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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptrix of Slaves. - Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

all our desires & intentions, subscribers and promoters.  
A Republic High Mass every year, in the month of November,  
and their various works.  
decreed in a...

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

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LETTER FROM F. ULRIC BEAUCHAMP  
TO THE R. F. FORBES.

*Our Lady of the Snows (Toro) July 25th 1911.*

Reverend and very dear Father,

The house that you have seen in construction when you visited us, is now finished. It will be the abode of the White Sisters, who will arrive at Toro in two or three weeks. You cannot imagine how our Batoros, the women especially, wish for the arrival of those they call their mothers. Every day, and especially on Sunday, when there are a greater number of Christians, these questions are asked of us: "When will they come? What are their names? Will they come numerous?"—"We shall go to meet them," said a little girl of 12 years: Butiti is a 9 hours walk.

In speaking of this, one of our Christians sent to the Father Superior the following letter, of which I give you the translation. It is a beautiful proof of the faith of our Christians, of their knowledge of religion, and of their filial confidence in God, in their needs.

"To my Father, F. Grange.

"How did you sleep, my Father? I salute you very much, with affection.

"Father, I have to say to you these words. Formerly I married my wife. She had two children, they are dead. We had great sorrow. Then we said this word, and have spoken thus: "Let us pray to God, He will fill in our loss."

“If the Virgin Mary obtains a girl for us, I will make her the servant of the Blessed Virgin, and I will name her Bibiane” Now my wife received the blessing, and gave me a daughter the 31st August 1906.

“Father, let me tell you this again. Since my child is born, when I come to Mass and that you come to the words of the consecration, in my heart, I say to God: O my God, may the child serve the Blessed Virgin. And other words very numerous that I cannot force my mouth to say come too.

“I would like, Father, to give you the child, that you may give her to the nuns who are going to come. She will help the nuns in the service of the Church, as the Blessed Virgin did when she was small, helping the widows in the temple of Jerusalem.

“It is all. Father pray for me, that I may walk straight in the eyes of the Lord. Till I see you again, I Petro Gundi.”

You see, dear Father, what a sublime act this good negro makes, in his simple faith. Little Bibiane is a nice little negress, she knows all her morning and night prayers and she commences to spell her letters. The Nuns will be happy to instruct and to form to virtue this blessed child, that her good parents do not hesitate to return to God who gave her to them.

At present there are twelve Black Baganda Sisters, who took the veil this year. In Toro we are not so advanced, but already the news of the approaching arrival of the White Sisters causes many of our young Christians to reflect.

May the divine Master deign choose for himself souls consecrated amongst these black virgins who turn so easily towards that God whom they ignored formerly.

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## MISSION OF KABYLIE.

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### RIETTE, HER MOTHER, AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

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*Account of F. E. Amat.*

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In reading the history of "Riette, her Father, and the Holy Eucharist" (1), the reader will perhaps have been surprised at the precocity of the little heroine of this account. His astonishment will cease when he knows two things. The first, is that in Africa, the development of the faculties is perhaps more precocious than elsewhere. The second and principal one, is that Riette has received from divine Providence an excellent mother to commence and enlarge the religious idea in her child's soul.

As an example, and without straying away from the things of the Holy Eucharist, this is the method used by this Christian woman to teach Riette the real Presence and to make her love Jesus Host.

The Kabyle mothers, the musulmans of course, do not take out their new born for a whole year ; they are afraid of the **BAD EYE**, which in their mind, makes them decline, pine away, and die.

Hortense, Riette's mother, who is afraid of no human eye, has taken out her child, as soon as she could go out herself, and took her at once to the parochial chapel.

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(1) See the February number 1912.

Since that day, she did not cease taking her to the services and visits that she makes often enough to the holy place.



Neophytes and catechumens

As soon as the child commenced to look with interest at the surrounding things, her mother commenced at

once to show her the tabernacle and to repeat to her in an infantine language.

“Jesus, who is there is nice, very nice !”

This maternal teaching was not long without bearing its fruits. Soon, it is true, Riette commenced repeating alone, in showing the house of Jesus Host, in the church:

“Zesu ibah ! ibah ! Jesus is nice ! very nice !”

Hortense’s teaching is not confined to this. When she goes to communion, she sits Riette in her place and says to her gently :

“Your little mamma is going to Jesus, be nice”.

In coming from the holy table, the pious mother takes the little one again, who would like to commence a colloquy with her. But the mamma makes her a gentle sign not to speak, or shows her, her heart in saying this only word : “Jesus !”

Riette understands that the nice Jesus is now there quite near, in her mother, and she does not speak, or murmurs very low the names of Jesus and of mamma.

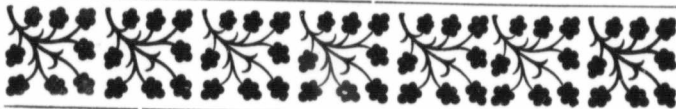
These lessons, we have seen, commenced with the awakening of the affective and intellectual life of Riette. They have given her a glimpse little by little that Jesus is exceptionally grand, that the fact of receiving Him is a feast for Him and for he who receives Him, and that to neglect Him is a sorrow for Him, and evil for all who neglect him.

It is this sorrow of the nice Jesus, and this evil of her papa, that our little angel deplored, without any doubt, in such a candid manner, as we have seen in a preceding account, entitled : Riette, her Papa, and the Eucharist. And now to whom returns the merit of all these fine and good things ?

To Hortense Tessadit, to a Kabyle woman converted yesterday, to a truly Christian mother.

May this brigand’s daughter, for her father was a famous one, have imitators, many imitators, and the face of the earth will be renovated.

