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Fourth Year No. 2

QUEBEC

FEBRUARY 1912

PER
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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptrix of Slaves. • Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Table of Contents

Notice to our Subscribers,	33
A journey through Hoïma	34
South Nyanza : Letter from Fr. Bourgel.....	42
O. L. of the Snows : Fr. Beauchamp.....	46
Letter from a Black S. miuarist.....	48
An incident in Upper Congo	51
Kabylie : Riette, " Fr. Amat.....	53
Nyassa : Monica and Katamonbo.....	57
Varieties : Tripoli and R'dams.....	61

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

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

Spiritual favors.—The Holy Father Pius 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 deceased 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 priest, to bless privately and according to the practice 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. Participations 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, of all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters.

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NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg of our subscribers to look on the envelope. Alongside of their address, they will see a date. This date indicates the month and year when their subscription expires.

Thus **June 11, August 11, Sept. 11, Nov. 11**, indicates that the subscription is finished since **June, August, September, November, 1911**; **Jan. 12, Feb. 12**, indicates that the subscription expired in January, February, 1912.

Those whose subscription finishes in **1911**, or in the **first months of 1912**, will be kind enough to renew it as soon as possible.

Our subscribers have found, two months ago, in their magazine, a short note and an envelope to our address. They will only have to indicate exactly their name and their address, and to return them to us in adding the amount of the subscription.

Those of our subscribers who have but recently paid, and who can state that the date has not been changed on the envelope, will kindly be reassured. The change of date will be marked on the envelope of the following number.

To avoid confusion, our correspondents are invited to write their name and address legibly and accurately.

When a change of address is given us, please to send both the **ancient** and the **new** address.

We thank in advance our devoted friends and promoters, and we ask of God to reward their devotedness.





VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF NORTH NYANZA.

A JOURNEY IN THE DISTRICT OF HOIMA.

Account of Rev. Father B. Drost.

It is directly to our readers that Rev. F. B. Drost addresses the following lines. He invites them to accompany him in a journey of eight days through the district that, with his contreres,—four priests for 240,000 souls,—he evangelizes.

DEPARTURE.—HALT AT KYESIGA.

The 11th of April, feast of the Apparition of O. L. of Lourdes, patroness of Hoima, I had spent both the morning and evening hearing confessions, and speaking of the all powerful protection of our good Mother of heaven, so tenderly loved by our neophytes.

Before sun-set, towards 5 o'clock, carried by my bicycle, I set on my way to Parajonoki, a walk of 3 hours from the station.

Thanks to my machine, so useful in a country mission, I shall rapidly get to our catechist Michel, said I to myself. I had not been thinking of all the little and big children whom I was going to meet on the road. I had hardly gone a short distance, when I saw coming full speed towards me, envelopped in a cloud of dust, a legion of nice little negroes and negresses.

Soon the "*Tata, webare!* How have you passed the day, Father! Thank you, for coming to see us," resounds like a melodious chant to my ears. On all sides I am surrounded by this joyful band. I salute them in my

turn: "Ngiriwe horongi, webare, bana bange! Thank you, my children, I have passed it well." I lessen my steed and finally must quit my bicycle. My little people commence manifesting their joy by their noisy screamy singing; the Protestants, numerous in these parts of the district, abandon their evening meal to look at the Father passing. We soon arrive at Kyésiga where Patrisi, one of our best catechists, is waiting for me.

"Father, says he, enter at least for a minute into my church, to bring us the blessing of God and of the blessed Virgin Mary."

Night is fast approaching, and I am in a hurry; but how can I refuse such a demand? Catechist, children, big people run in and we kneel down in the poor chapel. A prayer, a few stanzas of a hymn to the Immaculate Virgin, a word of congratulation and of encouragement, and in great haste I continue my way.

To you, dear readers, returns the honor that our so good God is thus known by the Blacks and loved in the persons of His representatives, since it is you who help us with your alms, who strengthen us by your prayers.

ARRIVAL AT PARAJONOKI—GOOD CHRISTIANS.

Proportionally as I advance towards Parajonoki, the end of the first journey, the crowd, come to meet the missionary, becomes more and more compact; to such an extent that it becomes almost impossible for me to advance. The big people try to keep the children away; but as the "Tata" (Father) says nothing, they continue keeping round me. Some pull me by my sleeves, others hang on to my white dress, the latter dance and jump for joy, whilst the former, as rapid as arrows, run to salute Michel the Catechist for me. It is on his knees, and with great happiness that this devoted auxiliary receives me and thanks me to have come to see him. I gently draw him up telling him with what a cordial reception the Blacks receive their priest. It was nearly

dark when we came to his modest church. We recited the evening prayer, and after having addressed a few words of thanks to the Christians and Catechumens, I invited them to come back the next day.

Long before dawn the neophytes present themselves for confession and to assist at the holy sacrifice. As soon as my meditation is over I am at their disposition. At eight o'clock I sing Mass. During this time the catechumens, sitting in little groups on the neighboring grounds, repeat their catechism with ardor: for in a few hours they will pass a serious examination; it is important not to lose a minute. During this time the Protestant teacher opposite, tries to make a deafening noise by beating his three or four drums. After the gospel, I give an instruction to the Christians, recommending them to pray for their benefactors and for the conversion of the pagans. Then comes holy communion which my neophytes receive in great number; and mass comes to an end.

