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Fifth Year No. 7

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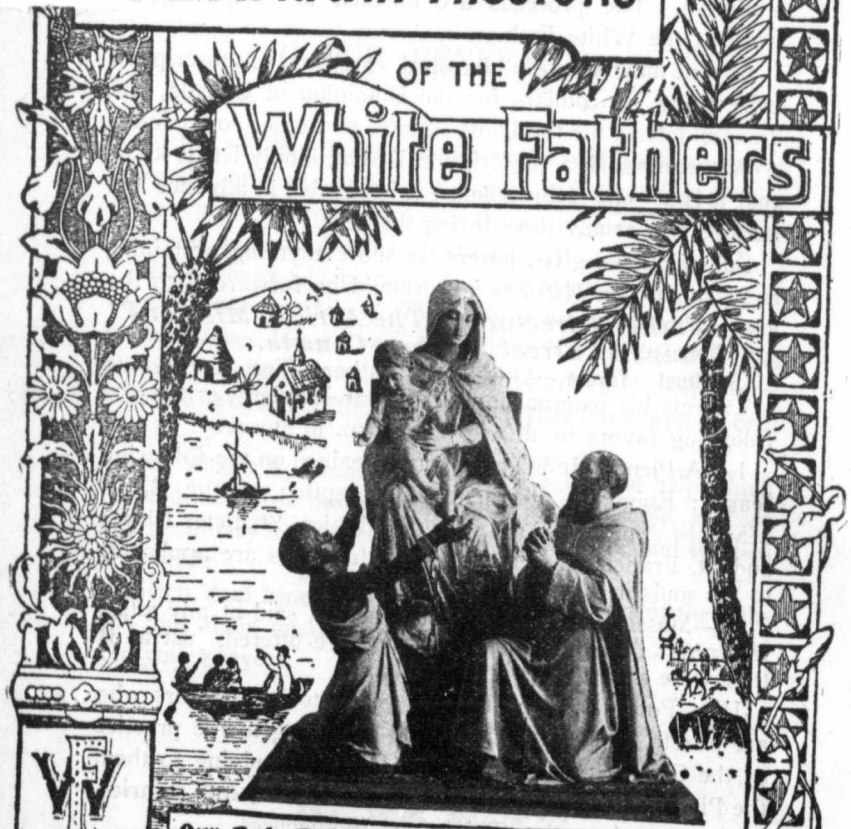
JULY 1913

PER  
A-211

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

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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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## NOTICE

We request our subscribers to notify us promptly of any change of address. The post office will not forward printed matter from the old address to the new.

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### TO OUR BENEFACTORS

In this and in following numbers we will publish reports from the missions under our care. In presenting to you these reports, we must first give thanks to God who enlightens souls and sustains his apostles.

The statistics which follow give the result of the apostolic work of our confrères. The figures are eloquent enough of themselves, but the reports from each Vicariate will enable you to follow more in detail these works and their fruits, as well as the difficulties under which they have been accomplished.

Our Vicars Apostolic everywhere ask for the help which the abundance of the harvest makes indispensable, and solicit pecuniary aid to keep up the present work and to open new fields.

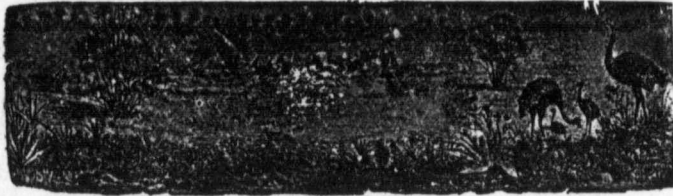
Listen, dear benefactors, to the pleading voices of the bishops and their missionaries, and help them by your alms and your prayers.



Statement of the Missions of the White Fathers (June 1911 at June 1912)

MISSIONS AND VICARIATES APOSTOLIC	STATIONS	MISSIONARIES	SISTERS	CATECHISTS	NEOPHYTES	CATECHUMENS	BAPTISMS ADULT	BAPTISMS OF CHILDREN OF NEOPHYTES	BAPTISMS IN ARTICULO MORTIS	CONFIRMATIONS	CONFESSIONS	COMMUNIONS	MARRIAGES	SCHOOLS	BOYS	GIRLS	SICK CARD FOR	CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS	HOSPITALS ORPHAN, ASYLUMS LAZAR- HOUSES, ETC.
Northern Africa...	12	56	80	10	1062	206	22	47	650	7	12426	38554	12	12	644	269	133835	23	{ 20 Dispensaries. 3 Hospitals
Sahara.....	3	10	8	4	4	22			101	4	187	1393	1	3	139	95	21764	4	Dispensaries.
French Sudan..	10	39	13	22	1506	1861	132	92	77	276	16465	43120	27	10	209	162	36607	25	{ 10 Asylum 2 Hospitals. 13 Dispensaries.
Nyasa.....	12	52	12	485	8439	56168	1427	622	2080	1477	82909	140374	144	786	18503	5426	44405	26	{ 15 Dispensaries. 6 Hospitals. 5 Asylums.
Upper Congo...	9	41	15	84	7268	38084	582	409	1463	1284	71050	76485	208	34	2902	1144	308823	67	{ 2 Dispensaries 14 Hospitals 21 Asylums.
Tanganika.....	12	47	29	115	8766	6797	1061	401	684	1019	81280	113949	199	121	5938	3602	84939	32	{ 17 Dispensaries. 6 Hospitals. 9 Asylums
Unyamwebe....	16	53	24	139	7209	5033	691	333	476	912	101838	249049	148	44	2441	539	167736	57	{ 19 Dispensaries. 16 Hospitals. 23 Asylums
Southern Nyanza.	23	86	23	244	17743	12450	1779	1142	1866	2292	252678	584539	445	125	2775	1331	209130	55	{ 83 Dispensaries. 10 Hospitals 22 Asylums
Northern Nyanza.	30	115	28	1147	116406	93654	7075	3647	3279	9056	649692	1382290	1163	571	11925	7927	656749	48	{ 30 Dispensaries. 18 Hospitals.
TOTALS ..	127	499	232	2250	168403	214185	13719	6693	10676	16927	1368520	26249653	2347	1706	45476	20495	1658988	337	





