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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



WF

Our Lady Redemptrix of Slaves. - Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

and their spiritual welfare.
in the month of November, to
all our beloved Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters

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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 priests, to bless privately and according to the practise of the Church : 1° crosses and medals, applying to them the Plenary Indulgence for the hour of death ; 2° rosaries applying to them the "Brigittine" Indulgences.

Other favors granted to our Subscribers.

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

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For the Agonizing Blacks,

A prayer, in your charity.

Authorized statistics give the number of persons dying each day throughout the world as **140,000**.

This multitude of souls appearing before the Tribunal of the Sovereign Judge to receive eternal sentence includes about 25,000 Catholics, 15,000 heretics or schismatics and **100,000 infidels**.

Every day, then, in the immense African regions confided by the Church to our little Society for evangelization, thousands of poor infidels, fetishists and polygamists, pass out of this world and await their destiny in another. Death fills these unhappy people with fear, and not without grave reasons.

We implore you then to pray to-day, and every day for the infortunate Blacks in their last moment of agony.

Ask God to grant them :

Either the grace of a holy Baptism before expiring or,

The dispositions of heart necessary for an equivalent **Baptism by desire**.

A prayer in your charity

for

Poor Blacks in their Agony.

God will not fail to reward You.

Third Year, No. 5.—May 1911.



APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF OUNYANYEMBE.

GLEANINGS

Two old ladies, Elizabeth and Oda.— A poor man.— Good Rosa.

THERE are some very interesting tales to tell about the Mission of Ounyanyembe, which includes no less than fourteen Stations. The Bulletin of July 1910, gave the list of the priests, the neophytes, and the achievements of this Vicariate, which is governed by Mgr Gerboin.

An old pagan, Elizabeth.

“Recently,” writes the Rev. Fr. Superior of the Station of St. Joseph of Ndala, “I experienced a great happiness.”

“On returning from an apostolic tour through the towns and villages of our district, I found myself in the presence of a poor old negress who seemed very ill. Such was her condition that death seemed not far away. The sick woman was a pagan *endurcie*, who had never wished to pray, although she lived near the gates of the Mission, and had several Christians in her family.”

“Without idle phrases or meaningless precautions I said to her: “You are ill, little mother; it is necessary to think of Him who created you, and Whom your children serve?”

“Father,” she answered, “baptize me; I wish to go to Heaven.”

“ But do you know what this baptism is, of which you speak ? ”

“ Baptism is the water that washes souls ; Heaven is the home of God.”

“ Who taught you that ? ”

“ It was my daughter who did it.”

I continued my examination for some time ; her responses proved most satisfactory. I encouraged the sick woman, exhorted her to pray, and promised to bring her Holy Water the next morning, that her soul might be cleansed. — Accordingly, this was done, and the old mother received the name of Elizabeth. —

Two days afterwards she went to Heaven : the daughter had saved her mother by her instruction.

Oda the abandoned one.

“ One of the works of charity of the Mission of Our Lady of Hope of Ousambiro,” Rev. Fr. Vander Burgt tells us, “ is caring for the old. The unhappy Blacks, crippled and abandoned, find an asylum here ; many among them, led hither doubtless by their guardian angels, enter only to die after receiving baptism. Such is the mystery of predestination ! ”

“ Two months ago, two Christian women of our village came running to me in great haste.”

“ Father, come quickly ! While coming through the forest, where we had been gathering wood, we found beside the path, an old woman who is near death,”

“ I ran to the spot. It was a very aged Moussouwi woman thin as a skeleton, and so weak she could scarcely make a movement.”

“ Our two Christians brought her a little nourishment and this strengthened her sufficiently to allow her being carried to the shelter of a hut. The unhappy one rallied a little, but the state of her health was such that we were sure her days were numbered, so I charged our zealous catechist Scholastica, a Moussouwi like herself, to instruct her twice a day.”

“Finally, as her last agony approached, Oda was baptized and then soon after, the soul of this poor creature ascended to Heaven.”

Like many others — it was then the time of a famine— *she had been chased away from home, or at least abandoned by her pagan children.* Oda then directed her steps toward the north in order to seek for a little food among her relations at Nyongazi. Thus her guardian angel had conducted her to the Mission.”

“How happy is the lot of the Missionary who is chosen in spite of his unworthiness, to serve as the instrument of Providence in administering its admirable designs !”

A poor old man.

The poor old man who recently gave us cause for a great edification belonged to the rough mountain tribe of the Ouroundi, for whose conversion our brothers at the station of St. Anthony Mougira, are working.

“Our efforts,” says the Superior of the Post, Fr. Henri Bonneau, “on account of many difficulties, were somewhat restricted during the first years, but we are now able to proceed on a broader scale. Our influence is being felt at a great distance from the station, and in this new district we have placed a number of good Christians and some catechumens to keep the religious zeal from flagging.

We have been able to convert not only children and young people, but even fathers of families and old men; this means quite a triumph when it is considered that a long life of paganism makes the spirit all the more rebellious against grace.

Some of the old men are very fond of the catechism lessons, and we have one especially, who in good weather or bad, does not fail to appear at an early hour before the house, where he takes up a comfortable position on the ground and patiently awaits the hours for instructions. I think he has never missed a lesson.

“I am old,” he sometimes says, “but since I have

learned about the king Father who rewards those who serve Him, I come to pray Him to have pity on my last days.

Often my legs refuse to move, but I drag first one then the other, and they finally succeed in getting myself here."