EMILE AMAT, *of the W. F.*



## JERUSALEM.

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### VISIT OF THE FRENCH SEA-MEN TO THE HOLY LAND.

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The 16th of March 1911, the admiral Dartige of Fournet, at the head of a group of officers and French sea-men, visited officially the Holy City. We will read with interest the account of the feasts to which this visit gave an occasion. We borrow it from a letter written from Jerusalem by F. Unbricht, at the date of the 18th March.

Saint Ann, March 18th 1911.

The man of the day is admiral Dartige du Fournet. Thanks to him and to his brave sea men, Jerusalem has just lived unforgettable days, two days eminently French... Since fifteen days that the good news was officially confirmed, it made in town the subject of all the conversations, and the holy City had all the time necessary to prepare to France a grand reception—and truly it was that, beyond all expression.

Not a year passes without seeing groups of French sea-men come to visit Jerusalem, but purely individual, strictly private. Since eleven years, France had not appeared officially at the Holy Sepulchre; she owed to herself and to her influence to reappear; she has just done it with great dignity.

Thursday, March the 16th, on Admiral Dartige du Fournet and his sea-men's arrival, here all Jerusalem pressed on their foot steps and this variegated crowd, as we meet with nowhere else, has perfectly seized the sense and the high bearing point of this gesture; they, from the depot

conducted our brave men straight to the Holy Sepulchre; for all, Musulmans, Jews, Orthodoxes, for us especially it was truly France which, without provocation, defiled in



Interior of the church of St Ann's

Jerusalem, by roads known by her for centuries and not yet forgotten, whatever may be said...

By an order come from Constantinople, the Turkish garrison of Jerusalem, under arms, was at the depot. The French colony was there complete, framing our eminent



General Consul, Mr. Gueyraud, in state. The military music saluted the arrival of the special train. With a good will that we must have the courage to recognize, it attacked la Marseillaise, perfectly impossible to recognize. Sambre-et-Meuse, and Sidi-Brahim, sprightly executed by our band of Saint Ann's, pleased visibly better our MATHURINS. After the receptions, the train is formed, the Sultan's soldiers open the march and, as far as the town, the Turkish clarions cadence the step of the French sea-men : on all the route enormous crowds, and very much mingled.

But at the gate of Jaffa, it is particularly compact and we ask ourselves how all these people who do not wish to lose anything of the feast will be able to arrive at the Holy Sepulchre by the narrow and crooked streets, badly paved and slippery, that are one of the proper characters belonging to Jerusalem. By an attentiveness without preceding, the municipality had the good idea—decidedly, they take great pains for France and . . . Ah! the loan!—to spill gravel on all the route of the train. We let ourselves be carried by the moving crowd, rather than we walk ; our sea-men's ranks are cut at each minute and it is by little packages that we arrive at the place in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is full of people. On the way we speak to them, and explain things to them....One of those who was near me at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, and to whom I was explaining the Turkish guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, is astonished and exclaims : Musulman ? musulman ? . . . Yes but they are Catholic musulmans, then ? “ The poor man ! he will have had in these two days other astonishments, many other disgustings . . .

The admiral, surrounded by his staff, enters with the general consul, in the old basilica accompanied by the singing of the Te Deum executed by the Rev. Fr. Franciscans, official guardians of the Holy Land. In perfect terms, R. F. Stanislaus, president of the Holy Sepulchre (this place is always filled by a French man) wishes wel-

come to the admiral and his sea-men, in the name of the Reverendissime Custode of the Holy Land ; with a loud voice and trembling with emotion, he tells them the joy and comfort that brings to us all their official visit ; he recalls France's glorious part in Jerusalem, through the centuries, since Charlemagne, the first sovereign of Christianity ; to whom the keys of the Holy Sepulchre were given, especially since the Crusades and Saint Louis : he repeated with a moved gratitude the service rendered by France to the Sons of saint Francis, in the difficulties of all kinds with which they had to battle since seven centuries ; in their anguish, it is towards the West that they turned their anxious looks ; they questioned the horizon searching on the immensity of the sea, the friendly flag, sure that they were of receiving aid and protection, for, not once, was France unfaithful to its mission ; it has not yet abdicated it: to day's manifestation is the proof of it : it is truly a crusade that, although being peaceful, is no less significative..

And it was a moment of deep emotion when all the assembly, as but one man, knelt on the ground to answer in a loud voice to the Pater and Ave Maria recited for France.. Then officers and soldiers, following the admiral, defile slowly in the narrow chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and after a station at the Calvary, officers and sailors go, some, to Casa-Nova, at the F. F. Franciscans, where the admiral and his staff descended : the others, sailors and their respective officers, at Our Lady of France, at the R. F. Assumptionists.

Friday morning all were again assembled, at seven o'clock for the official mass, sang for France. Then, in the course of the day, they visited, by isolated detachments, the sanctuaries and curiosities of the holy City ; in the afternoon carriages took officers and soldiers to Bethléem where F. Roger, a Franciscan, wishes them welcome and makes them a reception worthy of that which they received at Jerusalem. The admiral makes the official visits in town and he is received everywhere

