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Sixth Year No. 3

QUEBEC

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MARCH 1914

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# THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

# White Fathers



WF

Our Lady Redemptress of Slaves. • Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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**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 "Brigittine" Indulgences.

### Other favors granted our subscribers

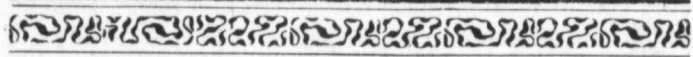
1.—Two Masses are said for them on the 7th and 15th of each month.

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.

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## Vicariate Apostolic of Northern Nyanza.

### *I.—Native Seminary.*



WE GAVE in our last Bulletin some details of the Seminary at Uganda whose first two priests were ordained on June 29 last ; our readers will now, no doubt, be glad to hear something of the Preparatory Seminary of this Vicariate.

It is situated at Bukalasa, a short distance from Villa Maria. A seminarist recently wrote one of his friends as follows :

### BUKALASA.

#### *Preparatory Seminary of the Holy Family.*

“At the present time, the Preparatory Seminary of Bukalasa numbers 72 pupils. You cannot imagine our happiness. There is no anger, no insults, no quarrels among us ;

in spite of our number, we are most united. Our Fathers are full of consideration for us. They give no ill-timed reprimands, but with gentleness and charity point out our defective points.

“There is no worry here ; all we wish for seems to come to us by magic : food, clothing, books,—everything is free. The only thing the Fathers ask of us is study, study and only study !

“The subjects are not very difficult : explanation of the catechism, Latin, history, geography and arithmetic,—that is nearly all.

“Perhaps you have heard it said that we have manual labor, long and hard. This is not true. A short hour in the morning, during which we straighten up the surroundings of the post, and another in the evening, which is not even a full one.

“It has also been said that the seminarists cannot be seen. Another exaggeration ! When you come to see us, the porter will call me at once.

“Do not believe this idle talk, which only serves to frighten those who hear it.”

This letter is a little optimistic, as are many of those written to parents and friends ; it is well that those we love should know that we are happy where we are, and that they should be satisfied with our happiness. However, we will add some details to the letter of our seminarist to give an exact idea of Bukalasa. We are indebted for these to the Father Superior of this house.

“The course of the least advanced numbers 23 pupils. Arriving in October, they commenced the study of Ruganda grammar, and in January they took up Latin. Most of them are about 16 years old ; this is the age required for admission to the Seminary. The Father Superior has charge of these Benjamins, and is aided in this work by a native, a former pupil of the Seminary.

“The pupils of the second course are as numerous as those of the first, and are already considered as old students having passed a year here. Relieved of their first



timidity, they become more turbulent and more difficult to manage. They are entrusted to the care of Father Binel who has just ended his fifth year at the Seminary. Needless to say, he is no novice in the work, and his pupils show the results of his experience.

"The third course, that of Father Maréchal, has only 16 pupils. *Non numerantur sed ponderantur !* In this group, we have a splendid nucleus of young people, intelligent, hard working and of great promise.



One of The Two First Muganda Priests blessing his family.

"It is not surprising that the higher courses contain fewer pupils than the less advanced ones. Each year the selection is made by degrees. This one is less intelligent than one thought him—he has more memory than judgment; that one does not feel himself fitted for a life by rule; another's health is not good. One is dismissed and one asks leave himself to go.

"The fourth course is directed by Father Lelong, and has 10 pupils. They are young men of about twenty, and are remarkable for their good will and earnestness. Upon their excellent spirit depends that of the whole community. Their understanding of Latin is satisfactory, and if the results obtained by their work do not always content their professor, they at least suffice and are worthy of praise. The



Seminary and Chapel of Bukalasa.

next year, this fourth course will become the fifth, and from among these students will be chosen those who will be presented at the Seminary, and who are the objects of our fondest hopes.

"Some will say that five years of study at the Preparatory Seminary is not long ; but there is quite a difference between the program of Bukalasa and that of the seminaries of Europe. Our young men are ignorant, and will always

be ignorant, of the charms of Greek and the difficulties of the higher mathematics. The study of modern languages, too, commences only at the Seminary. Having fewer subjects to study, they are able to apply themselves to the more important with time and ardor.

"The writer of the letter which begins this report speaks of manual work. This is an understood thing in our regulations, and has its importance. One, in becoming "intellectual", no longer likes material work, and another, who wields the pen with dexterity, has a dislike for the mattock. To teach our seminarists the virtue of humility, to preserve their health, and also not to allow them to lose a habit which, later on, may be for them a safeguard and a means of subsistence, there is a fixed time for manual work. Some do it from taste, others through duty,—but no one is dispensed.

"A word about the watch kept over the pupils. Monseigneur the Vicar Apostolic desires that while being vigilant, it should also be as discreet as possible. It is essential that the seminarists should accustom themselves to observe the rules, not because of the master's eye, but from a motive of faith.

"As a rule, our seminarists give us many consolations. Certainly we have at Bukalasa a choice number, and we owe it to the devotedness of the Fathers of the Vicariate, who, in spite of many occupations, always find some time to devote to this important work.

