

PER
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Fifth Year No. 4

QUEBEC

APRIL 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

have a share in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries
 and their spiritual works. In the month of May, in the month of
 November, for all our dear departed benefactors, subscribers and pro-
 motors.

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

Anyone may become a Perpetual Member, the subscription price being Ten dollars for the Dominion of Canada, and Twelve dollars for the United States and other countries.

Whenever such a subscription is sent, kindly let us know that it is a Life Subscription. It is payable in advance and may be sent at any time during the year.

Subscriptions, gifts, letters, in short anything pertaining to The African Missions should be forwarded to the Rev. **Rev. Father Director of "The African Missions" 37, Ramparts Street, Quebec, Canada.**

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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April 1913

Apostolic Vicariate of Soudan

A DISASTER IN FRENCH SOUDAN

*A letter from R. Father Toulet, of the White Fathers,
Missionary in Kati (1)*

Bishop Lemaitre, Vicar Apostolic of French Soudan, writes us :
"I have just received from one of my missionaries the Rev. Father Toulet, a letter that is not calculated to bring joy to my heart, being given the precarious conditions of the finances of the Vicariate. I make bold to send it to you, hoping you will be kind enough to insert same in your excellent Catholic Missions, and thus draw your charitable readers' attention on it."

Kati, November 16th 1912.

Built on a hill over looking the important village of Kati,

(1) Taken from "The Catholic Missions".

12 miles from Bamako, the graceful capital of Soudan, the Missionaries' residence looked from a distance almost pretty, with its straight pisé-walls and its bran-new straw-roof. When looked upon from near by, it was simplicity itself, almost poverty as is becoming Missionaries for whom comfort is but too frequently, and for good reasons, considered as a secondary matter.

For the last few days, the pretty residence has been but a heap of ruins. The walls alone have been left standing, a violent and altogether unexpected fire destroyed everything in a very short space of time.

It was with the greatest difficulty that, thanks to the help given us by our boarders, by our Christians and a few Pagans, we have succeeded in saving a part of our belongings.

The chapel, towards which we hastily directed our steps as soon as the fire was discovered, was nothing but a blazing furnace in which we were unable to penetrate.

Holy Hosts, sacred vessels, sacerdotal clothes, all has been reduced to ashes.

Here we are, on the eve of winter, forced to find a shelter, the best we can, under a few branches hastily covered with a little straw.

But what grieves us above all things, under these sad circumstances, is much less to see ourselves deprived of everything and walking in the mud and among ruins, than to think that, for a long time to come, Our Lord will not even have a decent roof to shelter Himself, unless Catholic Charity comes to our help.

From one of the neighboring stations, we borrowed a portable chapel so that we can celebrate Mass every day ; but we feel ashamed, on Sundays, to be able to give our Christians but the shelter of a poor shed and the shade of our still poorer verandahs.

May Our Lord inspire the readers of the "Catholic Missions", the idea of coming to our help, in order that we may be able to offer the Good Master an abode less liable to catch fire and more worthy of His Majesty.

A letter from Rev. Father Morin to his family

Navaro, October 29th 1912.

Very Dear Parents,

I must let you know that I am still alive, otherwise you might imagine that I am dead and buried. I intended to write to you two weeks ago, but I have not been able to do so on the day the mail leaves here, and then I began my retreat which has but just come to an end.

That is telling you I am all filled with sanctity, I have been also, during the last days of my retreat, full of rheumatism. It was perhaps the old man that St Paul speaks of, who was reluctant to leave my body ! If it was the case, I have been successful in expelling him ; because rheumatism is gone completely and for good, thanks to frictions with sedative water and the absorption of a large quantity of salicylate.

Beg of God that the fruits of my retreat may be permanent, and that this "old man, this carnal man, this man of sin" may never come and establish his abode in me.

At the present moment, I stand in need of a more than usual abundance of graces. I am called upon to prepare forty-six catechumens to receive Baptism on Christmas Day next. It is not an easy work to form these souls, to dispose them to receive Divine Grace and to live in a Christian way. You who are living in a Christian country, who are imbued from your childhood with Christian principles

and ideas, you cannot picture to yourselves the long way a poor fetishist has to go over so as to live a life of Faith. He has to be "rebuilt" entirely ; he must be made to think, to act in a new way, and how different from that to which he has been used !

So it is here one must come to touch with one's finger the



Rev. Father Morin, Superior of Navaro Mission.

operations of Divine Grace. The work is tiresome, but how full of consolations !

What a joy it is for a Missionary to follow the change that is being accomplished every day in those good Blacks ! I have here some forty Savages, not even baptized, who would give to a great many Christians in Europe and America, supposed fervent, good reasons to be ashaned of themselves. Their fervor in prayer, in renouncing themselves,

in fighting the evil propensities of a nature spoiled by Paganism and Fetishism, is truly wonderful, and humanly unexplainable. God's finger is there.

Well indeed these good children show a real good will. They do not resist grace, but they accept it and profit by same. Many amongst them, almost all, suffer persecution for justice sake from their Pagan relatives, and impose on themselves real sacrifices to come to catechism-instructions every day, some of them from a three miles distance !

I would feel ashaned under the circumstances and in presence of so much good will, if I were to complain of having much to do. Besides, work does not weary me out yet ; I enjoy a perfect health. You can see by this photo I am sending you. It was taken on October the 6th last. It is not a master-piece, but it will give you an exact idea of your son !

I think of you every day at the Holy Altar. Do not forget me in your good prayers ; I am in an urgent need of them.

Your loving son,

OSCAR MORIN, *of the W. F.*

Apostolic Vicariate of Northern Nyanza

IN THE COUNTRY OF ELEPHANT'S

A letter from F. Jos. Déry to Rev. F. Forbes.

My Very Dear Father,

In my last letter, I promised you a short account of the journey I have just completed. Following are some particulars of my visit to our two catechist-stations, Luwubé and Kiturkya, the former at eighteen miles North of Nandéré and the latter at fifteen miles.