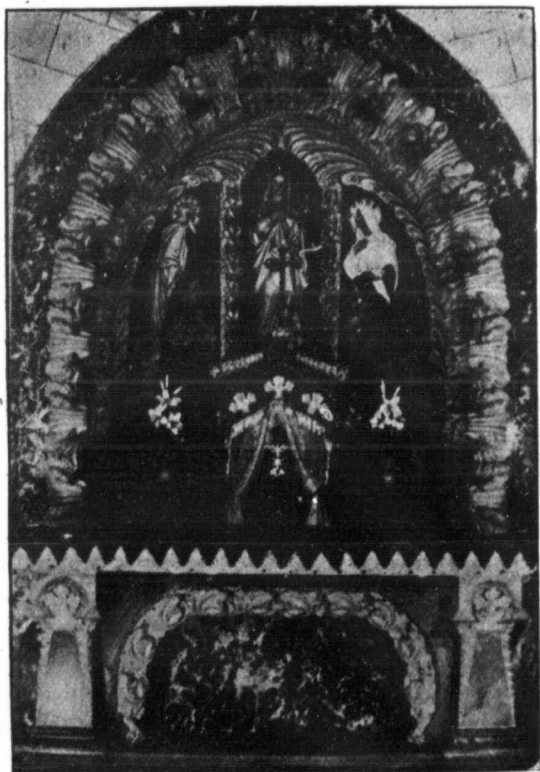
with the greatest honors, not only by the French religious communities, but by the civil authorities and the different patriarchs, Catholic and Orthodox. Jerusalem is feasting ; the French flag floats proudly on several houses.

On Saturday, it was the White Father's turn to honor our hosts. At St Ann's, we are in France. Also is it always a great joy for the sons of he who was as we have said : " A great cardinal and a great Frenchman," to receive Frenchmen, a joy still greater when these Frenchmen are soldiers coming from the mother country. So, we feasted, as much as we could, our dear sea-men ; is not Saint Ann moreover their patron ? Even that morning a good number of them had done their duty, in spite of the walks of the previous day, and fatigues to which they are not accustomed ; they had not hesitated to rise at four o'clock to go to communion at half past four o'clock Mass, at the Holy Sepulchre : we counted more than 70. Of 18 officers who had their lodging at Our Lady of France, 16 did the same.

R. F. Federlin, superior, presented the holy water to the admiral and to the Consul ; then he conducted them to their respective armchairs. Following them, the officers and sea-men take place in the venerable basilica, adorned with flags and streamers with the French colors. After low mass, which was set off by choirs, the R. F. Lagrange, the learned prior of the Dominicans of Saint Stephen, advances to the middle of the choir, and with language vibrant with the most pure patriotism, thanks the messengers of France for the good their visit has done us, Frenchmen of Jerusalem ; then he tells them the teachings that can be disengaged for them from this visit, and the souvenirs they must carry away with them.

The orator finishes by inviting his audience to invoke the Virgin Mary, to ask in spite of all, that, " God may protect France " ! And it is with a voice filled with emotion, that the R. F. Federlin recites for our dear country three Pater's and three Ave's, to which every one answers while kneeling on the ground.

After a visit to the crypt, the admiral, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and the other officers, receives with a



The "Crypt" of the Church of Saint Ann (1)

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(1) The church of St Ann is one of the venerable Sanctuaries of Jerusalem. It is built on the same spot where the Blessed Virgin was born. When Jerusalem definitively fell into the power of the muslimans, it was transformed into a school. After the Crimean war, Turkey gave up this Church and the little piece of ground that surrounds it to France. After an intelligent restoration, the care of this sanctuary was entrusted to the White Fathers. Near the sanctuary stands the Great and Little Seminary for the education of the Greek Catholic clergy under the direction of the White Fathers.

visible emotion the thanks that a pupil of Saint Ann's, in the name of his comrades, addresses him; then we listen, standing and bare headed, the Marseillaise.

A modest breakfast is then offered to the admiral, to the officers and sea-men. The few hours remaining to them are employed in visiting the mosque of Omar and the Mountain of Olives (where there are two French communities : Benedictines and Carmel of the " Pater ") then to salute the Dominican Fathers at Saint Stephen's.

The train which is to take back our sea-men to Jaffa starts at two o'clock. Everywhere, on their passage, there are enthusiastic ovations.

At the depot, we have the surprise of finding, as at the arrival, the Turkish military music. Never, in such a circumstance, had this happened.

On the wharf, in waiting for the departure, they chat like old acquaintances, they repeat to one another the nice and too short moments passed at Jerusalem. But when the train moves away, it is frenzy : we must abandon the idea of describing all that happens then. We let the Turkish music finish its Turkish.. Marseillaise... then, our pupils attack in their turn and master a Marseillaise truly French. At that time enthusiasm is at its climax. The train goes, purposely, at a tortoisic pace : all the crowd, on the wharves, secular and religious, follow in shouting exclamation whilst, from the doors, the sea-men and the officers repeat to us with enthusiastic huzza's, their gratitude and their joy. The crys of : " Hurra for France ! Hurra for the French Marine ! " answer to those of " Hurra for the Sisters ! Hurra for the Fathers. " Tears flow without any human respect. The train is accompanied for more than 200 yards from the depot ; it seems as if they could not let them go away ; and when, at last, we must abandon the poursuit, when the screams and the adieus are no longer heard, handkerchiefs are agitated and hats placed on walking sticks, till at last the train has disappeared.



Yes, it was two fine days, but two days that did not finish Saturday night: they had a long and powerful echo in Jerusalem and in all Palestine ; for never did a manifestation act more powerfully on the mind so impressionable of the Orientals. May official France not destroy the fine enthusiasm that its sea-men have awakened here?

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VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF NORTH  
NYANZA.

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A JOURNEY IN THE DISTRICT OF HOIMA.

