollars pay for maintaining a student in our native Seminaries, for one year.

Fifteen dollars pay for maintaining a pupil in our native Boarding-Schools, for one year.

Fifteen dollars pay a male-Catechist for one year.

Ten dollars pay a female-Catechist for one year.

Five dollars enable an adult Catechumen to spend his six last months at the Mission before Baptism.

Three dollars enable a child to spend his six last months at the Mission before First Communion.

In short, any alms, how small soever, it may be, is most gratefully accepted by the Missionaries



ACCOUNT OF A VOYAGE OF FR. DAVID ROY.

The young Missionary, in going to his mission of Nyanza, had profited of the leisures of a long crossing to write this account of a voyage, which he addresses to Fr. A. Cebron at Quebec.

On board of the "Admiral"

Sept. 6th. 1911.

The letters of my confreres must have made you know that we had left Rome the 29th of July to arrive at Marseilles the next morning. The 31 of July, we started for Lourdes. We spent two days there. The Blessed Virgin had the kindness to let us witness a miracle. I liked these two pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes very much. I will not forget them.

The 30th of July, before starting for Lourdes, we accompanied to the boat the confreres of the caravan of Soudan in which was Fr. Dagenais. All those who were leaving were joyous, full of hope and courage.

From the 3rd to the 12 of August, we stayed at the procure, amidst boxes of all kinds, and of all they must contain. The 10th the Confreres of Uganda, South Nyanza, and Oyananyembe were all going on board. I bid au revoir to Frs. Goulet and Michaud. The 12th, at noon, we got on board a German steamer, with the three confreres who were going to Tanganika.

The next morning, we passed between Corsica and Sardaigne. All that seems very arid. One other day of navigation took us to the port of Naples. We spent all the

day there ; it was forbidden to land because cholera was in the town. The morning fogs dispersed little by little and we could see the town and the gulf. The Vesuvius seems quiet. This day passed in looking at the swimmers and the divers who were near the boat, waiting till the passengers threw them some coppers. They are very skilful in catching them. Here are again some boats of musicians and singers. All the pieces finish by the same ceremony : an umbrella upset which is placed to gather the passengers alms.

At half past ten at night, the boat unmoored and we started. At the wavering light of the stars we defiled slowly before the Vesuvius. A confrere from Marseilles was on the narrow bridge ; you know that Marseillais like grand things. Ours wanted to be a witness of a disorder of nature. His eyes were fixed on the black mass of the mountain. All of a sudden a reflection of a pale light came out from behind the crater of the Volcano. "Quick! come and see, he cried out, the volcano is in eruption." Every one rushed out, precipitated himself on that side. Even Fr. L..., the placid Fr. L- who all his life-time perhaps had not made a jump, jumped over two chairs in one bound, threw a lady down, then a gentleman, got up, and arrived all moved. The light got larger ; scientific explanations commenced, craters we spoken of, lavas, earthquakes. Nevertheless the light enlarged again... they waited anxious.. at last from every breast came a sigh of relief. The moon, the good old moon appeared smiling over the mountain.

The next morning we passed near the Stromboli. The volcano lanced towards heaven a thick cloud of vapor that we saw coming out of the chimneys of the crater. At twelve we crossed the strait of Messina. We can prove by our own eyes the ruin caused by the earthquake of 1909. All is in ruins ! At night we lost sight of the coasts of Italy, and as far as Port-Said we saw nothing but the sky and the water. After a short stay in this town, we went into the canal of Suez. Both shores were abandoned.

Everywhere nothing but arid and burning sand could be seen, from where emerged now and then a little oasis with a few palm trees. Our crossing of the Red Sea would tell you nothing after that of Moses. We passed a night in the port of Aden. We saluted from a distance the Franciscan church. The Superior General of the Benedictines of Bavaria mounted on board. He was going to visit the mission of his congregation in German Eastern Africa. During all the journey, he showed himself very amiable towards us. Next morning, we crossed the gulf of Aden, and we were in sight of the shores of Somaliland. Towards one o'clock, we were at Cape Gardafu. Two hours later we were in sight of a large English cargo which had been shipwrecked just here, a few days ago. It was on fire. This fire is probably the work of the Soumalis. They butchered 35 men of the crew, who had taken refuge on land. Contrary to its custom the Indian Ocean was not very agitated: nevertheless as far as Mombasa there was a little rolling and pitching. For several days, no land in sight.