I had pretty much trouble in reaching Luwubé. On my bicycle, I went rapidly enough over the first twelve miles, but pretty soon I had to ride through almost impracticable paths, better say through the very jungle. Then I was forced to cross bridgeless rivers, with my bicycle on my back.

I hardly knew in which direction to go in order to find the right road, when my eyes fell on a banana-grove belonging to the village of Tweyanzé. When I reached the place, everything was devastated. Less than two hours before, a herd of elephants had had their breakfast in that banana-grove, I begged of Divine Providence the favor of not meeting these enormous animals for which I would be but a mere straw.

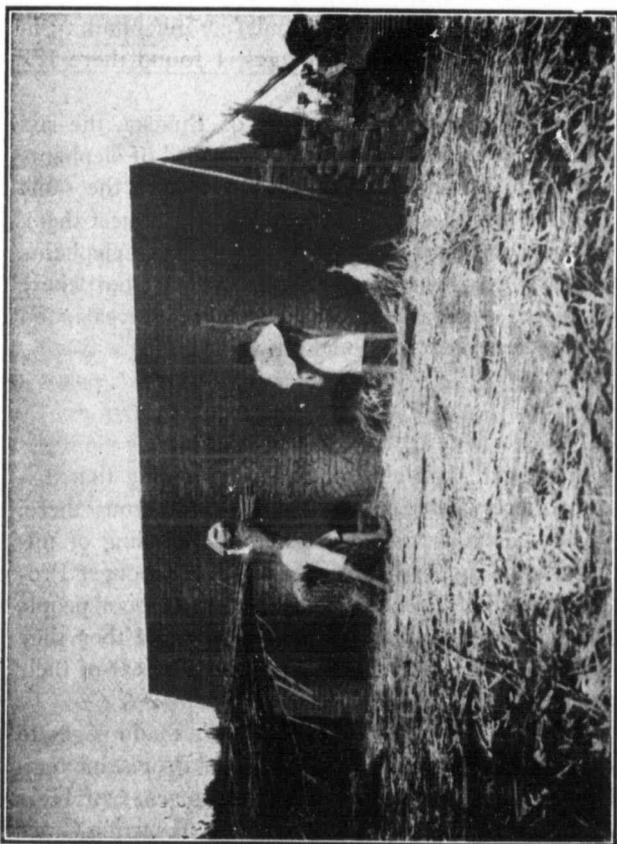
But, behold ! I met a kind young man on my way. His name was Anastasion Bulwana, who told me he was going to work in the neighborhood of Nandéré. There was no hesitation on his part to turn back in order to help me ; he took on his shoulders my bicycle which was no longer of any use to me, for want of decent paths, and accompanied me as far as our chapel in Luwubé.

Nobody there was expecting me on that day. I found Bazil, our catechist, weeding his cotton-field, whilst a few children were playing in front of the chapel till the time of catechism.

That district contains more than twenty villages, very small as a general rule, several of them are formed of but a few shanties. The whole of the district is inhabited by 444 families. Amongst all these, I found 244 neophytes and 366 catechumens.

Elephants do a great deal of damage through that country. During the day, they politely hide themselves in the undergrowth, but at night, they invade potato-fields and banana-groves for their supper and this meal they continue till morning. Several times during this journey of mine, they roamed at a short distance from the huts in which we had found a shelter. In that case, the war-drums give the alarm and men come armed with lances, but they seldom succeed in frightening these animals.

One morning, I reached Kirembwe ; in a lonely house, I found a Christian woman alone with her two young children. She was still shivering with fear. A herd of elephants had departed but a short while before. They had broken through that poor woman's garden where they had ruined



Bembeke-Mission.—A brick and tile kiln Reeds are used to heat it, for want of other wood.

everything, and had even touched with their noses the straw-roof of the hut.

During my stay in Luwubé, in the small ruined chapel, I had the happiness of distributing Holy Communion to a good many neophytes.

On my way from Luwubé to Kiturkya, I have been over-

taken by an awful shower. We were walking through the undergrowth, through invisible paths. Elephants had just passed that way dancing. We could still hear their far off screams. As for us, we all kept silent. One of our men climbed up a tree and saw that these animals were far enough to allow us to safely keep on our way.

Kiturkyá is a small district, with but few inhabitants ; in all, 249 families in some fifteen villages, I found there 177 neophytes and 114 catechumens.

We had scarcely reached the village of Bukeka, the last one we had to visit on that journey, when a herd of elephants crossed our path, preventing us from going back the same way. With the utmost care, we managed not to meet them, and we pitched our tents in a place where these elephants had been on the eve, it being at thirty minutes from where they had crossed our path. They had traced a real good path which we were happy to make use of.

* * *

A greater danger, than elephants, is threatening that district, I mean heresy whose followers are numerous there. All the village-chiefs I visited are heretics. Willing or unwilling, the Pagan subordinates are enrolled amongst Protestants by their chiefs. As a general rule, these poor people keep on being Pagans as before, and if now and then they feel like going to our catechist's instructions, the fear of their chiefs keeps them back.

Boys are taken over by the chiefs and are made pages to them. They are instructed and baptized in Protestant temples and thereby gain some temporal advantages, Our Holy Religion has nothing to offer but the charms of Divine Grace and her severe morals ; but that is more than enough for souls of good will. So, in spite of everything, I think that in the two districts I visited on that journey, one third of the whole population belong to the Good Shepherd's fold. The others are mostly Pagans with a few Protestants.

JOSEPH DERY.



Apostolic Vicariate of Nyassa

Two letters from Father Paradis.

In the two following letters, written at a few days' interval, Father Paradis acquaints us with one of the greatest obstacles Our Holy Religion has to fight : Protestant propaganda. The pictures in this Number will show our readers that these different buildings, undertaken by Father Paradis, have to be paid for. But Father Paradis will himself plead his cause.

FIRST LETTER, TO A MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY.

Bembeke, Aug. 30th 1912.