Breakfast is soon ready. When we go for a journey, we are always as in Lent, we have to be satisfied with what the poverty of our people permit them to offer us. That day it consisted in a potatoe and a banana boiled in water. The examination that the catechumens then pass gives me great consolation. Our dear Blacks, — it is here like elsewhere, — have not an equal intelligence to learn and an equal facility to retain what is taught them. But by way of compensation, what a good will, what a desire to become, by holy baptism, children of God. So after having questioned them, I express my satisfaction to them in distributing to them needles, pins, and other small objects of the same importance. Assuredly, for the children, boys and girls, trousers and little dresses would be more necessary to cover them decently; but it is a longtime, since all that was sent to me from the Quebec Work-Room has been given away.

The afternoon passes in visiting the Christians and catechumens in their straw huts; and then I start for the next place.



A visit to a Christian. — The brave Black listens to me attentively.

AT KILYANGOBÉ.—ELIZA AND SIRASI.—STRUGGLE
AGAINST PROTESTANTISM.

The sun is already low on the horizon when, with the singing of hymns, accompanied by the catechist Sirasi, the Christians and a hundred of catechumens who had ran out to meet me, I enter the miserable chapel of Kilyangobe. The Protestant blacks, numerous here, astonished at the reception so frankly joyful that the Catholics give their Father, have come to enlarge the procession: but they stop at the church steps. The prayer and short allocution finished, we go out and I sit in the midst of my little and big children who do not know how to express their joy.

Here is a woman who advances to salute me. She is Eliza, Sirasi's good spouse. She carries a big boy on her arms who screams loud enough to split the tympan; and on her head, a basket of "matoke", thich soup made with bananas boiled in water. She deposits her basket of food at my feet, begging of me to accept it as a welcome present. The history of Eliza is interesting. Many years ago a renowned sorceress in the country, she made both the rain and the sunshine, made money by deceiving with authority simple people. Later on I will make known to you some of her infallible receipts; for the present I recommend her to your prayers. Since her conversion to our holy religion, especially since her marriage with one of our catechists, the members of her family are trying to cause her death, lest she should reveal the secrets of her trade that paid so well in the past.

Sirasi, her husband, is an incomparable catechist, a very good Christian, very intelligent and [joining much zeal to his other qualities. In a very short time he united around him a large number of catechumens having true emulation to learn the catechism and prayers.

I have already said that the Pratestant blacks are numerous here; and what aggravates the situation, they are very fanatical. So as not to pain any one, and con-

quer souls in this difficult place, Sirasi needs to have tact ; he gives proof of it ; besides, Jesus and His holy Mother visibly help him.

Assuredly not by his zeal for heresy, but in the end of making himself a good name, to obtain a more important place, and therefore more lucrative, the chief of the village at Kilyangobe incessantly worried Christians and catechumens. Recently having found two miserable goats, that were grazing in his banana grove, the occasion seemed favorable to him to come and complain bitterly to me of the negligence of the catechumens. The offence is nothing new in the country, and on such an occurrence the master of the delinquents has to pay a fine of 10 coppers to compensate for the damage caused, and the affair is settled. But our man did not understand it thus ; he wished to make a noise about it and that is why, without delay, he went to Hoïma, dragging after him the two culprits.

During this time the proprietor, a poor old woman, all broken down with age and infirmities, having without result searched for her goats to bring them in, came to beg of Sirasi, who is always ready to render a service, to help her to find them.—The latter went directly to the chief's ; he met his wife only who told him that he had started with the goats to carry a complaint at Hoïma. Sirasi did not reclaim ; but he proved that in the chief's cabin was hemp-seed ; he discovered some likewise in a plot bond of his banana grove. That was sufficient. You most know that here a very useful law forbids to grow and smoke the hemp seed whose effects are disastrous on the organism and brains of the Blacks. Any one guilty of this offence is condemned to two rupees of fine ; any chief convinced of the same fault loses his position, and is punished with a fine of five rupees.

Without delay Sirasi carries his complaint to the chief of the province who cites to his tribunal our *lord-mayor* of Kilyangobe. Convinced of being an incorrigible smoker

of hemp he is condemned simply to render the goats to the old woman, destituted of his charge, and, to complete all his misfortunes, put into prison because he was not able to pay the fine.

I have already said a word of the Protestant teachers and of his drums. Allied with the village chiefs of the surroundings, this teacher does his very best to draw the poor Blacks to his temple and prevent them from becoming Catholics. Presents and promises he uses as allurements. But God is stronger than they, and comes manifestly in aid to the devoted Sirasi.

During the day that I passed in this village, a child ten years old, with a smart look, accosts me saying: "Father give me a cross and a pair of beads. I have been baptized and am a Catholic. My beads and my cross have been torn from my neck and they want to force me to follow the Protestant religion. My uncle who is powerful, promises me to get me named chief if I cease to be a Catholic. I refused and ran away; take me away, Father, and defend me, for I am your child by baptism." It is useless to add, dear readers, that I heard this poor little one's prayer. In your name I have adopted him, counting on your benevolent charity to help me to bring him up.

A few minutes later a young girl of fifteen approaches me and speaks thus: "Father, I want to be a Catholic, but my parents are opposed to it, and the teacher has promised me five rupees (\$1.70) if I consent to embrace his religion. I rejected his offer because it is the religion that you preach that I want to know. Give me a medal of the Virgin, Father, and protect me." Was it possible to leave this soul of good will be lost? Assuredly not, I sent her to the Station of Hoima to our good Black Teachers, and once more Providence, by the medium of a charitable person, must help me.