On the morning of the 30th, we entered the port of Kilindini, and half an hour later we saluted our confreres of Mombasa. The caravans started from Marseilles before us were still there waiting for their train. Our Confreres of Unyanyembe left us the same day at twelve. They took the "Uganda Railway". The others are still waiting a few days. As for us we took our boat in the afternoon. The next morning at 6 o'clock we left the port. After a day's navigation, we entered Tanga, the first port of German East Africa. It is a post for European planters, and it is the starting place of a short railroad line that goes to Kilimandjaro. In the afternoon I went to visit the city with a confrere. We looked out for the church. A Black of whom we asked where the Catholic church was, sent us to the Ritualist Protestant temple.

In seeing the edifice, I was myself mistaken. It was locked; I asked a boy if we could go in. He answered me affirmatively and went for the pastor. The pastor, a very

young man, presented himself full of courtesy, and made us very politely visit his temple. I explained to him our mistake ; this did not offend him, and he offered to take us himself to the "French" church. We thanked him for his information and we were soon at the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. The reception was very amicable. After having performed our pious exercises in their chapel, we returned to our boat. The port is not large, and the European edifices still very scarce. But there is traced the plan of a city with avenues and large parks. Everything is already embellished by the magnificent tropical vegetation.

Here, as well as at Mombasa, at Dar-es-Salam, and at Zanzibar, there is a native city. In these 4 places the houses of the negroes are alike. They are square. Slim polls are planted in the earth from three feet in distance. They are trunks of small trees of which only the branches are taken off. Crosswise and at closer intervals by means of a common twine smaller sticks are tied on this first frame. Then it is coated with earth. When it is dry, the walls are finished.

To make the roof, a frame of any kind of poles, branches of cocoa trees and other kinds of foliage, which form an impervious bed, are thrown on.

The next day, we started for Zanzibar from where, after a short stay, we directed our steps towards Dar-es-Salam, where we arrived the same day. I visited the town, or rather the two towns, since there is a European town and a native one. The cities of the German colonies are really coquettish in their green nest. We should not say green, since there is foliage of every color.

The Benedictines of Bavaria have here a pretty little church. These good Fathers are feasting, for they receive to day their Superior General and their Vicar Apostolic.

On Sunday I went on land to say mass. For the first time, I heard the black children singing. For High mass the church is filled. The governor is in front on a throne of honor. All the Catholic officers are present.

After this rest of 2 days and 3 nights at Dar es-Salam, on the 4th of September in the morning we started to return once more to Zanzibar where we arrived at 10 o'clock. After dinner I went down to visit the town. Fine cathedral. Most brotherly reception at the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Their Superior lived in Canada and in the United States. He made known to us that there are in town Babemba soldiers with their families. He baptized 50. He spoke of them with enthusiasm. We immediately started for the camp, half an hour's walk from the town. A beautiful shady road took us to it. Now and then we met soldiers. Brother Gabriel who has lived 10 years in the mission of Ubemba and who is going back, saluted them. The ice was broken at once. In hearing their language spoken so far from their country, they were quite joyful. Then we began to meet some women. The same salutation in the Kibemba tongue produced still more effect. They turned back and followed us. We arrived at the camp door. Cries made our arrival known. At once from all sides arrived people all out of breath. Those people are tall and well built. It is truly a fine race. For half an hour we heard nothing but salutations, laughing, and screams. At last we tore ourselves away from our future parishioners. Every one was enthusiastic of them and are preparing already an ideal career in the midst of these frank and willing souls. Hurra for the Babembas! We then visited the town and returned on board. The ship got under sail at eight o'clock at night. Forward for Mozambique. We arrived there last night, 6th September, and left at 9 this morning. I write you these lines while the town disappears at the horizon. The next stopping place will be Chinde. We shall land to-morrow morning. That will make for us 27 days in a boat. It is enough is it not?

DAVID ROY.



VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF SOUTH NYANZA.

VENDETTA AMONGST THE BANYARUANDAS

In the country of the Blacks, justice does not function as in Europe. We can easily understand this. Here no tribunals to judge the robbers or the murderers, no man of arms to take them up, no prison to shut them up. No doubt the king and the chiefs decide the law suits; but as a general rule, they do not bother themselves with murders. A secular custom authorizes individuals to do justice to themselves, and it is found much more simple.

