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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, 11

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## Table of Contents

Apostolic Vicariate of Nyanza Septentrional (Uganda).....	289
Four Missionaries for 240,000 Souls... Letter from Fr. B. Drost...	310
A Parochial Visit (Mua). — Letter from Fr. Paradis .....	305
Mission of Our Lady of the Snows (Toro)—Letter from Rev. Fr. Beachamp.....	315
Rev. Father Lauveau (continued).....	318
Ransom of Slaves, Gifts, Deceased, Recommendations.....	320

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

I. — A Plenary Indulgence on the following feasts: Epiphany, Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary, St. Anne, St. Augustine, St. Monica, St. Peter-Claver and St. Francis-Xavier. These Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

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

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

### Other favors granted to our Subscribers.

1. Two Masses are said for them on the 7th and 15th of each month.
2. A third Mass is said on the 21st of each month for our zealous Promoters. Any person who sends us six new subscriptions may become a Promoter.
3. Participation of the Subscribers and Promoters, as well as of their deceased, in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries and their spiritual wards.
4. A Requiem High Mass every year, in the month of November, for all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters

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## Apostolic Vicariate of Nyanza Septentrional. (Uganda.)



**T**RIALS. The Vicariate of Septentrional Nyanza has this year suffered several severe losses.

The first was that of two of our best Missionaries, Frs. Bresson and Dubrulle, both of whom seemed to have still a long time to give to the service of souls. They have been called by the Master to eternal repose. May the holy name of God bless them!

Another great loss was in the person of one of the first Christians of Uganda, Matthew Kisulé. It seems only proper to give some details regarding this good man.

Following the persecution of 1886, which gave to the Church a beautiful band of negro martyrs, Matthew showed a behavior worthy of all praise. Here are the terms in which Mgr. Livinhac spoke of him in a letter to Mgr. Lavigerie.

« Matthew Kisulé, chief armorer to the king, is able to visit us without too much danger. The only workman skilled in his art, he is necessary to Mwanga, and as the spies of His Majesty know this, they do not dare to lay their hands upon him. Thus he comes and goes freely, and lets no Sunday pass without praying in the chapel of the Mission.»

« The King is not ignorant of his attachment to our holy religion, and to intimidate him, often says, « I know that you pray, and I am going to kill you or at least have your ears cut off » One day, when he had received encouragement of this nature, Matthew said to me, laughing : « Do

you see these ears ? they do not belong to me any longer, for the King is going to relieve me of them before long ! »

« Kisulé owns several farms, his skill procuring him large quantities of calico, and cauris, and numbers of goats and kine. He makes use of his wealth to dispense charity, above all to Christians. The catechumens who live at a distance from the Mission lodge with him in order to follow the instructions more easily. He gives a welcome to all sick Christians, and care for them like for his own children. Those of our neophytes who are repulsed by their pagan parents, find a safe asylum with him, and it often happens that he has more than a hundred of these charges under his roof. Yet his great generosity does not stop there. He gives food to those in chains, saves others from torture by making gifts to the executioner, and ransoms women from slavery. Coming in contact daily with many people, he knows all that is being said and done and is able to give us most valuable advice in these troubled times. It is also through him that we have been able to learn of the sufferings inflicted on many victims of the persecution. »

As for Matthew, he was spared, becoming later chief of a village in the province of Buddu, and later, chief of the province of Mawokota. He was in this position as he had always been, an honest man, and an ardent Catholic in whom one found a courageous zeal, beautiful charity, and an absolute respect for the priest. The following letter, the last that he wrote to Mgr. Livinhac shows his Christian sentiments. It is dated June 30, 1908.

« To Monseigneur Livinhac. How do you do, oh, Father, my real father ? I greet you heartily, My Father.

« Here with us, the warfares against the demon are frequent. Pray that we may obtain peace for the community of Christians.

« We have the sleeping sickness very badly ; pray God for us, in order that we may be delivered from this malady.

« Furthermore, I must tell you that I have renounced the dignity of chief of the province, and have retired to my estate at Sango, on my private property. I was tired of the labors of government. Pray for me, Father, in order that I may remain firm in the religion of Jesus Christ, and that I may die in the arms of the Virgin Mary. Pray also for my children that they may reach, with me, the happiness of Heaven. And finally, pray that my wife, Anastasia, and I may remain true to our union.

« The Christians of Mawokata greet you. Marc Kilmunda greets you.

« As for me, I pray for you every day. Adieu, Father, may the good God guard you, may the Blessed Virgin Mary permit you to accomplish the work that God has confided to you.

I remain your child,

MATTHEW KISULÉ

The brave Kisulé did not long enjoy his retreat; in the first days of August, he died rather suddenly.

« He rose in comparatively good health,» said Fr. Tauzin, «and after presiding at morning prayers in the little chapel, he wished to make the tour of the banana groves. Returning a little fatigued, he lay on his bed and asked for a glass of water. When his servant came back, he was unconscious. We were sent for in haste. Fr. Fassino hurried to the sick man, and had the happiness of administering the Last Sacraments. Some minutes after, Kisulé rendered his soul to God.»

There was at once public mourning, not only amongst the Catholics, but even in the homes of the pagans and Musselmen, who held the defunct in high esteem. The next day, after the usual ceremonies in the church, a thousand persons followed him to his last resting-place. May he rest in peace!

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The third trial to record is the closing of the station of Bumangi, (Our Lady of Good Help.) This station had

no more reason for existence, since the government, in the hope of eradicating the sleeping-sickness, had made a desert of the islands of Sésé. Such measures may seem radical, but, as Fr. Bec says: "Evacuation of the islands is the only way of stopping the scourge. The poor cannot take any serious measures to safeguard themselves. All the rules imposed upon them amount to nothing or next to nothing. Those who should observe them are the first to violate them. Thanks to the evacuation, well persons are not exposed to contamination; those already tainted, die, but at least will not infect others..."

"The poor men who were dissatisfied with all this, grumbled: "Why were we not left to die quietly at home, where we had all we wished, and where we were accustomed to the malady. Now we are obliged to go to regions we do not know, and where no hand will be raised to aid us.

"But the orders were precise: the emigration, begun in May, ought to be finished by September. So one can see on all the roads of the territory of Busésé men carrying their little packets on their heads, wending their way to the land of exile. They will find there, we say with confidence, a keen sympathy, and the Buganda Christians will be happy to practice charity in their behalf."

"It is not without great desolation of heart that we abandon this country and its population to which we have been attached; but those who ought to complain and for whom we must pray, are the sick and old, snatched from their land and transplanted to strange lands."

"The station of Our Lady of Good Help of Sésé is dead, long live the station of Our Lady of Good Help at Rwanuka."