A last trait. Alongside of the poor reed church and of the catechist's hut lives a pious old man, Petro: all his children with the exception of a daughter who is still

studying catechism, are Christians. This girl, Petro when still an infidel, had sold to a pagan. The child being now marriageable, the latter came and insisted that she should be given up to him. Not desirous to abandon his daughter to such a man, and the child on her side refusing energetically to marry a pagan, Petro proposed to reimburse to his debtor the sum which he had received from him. The latter obstinately refused, got into a terrible rage, and went away saying: "You won't be long without hearing from me." Petro did hear from him! The following night his hut was put on fire and by a visible protection of Providence if the wind had not suddenly changed Sirasi's hut and the little church would have been destroyed by the flames.

Sirasi is alone here and it would need three catechists at Kilyangobe. Where shall we find the resources to instal the precious auxiliaries and to give them a living! They can come only from the charity of compassionate and zealous souls. (1) After my modest dinner, I pass into each of the huts to salute in their homes Christians and catechumens, which makes them so happy, I encourage a poor man who is dying of consumption. For the last time I unite my flock, bless them, and take leave of them, as I am to start very early to-morrow morning.

(1) Who would not help the Missionary to instal some of these precious Auxiliaries in all the villages of his district? Is not that practically the best means of cooperating to his Apostolate? An aim of fifteen dollars is sufficient for the maintenance of a catechist for a year and we ask it to transmit it to R. F. Drost.





VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF SOUTH VICTORIA
NYANZA.

Letter from R. F. Bourget to one of his friends.

STATION OF OSMAO.

My dear friend,

You must find that my pen is very idle and slow to thank you : believe me on my word, it is none of its fault. Heavier instruments, not so easy and especially less agreeable to handle, have made me put it away in the corner of the pen-box where it has got covered with rust. It has got out to-day because I am obliged to remain indoors. It rains outside since six this morning, and inside since the same time. The roof, like a filtre, lets the rain pour in from every where. It rains in the middle of my room and in all the corners ; on my camp-bed, it rains so much that, to be able to sleep in peace, I must open my umbrella ; the water drops on the three boards of my library, on the chairs, on a corner of my table. As you see, if it is not amusing, it has the advantage, at least in these equatorial countries, of being very refreshing !.. In the month of March 1907 at the foundation of Mansa, we were in the same situation : the spouts instead of being outside were inside.

In January 1911, here we are at Osmao, still in misery.
“ Osmao ”,— this name sounds to your ears for the first

time — is a little kingdom neighboring Victoria Nyanza; it may count 70,000 souls. We are at 9 hours walk from the station of Bukumbi, and at 12 from that of Mansa; being too far from either of the posts to allow us to visit them often, especially when we must go all in a draught, “pedibus, cum jambis..”

Do you imagine what a foundation is?

Probably not, or at most, in a very imprecise manner.

Then one day you receive a letter from Monseigneur, the Vicar Apostolic, who tells you to go in such a place to found a Mission. You know the country, or you have simply heard of it; it is near or it is far off from the post that you inhabit, the distance may vary from 20 to 200 or 250 miles. As soon as the news is received, the worry of the combat commences. The boxes are taken out that quietly were at rest under a thick layer of dust; and inside is crowded books, stationary, necessaries of toilet, clothes, and other things we can get. All must be arranged so as not to exceed 50 lbs. a box, for our only mode of transport is the shoulders of our negroes, who, to be able to furnish a journey of 6 or 7 hours a day, must not be too heavily laden.

On the day that has been appointed, the caravan starts, stops at different places, and at last arrives at the place named. Evidently in negro country we find nowhere “house for sale”, “house to let”, “dining room”, etc. we remain under the tents till we are able to build a native hut. We start at least three missionaries together. In the night, it is cold, and during the day we are scorched to death. That is the situation.

During the first days we look out for a populous centre; we try, in what we choose, to ally the agreeable to the useful, that is: a dense population, an elevated place where the Mission will be well seen and where the Missionary, with a fine prospect, can also enjoy good air, a very healthy place, not too far off from the water. This problem resolved, there still remains the theorem of the workmen and the buildings. It is this last mentioned

which occupies us presently. I hope that the end of the year, with good health, will also have its resolution, at least in part, for outside of the house we must build a small temporary chapel, a class, and a catechism room.

We have already commenced to fell down wood for the joiner's work and the carpenter's, which we will cut up in the rainy weather ; then in the beginning of June, we will model bricks, and bake a part of them ; but for the



During class : on the right side the Catechist Teacher.

greater number, we will use them as they are, that is to say simply dried.

The present year will be fecund in material work ; may our fatigues be profitable to the poor pagans who surround us !

■ Some Christian families have accompanied us ; and others from Bukumbi are expected for next summer ; thus

we shall have the consolation of exercising a little of our ministry.

The pagans will also receive our visit ; we shall thus make the spiritual and material works advance together.