Has an individual been voluntarily killed, his friends and the men of his tribe start out at once to find out the murderer. When he is known, they at once commence persuing him; if they cannot catch him, they seize one of the relations, or simply a member of his tribe, a man or a little boy, it does not matter. Vengeance is not exercised on the women. It is true that according to the customs of the country they count for so little.

Then blood calls for blood. A man who is killed can be revenged only by the death of another man. In the eyes of our natives, it would be a shame, a cowardice not to pursue a vengeance. There is no possible reconciliation; with the Blacks, pardon does not exist. Hardly a day passes without hearing of a vengeance.

Before it can be exercised, one year, five years, ten years may pass, perhaps more; but time does not count, and the punishment of the guilty one will come sooner or later.

There exists nevertheless a kind of compromise, which consists in giving the price of the blood to the victim's family. This ransom consists in a certain number of cows and a young girl who is to be married by one of the members of the tribe. The first boys that will be born will take the place of the killed man ; but this compromise is rare : hatred is so vivacious around us.

* * *

How is vengeance exercised ?

If the murderers belong to a powerful tribe or live far off, the family of the victim will wait patiently for a favorable occasion, then the avenger will act by surprise ; otherwise they will organize an expedition according to all the rules.

Here is a fact which happened in the vicinity of the Mission. One of our Catechumens went at a distance with a few others of his friends to plead a law suit. On his return, he was invited by the people of a neighboring tribe to come and drink pombe (native beer).

Without the least suspicion, the unhappy man accepted the invitation. His companions had hardly disappeared in a turn of the road that a stroke of a lance threw him on the ground. One of our Christians was in the neighborhood. Quickly he ran up to them.

" You will finish him after, said he to the murderers, but let me first give him the baptism of Christians. "

Those brutes pushed him away with threats, and the unhappy wounded man was finished without any pity.

Sometimes they seize the opportunity of the darkness of the night to invade the murderer's village, cut the throat of the victim designated, or take him away if possible. But the Negroes who know that they are designated to the blows of vengeance, are exceedingly distrustful, and as their hearing is very sharp, the least noise puts them on their guard. Very often also they are warned by their friends.

Quite lately, one of our Christians heard a noise around his cabin. He seized his lance and passed it through the partition. He drew it in all bloody ; it had met with the leg of a rambler who nevertheless had the strength to run away before the alarm was given in the neighborhood.

When a man, object of the vendetta, happens to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, these try to bring him in their village, and it is then that they make him endure a barbarous treatment. We shudder only to think of it.

The cruel retaliation which Regulus, widow used on the two Carthagenian generals who were abandoned to her are nothing in comparison of the awful tortures inflicted in such a case upon the victim. The prisoner is taken in a place of surety, solidly tied by the means of cords made of oxen nerve which penetrate in the flesh, and make him suffer horribly. On the day agreed, they go to a retired spot, from which the women, the children, the old men are banished, in one word all those whose sensitiveness could not endure such an awful spectacle. Those of the assistants who, in the middle of the torments feel some compassion for the victim, and ask mercy for him are also unmercifully chased away. The preparations for the torments being finished, the older men and the younger approach the condemned man with big cutlasses and cut into his flesh. The unhappy man is thus cut in pieces alive. Then by derision, these monsters place on his lips each piece of flesh as to oblige him to eat it. And the spectators spit in his face, whilst they beat the drums. When there is no more laniards to cut on this heaving body, they cut off the right arm and the right leg which they use afterwards as sticks to beat the drum with under his eyes. When the executioners perceive that the victim is going to die, the nearest relative of the man who is to be avenged approaches, and with a stroke of his lance pierces the dying man's breast ; to finish him he strikes hard on his nape. They finish by a

dance of the most savage kind before this corpse without any form. The men turn on one heel with their lances, screaming or rather howling screams of joy, announcing to all the echoes that justice had been done. I know a family whose eldest son, who might have been from eight to ten, endured this terrible treatment. In a neighboring mission, a young man was near having the same fate. The Fathers warned in time, luckily were able to save him.