To explain these last words of Fr. Bec, let us say that in June, 1909, we created under the same supervision as Bumangi, a new station at Bwanuka, near the camp of the sleepers. The station of Our Lady of Good Help has not been suppressed purely and simply, but transferred from Sésé to Bwanuka.

After having spoken of our trials, - at some length, perhaps, - let us come to the progress of the Mission. It is most consoling.

**Progress of the Mission.**—Missionary work continues to make progress in Uganda proper, as well as in the other provinces forming this apostolic Vicariate.

**Catechumens.**—“A large number of our catechumens,” writes Fr. Lafleur, “show much courage and firmness. They have to make the first break from the pagan habits of their ancestors, and the difficulties they encounter are numerous. Some are a little frightened to begin with, and lag a little; but they come back after a while with renewed courage.”

“As an example, one of our best catechumens was cursed and disinherited by his father, and the prospect of being without means disturbed him for a while; but happily he came to see us some days later, restored to confidence.” The demon, said he, wished to stop me, but he will not be able to say now that I love my father and his goods better than God. This man has since received baptism, and is now a Catechist, while his father has revoked his decision, and taken him back to his family.”

“Another time an entire family of boys and girls led a war against their grand-father whom, until then, no one had dared to disobey. These young people, still under 15 years of age, had themselves instructed in spite of blows, curses, and vexations of all sorts. When, after four years of catechism, the time arrived for taking the preparatory course at Mbarara, the scenes became indescribable. As the old man, in spite of all, had only small faith in the terror he wished to inspire, he decided to steal their clothes and hide them. He then said mockingly: “Go if you wish, my little ones, to Mbarara, and hasten, or you will arrive too late.” Now during the night, while he slept, the little band hunted about, and discovered the clothing. In silence, they started through the

darkness, upon the long two days' march to Mbarara. The sorcerer awoke an instant later. Furious, he filled the village with cries and imprecations, then set out to follow the fugitives, but his old links counted as nothing against those young ones. He soon stopped worn out, and sent all the devils after his little children, that they might become discouraged in their search for God. »

Some time after this, one of his sons died, and the old man became master of the widow. He forbade all religious practices and gave her a formal order accompanied by ill usage, to return to paganism. For a while the woman courageously bore the persecution; but at last, unable to endure more, she ran away, walking a day and night in order to reach Mbarara.

« Here I am ! » she said ; « I have come to the house of God, because at our home there is only the devil. »

But we did not know how to feed and lodge her.

« Cut me in pieces, if you wish, I shall never go away from here again ; I want to be baptized. I will sleep under a bush, I will die of hunger if it is necessary, but I will be baptized. »

We finally succeeded in finding her a place, and now she is quite contented with life.

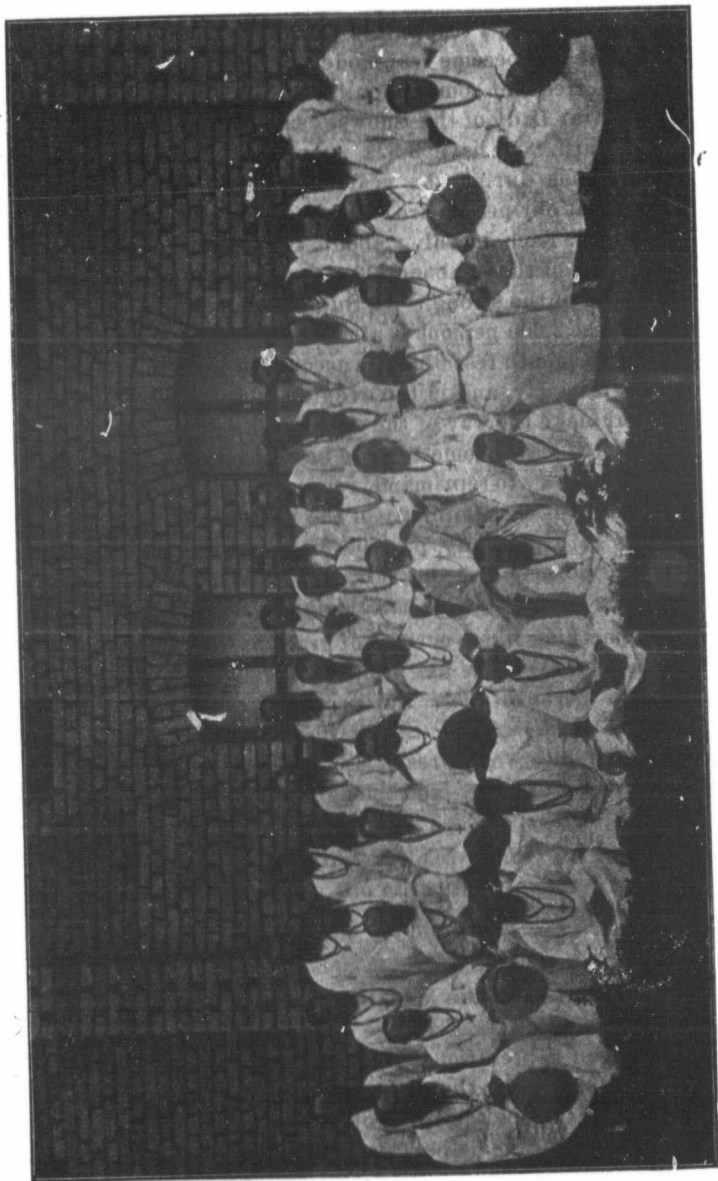
Our old sorcerer, seeing at length that everyone was leaving him, began to change his sentiments, and his grandchildren have now returned to his home. He sometimes speaks harshly to them, but they no longer pay any attention to his remarks.

Conversions are still made, in large numbers, among the pagans, but also not infrequently among the Mussulmen and Protestants.

And the converted ones, like their elders in the faith, lead a truly Christian life because they faithfully frequent the Sacraments.

« Our large mission at Roubaga is in good condition, » writes Father Védrières, « and that fact, I may say it in a loud voice, is due to the frequent reception of the Sacraments. The Mouganda who is faithful to the holy Tribu-





Reunion of Missionaries at Bukalassa (Uganda) for annual retreat.

nal and Table is a true saint. May the young men and young women become real models of purity by their adherence to frequent communion."

"At Our Lady of the Snows," says Father Beauchamp in his turn, "we have 3,322 neophytes. The number of communions during the year was 67,819, which figure shows that our people are capable of loving things not of this world. Each morning about 400 neophytes assist at Mass; and of these, about 200 always receive communion, the bread of the strong. On Sunday, the church containing almost 2,000 persons is almost filled. The first Friday of the month resembles, on account of the communions, a great feast day, and in the evening more than 500 of the faithful make the way of the cross. Christian life in the family still leaves something to be desired, and it is sometimes necessary to reprimand, reconcile, or preach mutual support; but the simplicity of the people and their confidence in us, usually permits us to restore peace to the troubled household. Outwardly they behave well, several even having become catechists in their villages.