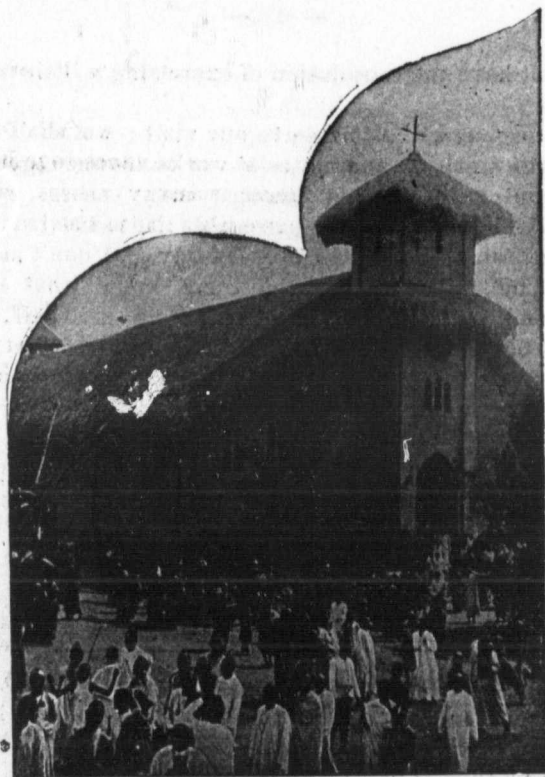
One thing is wanting amongst many others, which would be useful as well as agreeable : it is a bell to invite our faithful, on Sundays and week days. I don't ask for a great bell, of which we would not know what to do with, and that would be hard to place ; a small bell, say a weight of 30 or 50 lbs would do. I tell you this very low in your ear, but with the permission for you to scream 'it on the roofs so that before the end of the year we may have our bell.

I finish by what I should have commenced, in thanking you and my dear Confreres for the superb phonograph that you were so kind as to send us : it arrived for Christmas day 1910. The Negroes were so charmed with it that, when we wished to close the entertainment, they screamed to have it repeated. The day before yesterday about ten men had come to pay us their respects, I made a sign to the Brother to play a tune : immediately my negroes looked at one another with a stupefied look ; then one of them thinking better : " Father, said he to me, listen to your child who is screaming." Come and see it I said to them. In perceiving the speaking machine exclamations without end were heard, and jumps to make the most experienced clown in his art jealous : " With that said one, you would stop a dance." They must be very much interested in it for I know no amusement that they love with a greater passion.

It is already so well known that they come from every where to listen to it. After the representation I give another one with my picture catechism. The Negro needs amusements to be drawn forth. Thanks ; once more, thanks !

I recommend myself to your prayers ; and also this newly born mission. The conversion of a people needs so many graces. I will ask you to express my gratitude to all these true friends who have thought of me, poor missionary lost in the furthest end of Africa.

LEON BOURGET, *of the White Fathers.*



Coming out of church.

**LETTER FROM R. F. U. BEAUCHAMP TO HIS
PARENTS.**

O. L. OF THE SNOWS, JULY 23rd 1911.

My very dear Parents,

R. F. Forbes left Toro yesterday, after having been there a week. Of all the Canadians he has visited in our different stations, it is I who have had the happiness

of possessing him the longest. What happiness to speak with him of Canada, and of the great city of St Jerome, "of which Montreal is but a suburb!" and of the Seminary of Ste Therese, from where God has called me to the Apostolic life. On his return to Canada, R. F. Forbes will go and see you and give you all the news and show you the photos that he has taken here. You will see that your worthy son does not say an untruth when he tells you that health and happiness are his amidst the unceasing works of the Mission.

He told me that you had been as long as two months without hearing from me. This pained me, but did not surprise me, for myself I have been as long as four months without receiving your letters who went galloping round Europe, Asia, and Africa. He will tell you that the Toro is not at Europe's door nor even at Ntebe's: from this last mentioned place to here R. F. Forbes took fourteen days to come.

I have taken him out a little everywhere, trying to give him an idea of my works. He was very much satisfied. He has exhorted me to write often, so as to help him to recruit a greater number of subjects in Canada. Here, it is true, the works are increasing. At Toro we are four for a work that would need eight Missionaries. How many stations could be founded amidst pagan populations, very dense, if we were more numerous!

Endeavour, dear Parents, in your daily beads and in your communions, to ask of God to increase our little Society, so that we can spread the Church in these regions where Satan reigns as a master. The harvest is ripe here it remains but to be gathered; but the work men are wanting.

To-morrow five hundred new Christians will receive the sacrament of Confirmation; and in five days it will be the turn of two hundred little children who have made their First Communion. This is the harvest of this year 1910-1911. If we had been six or seven Missionaries we should have been able to instruct and baptize a thousand souls.

If, by your constant prayers, you obtain new Missionaries in Africa, you thus become Missionaries yourselves, and you will partake of their reward ; as you have a part in my works ; and to their reward, when “ you pray for me or send me alms, for he who helps the apostle will have the apostle’s reward. ”

R. F. Forbes baptized here 77 catechumens. Judge of his joy. Of this number, I had chosen 17 amongst the smallest and the best as regards good conduct and science. To the little boys I had given a small shirt; and a dress to the little girls. They were presents come from Canada, which arrived here while F. Forbes was with us. When these dear children were dressed, I brought them to F. Forbes. He found them so nice that he took their photos with me in the centre of the group. I thank you very much for these nice little suits, and I hope, if it is not asking too much, that you will send me some more. As for the color, white is preferable. None of our children having less than 10 these clothes must not be too short. The most simple pattern is the best. For modesty sake the little dresses must have sleeves. Au revoir, dear Parents. Let us pray for one another so that we may all go to heaven.

UL. BEAUCHAMP.

African Miss.

LETTER FROM A BLACK SEMINARIST.

This letter written in the Ruganda language and of which we give the literal translation, is the expression of the gratitude of one of our black seminarists to a nun of the General Hospital of Quebec, who received from generous friends the sum necessary to the foundation of a purse, assuring for life the education of a candidate to priesthood in Uganda. The happy beneficiary of this purse, little Peter Kulwa Katonda, writes to her whom he calls with great truth his mother:—

SEMINARY OF UGANDA,

Villa Maria.