The head of this faithful creature, alas, does not obey him as well as his legs, for it is hard enough to instill some of the truths of religion in it; but of course we do not require of this ancient grand father, what we expect from youths. Our Lord came to bring peace to men of good will, and that this dear old man is full of this good will, his constant attendance proves.

Good Rosa.

Mgr Francis Gerboin, Apostolic Vicar of Ouyanyembe, tells us in brief what the good Rosa has done.

Rosa is a widow. — She was married to Josefou, a brave Black who was proud to bear the title of gardener that we had given him. — Their modest *menage* was truly Christian; but alas! sickness took possession of their home, and attacked Josefou, who soon succumbed. He slept piously in the Lord, leaving to his young widow the care of their little Mathias, an infant but newly born.

Some months later misfortune visited another family near-by. After having taken most excellent care of her helpless husband for five years, a Christian woman of the same village died very suddenly. The husband, poor Petro, a great sufferer, was now a widower with a poor baby of three months to bring up as best he could.

I was attending the case, and was asking myself how I could come to the help of this unfortunate family, when I saw Rosa approaching.

She knelt before me, and saluted me without saying a word.

"You have doubtless something to submit to me, my child," I said.

"Yes, Reverend Monseigneur."

“ And what is it ? ”

“ Death has visited our village, Father.”

“ I know it, Rosa, and here is poor Petro deprived of his wife who was so good a Christian, and so devoted to his welfare.”

“ Yes, Father, and there is also the little orphan, and then ? ”

“ What do you wish to say ? ”

“ Well, Father, my Mathias, whom you see here, is very strong, I can wean him and let the little orphan take his place. Instead of one child, I will then have two.”

In truth, it was difficult for me not to let my emotion become apparent. Behold then, I said to myself, what sentiments the Gospel awakens in these hearts; what fruits of devotion and charity holy Baptism produces in that who are but Christians of a day ! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for having called me to Missionary work amongst these dear black people !

Meanwhile Rosa awaited my response.

“ It is God, my child, who inspired this good thought. Go, and He will bless you and pay you back a hundred fold for your kindness to this orphan.”

And Rosa went and took the orphan, and weaned Mathias, who gave his place in his mother's arms to his little adopted brother.

Let us add a word to the story of Monseigneur. What a difference between the conduct of the pagan children of the aged Oda, and the charity of that good Christian Rosa !





APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF NYASSA.

I. — STATION OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES AT CHILONGA.

The Apostolic Vicariate of Nyassa possesses six Stations in British South Africa. The February Bulletin gave the history of one of these: Our Lady of Good Help at Chilubula.

To-day we are happy to furnish our readers with a report of the Superior of Our Lady of Lourdes at Chilonga, established in the same British colony of South Africa.

Two things impress us on reading this report, first, that God has noticeably blessed the work of our companions, and second, that a vast amount of labor is yet necessary in order to convert a population scattered over 15,000 sq. miles, and dependent solely upon the Missionaries of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Report of Fr. Eugene Pueth, Superieur of the Chilonga Mission.

For purposes of clearness, I will divide this account in two parts: interior Mission, or the Christians of Chilonga and the neighboring hamlets; exterior Mission, or the pagans scattered over the 15,000 miles forming our entire district.

I. — Interior Mission: Chilonga and its environs. Fervent Christianity.

There is only one thing to say of our Christians, and that is, that they are fervent, and take their religion as a serious matter.

Of the 250 baptized persons admitted to the sacraments, hardly two pass fifteen days without confessing. We have always advised frequent confession and communion, but we never said we expected them to communicate every eight or fifteen days. They themselves seemingly understand that if the body needs nourishment to sustain it,

the soul also must be strengthened, and that is by being faithful to their duties as Christians that they are going to renovate the source of life. We have indeed, for the greater part of the year, some 30 catechists at work outside of the Mission. Every Sunday we give Holy Communion to 140 or 150 persons, without counting those who present themselves daily, and whose number is not less than 30 each day.

It is generally thought that the women of this country are less serious and devout than the men, but I cannot in truth affirm this myself, for at Chilonga they approach the Sacrament quite as often as the sterner sex, many, indeed communicating three, four or even five times a week!

This frequenting of the Sacrament produces in certain souls a delicacy of conscience so scrupulous, that if they pass a month or more without sufficient matter for absolution, they add some sin of their past life. Of course such men and women are not numerous, but we have such penitents even here.

The great punishment.

To deprive our male or female Christians of the sacraments for fifteen days, or three weeks, is a terrible punishment for them.

I recall that at one time, on account of a public fault, not only grave in itself, but of such frequent occurrence as to cause scandal, I interdicted the communion of two Christians for two months. Many were the pleas and supplications for readmittance at the Holy Table before the date fixed. I granted their request, and to their credit be it said, I never had cause to regret it, for they never again repeated the offence for which they were punished.

Another day, I went to the home of two married neophytes. There was trouble in the "*menage*;" the husband said his wife was insupportable, while she threw

all the blame upon her spouse, so both had concluded that they could no longer live together.

“ Very well,” I said, “ when peace is established, you can both come to Communion, not before.” — My words produced a magical effect, as half a day had scarcely passed when the two became reconciled and appeared before me saying : “ Father, our troubles are at an end ; now you can hear us, as all is well.”

The Catechism.

I have only a word to say about their perseverance in study of the catechism. A confrère from another Station passing through here, made this remark : “ It is extraordinary to see how well the men attend the catechism class in spite of the cold.” Yes, they come most faithfully, Cristians, catechumens, and even pagans. If, however, when the weather is most rigorous, the attendance falls off a little, we do not complain too much, as it takes some courage to leave home and a good warm fireside in order to come for instruction in halls where the wind penetrates on all sides. If we were in the place of these brave men would we do otherwise ?