"Something like a current of grace has flowed over our people, and everyone has profited thereby. To allow our flock to perform their duties more easily, God has grouped them around the Station, so that within an hour's distance we can reach 4,000 inhabitants, 1,610 of whom are on the very land belonging to the Mission."

We have equally good news from the other missions of the Vicariate. Our readers will no doubt recall the edifying details published in our preceding numbers.

\* \* \*

**Auxiliaries to the Mission** — Ninety four missionaries and eighteen sisters are at present working in the Vicariate of Septentrional Nyanza; this number is far too small to spread afar the reign of Our Lord; too small to teach and develop the spirit of Jesus-Christ in the newly converted. Native helpers are therefore required.

**Native Clergy.** — Without doubt the best and most useful of these helpers would be priests, but as yet there are none, though praise God, some are being prepared. The small seminary has this year 42 pupils, and the requests for admission during the year 1909-10, exceeded twenty. Three young men have just finished what we call their classical studies, and are about to join four others who have already commenced the course in philosophy. The latter having taken particular to add prayer, meditation and the frequent reception of the sacraments to their work, have made serious progress not only in sacred science but in practice of priestly virtues.

Like their elders, the three seminarians who have finished their studies have been sent to a mission to try them in the labors of their apostolate, and to decide their vocation.

**Black Sisters.**—If we may hope to have native priests one day, in Buganda, so also may we expect to have very soon some black sisters. Here is what Father Gorju of Villa Maria writes in 1909 : « For a long time in the interesting work of the schools and first communions the priests have been aided by some very valuable auxiliaries. Among these sincere women, our Lord will one day or other make His choice, and add to the virtues of the humble maidens the crown which is bestowed on those dedicated to his service. Eleven have begun a trial of regular religious life under the direction of Father Van Wees, and the material control of Mother Mechtilde. Let us hope that this discreet aureole will shine for the greater honor and profit of the Vicariate. After this pious association for the instruction of children, we will begin to dream of Carmelites ! »

**Catechists.**—Meanwhile the catechists are at work to the number of a thousand, and render signal service to the Gospel, as may be seen by reading the report from the mission of Villa Maria.

Not all the catechists are men, as we have also a num-

ber of women who teach classes in the village and care for the First Communion children. Such is Elizabeth, of whom Father Drost speaks, in the mission of Kahora—a model teacher full of ardent zeal. She goes about the country seeking these little lambs (children old enough to make their first communion), brings them to the mission and keeps them there, to prevent their running away. Then another difficulty presents itself—that of lodging and feeding them. But Elizabeth's house is itself turned into a refuge, and her strong arms accustomed to labor, cultivate the potatoes necessary to nourish the children.

At Butiti, Madeleine Kachubya is the catechist for her village. This brave old woman, despite her 70 summers, is still active. Her religious science is not very profound: prayer, the chief truths of Christian faith, such is her stock in trade. But these things she knows well, and it is her heartfelt desire to communicate them to those surrounding her. She presides at morning and evening prayer, and when Sunday comes, it is a sight to see her at the head of her little flock leading them to the chapel at Kisajou, three quarters of an hour distant, to keep holy the Lord's day. All this is simple, yet pious and sanctified by a truly apostolic faith. When the Fathers go to Kisajou, Madeleine is able to receive the sacraments, and on great feasts she does not hesitate to journey six hours to Butiti to solemnize the occasions. Such beautiful souls as these form the joy of their angel-guardians and the consolation of the Missionaries.

\* \* \*

It would be easy to give other details regarding the schools, first communion, patronages, sick — sleepers and others who die in the hospitals, — but we do not wish to prolong this account beyond the limit. We will also have a change in the following numbers to speak of all these undertakings to our readers.

The Vicariate of Nyanza at the present time includes 21 mission stations, a seminary, 94 missionaries, 18 nuns,

1009 catechists, 102450 neophytes, 69767 catechumens, (1) 362 schools of which 56 are taught by the missionaries, and the others directed by the Catechists. The schools are attended by 4905 boys and 4653 girls; there are 13 hospitals, 1 leper-house, and 25 dispensaries treating 364909 sick.

There were registered this year 3525 baptisms of adults, 3324 of children of neophytes, 3250 of the dying, 3031 confirmations, 1019 marriages, 522213 confessions, and 888160 communions.

(1) This account is less than of the preceding list; however this is not an indication of a falling-off in the number of recruits among the catechumens, you understand. In reality, the catechumens are divided into two categories; the catechumens proper, whose instruction is already well-advanced, and the postulants, who are yet in the A. B. C. stage of religion. In the sum-total of last year we included the postulants; in this year's we give only the number of regular catechumens.



## Important Information.

**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.





## Four Missionaries for 240,000 Souls.

*Letter from Fr. B. Drost to Rev. Fr. Forbes.*

**W**E have just made a long expedition in the north-eastern part of our district; and I am happy to be able to tell you to day something about this portion of our parish. In reading my words, our dear friends will understand better the meaning of these words in the Gospel: "The harvest is rich and abundant, but the workers few."

May the good Master light the fire of apostolic zeal in those souls that love sacrifice, and may He inspire His more fortunate children with thoughts of the poor blacks lost in the centre of Africa. Ah, if we were only more numerous! If we but had resources with which to found stations for Missionaries who are alone able to prevent the loss of thousands of souls, now buried in vice and error:

To-day, I wish to have you journey through Busindi, or the province occupied by the Basindi. Here, as in all our Missions, the advent of the Missionaries is a signal for a reception more or less brilliant and enthusiastic. However, as the priests have often described these scenes to you, I will introduce you without preamble to Masindi, and tell you a little about this catechuminate, which we hope to make a regular Missionary post after this year.

Masindi is ten hours north-east of Hoima, and the history of the Basindi is mingled with that of the Banyoro, as the Basindi are only a branch of the former people. As the history of the Banyoro has already been written, and is no doubt known to the readers of the Bulletin, I will inscribe here only a few of the details which mark the population of Basindi. If the Basindi resemble the Banyoro in many points, they differ much in dialect and

character. The former are endowed with dispositions at once energetic, reflective, and tenacious. Serious forethought precedes all their decisions, and the latter once taken, is held to the more closely on account of the long arguments and discussion it has cost.

It is this quality of tenacity which has prevented the general conversion of this people, for, being only rarely in touch with the Missionaries, and finding themselves obliged to pass six long months in a post where famine always reigns, these brave men have not been able to decide to make the sacrifices demanded of them, and have always said: "We will be converted when the Missionaries come to live among us."

