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Fifth Year No. 6

QUEBEC

JUNE 1913

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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptress of Slaves. - Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Not printed for all our deceased Publishers and Subscribers and for

Table of Contents

New Chapel of Jjinja.....	161
Mission of Naddangira.....	171
Mission of Ntakataka.....	180
Mission of Bembeche.....	183
Cancelled Stamps.....	190
Worth Knowing.....	191
Ransom of Slaves.....	192

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.

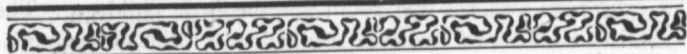
1.—Two Masses are said for them on the 7th and 15th of each month.

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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Uganda.—The New Chapel of Jjinja,

The house of the good Shepherd in Quebec has long been interested in the African missions, and hardly a month passes that we do not have some proof of this. The letters which follow are expressions of the gratitude of our confrères. It will be remembered that Father Fillion has two sisters among the religious of this house who have helped not a little to arouse in the community a particular sympathy for the mission of Rubaga. The chapel of Jjinja is a monument to the zeal of these devoted religious.

*I.—Letter of Father Fillion to Sisters Virginia and Amadeus
of the Good Shepherd at Quebec.*

Reverend Mothers.

At last I am able to tell you about the chapel which your generosity has helped us to build on the Jjinja hill. Pardon my tardiness. We have only negroes to do the work, and

God knows how slow they are to begin anything. It is not here that one finds verified the saying "to work as hard as a negro."

With time and patience we have succeeded in erecting "your" chapel, and on the 17th of November I had the pleasure of blessing it. It is a pretty building of sun-baked brick, nearly 50 feet long and 20 feet wide. The walls are covered with a layer of sand and well-worked clay, giving it the effect of grey plaster. A veranda in front serves as a catechism and reading room for the little children. The sacristy consists of two rooms which serve the visiting missionary as a dwelling. The doors are of wood and turn on hinges; the windows are ornamented with a lattice-work of the same wood. The roof is of grass, brought by the Christians of the place, while the carpenter work and the materials were furnished by the men of the district.

Thanks to this good will, the sum which you sent us has been sufficient to defray the greater part of the expenses; so the chapel of Jjinja is really your work and that of your zealous helpers.

Sunday, November 7, was a festival day at Jjinja. The Father Superior had been here since Thursday, Father Michaud arrived Friday evening and your servant, Saturday morning. We spent nearly all day in the confessional, in the old mud chapel. When I arrived, the two screens of reed which took the place of confessionals were already occupied by my confrères, so I improvised a tribunal of penance in a very simple way. I closed the reed door of the sacristy and placed myself behind it. The penitents knelt outside and arranged their affairs through the door.

While we were working to adorn the souls of these good people, three White Sisters, who came from Rubaga the same morning, decorated the new chapel. Garlands and wreaths, banners and images were quickly put in place under the skilful fingers of the good Sisters, and when the dressing of the altar was completed the chapel presented a most attractive appearance.

Above the altar I placed the beautiful picture of the

Sacred Heart which you have given to Jjinja. We have put it in a frame, strong if not elegant, covered with the crystal-paper you sent us. It would have pleased me very much to have you fix this paper—our clumsy fingers are ill-suited to such delicate work ; but, after many efforts and much trouble on the part of Father Robillard and myself, we finally succeeded in arranging it. This picture, already so lovely in itself, was now even more so. On the door of the modest tabernacle, some one had drawn a design of maple-leaves. To whom did we owe this delicate attention ? I believe that Sister Magdalen, who was there, had something to do with it.

The list of names of our benefactors has been placed very near Our Lord. On the day of the Festival eight Fathers, one Brother and three White Sisters were present. Nearly a thousand people assisted, and at Mass, we gave Holy Communion to about four hundred people.

As I have already told you, I had the pleasure of blessing the new chapel and singing High Mass, which I offered for all our benefactors. The chapel, the sacristy and the veranda were crowded, and many were unable to find a place inside. Joy filled every heart, and the Mass was sung in excellent style.

After the Holy Sacrifice had been offered, we said a special prayer for our benefactors in Canada, who had helped to endow this corner of the earth with a dwelling worthy of Jesus and of our Holy Religion. I am very sure that this prayer will be heard, and that the good God will shower his blessings on all those who have come to our aid.

After the prayer, we had games for the children and young people. There again there was no lack of life, but as a negro does not consider a festival complete without eating, a feast had been prepared where each one received a little meat and many bananas. Our negroes returned home contented ; the soul had its fill and the body also.

I hope the Superior of the mission of Rubaga, whose particular charge is the district of Jjinja, will soon be able to tell you of that interesting little post and of his Catechist,

old Mathias, who is not less so. How happy this good old Mathias was when I gave him the picture you intended for him ! How he would have thanked you if you had been there and who knows how soon he may be able to write you a little letter to show you his gratitude ! (1)

Once more, thanks ! I pray the Sacred Heart to bless and reward you a hundred fold.

Your very grateful,

JOSEPH FILLION, W. F.

II.—Letter of Father Robin, Superior of the Mission of Rubaga to Sister Amadeus, of the House of the Good Shepherd at Quebec.

Reverend Mother,

I am paying to-day a debt of gratitude in thanking you for the generous contributions you have sent us. The church of Jjinja is completed, and we blessed it on Sunday, November 17, 1912.

Jjinja is the principal catechumenate of the district of Rubaga. It numbers 600 Christians and about 230 catechumens, not including the little branch of Kanyanya, which was detached from it in 1905, and which has 240 Christians and 110 catechumens.

Mathias (2) Mulira, the present catechist, founder of this devout little post, is the irremovable pastor, and deserves to have his story told. It is he who has made his parish what it is, he who guards it, who watches over it with jealous care.

(1) Mathias had already written his benefactresses. We publish further on a translation of his letter.

(2) Mathias, called by the negroes Mattiausi.