A shadow on the picture : Marriage.

Such is the population among which we work in Chionga. Is it perfect, one asks ? No, it is not perfect, but we have on all sides consolations, as well as much to deplore. Our Christians have not yet been persuaded that marriage is a bond which cannot be severed, and it is necessary to teach them that they cannot by a simple yes or no, *unmarry* themselves as simply as they entered the state of matrimony. Formerly, in the ordinary state of things, there were some passing transgressors ; but it was indeed rarely that a refusal of the sacraments would fail to bring even the most obstinate to a state of repentance.

I have said that our parishioners have not yet a perfect realization of the indissolubility of the marriage tie ; but

this is not true of all here, as some of our Christians, — if you will permit me a slight digression, — have this idea so firmly implanted, that they take advantage of it, as one of the husbands affirmed.

Many times I listened to complaints of this nature : “ My wife, before her baptism, was sweet, obedient, respectful, the most amiable of women ; but since then, she will no longer listen to me, nor pay me any respect, and even goes so far as to insult me.”

“ Why is that ? ”

“ Oh it is very simple ! You see, Father, before baptism, she said to herself, I must obey my husband, for if I do not, soon he will send me away. Now she figures it out, I can do anything that comes into my head ; my husband cannot leave me.”

“ Why, my friend, do you think your wife is as bad as all that ? ”

“ Indeed I do, Father ; you do not know women, if you did, you would give different advice.”

“ If that is the case, listen : you say your wife acts badly because she thinks you cannot leave her. But does she know that she cannot abandon you either ? Show your authority by refusing a few times to give her new wearing apparel, that will teach her wisdom in a short time.”

“ Ah that is true, Father, you are right, and I will try your remedy at once.”

Christians and Laborers.

The men of Chilonga are not lazy. Although they were displeased at the edict of the government which obliged them, two years ago, to begin cutting down the forest trees, they set resolutely to work, and now have reaped the reward of their labors. While blackest misery existed in the surrounding villages, plenty reigned in Chilonga, and each day a long procession of women filed in to seek work in order to gain some nourishment. Chilonga has indeed saved many lives this year, by its crops of maize, potatoes, and above all, of manioc.

Permission to cut the trees has again been given, and the poor people have started to work in earnest, in larger numbers because, for a long time, they were forbidden this privilege ; but they have promised to continue cultivating their fields, so that they may not be deprived of food if the cutting down of the forest is again prohibited.

The fact that our men have been planting much during the rainy season, has interfered somewhat with our work ; however, our brave Blacks have shown the utmost good will, as they have come to help us without exception, some one, some two, and some three days. Thanks to them, and to the men whom the government furnished us, we have been able to accomplish our tasks in a fairly decent manner. Here, as elsewhere, if we wish to advance the cause of our Heavenly Father, we must develop the resources of the place, and seek to augment our revenues by intelligent cultivation of the land.

II.—Exterior Mission: the district of Chilonga.

By the exterior Mission, as I term it, I refer to the pagans scattered about the immense territory which forms the district of Our Lady of Lourdes of Chilonga.

This evangelization is not the least of our anxieties, as we ask ourselves with pain, how, in the face of its enormous development of last year, we can do any effective work in it with the three priests now at our disposal. If we were doing worldly work, we would be overwhelmed with discouragement, but since it is a divine Mission which we are trying to accomplish, we confide all to a kind Providence.

Our brave black catechists.

In June, 1908, we counted 50 villages that had been evangelized by a dozen catechists; to-day there are 114, which have been converted with infinite trouble, by 30 catechists, as they have a population which is more widely scattered than formerly. To be sure, our catechists are

not *savants*, but they display the best of dispositions, and, let it be said in their honor, a rare devotion to their task.

The people, ordinarily, at least, are not hostile to them; on the contrary they listen willingly to the word of God; but the villages are far apart, so our auxiliaries are often forced to walk long distances without rest, and after catechising the greater part of a day, may find nothing to eat at night, on account of famine which often desolates this country.

A proof: the famine.

I remember one day, during a tour which I made in September, after a march of eight hours, — we were wandering through a new district, — we arrived at a small hamlet comprising about thirty huts. Not a woman or child was to be seen, only three or four men were left.

My men were tired, and wished to rest, so we sat down in the shade.

The chief came up to salute me.

“ Well,” I said, “ you see my men are hungry; will you kindly bring us some food ? ”

He made a gesture of despair, and answered in low tones: “ I have absolutely nothing.”

“ And have you nothing for yourself? Must you go to bed hungry ? ”

“ We are waiting for our wives, who have gone to beg; but I do not know whether they will bring anything home or not.”

“ You are surely not in earnest! We passed your barns, and saw that all was bare around them and that they were closed. Is it because they are empty ? ”

“ We have put our baskets and kitchen utensils in them, but we have no food stored there.” The poor man indeed told the truth.

I do not know whether the women returned that day or not, but we were obliged to depart with only a drink of fresh water to sustain us.

Hunger is a bad adviser. “ The stomach does not starve

the ears," says the proverb, so it is not astonishing that our catechists are not often visited in such regions as this, nor is the progress in study very marked among the people. One is not surprised to find that the catechists do not remain long in these villages, and can they be blamed, when there is no means of subsistence ?

Consoling progress.

