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Fifth Year No. 9

QUEBEC

SEPTEMBER 1913

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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

and their spiritual words
 November for all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Pro-
 motors.

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

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

2.—A Third Mass is said on the 21st of each month for our zealous Promoters. Any person who sends us six new subscribers is a Promoter.

3.—Subscribers and Promoters, as well as their deceased, will have a share in all the prayers and good works of our Missionaries and their spiritual wards.

4.—A Requiem High Mass will be said every year, in the month of November, for all our deceased Benefactors, Subscribers and Promoters.

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Fifth Year, No. 9. QUEBEC September 1913

Vicariate Apostolic of Nyassa.

—
Mgr. Mathurin Guillemé, Vicar Apostolic.

—
(Report.)

The number of baptisms, 4129, administered during the year just ended, shows plainly enough that the missionaries of Nyassa have sown generously and zealously the good seed in the souls confided to their care. It proves at the same time that their apostolate has been fruitful, crowned with success and filled with consolations.

These gleaners of souls have endured many trials, fatigues and sacrifices to form the apostolic sheaf which they have the happiness to offer to God and to present to their benefactors, who have helped by their prayers and alms.

"To give an idea of the life of the missionaries in this Vicariate, sunk in the depths of Africa, I cannot do better," writes Mgr. Guillemé, "than to transcribe some figures taken from the annual reports of our different missions. They will show how active is the life of the workers of the Gospel."

A missionary of Ubemba writes that during the year he has slept 190 times under a tent. Two others have passed 164 days away from their stations. A Father who is preaching the Gospel in the marshy regions around Lake Bangweolo made 245 trips in a canoe to visit his Christians, his catechists and his schools, and to care for the sick.

In Angoniland, some missionaries have passed 45 Sundays of the year in their auxiliary chapels, to permit the Christians living too far from the mission to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. The most favored of all, provided with a means of locomotion modern for this country, has traveled 3000 kilometers on a bicycle.

In noting these figures and giving an account of the work accomplished during the year, more than one adds : "At the sight of the results obtained, of the work which has been done and of that, still greater, which remains to be done, I ask myself with anxiety whether I have fulfilled my duties towards the souls under my care !" And when the Vicar Apostolic, moved at so much devotion and labor, advised his confrères to use moderation in their zeal, he received invariably this answer : "Do not be uneasy, Monseigneur, let us work ; we will have time to rest in the cemetery—and in Heaven !"

This life of incessant action and work is explained by the fact that each station has a fixed district to evangelize, this district including a territory of an extent varying from two to four days journey, 50 to 100 kilometers long by as many wide. This vast field of apostolate, ordinarily confined to the care of three missionaries, is itself divided into districts or branches, each having its little chapel, and school directed by a catechist. A Father visits these

branches on certain dates to celebrate the Sunday service and give religious instruction. The number of these chapels is at present 697. Forty-five missionary priests officiate in them, so that to each is confided the service of 14 branches, each of which equal in extent to European parishes. Each week, a missionary comes to one or the other to pass the days of Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday morning he inspects the classes, talks to them and encourages or reprimands, as the occasion requires. During the day, he gathers together all the little ones to prepare them for communion the next day, gives by turns a special instruction to the Christians, a catechism lesson to the catechumens who wish to be admitted at the next baptism, and a familiar talk with the heathens. The evening is reserved for confessions, after which, only, the missionary can think of himself, and recite his breviary before allowing his tired body to take a little rest on a bed of reed, in company with the rats and mosquitoes with which his hut is often filled.

On Sunday Mass is celebrated on an earthen altar adorned with Indian cloth of gaudy colors, a wooden cross and two sticks of bamboo, hollowed out to serve as candlesticks. The liturgical chants are executed in African style ; it is not very artistic, but the good will is there and the heart also. The sermon, which will be the subject of numerous comments for several days, is listened to with great attention. After Mass and the friendly talks at the door of the chapel are over, the missionary baptizes the children born since his last visit, celebrates marriages, if any, and goes to the cemetery to bless the graves of those who have died in his absence, attended to by a catechist, and interred to the singing of psalms, translated into the native tongue.