Very Dear Joseph,

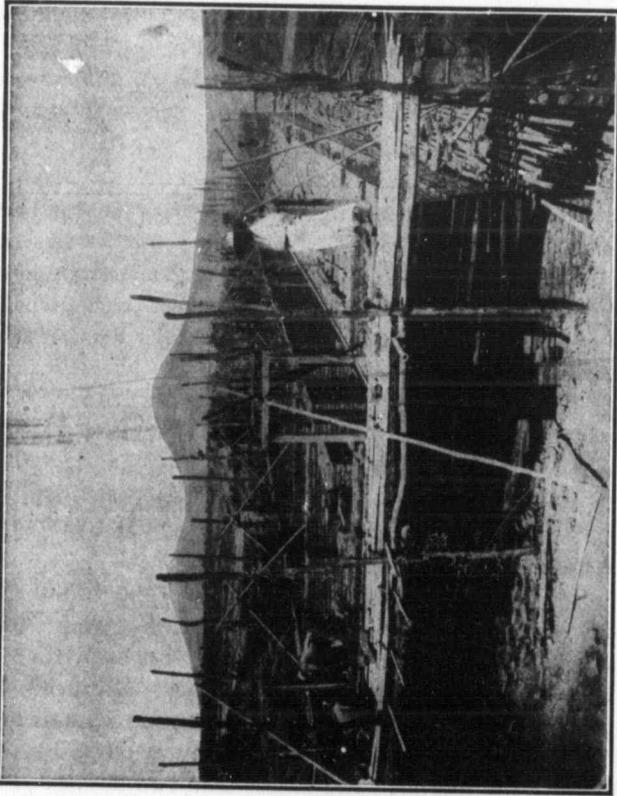
In a few minutes I will have to set out on a week's journey ; my bearers left early this morning, for as I travel on my bicycle, I must give them a three hours' advance. To-day I have twenty-one miles to go over, and in spite of hills, rocks, bushes, and all the obstacles I may meet on my way, I will reach my journey's end in less than two hours.

When I am back here, I will have travelled some 150 or 180 miles. But all this is but a trifle, a pleasure, I might say, as habit makes all things easy. The principal difficulties lie in the kind of work that is in store for me.

We have, as a matter of fact, undertaken to occupy our district formed of some thirty villages. People are pretty wild ; they hardly know what we are bringing them, and

their enthusiasm in receiving us is rather cold. "To pray? What can that really do? And what a change can it bring about in our old ways of doing things?" That is what is repeated by every one.

Prejudices will disappear by and by, but what is more serious here, it is interference of Protestants, jealous of our



Beginning of the Mission at Bembeke.

success. For the last two months, I already went thrice in that country, and thrice did Protestants go after I had departed, and told people to throw those "Romans" out of their dwellings. They revoltingly calumniate us and endeavor to turn people their way, by means of threats. Those poor Negroes are frightened and I am going to try and give

them courage. That work is as difficult and complicated as a political tour. One needs to be endowed with a fighting temper, so as not to be discouraged at such a way of living. Of course we are working for God, and He gives us courage now and success later on.

* * *

I send you a few photos which I know will be agreeable to you. One represents our chapel, decorated for a holyday. It is something like a barn whitewashed, not with lime but with a kind of a more or less white clay. You will no doubt be pleased to see what we are doing with the flag "Carillon-Sacred-Heart" that you have sent me. Another represents our brick-kiln, and two others will give you an idea of a building that is being erected. These new structures are one mile distant from our actual dwelling place.

We have been compelled to build, for our old clay house may fall at a moment's notice. This year, we hope to finish the residence and a temporary chapel, like the old one, but larger.

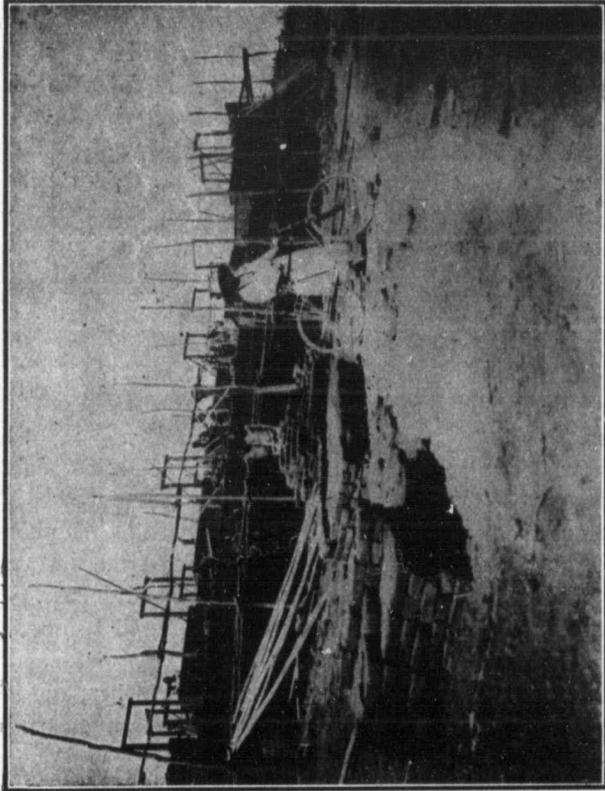
I have been allowed to build, but on the condition of finding myself the necessary sum needed for that purpose. The buildings are pretty advanced, as you can see by the photos, and I am asking to myself whence I will get the first cent. And will I tell you : I must collect a thousand dollars. Do you not know a good soul that would lend me that sum. . . . which God would give back to her ?

We must have a great confidence in Providence, and if it is the first time I am in such a plight, others have been before.

We were bound either to build this year or to give up our station. Between the two alternatives, my choice could not be long, I said to God : "Here are \$100, I give you, it is your share to find the rest !" I am still expecting it (1) Ah ! were I getting a salary of \$2500 as many Protestant ministers are receiving, the matter would soon be settled.

(1) In the following letter, it will be seen that Providence has sent a first answer to the Missionary's request.

If I tell you about my pecuniary position, it is not to ask you to relieve me all alone. Nevertheless if you know of any "sheet anchors," tell me about same and I will answer you : "Thanks, you have glorified God, and helped a very poor devil."



The Mission at Bembeke : Later on.