Fifth Year, No. .7

QUEBEC

July 1913

## Mission of Kabylie.<sup>(1)</sup>

*Rev. Father Antoine Constantin, Superior of the district.*

### REPORT.

Among our readers, there are doubtless some who have heard the saying : "The Mussulmans cannot be converted." This would be discouraging enough, if it were true. The following report, with the statistics which accompany it, is an eloquent refutation.

The Mission of Kabylie numbers at this time 1062 neophytes and 206 catechumens. Each year records new con-

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(1) The Mission of Kabylie comprises Jurjura, Chélif and the Aurès.

versions ; each year also finds additional hearths giving many worshippers to God.

The Christian life is the one desired, judging by attendance at the offices, at instructions and above all, by the reception of the sacraments. In all the stations, frequent and even daily communion produces marvellous results, especially in the young people. The chapels almost everywhere are too small, and it is necessary to build new ones ; a happy necessity, for which we must thank God.

The school children are the object of our especial care. The more intelligent do not hesitate to point out the errors with which the Koran abounds, and place no faith in the fables of the marabouts (Mohammedan priests.) "Besides the school", writes Father Tissot, " we have organized in three villages of the tribe of the Menguellath meetings of young people from 12 to 18 years of age, shepherds or day laborers for the most part. These poor young ones, whom nobody bothers about, respond very willingly to our appeal.

"It goes without saying that our principal object in these meetings is to reach their souls and awaken their consciences ; the moral talks please many of these children, and the religious seed which we sow in their hearts is not slow in springing up. Even in school, we insist strongly on the teaching of morality, and this insistence produces visible fruit as a confirmation of the value of the methods adopted ; a little group of day scholars asked of themselves for one of our catechists from Ouarzen to give them each day a short supplementary instruction on religious matters, and under his direction they exercise themselves in the practice of prayer, good works and little sacrifices ; some of them even deprive themselves of their midday meal, for the love of God."

" If our neophytes are brave", says another missionary, " it is because they derive their courage and zeal from daily communion, which they receive with a devotion most edifying to witness.

"From the time of their First Communion, except in case of sickness, they have never once failed to receive Him

whom they affectionately call by the name of "Our Great Friend". In winter, in spite of snow, rain, mud and darkness, they come to the mission very early, before their parents have risen, to serve mass and communicate. In summer, and during the holidays, they are often obliged to go to the fields before sunrise ; but on returning, they sometimes come at ten o'clock to find one of us and beg him to give them Holy Communion ; they have remained fasting, not touching any of the fruits of the season and above all, not drinking, in spite of the work and the heat.

"One of them, in the height of the month of August, came on a day of intense heat to awaken a missionary at half-past one, during the afternoon nap, to receive Holy Communion. The Father who placed the sacred Host on the parched tongue of this good child, felt the tears come to his eyes.

"Besides the neophytes, we have a little band of earnest catechumens, about ten, for whose future we have the brightest hopes ; they will be worthy of their elders in the faith. Of them, also, we could relate some very touching facts ; but fearing to make this report excessively long, we will only say that when the occasion presents itself, they make *heroic* sacrifices. We underscore this word *heroic*—it is sometimes misused, but not here. The honor and glory belong to God alone who, by his plentiful grace, works such wonders in humble souls."

"Our ministry among Christians and catechumens does not make us neglect the apostolate among the Mussulmans", writes Father Vidal, of Ouadhia. "Every afternoon two of us visit the different villages of the tribe. We sit in the *tejmait* (a place of public gatherings) in the midst of a good number of listeners, always friendly. They listen to our teaching with the greatest attention and respect. Everybody keeps silence when we talk, above all when we read, for reading makes a much greater impression on the Mussulmans than the simple word. To them, when a thing is written, it is true. The instruction finished, all say "thanks", some kiss our hands, some our heads—a mark of respect

that is only given to their most respected marabouts. One day, an old man detached himself from the center of a group



MBARA (UGANDA). --- THE FATHERS THERE ; ON THE RIGHT HAND FR. ED. LAFLEUR ; FR. O. GOULET ON THE LEFT.

to which we were speaking, and said to those who surrounded us : "Make room for me so I may hear about Hea-

ven." How often these poor people say to us : " We have nobody to talk to us about God. Our marabouts have other things to do and our future life concerns them very little."