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*Account of Rev. F. B. Drost.*

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( *Continued.* )

The next day, as soon as 4 h.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , a. m., we are on our way, lighted by the moon. This walk through the high grass overflowed by the dew, has nevertheless its charms, although it is fatiguing. Escorted by a good number of catechumens, we advance rapidly, and very soon we come to the main road. We bid adieu to all these brave people of Kilgangobe, and forward ! The freshness of the morning, and the hope of arriving early at Kitana, make my bearers run, and it is singing that we cross the little villages that border the road. This one is very clean, for they are expecting the arrival of Lord Kitchener ; they have pulled up the grass, dug the ditches, tried to rectify the lines, and even planted a few flowers. We are now arrived at the camp, where Lord Kitchener is to pass the night. What a sight ! Hundreds of Blacks, men,

women, and children, put the finishing touch to the twenty royal huts that they have built for the distinguished visitor ; and also to the gardens they have prepared. It is a going backwards and forwards, an indescribable noise, and nevertheless the work advances.

But here are coming towards us Thomasi and three other catechists, who, under the high surveyance of the first, instruct about 3 hundred catechumens. Very soon the drums announce our arrival, and Christians and catechumens come numerous to meet us. After a prayer of thanksgiving, and an allocution, we converse with these brave blacks. During this time, one brings two eggs ; another, potatoes ; this one, a small rooster ; that one, a pitcher of water, to the great joy of my bearer who know well that the biggest share of these little gifts is for them.

#### TWO MEETINGS.—VISITS AND EXAMINATIONS.

At night, after having visited a few houses, I was reciting my beads, when a gentleman arrives on a bicycle. It seems to me that I have seen him before, but... how he is changed ! It is, truly, Dr Bendle, one of my friends of Kampala. There is very nearly 3 years since we have met. We soon renew old acquaintanceship, and I conduct this gentleman to his little camp which is quite near the church. He invites me to partake of his dinner : I accept with pleasure. We speak of different subjects until an advanced hour of the evening ; truly, when two Europeans meet, they always have many things to say to one another. At last, nature calls for its share of sleep : I then retire after having thanked the Doctor, wishing him a happy journey.

The next morning I go with Thomasi, and two other catechists to visit our other house at Kyayage. It is situated at 2 hours from Kitana, in the midst of a new population, the Bagungus, that the sleeping sickness has driven from the borders of the Nile. This people is still very savage, and on seeing me the children run away in the bush, screaming.

On our arrival at the little church, we find no one. Our dear catechumens wished to come and meet me: unhappily, they took the market road, whilst we took a roundabout way to visit two sick persons, and bring them the help of religion. We sit down under a big tree, and after having quenched our thirst with water less than clean, we wait with patience the arrival of our dear Christians. They soon arrive. We go to the church, where after having given them an instruction, I question them on the prayers and catechism. I am quite satisfied with their answer; and to encourage them, I give to some a safety pin, to the others a medal. And, accompanied by all these folks we take again the road to Kitana.

The afternoon passes in hearing a few confessions. Towards five o'clock, I go to pay a visit to Lord Kitchener who receives me in a very affable manner. He questions me at once on the habits and customs of the country and on all that can give him some information. Lord Kitchener is truly very simple in his manners and converses very well. At about 6 h.  $\frac{1}{2}$  I retire, accompanied by "the Great Soldier" and his A. d. C.

The next day Sunday, I hear confessions. At 8 h.  $\frac{1}{2}$  High Mass, during which I make an instruction on the duties of a good Christian in a pagan country. After Mass, it is the catechumens' turn; they are very numerous here. They are in general intelligent, answering well to all the questions that I ask them, and ask me to admit them soon to the catechism of preparation to baptism and first communion. I promise them all that I can; I encourage them by a few small presents; and then I dismiss them.

After a frugal repast, I continue my journey, to visit our house at Kiramya. Here we find ourselves again amongst the Bagungus. Forty catechumens come to meet me, singing and dancing. In passing in front of a Protestant temple, we see about ten children, who are learning to read; that is their way of sanctifying Sunday. After having climbed a little mountain by a goat road, we

arrive by a pouring rain at the little church. We sing a hymn ; then I gave an instruction, and examine our big and little ones. Honor to whom honor is due ! As the chief and his wife are catechumens, I examine them the first.

Oh ! this brave old man has seen a lot in his life. It is impossible to count all the murders and rapes he has on his conscience. In spite of his sixty years and over, he knows his catechism perfectly ; as well as his wife, who is hardly thirty years old. Their little girl, three years old, also wants to be questioned : she makes the sign of the cross very well ; and asks me at once for a safety pin. I give her one and add to it a beautiful medal of the Blessed Virgin.

You ask me, no doubt, why I give so many safety pins. It is because our blacks like them very much to get rid of the nyunzas or *penetrating pleas*, who get under the nails of the feet.

Another hymn, a good shake hands to the chief, and we steer our course for Kitana.

The next morning, I go and visit the chief of the Province, a Protestant, who having been sent away in 1907 for incapacity, has been replaced here, thanks to the intrigues of the Protestant minister, so as to take this position away from one of our best Christians. We are well received, and in return for the present I have brought him, he gives me a little European dog, who will mount guard at home... against the robbers.

On our return to the church, I unite, a last time, Christians and catechumens, and after having given them some advice I take my stick, and forward for Kibiro, where there is a salt mine.

#### TOWARDS LAKE ALBERT.—A SALT MINE.

##### *Want of Catechists.*

The sun is already very high, and not a little breeze to refresh us. The consequence is that we can advance but

slowly. Half road we make a halt, and I share my frugal repast with the blacks who accompany me : a few potatoes boiled in water and a little rice. After having taken a little rest, we continue our journey. Very soon the view of Lake Albert recalls to my memory dear souvenirs, for I was brought up on the borders of the North Sea, and I lived six years on the enchanting banks of the St Lawrence. We are on a cliff ; at about 1500 feet above the Lake. At our feet extends the village of Kibiro. The view is picturesque from the Lake to the village, it is a continual going and coming. People in a great hurry, a very rare thing in a black country, cross each other, push one another. It is, that at Kiboro the harvest of salt gives the living, and this work admits of no leisure. At Kibiro even not a tree, not a field of potatoes, not a banana grove : only black earth, huts, and the water of the Lake.