Whilst reading all this, you will suppose I am altogether discouraged. Oh ! no ! I admit I am a little nervous, but it is all. As long as I have a breath of life, two wheels on my bicycle and shoes on my feet, I will fight the good battle, I earnestly beg the help of your prayers and of the whole family's.

E. PARADIS.

In this short letter from a well known missionary, one can admire how an alms comes in the nick of time to reward confidence and to prevent sickening cares. The particular difficulties that Bembéké-Mission has to face are well deserving of our readers' interest.

Bembéké, September 6th 1912.

Reverend and Very Dear Father,

On Monday last, I received from Father Purser, a short note telling me of the fine check you had sent for me. You can never imagine what feelings of gratitude are mine. Never more than then had I been more tired and nervous.

I was coming back from a trip through the new part of our large district which we have been working to conquer for the last two months. That was my fourth visit to that region. After my first visit, I had hoped to succeed in a short space of time and without too much trouble. But Protestants came on with an army of teachers.

Last week there were four Preachers working together against us. Everywhere they offer rich gifts, and when these are refused, they come down to threats, even forbidding people to speak to us and to give us anything to eat. These Preachers had just left when I reached there. Oh ! how hard my mission has been ! For three days I had to fight hard against the most unfavorable dispositions of people having in their hearts but fear and distrust.

But God be praised ! My work will not all lost. If I no longer hope of completing that work touching some thirty villages, at least I am almost sure of succeeding in the first months of 1913 if not in 1912.

To come back home, I had thirty miles to ride on my bicycle, and whilst going on my way, I thought of so many things and prospects that I did not think of the distance and of the time it took me to go over same. But on arriving here, my legs could hardly allow me to walk. Your check has put a new life into me. Behold one more of Providence's good strokes, proving to us so often that we never vain-

ly place our hopes in God. I immediately made use of your generous alms to pay a part of the debt accruing from our new buildings, and I hope the rest will also be settled thanks to another favor of Divine Providence. I thank you a thousand times, my Very Dear Father, for the substantial help you have sent me

I send you a few photos that will give you an imperfect idea of our buildings. I pray you to excuse these hastily-written lines : I had to tell you how happy you have made me.

E. PARADIS.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN OLD MAN AND HIS GRAND-SON.

(From Father H. Le Veux.)

Eight months ago, during one of the dog-days, I was visiting with a companion, a catechist, the district of Kibula.

We were slowly dragging ourselves on the wretched hillock which surrounds Iwogi, a high hill on which is suspended the village of Kikayumbé.

All at once from amongst the reeds growing on either side of a by-path, we heard a somewhat timid and broken voice. With fear I lifted from the ground my eyes tired by the intense reflections of the sun and I threw a glance in the direction of that voice

—“ Well, said at the same moment, my companion, it is you, Bakudala ?

—Yes, my friends, how are you ?

The new comer then came to us ; he was an old man, all rinkled and bent down, leaning on a big stick that seemed too heavy for his poor hands. Nevertheless, a smile of happiness was lighting up the old man's faded and discolored face.

—“ Where are you going ? inquired I.

—I was just coming to pay you a short visit. I have so long been expecting the arrival of a Father, and it was only this morning that I heard of your coming.

—“ Well, said I, we have been ahead of you. Our conversation shall take place in your dwelling.

—But, Father, do you think of it ? I live at the other end of the village, for I have been expelled from it.

—Do you suppose we are not strong enough to walk to your hut ?

—But my poor shanty is misery itself. How can I receive you therein ?

—Do you then believe we have come here to see princes ? Look at the pitiable condition your thorny and muddy roads have reduced us to. Do not be uneasy ; without more pleading, walk before us and we will follow you.”

On our way, my companion told me about that old good man's energy, fervor and regularity in assisting at catechism lessons, every day.

We had left the village behind us. Pretty soon we could almost see, in the midst of reeds, our friend's hut. My God what an unusual poverty . . .

For many a long month, high needs had, in thick rows, invaded the neighborhood of the hut ; a few stumpy banana-trees were almost vanquished by parasitic plants that were growing on them. The shanty itself was in several places open to rain and wind, and its owner's old and feeble hands wehe unable to patch it up.

Furnitures were in the same class, and easy to inventory :

Two beds, consisting in a straw-mat, and covered, instead

of blankets, with lubugo-rags. A broken jug, an old calabash and something more or less a knife, were all or nearly all their kitchen-utensils.

—Bukalada, said I, you are almost as poor as Our Saviour was in Bethlehem.

—Yes, Father, answered he. Your catechist is about the only person coming to my help. He sends me regularly what you give him for the poor. Now, Father, do you know why I have been reduced to that extreme poverty? It is on account of my religion.

And Bakudala told me his whole story.

* * *

In 1892, I was already wearing the catechumens' medal. Then came the troubles of that acute period. Heretics wanted to oblige me to throw that medal away; I refused and defended myself as does a leopard. Exasperated, my assailants fired a shot at me, and broke my left shoulder. Another time, they threw themselves on me and displaced my ribs with their stocks.

Since that day, how many times have they offered me help and protection in exchange for my Catholic Faith. But it was a loss of time to them. Then in presence of my formal refusals, they have tried to pervert my grand-son, but with no more success. This is the reason why we are living far from society, as cast-off, exiles, plague-stricken people. But we are strong in our confidence in the Blessed Virgin and we find consolation in the thought that we are suffering for God's sake.

—But, replied I, you have a grand-son?