" These visits bring us in touch with the people and make them love us. An old man of 85 years, very influential in his village, was suddenly stricken with paralysis and could make only a few unintelligible sounds. One of us, being sent for, went to see him. The sick man motioned him to come near, and seizing his hand pressed him to his breast and began to sob. The missionary encouraged him and cared for him as best he could. Three days after, the son of the old man returned from Aumale. At the sight of his father who appeared to be near his end, he said, to console him : "Here I am, father, to take care of you. While you live, you shall want for nothing. At your death I will have a fine funeral. I will slaughter sheep and oxen and will invite a great number of marabouts." At the word " marabouts" the old man, who until now had been unable to articulate a single word, cried out with energy : "Kabyle marabouts ! I do not want them at my funeral. The only priest for me my son, is there !" and he seized the hand of the missionary, who witnessed this touching scene with much emotion. The old man was baptized. He did not die, but profited by his convalescence to come and see us, to hear us talk of Jesus Christ and to repeat afterwards at the "tejmait" how much Our Lord loves men and how he suffered for them.

"The Amin of Taourirt before dying sent for the Father Superior. "I have confidence in no one but you", he said to him ; "to you I confide the care of my family." Then, gathering around him his wife and children, he pointed to the missionary and said to them : "Here is one who will never fail you. Henceforth he will be your father." He died repeating these words : "I ask pardon of all those whom I have injured, I pardon all those who have injured me or wished to do so, I pardon also those who have refused me their pardon."

"This year we have prepared eight Mussulman adults



for death. The difficulty of doing our work successfully alone, decided us to make use of native helpers. On the feast of the Holy Rosary, we confided the care and direction of the new workroom of Taourirt to a young woman, a former pupil of the Sisters, intelligent and earnest, who wished to devote herself to the apostolate. She has responded perfectly to the hopes we placed in her, and has been the apostle of the village of Taourirt by her prayers, her words and her example. In her workroom, the women of the village, Christian and Mussulman, gather for prayer, work and instruction.

“Another women, a widow, sometimes accompanies the Sister in her catechistical visits, often taking into her house whole families of sick, and caring for them with extraordinary devotion. Her charity has procured for several health of both body and soul.

“Jules, our blind catechist, gives religious instruction every day to about thirty young people and several adults, and goes from time to time to the “tejmaït”. He is listened to with much pleasure, for he is very intelligent and knows how to explain the faith in an interesting way.”

The missionaries of Kabylie have cared for and distributed remedies to more than 100.000 sick, in the different tribes and at the dispensary of each station. In the four native hospitals of St. Cyprien, Biskra, Arris and Ouarzen, the White Sisters continue their work of apostolic devotion. Thanks to them, the hospital has been the gate of Heaven for more than one poor Mussulman.

\* \* \*

Can we say that the Mission of Kabylie will go on without meeting obstacles ? No ! to think this would be contrary to the whole history of the Church, and we will surprise no one in saying that the demon and his agents are constantly looking for a means of hindering the progress of the Gospel. But here, as everywhere, God will have the last word : *Confidite, ego vici mundum !*

The Mission of Kabylie includes 12 stations, where 56 missionaries, 80 Sisters and 10 catechists now work. It numbers 1062 neophytes, 206 catechumens, 12 schools attended by 644 boys and 269 girls, 3 hospitals, and 20 dispensaries, where 133,835 sick have been cared for. During the year, there have been 22 baptisms of adults, 47 of children of neophytes and 650 in danger of death, 7 confirmations, 12 marriages, 12,426 confessions and 38,554 communions.

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## Father Michel Larbi.

(Continued)

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The two children continued their trade of begging, receiving here and there a little barley which they ate raw. At night, they slept on heaps of straw. Meanwhile, the French authorities, seeing the increasing number of starving people, ordered the Cadis (magistrates) to gather them together and put them on the road to Dellys. The rural guard of Issers, having noticed our two little vagabonds, arrested them and took them to Bordj-Menaïel. There they were penned up with some others in a kind of enclosure shut in by stakes.

Finding that no one brought them food, Amar climbed over the barrier and went to beg in the village ; he brought back a loaf of bread, which he shared with his brother. The next day, fortunately, a distribution of food was made to all the "shut-ins" ; but while they were no longer in fear of hunger, our little ones were not without uneasiness. The natives roaming around the enclosure were continually

saying : "Begone ! the Roumis are going to take you to the sea to drown you". They longed to escape, but it was impossible and their terror increased still more at the sight of the soldiers who came to take them to Dellys.

The trip was very painful. At the first halting-place, the soldiers ordered a Cadi to furnish food for the caravan ; this man contented himself with giving them two loaves of bread. Two loaves for about forty hungry people ! At the moment of departure, there was a chorus of tears and laments. "Let us die here", cried these poor children, "we can go no further." Learning what had happened, the soldiers ransacked the village and seized all the food they could find. A feast was made at the expense of the avaricious Cadi.

At Dellys, the sight of the sea and the vessels anchored at that port recalled to the children the terrible threats of the preceding days. They never doubted that they were to be drowned. Believing his last hour had come, Amar said to his little brother : "When we get on the boat, give me your hand ; I will hold on to it tightly and we will not let go of each other ; at least, we will die together."

Contrary to their expectations, the starving people were received by the Roumis of the town with a kindness that Father Michel never forgot. He loved to recall the excellent white bread which was given them during their stay at Dellys. "In my childish head", said he, "I made the comparison between the way the Mussulmans, my coreligionists, treated me, and the charitable acts of the Christians in our regard."

On the boat, the two children soon saw that neither officers nor sailors had the appearance of being wicked ; however, they were not re-assured, and awaited with terror the moment when they would be thrown into the sea : during all the journey, they did not leave each other one moment.