To my mother Alphonsus of Ligori,

I salute you, mother full of kindness. My mother, the reason why I write you this letter is to tell you this: I was working the other day when the Father called me and said to me: "Father Forbes who comes to see us has brought this news: where he comes from in America, there is a Sister who has sent what is necessary to dress and feed you. She wishes to have a seminarist, to help him, to do everything for him, and it is for this reason that I call you that you may be her child." Mother, when I heard these words of the Father I was filled with joy, and this is why I write to you to introduce myself to you and to speak to you of me.

Here I am, I your child. I salute you with love and joy.

How much I thank you for the attentions that you have had for me, and for all that you have done for us Seminarists, you who help us poor Blacks, who feed and dress us. Thank you, my mother, to have chosen and adopted me for your child. To tell you the truth, I don't know how you look like, for you are very far away; but what you have done for me is worth so much! So I am happy to have you as a help in my work. In the house of heaven I have numerous protectors; but the more we have and more the work succeeds.

Thus you, my mother, you know what is the work I am speaking of: it is the preparation to priesthood. It is now two years that I am at the Seminary. I am a member of the Holy Rosary. In my class, which is the third, we are twelve. Our professor is Father Esser. We learn Latin and other things. Thus, my mother, if God wills it I promise you to persevere in His service and to apply myself with all my heart. My two old parents are still living, and pagans, unhappily. I have two brothers and three sisters. All are baptized, excepting my youngest sister Buwala, who will soon be. The others, here are their names: Thomas, Blandine, Natalie and Leandre.

My mother, I have no present to give you, what I have I offer to you my daily prayers and especially my communions. May Our Lord help you to succeed in the daily work that you do for Him, until the day when He calls you to His kingdom.

And I as you see, I also want His help in my work.

Thus do not forget me in your prayers and communions. Ask Our Lord for me the strength that I may execute in all things the orders of my masters.

Then, my mother, "see yourself," may God give you all the graces that you need, and may our Mother the Virgin Mary and St Joseph pray for you...

I, your child,

PETER KULWA KATONDA.

The undersigned superior has left Peter speak alone and has translated his letter the most literally possible. He has nothing to add unless a short praise of this child whose intelligence, piety, et modesty satisfy all his masters who unanimously made him the object of your so generous care.

J. LS. GORJU, of the White Fathers.

Superior



VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF UPPER CONGO.

AN INCIDENT DURING A VOYAGE.

Account of Father A. Dumontier—It will be very soon a month, that the Father Superior and I went on an apostolic excursion. Some of our young Christian men accompanied us carrying the small luggage and the kitchen utensils.

Here we are in front of the Loalaba, a modest filament of water, if we compare it to the St Lawrence, which does not measure nevertheless less than from 300 to 400 yards from one bank to the other.

From the middle of the reeds which make the banks of the river, the Blacks of the place draw out little boats of whom no one would have suspected the presence.

Those frail skiffs, real life losers, have just three yards long by half a yard or a little more wide. Three or four men can take place in it. At the least movement the boat bends either to the right or to the left to upset very irreverently its passengers. A single rower placed in the front, directs it, and once launched, it is a pleasure to see the rapidity with which it flies on the water.

Our children get in first; soon the Father and I remain alone on the bank of the river. A last boat comes at last to take us. We squat down in the bottom, make the sign of the cross.... and on our way.

Before getting to the river properly called, we must row on a distance of 80 yards, in a narrow channel cut in the reeds. No one moves. We are launched full speed: the rower is in the front, the Father Superior in the mid-

dle, your servant at the back. All at once a sudden motion is felt and the boat goes under the water. The Black follows it, the Father Superior follows it, I follow it, we can but follow it. As far as where shall we sink did I instinctively think ! How can we swim in this channel, dressed and with shoes on. Thanks to God, by standing in the skiff we have water only up to the shoulders ; to tell the truth it was nearly enough.

The first moment of stupor passed, we laugh heartily... not long however, for the grunting of a hippopotamus answers us, the signal of a new danger. Generally this pachyderme attacks man but when he is attacked himself ; nevertheless he takes pleasure in opening the boats. Not being able to guess his intentions towards us, we simply confide in good Providence. "What God keeps is well kept."—Our rower takes a stake that happily he finds, and we hail another boat. All have preceded us ; we are then forced to wait in the water and fearing the hippopotamus, the return of one of them.

During this time we look out for the cause of our unlucky bath. It is very simple : thrown vigorously, our canoe having met with a strong root of an aquatic plant, instead of passing it got under it. Instantaneously it filled with water ; from thence the plungeon with the crew, passengers, and cargo. At last a boat arrives and we hoist ourselves into it ; others come also, and escorted by them, we finish our passage of the Loalaba. We all were a little moved, wet to the skin : but we were safe. We had but to thank God, which we did at once...





MISSION OF KABYLIE.

RIETTE, HER FATHER, AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Account of F. E. Amat.

Anthony, the ancient brigand, is a very good Christian; but until lately he neglected Holy Communion a little. He left several weeks pass, even certain great feasts, without approaching the Holy Table. He wanted a serious recall to this great duty of Christian piety. He got it; and it is from his daughter a little child of two years and a half, Henriette—Riette as we call her here, that it came to him quite lately.