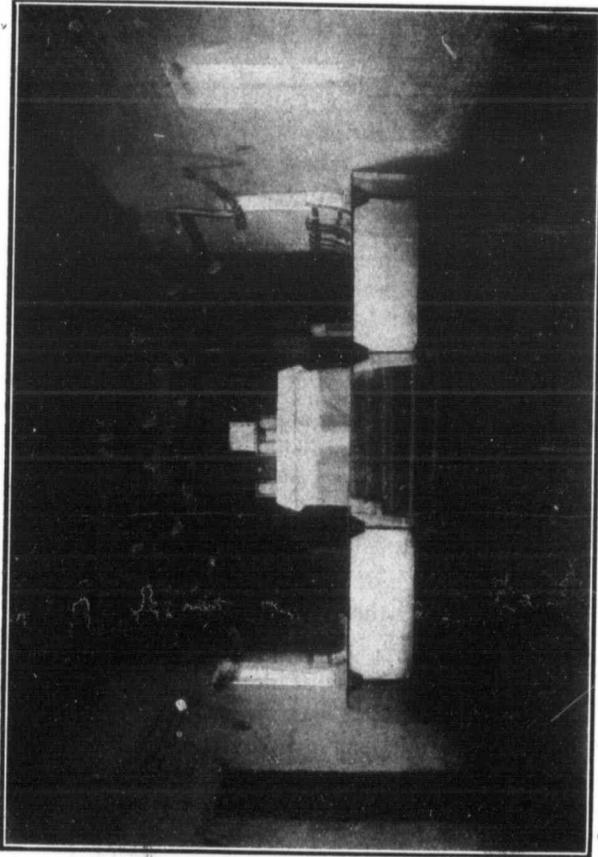
—Yes, answered he, and he is my only help in my old age, Without Sébowa, who would get water for me to drink and who would gather the weeds I use for remedies?

It is he also who supplies me with my daily food, by hiring himself to the people in the village whose goats he takes care of, for whom he makes ropes, whose cotton he gathers, and whose sorgho-fields he protects from the birds.

That straw-mat that is my bed, is his work. And it is he who repairs our poor shanty.

—But do you think of his religious education ?

—How then ? Do I dispense him with his daily lesson in catechism ? We always recite our prayers together.



Bembeke-Mission.—The old church decorated for the Feast of Assumption 1912. All, everything, altar-linen and ornaments came from Canada. The new chapel will be larger.

—And yourself, what do you know about religion ?

—Question me on the little catechism destined to old people.

In fact, I saw that Bakulada was rough-shod, if one can use this expression here under the Tropics.

—Do you wish to be baptized, said I ?

—Oh ! Father, said the old man folding his hands and looking at me imploringly, has not that been for a long time my sole desire. Once we are both baptized, what will be lacking to complete our happiness ?

I will no longer fear to be devoured by hyenas when they come around our shanty during the night.

—Bakulada, replied I, here is my idea. Here you suffer, spending your days and your nights in an awful destitution, I adopt you. In a week, four strong fellows will come for you with a hammock and will take you over to our mission. You will receive Baptism soon after. As for Sébowa, your grand-con, he will join our catechumens.

—Thanks, thanks, exclaimed the good old man, Blessed be Our Lady !

* * *

At that very moment, from a neighboring wood, came a young, fresh and harmonious voice, singing in his native tongue a verse of an old hymn, whose meaning is : "Ah ! may we sing on some future day, in your blessed abode, your glory and your love ; such is the happy lot of those you have elected. Give us a pledge of it. Come, come, come."

Sébowa, Sébowa, cried the grand-father who had recognized his grand-son's voice.

He wished to share his joy with him who for a long time had been his only companion.

The child was busy making a halter for the neighbor's goats. Using a wooden scraper, he was ridding of their watery part, the twigs of a certain bush. He thus had a handful of white fibres which when twisted together could make a rope. On hearing his grand-father, he came to us.

He was hardly ten years old. His eyes were bright, his look frank, his face smiling though a little lean. His clothes, alas ! were nothing but very old trousers and a piece of worn out lubugo.

On coming near us, the poor child dropped his handful

of fibres, respectfully knelt down and wished us a hearty welcome. Without giving us time to speak, the grand-father was not slow in acquainting the boy with the happy news.

The child was full of joy, clapped his hands and, turning to me, exclaimed : “ Thanks, Father, a thousand times, thanks !”

Interiorly I sent back to God and to our European and American benefactors, the young boy's thanks.

The so much desired departure was drawing near, the Promised Land so often dreamt of could now be seen near at hand. How kind had been the Blessed Virgin whom the old man loved so much !

This is how the old Alipo Bakudala and his grand-son were adopted by the Nandéré Mission. The young Stanislaus-Mary is now a devoted errand-boy for the “ Daughters of Mary” (The Little Black Sisters).

Charity hears the appeals of the poor, consoles and soothes his sufferings ; and, perfecting the noble and holy work, dries the tears of the unhappy. Let us do alike and help the needy : Everything is remembered in Heaven, and what is given to the unhappy ones on earth is not lost, for God will give it back to us in Heaven.

H. LE VEUX.





The Catechists in the White Fathers' Missions

(Continued)

Following is how Father Superior of Villa-Maria (Northern Nyanza) recently appreciated the work done by the Catechists in a Christian locality.

Amongst the Catechists my district is happy enough to possess, about twenty are over forty years old. These, as are all those reenlisted for military service, are truly worthy of admiration.

Many of them have given up, for their modest functions, positions the world is generally after.

Honors and decorations ? none ! As a general rule these soldiers of Christ's army are very modest. Amongst mine, there are even three that are lame and one, one-eyed, who, for all that, are only more deserving and more respected by the others.

Good persons, too, are all our dear Catechists ? Humble workers, no pride in them at the real influence they have—living on our budget—and this is the only dark feature—with a very modest amount, but still very heavy for our poverty. They are our devoted, industrious, often very worthy, sometimes even heroic co-operators.

--"My friend, always says one of these to the new recruits I charge him to train, you must not imagine that a Catechist is to sleep like a lizard, whilst waiting for the distribution of stuff. To be a Catechist, is to give our fellow-men the whole of our time, to pray and to mortify ourselves for the salvatio nof souls. We must not feel proud, but be very

patient. I hope you have understood me ? Then, go ahead !”

These declarations are not a bluff ; I know very well that our good Paolo (Paul) has his mortifications on fixed dates and for a special purpose.

One day, I happened to speak in church of those poor children employed as goat keepers, for whose virtue, idleness was a serious stumbling-block ; on the following day, my Catechist, fearing to be the indirect cause of many a sin, sold his herd.