Adored by the Christians, who know no other father in the faith, respected by the heathens, who allow themselves to yield little by little to his teachings, he is the oracle of that section, and even the Protestants and chiefs of the little villages take pride in his friendship. For more than 20 years Mathias has fought the battles of the Lord.

I.—MULIRA

While still a child, Mulira entered the service of a powerful chief and fought under him in several campaigns. He never failed, as he still tells, to distinguish himself by his courage in the raids on women and flocks.

In 1884, on the death of King Mtésa, he returned to Rubaga where, for the first time, he gave his support to the missionaries. He was then a young man of about 18 years. Religion soon led him captive, and Mulira was enrolled in the number of the catechumens.

In 1886, when the fury of a heathen king, Mwanga, let loose the flood of persecution on the newly-born Kingdom of Christ and gave it its first martyrs, Mulira fled from the tyrant on the advice of Father Lourdel.

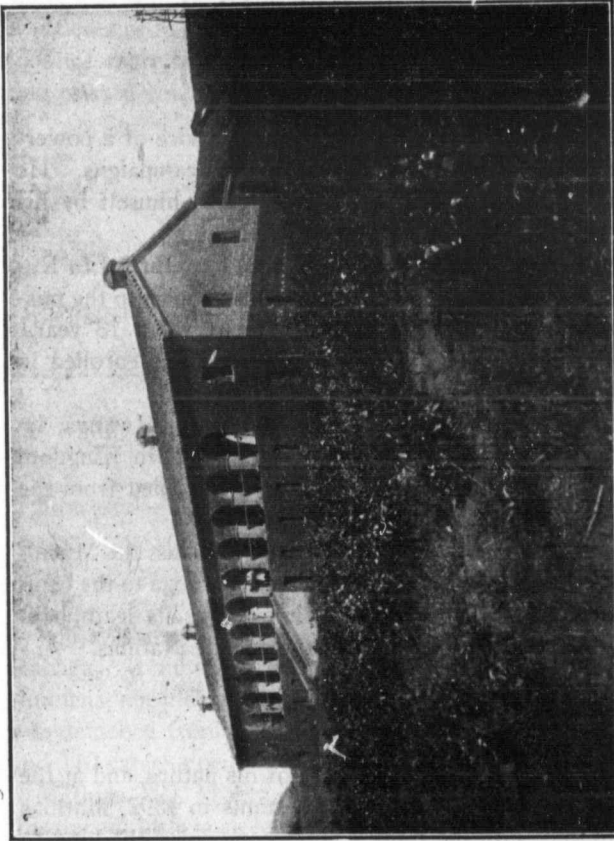
He was again embroiled in the struggle against the Muslims, and returned with the conquering Mwanga to the capital. There Father Lourdel, some time before his death, baptized him, giving him the name of the apostle Mathias.

II.—MATHIAS

Grace intensified the devotedness of his nature, and at the first sign of trouble from the Protestants in 1892, Mathias threw himself, into the fight. He accompanied the king to the island of Bulinguwé, and took part in the murderous combat of unhappy but glorious memory which put Mwanga to flight, made the missionaries prisoners and cost the lives of a great number of brave Catholics.

Then he understood the truth of Our Lord's words :
" Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake."

From that time he left the service of the powerful of the earth to enroll himself among the followers of the Lord, under the banner of the Apostolate.



Bembeke Mission, built in 1912, through the generosity of our Canadian and American Friends.

It was at Buddu, the first post founded by Mgr. Streicher, that he began his work. He returned to Rubaga in 1895, married a pious neophyte, Monica, established churches in three villages, and was appointed by Father Achte to the post of Jjinja in 1901.

III.—THE APOSTLE OF JJINJA

The summit of the hill which bears the name of Jjinja, "the stone", is covered by immense rocks forming caverns, where of old, says tradition, the gods of the country had their dwelling. Sorcerers and soothsayers crowded these places, and the superstitious thronged around the sanctuary.

The site is really magnificent ; to the east, the mountains of Bulemezi stretch until lost to view ; to the west, the gentle slopes of the Busiro, each bearing the tomb of a king. In front, Kasenyenye guards the remains of Kamanya. Yamala rise close by, bristling with flint-tones and proudly guarding the palace of Suna ; Kasuli, at the side of the capital, is the depository of the Manes of Mtésa and to Jjinja is rendered the homage of vassals.

The beauty of the place, the large population, still heathen, and the extent of the district at once captivated the heart of the generous apostle, and he began his work immediately.

"I will build a chapel in this city of the devil," he said, and at the end of some months a modest reed church arose, two hundred yards from the rocky caverns. Then, fortified with gentleness and zeal, he set out to visit the twenty villages entrusted to him. He succeeded so well, that soon he was unable to do the work alone. He then obtained from the Queen-Mother permission to build a branch chapel at Kanyanya, placing there some young men as catechists, and reserving for himself the citadel of the Rocks. The "Praying People" flourished. From the first teachings of the catechism, he led them to baptism ; the most stubborn heathens placed their children under his guidance, and the older generation themselves came in large numbers to be instructed and regenerated.

IV.—TRIALS

The devil was not thus to be frustrated, and a fire destroyed the humble little chapel in 1904. "The devil is not pleased with my poor edifice, but we shall see who will have the last

word !” At the end of two years of persevering effort, aided by his Christians, Mathias built a new church much larger and more elegant ; it was the pearl of that country.

In October, 1908, Mathias was sent to the catechists’ school at Bikira ; it was a reward for his work, and at the same time a stronger weapon in the hands of this valiant soldier. The devil took him at his word. A month had hardly passed when some unknown wretch set fire to his home and to the church of which he was so proud.

The entire post was destroyed. The only house that escaped devastation was that of the female catechists. What could two poor frightened girls do towards rebuilding the station ? Nevertheless four months afterwards, another follower of Satan destroyed the humble dwelling still standing, and it was only by a miracle that neither of the helpers perished in the flames.

V.—HOPE AGAINST HOPE.