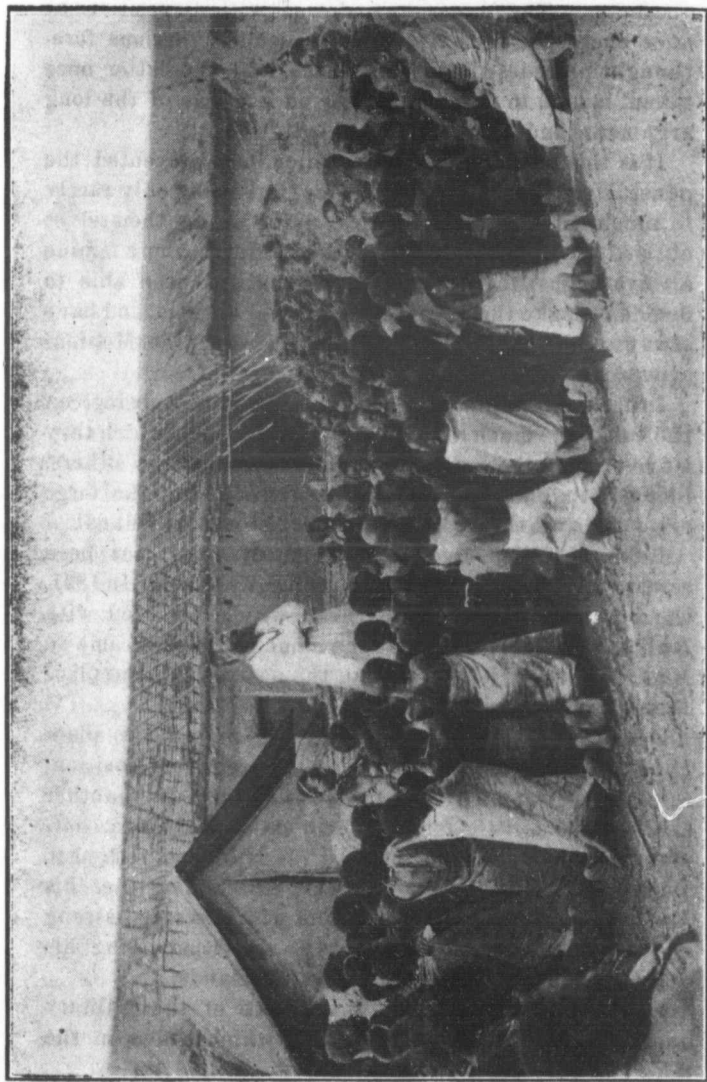
In fact, the Basindi are not great travellers, being, on the contrary, much attached to their villages, which they leave only on sheer necessity. Some are farmers, others, blacksmiths; and the products of the soil and the forge are sold in all the Protectorate; but chiefly at Bukedi.

Busindi, called by the English, Masindi, has been several times the capital seat of King Kabaréga. In 1891, Capt. Lugard built a camp there, which he filled with Nubians, and it is then that the name of Busindi came to Masindi, although even to-day, the natives call the place Busindi rather than the official name of Masindi.

About this time also, Capt. Lugard, in order to place Masindi, by a single stroke, in a prominent position, established two other camps; one at Hoïma, and the other at Pouweri, a little farther north east. Kabaréga, harassed on all sides, at last crossed the Nile, and retired to Bukebi. His departure, however, lessened neither his prestige nor his authority; both of which were as strong and much respected as formerly, notwithstanding his overthrow and exile to the Seychelles Islands.

In 1898, Masinda became the centre of the Military operations of this famous campaign, which ended in the taking of Kabaréga, and Mwanga.

After the deportation of these two sad heroes, Masindi became capital of Bunyoro; English building there a fort



A Missionary presiding over the prayers of the children who aid him to built his house.



or collectorate and naming Karukara, son of Kabaréga, king in place of his father, while to Byabachwezi and Rwabidengo, were given the title of minister, with a piece of land on which to build their residences.

Soon the Indians and Arabs started an active commerce with them, opening booths for the exchange of cloth stuffs, etc., for hundreds of elephant tusks. This was the golden age for Masindi.

In the spring of 1899, the Protestants came to Masindi. Soon, seeing the importance of the place, they installed Mr. Fisher there, who profited by his title of first resident to establish a post of the C. M. S., and begin an unrepresented campaign.

Thus, when Frs. Achte and Grange arrived in their turn a month later, they found, much to their regret, that the Protestants had chosen the best place, and seemed to have already many adherents.

However, the Frs. obtained a small grant of land and returned to Buganda, after leaving two catechists.

In 1906, Mr. Wilson transported the "Civil Capital" to Hoïma, while Masindi remained the "Military Capital." However, peace being everywhere restored, and the military surveillance at Masindi becoming too difficult, the troops were removed in 1902 to Hoïma, which then became the civil and military capital. Masindi still remains a Collectorate, guarded by a group of Nubians, under the command of an English officer.

The departure of the troops naturally diminished the population, which was augmented, however, by many strangers, Baganda and Baganyaidzi. The addition was not pleasing to the Basindi, who avoided all contact with the soldiers, and all other strangers, which included European mercenaries, Banyoro chiefs, and Nubians. But in spite of Mr. Wilson's efforts, and other attempts to suppress the ancient capital of Bunyoro, Masindi survived all the tempests, and became very flourishing; it is now the centre of five provinces, and is visited by many chiefs and officers.

In fact, Masindi is destined to become the commercial centre of the colony, owing to its geographical situation and to the plan of the Protectorate of connecting Mombasa with the Nile. Beautifully placed in centre of Bunyoro, at the junction of six large Government roads, and half way between Muli and Lake Albert, Masindi without doubt will play in the near future one of the most important parts in the Protectorate.

The railway from Jinja to Lake Chyoga is begun ; in two or three months the fine steamer "Speke" will be finished and begin her trips upon the lake, loaded with tons of material exported by the Banyoro, Balanga, and Baruli ; the motor car and wagon road from Lake Chyoga to Lake Albert, by way of Masindi, a magnificent route, has been opened for more than a year ; the road from Kampala to Butyaba also passing through Masindi is completed and will soon allow the automobile to devour space ; in short everything indicates that Masindi, far from losing its prestige and former importance will soon shine with greater splendor than ever and will deserve without doubt the title of "Queen of the Banyoro."

A development of the iron mines, and a more elaborate use of the minerals in which the country is so rich will be one of the first occupations of the Europeans and Indians who will crowd into the place when the country is opened, and the native forges will benefit accordingly. Thus we may confidently hope that the Government will end by making Masindi a second time its civil and military capital placing some soldiers around the King and his Chiefs, as is done at Hoïma, the native capital.

Such, in a few words, is the picture of the ancient Masindi, and the Masindi of to-day ; and the future of this present post of catechists will no doubt see a regular post of Missionaries firmly established. Alas ! if it had only been founded sooner !

(To be continued.)