* * *

We also read, in a statement from the Father Superior of Mitala-Maria, these touching lines :

Ah ! those Catechists, how useful they are to us ! Without them, we would almost be compelled to give up our ministry amongst the Pagans, and consecrate the whole of our time to our Christians.

In the district of Mitala-Maria, there are 55 of those devoted auxiliaries, most of them being very zealous and pious. They spread through our villages the good odor of Christ.

Fearing by heretics on account of their great activity, admired by Pagans for their life of abnegation, they are at the same time, for our Christians, the Evangelical salt that preserves in them Faith and virtue.

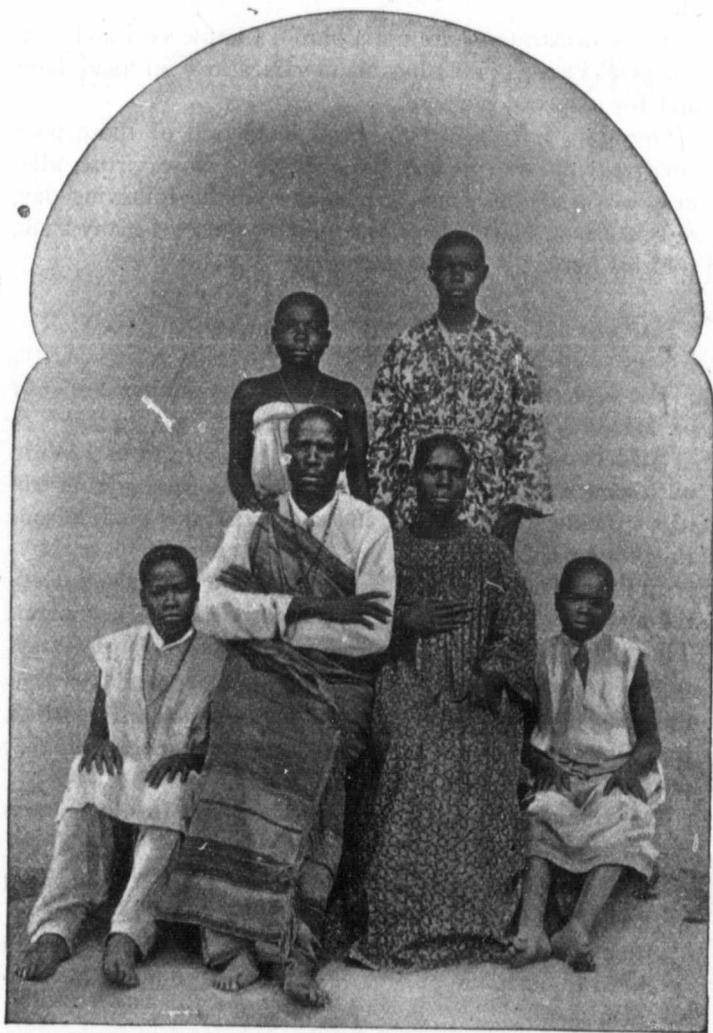
One of them, threatened with death by a Musulman, answered :

—“ Death ! but it is Heaven for me ! Never could you afford me a greater pleasure !”

Another was told to be on the lookout, for some Pagans intended to burn him alive in his hut, on account of his proselytism :

—“ I fear nothing, said he ; Our Lord told us not to be afraid of those who kill the body, but rather of those who can injure our soul. In any war, one exposes his life. Well, I will keep on to wage war on the devil.”

As, in the eyes of infidels, Religion is worth what the Ca-



Uganda.—A Catechist and his family.

techart is worth, it is not surprising to hear the popular sentence : " There is but one serious Religion ; it is the one taught by Catholic Catechists ! "

* * *

But no praise can be worth the mere enumeration of what was done by Catechists, in a single year and in but one Vicariate. Let us listen to Mgr Streicher :

" The private baptizing of a thousand infants and of 2000 adults *in extremis*, the assistance given an equal number of dying neophytes, whose eyes they have closed, the recruiting of 7000 to 8000 from Paganism, the preparation to Baptism of 5700 adults and of 4584 catechumens now studying catechism in our different missions, the direction of 15 catechumenates and 412 rural schools and the presiding over the prayers in 812 chapels : such is the share—and how beautiful—coming to our dear Catechists in the Apostolic works during 1911, in the Vicariate of Northern Nyanza ! "

II

Some more particular acts of Virtue.

We could multiply testimonials, but the foregoing will, we are sure, be sufficient to show the great importance of our Catechists' Work, and how deserving it is of our Benefactors' sympathy.

Nevertheless, to prove still better the zeal and devotedness with which these faithful Missionaries' co-operators are animated, we will relate a few facts chosen amongst thousands.

We have already said that Their Lordship, the Vicars Apostolic, neglect nothing to form Catechists and good Catechists.

They are always selected from amongst the most learned and edifying Christians.

They receive in special Schools, a good formation, a solid religious knowledge, and the profane learning adapted to

their condition, and in a particular manner their practice of virtue is looked after.

On leaving these Schools, they are not left without direction ; at first they are placed under the guardianship of more trained Catechists. Then Missionaries go regularly to see them, to encourage and help them and at the same time to solve for them the difficulties they may meet with. And every year they are given the favor of a retreat for all of them.

As can be seen, every care is taken to have them preach virtue by their acts and their words.

The ardent Faith with which they are animated produces a great love and respect for the priesthood.

Jafeti Kibongué, a Catechist in Upper-Congo, was writing last year to Father Germain, his former teacher :

For us, the Missionaries are truly our fathers and our beloved friends ; I will never forget them even unto death, In all my troubles, their advice is my light. And I have prayed to remain always near them, to be their help in the work of a catechist.

I beseech you, when you offer the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, do not forget me before God, so that I may obtain the grace to be always a fervent Christian, and a special blessing on my work.

Receive your child's greetings.

In French Soudan, *Magloire*, a Catechist in Siguiiri, sent also—in a more or less primitive style—the short following note to the Father Superior of Kita Mission :

My Very Dear Father Barrié : I have the honor of bidding you good day. We are well pleased with you.

I wish you come and see us over again.