In the afternoon he visits the infirm and the old people, who always appreciate this mark of esteem. He does not forget the old pagan polygamists, his friends, who have not had the courage to renounce their traditions by keeping only one wife and who, nevertheless, do not omit

to say to him : "Father, if you hear that I am sick, come quickly and baptize me, for then I will be all right. I must



BISHOP DUPONT WITH HIS FIRST NEOPHYTES.

give up my two women, as you put off your two shoes, to enter heaven !"

Monday morning after prayers and a last instruction, the missionary says good-bye to the Christians. He then goes to the other villages, where his coming is looked for and his visits regarded as a blessing. If he is compelled to return immediately to the station, he sends word to the natives who are waiting for him not to count upon him. The messenger carrying this news is not well received. He is given neither a mat on which to rest, nor beer to quench his thirst, nor provisions for the trip ; nothing but these cold, plaintive words : "Go, tell the Father that we are not satisfied ; he has forgotten us, he no longer loves us, since he has passed our door without stopping !"

The children, who wish to show the missionary the progress they have made, express their disappointment in a more picturesque way : "My friends," said one of them to his comrades, "we have washed ourselves for nothing since the Father is not coming !"

The education of the young is always the object of our constant solicitude. The large number of 23000 children and young people frequenting our schools proves that our good negroes are anxious for instruction.

"Let the little children come to me." No evangelical counsel is more observed in our missions, where the richest and most esteemed family is that which has the largest number of children. Children are everywhere. The schools are overflowing with them, and the streets in the villages full. There we find babies of all ages. They play and jostle each other, cry and laugh, give and take blows, bathe in the sun and dust ; above all, they make noise !

This little world accompanies its parents to Mass, to catechism and to prayers. The church, on certain Sundays, seems to be turned into an immense aviary filled with birds each chattering louder than the other or rather into a vast sheepfold, where the bleating of the lambs accompanies the liturgical chants. It is terrible to the newcomers, but it is charming—when you are used to it.

The religious instruction which is given each day to the children produces in these young souls the most gratifying

results. The heathens do not hesitate to acknowledge it: "These children", say they, "are much better than ours. They are more respectful to their parents, more obedient, less quarrelsome, less roguish." "Mother", said one of these little ones on returning from catechism, "Father told us to be very obedient, but he also said that if our parents ordered us to do anything forbidden by God, like stealing, we must not obey." "Be easy, my child, your mother will never give you such orders, for she also wishes to be a Christian."

* * *

The direction and supervision of the 786 schools of the Vicariate would be impossible without the help of the catechists. These devoted helpers give us everywhere the most precious services. It is thanks to them that we have been able to open such a number of schools, enlarge our field of labor and increase tenfold our means of work in the far-off villages. It is also largely owing to their devotedness and spirit of faith that we have had the consolation of registering 2080 baptisms administered at the point of death. When it is a question of the saving of souls, of the defense of their schools against the attacks of heresy, our catechists are always ready to work, night and day.

One Sunday evening, one of them who, the evening before, had walked seven hours to hear Mass and receive communion, learned that a catechumen of his district had been bitten by a serpent and was in danger of death. Fearing he would die without baptism, our catechist soon had his little bundle ready, armed himself with his bow and arrows and came to take leave of the missionaries. "But", the Superior said to him, "to start out at this hour is dangerous. The night is dark, threatening rain, and you know that two days ago lions devoured some travelers in the very forest that you must traverse." Daniel answered, showing the rosary which he carried around his neck: "*Maria*

alipo, Mary is there to protect me." After a last visit to the church, he disappeared into the night, relying on the maternal protection of Her who has never been invoked in vain.

The next evening the missionaries received the following message : "I, Daniel, write to give you good news. I reached here at the rising of the moon. I was drenched by the rain, but I am not salt ; the lions roared, but did not attack me. I baptized Kamota, who, is about to join the angels. After his baptism, he said to me : "Thanks, Daniel. We will meet again in the House of the good God." He was content to die, because he was a Christian, and I also was content. You see, Father, there will be very few Christian negroes in Heaven if we ever miss an occasion of making one more. My prayer book has been ruined by the rain. Take pity on me, open your heart and send me another. I will pay you with Hail Marys."

All these good people, fathers of families, are certainly neither heroes nor doctors ; but all have a great simplicity, a perfect good will, a very lively faith and a zeal without limit. They need these qualities to fulfil their duties well, for the work is monotonous and often long, and their salary small. If their pedagogic science is not profound, their teaching is practical, sometimes a little realistic, and always embellished with examples and comparisons which engrave them on the memories of the hearers.