In spite of these difficulties, and many others as well, religion has progressed visibly in the districts under our care. Besides doubling the number of converted souls, the number of catechumens has risen from 300 to 1,000 (1), three fourths of whom live in distant villages. Most of these catechumens are advanced students, who have already administered baptism to infants or adults in danger of death.

The pagans are very well-disposed, and have no fear of baptism. A Christian passing through one of the villages where instruction had but just commenced, saw a sick child. With more zeal than tact he said to the father.

"Your child is very sick, do you wish to have me baptize it ?"

"Certainly, why not ? Do they not baptize at Chilonga ?"

"Yes, they baptize people there."

"And shall not we be baptized also some day ?"

"You will be when you are sufficiently instructed."

"Very well, then, baptize my child."

In another village, which the catechists were visiting for the first time, they heard weeping in the middle of the night. Rising at once, they went to the hut from whence issued the cries. They found a child in agony,

(1) Catechumens of the 3rd and 4th year. After 2 years of preparation and regular attendance at catechism, our Blacks are examined on the first part of the catechism ; if they pass successfully, they receive a cross. Usually the title of catechumen is reserved while they study for 2 years more ; then they are baptized.

whom they baptized without loss of time, not doubting that baptism would be the means of resuscitating the body as well as the soul. Returning to their huts to rest, they were not surprised to hear in the morning, the voice of the mother outside telling her companions of their visit thus :

“ Last night, when my child was going to die, the two young men from Chilonga came to my house and poured water on his head. Now he is quite well.”

The little Leo is indeed alive and strong to-day.

Four races: four languages. Polygamy.

The vast country that we are evangelizing includes at least four different races ; the Babemba in the north, the Babisa in the west, and the Bakenda in the south east ; added to this are the Balala who are scattered everywhere. These tribes have each dialects and customs peculiar to themselves ; but fortunately for us, they all can understand *Chibemba*, whether capable of speaking it or not, so we can give our instructions in that language, until the time comes when we can speak in *Chibisa* dialect. This is less important than *Chibemba*, as the Bakenda and Balala are not very numerous in the territory near the Mission.

The Babemba were the first to be converted, and consequently furnished us with the first catechumens. Within a year, we expect to count many Christians among them. The Babisa, who are quite as--if not more--numerous as the Babemba, do not include so many converts. Although they are personally less agreeable, and more difficult to evangelize, they are by no means lacking in intelligence, and study with much fervor. One great obstacle to be overcome, is that of polygamy, which is practised in all parts of their district. It is rarely that a young man has less than two or three wives. Morality is not welcomed. Vice reigns, and it will be struggle to free this people from its toils.

Polygamy, therefore, will be the great error to be overcome in the conversion of this people; but the grace of God will finally triumph over all, and we depend upon it, in the near future, to change these pagans, now of a low order of civilization, into serious and fervent Christians.

CONCLUSION.

“Lord, send us workmen for the harvest.”

Shall we continue to make converts in the coming years? Yes, we shall do so; but how can we accomplish much with so small a force and such meagre resources? How can much efficacious work be done amongst a population of 50,000, scattered over a territory of more than 15,000 square miles?

In one year, we expect to evangelize within a radius of 12 hour's march of the Mission; within two years, from 15 to 18 hours, and in four or five years, from 25 to 30 hours. In order to pass one day a year at each of our villages, we shall be obliged to spend at least 120 days in the jungle, and if we wish to visit them twice, which may not be possible, we shall be marching two thirds of the year. It is apostolic work, indeed, but apostolic work that will soon exhaust the strength of the most robust. “Lord, send us workmen for the harvest.”

Why do you go so far? we are asked. Circumstances force us to do so. The Protestants would have a clear field, if we remained on our hill at Chilonga. In the southern part of our Mission, known as district of Nsenga, (a country as burning hot as Sahara,) we have already fought not too badly. We do not yet know who is the victor. It would seem, however, by the last reports, that the people do not wish to become Protestants; moreover, the blessed Virgin Mary, who has so visibly protected us in corresponding circumstances, will surely bless the efforts we are making to win souls for her Divine Son.

*Why do you try to cover so much ground when there
are so few of you ?*

The Apostles were only twelve ; they had neither gold nor silver in their scrip, and they conquered the world. We do not dream of conquering the world, for we are not the Apostles ; but we also, cast our seed to the four winds of Heaven, hoping that the harvest will one day rise for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

While awaiting the new workers who will deepen the furrows we have traced so painfully, in the midst of labor and fatigue, we bless God, and say with renewed courage, *Adveniat regnum tuum !*

FR. EUG. PUETH. W. F.

II. -- LIFE IN THE AFRICAN MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM REV. FR. ERNEST PARADIS.

We take pleasure in publishing the following letter, which was kindly transmitted to us by the Rev. Abbé X..., Professor at the college of St Anne de la Pocatière, a friend of Rev. Fr. Paradis.

The Father, writing freely and intimately to his dear college friend, gives us a very clear idea of his first apostolic years, and also of the active and many-sided life of the African Missionary.

Let us add that the Station of Bembeke, whence came this correspondence, as well as the Missions of Mua, Ntakataka, and two others, are included in the English colony of Nyasaland.

Station of Bembeke, July, 1910.

My dear friend,

I received your kind letter, as well as the photographs of the graduates of 1902. What a happy idea that was, and how good of you to remember one so far away as I ! How can I fittingly express my gratitude ?

I have not been at Ntakataka since Christmas, 1908. The Mission of Mua now comprises a very large and populous district, and includes two lesser districts, Nta-

kataka, and Bembeke, where shelters have been constructed for passing Missionaries.