I thank you for the good you have done me ! I was very glad to see your photos. Celestin salutes you, and the other catechumens, I have four persons whom I begin to teach.

Your good son,

MAGLOIRE KONTE.

The most evident manifestation of their Faith, is the constant and untiring perseverance our Catechists display in the teaching of religious truths to the infidels surrounding them.

Really they are animated with the sacred fire and display a great desinterestedness and courage.

We have just spoken of Magloire.

That young Soudanese, a mere neophyte, having fixed his abode at several days' walk from Kita, the Fathers' residence, continued to be a good Catholic, faithful to his practises of piety and his religious duties.

Through his amenity, he soon won over his neighbors' friendship and his zeal inspired him with the ambition of bringing them over to God, by converting them to our Holy Religion.

Having thus become a voluntary Catechist he endeavored to faithfully fulfill his work, and he succeeded with the grace from above, to form in his adopted country a nucleus of solid and fervent disciples of Our Lord.

Thus, visits to Siguri are always for the Missionaries of Soudan, a source of abundant consolations.

Kipiré teaches in 'Tanganika, district of Kirando. No use to say that his salary, as well as his peers', is not sufficient to allow him to play the great lord.

Travelling Musulmans never fail to laugh at his poverty :

—“If you were of ours, do they tell him, with your talents and learning, you would certainly earn several rupees a week.

—Go to your business, answers *Kipiré*, and let me see to mine ! I have enough to live with ; that is enough for me. Besides, we are not on earth to eat good things and wear fine clothes, but to prepare our place in Heaven.”

And this good Negro, through serious economy succeeds to help poorer people than he.

It is time to recall the prouesses accomplished by *Nicholas Mougongo*, a Catechist in Bushasha (Southern Nyanza),

who with an invincible courage, wages a terrible and merciless war against all the wizards ; and the touching resignation of *Thomas*, a Catechist in Northern Nyanza, who so generously suffered so cruel trials for the conversion of souls and the propagation of Our Lord Jesus Christ's Kingdom.

To show that these dear co-operators' devotedness does not shrink even in face of death, we will quote a conversation between *Daniel*, a Catechist in Nyanza Islands and Father Manceau, then on a visit in the district.

"It was eight o'clock at night, writes Father Manceau : the day had been a very tiresome one. Seated at a few steps from our hut, in the moon-light, I was talking with Daniel, before taking a well deserved rest.

He first told me about the number of persons he had baptized since the Missionaries' last visit, named all the Christians who had died and whom he had assisted, acquainted me with the state of things concerning those still alive, indicated the work to be done on the following day, and finally come to a more personal question.

—"You see, Father, said he, all our neighbors have left for a better world ; the nearest house is now at a twenty minutes' walk ; and when our fire goes out, we have to go a good distance to get some. Besides my small family has also disappeared though the sleep-sickness ; one of my children died a few months ago ; my wife also is sick ; and I feel myself that my strength is going down little by little.

—Well, said I, I will take you away from here and place you in another place on the continent.

—No, Father, I do not want to ! If I were to leave this island, who would baptize the Pagans ? who would help the Christians ? Who would bury the dead ?

—What you say is right, but how will you save yourself from sickness ? If you do not go away, you will surely die very soon !

—Oh ! Death ! answered he very calmly, I do not fear it. A little sooner, or a little later, what does it matter ? We have been preparing ourselves for a long while : Death may come : let me die in the midst of my sick !"

I then kept silent, adds Father Manceau, and in my heart, I thanked the Divine Master who inspires young neophytes with such feelings. Daniel will be our fourth Catechist thus gone to Heaven, victims of duty."

Wishing to reward at least one of the most deserving of those who are giving such examples of virtue. His Holiness Pius X, has deigned to grant, on April 4th last, at Mgr Lechaptois' request, the decoration *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* to the physician *Adrian Atiman*, the senior Catechist of Tanganika.

(to be continued)

IN THE MASSAI'S COUNTRY

The Massai tribe inhabits the district between the Kilimandjaro and Kenia Mountains. They are a wandering population of warriors-shepherds. These Natives have no tilled lands and no fixed abodes. Do their herds decrease? Young people are given the charge of supplying new animals. To that effect, they are continually attacking the tribes where they expect to find oxen.

From an immemorial epoch, they invaded the country lying near the banks of Lake Nyanza. The Baruri, to protect themselves from their depredations, used to build their villages on the top of stone-walls. When the enemy was discovered, everybody sought refuge behind the fortifications with their herds and defended themselves the best they could.

On the other hand, the Bakéréwé used to erect their huts at a few yards only from the water-front in order to be able, in case of alarm, to jump in their canoes and get away.

Disgusted with the Massai's frequent depredations and

determined to cut their way, the Germans established a military station at Kikoma and made several expeditions against them.

It was in one of these expeditions that they captured some fifteen Massai-women. The officer led the prisoners to the Catholic Mission. Bishop Hirth accepted and had them sent to the Islands of Komé. At first, these women were really ferocious and made on several occasions desperate efforts to escape. But little by little, under the influence of kind treatments, they began to show more confidence ; when they had learned the language of the country, they were taught the truths of Our Holy Religion and a wonderful change was thus wrought in them ; their ferocity gave way to kind and peaceful manners. "Amongst the neophytes I have met in Central Africa, whites Bishop Léonard, I have seen none having stronger religious convictions. As for steadiness of resolutions, these women were even superior to the Baganda. They were Christians we could rely upon in all safety. I could quote heroic acts of mortification some of them imposed on themselves in order to obtain the conversion of their relatives."

In 1905, most of them were, after being baptized, sent to Marienberg to live under the direction of our White Sisters, Some of them remained in Komé and were married there.

But the thought of their Native land was still living in their hearts and they often inquired whether the Missionaries were not going to establish missions over there. In 1908, having been told that the Mission of Iraku had been founded, they begged to be allowed to go there, in order to see if from Iraku they could go and evangelize their families. Bishop Gerboin accepted to receive them in this new mission. They then left Marienberg, except three or four who solicited the favor of entering the Postulate of the Native Sisters.