One Sunday, the catechist Mikaël, taking the place of the absent missionary, undertook to talk to the Christians on the holy Eucharist. Before entering the chapel, he noticed that some little chicks had been born to the hen which lived in his hut. A bright idea came to him, and putting an egg in his pocket he set out, radiant. At the end of his talk, he took the egg from his pocket and showing it, said : "My friends, you see this and you say : it is an egg. Not at all. It was an egg, but it is no longer an egg, for it has been changed. The proof is here." At that moment he broke the egg, from which escaped a little chicken which greeted the audience with its first : Peep,



BRO. IRENEUS AND HIS BOYS.

peep ! “In the same way”, he added, “when you communicate, you see something white which resembles what the Europeans call bread, but your eyes deceive you. It was bread, but it is no longer bread. It is your God, your Saviour, the Lord Jesus whom you receive, and whom you do not see because you are not angels. The Lord Jesus conceals himself purposely, for He knows that if our eyes saw him they would be so dazzled that we would not dare to go to communion.”

Sometimes their statements are a little bold, and it is to control and rectify them that the missionaries, after having done their best to teach them, assist as often as possible at their instructions.

It is for the most part due to these devoted helpers that we have been able to admit to Baptism 1427 adults, who have learned from them the first elements of religion. Among these adults, whose instruction has been completed by the missionaries at various intervals and particularly during the six weeks which all must spend at the mission, 145 have passed their fiftieth year, and some others are bordering on old age. If they are not the most learned, they are by no means the least fervent. One of them, a venerable old man with white hair, wrinkled skin and a body nearly mummified, seeing that knowledge entered so easily into the mind of the young and with such difficulty into his, said to the missionary in charge of the instruction : “Father, my old head is worth nothing, but my heart is still good. God knows that I love him and wish to serve him. I will never understand all you teach me, but I will do all you tell me. Do not refuse me baptism, for I also have a soul to save, and I am at the age where it is time to think about it.” Old Siméon has kept his promise. He does whatever is told him, and if he is not learned he knows enough, and prays with fervor. He is never without his rosary. I have met some Europeans in Africa, even Catholics, who know and practice less of their religion than this good old negro !

The material report always shows poverty, sometimes

even the greatest misery. The work develops and increases each day, while the resources remain stationary, when they do not diminish on account of accidents or unlooked-for events. Thus, this year, on account of the quarantines imposed, and the precautions taken to keep down the sleeping sickness, the price of transporting goods from Europe has doubled.

The chapels and schools in our branches are only of earth covered with straw. Three stations alone contain churches that are adequate to the needs of the people. In the others, the missionaries wait with impatience for better times, when they can replace the hut-chapels with better and more solid buildings.

Two years ago we commenced the construction of a church, in the flourishing mission of the Immaculate Conception at Kachébébé, but we are not sure that we will complete it. When I said to Father Honoré our prudent treasurer, that I would like to hurry the work, he regarded me with the desperate look of a man who knows his purse. "It is an abyss," said he, "when I look in the depths, my head swims."

So it is only by expedients and the greatest economy that the missionaries are able to make ends meet, and to bring to a successful issue the work confided to them. The disease of the sleeping sickness always menaces our missions established in the low plains of Lake Nyassa, but we hope that divine Providence will spare us the misfortune of a breaking-up, expensive for all and full of danger for our little centers of Christianity, thus forcibly dispersed.

We present these details, in the midst of which appear the ordinary works of daily labor, to give to our friends and benefactors an idea of our apostolic works, of our joys and our troubles, our fears and our hopes, so, that they may share them and unite themselves with us in thanking God. It is His grace, with the help of the prayers and alms of our benefactors, which has permitted us to make our divine Saviour and his holy Mother known

and loved by the millions of poor negroes of Nyassa.

The Vicariate Apostolic of Nyassa numbers at present 12 stations, 52 missionaries, 12 religious, 485 catechists, 8439 neophytes, 56168 catechumens, 786 schools, frequented by 18503 boys and 5426 girls, 15 dispensaries, 6 hospitals, 5 orphanages, 44405 sick cared for.

This year we have registered 1427 baptisms of adults, 622 children of neophytes, 2080 of dying, 1477 confirmations, 144 marriages, 82909 confessions, 140374 communions.