"Sometimes we could wish that these chosen children might show more spontaneity in their devotion, more delicacy in their respect and also a little more gratitude ; but the Christian, and still more the clerical formation, is a labor of time, and its advancement hardly noticeable from one year to another. Without worrying over these defective points, we turn our efforts to making them disappear. May the good God reward these efforts, and may Mary accord a special blessing to our seminarists since, more than others, if they persevere, they are called to extend the kingdom of her divine Son."

II.—MISSION.

Three letters from Canadian missionaries (1) who labor in this Vicariate have come to us indirectly ; we give them below.

Letter from Father Lafleur to one of his former professors at the College of Montreal.

In the country of the volcanoes.

Mbarara, March 1, 1913.

Dear reverend Father,

Two years ago I told you of a long and interesting trip I took in the new territory ceded to England by Germany and Belgium. I recently remade this journey as "socius" of Monseigneur the Vicar Apostolic, which furnishes me an excellent occasion to make you acquainted with this beautiful country.

In the month of February, we had the pleasure of having with us, at Mbarara, Monseigneur the Vicar Apostolic. His Grace was most anxious to visit this new and immense region just added to his Vicariate. When he had finished his journey to the posts of Ibanda and Bunyarunguru, he invited me to rejoin him at Kitaki.

On the date fixed, I arrived in this locality, the future headquarters of the western part of our district. I met there an enormous crowd of people coming to greet Monseigneur,—Christians, catechumens, pagans and even some Protestants. On the 4th of February, I said Mass and distributed Holy Communion to more than 200 of the faithful. After giving my last instructions for the reception of His

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(1) Father Lafleur and Father Octave Goulet pursued their studies at the College of Montreal ; Father C. Robillard began his there, and completed them at the Seminary of Joliette.

Grace, I set out for Kikuba to meet Mgr. Streicher, who was coming from Buryaruguru. Arriving in this village early in the morning, I found everybody astir. I sent out scout after scout ; finally one of them reported — “Father, we have seen him.” I hurried off a first group, then a second, then a third ; finally, I started out myself, followed by a crowd which sang, which shouted, which beat upon the drum, etc.

It was the same at Kitabi, where Monseigneur received an enthusiastic welcome. One after another, the chiefs came to greet their Bishop and to bring him various presents,—bananas, mwengé (a native drink made with crushed bananas and which has something of the taste of cider), eggs, fowl, sheep, etc, etc. The outside of the episcopal tent had all the appearance of a real Bon Secours market.

One of the most touching scenes was certainly that of the mothers who brought their babies to Monseigneur to bless, as did the Jewish women in the time of Our Lord.

To rest, says a proverb of this country, is not to reach the goal. It was necessary to say goodbye to these good people. Monseigneur, however, did not wish to depart without giving them his solemn blessing, and leaving the hope that soon Kitabi would have its permanent missionaries. This promise was received with the greatest gratitude.

This magnificent country is one of the finest centres of our district and also one of the most densely populated, since it numbers no less than 160 000 souls, all ready to receive and listen to us ; and no one who has seen it will fail to rejoice, and to foresee from this foundation the most abundant fruits. These Christians of yesterday have made many sacrifices to go and pray at Mbarara and be baptized there. There, indeed, they will meet only trial after trial ; famine, sickness, privations of all sorts, even death, at least the germs of death. A station of missionaries at Kitabi would spare them all these miseries and would, in a short time, increase the actual number of Christians a hundred-fold.



On February 7 we took the direction of the southwest and turned towards the little country of Zazara, which showed at the last census a population of 40 000 souls in a radius of four hours. It is a beautiful little field of the apostolate.

Two hours after our departure from Kitabi, we reached the halting-place of Kitagata. As its name indicates, Kitagata is known for its hot springs ; it is a "city of water". Do not think that it is the rendezvous of the aristocratic Ankolaïse ! On the contrary, all that Ankolé contains of the miserable, the diseased, the leprous, etc., come here in crowds, at least those whose legs are strong enough to carry them. Shall I confess it ? I allowed myself to be tempted by the mild and beneficent vapors which came from this source, and took a bath there.

Feeling fresher and more cheerful, I resumed my journey without delay, for there were still 12 or 15 miles between us and Kagamba. Soon we entered a long and narrow gorge which served as a connecting link between the country of Kazara and that of Kitagata. At the bottom of this gorge runs a large river ; on either side the beautiful mountains of Kitagata rise perpendicularly, forming a natural border between the two countries. Accustomed as I was to passing this gorge, I forgot the charming sites which adorned it and sped like an arrow in the direction of Kagamba, desirous of announcing, in advance, the arrival of the illustrious visitor whom I accompanied. My haste was all the greater when I perceived, down there on the horizon, an ugly black point. I soon passed over the gorge and found myself in the country of Kazara, where we have 6 catechists and 180 Baganda Christians, without counting some hundreds of aborigines.

His Grace reached Kagamba in a beating rain which, however, did not prevent his reception from being truly enthusiastic.