It was the 19th March last. According to the custom of the Mission, we were celebrating very solemnly the feast of St Joseph. The altar of the Holy Patriarch was covered with flowers; the chapel was full and there was general Communion. One man only remained in his place when the Bread of Angels was distributed, Anthony, the brave but too neglectful Anthony.

Riette—could we have believed it!—from her mother's arms where she was, remarked this abstention, and was sorry of it, like scandalized.

When the moment arrived for the men to receive Holy Communion, the little one, as her mother relates, followed with her eyes the goers and comers. Now and then turning towards her, Riette said in her infantine language.

“Moummou ibah ! Zesu ! Zesu !

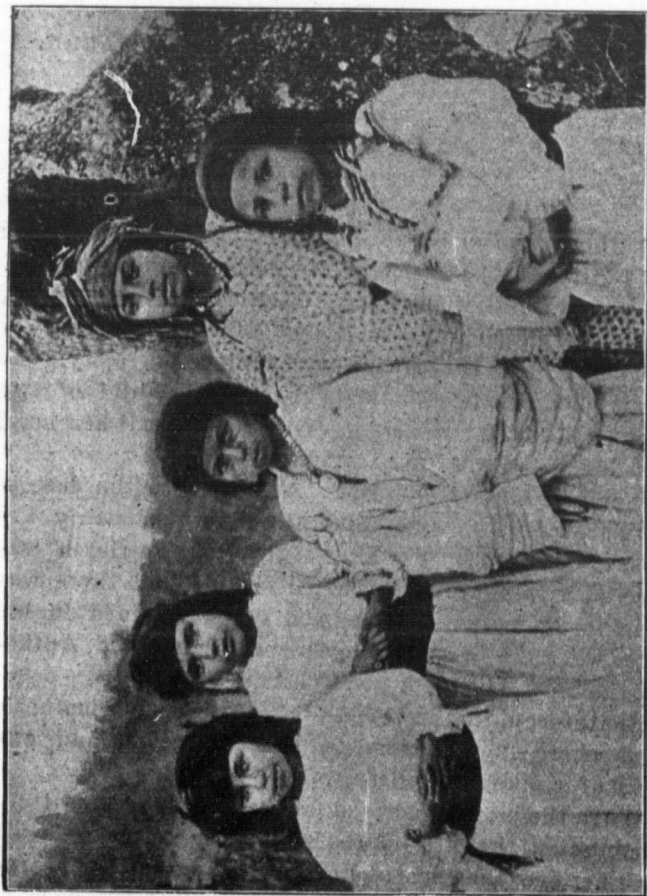
“These men are good, they all go to Jesus !

“Zesu ibah ! Moummou ! Moummou !

“Jesus is nice’ he goes to all these men.

Whilst Riette murmurs these words to her mother’s ear, her pretty little face brightens up, and all her body makes starts of happiness.

But suddenly all these marks of sweet joy cease. The



The little Christians of Ouadhias.

child had perceived that her dear papa had not been to Jesus, and she seemed surprised and pained. Turning towards mother, she whispers out these four words, like a sigh : “Baba ifoh ! zesu habache.”

"Papa smells bad ! Jesus is not in him ".
Saying this the little angel—Riette of Jesus as we could well call her—tried to guess what her mother thought of all this.

Hortense, Riette's mother, saw the movement and did nothing to hide that she was completely of the same opinion concerning papa. But at the same time she made her a little sign that meant: Little Riette, you have spoken enough: we are in little Jesus' house, where we must not speak.

The child has understood and keeps quiet. But at once her eye goes from her father to the tabernacle and from the tabernacle to her father.

During this mysterious going and coming of her clear look, was not Riette asking pardon to the nice Jesus for her father who was not nice?.. Only the Angels know it; but it seems to me that this gesture was the sensible sign of some communication of this kind.

Nevertheless the Mass and thanksgiving finished, each one enters his hut to take his breakfast and prepare for Grand Mass.

Anthony and Hortense do like the rest. Whilst the latter heats a little *kouskous* made the day before, the former sitting in a corner, is waiting to hear the call: "Approach and say in the name of God." It is the formula of invitation to come and eat.

To find the time of waiting shorter and no doubt to satisfy his fatherly heart, Anthony invites his little girl to come to him.

"Riette, he says, come here to papa."

"Riette turns a deaf ear.

"Riette, insists Anthony, come quick and make "bah" to papa, come and kiss him.

A wry month is all the child's answer.

Anthony is on the point of getting vexed. Hortense who notices it, tries to persuade the little one to go quick and kiss papa, she even pushed her towards him.

All her trouble is lost. Riette will not walk. Then Anthony and Hortense both addressing the little head strong girl :

“ Riette does not love papa any more ? ”

“ Riette won't obey mamma ? ”

Thus taken between two fires, she makes up her mind to answer, by repeating only the words which she murmured in the chapel :

“ Moummou ibah ! Zesu ! ”

“ Baba ifoh ! Zesu habache. ” Meaning by this that she is vexed because her father has not received Holy Communion like the other faithful.

Anthony although accustomed to the manner in which his little daughter expressed herself did not catch on to the meaning of Riette's words and gesture. Hortense undertakes to explain all to him. And she further adds remarks altogether appropriate to the circumstance, the whole forming on frequent communion a sermon according to all the rules, that the smart woman concluded by sending her auditor straight into hell, if he continued to go to communion so seldom.