Ntakataka is situated upon the shores of Lake Nyassa, three leagues north-east of Mua. In December, 1908, this annex became an independent Station. I have just left there to return to Mua.

But perhaps it would be agreeable to you to receive more ample details of my three first years of Missionary work, so I will give them to you in a single glance.

Arrival at the Mission. — Ntakataka : construction of the Station.

In November, 1907, I arrived at Ntakataka. Here were just two Missionary priests of us, to cover a district containing a population of 30,000 inhabitants. Of course I knew nothing of the language of the Blacks, and furthermore, was inexperienced. But no matter, my first days must be devoted to remedying these defects.

Each morning I taught the catechism carefully to 239 boys, and heard recitations in reading, writing, and number. My lung power made me valuable for teaching these boys and girls the native hymns and Latin chants of the Mass.

Besides this, I took charge of the pharmacy, and ministered to some 50 sick persons each day. Added to that, was my kitchen work, and the care of the sacristy; so you now see how well filled were my morning hours.

In the afternoon I put on my boots, took my stick and my box of medicine, and walked from village to village till nightfall, caring for all who were ill, and preaching the Gospel as well as I could, in the native tongue.

On Fridays, I had no classes; so this day was spent in visiting the neighboring chapel-schools, in order to direct the good catechists, and aid the indifferent ones. I passed each Saturday in teaching the catechists profane sciences, and also the English language.

In March, 1908, I was able to preach my first sermon in the *Kiniassa* tongue, and you can picture my joy and emotion on this memorable occasion.

While being acclimated, I had the pleasure, — a relative one, — of being ill for five weeks with the fever. Every second day I had a bad turn and when it was over, I may say there remained only the skin and my soul. At last I got the upper hand of it, and although it sometimes visits me now, I mock at it.



First buildings at Ntakataka.

Little by little I learned all trades. We lived in a miserable reed hut that was falling to pieces, so I set myself to work to build a firm house of bricks, and to that end, I was obliged to turn architect and carpenter. I also learned how to make bricks and tiles, timber, and do

mason work. The new house was sixty feet long, so it took thousands and thousands of bricks, as you can readily see. It took from May till October to finish the building. I ought to say that the greater part of the work fell to the lot of a Brother, who was sent to aid us especially in this labor.

The building methods, in this country, are very simple. For tools, one has only a pick-axe, a hatchet, a saw, and a trowel, but they are quite sufficient for all needs. As the houses must be begun and finished between the two rainy seasons, one is obliged to employ an army of workmen; so women, children, and men are called into service, thus entailing endless surveillance, as you can imagine.

Return to the Station of Mua.

I had been settled in my new brick house only two or three weeks when Ntakataka became an independent Station, and I was transferred to the old Mission of Mua.

The population of Mua is not as dense as at Ntakataka, and the chief work is visiting the chapel-schools of the district. It takes a week to make the round of all the schools, and means a great deal of tent life, with its painful or agreeable accompaniments. My companions and myself are thus permitted to spend at least six days a month in a very fatiguing but apostolic manner.

Foundation of the Bembeke Annex.

In June, 1909, our Vicar Apostolic sent me to Bembeke, where it was my business to build a chapel of sundried bricks. This work occupied me three months. Then I set out on a tour, passed forty days in the jungle, coming back once or twice a week to Mua.

Bembeke is situated on a high plateau, while Mua lies in a plain on the borders of the lake. To climb this plateau, is equal to mounting a staircase of 3,500 steps, and this finished, several hours' walking are required to cross the top.

You will not be surprised to hear, that after having counted the steps of this mighty staircase several times in the African sun, I was overcome with the heat; in fact, fever was one day waiting for me on the summit, received me with open arms, and held me to my bed for more than a week. For some time after it had loosened its grip, it continued to visit me every few days. Finally, however, it departed for good, and I said from my heart, "Bon voyage; do not take the trouble to come back again."

After this, I conceived the idea of getting a bicycle. Of course I was not rich enough to be able to buy one myself, but my superiors kindly came to my aid, and since November, behold me travelling on a good mount, which is always pushing forward without showing any signs of fatigue. In this way, I save my shoes and my legs, as well as time and money, for in one or two days, I can accomplish what formerly required a week's time; the cost of transportation is also lessened by three quarters, so that the Mission budget finds itself in a better condition, as well as my health.

Alas! I must confess that my journeys were very expensive, taking no less than \$65.00 from my poor purse, which has not yet recovered from the shock. Like myself, it has been attacked by the fever, and gave up every thing that it had... Like myself, also, it has left only its poor skin, lacking that which makes the soul of even the most modest pocket book.

Behold us then, my confrère and I, at Bembeke, busy in founding a new Station, although we are officially attached to the Mission of Mua.

And of what does our work consist? It is all spiritual: the building of new chapels, and the organization of classes in catechism in all the villages submissive to our influence.

On arriving at the plateau of Bembeke, we found *nine* chapel-schools; to day there are *eleven*, and in a month or two, there will be *sixteen*. If one had only to reckon

with the negroes, all would be easily adjusted; but there are heretics scattered about everywhere, who cast a thousand obstacles in our path. Finally, all litigations must be brought before the English agent, who is chief of the district; delays ensue, and more than one journey results in nothing.



A bridge over the Nazipulu River.

Around Bembeke, in an hour's radius, we find 40 villages, inhabited by 1,200 families. There the greater part of our time is spent, hearing catechism classes, and caring for the sick. Farther away, in the distant north, are about forty other hamlets, where the catechists live :

we visit them once or twice a month, as well as time and the distance permits.