When it is possible they evidently take the murderer himself; but the murderer is on his guard. And, in the same tribe, in a same family all are bound for the whole. Far from giving up the guilty man, they take his part, never mind what evidence there is of his being guilty. They will defend him till death. So it often happens that an innocent man, surprised on his way or at home, and unable of defending himself falls under the strokes of the avengers. Sometimes even they will leave the murderer to pursue to attack themselves in preference to the pursuit of one of the members the most influent of the tribe, or to a rich young man who is the hope and idol of his parents. For in the Negroes' ideas, the more a person is valued and loved by his people, the more his loss will be felt and more bitter are the regrets. We can see by that how much the vengeance of our Banyauandas is refined.

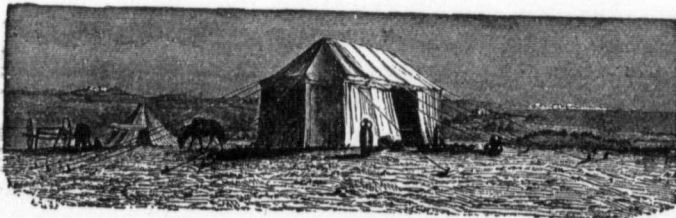
It sometimes happens that the crimes remain secret. But as the greater number of the tribes are always more or less in hostility, the suspicions will be naturally on the tribe who is their enemy, or at least on the people of the country where the crime has been perpetrated.

If they cannot get to the bottom of the affair, they go to the capital for the test of the chicken. This is in what it consists: by the king's order the accused must take a chicken newly come out of the egg, and must keep it during two days. The trial is done before several witnesses, who do not leave the accused for a minute. When night

comes, he can place the chicken in a little basket to take a little rest. His innocence will be proved if the chicken can live through this long fasting. But if the chicken comes to die before the second day, it is the infallible proof of his culpability. He is choked at once. His family undergoes the same fate. The huts of these unfortunates are destroyed and beans and millet are sown on their grounds.

Recently, not far from the Mission, the body of a young man was found who had been strangled. He was coming back at night, carrying on his head a load of meat. The load must have tempted some one. The poor carrier's affair was soon decided. Surprised by his aggressors, probably he had not even time to scream. Naturally the inhabitants neighboring the place where the crime had been perpetrated were accused. But the latter energetically denied it: "We are for nothing in it, they said, we had no reason to kill him. If we had strangled him we would not have left his corpse on the road. We would have gone to hide it, or at least to carry it somewhere else, to prevent suspicions from arising. And if you wish to fight, although you are the strongest, we are ready to accept the combat." Before these reclamations, and especially before this firmness, the parents and friends of the victim did not dare to come to hands. It was decided to go to the capital to submit to the proof of the chicken.

A. PAGES,
of the White Fathers.





NEWS.

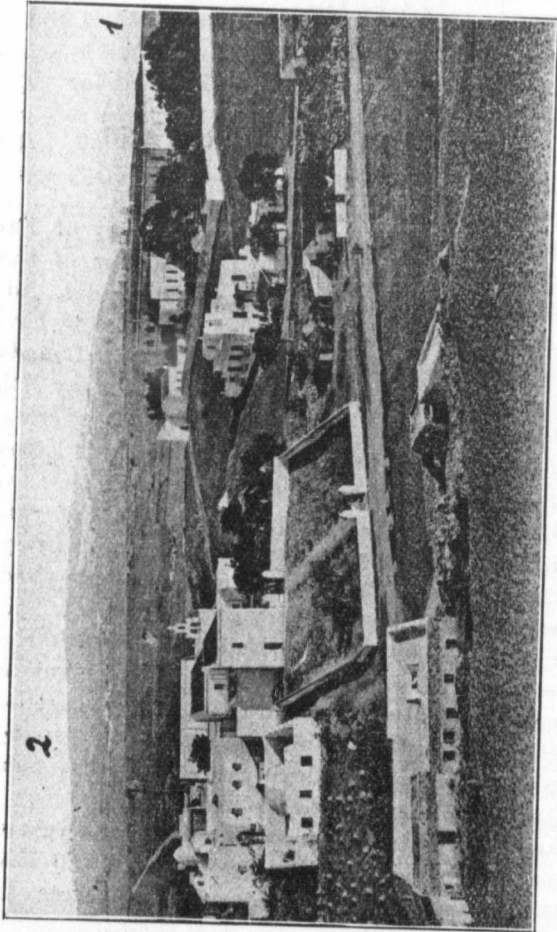
I.--NEWS FROM THE CARAVANS.