At last, land appeared and they disembarked ; they were at Algiers,—the horrible nightmare was over. The convoy was soon assembled on Ben-Aknoun, where the Archbishop of Algiers had already received several hundred young

Arabs and Kabyles. The newcomers found themselves in the presence of a man of venerable aspect, and saw here and there some women wearing a strange costume. Each one was asked his name, that of his family and his country. Most of them answered that they were orphans. Then Mgr. Lavigerie — for it was he — said to them with great kindness : “Since you have no parents, I will henceforth be your father.” And showing them the Sisters, he added : “Here are your mothers.”

When our two children had been bathed and clothed in fresh garments, they joined their comrades, who welcomed them with joy. Henceforth they were a part of the orphanage of Ben-Aknoun ; but this was not to be for long. Some months after, Amar had the grief of losing his young brother Mohammed, whose death, at the time, made a certain stir. Mgr. Lavigerie, in moving words, told the story in a public letter addressed to the Christians of France and Belgium, benefactors of his apostolic works, and Mgr. Bau-nard found it so touching that he wished to reprint it in his *Life of the Cardinal*.

Father Barthélémy ben Mira writes us as follows :

“In the month of September last, several missionaries went up to Our Lady of Africa, the day after the great retreat, to make their pilgrimage. Father Michel and myself were among the number. I had the happiness of saying mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and Father Michel served me. Neither he nor I thought it was the last time we would be together at the feet of our Mother. Our thanksgiving ended, and having asked the Queen of Heaven, with all the fervor of which we were capable, to watch over us, to bless our neophytes and catechumens, and to obtain for us the grace of accomplishing much good among the infidels to whom we were returning the next day, we went into the sacristy to pay our respects to Canon Finateu who was formerly our chaplain at Ben-Aknoun and our first superior at the Preparatory Seminary. After some questions about our Christian Arabs and Kabyles, whom he loved



FR. MICHEL LARBI.



very much, for he was always greatly attached to the mission, he addressed himself to me :

"Father", said he, "your face is very familiar." Then, turning to Father Michel : "But I do not remember you."

"Your Reverence", I said in my turn, "you remember the orphan of Ben-Aknoun who died the death of the saints, the little Géronymo, whom you baptized April 30, 1869 ?"

At these words, the face of the good priest lighted up and he said in a voice full of emotion :

"Ah ! I remember very well ! I have never forgotten his death, and I have often told the story to the children of my catechism class. I met one day the Sister who was present at the last moments of this dear child, and she recalled to me the circumstances of his death, telling me that she also could never forget it !"

"Well, your Reverence, Father Michel here is Géronymo's own brother !"

\* \* \*

We know very little about the stay of Amar at Ben-Aknoun, but without doubt it was his good behavior and his piety that led to his being sent, with several others, to the native Preparatory Seminary, first to St. Eugene in September, 1869, and then to Kouba, during the Franco-Prussian War.

It was at Kouba that Amar was baptized by a Lazarist Father, Nov. 21, 1870, and given the name of Michel. In the autumn of 1871, the young seminarians returned to St. Eugene.

In October, 1873, Mgr. Lavigerie chose from among them about fifteen of the older and more advanced in their studies with the intention of forming a kind of Preparatory Novitiate. The venerated Founder wished to give the habit of missionary to these young men himself. Among them was Michel Larbi.

"At the Preparatory Novitiate," we learn from one of his schoolmates, "Michel was a model of study and piety. His

devotion to Mary, which was the great devotion of his life, already manifested itself in a very marked way. Hence he was made not only a member of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, but one of its first officers."

In the month of September, 1876, Mgr. Lavigerie received three of the young novices into the Novitiate of Maison-Carrée. They were Barthélémy ben Mira, Célestin Mokhtar and Michel Larbi, who there met again Father Charbonnier, their old superior at St. Eugène. Thanks to his paternal kindness, the newcomers were able to overcome the first difficulties of a life so new to them and, it must be said, a little hard. Mgr. Lavigerie came from time to time to see if they were accustoming themselves to it and gave satisfaction to their masters.

It was during one of these visits that he said to them : "My children, make your novitiate as well as you can. I will then send you to the missions for ten years, after which you will be ordained priests." These words filled their hearts with fear. "My God !" they repeated sadly, "Ten years ! we will never reach the end. Ten years ! we have time to die twenty times before that !"

Fortunately, good Father Charbonnier was able to raise their spirits when on the point of giving up. Soon after, Célestin withdrew. The Novitiate finished, Father Livinhac received the oath of Brothers Barthélémy and Michel (December 8, 1877) and some days after, instead of beginning the scholasticate, they were both sent to the station of Beni-Arifs in Kabylie.

"At this time", Father Barthélémy writes, "the railroad from Algiers to Tizi-Ouzou was not yet built, and it was necessary to take the stage-coach. We did not set out upon this trip without fear, for at this period religion was often attacked and priests injured. We resolved, in order to avoid trouble, to draw our hoods over our heads, to conceal our rosaries and speak only Arabic ; the Europeans who traveled with us did not recognize us, and let us alone. But on arriving at Beni-Aïcha, the coach stopped to allow the travelers to breakfast. It happened to be a Wednes-

day in Ember Week. Now they would find out who we were. "So much the worse", said we, "we must first obey the laws of the Church. If we are attacked, we will defend ourselves." We asked the innkeeper to give us a table to ourselves and to serve us a light meal. Scarcely had we said our grace than our neighbours cried : "Ah ! we know them now,—they are the White Fathers of the Archbishopric !"