Then Anthony, who was moved at all this, addresses himself to his daughters, saying :

“ You are right not to want your papa. I smell bad as you say, but I swear to you it won't last. ”

This said, the brave man remains thoughtful for a little while in his corner. Standing up at last he swallows a few spoonfuls of warm kouskous, and comes to relate to me what I have just written. In finishing his recital, he adds :

“ Look here, Father, if I had not broken the fast, I would confess myself at once and would go to communion immediately in Riette's presence.

—“ That would be very well Anthony. Then the little one would not say :

“ Baba ifoh ! Papa smells bad. ”

She would say on the contrary with her most angelical smile :

“ Baba ibah ! Zesu ! Zesu ! ”

“Papa is nice he has received Jesus.”

A sigh of infinite regret, was all Anthony's answer. But I know, he has taken at once the resolution not to scandalize nor pain his daughter, as he had done that morning.

EMILE AMAT, *of the W. F.*

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF NYASSA.

LETTER OF FATHER TESSIER.

Missionary at St Joseph's, Nyassa.

MONICA

—The 30th of December last, my zealous confrere, Father Dehuisseire, is called for in a great hurry to see a poor old woman who is dying at two hours walk from here. She is in one of the villages the least learned and the least well disposed to receive baptism. She has made unhappily, but very rare appearances to the catechism. Moreover the fear of baptism, as a mortal sorcery, has only just commenced to disappear. So, by hastening his walk, the Father asks himself, with anxiety, if the sick woman will consent to be baptized.

Thanks to God the conversation is most satisfying: the sick woman does not wish at all to go to the devil: I am suffering already too much, says she, to be so audacious as to throw myself into eternal fire; God is good to cleanse my soul: baptize me that I may become his child and go to his home.

The Father baptizes her by the name of Monica, and comes home pleased, thanking God for the sentiments of faith that he has been able to inspire to the old woman. Now, says he, she can die and go to heaven.

Nevertheless such is not the will of God. After a few weeks all danger disappears, strength is restored to Monica; and at the same time also comes back to him who has baptized her new and serious anxieties: this old woman has not much memory and lives too far for her instruction to be completed easily. Will she not return to paganism and how will she be saved in the ignorance of the sacraments of Penance and Eucharist?

Let me commence by making her come to Mass on Sundays, so that Divine Grace may supply to the natural faculties of this soul, thought the Father. So one day he had made the Catechism in the village where Monica lives, he takes her aside:

“ Monica, you are a Christian. ”

“ Yes, Father. ”

—“ Christians come and adore God in his house every Sunday, and you who are his daughter, can you not come sometimes ? ”

“ Yes, I also wish to pray God, but His church is far from here and my legs are old. ”

—“ But you have sons catechumens; they can bring you in a boat on Saturday that you may pray on Sunday. ”

—“ I will tell them, Father, but you must teach them Father, to count the days, for I am unable to know when Saturday comes. ”

—“ Well, your sons are intelligent, they will not be mistaken; so in five days ! ”

It was a decided affair; so since five months, except twice and for good reasons, Monica comes every Saturday in a boat. She generally remains at the Mission village two days and during this time assists at prayers, catechism, benediction and mass. I would have liked to make her make her first communion at Easter and for this reason I had proposed to her to remain at the Mission a whole month to get instructed. She remained ten days and returned home to nurse her sick husband: she was able to come back but for the feast, unhappily with yet too little instruction to be able to go to confession

and communion. Nevertheless I hope with the grace of God and His good will, to admit her very soon to the sacraments.

Her evident good-will is well characterized by the following fact. Last month, one of her nephews fell dangerously ill : “ Go and see him quick, and baptize him ”, said Monica.

—But my brave Monica, we cannot baptize whom we wish, but only those who believe and want to : your nephew’s baptism depends of himself not of me.

—Do not leave him die a pagan, baptize him, you must, repeated Monica.



Nyassa : street in a village

A Father goes to see the sick man. A long time before his return Monica comes back to sit under our veranda ; she is waiting anxiously : is her nephew baptized or not ? —The sun sets, the Father comes back, Monico can at last go away happy: her nephew is baptized !..

KATOMOMBO.

He is ten years old ; more intelligent than the average, more serious than for his years, he gives the impression of some one who has secrets and wishes to keep them for himself. What are they ? I know one, and that one I will tell you. Little Kato is a catechumen of the first hour ; always attending the catechisms which he knows to perfection, always assiduous to prayers, he wishes ardently for one thing, baptism. Unhappily for him our Mission is only at its beginning, and his Lordship our Vicar Apostolic orders us to baptize, for the present, but the adults whose perseverance is more assured and whose ascendancy on the crowds of catechumens and pagans is greater. It is little Kato's despair. Nevertheless he has found an expedient :

“ Father, said he to me, give me a sheet of paper to write to Monseigneur the Bishop.

—Here, my little one, I said to him; and be eloquent in your request.

Soon after he comes back joyful, bringing me his letter that I will send ; I unfold the sheet and read :

“ Monseigneur the Bishop, it is I Katomombo ; you are chief, do tell our Father to baptize me as soon as possible. You came in this country for our good, to deliver us from the slavery of Satan ; I beg of you, I your child, get me baptized, I wish it very much.”



VARIETIES.

TWO TOWNS OF TRIPOLITAINE : TRIPOLI AND R'DAMÈS.