The following day, February 9, we set out for Rukyiga, always in the direction of the southwest. After two hours travel on bicycles, I reached the shores of the smiling lake

Karengye. At this time of the day, eight in the morning, it is superb, with its hundreds of green islands mirrored in its blue waters. While going along, I thought of the massacre which this lake witnessed two years ago. Lugarama, great chief of the Muhororo, a wicked pagan, had raised the standard of revolt. He wished to drive the Baganda from his country. It was, however, not his first attempt. This time, at the end of its patience, the English government departed from its temporizing policy. It raised a small army and sent it out against the agitator. The expedition was composed of three distinct groups : the regular army, formed of the Nubians in the service of England, and having at its head an English officer, the king of Ankolé with the Baganda and the Banyankolé, and finally Joana Setalyja, the government agent for the new country. The end in view was to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. They set out, the chiefs of each party endeavoring to effect a converging march which would permit them to surround the enemy and crush him. Lugarama, with his thousands of lances, had established his camp on the hills around lake Karengye.

The unexpected appearance of the three expeditionary bodies proved a veritable clap of thunder. The officer, before opening fire, tried to make terms, but his men being received at the point of the lance, he gave the signal of combat. The Maxim guns, with the Martinis of the Nubians, threw terror into the ranks of the rebels. Some, in trying to beat a retreat, ran against the soldiers of the king of the Ankolé ; others precipitated themselves into the lake, in the hope of swimming to some of the islands scattered through it ; but the most perished in its waters, struck by the balls which rained around them, thick as hail.

Hundreds of prisoners were taken. Lugarama succeeded, however, in escaping, and concealed his chagrin in the depths of the Mpororo, ready to pass over into the German country if the English tried to pursue him. To-day peace reigns all over the country, Lugarama having submitted.

At 11 o'clock I arrived at Nalusanje, in the heart of the Rukyiga country, going to the house of Joana Setalyja ; His Grace reached there only five hours later, worn out with fatigue, but this fatigue was soon forgotten in the presence of the beauties of this country, so rich and so thickly populated. It has 80 000 inhabitants. They wear their hair long and braided ; from afar one would think them old women, but when you are close, it is another thing. They are large and handsome men, truly colossal. Never have I seen such splendid specimens of the human race. Beside them, I, who am by no means a dwarf, as you know, look like a child.

We have been over the country in all directions ; everywhere, the people were eager to bring us milk, Indian corn, etc. I leave you to guess what our poor porters are paid in this country of Cocagne.

This region was formerly still more populous, but famine made terrible ravages five years ago. After this first disaster, came a second : attacked by neighboring tribes who profited by its distress, it was still further reduced by bloody raids. To-day the English are masters, the country is at peace and is recovering.

Thanks to Joana, we have, in this far off region, ten or twelve baptized Bakyiga.

We spent two days at Nalusanjé, as much to permit our porters to recover from their fatigue as to strengthen the fervor of the twenty Baganda Christians in the service of Joana. February 11 we again took the road to Kumba, a military post and the official seat of the Government. A trip of an hour and a half from Nalusanjé, there is a beautiful Fall, like Montmorency's. It is the wonder of the country, so I did not miss the opportunity to go and see it. From there, we attacked the mountains of Rukyiga. Soon we reached one of the highest crests, from which we had a splendid view of all the surrounding country, in particular the mountains and forest of Bunyaruguru, four days journey from here.

While we were viewing this magnificent panorama, rain commenced to fall, such a rain that in a few moments we were soaked to the skin. It was useless to raise an umbrella: it was blowing great gusts and we were obliged to resign ourselves, for the love of God, to the torrents of water which overwhelmed us. Where could we find shelter and to what use, when there was not a dry thread on our backs? However, to remain in the condition we were in would be exposing ourselves to death. Be joyful then, and go ahead!

A journey of an hour and a half under this deluging rain, and along gullied paths intersected by bogs, brought us to the house of Mr. MacCombie. This gentleman is a good Scotchman and, like all his compatriots, very hospitable. Besides, he is an old friend whom I have known for seven years. We could not have been better received; a warm bath, cheerful fire, a change of clothing,—nothing was spared to revive us. I joined the military with a colonel's great-coat, if you please. In the evening, when I went out to take a walk in the neighborhood, the Nubian soldiers all presented arms, and I, grave as a pacha, did not fail to answer with the military salute.

In short, we did finely in this providential refuge; Mr. MacCombie certainly spared us a severe fever, and, perhaps, still more. So the next day His Grace was not sparing of his thanks. "Do not thank me, Monseigneur," he responded amiably, "I have only paid a debt." He then told us that during the war of the Transvaal, he was nursed by the Catholic missionaries and had received the most devoted and fraternal care from them.

May God be blessed for having put in our way this good and charitable Samaritan!

The next day, completely recovered from the feelings of the day before, we took leave of our host and turned towards the camp of Ngyezi, situated on the frontier between Rukyiga and English Rwanda. This time we had as traveling companions about twenty Banyarwanda warriors. I tried to talk to them, but not with brilliant success, the language of these people being entirely different from the Runyankolé

and Ruganda. I had all the appearance of a "bleu" newly landed.

After walking for four hours in a country completely deserted, we reached the camp towards midday, in an intense heat. Fortunately, close by we found clear and cool water. We drank it gratefully, thanking God for giving us water in a place so desolate.