A toilsome descent of half an hour and we are at Kiboro. Here there are a hundred families, of whom two are Catholics, some others Protestants, the others pagans. We go at once to our little church, where I meet about a hundred persons who are waiting for me with impatience. Poor children ! They went up this morning to the top of the cliff, and after having waited a very long time in a boiling sun, they came back to announce that we were not yet arrived.

I make them a short allocution, and all having to work again, I dismiss them. My prayers said, my breviary recited, I go to the borders of the Lake to contemplate the crocodiles and an hippopotamus that play in the water a few steps from us.

Towards 6 o'clock, the drum calls all our catechumens to church, and after having said the night prayer, I instruct and question them on the Catechism. Here also, all distinguish themselves. Truly, our catechists do good work. Ah ! why cannot we remunerate them more and increase their number, to gain this country to our holy religion !



After the departure of the catechumens, I confess the few Christians who are here, and at night, in the moonlight we relate stories until the hour of rest comes.

It was an overwhelming heat, and I leave the tent wide open; my catechist's dog will guard me. For truly, here there are lions, panthers, and wild boars. Yesterday at a little distance, a dozen of lions were seen.

I sleep more or less, for the musquitos leave me no peace. So at 4 o'clock I am up, I say my prayers and make my meditation; then I say Holy Mass, and give an instruction to the Christians.

I have told you that Kibiro possesses a salt mine and two springs of warm water. This is how the salt is gathered and what is done with the warm water.

Salt is found in the earth. Imagine an immense field of earth nearly black, divided into a multitude of little squares. Each of these little squares belongs to a family. Very early in the morning the women and the girls go to their little squares, the fence of which is composed of a rampart of earth six feet high. It is on this rampart that the salt is gathered; this is how they proceed. This embankment is wet, then by means of a broken jug, they scrape the surface and make the earth fall into a wooden bucket. The bucket once filled, they spread the earth on the ground, they water it again, and the small stones are taken out. When the night comes they gather this dust of earth, and it is placed in a pitcher, the bottom of which is full of holes. Water is then poured over it, and this water filtered through the salt earth, is gathered in another pitcher. This water submitted to ebullition evaporates, leaving the salt at the bottom of the pitcher. This salt is purified, and carried to market where it is exchanged for bananas, potatoes, wood, stuffs, etc.

Till now no one has been able to explain this salt mine; but since an unknown time, this earth furnishes salt. Purified a second time this salt is sold a dollar for eight pounds. (1)

(1) NOTE.—We find in other parts of Africa curious phenomena.

As for the warm springs, chemists would no doubt make a fortune there. This water contains a special salt that I was not able to analyze. The water is boiling, and in keeping the sauce pan in the spring, we can cook potatoes. They are speaking of building a wharf in deep water, to facilitate the exportation of salt, and the importation of provisions and food. Here again, we would want a second catechist, but where can we find the resources ?

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, we ascend quietly the cliff to go to Bwikya. On our way we met many Bagungus ; the greater number running away on seeing us. Here, we would need about ten catechists ; the Protestant build temples everywhere, whilst we are stopped for want of resources. We arrive at Bwikya at 5 o'clock. Zakaria is there waiting for us with his wife and two little children. The mayor of the village is a Catholic, and the bearers rejoice of it, for they will be able to appease their hunger of which they have had to suffer at Kibiro where the victuals are very dear.

of salt formations. The most remarkable are those of Taoudeni in the Sahara, of Tichit in the North of French Soudan. The salt is formed by vast layers which generally are 2 inches thick. This is how it has been cultivated for centuries. It is cut on the spot in bars of a yard in length by a foot to a foot and a half broad ; the thickness is that of the layers, 4 inches to 2 inches and a half. This salt is very dense, but the fineness of its grain varies much as also its tint.

These bars weigh from 40 to 50 lbs. At Tombouctou, I have seen some of 70 lbs. It is carried on the camels' backs. Every year two large caravans, sometimes of 500 camels, are organized to carry this salt to Tombouctou and in other directions. Till 1904, time when commerce introduced marine salt, the price of these bars was pretty high. A bar of 50 lbs was worth \$4.00 or \$5.00 at Tombouctou. More to the South, at Mossi for instance, the price went as high as \$10.00 to \$12.00. This salt in bars is an article of exchange very much sought for.

This salt of Taoudeni gave the occasion, in 1586 to a Moroccan affair—a proof that it is not of to day that Morocco causes affairs. This is on what subject. The Kings of Songay (Country of Gao and Tombouctou on the Niger) cultivated the mines of Taoudeni. The sultan of Morocco claimed to have a right. The ambassadors were not able to come to an understanding and war was declared. Moroccan army crossed the desert in 1591, beat the Songays at different times, and in a few years, took possession of all the Songays empire. The Moroccan authority was maintained for better and for worse till the end of the 18th century.

Here again, I do the same work as in all the centres of Catechists, and the next day we start for Bukamba, last post we have to visit. It is one of the most difficult posts on account of the Protestants. Happily our catechist Daniel is not timid. Several times the Protestants have presented petitions to have him removed, but I maintain him against and in despite of all. I am presented to a young girl of thirteen, who, to become a Catholic has refused the most advantageous offers. Our catechist Daniel would need two assistants. May some charitable soul procure to him this happiness: it is for God and for the souls.