## A Parochial Visit (Mua)

*Letter from Father Paradis to Father Forbes.*

Reverend and dear Father,

I HAVE just returned from Bembéché, the large annex of Mua, which makes the twenty-sixth time in six months that I have traversed the distance which separates us. I have also visited a dozen times each of the branch chapels that we have installed in that place. I may therefore claim a close acquaintanceship with this part of our district, and being very much attached to it, I have decided to give the details of my last trip.

Monday (Nov. 15). — On leaving Mua, I took with me only the bare necessities — a tent, a bed, a chapel, and a basket holding provisions and cooking utensils. These articles were borne by five porters and a little boy who filled the part of altar boy, cook, etc. etc. This escort was unlike the company of 30 or 40 that usually travel with Europeans; but our simplicity did not shock the negroes who now understand why we have come to live among them. The 30 or 40 porters would only embarrass our movements.

In all journeys over the high plateau it is necessary to leave Mua a long time before daybreak as a rude climb is inevitable. The road, at first straight across the woods, at the end of three miles suddenly reaches a mountain whose sides are steep as a wall. We must ascend this sheer wall in order to gain the mountain's summit.

At every step, stones roll from beneath our feet and go tumbling down the declivity. We advance but slowly, and with groans and much perspiring. What would happen if the sun were present! The climb is equal to a stairway of 3,500 steps. More than once, on my preceding voyages, in order to take my mind off my fatigue, I have

amused myself by counting the number of steps required to reach a little spring placed, very fortunately, on the crest of the mountain. I also am familiar with all the trees and rocks, I can tell just where I scrapped my knees, on what branches I was caught, where I lost my footing and slid on my back, and where I stopped at last for breath. Plants and rocks, in passing you, once more, allow me to greet you as friends !

The sun rose above the horizon at the very moment when I put my foot upon "firm ground." My firm ground in this case, was a rock jutting out from the mountain like a tower from a chateau. God had placed some trees there, and their shade was of great benefit to travellers. Having already covered 2,000 steps, I stopped, and the grandeur of the view made me forget the thirst and fatigue which afflicted me. The mountain had the appearance of stretching on north and south without end, its flanks concealed under a thick verdure of trees and bamboos. At the foot, lay a plain for leagues wide and as long as the Nyassa, and beyond the unbroken forest is the Lake, whose extremity seems to form two perfect curves, the northern waters being lost in the distance. Huge mountains were piled on the opposite shore, and the rising sun empurpled their sombre masses. The eye, in fact, embraced an immense space, the beauty of which was unique.

Within the woods of this plain reigned a varied life. The plants having water and sun in plenty, grow without limit. There roam elephants and buffalos ; lions, and every description of antelopes. At the limits of the cleared places, whose more tender colors are traced upon the deep green of the forest, live thousands of human beings. Fifty years ago, Livingstone discovered Lake Nyassa, and advancing toward the north, crossed the country that we occupy. If he came back to day, what changes he would find ! The people of that time have wholly disappeared, internal wars, and the ravages of slave-dealers having almost annihilated them. There now

remain only a few little groups descended from the original masters of the soil, these being in a direct line from the Angonis, whom Livingstone found making war near Blantyre, 45 leagues from here. The arrival of Europeans, and the advance of Christianity have transformed this vagabond and furious race into a quiet and peaceful people.

Ntakataka, whose villages surround it, like the faubourgs of a city, is on edge of the Lake four miles to the North East. Twenty years ago, this place was almost unoccupied. At our feet lies the Mission of Mua, to which belong the 55 large villages still left north of the Rivilenzi. The work of evangelization was started at Ntakataka four years ago only, and at Mua seven years ago. The progress in both places has been splendid. As for us, we have already regenerated 400 souls, and we have barely gathered our first fruits.

Eleven chapels are constantly filled with people eager to cast off their ancient customs. The cross burns upon a thousand breasts, and in our 55 villages there hardly remains a man who does not know the true God, and the meaning of Heaven and hell.

If we work in a field so fruitful, it is because the first priests here did not spare their labor. Four of them have already gone to receive the reward of Heaven. Fathers Gyard and Dequeker finished their days in another Mission, but Frs. Louveau and Tellegen died at Mua. Fr. Tellegan is the only one buried in our humble cemetery, but we do not forget these dear friends and protectors:

At last, beginning to mount again, we found another field, similar to that in the plain. Presently appeared the edges of a plateau or rather, a collection of hills, between which our road, now rising, now descending, twisted and turned, until it finally came out upon a wide, open country, where appeared a number of lonely mountains, the Ledza, Lundini, Chongoni, etc. etc. The view changed completely: between the mountains, the land rolled away in endless undulations, and everywhere the jungle

showed patches of tall tress. The villages were set picturesquely on the summits or the sides of these mountains, with nothing to hide their conical roofs.

Suddenly, I dipped into the valley, and the people, having recognized my white gandoura, I was greeted by the voices of children. These were little shepherds, and they came leaping and bounding over the space between us, more agile than goats. They arrived in a crowd, and it was necessary that each one should say "good day," at least ten times. Accompanied by this little escort, I entered the village of Gonoonda, and found myself in front of the chapel.