Letter from Father David Roy to Father Ange Cebron.

Likuni, February 12, 1913.

Reverend and very dear Father :—

You will probably not be displeased to receive news from Nyassa, so I will send you some. Our pupils are having their vacation ; this circumstance gives us some free time, which each employs in perfecting himself in the multitude of things which he ought to know and does not. There are still, as during the rest of the year, the ordinary occupations of the mission, but they seem easier.

I opened the mission by my annual retreat. Only a few days had passed when one fine evening, on returning from a trip in the neighborhood, I found Father Paradis, who had just come from Bembéché. He came to make his retreat with us quietly, far from the cares of every

day life which beset him in his post. During these eight days of retirement, we thought more than once of Noah's ark. It rained so much and so often that our dear confrère could not get beyond the veranda. The bad weather ended in time to permit the road to Dedza to dry a little and to give me an opportunity to accompany our visitor as far as his station.

On the morning of December 23 we took our bicycles and set out for Bembéché. We had sixty-three miles before us. Until this day, I had never made such a long trip at a single stretch, so I set down as a condition that we go a little slow, according to the proverb "Who goes slowly, goes far." Towards five o'clock we reached Bembéché, not very tired but content all the same to rest ourselves.

The house is new. The Fathers have just installed themselves, and there are neither doors nor windows. Some screens nailed at the top of each opening break the force of the wind, which blows here constantly. This beautiful house does honor to its architect and constructor, Rev. Father Lesueur, the son of a Paris builder, and something of a builder himself. It is noticeable at once that all the measures have been taken in detail. This house is of brick, like all our other houses ; and a curious thing is that the bricks have been baked with reed and fine herbs for want of firewood in the vicinity. This has been very successful.

The morning of the next day passed in visiting the house, the out-buildings, the garden, etc. The following day was Christmas, but there was no Midnight Mass. This custom has not yet been started in any post. I know that at Likuni it would not be prudent, on account of the lions which roam around during the night at this season of the year.

However, the Father sacristan wished us to remember that it was Christmas, and ornamented the chapel with all the decorations that the sacristy, his piety and his good taste could furnish. He had nearly finished his work, when Father Paradis invited me to come to the chapel

where a harmonium had been set up. I have not the most delicate ear for sounds, but I went the same as if I were a judge. The music commenced. What was it I heard? It was the good old air which I know so well—"O Canada, land of our fathers!" Perhaps you will say that in the chapel it was out of place. Be reassured, Our Lord here is a Canadian. Do you know what is in front of the altar? A large silk Carillon-du-S. Coeur flag. The beautiful *canopeum* in front of the tabernacle came from the Good Shepherd of Quebec. Nearly everything on the altar came from Canada; for this reason, it will not displease Our Lord to hear "O Canada!" and some other things of the same nature.

* * *

Bembéché is on the edge of the mountain. The next day, December 26, I went with Father Paradis to visit the two stations in the plain: Mua and Ntakataka. We went two or three miles on our bicycles, then descended on foot the steep and long slope which led to the bottom. Two porters who took charge of our bicycles reached there at the same time as we.

I am not going to stop midway to ask you to admire the magnificent view. You would certainly have been the first to recognize the beauty of the panorama offered by this smooth plain, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, where villages appeared like nests. At a distance of fifteen miles, but which Canadian eyes would estimate at four or five, the great Lake Nyassa appeared at this moment as calm as a mirror. Its blue waters, its islands, the promontories which jutted out into a peninsula in the southern part, offered a charming view. Everything in this beautiful scene seemed to praise God. Men alone were not in concord; but they are already beginning to set themselves to the divine harmony, and are embracing, in numbers, our holy religion.

The station of Mua is about two miles from the foot of

the mountain. We arrived there towards eleven o'clock. The first confrère to greet us was Father Chateauvert, come from Ntakataka on business in company with his superior. In the afternoon we went to visit the White Sisters, among whom are two Canadians. Then we went to admire the beautiful garden, which a little stream running down the mountain permits to flourish.

* * *

The following morning we left for Ntakataka, nine miles away. The country between is very thickly populated; the villages almost touch. A little more and it would be a veritable town. The Angonis love instruction. They readily throw off their old customs to become Christians. Christianity here seems to have a promising future. There is only one dark spot; the Protestants, but they are failing.