How do we live ? Here, we have for a house, an earth hut, dark and damp, with an imitation of chambers. The thatched roof is old, and during the rainy season, scarcely shelters us from the wet. When the winter season comes, and it is cold out of doors, especially in the morning, it will not be very warm in our rooms, as there is no place for a fire. Wood is very dear, because it is scarce ; one has to go on a two hour's journey for it, and it is all transported on men's backs.

In the beginning, we installed our camp beds and travelling cases for furniture. Since, things are in better condition, because we profited by our descent to the Station of Mua, to fabricate other necessary articles.

Finally, it was necessary to find a cook. For a long time I officiated at the stove and boiled the pot ; then I turned baker and baked bread made from corn cultivated at Mua.

Shall we ever have a more comfortable house ? Yes, but we do not expect one before two years. Here, one has to prepare all the materials. As one has to go long distances for the wood used by the carpenter and joiner, and also when one takes into consideration the fact that the dry season is shorter here than on the plain, it is necessary to calculate on not less than two years time in which to carry all the wood here and make enough bricks.

As soon as our resources will permit it, we will procure some cows, pigs and sheep. So we can, in a measure, revictual our poor confrères of Ntakataka and Mua, who lost their flocks by reason of the *stésé* fly, which abounds there.

Now, where shall I be in the near future ? At Bembéké and for good, as they are saying at home ? At Mua ? At Ntakataka ? Indeed, I do not know, and I do not care ; wherever God sends me, I am satisfied. Removals do not disturb nor alarm me ; my treasures are quickly put in their boxes, and the boxes easily moved.

You know that we have a sort of High School at Mua. I work a little there, writing an English grammar with corresponding translation of *Chinyanya* phrases, which is the language of this country.

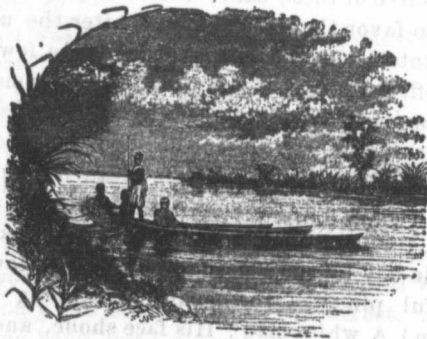
A propos of this work, I may say that I desire most earnestly to have a type-writer. Would I were rich enough to buy one! We lack books, and if I had hundreds of copies of English themes, of hymns in the native tongue, etc., etc., it would save my pupils, the public in general and myself, many miseries. For two years I have dreamed of a type writer and a little printing press. If it pleases God, it will come.

.....

Once more let me thank you for all you have sent me; letters, photographs, and songs. I shall soon awake the echoes of this country with the songs.

Yours most affectionately in our Lord.

ERNEST PARADIS, W. F.





APOSTOLIC VICARIATE OF SEPTENTRIONAL
NYANZA.

STATION OF OUR LADY OF GRACE AT NANDERE.
HISTORY OF A LITTLE COMMUNICANT.

How Providence arranged all things, so that this little girl, delivered at first to a Protestant chief, was able to prepare for her First Communion, is told us by Rev. Fr. Le Veux. It is a simple narrative, in truth, but it seems to us of a nature to edify and interest the reader.

Some weeks ago, I made a journey to Louami, a post of catechists established at seven hours' distance from the Station of Our Lady of Grace. One morning, after the instruction which follows Mass, I took my cane, and started to visit the country houses one by one. We can reach no more than one hundred or one hundred and fifty a day, and God alone knows what labor this involves!

In the course of these calls, I met a pagan, who was supposed to favor the Protestants. After the usual customary salutations, and the exchange of a few friendly words, I offered him a needle used in sewing mats. The effect was wonderful; if my opening words had succeeded in propitiating him, my present finished the conquest and soon a medal of the Blessed Virgin gleaned on his seamed old breast, scorched by the suns of sixty tropical summers.

"Here! I will give my son to you!" he cried, and he took a little boy by the arm, and pushed him towards me. A beautiful pin was the means of calming his fears. Think then! A white man! His face shone, and his lips opened in thanks. The medal of the Blessed Virgin which I then proposed to give him, made him definitely my friend.

"As to my oldest daughter," said the father, referring

to an absent child, "she belongs to the others; they came before you."

"Ah! what a pity," I thought to myself.

My watch indicated half past 11, so I told my companions that it was now time for my prayers, and leaving my little catechumen in extacy with his brilliant medal and red cord, I retired to the chimney-corner for my spiritual devotions.

* * *

I had just finished my examination, when I heard a light noise, and looking up, I perceived the ebony visage of a little girl of twelve years in the opening of the cabin. Seeing me occupied, the child knelt first, and then seated herself, waiting to salute me when I had finished my *Angelus*. While the priests pray, all are silent. Only badly brought up children act otherwise. So she remained quiet, tranquil, full of holy respect.

When I had finished talking with God, I addressed His little servant. She answered me timidly at first, then with sudden boldness.

"O Father! I am a Catholic, did you know it?"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, I was baptized a long time ago at Gayaza by Fr. Gaudibert."

"And now where do you live?"

"I live at the Capital with our Protestant chief who scarcely permits me to go out. I have just come home to spend a few days with my parents."

"Have you made your first communion?"

"No, I have never *prayed*," (that is practiced religion.)

"Do you know the Fathers in the Capital?"