"When after our repast the coach again set out, our traveling companions began to utter the most outrageous insults against Mgr. Lavigerie ; in fact, their whole talk was most objectionable. At first we thought best to keep silence ; but at last, no longer able to contain ourselves, we, poor natives, forced these civilized Europeans to understand the grossness of their conduct.

"When the coach arrived at Tizi-Ouzou, we heaved a sigh of relief and took the road to Arifs without delay. The distance, which takes several hours to cover, appeared short to us, and we were so happy that we sang hymns all along the way."

The next day the two young missionaries began their work with the ardor of youth and apostolic zeal ; they hoped to make some conversions among the Mussulmans, but were ordered to return to Algiers in the month of February. Brother Barthélémy was made Professor of Arabic at St. Eugene, to which came the first pupils of the Apostolic School. Brother Michel was obliged to go back to St. Laurent d'Olt, in Aveyron, to continue his classic course ; but he returned in the month of October, and was made assistant sacristan at Our Lady of Africa. He filled this position for three years, continuing his studies up to the time of the opening of the school of Philosophy (September 1881.)

But his early studies were too incomplete. His Superiors soon found that he was not able to continue the course, and sent him to the station of Beni-Ismaïl where he remained until his death.

(To be continued.)



# Northern Nyanza.

MISSION OF KITOVU.

*Extracts from two letters of Father Eugène Déry.*

In a letter of thanks to the Ladies of the Quebec Work Room of the African Missions, Father Eugène Déry, after telling how, thanks to their generosity, he has been enabled to continue the building of a chapel-school, gives the following details.

What are chapel-schools? Oh, nothing in the least resembling the University of Quebec or the schools of Canada. Picture to yourselves a very primitive structure from thirty to forty-five feet long and fifteen to eighteen wide. The walls are of reed, earth, or still more pretentious—of brick surmounted by a thatched roof. Behold the chateau!

On Sundays this edifice is dignified by the name of church; during the week it is merely a school.

Those of our Christians who cannot get to the Mission on Sunday attend instead this humble little oratory, and there recite the Mass prayers together. After the Gospel the catechist imparts to them the advices and remarks pointed out to him by the missionaries. After the service is over, he collects the catechumens for a lesson in cate-

chism. In the evening, all meet again for the recitation of the rosary and night prayers.

During the week, the walls of the "school" are covered with large alphabet-cards. In one corner of the room stands a table of unusual workmanship—it is nothing if not original. Plaited reeds are plastered together with earth,



FR. EUG. DERY.

and this mass is securely placed on top of a number of stakes driven into the ground. Such is the desk reserved to those who essay the first mysteries of caligraphy. The students who wish to perfect themselves in the science go to the Mission. Let me add, that each lesson in reading or writing is followed by one in catechism.

At the Mission these poor people learn to know the mis-



sionaries and their religion. Before long they bring their friends also, many of whom were formerly afraid of us. Our Mission of Kitovu, you see, is still a young one.

A word about our devoted catechists. We can give them so little—money to pay their taxes, some stuffs for garments—that is all. It is little enough, certainly, when the help they give us is considered.

Every day after the catechism and class lessons are over, this faithful servant of the good God works hard in the banana plantation which gives him his livelihood. When his work for the day is over, he sets out for one or the other of the villages confided to his charge. In one place he instructs the old people, unable to come to the Mission ; in another, he visits the sick, baptizes catechumens and little children in danger of death, and stirs up the lukewarm, neglectful of their duties.

How many souls, old and young, owe their celestial happiness to our admirable catechists ! What would we do without them, when it is hardly possible to cover our district in a whole year ?

What is so fine about them is the willingness with which they accept poverty and hardship, when they could do much better for themselves were they not so devoted to the work of salvation.

Our readers know what the devotion to Mary is in Uganda. Every Mission has its chapel, erected to the honor of the Mother of God. Thanks to Canadian generosity, the young Mission of Kitovu has been able to emulate its elders in this regard. Here are some details, from a letter of Father Déry to his parents.

“How is this, my dear Fathers, nearly two years at your post, and nothing yet done for our blessed Lady ?”

When, a year ago, our Vicar Apostolic addressed us this reproach, we felt tempted to excuse ourselves by urging

our poverty. But we did better ; we promised him to go to work at once and do everything in our power to carry out the tradition of the White Fathers in Uganda. Now, this tradition is, that on the nearest hill to every Mission must rise a little sanctuary dedicated to Mary.

How were we going to keep our promise ? Our resources were next to nothing. We pondered over the difficulty



KITOVU : THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S CHAPEL.

without seeing the way out. But the solution came in the shape of a letter from Ste-Foy, and we started the work in January. On the feast of St. John the Baptist we had the happiness of offering our Lady a modest but beautiful little chapel.

An immense procession of nearly three thousand people set out from the Mission toward the hill. Four of our catechumens carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and our First Communicants formed a guard of honor.

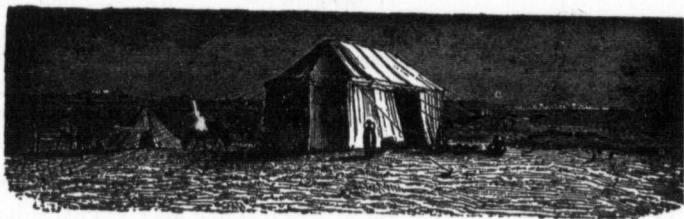
Rev. Father Wolters, delegated by Mgr. Streicher, blessed the chapel, and Rev. Father Gorju made the address.