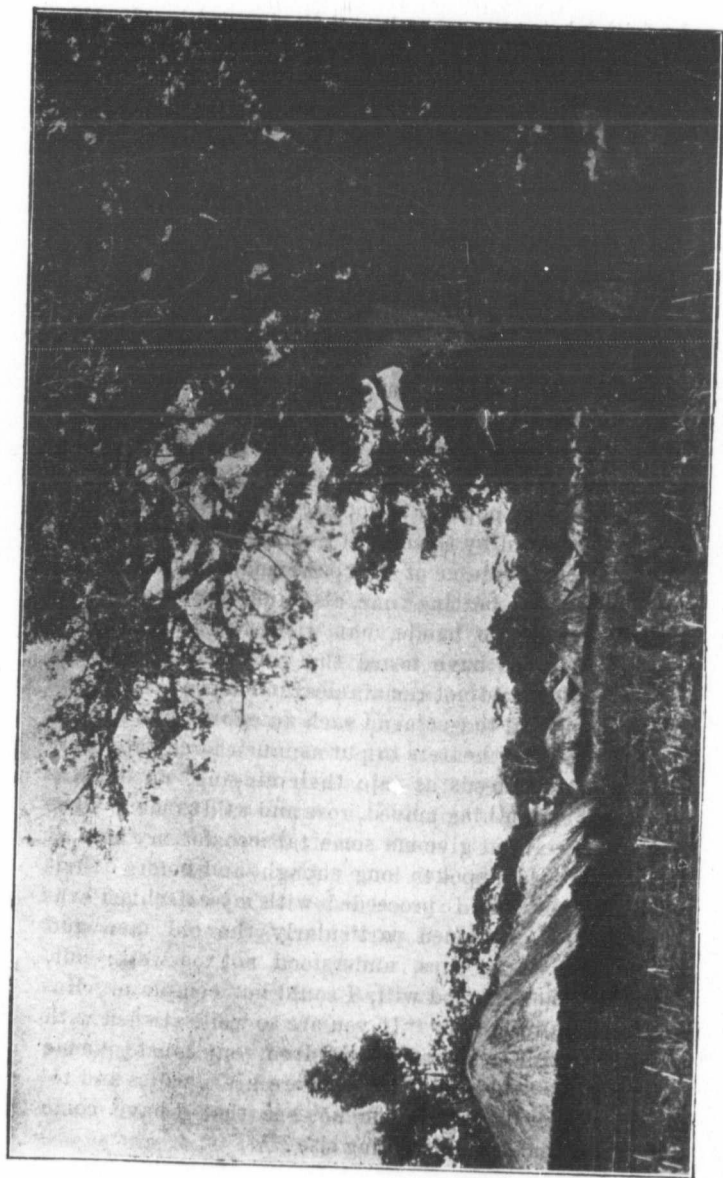
There, I met the catechist Klemens, always dignified and cheerful; he greeted me first, followed by all his pupils. Klemens has left his impress on the souls of his followers, and they all seem wise, with a lively faith, and kind dispositions. Klemens does not shine on account of his education, as many of his pupils know how to write and cipher better than he; but who can pray and practise religion as he does? And has he not even the gift of performing miracles? Here is one: last year, in the month of February, the Father Superior received this word from him: "Father, we have here, a man about to die, and I beg of you to send me some of your remedies." By night the remedies had not arrived, and the sick one seemed to have reached his last moments. "Pray, pray," suddenly cried the brave catechist; and all the people of the village gathered around him, threw themselves on their knees. Klemens, in telling the story, added simply: "The next day, this man was resuscitated; he was in full health, and came to sing hymns with us in the chapel." If this thing happened as people say, and there is nothing impossible about it, one must exalt the power of faith and of prayer.

At Gonoonda, as elsewhere, I obtained a strict account of the progress of each individual, asking questions in the catechism, and giving examinations in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In a little talk, I exhorted the people

to be faithful to prayer, and to their instruction in the classes. I then had them sing some hymns, and finally, after treating the sick, I set out for another place.

I turned a last hill. Up to this time, I had walked toward the west; now, I took a southerly direction. The road divided, the right branch going toward Bembéché, and the left, which I had chosen, leading to Kamenya. I came to several villages, where I found only the old men and women, and the little children. The old people hastened to take the little ones on their backs, and escort me onward. Thus I was followed by quite an imposing troupe, when I arrived at Kamenya. The wind carried from afar the music of hymns, and our appearance caused a break in the singing. About 560 persons were gathered in and around the chapel, and Filippo was presiding at the service. Filled with new enthusiasm, he commenced a new hymn, set to the popular air of *Ave Maris Stella*. His voice was soon drowned by the others; and all my being trembled before this volume of overpowering sound. Filippo, who had seen me beating time, also undertook this task, not only with two hands, but with two feet as well. Surely God must have heard the voices of these poor children, and could not remain deaf to their appeal.

I could not fail to commend such an effort; but while I was exhorting my hearers to put as much force into their practice of good deeds as into their singing, an old Kamenya, whom nothing moved, rose and said to me: "That is all very well but give me some tobacco for my nose." Seeing that I had spoken long enough, and before distributing my rewards, I proceeded with my catechism examination. I questioned particularly the old men and women, who to be sure, understood not too well; but, since they showed good will, I could not complain. Kamenya again broke in: "If you are so well-satisfied with all these people, who are not children, you must give me a little salt," said he. "Hold, there are needles and tobacco for everybody, do you not see that I have come alone, and that I have nothing else?"



A native town at Mua.



In fact, my porters, whom I had outstripped, had taken the right path to Bambéché. It was now mid day, and I had nothing for a repast. Kamenya came to my assistance by offering a measure of beer, and a dozen ears of green maize. Lungala, my little altar boy, cooked these in the ashes, and I shared my pittance with him.

I chatted pleasantly with these brave men for an hour or so, and then set out for another village situated 20 miles to the South. I had not travelled far, when I came upon a group of young men, who expressed themselves so sorry to see me depart without having said "good day" to them. They were returning from a funeral ceremony; one of their friends having died two days previous. He had received baptism, and his body had been brought to the chapel, where service had been chanted, with the refrain: "I am a Christian." From the chapel, he had been removed to the cemetery. Now, his friends had shaven their heads in sign of mourning, and had burned the hut he lived in, according to custom. His funeral accounted for the absence of the young men from the house of Kamenya. I returned with them to their own village, where the chief made me the gift of a chicken; but I could not remain long to chat with them.

At last, we reached the house of Gonti, a blind old chief, whose name means "deaf man." He was an old acquaintance, and a faithful and devoted friend. Thanks to him, we had conquered a field that the Protestants fiercely disputed with us. The chapel where I was due, was under the protection of Gonti, but was established in another village, a little further on.

Seven months previous to this, on my first trip to the plateau, I learned that the inhabitants desired to be instructed, and therefore went to see them. They accepted our catechist, who now goes each Sunday to teach them to pray. It is necessary to get permission from the Government to build a chapel, and later I asked the chief to make the necessary request to the President of the district, stipulating that the village have no chief, since the

people come from all the surrounding settlements and especially from the home of Gonti. The old Gonti, because of his age, was not able to go to Dedza, and unhappily, his assistant was absent. Things fell into a bad state, and in the interval, Protestant teachers appeared, and without more form, set up a grass hut, where they forced the people to gather. Gonti's assistant, on coming back, went to find out the intentions of the people, and then came to warn me of what was taking place. It seemed Catholics were to be no longer endured. I begged the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and promised novenas and masses.

The next morning I was on the spot, but the village was deserted. The inhabitants were in their gardens. Chaduba called them. The two first individuals who presented themselves were the Protestant teachers. I saluted them, and then asked them why they had slandered the Catholics, and what right they had to establish a house of prayer in the village. I had seen the President of the district some time previously, and he had assured me that he had given no permission. The embarrassed teachers could only say: "Is it wrong to pray? can a catechist lie?" Finally twenty men and six youths arrived, and the "palaver" began. I explained the case, and each assistant in turn spoke, repeating in his own fashion what I had previously said. It took some time. The young men were invited to make their choice, and the three first who rose, spoke against me; then the rest remained doubtful.

I made them understand that the chapel I wished to build would be for the old as well as the young. In an instant I had the approval of all, except Kampiningo, the "old man" of the village. I was patient, and awaited his decision till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The "palaver" began at 9 in the morning. The Blessed Virgin had helped us to gain our cause. Custom now demanded that we drink water, and Kampiningo brought us some in a gourd, which everyone sipped, according to his taste.