In this number we give in-extenso the account of Father David Roy's voyage. It is but the account of the first part of his voyage. A letter from Father Ed. Michaud tells us that Father Oct. Goulet and himself, having left Marseilles the 12th August, arrived in Uganda the 4th September. "Arrived at Monbassa Sunday 27th August," he writes to his father, "after 17 days crossing, I remained till the next Friday. On that day I took the train for Port Florence where we arrived the day after Sunday at 6 o'clock. That makes 42 hours of railroad. During the two nights passed on the train, I slept very well, and I arrived at Port Florence not very tired. The railroad travels all over a very uneven country. We ascend as high as 8,000 feet of altitude. That means that we were very cold. Luckily we had good woolen blankets.

"All along the railway track we saw herds of gazellas, antilopes, zebras, ostriches which looked at us passing. It was very pretty. At each depot, we saw a great number of natives who came to see the train pass.

"As we advance in the interior the clothing which covers the negroes, diminishes !... First, we see some who have but a skin attached to their shoulder, and covering the front of the body ; they have a sword at their belt and a long lance in their hand. Others have immense ear-rings, circles of brass around the legs and arms. In arriving at Kisumu some are seen with only a little piece of goat skin which serves them to sit on !"

Whilst Fathers Roy, Goulet, and Michaud left for East Africa, Father P. Dagenais went away to West Africa.



CARTHAGE.—A view taken from the Scholasticate of the White Fathers.

1. House of the White Sisters : School, Work-Room, and Dispensary.

2. Monastery of the Carmelites.—In the back ground, on the left hand side, the road to the Marsa.

The caravan to which he belonged was destined to French Soudan. It comprised two nuns, seven missionaries, and the new Vicar Apostolic, Monseigneur Lemaitre. Monseigneur Lemaitre is the 4th Vicar Apostolic

of this Mission of Soudan whose foundation goes back nevertheless but to 1894. May this Mission celebrate one day the episcopal Jubilee of its new chief.

II.—SCHOLASTICATE OF CARTHAGE.

These are a few details gathered from letters written by the Brothers Julien and Bissonnette: the departure of the four priests ordained the 29th June reduces to eleven the number of the Canadian scholastics. Two of them are deacons since the 29th June, five since the 24th September, feast of Our Lady of Mercy. These seven deacons will be priests in a few months, in June 1912, and in a year they will have gone to enlarge the number of those who work for the evangelization of the Africans. They will be followed in 1913 by the four Canadians who will remain at the Scholasticate, and then there will be a dark point, that is to say a departure of caravans where Canada will not be represented. "We regret that there is one division without Canadians at Carthage", writes Brother Bissonnette. The pupils of the colleges and the seminaries partake in this regret, we are sure; but it is in their power to diminish it, in asking of God to suscite numerous vocations in this country, and if God wills it, in answering generously themselves to the divine calling.

Speaking of present and future postulants, Brother Julien writes: "Here we pray for the perseverance of each, and we give them meeting at the Equator amidst the Negroes... We do not fail either to pray quite particularly for the work of recruitment. Everyday in Carthage, each in turn, the scholastics make the way of the cross and recite a rosary for these intentions. "Is it rash to think that our pious readers will associate to this crusade of prayers which are elevated towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus to obtain for Africa a greater number of Apostles?"

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 are baptized.

GIFTS TO THE MISSION.

Cancelled Stamp Work :

10 Ransom of a girl.....	\$20.00
20 Ransom of a boy.....	25.00
From Montreal, for the Mission.....	20.00
From diocese of St. Paul, ransom of Peter Nolascus.....	20.00
From Ironton, Ohio. ransom of John-Joseph.....	20.00
From Columbus, 1st installment for ransom of Maria-Dolorosa.	10.00
From Columbus, 1st installment for ransom of A.-B.....	10.00
From Chicago, 4th and last installment for ransom.....	7.00
From diocese of St. Paul, for Catechist Fund.....	5.00
From New Brunswick, N. J.....	3.00
From Victoria, for the Mission.....	2.00
From Berkeley, Cal.....	1.00
From several smaller donations.....	23.25