This manifestation of faith was an eloquent sermon to the infidels present. One old Mussulman woman loudly expressed her regret that she was not a Christian. Our own people were also much impressed. After the ceremony, a young man who had neglected his duties for some time came and asked to have his confession heard at once, and made a good and sincere one.

You have helped us to establish the reign of the Blessed Virgin over our Mission, my dear parents ; we thank you with all our hearts. God bless you, and all our benefactors, for this charity.

EUGENE DERY, *W. F.*





## Vicariate Apostolic of the French Soudan.

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MISSION OF NAVARO

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*Letter from Father Doyon to a Benefactress of St. Frederic.*

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Dear Madam,

I have just received from Rev. Father Forbes your generous contribution of twenty dollars for the redemption of slaves. I thank you with all my heart, and pray God to recompense your charity, and that of all who have had part in this gift.

You are aware, doubtless, that thanks to European occupation the slave trade of Africa has been largely abolished. But there is a slavery which never dies—that of souls to Satan. To deliver the unhappy beings bent beneath his yoke, we have abandoned all, and give unceasingly of our lives as well as labors.

You understand that money must help us in this great

work, and so you and your friends do not shrink at sacrifices for the love of God and of souls.

Here is an example of how the help received by us is employed—one incident among a thousand.

A heathen was on the point of marrying his daughter, hardly ten years of age, to an old polygamist. The child was already a catechumen. Thanks to a small present, the father was induced to give her up, and she will be reared and educated, for almost nothing, in the family of a good Christian.

I have already sent you two angels to protect your children. One day a catechumen came to me in great haste. "Come to my house as quickly as you can, father," said he. "My sister-in-law gave birth to twins last week, and the poor babies are dangerously ill. They are said to be "spirits."

To explain this, I must tell you that the birth of twins is considered a misfortune in this country, and they are put to death in some way—frequently by poison, sometimes by being buried alive, as soon as the sorcerer pronounces them "spirits". In every village there is a person deputed specially to this diabolical function.

I threw myself on my bicycle, and hurried as quickly as possible to his dwelling. A strong dose of poison had already been administered to one of the twins and he was lying, all alone and in intense suffering, in a little hut. I baptized him at once, calling him Frederic. His sister was not in so bad a way ; but as the heathen mother declared that she, too, was a "spirit", I baptized her also, and named her Philomena.

Two hours after my return to the Mission, my catechumen came to tell me. "The two little ones are in heaven. I could not prevent the "capturer of spirits" from killing them, and burying them in the undergrowth."

The revolting tale sickened me, but at least I could thank God that I had been able to open the doors of heaven to them before their cruel end. May these dear little angels



intercede before God for their poor countrymen, and obtain blessings for the benefactors who aid in the work of our apostolate.

J. A. DOYON, *W. F.*

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## A Flower of May.

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One morning in this beautiful month, as I was going to the parlor where we receive the natives who require our services, I perceived a poor child seated in a corner of the court, seemingly waiting for the sun to dry her miserable garments, soaked through and through with the dews of the undergrowth.

She sprang to her feet as I approached. Now what should she do? rush off like a whirlwind, or face me, and even salute me in her best manner? Forlorn and miserable, it was evidently a question in her young head which would be the better course. I looked at her attentively. She was apparently about ten years old. Her pale and drooping countenance showed plainly the length and fatigue of the journey which had brought her here. The poor young frame was slight to fragility.

"My child, where are you going?" said I, gently.

My sympathy seemed to dispel at once her dreams of flight. A little re-assured, she turned toward me and fell on her knees.

Where did you come from? I added. This time she hung her head, and began to trace patterns in the sand with her finger.

"Do you need some medicine?"

"No."

"What is it then—are you waiting for some companions?"

"No."

"I see you are frightened. Come here—do not be afraid of me. We will have a talk all to ourselves."

Taking her hand. I led her into the room.

"Would you like to have some pinches of salt? Here is a little money to buy them in the market place."

A master-stroke! Her confidence was won—her tongue all at once became loosened.

"Will you not tell me what is the matter with you?" said I.

The poor child threw a rapid glance at the audience present. My other visitors took the hint, and discreetly withdrew.

"Have no fear", said I. "The missionaries are the fathers of the orphans and all who are in distress."

The little creature looked at me with an expression of imploring misery.

"O father, good father, don't deceive me!"

"Be sure of that, my child," said I.

Becoming a little calmer, she at last began her tale.

"Ssebo!—I am Kimudagaza's daughter."

"Kimudagaza?"

"Yes, father. You must know her. She lives in this village."

"I do not know any Kimudagaza at Nnandéré except Maria, whose hut is at the entrance of the Mission, near Mubanda."

"That is the one! You see, father, I have never been that far. Last month she got word to me that you had taken her in, freed her and made her a Christian. She told me to try to come to Nnandéré."

"Oh! then, you are Nnampa?"

"Yes, father," answered the poor child, with the ghost of a smile at my identification.

"Well, well," said I. "Maria has often spoken to me of

the one of her daughters who remained in the power of the Protestants, her former masters. I have sent many times to the chief of the province, urging her just claim to her child, but he has always put me off with deceitful assurances."

"Don't you know, father, that Damali, our mistress, is the aunt of the prefect?"

"If that is so, how did you procure your liberty?"

"It was the Blessed Virgin who saved me, father! Listen. When my mother's message reached me, I set to work to find out from a Christian woman whom I knew the road she always took from Ssékamuli to Nnandéré, but I did not let her know why I was asking. As soon as I learned the way, I begged the Blessed Virgin Mary to give me a chance to run away. Last Tuesday, there was a great festival and dance held in the neighborhood. Every body in our village went to it except me. I was left to watch the habitations and take care of the goats. Now was my chance.