Very sad was the arrival of Mathias, and most disheartening his return to the hill, once so smiling—now so desolated. But even among the negroes there are some souls who know neither weakness nor discouragement, and our catechist had an absolute trust in God. “Hold fast,” was his motto, and suffering his arms of victory.

A shed was quickly constructed, which served as a temporary chapel. Alas, the joy was short-lived. Mathias himself was overcome. An unknown malady brought him rapidly to the door of the tomb.

I went in great haste to administer the last sacraments. He made his last farewells, offering his life for his dear mission of Jjinja. I had hardly returned to the mission when there came news of his death. We recited the “De Profundis”, and I sent a piece of cloth for a shroud ; but oh joy ! we learned the next day that God was satisfied with his sacrifice and our distress.

At the beginning of 1910, Mathias had regained his health, and threw himself more ardently than ever into his work.

Suffering had uplifted his soul, misfortune had drawn closer to him his united followers, the triple fire had roused every heart.

“No” said our hero, “the good God is not satisfied, we must do something more.” Straightway, he went to the Father Superior.

“Father,” said he, “I wish to build a brick church.”

“You are not thinking of that; where will you find means?”

“I have started a coffee plantation ; you will help me a little, and the good God will do the rest.”

Such confidence as this deserved the permission which was granted. In a year, eighteen thousand bricks were fashioned and dried in the sun : the coffee plantation flourished, blessed by the good God.

The Father Superior held out his hand to the Vicar Apostolic, and you yourself, Reverend Mother, were the kind Providence who did the rest, as Mathias had hoped.

The building, 15 meters long by 7 wide, was commenced in November, 1911. A modest school, also of brick, 10 metres by 5, was erected close by. November 17 last, a never to-be forgotten day, of which Father Fillion has told you the story, was for Mathias Mulira and the missionaries of Rubaga the sweetest reward for all their efforts. There is no doubt that it will also be productive of blessings for the generous benefactors of the “Little African Chapel.” All our Christians are praying for them and it is to tell you so, Reverend Mother, that I send you this letter.

Accept, etc.,

H. ROBIN, *W. F.*

III.—Letter of Mathias, Catechist of Jjinja.

This letter, written in the Rubaga language, was accompanied by a translation made by Father Fillion. We give here the literal translation.

To my Mothers, the Religious of Canada, in the city of Quebec. (1)

Jjinja, December 26, 1912.

To my Mothers, the Religious,

I greet you with all my heart. I want to tell you of the work you have done for us. Really, the good one does is not forgotten any more than the bad ; it is well that the latter is forgotten because the good God forbids us to avenge ourselves on those who do evil to us.

I thank you for the picture for the church which is so beautiful. It delights everybody. Our Lord himself has said : "I will bless every house in which the image of my Heart is exposed and honored."

I thank you also for the second picture, mine. All in my house thank you and send you greeting. All the Christians of Jjinja thank you and greet you.

These words come from my mouth and from my heart. It is well. May the good God give you peace, with the strength to work well for him.

I. MATHIAS MULIRA.

(1) As a curiosity, Mathias' address is here given in the original: *Ya Bamama Abbe Canada, Mukibuga EkyeBeck.*—To the my Mothers at the Canada, city of EkyeBeck.



Uganda.—The Mission of Naddangira.

Letter of Father Raux to Father Forbes.

Dear Confrère,

Your Bulletin of December 1912, told its readers all about the new station of Our Lady of Good Help at Naddangira. For a long while past, I have been intending to thank you for having treated my account of it with so much consideration. This letter will bring you my acknowledgments, and my best wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year.

The October article was divided into two sections.—The “Sleepers” and Lepers, and Churches and Schools. I would like to speak of these again, although not quite in the same way ; rather in detail than as a whole. To-day I am going to write to you about my “sleepers” and my church ; later on about the lepers and my mission schools.

I.—THE STORY OF SARAH THE “SLEEPER”.

At a scientific convention held lately in London,, one of the speakers took for his subject the various forms of “tripanosomes”, which cause the fatal “*sleeping sickness*” of Central Africa and Uganda. Mentioning the different remedies suggested for its cure by learned physicians, the ora-

tor called special attention to that of Dr. Koch, who urges the protection of the hippopotamus as the greatest factor in the extermination of this deadly disease.

Koch claims to have discovered that the fly whose bite produces the malady lives on the blood of the crocodile. The hippopotamus is the most ferocious enemy of the crocodile; therefore the savant concludes that the protection of the hippopotamus will naturally mean the destruction of the crocodile—thus, the annihilation of the deadly fly, and the disappearance of the “sleeping sickness”.

I leave the reader to judge of the value of such a theory. But while awaiting practical results, we have to resign ourselves to see our poor “sleepers” die around us every day, with no other remedy than a few essentials for the body and the preparation for a good death for the soul.

The mission of Naddangira, whose special object is to give help and comfort to the sufferers collected in camp at Bwanuka, has not failed in its noble mission. Our registers are filled with their names. Every victim at Bwanuka, since 1909, has left this world fortified with the last sacraments or regenerated by baptism. So divine mercy sweetens the lot of the most unhappy.

Among the choice souls whom God called to himself in 1912 was Sarah Kivwa Mukazi.

CHILDHOOD.

Kivwa Mukazi was born of heathen parents, Semwabula and Musenero, at Bbungo (Sésé Islands) in 1894. She was baptized when four years old, and made her first Communion at the age of ten. About this time, her parents left Bbungo to settle in the Island of Buvu. It was a fatal step; for there both fell victims to the “sleeping sickness”. Little Sarah was also attacked though it was some time before the malady developed in her young frame.

Discovering their condition, Semwabula’s brother, Thomas Kyamera Wa Mbuzi, a good Christian, made them leave the infected island, and brought them to Bumanghi, where

he gave them shelter in a house of his own, close to the Mission of the White Fathers.

In 1906 when European physicians, inspired either by humanity or desirous of fame, established a laboratory in the Sésé Island for the study of the "sleeping sickness", Thomas brought them his three sick people, heretofore tended by the missionaries.