The next day, I had in my possession, a written permit

to build a chapel, and the following day I set 30 men to work under the direction of an overseer. The minister of the neighboring Protestant Mission, warned of the result of the controversy by his teachers, appeared upon the scene four days afterwards, to find the chapel finished, and the people already praying in it. There was nothing for him to do but retire; though he still left some of his teachers in the place. I found them there on the day of the inauguration of the catechists, which event I marked by a little feast. I was with about a hundred persons, whose chanting could be heard from afar. As we approached, the teachers fled into the jungle, with three young men and a woman, whom they had attached to themselves.

As for us, our first praises were for the Blessed Virgin, as it is she whom they attack unceasingly, and she to whom we owe our thanks.

To-day, at the home of Kampiningo, I had the most cordial reception, the Protestants once more fleeing at my approach. Oh, if they only knew how far I am from wishing them evil!

At 4.30 I set out for Bembéché arriving in time for the evening prayer, which was well-attended. No time was spent in chatting, as everyone wished to reach home before dark, on account of the lions roading the country.

Ten times at least, during the day, I saw traces of them, and heard stories on all sides, of the great destruction of goats and pigs.

At Bembéché my table was spread, and my bed already prepared. A large house of six rooms had been placed at my disposal, and I installed myself in one chamber, giving my men another.

Tuesday, Nov. 16. The night would have been perfect, if the rats and the fleas had only consented to take their diversion in the empty rooms. The rats, desiring my provisions, ate the basket, and then chased about the chamber the boiler which lodged there every night. Then, toward midnight, terrible roars sounded outside; it was the lion, thought I; but I was not afraid, as I con-

sider myself brave in this respect. My porters seemed to have the same sentiments. Suddenly, we heard the loud cries of approaching men; and as they came nearer, I peeped out and saw everywhere the flare of torches. Were the men hunting deer? No, they were simply following two strange bulls which had come to graze near one of the stables... My porters joined the company, and on their return, finding themselves cold, they made a fire in their room. The smoke, having no opening by which to escape, filled all the house; but I slept in spite of all, by covering my head with the bed-clothing; and in the morning I suffered only from sore eyes.

The house at Bembéché was built three and half years ago, as a sanatorium for the missionaries of the plains, and several sojourned there with profit. But the daily tasks so exceeded the strength of the inmates, that no one really enjoyed the sanatorium. A year later, 23 chiefs of the neighborhood obtained from the government the permission to erect a chapel beside the house for the use of the natives, and the original reed building was this year replaced by one made of sun-dried brick.

Our present dream is that the sanatorium may become a regular mission post, with permanent workmen. The school has nearly 3,000 pupils, almost all of whom are catechumens of the third year, and wear the cross. On Sunday, at the call of the catechists, the new chapel is crowded.

In a radius of two miles there are 25 villages, and within double that space, we can count 35. The most distant settlements have been given branch Missions which now number five; three of these I visited yesterday. In short, to each chapel with one or two catechists, there is now attached a group of about 250 families; yet this is little enough to prevent the inroads of the Protestants.

(To be continued)





## Mission of Our Lady of the Snows. (Toro)

*Letter from Fr. Beauchamp to his parents.*

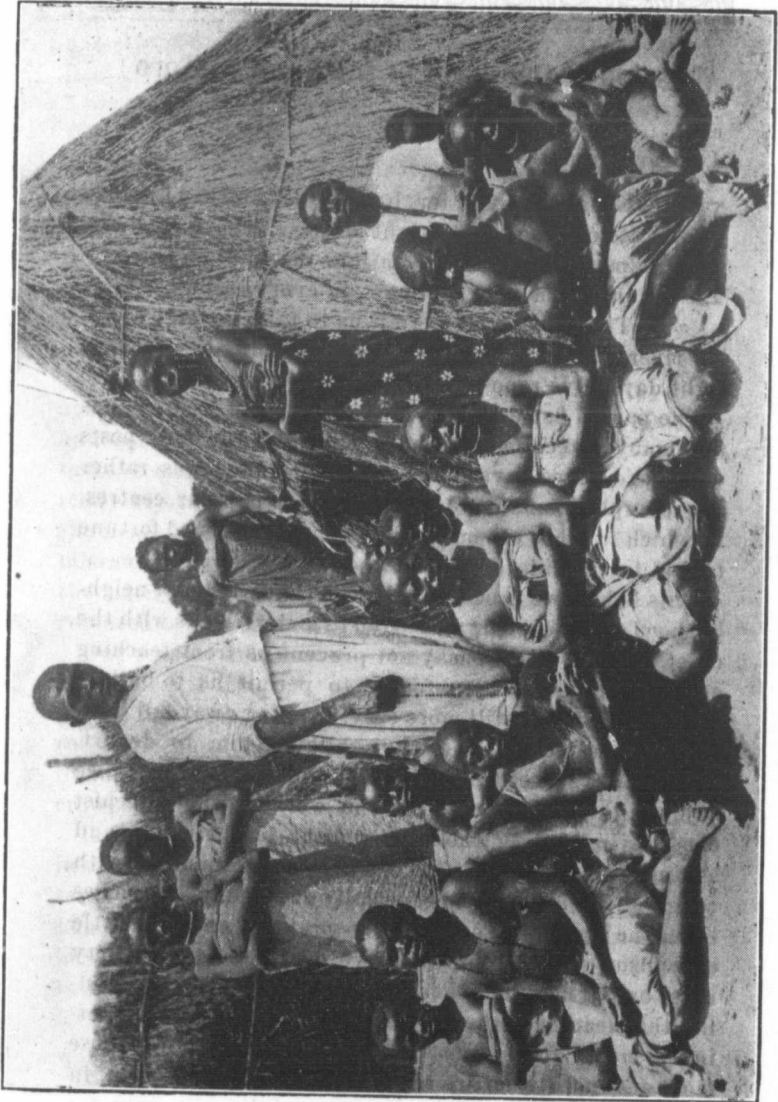
My dear Parents,

**I** CONTINUE my letter, having just finished another apostolic journey of eight days. You think, perhaps, that these trips fatigue me; but on the contrary, I am very well now, in every respect.

These long trips permit us to take the air: crossing rivers, climbing mountains, and sleeping in a tent for eight days, give repose to the spirit.

The part of our district which I have just visited, has not many catechumens, and I called at the four posts which are all we have established. My tour was rather one of exploration, as we are looking for popular centres, in which to place other catechists. I had the good fortune to find two such localities.