In the evening we took a walk along the shore of the Lake. God has here gathered together beautiful things. Men, alas! have long been ignorant of the Hand that made them. On our return we visited the great chief who lives near the mission. He is a young man, very intelligent, and is enrolled among the catechumens.

Saturday morning we again took the road to Mua. Father Paradis would have liked to set out the same day for Bembéché, but when at two o'clock we took our bicycles, we were obliged to put them back. Some one had opened the valves and taken away the pumps. The guilty parties were two confrères who wished to start for Bembéché the next day to spend New Year's and to make there their annual retreat. The trip, they said, would be less tiresome if the four of us went together, so we willingly resigned ourselves to passing another day with such amiable companions.

The next day, although there were four of us, the sides of the mountain appeared to us very steep; however, we reached Bembéché in good spirits.

Father Paradis, in his capacity as Superior, made New

Year's Day the occasion of a little festival to celebrate the opening of the new house. As meat is very acceptable to the negroes, I went to hunt the *menu* on the evening of the 31st in company with a confrère. We came across a herd of elk; we fired at the same moment, a beast fell. Which of us had killed him? Only one ball had struck. Each of us said it was the other, accustomed as we both were to shoot to the side of the mark in the rare circumstances where we handled a gun. The last day of the year passed happily at home. In the evening I again took my bicycle and set out for Likuni, and the following day brought me back to my dear Achitépa. I have not left them since.

* * *

I divide my vacation time between the study of theology and the native tongue, and visiting the neighboring villages. A sermon from time to time, and confessions on Saturday make a little variety.

However, during the last three weeks I have had another occupation in preparing some little Christians for their First Communion. It is a pleasant task, although requiring some patience. It is so hard to fix the attention of these little heads; but the happiness of making them know and love God gains forgiveness for more than one restless movement in the catechism class. What makes the task harder is the fact that the parents teach their children nothing, thinking this religious training the exclusive duty of the missionaries.

What shall I tell you about the mission? Likuni contains only about a hundred adult Christians, but if the past has been a little difficult, the future promises much better results. The fifty schools which we have opened through the country have not been slow in furnishing numerous Christians. The Protestants, it is true, are making a determined fight; but their efforts prevent us only from establishing ourselves in some localities, and have not limited our work to a certain number of souls. The country is really too large and too thickly peopled for them to occupy it entirely. No matter how many catechists they have,

there will always be a great number of villages to which they cannot gain entrance, without counting these who, profiting by the unfortunate experience of their neighbors, do not want the Protestants.

To tell you that the number of Protestants added to the Catholics does not begin to fill the country, is to say that it would be necessary for us to be twenty times more numerous, and that we lose some hundreds of thousands of souls because there is no one to teach them to know and love God. Hasten then to send us many Canadians and Americans. We can assure them that they will find enough here to satisfy their zeal. I say to myself often that many would go from the Seminary to the Postulate, if they knew what can be done here for the glory of God.

While awaiting these recruits so much desired, we are trying to do with the greatest possible care the work that is before us. From the point of view of extension, we have very nearly reached the limit of our resources and our number. We are aspiring now to make the mission a compact and burning center, which will radiate on all its surroundings.

I have already spoken to you, my dear Father, of our church. This is a very necessary enterprise, but one which cannot be undertaken for want of money. Already our chapel is too small, and we do not know where to lodge our Christians and our catechumens. Last summer we had some bricks made for this purpose ; we wish to lay the foundation the following season. We hope that the necessary funds will come at the proper time. \$1600 will build the church.

Be pleased to accept, etc.

DAVID ROY.



Vicariate Apostolic of Northern Nyanza.

A CYCLONE AT NNANDERE.

On the afternoon of Thursday last, April 3, our first communicants were assembled in the house of the *Bannabikira*; the catechumens were at study in their respective rooms, and the missionaries were hearing the confessions of the young people of the district, gathered together for the solemnity of the First Friday. The lodgings of the strangers and the house of the probationers were, therefore, almost empty, for which we had occasion, later on, to thank God.

About a quarter to four a tempest was let loose upon us. Sheltered in our solidly constructed church, we did not at first realize the catastrophe it proved to be; but we, soon discovered that the conditions without were sinister. Rain fell in deluges, the thunder was appalling; a savage wind tore the thatch from the roof, and assailed the whole edifice with the greatest violence. A storm like this at the Equator is always attended by the most serious consequences, so the sudden roll of the alarm-drum did not come unexpectedly. At the sound, we deserted our penitents and the confessionals and rushed to the front. On the porch outside we found a number of terrified persons, who had fled to us for protection.