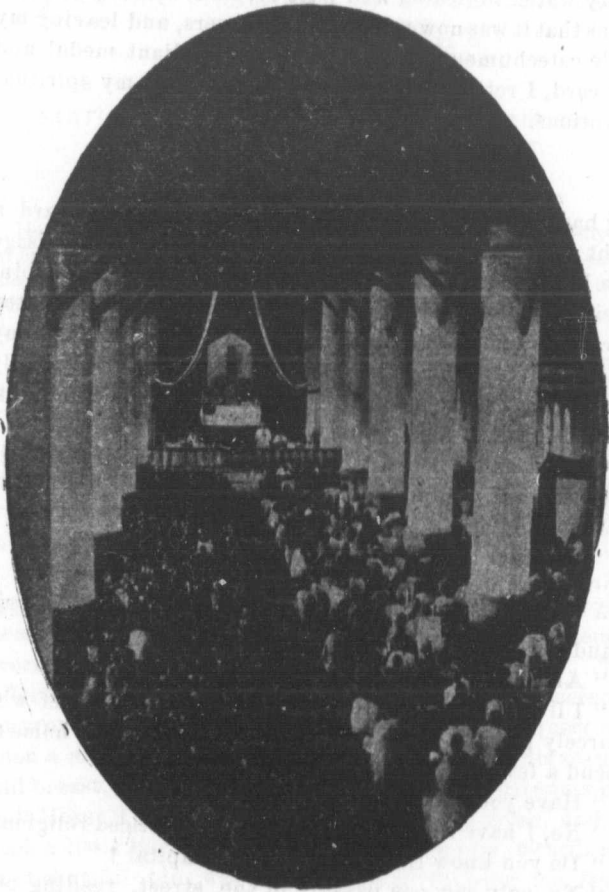
"No, only saw one passing in the street, reading out of a golden book, but I did not dare to speak to him."

"Have you ever been to Roubaga?" (1)

(1) This is the name of the hill on which is established the Mission at the Capital.

“ No, I have never been there, as my master has forbidden it. He would have beaten me if I had disobeyed.”

“ Will you come and see me to morrow ? ”



Inside of the Church at Nandere.

“ At the catechist's house ? Yes, I will come.”

There ended the seance. The Father and child conduc-

ted us a short distance, and then we separated, as I had more than fifty houses to visit that evening.

* * *

The next day, as I was finishing my instructions for the neophytes, a catechist came running in, very much excited, and told me the following tale :

“ Father, do you remember the little girl you saw last night ? She came here, at an early hour, and remained by the door of the chapel all through Mass, assisting most piously. Suddenly, the Protestant chief called her. The poor child went weekly with him, but the man beat her, and then ordered her harshly to return at once to her father's house. Oh, I would like to chase away this bad man ! ”

As for me, I felt my blood boil in my veins. I wished to adjust this affair at once, but a letter arrived, recalling me in haste to the Mission, so I had to postpone my design.

Eight days passed. The busy life of the Post absorbed me, so I had nearly forgotten the incident. What, then, was my surprise one bright morning, on going to the school where I was preparing the children for First Communion, to see my little friend in her place. Scarcely had she caught sight of me, when she ran and cast herself on here knees before me.

“ Where did you come from, my child ? ” I demanded at once.

“ Father, I ran away from home. Oh, do you know that I slept two nights in the reeds that border the road, I was so afraid that some who knew me, would meet me and bring me back to my master's house. Yes, yes, I wish to pray, I also ! ”

“ And who showed you the way ? ”

“ Listen, I met a young girl who was coming here. I told her I wished to come also, so we travelled together. Now, I have only my cotton suit ; I have neither clothing, nor mat, nor blanket. I am poor, indeed. ”

In my heart, I thanked her good angel who had so guided the movements of the fugitive; I could but rejoice; so I went to church to thank our Divine Master, to whom I offered her, body and soul. Finally, I gave the child to a good mother of a family, in order that she might be cared for during the time she passed at the Mission.

* * *

Lately, the little girl has begun to have a dry cough, very bad to hear. Her appetite is gone, and she is troubled with insomnia. She is visibly pining away. I was afraid for a while that her first communion would be her viaticum.

However, her good humor never leaves her. She is resigned to all things, and her courage is only equalled by her piety.

"Father," she said to me, "how happy I am! I have my rosary, and my medal; when I wish to pray to God or the Blessed Virgin, no one stops me!... When I am tired of coughing so hard, I can tell you my little tales again. I will tell you the story about 'The sale of the mirrors and the leopard.' O, it is such a pretty story; you will laugh a great deal. — Now I am going to pray to the Blessed Virgin that I may be cured very, very quickly."

It is thus by prayer and suffering joyously accepted that the dear child is preparing for First Communion.

And the great day will soon be here! What happiness!

H. LE VEUX, W. F.





VARIETIES

FT all happened in the African jungle. In villages of little huts built by the negroes, yet with some very good streets — that first benefit derived from the European conqueror — there are curious things, among others, even a free thinker, a Freemason, if you please.

Yes, he was a Freemason, openly, avowedly. When the Missionaries had any business with him, he addressed them politely, correctly; but for nothing in the world would he have said "My Father"... He would rather have swallowed a cushion full of pins. To show that he was thoroughly emancipated from this paternity, he used the term "Monsieur." It is needless to add that between him and the priests there was only such intercourse as could not be avoided. Nevertheless, his armor had a weak side, a vulnerable point, for he was gourmand, or if the word is a little formal, we may say that he loved potatoes, and was still even fonder of that juicy fruit called the mango. Delicacies are rare in Africa; potatoes, considered a luxury, and do not last very long. As for mangoes, perhaps in a hundred years there will be plenty of them; but at present in this spot they only grow in the Mission garden. The potatoes also, grow well in the garden of the Fathers, or rather of "Messieurs the Missionaries," as this brother expressed it.