February 13 we left the camp for Kigezi, only three hours and a half distant. Soon we were on the heights above lake Nyezi. I greeted it, for it is an old friend. Two years ago, I almost left my skin on its shores, in company with Father Le Tòhic, my superior. That day we walked around it for more than ten hours, in a dense fog and through an untrodden forest. The shores of the lake are formed by a chain of mountains with steep sides ; numerous gulfs and bays indent its shores. You can easily understand that the unfortunate traveler who winds around it must mount a hundred times, descend, mount again, descend again, skirt its banks, then remount two or three hundred feet above the shore, without counting the many detours he must make to follow the windings of each bay. We could not count the falls we had that day, the Father Superior and I ; we were falling all the time, although we did our utmost to hold on to all the roots which came under our hands. What gave me courage was the sight of our poor porters, each of whom had 25 kilos on his head. I said to myself : "You have nothing, and you wish to give up ! Come, sluggard, on the way, forward !" Another and more supernatural thought came to my mind : my good angel, without doubt, counted all my steps and all my falls, for it was certainly not for our own pleasure that we undertook this painful excursion. Father Le Tòhic, who had spent 14 years in Africa, had never, he said, felt so much fatigue as on that day, and I, who had only spent 7 there, was able to say as much, although I had not done so badly in the way of experience.

On my return from Nalusanjé the same fatigues were felt, although to a less degree. Two mountains barred our



way. To scale them, it was necessary at times to cling to all the projections of the rocks and all the shrubs within reach, often giving our bodies the form of a real letter Z. It was to no purpose that, according to the advice of the poet,

*Os homini sublime dedit coelumque tueri jussit.*

If I had wished to look at the sky, I would certainly have fallen backwards.

Our efforts were magnificently rewarded when we arrived at the summit of the second mountain, where an enchanting panorama spread itself before us. At our feet, the immense plain of Rwanda, with two smiling little lakes to the north ; at the south, the chain of volcanoes, a natural limit to the spheres of Belgian, German and English influence. In the foreground, the Muhavuva, 12 495 feet, the Ngahuga, 10 575 feet, the Sabziniou 11 112 feet, the Karisimbi, 13 500 feet. The Mikyeno below, at the foot of the picture, two days journey from Kygézé, makes an opening in the blue sky, thanks to its 14 140 feet. All the volcanoes are extinct except Mikyeno, which again sent out lava eight months ago. In spite of the distance which separated us from this giant, ten days of steady travel, we heard its rumblings very clearly at Mbarara. A post of our confreres is nine hours distant from this volcano ; that night we could read without difficulty by the light of the flames emitted. For a lantern, it was a very fine one, I think.

I have now, dear Father, reached the end of my trip. Pardon the desultory style of this letter, and above all pray for me as well as for our dear mission, and accept, etc.,

E. LAFLEUR, *of the White Fathers.*

(Among the confreres of Father Lafleur at Mbarara is Father Octave Goulet. The following letter is written to one of his relatives, Madame Pelchat, of Montreal.)

Dear Cousin,

Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your most generous alms for the redemption of Marie-Louise or of Joseph Ferdinand. You may be sure that your pious desire will be gratified very shortly ; the number of redemptions to be made here is large—there is really an embarrassment of choice, so to speak. Give my sincerest thanks to all the relatives and friends who have participated with you in the good work.

I am at Mbarara in the fine country of Nkolé, about two hundred miles distant from my brother Amédée ; so, you see, we do not meet each other very often. But though separated from one another on this earth, we have the sure and sweet hope of meeting above.

The mission of Mbarara, founded in 1902 under the most unfavorable conditions, and sorely tried by continual trouble, sometimes from the Protestants, who preceded us here, sometimes from the chiefs, who are all Protestants likewise, is at the present time, in spite of all these obstacles, one of our most flourishing Christian colonies. We put it in the hands of Our Lady of Perpetual Help ; it is not necessary, then, to say that she came to our help—rather we will say that she has done everything for us.

The territory of the mission is vast ; it takes a week to traverse it from east to west. Two new posts have been established, one at Bunyaruguru, the other at Ibanda, which contains more than a thousand Christians. Last year, there were more than 700 baptisms at Mbarara. Next Sunday, 30 children will be baptized, and in a few weeks about a hundred adults. Thanks to Mary Immaculate, the mission is going on finely. The harvest is most abundant, but the workers are too few—what are nine missionaries among 500000 souls ?

The drought which has lasted here for months has brought on a famine, and if rain does not soon come the consequences will be terrible. Let us trust our Divine Master will take pity on us.

Once more, a thousand thanks !

OCTAVE GOULET, *W. F.*

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*Letter from Father P. Robillard to his Parents.*

Rubaga, (Uganda) Oct. 15, 1913.

My dear Parents,

Setting out for Rubaga on Sept. 4th. I arrived on the fifth of October: a whole month of travel, you see. I went to Bunyoro for my retreat, and that finished, visited the posts of Hoïma, where I found Father Beaudoin, of St. Roch de l'Achigan. I had not seen him for three years, so you can imagine with what pleasure we met. You see that in the same Vicariate it is possible to be years without meeting one another.

From Hoïma I went to the Toro—seven days of travel in a country covered with hills and watered by numberless rivers, often without a bridge to cross. It is an understood thing here that the stopping places are always “near” no matter how far they may be in reality ; if it takes four hours to reach your destination, you are still informed that it is “near”.