What had happened—what was happening—what would be the end? No one could answer.

The carpenter of the station came running toward us. He told us that the houses of the Fathers were uninjured, and that the cries of distress that arose were from the quarters of the strangers. Next appeared Andrew, the Buruli catechist, in the most lamentable condition; he could scarcely drag himself along on his tottering limbs. His right hand was pressed to his swollen and bloody face. Hardly able to articulate, he finally managed to make us understand the but too real calamity which had overtaken us. The large dormitory of the probationers had been overthrown by the tornado—it was with the greatest difficulty that he had extricated himself from the masses of débris, and dragged out his companions. It was by no means certain that some were not still buried beneath the ruins.

I gave him in charge to his kingsman, Chrysostom, and we hastened to the scene of disaster. Alas! our fine building, 22 meters long, constructed by means of money so laboriously collected, was a chaotic heap of rubbish.

Not stopping for futile laments, I crept quickly under the pile of ruins. My heart beat almost to suffocation for fear of what I might find. The cots of the probationers and strangers had disappeared beneath an avalanche of bricks, thatch and clay. Broken or otherwise damaged, their scanty belongings lay all around, in the soaking rain. The furious assaults of the hurricane had twisted the rafters out of place, the wood, in sagging, had broken down the supporting columns, and the whole building had swayed and settled to ruin. Thank God, there was no loss of life to be deplored—the guardian angels of those within had indeed protected them.

All along the way we heard moans and cries of despair, from those unfortunates who had lost everything. In the lodgings of the women, opposite, the excitement was at its height. Those within thought they were going to share the fate of their neighbors, and deserted the place with

precipitation, though the building was intact. Within lay a young girl, Melania, dangerously ill. That very morning, at her own request, I had brought her the last sacraments. It was probable this shock had hastened her end.

* * *

The most disquieting sounds now arose from the lower end of the avenue. The quarters of the people of Ntinda, Kitundu and Lubwama had also been destroyed. We made all possible haste in that direction, but were continually stopped on the way—here, a young girl was brought to us who had been struck by a falling roof; there, a little child from the Patronage of the Holy Angels whose foot was dislocated. The country teacher of Ntinda, Matalia, had her chest and leg caught under a shower of bricks. On the men's side, Casimir had his toes crushed, and his spine was badly hurt. Another was wounded in the head and covered with blood. Another still had his side pressed, as in a vice, by a section of fallen wall. I will spare you more details, Most of the other injuries are flesh-wounds—not serious.

The avenue was crowded with people, the villagers having all run out at the signal of distress (except our good neighbors the heretics, in spite of the general regulation). The children and catechumens crowded to the breach; under these ruins lay their little all—their Sunday clothing their coverlets, their gourds—it was destitution indeed! The neighboring houses still stood, but their inhabitants had removed their possessions. Nothing living remained within the walls. The panic was universal.

We went through these afflicted and homeless crowds trying to give consolation and assistance. Each group was assigned to a habitation, wherever one could be found. We also sought clothing and mbugo for coverlets. Fires of dried reeds, served to re-animate limbs chilled with cold-and drooping spirits, likewise.

The injured were removed to an improvised hospital, where cordials and hot coffee put a little strength in them. Camphorated rubbings were resorted to for the first com-

plications of dislocations and sprains. We then commended our dear patients to Our Lady of Grace, and left them to their good nurses.

Night was now fast approaching. The avenue of the probationers, usually so cheerful and animated at this hour, was a desert of mournful silence. The Spirit of Devastation had swung there an implacable scythe—broken branches, uprooted trees, banana fields laid low. In the Nnabutaka quarter three catechists set up with the dead. Maria, to whom I had given the last rites that day, died about noon. A fervent *De Profundis* for this valiant Christian! The day after her baptism she had given up her family and village to devote herself to the probationers of the station. Regularly, once a week, she gave a mea of bananas to those in need of a dinner. On Low Sunday she came to me in the happiest mood. "Father," said she, "I want to settle my last account with Jesus." Then she handed me fifty cents, the last installment of her offering of two dollars for the building of the church.