You can understand, then, the struggles of conscience which this man endured, the conflicts between principles and hunger, between the head and the stomach.

The head. — The Missionaries are no use here.

The stomach. — True, but their potatoes are frightfully good.

The head. — Have nothing to do with these relics of the middle ages.

The stomach. — But remember that mangoes are delicious in hot weather, and the doctor says they are very good for digestion.

The head. — But there must be no compromise. To buy of the priests is to help the workers of ignorance, to prevent all attempts at free-thought.

The stomach. — Will your free-thoughts make fruit for you, and, being intelligent, are you going to mortify yourself like a vulgar Christian.

The head lost the argument ; and from the time potato crop began, until the last mango had disappeared every day saw upon the road to the Mission, a negro, a basket, and a ticket. The ticket was to demand the potatoes, the basket to receive them, and the negro to carry them. These three things were ample proof that the stomach had overcome the head, and that free thinking had come truce with priestcraft. This programme lasts about five months, and when our garden products are finished the mason returns to his former ideas, and devours the clergyman instead of the potatoes.

Now, our brave man thought one day that he had found the end of his difficulties. Why should not he himself plant the good things he was so fond of ? Good soil and shade made task look simple enough. He set himself to work and soon had the pleasure of seeing the green shoots starting from the ground. They grew and grew as if all the blessings of Heaven were being showered upon them. In the Mission garden the yellowing leaves showed that the time for securing the crop was close at hand. The mason's plants, however, were still a bright green, and continuing to grow upward, upward as if they would never stop. Alas, the poor man's difficulty soon became clear — potatoes were all stalks and leaves, with nothing at the root. His science had been at fault, and once more there was nothing to do but to have recourse to the despised Mission and its "*Messieurs.*"

But he would defend his deeply-rooted principles and have revenge in another way. This excellent Brother

employed a young Christian, and the good free-thinker liked nothing better than to hinder him in the practice of his religion. One Saturday he said to his servant.

“ At what hour is Mass to-morrow ? ”

“ At half-past eight, sir.”

“ Very well. Listen ; be here at eight o'clock to-morrow. You must furbish up my saddle and bridle, and whiten my cap. Do you understand ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

The next day, then, our brave Black set himself to work at eight o'clock precisely, getting daubed thoroughly with blacking and white powder while so doing, for the true negro is always more anxious to have the appearance of working rather than the labor itself.

At dinner, when he presented himself with his napkin on his arm, his master said :

“ Ah, my boy you are a famous Christian ? You have a mortal sin on your conscience ! ”

“ A mortal sin ? I do not think so, sir.”

“ You do not think so ? Is it not a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday morning ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Very well, you did not go to Mass this morning, so you have committed a mortal sin, and a serious one.”

“ No, sir, I committed no mortal sin.”

“ You foolish boy, do you take me for an idiot. You pretend that you have not committed a mortal sin, when you know that you were polishing my saddle while they were saying Mass at the Mission.”

“ It is true, sir, but I have no mortal sin on my conscience.”

“ How is that ? ”

“ Oh, it is very simple, sir. Yesterday you commanded me to begin my work at eight o'clock ; so, as I could not go to High Mass at that hour, I went at six o'clock.”

You should have seen the countenance of the Freemason then. He hastily swallowed a glass of wine, to regain his composure, and then said :

“ You call yourself a Catholic ; do you understand your religion ? ”

“ I, sir ? ”

“ Yes, you. Do you understand that religion ? ”

“ Oh, sir ! You understand it better than I do, only you close your eyes to it ! ”

And so saying, the better to make his thought understood, with an elegant gesture, he put his little black finger over his left eye !

JOSEPH BRUN, *W. F.*



GIFTS TO THE MISSION.

Cancelled Stamp Work : 1° Two ransoms	\$40.00
2° From Hartwel, a Catechist	15.00
From Chicago : Ransoms, Catechists, Student	100.00
From Minneapolis, Station F.	10 00
From Brighton, a Ransom	20.00
From Chency, ransom of Rosa or Anthony	20.00
From Willmette, ransom of Barbara.....	20.00
From diocese of St. Paul, ransom of Clara-Agatha	20.00
From Cleveland, installment for ransom.....	5.00
From different donators.....	8.15

For Reconstruction of Rubaga Church :

Miss M. M.	\$1.00	Mrs. E. M.	\$1.00
Mr. J. M.	1.00	Miss E. M.	1.00
Mr. J. M.	1.00	C. of M.	1.00
Mr. B. M.	1.00	Mrs. S. M.	1.00
Mr. P. M.	1.00	Mrs. B. M.	1.00
Mr. P. M.	1.00	Mr. T. G.	1.00
Miss A. S.	1.00	Mr. L. F.	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

Sister Josephine, Danbury.— Mr. L. Lucano, New York.— Mrs Peter McLean, Washington.—

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS

17 conversions.— 10 vocations.— 31 spiritual favors.— 14 sick.— 19 temporal favors.— 25 thanks-giving.— 32 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.

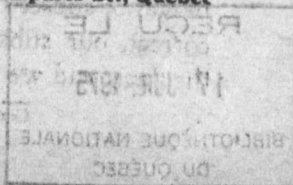
"I praye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest."

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 African White Sisters.

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

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



CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

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 facts and we shall at once correct it.

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.