At the beginning of my journey, I believed these statements, but soon resolved to put no questions to any one about distances. Our porters—I say our because Father

Michaud, another Canadian, was with me—our porters were not quite so patient, and did not hesitate to call our informants liars; however this is no insult in this country—everybody lies here. “He who does not lie will never grow”, says one of their proverbs. Our poor fellows, wearied with their loads, one carrying beds, the other a chest filled with provisions, etc., would have relished more accurate information. The route from Hoïma to the Toro, therefore, is not the most agreeable. The distance is reckoned, not by miles, but by the number of hills to be climbed. Thus they will tell you : You have still 3, 7, 10 hills to cross over. If the numbers be accurate, we then have a good idea of the length of our journey.

At the Toro we met Father Beauchamp, of St. Jérôme, who has just been made superior of a neighboring station, Butiti. Toro is three hours distance from Ruwenzori, a famous chain of mountains, covered with eternal snow. I would have enjoyed an excursion there, but had not the time. After a rest of three days we took up our march by a beautiful, though wery rough and uneven route. At the end of eight hours we reached the mission of Butiti, of which I have just spoken ; from there to Rubaga it was a ten days' journey with our porters, but as the road was good, we left our men to travel by easy stages, and pushed on ourselves, arriving in three days at our destination. The whole journey was about the same as that from Montreal to St. Anne de Beaupré, going and coming. I must add that we often passed through desert tracts inhabited by elephants, buffaloes, lions and other animals, but we never met any, although many times perceiving traces of their presence.

Your affectionate son,

CH. ROBILLARD, *W. F.*

## LEAFLETS INSERTED IN THE BULLETIN.

In regard to the leaflets inserted in the Bulletin of last month, we wish to say that they must not be understood as a call for a fresh subscription while the old one is still running on. These subscription blanks, with an enclosed envelope to our address, are once a year—generally in December—sent out with copies of the magazine to facilitate the payment of subscriptions.

As to the accompanying blank lists, they are intended to make a little easier the work of those who solicit subscriptions for our work. How grateful would we be to you, dear readers, if each, at this season, would obtain for us one new subscriber—even one subscriber ! This would be one way,, among others, of making a New Year's gift to the African Missions which would carry with it much happiness.







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## Vicariate Apostolic of Nyassa.

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(In the last Bulletin we commenced a review of the works of the Canadian Fathers in this Vicariate. We continue the accounts of the mission of Bembéché, of which Father Paradis is Superior.)

### MISSION OF BEMBECHÉ.

*How Father Paradis converted an old witch.*

Nyassaland, March 13, 1913.

Dear Reverend Father,

Last week I had the pleasure of writing to you how, just now, the good God is blessing our works with the most consoling results, and I told you we were going to profit by the First Friday to give Him thanks and solicit new favors, I would not venture to say that our prayers are so well made that He feels obliged to hear and grant them, but here is something that will make manifest, once more, His infinite mercy.

Well then ;—last Friday, in answer to our appeal, 200 adult neophytes gathered together to honor the Sacred Heart. After Communion I made them make the special

promise to let no one die in their villages without having baptism proposed to him. I was obliged to reproach several with their indifference in this respect, and I made them understand that it was a crime which demanded atonement.

I had been so busy all day that at sunset I had not yet opened my breviary. I was just about to commence the recitation of my office when there came a knock at the door. A young Christian, one of those whom I had upbraided in the morning, entered and crouched down on the floor, hiding his face between his knees. Rising to my feet at my table, I knit my brows ; a terrible odor floated through my room, but he gave me no time to exclaim.

“Bambo, balbutia Gabriel ; Chigumi is dying—I wanted to baptize her, but the devil got into her and helped her and she sat straight up and chased me out, flinging filth and dirt all over me.”

Chigumi is an old sorceress, the oldest person I have ever come across in this country. No one can ever remember her young. The grandfathers of the old men of today brought her here, as a prisoner, from the land of the Amatengo, on the eastern shores of the lake. She has never been known as anything else than a priestess of the spirits. If some misfortune chances, the victim's first thought is to consult Chigumi. “The spirit of such a one wants some stuffs or a chicken, a sheep or a goat—here is my offering.” In the bottom of her miserable hut, Chigumi carries out her juggleries with great ease ; she eats with those who have had recourse to her services, and keeps the sacrifices for future subsistence.

But her last hour was at hand. From time to time I had seen the old sorceress prowling about, but could never discover her place of refuge. Gabriel now showed me, saying ; “Near the chief's stable there is a little hut ; may be you thought it was a pig-sty, but it is Chigumi's house. Father, the old woman is going to die to-night, perhaps—if you go to see her, don't tell her who called you !”

I put down my breviary, and Father Boyer and I took lanterns and started out, for it was now pitch dark. On

our way to the village we recited the beads, for it was indeed necessary that Jesus and Mary should be with us if we were to tear this soul from the demon.

As we neared the village the children ran out to meet us, but when they saw where we were going they halted, frightened, and then ran away. The hut was hidden from sight under an overhanging cluster of thorny branches. While we were striving to find an entrance, the most curious of the villagers approached silently, awe-stricken. This showed us that our task was going to be one of great difficulty. When we finally effected an entrance, we could scarcely breathe. There was not a place to put one's foot. An indescribable filthy mess of broken pitchers, battered baskets and a disgusting mass of rubbish lay wherever one looked. Along the wall of this hovel we finally discovered the pitiful creature. Poor Chigumi—so small, so emaciated, so bowed down and bent was she, that you could almost hide her under one of her own baskets.