This letter, dear readers, I intrust to St Joseph, the purveyor of the poor; I beg of him to plead my cause with you, and I hope of being able to place a large number of catechists in the places where they are needed, and of being able to remunerate better the others. The divine Master will give you a thousandfold what you will have the kindness to do for the so capital work of the catechists.

BALTHAZAR DROST.

Hoïma, March 19th, 1911.

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## VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF UPPER CONGO.

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CONSECRATION OF MGR. GUILLEMÉ, AT BEAUDOINVILLE.

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*(Letter of F. Verbèke.)*

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During the month of May 1911, the Missionaries of Upper Congo heard the news of the election of R. F. Guillemé, their Regional Superior, as Vicar Apostolic of Nyassa.

By more than twelve years of apostolate (1885-1897) on the western banks of Lake Tanganika, the newly elected belonged to the Vicariate Apostolic of Upper Congo. In all the stations on the borders of the Lake, especially Mpala, he had left an imperishable souvenir of his zeal and kindness.

When, in 1905, after many years passed in the Mission of Nyassa, R. F. Guillemé was named Visitor, then Regional Superior of the three Vicariates of Upper Congo, of Tanganika, and of Nyassa, the joy of the old apostolic workers, who had known him of old, was at its climax; the young Missionaries were not long before they got attached to him, as much as the old: his kindness and his experience of twenty years of apostolate won for him the affection and confidence of all.

So the news of his election as Vicar apostolic of Nyassa caused, with much joy, some regrets in the hearts of the Missionaries of Upper Congo. But, when it was known that the newly elected had not the intention of returning to Europe to be consecrated, a hope, that we judged very legitimate sprang up amongst us: Mgr. Guillemé must be consecrated at Baudoinville!

What a temple, in the African centre, is more suitable to the solemn ceremonies of a consecration than the church of Baudoinville? The proximity to Karema, the relative facility of communications by the Lake, would permit Mgr Lechaptois and several Missionaries of the Vicariate of Tanganika to come and participate to the feast. And also what a good effect it would produce on the Christian and pagan populations of the borders of the Lake—who all have known and loved the “Bwana Kijana” (1)—to see him elevated to the dignity of the episcopacy?

(1) It is the name by which R. F. Guilleme was known amongst the natives, as soon as he arrived at Tanganika. In a letter dated June 1895, he himself gives the origin of this name: “Alongside of the Fathers of Tanganika, who all have a long and thick beard, I look like a child; so my name was soon found: Bwana Kijana the young master.”

It must be supposed that the same thoughts and the same sentiments filled the mind and the heart of R. F. Guillemé, for as soon as it was proposed to him to perform the ceremony of his consecration at Baudoinville, he consented with joy.

The date was fixed to the 18th June 1911.

As soon as Wednesday, the 14th of June, Mgr. Lechaptois, Vicar Apostolic of Tanganika, arrived at Baudoinville, accompanied by several of his missionaries.

We shall neither speak here of the joyful preparations of the feast, nor of the superb decorations of the church. Let us be content to say that in seeing the care with which the holy temple was adorned, our Christians judged that they must also prepare their souls; so the day of the 17th of June was well employed by all the confessors, since on the 18th, more than a thousand Christians approached the Holy Table.

The ceremony of the consecration commenced at about half past seven in the morning and lasted about three hours. His Lordship, Mgr Huys, did the office of bishop consecrator, assisted by Mgr. Lechaptois and the R. F. van Waesberghe.

The three main isles of the vast church were filled : and crowds of Christians pressed in, attentive and silent. Never had any missionary remembered to have witnessed so much calm reign in such a large assembly ! Every one wanted to see : and, to see well, forgot his neighbors, looked only at the alter, the consecrator, and the elect. Marvellous effect of the exterior pomp of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church on these souls of neophytes, still very material, but who at the sight of such splendor and magnificence, must have felt that a bishop is more than a king.

A breath of enthusiasm hovered over this crowd. It was felt by the vigor with which the choir of the faithful answered the harmonized stanzas of Dumont's Mass, that from the top of the tribune, a hundred of children's voi-



ces poured forth, clear, pious, and sonorous, through the grand isle.

Nevertheless, for a moment, the religious silence which reigned in the church was disturbed. When towards the end of mass, the consecrator imposed the mitre to the new bishop and intronized him, at the foot of the altar, facing the assembly of the faithful, an "ah!" of satisfaction was heard coming from every breast. For our dear Negroes, the mitre is above all the insignia reserved to bishops. The "Bwana Kijana" has just received the mitre, he is a bishop....

Also with what recollection all the foreheads bend down low under the hand of Mgr. Guilleme passing in the midst of them and blessing them for the first time as bishop.

Still more than the Christians, the Missionaries present at the ceremony of the consecration, were in joy.

At the family reunion which took place at the issue of the consecration, Mgr. Huys expressed, in heartfelt words, the sentiments felt by all. This consecration of a bishop in the heart of Africa, with all the ceremonial and all the pomp which become such a feast, had seemed to us the most eloquent testimony of divine vitality and of the strength of expansion of that Catholic Church of which some, in our old countries of Europe, prophecy the weakening and death. Yes, God has chosen his elect, He has prepared him for his high mission. He has conducted him by all the phases, sad or consoling, of the Apostolate. This God who has just designated the man of his right, **MUST REIGN** : such is the device of Mgr Guilleme : **Oportet Illum regnare !**

The Reverend Mother Monica, in her turn, recalls to Mgr. Guilleme's memory that, he the first, had received the White Sisters at Nyassa : " To day, she says, our Sisters of Nyassa are happy, and we partake in their happiness ".