The Italian Turkish war has drawn the attention on Tripolitaine. This country recalls moving souvenirs to the Society of the White Fathers. To penetrate into the region of Soudan, a first group of Missionaries had left South Algiers in the beginning of the year 1876. These bold pioneers had Touaregs for guides. These guides were their executioners and the Sahara was reddened with the blood of the Fr. F. Paulmier, Menoret, and Bouchand. After this first attempt, they abandoned the idea of penetrating into Soudan by South Algeria. and Mgr Lavignerie thought of Tripolitaine as the starting point. In 1878, F. Louis Richard went to establish himself at R'damès, a town situated at about fifteen days walk at the South of Tripoli. Even at Tripoli a Procure was established for the revictualling of the Mission of R'dames, and of the future stations that they hoped to be established on the way to Soudan.

At the end of the year 1381, leaving at R'dames three missionaries, F. Louis Richard started with two confreres, the F. F. Morat and Pouplard, to go and found a mission at Ghat, town situated at 20 or 25 days walk south of R'dames. Three days after their departure, these valiant missionaries were butchered by their guides.

This second way was judged as dangerous as the first. Thirteen years later, Soudan was opened to Evangelization by the way of Senegal.

We shall read with interest the description of Tripoli and R'dames owed to the pen of two Missionaries who

inhabitated these cities in 1881. F. Sevignon describes Tripoli in a letter of the 8th of June 1881.

1° TRIPOLI.

Tripoli resembles all the cities of the East: an ugly picture in a pretty frame, frame which is formed by its horizon, so pure, so large, by its sea so capricious, by its palm-trees, so slim, so graceful. It is true once you have entered the town, you see nothing but dark and winding streets filled with dirt of all kinds, where horrible youngsters are disputing, fighting in company of famished and peevish looking dogs always ready to find *casus belli*, ones towards the others, at last some little paltry sheds elevated to the dignity of stores, where the most incongruous goods are accumulated. The streets are crossed by the proud and haughty Turk who proudly examines you from head to foot; by the disdainful Arab, who hardly looks at you; by the Greek, great flatterer; by the people of Soudan and the Sahara, that you easily recognize by their costumes and their forward manner; by the Jew you could never have seen more sordid, more repulsive than here; by the Maltese, sobre and generally good Catholics, although very anxious to make money; by the Italians who are here in great majority on all the other nations.

I was going to forget the soldiers of the Turkish militia and it would have been a pity. Recruited principally from the vicinity of Trebizonde, or from the Balkan mountains, they do not seem much like a *bachi bouzouk* (body of Turkish troops), practicing drill only what is needed to have an idea of it. They do not seem as proud as our Algerian natives, of the power, of the grandeur of the extensiveness of the empire of the Osmanlis empire, and of its incomparable capital, the great Stamboul.

The sentinels quietly seated in their sentry-box, put aside their murderous weapons to take the darning.

needle or the knitting needle, and succeed better in Minerva's works than in Bellone's.

In Tripoli, not a monument to mention, but the arc of triumph of Marc Aurele, magnificent monument that the carelessness of the government lets fall in ruins and of which very soon nothing will remain. The pacha's lodging (I cannot resign myself to write palace) is insignificant and the mosques have absolutely nothing remarkable.

In going out of Tripoli, you go into the oasis. Its two millions of palm trees, its orange trees, its groves of olive trees, its thickets of Arabian Jasmynes whose odor is so intoxicating and so loved by the Arab, its white houses so pleasant amongst all this verdure, the cupolas of the Koubas detached in its blue sky, the song of the nightingale, the plaintive cooing of the turtle dove, the view of the desert that we perceive with its caravans of Algeria, its fields of Indian corn and of luzerne, are kept in good order, its gardens well cultivated: the women working them, seem not so nervous, less apathetic, less oppressed than elsewhere.

Notwithstanding this work, the part of Tripolitaine, that we inhabit, cannot nourish its inhabitants, also is it in the commerce with the Sahara and Soudan that the population finds a living.

(To be continued.)



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.

Cancelled Stamp Work :

1 ^o From Chicago, ransom of Henry.....	\$20.00
2 ^o From Common Fund ransom of a girl.....	20.00
From Oldenburg, ransom of Cath.—Frances by miss Stomp....	20.00
“ Monton, Ohio, ransom of John Joseph	20.00
“ Montreal, for catechumen.....	5.00
“ Quebec, for the Mission.....	5.00
From Brooklyn, Christmas gift to the African Mission.....	2.00
From Berkeley, “ “ “ “	2.00
From Waverly, installment for a ransom.....	2.00
From Montreal, for First Communion.....	3.00
From Victoria, for the Mission.....	2.00
From Los Angeles, Christmas gift to the African Mission.....	1.00
From different places “ “ “ “	39.65

For Reconstruction of Rubaga Church :

Miss E. C.....	\$1.00	Mgr. M. F.....	\$10.00
Mrs W. S. M.....	1.00	Miss. E. C. G.....	1.00
Miss M. M.....	1.00	Mrs. F. L.....	1.00
Rev. B. C.....	1.00	Miss. R. K.....	1.00

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.

DECEASED

Mrs Stella Ryan, Belleville, Ont. Mrs James Hugues, London, Ont.
Mrs Thomas O'Connor.

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS

7 conversions.—12 vocations.—28 spiritual favors.—35 sick.—20 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 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.

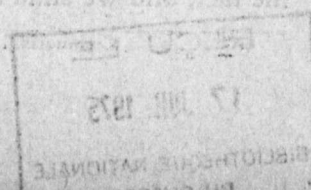
THE WHITE SISTERS

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

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

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

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



CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

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

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

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

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

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


We get off the paper in the following easy way:

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE

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

REC'D Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.

17 JUL. 1975

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