She heard the noise of our entrance and turned her head toward us. We leaned over her and spoke ; she recognized us and mumbled some unintelligible words. What was passing in her soul ? Her eyes, brilliant and steady, remained fixed upon us. I spoke a long while, but she made no response—I could not tell whether she heard me or not. Finally I called in two children, who repeated in her ear all that I was saying of the good God. Then, at last, she acknowledged that she understood. The children ran off, crying, driven away by the "matékinya". Over our feet and gourduras they swarmed in legions. These dreadful little insects were really killing the old woman ; they were reducing her members to mere ottenness. Our only thought, however, was to convince Chigumi that we felt the liveliest compassion for her, and that the good God was even more pitiful of her sufferings than we.

We stayed with her two hours, and as we were about to leave I wondered if we were speaking to life or death. Her eyes were closed and the respiration invisible. "Poor grandmother," said I, "if you desire that I wash clean your heart

and send you to the good God, where you will never suffer any more, open your eyes once more and look at me.”

Suddenly I saw her shining eyes fixed upon me, while a feeble sigh relieved the laboring breast. I held in my hand a phial of holy water—quickly I poured the drops on her forehead, and bending down to her ear, said into it ; “Now thy name is Felicitas—pass quickly into the heaven where thy namesake awaits thee.” I threw over her a covering which would later serve as burial robe, and we left her.

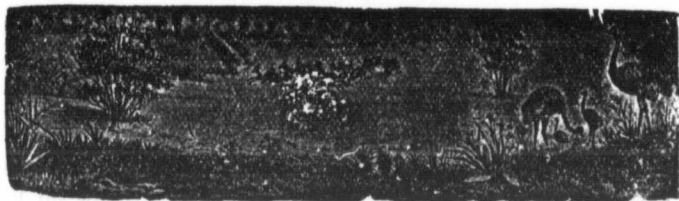
Outside, more than fifty persons were assembled, in the most profound silence. Father Boyer closed the door, and drew down over it the branchies which made her only protection from wild beasts.

The poor old creature died on Sunday morning. Not a tear was shed for her.

She was tied up in the piece of cloth I had left in her hut, and thrown hastily into the ground. Her body had scarcely been removed from the hovel when fire was set to it, and it was entirely consumed. She is forgotten—we alone, we think of Felicitas, because she was the great present made us that day by the Sacred Heart.

E. PARADIS, *W. I.*





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## News from the Postulate.

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*Letter from a Postulant to one of his old College friends.*

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Quebec, Dec. 8, 1913.

My dear Friend,

I have some news for you. On Thursday last, Dec. 4th, we had the great honor, and no less pleasure, of extending our hospitality to His Grace, Mgr Guillaume Forbes, brother of our esteemed Superior, Rev. Father John Forbes.

Our good Father had already given us a hint, on his return from Joliette, where he had gone to assist at the Consecration of his brother, that we might look for a visit from His Grace in the near future, but the date had not been fixed.

Mgr. Forbes arrived late on Wednesday evening, accompanied by his private secretary, Father Lachapelle, and the next morning himself celebrated Mass, and gave us all Communion.

After breakfast we were presented to him ; he showed the greatest interest in everything, and before finally blessing us, gave us, at the instance of his secretary, a fine holiday.



At the dinner hour we all assembled in the refectory, decorated for the occasion with streamers of all colors. At the end of the room was His Grace's portrait, hung with drapen.

For this family gathering our Father Superior had invited Father Jolicoeur, pastor of St. Catherine of Portneuf, and Rev. Father Legault, Superior of the Oblates of St.



F. Menard.

Fr. Forbes, Bishop Forbes.

Fr. Gaudibert.

Fr. Mesnage.

Sauveur, and pastor of the same parish. You see them in the enclosed photograph, but as you do not know any of the group personally, I will mention their names.

At the right of Mgr. Forbes, M. Jolicoeur, Rev. Father Forbes, Superior of the Postulate and Rev. Father Gaudibert ; on His Grace's left, Rev. Father Legault and Rev. Father Mesnage, our Director.

Behind, from left to right : Mr. Joseph Mitchell, a negro from Grenada (the Antilles) who is preparing to enter the Order of White Fathers ; Brother J. P. Perron, Brother Aur. Angers, Rev. Father Ménard, Father Lachapelle, secretary to His Grace, and the Brothers Jos. John, Henri Gauthier, Allyre Charest and P. E. Gauthier, our dean.

The next day, Friday, Mgr. Forbes left us, accompanied by his brother, to prostrate himself at the feet of our good St. Anne, no doubt to put both his diocese and person under her powerful invocation.

He quitted us finally on Saturday morning, leaving behind him the most pleasant remembrances of his affability, his simplicity and his exquisite kindness.

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Notice.—The date (month and year) on the Bulletin received indicates the time when the subscription expires. Jan. 14, Sept. 13, etc., shows that the subscription ends at such date.

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## Miscellany.

### VACATIONS IN KABYLIE.

*Letter from Father W. Sarrazin to Rev. Father Forbes.*

Maison Carrée, Sept. 20, 1913.

Very dear Father,

On the first of September I set out for Kabylie with Father Lacoursière. I have been appointed to the post of Beni-Ismaïl. It dates back, as you know, about thirty years, and is one of the oldest missions in Kabylie.