What really were, in this feast, the sentiments of our Christians ? No one was more authorized to speak in the

name of his black brothers than the Rev. Stefano Haoze. He did it in a French compliment, as delicate as well composed. " You could have been consecrated in Europe Mgr ; you preferred celebrating this feast amongst us, thus reserving to us, at the same time, a joy and an honor. We will pray for you Mgr. and for your Vicariate."

It would be too long to resume here all the compliments of native origin that his Lordship had to hear,—I was going to say *to submit to*,—so much some were endless. Those that were recited by the representatives of the studious young men of Lusaka or of Baudoinville, generally short and well said, pleased every one ; but the veterans of the Mission, catechists of the first hour, could not resign to remain silent before their " Kijana ". Their tongue was not eloquent, nor their pen skilful ; but their heart spoke.

And we had the pleasure to hear, bursting from the lips of these black orators, a few words of native ways, that it is impossible to see the least trace of any foreign inspiration. As an instance this was addressed to the Wabembas—the new flock of Mgr. Guilleme—by a pupil of the school of the catechists of Lusaka : " You, Wabembas, listen well to what I am going to say to you : we send you a bishop quite new and full of health ; look after him well, that he may last long. " And this comparison : " When the father of a family sees his second child born does he for that reason cast away the first ? "

In a charming extempo, rising, Mgr Guilleme answered to the congratulations and wishes which had been presented to him in the name of the missionaries and the Nuns. To all he asked the help of their prayers, so that he may on the banks of the Nyassa, realize his device : " Oportet Illum regnare : He must reign. "

During the dinner which followed this family reunion, the catechist pupils of Lusaka gave us the surprise of executing, in a very satisfactory manner, a French chorus : The martyrs in the Arenas, which recalled to our memory Carthage and its amphitheatre.

The native music was not wanting ; drums, bells, dances, etc. But it took its most agreeable expression in one of those boat tunes that rock the traveller and excite the rowers—to express, in a few-verses of the Kiswahili tongue all the african exploits of the new bishop.

One day at Kibanga  
There landed a boat : a Father was in it.  
O how young and agreeable looking !

We were little children then . . .  
He made us grow tall, this Father !  
He is a man of God, we know that.

For seven years,  
He has had no dwelling, our Kijana, he had been wandering,  
Toiling the roads !

All the tribes, yes all,  
Dreamed of Episcopacy for their Kijana,  
For many years.

To day God has heard our prayers :  
Kijana, who loves us, is a Bishop ;  
We are all filled with joy.

By the hair, he seems to be growing older  
By the heart, he is an ardent young man,  
Our courageous Bishop.

Friends, let us ask of God  
To give our Bishop, years by tens  
And a good health.

Father, our place of meeting shall be heaven,  
We shall proclaim your kindness,  
Before our God.

We can see that these stanzas evoked in Mgr. Guilleme's heart many souvenirs. Besides, on this day of feast, it was impossible not to think of the days, very sombre sometimes, of the heroic times, it is since those times that commenced the love of the populations of Tangani-ka for the " Bwana Kijana ".

Some one was missing at the feast : captain Joubert, that a fever retained at Maria Moba ; and his absence was deeply felt... His place was all indicated near the new bishop : it would have been as an evocation of the past, to see together, these two sons of Britany, as they appeared, side by side, in 1890, at the head of the Christian soldiers wrestling against the bands of slave traders, who threatened to plunder and destroy the mission of Mpala.

The mustard seed, that valiant hands were then sowing on the borders of the African Lakes, has become a large tree, spreading everywhere its powerful branches. The last of its boughs, the church of Nyassa, is not the least vivacious, the poorest in promises.

May this Church, under the direction and by the care of its new pastor, grow, blossom, bear fruit, and extend always more and more.

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## LETTER FROM R. F. BOCQUEL.

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### MISSIONARY AT IRIL-ALI.

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I have just received the generous offering that you have had the kindness to send us to help us to support the works of our poor mission of Iril-Ali.

In expressing to you all our thanks, I want to show to our benefactors that their sacrifices are not lost. We are not going very fast, no doubt : all the missions in the musulman countries are thus.

In these last days, I had given appointment to one of my confrères, F. Caillava, to visit the Kabyle tribes, those who are at a greatest distance from us.

Faithful to my call, this confrère, as a true Basque, crossed on foot the high chain of the Jurjura, even in the snow, by the defile of Tirourda, and descended the declivity of the Oued Sahel. I receive him in my poor presbytery of Tazmalt where we pass a week, or rather the nights of a week. No luxury, four rooms, of which one, by the wind, has lost its partition which, in its fall, has masked the stairs; the first room, the best, I give to my confrère; the air is renewed by a hole which the fall of a portion of the ceiling has done.

A step further, we enter into the dining room, I have nothing to say unless that we can also fast in it.

This room communicates with my bed room. I am lodged at the same ensign as F. Caillava: a hole in the ceiling for natural air, and what is worse, a partition which has taken a threatening inclination.

We make a few visits in the European village of Tazmalt and a charitable lady gives us a bottle of wine which will serve to celebrate mass during our excursion.

The next day, while I am at my thanksgiving F. Caillava thinks of the strength we shall need and prepares the breakfast.

Pity sincerely the future missionaries, that a mother or a sister too devoted have sheltered against the want of learning to make the cooking.

We start,—he provided with a little sack of provisions a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, a box of canned butter, true "Milan butter," "butiro fresco, antiqua casa, modesto galone;" your humble servant with the box of remedies, for it is by the name of benefactors of suffering humanity that we introduce ourselves into the musulman centres.