For Reconstruction of Rubaga Church :

Miss E. P.....	\$1.00	Miss K. C. D.....	1.00
Miss J. C.....	1.00	Mrs. M. Z.....	1.00
Mrs D. L.....	1.00	Miss M. L. Mc.....	1.00
Rev. J. P. C.....	1.00	Miss M. Mc.....	1.00

We beg to remind our kind readers that the names of those who will have given at least **ONE DOLLAR** for this very urgent intention, will be sent to Rubaga, and **preserved in the new church at the foot of the statue of Mary.**

DECEASED

Miss Frances A. Meehan, Toronto.—Mrs. Alma Durkin, Montreal.—Mrs Patrick Madden, Orielia —Mr. Francis Gleason, Quebec.—Mr. J. Dolan, Central Falls.—Miss Aice Gertrude Carey, San Francisco, Cal.—Mrs. Chs. P. Lieblein, Franklin.—Mrs. Peter Byrnes, Vankleek Hill, Ont.

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS

9 conversions.—20 vocations.—13 spiritual favors.—53 sick.—12 temporal favors.—14 thanks-giving.—22 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 the African Missionaries called the *White Fathers*, was founded at Algiers by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Last June, the Society had the charge of 105 Stations belonging to 7 Apostolic Vicariates, and to one Prefecture. The Missionaries then working in the Field were 463, besides a great number engaged in the general administration, or in the recruiting and training houses the Society has in America, Asia and Europe. In 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 Sisters, founded likewise by Cardinal Lavigerie.

The Society has two kinds of Missions. In North Africa we are working among Mahomedan populations; further South, among the coloured tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions cover together an area almost as large as the whole Dominion or the United States, that is to say, about two million five hundred thousand square miles — one fifth of the "Dark Continent".—As for the inhabitants of these immense countries they may be said to number more than twenty millions, about one seventh of the whole population of Africa.

Well, what are 460 Missionaries for 20,000,000 Heathens?

"Missionaries!.. Send us Missionaries!" Such is the continual appeal of our Confrères in their letters to the Superiors.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest."

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

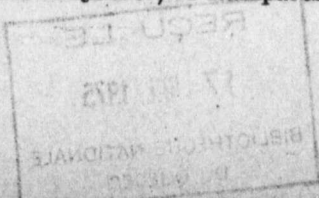
THE WHITE SISTERS

The Sisters of our Lady of Africa give, where they are called by the Head of the Mission, the most devoted course.

So our Vicars Apostolic would like to possess sufficient resources to multiply their establishments. They need about \$120 a year for the maintenance of a Sister.

May abundant alms permit them to be called for in great numbers.

May also these Sisters find vocations truly Apostolic that is to say, decided to any sacrifice for the conversion of the poor Africans. It is for this end that the White Sisters have founded a Postulate in Quebec, 41 Ramparts Street.



CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

The work of **Cancelled Postage Stamps**, though apparently a very humble one, is in fact a source of a great deal of good in our Missions, for the ransom of slaves.

So; Dear Readers, if you can collect any considerable quantity of cancelled stamps, send them to us; we shall derive a valuable profit from them and shall be most grateful to you.

The Post forwards them at the rate of **one cent** per ounce.

Larger quantities should be sent by **EXPRESS** or **FREIGHT**

In order to reduce the cost of the transmission, our good friends, if they can spare time enough, should have them cleanly stripped from all paper by means of cold water, and dried.


We get off the paper in the following easy way:

At night we put the stamps to be cleaned — say 50 thousand — in a pail of cold water.

The next morning we take them out, put them in a corner by little heaps, and let them dry for two or three days.

When all is perfectly dry we blow the stamps off the paper without the least trouble and without tearing them at all.

We should be even more obliged if the stamps were packed up in little packets of one hundred, each packet containing but one kind of stamps. Packets of less or more than one hundred should exactly indicate the number underneath. Stamps too much soiled or torn are of no use.

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

NOTICE

The date on the subscribers' printed address is for the purpose of letting them know when the time of their subscription expires. It also serves as a receipt. — For instance, **Jan. 11, Aug. 10 etc.** means that the subscription runs up to January 1911, to August 1910, etc. — If one month after renewal of subscription, the date on the address is not correct, our subscribers should kindly inform us [of the fact, and we shall at once correct it.