It contains about 150 Christians, of whom 80 are communicants. Confessions and communions are frequent—these

last are more than 6000 a year, about 60 on Sunday, and a dozen every day. Is not this a triumph for Kabylie ?

I think this afresh, every evening, seeing how the good God is served in this country of mountains, in the mids of infidels by the thousands. This is what makes the heart of of the missionary rejoice. But what touches me even more is the faith and the piety of the young Christians.

Listen to this charming little story. It was Sept. 8, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. All our Christians wished to go to Communion on this day, although a minor feast, for the priest had told them : "There is a young priest coming to sing High Mass for us. You ought to receive Communion from his hands." I arrived on that day. Every one came, just as on the great festivals. The Kyrie and Gloria were sung in great style—every one took part in the rendition. I really had never heard a finer chant ; the tears came to my eyes. After the Gospel, the Father Superior made me preach on the priesthood and on Mary, appropriate subjects, as you perceive. The moment of Communion arrived—all the young Christians approached the rail, the boys in white, the girls in more conspicuous colors.

Among the children was one named George, who, even standing, could hardly reach the Communion cloth.

The great number of Communicants forced me to divide the hosts, in order to have a sufficient quantity. When little George saw that I was going to place only a morsel on his tongue he said in a tone that seemed to warm me against making such a distinction.—"Father, that's not right !" "Be quiet," said I, and went on with the "Corpus Domini."

He returned to his place, apparently satisfied, but at the end of Mass, he came after me.

"Father" said he, "you gave me only little pieces of Jesus, and the other Fathers always give me big pieces."

"What is that you little simpleton ? Are there any pieces of Jesus ? Is n't Jesus entire in the little hosts as well as in the big ones ? Aren't you a man, with only a little body, just as much as I am one too, with my big body ?"

"That's so", said he, very seriously, and went away quite content.

Little George, from this time on, will never again be astonished if he receives only the fraction of a host.

Accept, dear Father, etc.

W. SARRAZIN, (1) *W. F.*

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(1) Born at St. Monica, Deux-Montagnes County, P. Q. He made his studies at the College of St. Theresa.

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## Vicariate Apostolic of Nyassa.

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*Letter from Father Oscar Julien to Rev. Father Forbes.*

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Katchébé, March 15, 1913.

Dear Reverend Father,

It has been four months since I arrived at my fine post of Katchébé, and I have not yet written to tell you how happy I am. There could be no better time, however, than the present, as I have just returned from a most interesting journey through the villages in the company of the Father Superior.

At the very start the Divine Master put our patience to the proof by a rain which held us back for two days. The delay seemed long indeed, and we waited only the first ray of sunshine to bestride our steeds of steel. At last this kindly ray shone forth and we set out, but had not gone more than five miles when rain again forced us to seek shelter with two kind Dutchmen at the storehouse of Fort Manning. The Father Superior is from Holland, so it was quite a family party, and notwithstanding the check to our plans, we passed a couple of hours very pleasantly. Finally, Our Lady of Africa, who knew how much her children needed the visit of the missionaries, heard our prayers and sent us a beautiful burst of sunshine which enabled us to resume our route—not without some further difficulties, however. Difficulties, you know, are part of the work of God. The first one was the passage of a little river swollen by the rains. If we had listened to the counsel of our Blacks, who are never in a hurry, we would have waited until the waters had subsided, which would have been a matter of about two hours longer, but time pressed. We took off our shoes and sought a fordable place. Right in the middle of the stream there was a tree ; we seized the branches, clung to them and made a living chain of ourselves, and thanks to its good offices, reached the other side, wet only to the knees. Safely across, we continued our route ; everything went well for a while, but we came presently to a bog and our steel horses refused to carry us, so we had to drag them along while floundering about in the mud and wet. We pushed on, however, all the same, through the tall grasses, and after some exercise of patience arrived at last at the end of the marsh. Behold, another ! We had lost our way. Turning at a right angle toward the woods at the side of Mponda, we found after a while a road which conducted us without further trouble to our destination. The acclamations and enthusiasm with which we were received completely restored our spirits and made us forget river and marsh. At the entrance to the village we were met by

Petro, our catechist, who left our central school to go teach in one of the branches.

We decided to separate here, the Father Superior accompanying Bazilio, who teaches in another village, whilst I went with Petro. The greater part of the children and the young people of the village turned out to escort me, with shouts and songs, to the neighboring school. Everybody knows I am coming, so the attendance will be very large, but there will be plenty of room in our study hall, for it is under the arch of the heavens, beneath the shade of an immense tree, that the instruction is given. This open-air school, has, it is true, its inconveniences, above all during the rainy season ; but what can we do ? We cannot afford to build, and must do the best we can for a pressing need. Of 17 schools which we visited during the two weeks of our trip five were similar to this mentioned.

Notwithstanding these conditions, the roll of names shows that mammas, babies, men and women alike, attend well, and their answers to the questions put them are not at all unsatisfactory. I must tell you, however, that owing to my own small knowledge of the language, I did not go very far with them. I was very much edified to see that those who came late knelt humbly, made the sign of the cross and said a short prayer before joining the others.