Father Gass, superior of the Mission, consented to lead them to Ngorongoro, their native country, which would

allow him to visit those unknown regions and to see if later on a mission could not be established there.

Following is an account of his journey :

* * *

Profiting by the short dry season of February, I set on my journey accompanied by my nine bearers, including my altar-boy, and three Massaï women.

It was first the old Safia, almost sixty years old. Her former tall and straight stature was then beginning to bend down. But she desired to see once more her country before dying. It was not, she assured, to remain there, although she had left there three beautiful sons who, she had been told, might still be there ; no, she did not wish to part with the Missionaries, but, as she used to say : God forbids neither the love of our father-land nor the desire of seeing our children once more.

It was then Juliana, Mistress of the Refuge, who when she was captured, had left her old mother and several brothers. Besides, her husband, if he has not been killed on some expedition, must still be living there.

Lastly, it was Léokadya, young maiden of some sixteen summers. Her mother having died, she hoped to see there her father whom she had never seen before, but whom, as she had been often told, she resembles very much.

Angleomo is the name given all Europeans travelling without being accompanied by soldiers. In the estimation of the Natives, they are men of second class. They called Ako awah (White Lords) those who travelled with arms, symbols of their power.

If for those whom we teach, we are the Wapadri, for common people, we are still vulgar Anglese. Nevertheless, it is also a well known fact that Missionaries are not like other Europeans, that they speak the language of the country, that they can be spoken to without fearing anything, be talked with and greeted as friends.

On the first day, we pitched our tents near the frontiers of Iraku, in the Province of Daudi, whose chief is a brother to ours. Yéro was not there, but his son did the honors of the camp. We did not show ourselves particular ; a little flour to eat to-day, some corn in order not to starve in the undergrowth ; that was sufficient for us. As for meat, we hoped to find some on our way.

From that first halt, our road was nothing but a search for water, very scarce here ; and yet what circuitous walks to find some !

(to be continued)



A Wedding party.—Only the bride and the bridegroom have the privilege of wearing umbrellas.

Useful information

An alms of four hundred and fifty dollars constitutes a **Purse** at perpetuity, for the education of a **Black Seminarist**.

An alms of twenty dollars buys a child, victim of Slavery, — or delivered as a slave by his relatives; or a young girl sold, affianced for money, by her father and mother, etc.

An alms of twenty dollars procures to a **Black Seminarist** his board for a year in a native Seminary.

An alms of twenty dollars gives the maintenance for a year to a little **Black Sister**,

An alms of fifteen dollars gives the maintenance to a **Catechist** for a year.

An alms of ten dollars gives the maintenance of a **Catechist Woman** for a year.

An alms of five dollars, permits the Missionaries to keep a **Catechumen** at the **Mission** during the six last months preparatory to his baptism.

An alms of **Three** dollars helps to prepare a child to his **First Communion**.

All alms however small, are received by the Missionaries with gratitude.

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.

10 From Philadelphia, ransom of Bernhard, Anthony, Theodore, Amelia, Margaret.	\$100.00
20 From St Damien, ransom of I. J. C. Damien.	20.00
From Regina, ransom of Anne.	20.00
From New-York, ransom.	20.00
From Los Angeles, Annual maintenance of a Seminarian.	20.00
From St Joseph, Mo., for a Woman Catechist.	10.00
From New-York, 1st installment for a Catechist.	10.00
From L'Anse, Mich., for the Mission.	5.00
From New-York, for 1st Communicant.	3.00
From Columbus, for 1st Communicant.	3.00
From New Jersey, for 1st Communicant.	3.00
From Baltimore, for 1st Communicant.	3.00
From Victoria, for the Mission.	2.25
From Wheeling, for the ransom Work.	2.00

DECEASED

Sister Rose Lord, Rochester.—Sister Angela, Jersey City.—Sister Eutichiane, Jafferson Barracks.—Mrs James Mc Crony, Montreal.—Mrs John Duffy, Mr John Pirrung, Miss Nettie Kettler, from Columbus.

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS

20 conversions.—10 vocations.—31 spiritual favors.—43 sick.—26 temporal favors.—15 thanks-giving.—11 intentions for friends who promise to get subscriptions to *The African Missions* if their prayers are heard.

Prayers have been repusted 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 105 Stations belonging to 7 Apostolic Vicariates, and one Prefecture. The Missionaries then working in the Field were 463, 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.

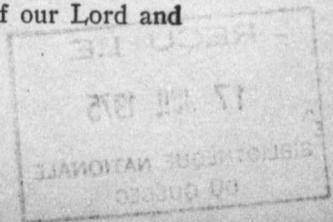
The Society has two Missionary fields. In North Africa, we are working among a Mahamedan population ; further South, among the colored tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions combined cover an area almost as large as the whole Dominion of Canada or the United States, that 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 460 Missionaries for 20,000,000 Heathens ?

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

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

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



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., we are unable to practise, the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars a management and economy these Sisters know so well how to practice, the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars a year is absolutely necessary for the support of each one.

Anyone who charitably contributes the above sum will materially aid both Sisters and Missionaries in their labors, and share in all their merits and good works.

NOTICE.

The date on the printed address of subscribers is to let them know when the time of subscription expires. It serves also as a receipt. For instance : Jan. 14, Aug. 13 etc., means that the subscription runs up to January 1914, August 1913. etc. If one month after renewal of subscription the date on the address has not been changed, subscribers should kindly inform us and we will at once make correction.

CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

The work of Cancelled Postage Stamps, though apparently a very small one, is in reality the source of much good in our Missions—the ransom of slaves.

So, dear Readers, if you can send any considerable quantity to us, they will be valuable and we shall be most grateful to you.

The Post forwards them at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, as Third Class Matter. Larger quantities should be sent by Express or Freight

In order to reduce the cost, they should be neatly stripped from the paper by means of cold water, and dried.

We get the paper off in the following easy way :

We put them over night in a pail of cold water. The next morning we take them out, lay them by in little heaps, and let them dry for two or three days. When perfectly dry, we blow the stamps off the paper without the least trouble and without tearing them.

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

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.

REÇU LE

17 JUL. 1975

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