I took the cord with which they tie up the bundles of dead wood and rapidly descended the hill towards the reed fields at the bottom. If I met any one on my way, I would pretend to be making a fagot of dry reeds.

But the good God protected me from troublesome meetings.

I walked as fast as I could through the tall grasses. My handful of twigs did not grow very fast, but my fears did!

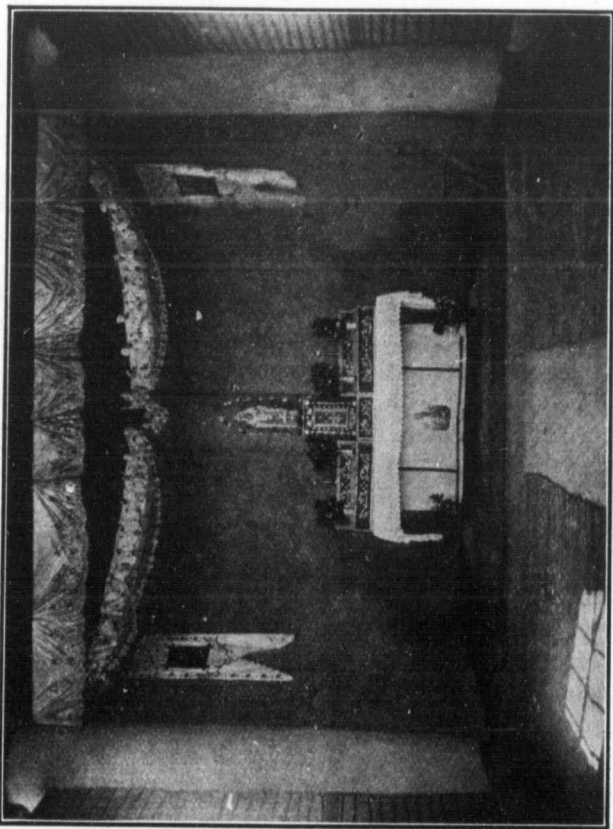
Every now and then I stopped to listen, but except for the noise of some restless antelope, or the mournful cry of an egret, or the muffled trumpeting of some elephant far away, there was nothing to make me uneasy.

Behind me the sounds of the village celebration grew less and less, and the frenzied beating of the drums seemed like an echo only half-heard. I hastened my footsteps, saying over and over again, with all my heart, the only prayer I know, "Mirembe Maria."

After a while, I threw away my cord and reeds on the side paths of the thicket; I kept only one bundle, so that any one meeting me would not suspect my real object.

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Suddenly I heard noises near me. I threw myself down on the earth behind a large white ant-hill, and listened,



KITOVU : INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

with my heart in my mouth. But they turned out to be the sound of many young voices, singing joyously. I did not recognize any of the airs—you see, father, I never had a chance to be with the Catholics. Every time I ventured to

ask permission to go to the catechist's house I was beaten soundly over the head. Dorotea Nnamutebi taught me the prayer I kept saying in the bush one day, secretly, when we were tending the flocks of our masters together.

My first thought when I heard the strange songs was ; these are shepherds, familiar with European chants. They will be the very ones to show me the best road to Ssékamuli or Kisuna.

Towards the east there was a track worn by herds of buffaloes and zebras. I followed this, in the direction of a glade from which the lively sounds seemed to come, and soon found myself in the midst of a group of laughing young girls.

Their happy faces comforted me—I took confidence as they approached. Five of them had rosaries hanging around their necks. They were Catholics then, and I,—I, too, was one in the bottom of my heart. From that moment my fears vanished. I knelt and saluted them respectfully, and they responded without the least pride.

“Where are you going ?” said the leader of the band.

“I am going to a village near by”, I answered.

“All by yourself ? Are you not afraid of the elephants ? You see there are many of us.”

“Where are you going ?” said I, in my turn.

“We are going to pray at Nnandéré.”

“O, I wish I could go with you !”

“Are you not a pagan ?”

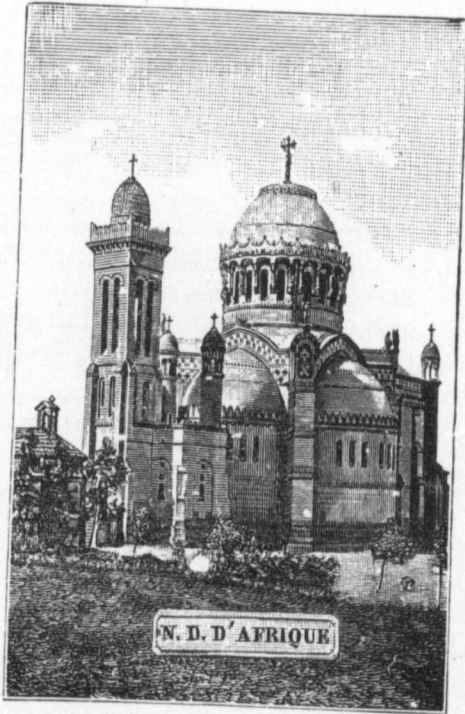
“Yes ; but what difference does that make ? My mother is at Nnandéré.”

“Very well, then, come with us, and we shall be there by Thursday morning.”