Semwabula and Musenero were still heathens. Sarah, now a growing girl, felt this keenly. Pious, energetic, full of affection and Christian compassion for those who had given her life and were now themselves in the grasp of death, she devoted herself to their service, both of body and soul.

"I learned my catechism", she said. "I knew I ought to love and obey my parents and help them in all their troubles. That is why I did all I could for them, cultivated their little patch of ground, and cooked their food for them. Most of all, I prayed for them at Mass, and begged Mary, Mother of our Baganda Christians, to be Mother to them too."

Sarah did more than pray for her parents; she courageously undertook their religious instruction. She taught them all that she herself learned from the priest. She told them about the One God who created us all, of the Son of that God who became man to save us from eternal death, and chose for Himself a beautiful Mother called Mary, so good and so sweet that those who love her find happiness in the midst of the greatest sufferings.

Little by little, our impromptu catechist induced her two dear sick people to make with her the sign of the cross before each meager meal. She sowed the first seeds—the grace of God and the zeal of the missionaries did the rest.

Semwabula and his wife were baptized towards the end of 1906, under the names of Josefua and Petronilla. They lived one year longer, tended to the last by the untiring love and devotion of their generous young daughter.

SARAH ORPHANED BUT NOT AN ORPHAN

Uganda has a strange custom. No one there, large or small, remains orphaned.

At first there is great weeping and wailing in the house of the deceased, and noisy chants celebrate the praises, more or less deserved, of the "dear departed". When it is a woman who dies, either father or husband carries the tidings to the relatives. This is a sacred obligation, in which it would be a great shame to fail. When a man dies, the mourning is prolonged until all the members of the "*kika*" (family clan) have gathered together to choose an heir to the deceased, who perhaps has left a wife and children. The wife, who during the lifetime of her husband, is a piece of property rather than a companion, is nothing and can do nothing in the family after his death. The united relatives bestow on her a new spouse who, taking the place of the former, leads her and her children to his own home.

This heir is, indifferently, a child or an adult. If a child, incapable of assuming the care of the family of which he becomes too soon the father, he is given a guardian. By this custom a widow sometimes finds her son the husband of his mother and the father of his brothers and sisters.

After the ceremony of selecting a successor to the dead man is over, the goods of the deceased are portioned out ; then comes the merrymaking—dancing, eating and drinking to excess. Such is the heathen custom.

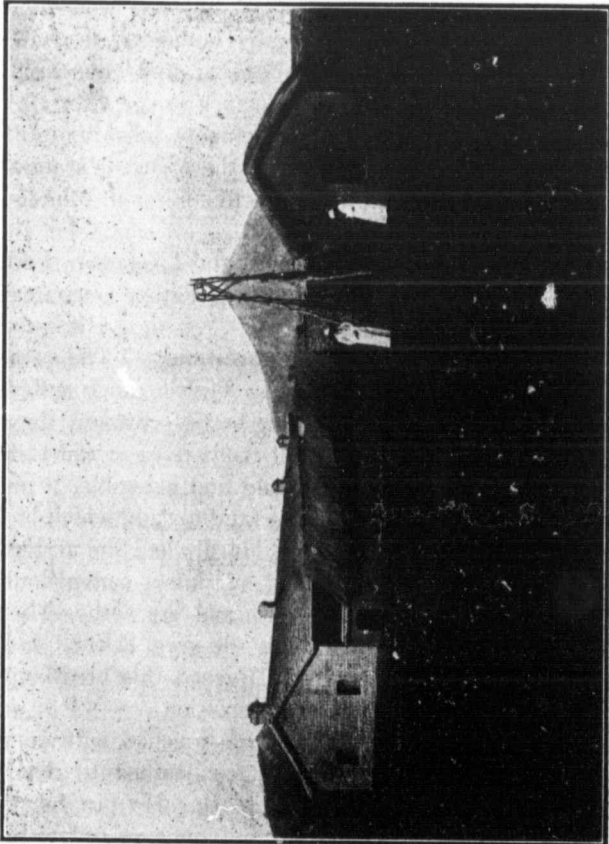
At the death of her parents, Sarah was left with a little brother, six years old, named Mark. Following the custom, Tomasi was named heir to Josefu and father to Sarah and Mark.

Relieved from her former cares, Sarah now entered the mission school for girls and soon learned to read fluently. A few months later the missionaries, finding her well grown, advised her to go home to Tomasi and instruct and take care of her little brother.

Providence, however, and other plans for her. Sarah and Mark found at Sésé a member of their family called Afrodizio Kapere, who was a good Christian and an excellent catechist. He received the orphans with the greatest kindness, took them home and treated them as his own children.

EXILE, SICKNESS AND DEATH OF SARAH

In 1908 the government of the Uganda Protectorate, realizing that the experiments of the European doctors with the "sleeping sickness" had but superficial results, and that me-



Bembeke Mission with the provisional church on the right hand.

dical science, at the end of its resources, was powerless to check the evil, took radical measures to suppress it. The inhabitants of the Sésé Islands, sick or well, were sent into exile, and all adjacent villages of Lake Nyanza were, for a distance of two miles in the interior, depopulated and burnt.

This sanitary measure, rendered imperative by the ravages of the "*glossina palpalis*", was not at first understood by most of those who suffered from it. Many thought it to be a monopoly of property. The government seemed to them to be condemning and seizing for its own purposes this large strip of land, the length of Nyanza from the Kagéra to the Nile.

The Islands of Sésé were formally evacuated in June, 1909. The missionaries, heart broken at this happening, lent nevertheless all their moral assistance to the efforts of those in power to reconcile the unfortunate inhabitants of these islands to their banishment. Fathers Bec, Varangot and Gacon were the last priests of this fine mission, founded by Bishop Livinhac in January, 1890.

Sarah, Mark and Afrodizio Kapere and his family were among those who, under the guidance of Father Gacon accompanied sixty-eight of the "Sleepers" to the Bwanuka camp, established for them by the government. The caravan reached its destination on August 3, after much suffering and fatigue. (1) While awaiting better provision, these poor people were obliged to install themselves in the rude "*gourbis*" that misfortune alone could find habitable.