They know the catechism word for word, and, as far as I can judge, seem to understand what they recite. Here is a sample of Petro's teaching of the letters to the children. He points out one on his blackboard, fastened to a tree, and says : "What is this letter ?" "B", says the urchin. "What ! didn't I tell you yesterday that the swell of B is to the right, and that of D to the left ? Now I tell you once more—this is a D ; his brother, P. has his stomach at the top." In a higher class—two letters joined. "What is this letter ? C with his friend I—c-i, Ci." Still another division, and we reach those who read and write.

After about an hour and a half of class, a singing lessor is given, and the session is at an end. You do not know



what a pleasure there is in hearing the singing or the animation and life they give to the Credo, rendered in the form of a canticle. It seems to me that the good God cannot refuse the gift of faith to those who chant its articles of belief with so much fervor. Indeed, the results show that He is not deaf to this magnificent profession.

I returned to our headquarters with an even more numerous escort than that with which I left it ; the inhabitants of two villages joined forces to follow me, and spared no demonstration of good will.

With the exercises of piety and the visits made and received, the day passes very quickly, and evening comes before one realizes it. Then every one assembles to sing a hymn to Mary, Queen of Africa, to recite the evening prayers and go to confession, if desirous of receiving Holy Communion the next morning. As our Christians have no watches or alarm-clocks, they arrive sometimes at most unseasonable hours. Along about one or two o'clock in the morning we hear them outside the curtain of our tent : "Bwana ! Bwana ! (Father ! Father !) is it time for Mass ?"

"No, no—go to sleep again ; it is night yet." They depart. About three o'clock back they come, but this time they do not call us—they simply wait and talk to each other, with the result that they wake us up again, just the same. We rise, make our meditation, and Mass begins. After breakfast is over, class commences ; at its end we all disperse to our several assignments in the auxiliary schools. One day when the Superior had reached his special post, after floundering through mud and water for several acres, he found his people all gone out gathering, not raspberries but—caterpillars ! Yes, they eat caterpillars here, with as much appetite as we do raspberries at home. In one village where I visited, a young man picked a number off the branches of a tree and the owner forced him to put every one back ? To each his taste, even if it be caterpillars !

When our visit to one Christian centre is finished we set up our tent in another, and disperse all around to its adjuncts. We try to make two or three visits to each school—ordinarily, each one of us makes a separate inspection. We thus discover whatever is wanting, endeavor to apply a remedy, make a choice of catechumens for the preparatory studies for the next general baptism, encourage, reprimand, if necessary, etc.

Wherever we go the program is about the same ; here, one shows more desire for instruction, there, perhaps, less. In general, the result has been satisfactory ; but this fact does not hinder us from stimulating our catechists to even greater zeal for the salvation of souls. As Easter is unusually early this year, we will not have the usual solemn baptism of the adults, but will put it off until Pentecost ; those who are to receive the Sacrament will arrive in a few days to prepare for its reception.

I cannot tell how many there will be as yet, but probably as many as at All Saints—about seventy or eighty.

It is necessary, my dear Father, to tell you how happy I am here in Nyassa ? You will not doubt it. My only regret is to see how few of my compatriots share this happiness with me. Why do they not come in numbers to taste with us the joys of the missionary, working for the harvest which will fill the granaries of the Father of the family, it is so abundant. Does the next reception of postulants at Quebec promise well ? I never fail, in my daily memento, to remember this intention.

I have seen Fathers Paradis and Roy since my arrival here, and passed two days with each in his respective post. They appear so contented and joyous that it does me, the newcomer, the greatest good to be with them.

Good-bye, dear and venerated Father ; my remembrances and best wishes to the good Fathers and Brothers of Quebec.

OSCAR JOSEPH JULIEN, (1)

*Of the African Missions, White Fathers.*

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(1) Father Julien, native of St. Timothée, Beauharnois Co., P. Q., made his studies at the College of Valleyfield.

# 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 Missionaries 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

**W**E 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

From Denver, a PURSE for a SEMINARIAN . . . . .	\$450.00
From Philadelphia, toward a PURSE . . . . .	50.00
From Amenia, a ransom . . . . .	20.00
From London, ransom of Michael . . . . .	20.00
From Halifax, ransom of Patricia . . . . .	20.00
From New Orleans, for a man-Catechist . . . . .	15.00
From Baltimore, for a Woman-Catechist . . . . .	10.00
From Salem, for the Mission . . . . .	10.00
From Danbury, for the Mission . . . . .	5.00
From New Glasgow, for First Communion Work . . . . .	3.00
From Detroit, for the Mission . . . . .	1.00
From St Albans, for the Mission . . . . .	1.00
From Kemptville, for the Mission . . . . .	1.00
From Columbus, for the Mission . . . . .	1.00
From amount of smaller gifts . . . . .	25.00

### CANCELLED STAMP WORK.

From Philadelphia, ransom of Frances . . . . .	20.00
From Philadelphia, ransom of Irene . . . . .	20.00
From Commun Fund, ransom of a girl . . . . .	20.00

### DECEASED

Mr. L. Bleie, Hempstead, N. Y.—Mr John Schneider, Columbus, O.

*Requiescant in pace.*

### RECOMMENDATIONS.

20 conversions.—16 vocations.—10 spiritual favors.—40 sick.—28 temporal favors.—17 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.*

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

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 409, 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 Lavignerie.

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 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.

REQ. LE  
17 JUN 1927  
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## 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.

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