"Why, were did you get all this money?" said I.

"Listen to an old woman's reasoning, father. Said I to myself—Maria, your days are numbered. The good God has His eye upon you to fill up an empty place in His Paradise. After you are gone, what will become of your two goats?—The covetousness of people leads only to their being forgotten. To give the widow's mite to God, on the contrary, is to make the surest investment."

As she treated me to this simple and irrefutable logic, her look had so much fire, there was so much vigor in her tones and so much content and happiness in her whole aspect, that I gazed at her with admiration. "I am only going to keep the price of a Sunday lubugo for the coming season," she finished. "After all, what do I need, at my age?"

Poor Maria, she was buried in that lubugo. Her calculations were good. How generously the Divine Treasurer must have repaid her "investment"!

* * *

I came back to the house, with death in my heart, and my mind tormented with harassing cares. No personal trial could have affected me more. How terribly one feels the sting of poverty in the presence of so much suffering, so many in need of help and all these ruins to rebuild ! Our material losses amount to about two hundred dollars. Truly, in the designs of God, trials are an indispensable



BAGANDA TEACHERS

element of the apostolate. He makes them spring up everywhere and without cessation. We can only kiss with courage and adoring love the paternal Hand which cherishes as well as strikes, and keep repeating those words of strength.—The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord !

I was trying to court sleep, short and broken as it would be, when they came to wound me afresh. Melania

was in her agony. I went to her at once, preceded by Simoni, the catechist.

The poor girl was indeed in extremity. I prepared her to appear before the God whom she had so faithfully served, and suggested to her to offer her life for all poor sinners.

Six months before, this child had begged permission to live near the missionaries. In her own village her relatives, heretics or infidels, would not allow her the liberty of practicing her religion. And then, too, seductive temptations grew more and more pressing—it became necessary to choose between the world and Jesus.

"How will you live, my child?" said I. "You will be under the ban of your family." "Father", said she, "I know how to cultivate the earth. These two arms will work for me, and then the good God will do the rest."

After the last reunion of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, she spoke to me of her desire to enter the Postulate of the Bannabikira. A week before, when her relatives, notified of her condition, came to take her home to their village, Melania cried.

"No, no! the good God is my true Father? I wish to die in the shadow of His holy temple. Do not grieve about me.—I have everything I want here."

The next morning she was still alive; she was conscious, and received Communion for the last time. Now she sleeps peacefully for eternity upon the Heart of Jesus. Simoni, the catechist, brought me the offering for the Mass of Requiem which this pious young girl wished said for the repose of her soul.

* * *

On Wednesday, in place of the usual instruction, I read to our Christians the story of Job and of his invincible constancy. At the end I made appeal to everyone to come to the assistance of their brethren, who had lost their all. Soon the drum, calling to fatigue—duty, was heard. The

Fathers and the catechists directed the movements—the crowds followed with docility. While the vigorous arms of the young men attacked the wood of the roofing, the weaker hands stacked thatch in armfuls, piled up bricks, etc. Gangs of willing workers hastily improvised beds of straw for those without “fire or resting place.” In short, every one did his duty. The cheerful gayety of these young people at their work made us forget the only too real misery of the situation for a while, and put courage in our hearts to face the big problems of the future.

Behind these shining eyes which follow us everywhere, is there a single mind which comprehends the slenderness of our resources? Is not the remark of one of our wide-awake ones the expression of a common thought?

“We are indeed in bad luck— Happily, our Fathers are here—they will make everything go all right.”

May the compassionate St. Joseph, who has so many times already come to the help of the stranded financiers and made both ends meet, once more save the credit of his servants!

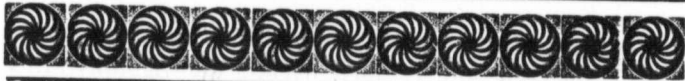
About our injured. They all received Communion this morning in the infirmary. Let us hope that at the next monthly meeting these servants of the Sacred Heart, even those who have suffered most, will be on their feet again.

H. LE VEUX,

Superior of Nnandéré.

(Our Lady of Grace).





Easter in a Missionary Country.

Letter from Father E. M. Chaud to Rev. Father Forbes.

Roubaga, March 23, 1913.