Sarah had contracted at Buvu the fatal malady which had carried off her father and mother. Hardly had she arrived at Bwanuka when she was attacked by violent convulsions, which gradually undermined health and strength. They passed off, however, and for a while she grew better. Her devoted and courageous young soul turned this breathing-space to account in the service of the mission.

The Father Superior of Naddangira, touched with compassion for this poor child already condemned to death, hastened to gratify her desire for work. He put her in charge of a class of little children, too young to follow the regular classes.

(1) The station of Naddangira was established at this date and called Our Lady of God Help in remembrance of the abandoned mission of Sésé and the five hundred refugees of Bwanuka.

Sarah won the admiration of all around her by her piety, her devotion to duty and her patience in teaching these little ones their alphabet and prayers. Earnestness was the keynote of her character. She was never idle, like so many of her companions. She was either at work in the little garden of her adopted father or at prayer in the church. All her actions were marked with the tranquillity of a soul at peace with itself and at peace with the God whom it loved so much.

Thus I found her, when I was appointed to Naddangira in 1911. Alas ! she was in the last stages of her malady. In December of that year a new and violent attack broke down her little remaining strength. I saw we would lose her.

As her illness increased, I had her conveyed to the camp of Bwanuka, where I placed her in the care of Optat, the infirmarian, grown old in the service of preparing others for death. A tower of strength, indeed, is Optat. Ten years he devoted himself, at Kisubi, to the care of the sick. When this hospital was closed in 1909 and the victims of the "sleeping sickness" transferred to Bwanuka, Optat accompanied them. To-day there are only about twenty in the camp, but Optat is still there.

It was to this Christian hero that I confided my poor little catechist, to be prepared for death. He did not fail me. Every day he visited the dear child, brought her nourishment and cheered and comforted her by talking of our good God and his blessed Mother. On her side, Sarah, uncomplaining and smiling, lay resignedly on her little bed, taking, everything as it came and asking nothing. She offered her sufferings over and over again to God for the conversion of the negroes, her brethren, and for the little children whom she had taught and loved. She was ready to die, she said, whenever God was ready to take her.

One day, the 4th of last May, I came to Bwanuka to distribute clothes, salt and meats, such luxuries to our poor sick people, begged for them for the love of Mary. I found Sarah seated on a mat in her little hut, very happy at my visit. "My child," said I smiling, "have you forgotten it is the

month of May? Where are your beads? I do not see them. Can you get along without praying? However, I see you are better."

At my words, a large tear fell from her eyes, and with trembling hands she drew forth her rosary from her bosom. "See, Father", she said, in a voice broken with sobs, "for my Mother—and for my children". I had to go out to hide my emotion; I said to myself—"This month of Mary perhaps is going to be to Sarah the most beautiful and the nearest to Heaven."

My premonition was realized. On the evening of the 18th of May, Sarah received the Last Sacraments with admirable dispositions, and the night following went peacefully to sleep in this world, to waken with her Lord. The young girls of Naddangira chanted her praises again and again at her burial. To-day the little black children are still crying for their Sarah.

See how our Baganda Christians know how to live and how to die. The training they receive at the mission accustoms them gradually to self-denial, sacrifice and resignation to the miseries and sufferings of this life. The story of Sarah is that of many of our young girls who give their lives to the instruction of children. Her early death causes us both joy and sorrow. It gives us joy because, if a man dies as he lives, it is not possible that the death of Sarah the "sleeper" was not that of the just. I afflicts us, nevertheless, because it makes us think sadly of those other unfortunates lying on their poor beds all around us, sleeping already the sleep of death, beyond any human power to call them back to life and health.

II.—THE CHURCH OF NADDANGIRA

Last July I wrote you—"The station of Naddangira had only a provisional church of straw for the last three years." From November until this date of January 6, we have not even had this. At noon on the twenty-fifth of November our community had assembled before the altar for prayer.

Suddenly a violent storm of wind, resembling a hurricane in its fury, came upon us. We were very uneasy, and cut the services short with the recitation of the Angelus. Well for us we did so,—for hardly had we left the church when it was overthrown by the terrific force of rain and wind. When the tempest passed, it left only ruins.

We hastened to search out the victims, if any, for several people had remained in the church. We had cause to thank Our Lady of Good Help and our good angels—there was no loss of life at all. If this tempest had occurred only a few hours earlier, between one thousand and twelve hundred persons would have been buried in the fallen church. This thought comforted us.

In the midst of a driving torrent of rain, we started to extricate the tabernacle, with the help of a quickly gathering crowd. It was uninjured and the sacred vessels intact, as if the Divine Master had protected them Himself. But what devastation everywhere else ! Well, so God tries our patience and confidence in Him.

What was to be done ? Four thousand Christians without a church—where were they going to pray ? This question was soon answered. A provisional church must be at once rebuilt, and preparations begun for a permanent one.

Facing such a weighty problem, but with a ministry waiting only to be bidden to the task, we are full of confidence and without fear. We know the Lord will not forsake those who seek Him, even in mortar, straw and wood. "*Sperant in te, Domine, quoniam non dereliquisti quaerentes te.*"

From a worldly standpoint, we lack everything just now ; but to apostles whom the Lord watches over, directs and governs, what can be wanting ?

From our Divine Master we ask grace and help. From our benefactors any alms, however small, to rebuild. So we say with the Psalmist : "Yes, the Lord is with us and we shall want nothing. Forward ! *Dominus regit me et nihil mihi deerit.*"

I am writing to you to-day, dear confrère, to repeat my assurances of gratitude and my affectionate devotion in Our Lord.

M. RAUX, W. F.

Nyassa. Mission of Ntakataka.

Letter of Father Châteauevert to one of his relatives.

Ntakataka, December 29, 1912.