“Father, you can imagine how happy I was ! That night we stopped at Kikondéré, at Donato's house. The young country teacher, Sarah, was so good to me. See, God has given me my liberty—if only Damali doesn't find me ! Oh ! I am so afraid !”

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*"Astitit a dextris pauperis, ut salvam faceret a persequentibus animam meam."* (1) The words of the Psalmist



ALGIERS : OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

came spontaneously to my lips, as I recognized the fatherly Providence of the Most High. I warmly congratulated the little fugitive.

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(1) He hath stood at the right hand of the poor to save my soul from persecutors. (Ps. 108, v. 31).



"My child, you were dead—you are alive again. You were stolen away—see, you are back again in the fold. Now we will send for Kimudagaza. How happy she will be to see again her dear little Nnampa !"

"Oh, yes, yes, father !" cried the child.

\* \* \*

Five minute later, mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms. Maria's transports of joy were indescribable. Weeping and laughing at the same time, she cried : "Oh, how good God is ! and how powerful the Blessed Virgin ! Father, thanks, thanks for your prayers—it is owing to them that I see my child once more !"

Taking Nnampa's face between her trembling hands, she contemplated it long and lovingly.

"Oh, is it really you, my darling ? Is it you, Nnampa ? Now that I see you again, I am consoled for all I have suffered !"

Her emotion brought the tears to my eyes. "Come, Maria," said I, "take Nnampa home with you ; she will tell you there how the good God led her to you."

She gazed at me incredulously. "Do you mean I can really take her home with me, father ?"

"Why, certainly," said I. "God has given her back to you without any conditions or hindrances."

Kimudagaza threw herself on her knees before me, her forehead to the ground, as the only way she had of expressing her eternal gratitude.

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## EPILOGUE

About a month after, on the return of the procession which the Chistians of Nnadéré make to the shrine of our

Lady of Graces every year, I found Kimudagaza dissolved in tears.

“O father,” she groaned, “they are going to take Nnampa away from me ! Damali has come after her—she has a letter from Kangawo—oh, father, I beg you to save my child once more !”

Entering our parlor, I found a matron of most imposing aspect, enthroned in state on a gorgeous rug, clad in the most vivid scarlet garments, and flanked by two ladies of honor. As I came in, my noble visitor rose with a gracious inclination, and presented her warrant with much solemnity. It read thus :

“My friend, I present to you my aunt Damali. One of her slaves, Nnampa, has run away. The mother, a free woman, claims her—but by what right ? She has always been the property of Damali, and cannot be taken from her. You know how flighty these young girls are. Where could Nnampa find a better home than with Damali, so rich, so wise, so fond of children ? Yield her up at once to my aunt’s just claims.”

Diamond cut diamond ! This is how I answered him ;

“My brother : Kimudagaza is indisputably the mother of Nnampa. The laws of the country, with which none are better acquainted than yourself, allow the free mother the guardianship of her daughters. Kimudagaza refuses emphatically to give up her natural rights—what can be done ? She appeals to the assizes of the province, and is willing to pay the legal cost of redemption. Greetings.”

The next Monday the case was brought up at the Prefecture. Damali, in spite of her furious rage and threats of vengeance, was non-suited, and the victory remained with Kimudagaza, who had only to give the customary price of ransom.

In conclusion :—

Give, as God would have thee give,  
That thy brother-man may live ;  
He Who feeds each little bird  
Wills each suffering voice heard.  
And because He loves them best,  
Give thou, more than all the rest,  
To His little ones, distressed.

HENRI LE VEUX, *W. F.*



### 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 Chicago, ransom of Mary and Joseph.. . . . .	\$40 00
From Glace Bay, for Fr. Morin's Mission.. . . . .	20 00
From Rochester, ransom of Louis . . . . .	20 00
From Rochester, ransom of Joseph.. . . . .	20 00
From Los Angeles, for Catechist.. . . . .	15 00
From New-York, for the Mission . . . . .	10 00
From Galion, for ransom Work.. . . . .	5 00
From New-York, for 2 communicants.. . . . .	6 00
For Rubaga Church.. . . . .	0 50

### CANCELLED STAMP WORK.

From New-York, cash.. . . . .	\$38 00
From New-York, ransom of Mary Jane . . . . .	20 00
From New-York, ransom of George.. . . . .	20 00
From Dubuque, ransom of Andrew Joseph.. . . . .	20 00
From Roxbury ransom of Albert Joseph.....	20 00

### DECEASED.

Sr Augusta (Maria Klinger), St Clara, Hartwell.—Sr Bartholomea (Cath. Wildt), St Clara, Hartwell.—Mr. M. Broderick, Mr. John Ahern, and Mrs Dum, Montreal.

### RECOMMENDATIONS.

28 conversions.—10 vocations.—25 spiritual favors.—22 sick.—29 temporal favors.—13 thanks-giving.—20 intentions for friends who promise to get subscriptions to *The African Missions* if their prayers are heard.

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

## *Missions of the White Fathers in Africa.*

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

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

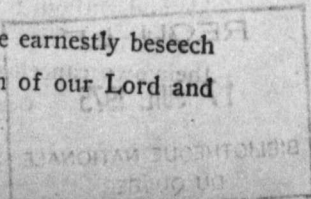
The Society has two Missionary fields. **In North Africa**, we are working among Mohammedan population ; **further South**, among the colored tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions combined cover an area almost as large as the whole Dominion of Canada or the United States,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

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

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

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

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



## 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 onces** 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.

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

17 JUL. 1975

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.

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