This is how we proceed: when we have found a neighborhood well-peopled, we hasten to make friends with the chief, in order that he may not prevent us from teaching our holy religion, by refusing to permit us to build a chapel or, what is still more easy, keeping away all food from the catechist, and thus obliging him to depart. Usually, we succeed in our task, thanks to the liberty we enjoy in this English land. The work of the catechist consists in visiting the poor pagans in their huts, and asking them with sweetness to become acquainted with religion. Every day, and especially on Sunday, he teaches them the sign of the cross, daily prayers, and the little catechism; while in our turn, we go to see them every three or four months, exhorting them to persevere, explaining the meaning of the prayers they are learning, presenting a medal to the most serious, and examining those more advanced, who are ready to come to the Mission, in order to receive the six months preparation necessary for the reception of baptism.



Christians and Catechumens of Fr. Beauchamp.

As a general rule, the pagans do not run away from the Missionaries; on the contrary, the children run after us, demanding a catechist and a chapel: "We want to pray, Father; give us a catechist." — Other little ones travel a long distance, climbing mountains, and crossing rivers, in order to reach the house of a catechist. Alas! the number of our catechists is all too small, owing to our lack of the money needed to support them. Here, a catechist receives about \$1.75, and he is satisfied with it, looking for his other recompense in Heaven. We have about 25 of these men, but need 250 to give the poor pagans of this district the means of instruction and salvation.

Toro is a district composed of 10 provinces, and is twice as large as the diocese of Montreal, and for this vast territory, we have only 5 Missionaries. Monseigneur would also like to found a new post in the neighboring kingdom of Bunyoro, but having neither Missionaries nor money, these poor pagans still remain under the empire of Satan.

Pray for us, dear Parents, in order that God may send workmen to gather this fine ripe harvest. We are not numerous enough for the work and one's strength is limited, owing to these deadly skies. If the generous young men in our Canadian colleges could see this vast number of souls, without doubt many of them would be willing to leave all, to do the work of the Redeemer among these peoples vowed to perdition.

At the present time, we have, at the catechuminate, 360 who will be baptised in six or eight months, which is more than double of our usual number. But what about the pagans still remaining! In a radius of four hours march, we count 35 or 40,000 souls, among whom are perhaps 2,000 heretics.





## Rev. Father John Louveau

III

### Active Life in the Missions

2<sup>o</sup> *Apostolate in the Mission of Nyassa.*

( *Continued.* )

*Sancta Mariya*

**C**HARGED in 1900 with the task of establishing a new Mission in the North, at a distance of eight days march, Fr. Louveau succeeded in the undertaking, notwithstanding the difficulties which he encountered in all sides.

This Mission, which he put under the protection of the Holy Virgin, bears the name of " Sancta Maria. " " During the two years which he passed in this Mission, " writes Fr. Guillemé, " he heeded neither pains nor trials ; he experienced indeed what St. Paul writes : " With a glad heart, I will spend myself for your salvation. " In seeking for souls he traversed forests, mountains and unknown places. He was always gay, smiling, affable, listening to every complaint, in order that his doctrine might be accepted more readily. Usually, he was received like a Father. A cool reception did not discourage him ; a joke, a needed bit of medicine, or a smile, opened all hearts. His necessary house to-house visits, which always brought much consolation, made this Missionary many friends and enabled him to baptize many infants. This apostolic life pleased him because it accorded with the sentiment : " Movement is life. "

Like the Good Shepherd, he would lay down his life for his dear lambs, and was ready to go to their aid at any hour of the day or night ; he would pass long hours at the pillow of a sick person in a smoking hut, and when, in return for his care, he could administer baptism, he would rest content and bless God. One day when he came



back to the Mission with his clothes all torn, I permitted myself to beg him to take a little care of himself; but he answered, unconvinced: "Life is short; we must work, and then... the good horse who labors is better than the lazy nag who does nothing but eat oats during long years."

From the station of *Sancta Maria* Fr. Louveau wrote in 1951: "During the last six months, we cared for 400 sick, administered baptism to 3 dying persons, and taught a class of 28 boys. But the small pox has sadly ravaged all our country. I have tried hard to have the people vaccinated, as has been done successfully in other Vicariates, where it has been adopted; unhappily, two old negroes, under the pretext that vaccine produces sores on the body, have persuaded our people to refuse this preventive. I trust that they will not pay too dear for their foolishness."

"Two intelligent chiefs near here, have asked us to go and instruct their tribes; on the other hand, many entire families have taken refuge near us because of their cruel rulers. Here, as elsewhere, the Catholic religion is the deliverer of the oppressed, and these unhappy ones repeat what those of the middle Ages said: "It is good to live under the crook."

"From a material point of view, we cannot complain too much. Our house, built, of earth, in European style with a veranda, is sufficiently comfortable. We have a flock of sheep and goats, and some cows. Our garden furnishes us with vegetables, and the sun of this country is favorable to the growth of corn; we have begun with a harvest of 300 pounds! which promises well for the future."

(To be continued)



RANSOM OF SLAVES

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

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

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GIFTS TO THE MISSION.

<b>Cancelled Stamp Work : — Two Ransoms</b> .....	\$40.00
From Eganville, ransom of a slave.....	20.00
From Harrisville, ransom of Mary-Anne .....	20.00
From Philadelphia, for a catechist.....	15.00
From Washington, for preparation of First Communion. ....	6.00
From New York .....	5.00
From smaller gifts.....	18.00

**For Reconstruction of Rubaga Church :**

Miss Mc. M.....	\$1.00	Mr. L. D.....	\$1.00
Miss K. L.....	1 00	Mrs. M. P.....	1.00
Mrs F. K .....	1 00	Miss J. M.....	1.00
From a convent grateful to O. L. of A.....			50.00

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

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DECEASED

Rev. Sister. St. Agatha N. D. C. Cincinnati.—John Louis Header, New Orleans.—Mrs. M. W. Potter, N.-Y. C.

*Requiescant in pace.*

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RECOMMENDATIONS

18 conversions.—22 vocations.—24 spiritual favors.—12 sick.—30 temporal favors.—37 thanks-giving.—12 intentions for friends who promise to get subscriptions to *The African Missions* if their prayers are heard.

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

## MISSIONS OF THE WHITE FATHERS IN AFRICA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

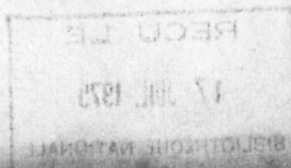
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### The African White Sisters.

The Missionary White Sisters of our Lady of Africa, render us the most devoted assistance in our Missions. We earnestly recommend to our subscribers' prayers the White Sisters' work for the regeneration and conversion of the heathen and Mahomedan women. May they find all that is necessary for such a work, especially truly apostolic vocations: young ladies ready to undergo any sacrifice for the conversion of the poor African women.

The White Sisters' Postulate is at 41 Ramparts St., Quebec Canada.



## CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

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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**.

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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, face down on a news-paper.

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.

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 **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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Lead paper is also gratefully accepted; such as is found in tea cases and tobacco boxes. Practical charity turns all this to good account.

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### NOTICE

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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.

REÇU LE

17 JUIL. 1975

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