It is from Ntakataka this time, that I send you my New Year greetings. You will probably say to yourself : "Ntakataka ? Where on earth is that ?" Well, take your atlas, and on the map of Africa and at the point of intersection of the 32nd degree longitude and 14th degree south latitude, write "Ntakataka." It is an hour's journey to the west of Lake Nyassa. *Ntaka*, in the Chimang'anja tongue, means "fertile ground", and the repetition of the word marks the superlative, and makes it a *very* fertile place. It is a group of 48 villages, comprising 3,000 huts, with a population of 9,000 souls, of whom 1100 are Christians.

Our station is in the valley, and the horizon is very limited. On every side we see only native huts and large thorn trees. If the first say to us : "Here there are souls to convert"; the second seem to add : "The work is not without difficulties ; we bear no roses, but at least hope, for we are always green."

It was right to the heart of these magnificent possibilities that Bishop Guillemé sent his missionaries to battle against the ignorance of the infidels and the incomplete or false doctrine of the Protestant Boers. The latter, before our arrival, did not care to install themselves here, as the heat is excessive and fevers frequent. They preferred the pleasant climate of the mountains. Nevertheless, they tried to prevent us from establishing ourselves. What calumnies did they not spread against us, even to making the negroes believe that we are children ; that we gave poison to those who did not die quickly enough ; that we had hoofs instead of feet, and that if our tails could not be seen, it was because we carefully concealed them !

On their arrival here, our Fathers, found the entire country against them. "When I passed through a village," says a confrère, "no one spoke to me. If I approached them, they walked away. "Why do you not answer when I speak to you ?" I asked some young men. They replied : "This is our home ; we do what we please ; we do not want you." If I mingled with any groups occupied in weaving mats or linen, nobody answered my words of greeting and the work continued in silence." And he adds : "You do not know how it hurts to be treated in this way, and how difficult it is to restrain one's feelings. For myself, the greatest proof of the existence of grace is to live from morning to night with negroes, to be insulted by them and to bear it all for the love of Our Lord."

To-day this opposition of the negroes is a matter of ancient history. The calumnies of the Protestants acted for a while against us. But here, as elsewhere, one sees quickly enough the faults of his neighbor. These poor negroes, not seeing ours (at least those of which they had been told) ended by believing that we had none at all. The young men who formerly, through contempt of the missionary, covered their heads at his approach, are to-day for the most part Christians. We sometimes tease them about their past conduct, and they declare they certainly were fools to act in such a manner.

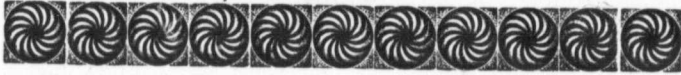
Some days ago I had the happiness of baptizing about thirty adults, men and women, both young and old ; it was my first sheaf in the granary of the Father of the family. There are many others to bring to Him, for the mission is large. Pray for our poor negroes ; those who are not Christians are perhaps waiting for your prayers to obtain from the good God the grace of conversion, the strength to help them to put asside human respect and renounce the devil, to give themselves to Jesus-Christ.

I am leaving for Bembeché where I will spend New Years Day with Father Paradis, the Superior of this post. I will end where I began, by wishing you a good, happy and holy year. I trust the prayers you offer the Divine Master will be heard, and that He will choose a still greater number of missionaries from among our compatriots and send them to work here in His vineyard.

Your grateful cousin,

T. CHATEAUVERT, *W. F.*





Nyassa. Mission of Bembeche

Letter from Father Paradis to his father.

This letter of the young Superior of Bembeche to his father, M. Charles Paradis of Charlesbourg, will be read with much interest. Thanking our benefactors most heartily for the help they have already given this mission, we ask them to allow us still to rely upon their charity to send Father Paradis the assistance he hopes for, and enable him to carry on successfully his missionary undertakings.

Bembeche, January 2, 1913.

My dearest father,

My silence has been a prolonged one, so I will begin by reassuring you about myself, if you have had any fears on the subject. My health is excellent and I often ask myself if I was really any better in Canada than here. As to other things, Bembeche is exactly like my old home during a large part of the year. The climate is temperate—neither great heat nor cold. The absence of snow is almost the only thing that reminds me I am no longer near Quebec.

A dozen correspondents have written me this last year to know if it is true that I have the "sleeping sickness". At Bembeche there are neither mosquitoes nor flies, above all not the famous "*tsétsé*", which here is held to be the disseminator of this terrible disease. It is true I have lived three years in the torrid plains that border Lake Nyassa but Providence has watched over me as over all the missionaries, and not one of us had this terrible scourge. A doctor, sent by the Government to study this malady, is always at one or the other posts of Ntakataka, Mua and Bembeche, and his advice protects us against all accidents. The "sleeping sickness" is not bad in this country—there are hardly a hundred cases here. Without doubt more people have it; the negroes distrust the doctors and hide their sick. We know, however, for a certainty, that the disease has made no great progress. Be easy, then, about me. I have not had the slightest touch of fever for over a year. I dare say I am the most hearty of the twenty-nine missionaries of Angoniland.

If I could give you a detailed account of my occupations since the month of August, I know it would interest you. Here is a short retrospect.

To begin with, I have made a visitation to every corner of our immense district, for I saw it would be impossible to revisit our flocks in the last months of 1912. This journey and all the trips I have since made, right and left, have carried me over a distance of three hundred and fifty leagues by bicycle. The average was two leagues a day; I find this is not enough.

In September and October my principal business was to prepare about thirty adults for baptism—a difficult but consoling task. I spent three hours every day with these good people, and was struck with the marvels worked in their hearts by the grace of God.