We scale the abrupt paths of the Beni Melikeuch. It is one of the tribes where has least penetrated what we call civilization; a rough population nearly savage, country of brigands, of way cutters, having too often but robbery to feed its inhabitants, for no products from the soil, no industry, there.

We were going up painfully the stony paths, rendered more painful by the scorching African sun that you know nothing of at Nantes. I turn now and then as if to admire the beautiful plain, which lays at our feet, but especially to gain breath. We meet two old Kabyle women of whom we ask if there is any sick person in their villages.

Sick ! Do you attend to the sick ?—Yes for the love of God—How ! without asking any money ?—Yes to gain heaven only.—Oh, my dear, they attend the sick for nothing. Do you see that, they are good. I have my husband who has an old lumbago.

—Well we shall go and we will attend to him for the love of God.

The woman accompanies us and we are thus assured of being presented to the village. In truth every one is soon informed of the arrival of the Christian *marabouts*, who for the sake of Sidna Aissa (O. L. Jesus Christ), tend the sick for nothing. Soon we are asked for everywhere, we are dragged into every house, and we are shown all kinds of infirmities.

Generally in every village there is a kind of public house where they assemble to talk, to listen to stories, or to pretend to sleep. We are sure of always finding some one, for the Kabyle, of a very laborious reputation, works only when it is necessary.

To-day, no one ; here, there is a TAJEMAIT, but no one in it. We visit nearly all the houses ; we have even been able to baptize privately a little dying child. But we would have liked to evangelize this first village of Hamdoun.

We stop on the borders of a brook to take our meagre breakfast, and we start for Takerboust, situated at an hour's walk from there, but at the same altitude : we have not the trouble of going up.

Takerboust is a big village, 4 or 5 times more important than Hamdoun ; it would occupy us a whole day. It is hardly twelve o'clock when we arrive.

(To be continued.)



## DEPARTURE NEWS.

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During the year 1911, 64 missionaries and 19 Nuns (White Sisters) have left for the Missions entrusted to our Society,

Of this number there are 4 Missionaries and 6 nuns born in Canada. Here are their names :

Missionaries :

Father Jean Baptiste Dagenais of St Vincent of Paul (Co. Laval.) left the 30th July for the Mission of Soudan.

Fr. Edouard Michaud of Montreal, left the 10th August for the North Nyanza Mission.

Fr. Octave Goulet of Holyoke (Mass).

Fr. David Roy of St George of Beauce left the 12th August for the Mission of Nyassa.

Nuns (White Sisters).

Sister St Michel, Laura Hamel, of Cape Rouge, left the 10th May for North Nyanza.

Sr Magdalena, Alice Duquette of Quebec, left the 10th October for North Nyanza.

Sr. du Bon Secours, Eugénie Lacoursière of Batiscan. id.

Sr. Victoire, Alma Michaud of Isle Verte, left 12th August for Nyassa.

Sr St Germain, Rose Anna Boisvert, St Evariste of Beauce. id.

Sr. St Leandre, Bernardine Lippens of Montreal, left for Mombassa. id.

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## VARIETIES.

### TRIPOLI.

*(Continued.)*

It is to Tripoli that nearly all the caravans of the Desert come. It is there that are the ostrich feathers of the Sahara, the incense and perfumery of the Bornon, the ivory of Soudan and also, alas, the slaves of these different countries. Sometimes, in the beginning of the night some report of fire-arms are heard. It is a caravan that arrives, it is the signal agreed on when it drags behind them poor slaves. Slavery abolished in theory is practiced here still on a great scale. The arrival of a caravan is always the beginning of feasts and rejoicings for our oasis. Fathers, brothers, friends who come back after two or three years absence, breathe its poetry, its melancholy, its joys, and its sorrows, make of this spot one of the most admirable sites that can be imagined.

The oasis counts 30,000 inhabitants, about one third belongs to the black race. They are ancient slaves who have ended by recovering their liberty; nevertheless a certain number of these negroes still live in slavery. The Blacks are generally farmers to the Arabs, or exercise some manual trade. The Arabs are the most numerous and the masters of the land; the Berranis, the Djebeli's are here only of passage; they arrive as the Kabyles of our Algeria at the taking in of the crops. The Jews have found the way of implanting themselves in a part of the

oasis ; badly looked on and hated, every year they count a certain number assassinated and still more plundered. They still persist in remaining, in spite of the outcries, doing here as every where their eternal trade of broker and usurer.

You know the musulmen : morally they resemble one another everywhere. I must state that the Tripolitan is a better workman than the Arab; he has to face the murderous heat of a consuming sun, often hunger, oftener thirst ; they have been obliged to watch constantly, for the pirates of the desert are numerous, and the Touaregs, these sea rovers of our sea of sand, are prowling continually on the tracks of these caravans.

P. SEVIGNON,

*African Miss.*

(*To be continued*)

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### Important Information.

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

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

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

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

**Fifteen dollars** pay a male-Catechist for one year.

**Ten dollars** pay a female-Catechist for one year.

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

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

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



## MISSIONS OF THE WHITE FATHERS IN AFRICA.

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

Last June, the Society had the charge of 105 Stations belonging to 7 Apostolic Vicariates, and to one Prefecture. The Missionaries then working in the Field were 463, besides a great number engaged in the general administration, or in the recruiting and training houses the Society has in America, Asia and Europe. In each Station there must be at least three Missionaries. The Fathers are helped by lay Brothers who are also members of the Society; and by Sisters, founded likewise by Cardinal Lavigerie.

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

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

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

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

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

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## THE WHITE SISTERS

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

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

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

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

## CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

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

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

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

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

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


We get off the paper in the following easy way:

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

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

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

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

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

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## NOTICE

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

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.

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