They mastered their catechism with extraordinary ease, and I am sure that when I made my First Communion I did not understand my religion any better than they. A more difficult thing is to get them to put in practice what they be-

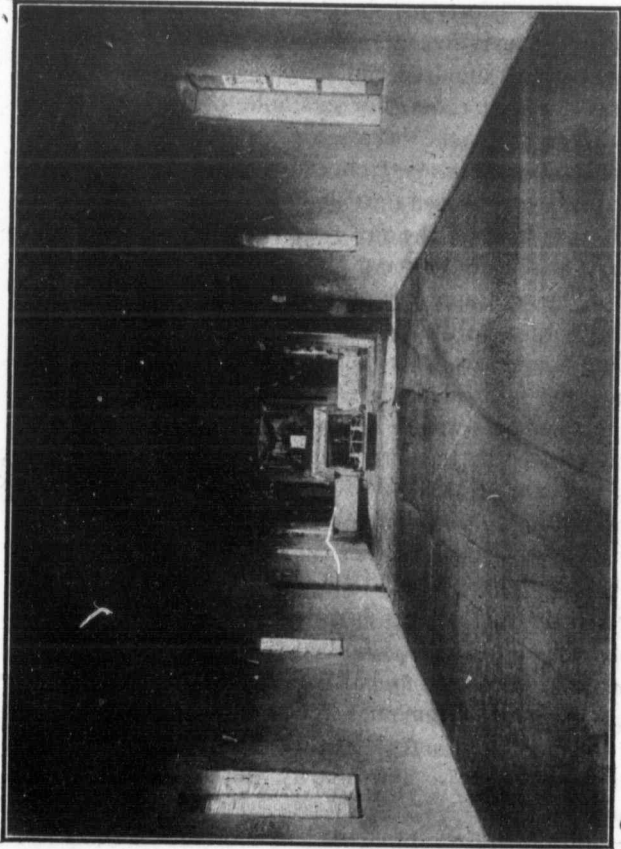
lieve ; but they show such good will and pray so earnestly that we know God will give them the victory over themselves.

We baptized these adults on November 10, and the next day, eight of their little children—so, in two days, our Christendom numbered forty members. In 1912 we baptized one hundred and ninety-five persons. At present, our Christians number two hundred and sixty. The fervor of these neophytes does not cool. For example, could anything be more edifying than the behavior of about fifteen of our youngsters, ranging in age from ten to fifteen, who for two months have never missed their daily Mass and Communion? Most of them begged the favor of sleeping at the mission with those who were to serve Mass, so that they might not be late. They got up every morning when it was still dark, and went with us to the chapel, where they had three-quarters of an hour to wait for the Holy Sacrifice to be offered. They are the faithful Little Guard of Jesus. Soon, however, their numbers will be diminished, for a dozen of them are about to enter the Preparatory Seminary which was opened last year at Mua. We will be happy, indeed, if any of them develop a vocation for the priesthood.

The closing exercises of the scholastic year were held one week before the baptisms. We have over fifteen hundred in our schools, and on this day at least a thousand of them were assembled. Eighty, who had successfully passed their examinations in catechism, received the Catechumen's cross. After the religious ceremonies were over we had games, and prizes for the victors. At least three thousand persons were present, and the noise and hilarity were beyond anything you can imagine.

Two numbers on the program had enormous success. One of the large ropes with which our cattle draw their burdens was brought forward and used for the "tug-of-war". A double force of twenty threw themselves on this, and pulled with great vigor—be it understood, that every one on the winning side receiving a pound of meat. Men, women and children took the field for this guerdon. Over two hundred

received the prize. The enthusiasm never flagged. The second hit of the day was an immense basket of "nsima"—a thick pudding of Indian meal, the national dish. Needless



Bembeke Mission : interior of the provisional church, which later
on will become a school.

to say, it was treated with much respect. The festival concluded with the distribution of fifty pounds of salt and several hundred pounds of meat. Although it is now two months since the great day, our negroes are still talking of it with gusto.

I have already told you that we rebuilt our station about a mile from the old one. The work progressed with great activity. One of our Fathers was specially assigned to this task, but one was not found enough. So Bishop Guillemé, who was with us all October, and Father Ernest Paradis lent him their valuable assistance.

Ah, if you could only have seen the novel spectacle of one old Bishop and two priests striving to outdo the skill of the best black workmen ! Our great success was as masons ; our white habits showed that very plainly. In ten days we had put up the walls of a chapel one hundred and twenty by fifteen feet, a kitchen, a little shed and a house for our servants. The work had to be pushed on account of threatening rains. We used thick mud for mortar in all our buildings. This new-style mortar is durable unless the water gets in. God was good to us, and gave us favorable weather. Chapel and house were ready for use in the middle of November, just six months after the beginning of the work. We manufactured 365,000 bricks and 125,000 tiles. All the floors are of terre cotta. The house is large and high—we occupy but a small corner, leaving the rest of it for our negroes.

Our breaking-up took place on November 25. All our Christians came to say good-bye the old chapel. Mass was celebrated, and everybody received Communion. Then we set out in procession to carry the Blessed Sacrament to Its new home. Many heathens lined the way, and behaved most respectfully, even adding their voices to those of our Christians in praising Jesus. Our good people stripped the old chapel of its ornaments and decorated the new one themselves, and it presented a fine appearance. When going away, they came to us and told us how happy they felt.

Our moving kept up all day—we only finished at sundown. In all the rooms of the new house confusion reigned supreme. Boxes, baskets, luggage of all description littered the place. No matter ! You can imagine how happy and contented we are to have at last a wholesome habitation and,

above all, a fitting dwelling for Our Lord and one of sufficient size to accomodate his faithful flock.

But this was not all. What do you think ? In the evening there arrived a fine harmonium, which I purchased in France with my little savings. All the fatigues and commotion of the day were forgotten in getting it out of its case and setting it up. Then the music commenced !! I play, and everybody sings "O Canada !" Why not ? Isn't Bembeche a little corner of Canada or of America, if you prefer ? Was is not a generous priest in the United States who gave us our chapel ? Is not everything in it the contribution of the ladies of the Quebec Work Room and other Canadian benefactresses ? Is it not Canadian charity which enables us to stay here ? When Bishop Guillemé gave us permission to rebuild, because the old station was no longer habitable, I was commissioned to find the necessary funds. I put my trust in Providence, and already we have \$650 of the \$1000 needed.

The pictures I send you will show how much can be done with a gift of \$1000. We have not wasted any money. The house is large and fine, but it is the house of our negroes rather than ours. The immense veranda you see is a refuge for them in bad weather, and it is here that we meet for the long talks in which they delight. Below the veranda are the classrooms. Do they look too large for 250 pupils ? Three rooms we reserve for ourselves, and four more for the invalid confrères from others posts. The excellent climate of Bembeche makes it a superb sanatorium.

In the middle of December I went to Likuni, twenty leagues from here, to make my annual retreat. I took with me Father David Roy, an old schoolmate from the College of St. Anne de la Pocatière. He and I also visited my old posts of Mua and Ntakataka. At Mua we meet Father Châteauevert and we all three went to pay our respects to the White Sisters—a meeting of five children of Canada.

(1) Sister M. Germain (Mlle Boisvert of St-Evariste) and Sister M. Victorine (Mlle Alma Michaud, of l'Ile Verte.)

On New Year's Day we formally inaugurated our new station. Ten missionaries assembled at Bembeche, and the religious ceremonies were celebrated with unusual solemnity. Our good negroes will long remember the day.

We have had incessant rain for the last month but are glad of it, because the crops, only middling last year on account of the drought, will be excellent this season. We have sown on a very large scale ourselves, because we have to provide for many catechists who make frequent trips to the mission and also for the catechumens, who live here for several weeks prior to baptism. This year, however, we have not been able to carry out all our plans, but next year we will do better. Come and view our work, and see if your son is a degenerate "native."

I must close this long letter. It looked for a while as if I had forgotten you, but you see how busy I have been.

It is New Year's Day. I send you my heart's best wishes. What can I desire for you, dearest father, that I have not already asked of God for you? May you have perfect health for many years to come—may God give you every blessing for soul and body. I send the same heartfelt wishes to all the dear members of our family and above all, that we may all one day meet in Heaven. Good-bye.

Your most affectionate son,

ERNEST PARADIS, *W. F.*



Worth Knowing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cancelled stamps and ransom work in Africa.

Q. 1.—What do you do with the cancelled stamps sent you?

A.—We sell them to stamp dealers and collectors at the rate of a few cents per thousand ; and the money thus obtained is sent to our missionaries for the ransom of slaves. We redeem by this means at least one slave a month.

Q. 2.—How many stamps are needed as the price of a slave?

A.—About 500,000 ordinary ones (such as the two cent stamps) are worth \$20. the very sum required to redeem one slave. Of course, the rarer stamps are worth much more.

Q. 3.—What are the requirements of your purchasers?

A.—That the stamps sent are whole and in fairly good condition.

Q. 4.—Should they be classified?

A.—It is not necessary ; but, if so, they should be made up in small packages of one hundred each, each package containing stamps of but one kind. Packages of less than one hundred should be plainly marked with the number contained.

Q. 5.—What is the most useful and economical way of sending stamps?

A.—Send small parcels by post, and larger ones by express or freight.

Q. 6.—Would it be better to send small lots often or wait to accumulate larger quantities?

A.—It would be much better to send larger quantities, even though less frequently.

Q. 7.—Are all kinds of postage stamps suitable for your purpose?

A.—Postal card stamps and stamps printed on the envelopes are as useful as the ordinary cancelled postage stamps, when cut square, with a little white edge all round.

Q. 8.—Do you give souvenirs for stamps sent you?

A.—NO. We should like to do so, of course, but that would be too heavy an expense. We receive them as alms, and prove our gratitude by our humble prayers, asking God to be Himself your Reward.

Q. 9.—Is this means of helping the African Mission with reach of everyone.

A.—Yes. Anyone can collect cancelled stamps, and, when an opportunity occurs, send them to us. With such small things, charity works wonders.

Q. 10.—How can stamps be easily taken from the paper?

A.—Put the stamps in a pail of cold water ; in about twelve hours, take them out, gather them into little heaps, and let them dry for two or three days ; blow the dried stamps from the paper : they will come off without any difficulty.

Q. 11.—How many stamps do you get every year?

A.—A very great number—enough to redeem from 50 to 70 slaves each year. This means that cancelled stamps are worth something to us.

RANSOM OF SLAVES

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

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

GIFTS TO THE MISSION.

From Philadelphia, ransom of Anna...	\$20.00
From Dubuque, ransom of Joseph...	20.00
From Fort Wayne, ransom of Walter..	20.00
From Toronto, ransom of Lucy..	20.00
From London, for a Man-Catechist...	15.00
From Halifax, for a Woman-Catechist	10.00
From Montreal, for a Woman-Catechist..	10.00
From Quebec, for Fr. Toulet's ruined Mission..	10.00
From New-York, balance for a Catechist..	5.00
From Guelph, installment for a ransom..	4.00
From New-York, for preparing a First Communicant....	3.00
From New-York, for preparing a First Communicant.....	3.00
From Victoria, for Fr. Toulet and his Mission	2.50
From Ottawa, for Fr. Toulet's ruined Mission...	1.00
From amount of smaller gifts....	32.00

CANCELLED STAMP WORK

Ransom of Joseph... ..	20.00
Ransom of Henry-Alexander... ..	20.00

DECEASED

Mr. Bensler, Buffalo.—Miss Cceilia Auld, San Francisco.—Mrs Frank William, Portsmouth.—Mr Michael Walsh, Ireland.—Mrs Cuff, Jersey City.

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS

11 conversions.—15 vocations.—20 spiritual favors.—32 sick.—26 temporal favors.—21 thanks-giving.—13 intentions for friends who promise, to get subscriptions to *The African Mission* 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.

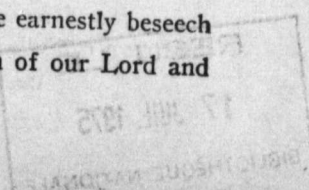
The Society has two Missionary fields. **In North Africa**, we are working among Mohammedan population ; **further South**, among the colored tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions combined cover an area almost as large as the whole Dominion of Canada or the United States, 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.

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

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec. No. 85.

REGIÉ

17 JUL. 1975

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