Dear Father,

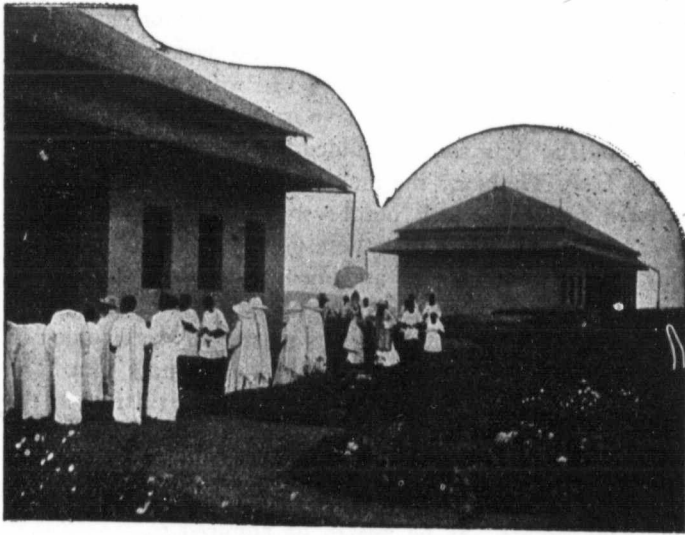
Alleluia ! You are so well acquainted with Roubaga that it is a pity you never happened to pass Easter here. This morning, about two o'clock, I was awakened by a torrent of rain beating on the roof with terrific force. It rained out-of-doors and in-doors. I got up to put my mats and books in a place of safety from the inundation, and I thought—Our poor Christians, they have no chance ! This is pretty bad for an Easter day ! How many good people will miss their Communion !

The storm redoubled. I thought of the roof of our old church. Only two weeks ago, that same roof of grass had been partly carried away by a violent storm, and I called to mind the havoc wrought—the altar, the tabernacle filled with water. Were we going to see all this again on Easter morning ?

Towards day the rain ceased. You think perhaps, our Baganda stayed away. Not a bit of it. "Father," said

several of them to me, " if the storm had been twice as bad, nothing would have kept us from praying to-day."

Indeed they came, and in numbers. You know our old church—you likewise know how these good Blacks can pile themselves up, as it were. Well, several hundreds of them had to hear Mass outside. The church appeared literally paved with black heads. Are they not fine Christians? Many among them had come from the most distant villages through driving rain. They were soaked—



THE BLESSING OF ROUBAGA SCHOOL

but what matter? they would receive Holy Communion.

Holy Week was a time of retreat. We had two instructions, morning and evening, and morning and evening our "cathedral" was filled. Everybody listened with the greatest respect to the Word of God. The Protestants and Mussulmans, seeing the groups of Christians going by every day to the hill of Roubaga, at the call of the drum, said to one another—"How these Catholics pray!"

Exclusive of the services and instructions, our whole time was taken up in hearing confessions. Each confessional stood in the centre of a great black circle. I saw, near my own, good old women waiting their turn all day, and obliged to go away and return the next day because they could not be heard. And yet we had seven priests at work.

These long days passed at the "Holy Fishpond" are hard—but oh, how consoling! When we go to say good night to the Divine Master, before taking a well-earned rest, how happy we feel! Has not every moment of the day been passed in His service? So weariness is forgotten, and we promise Him to go to work again the next day with fresh courage, and to spend ourselves without stint for the dear souls confided to our care.

On Holy Thursday the men come from all the different villages to keep watch before the Blessed Sacrament.

It speaks for itself that these good Blacks are not Carthusians. Contemplation and meditation are impossible to them; they must be given occupation during the Holy Hour. At Roubaga we have a master of ceremonies in the person of Tobias, the catechist—you know him. The whole night long, from eight in the evening till five in the morning, he is on hand, reading aloud the history of the Passion, saying the beads, or starting the singing of hymns. At each hour he recommences all this for the benefit of the new-comers. Is he not to be admired?

Easter is here at last. The storm had not kept any one away. The old church was decorated as much as possible, but the most beautiful ornament was the number of faithful souls who approached the Holy Table. Thirty five hundred received at Mass. During this day, when a Christian meets another he says—"Alleluia! He has risen, as he has said." The response is — "Alleluia!"

After Mass our people came to greet us and thank us for our labors of Holy Week. The very look of their faces shows the transformation of their souls. Every one is happy; they feel the bond of unity, that great Catholic Unity, the

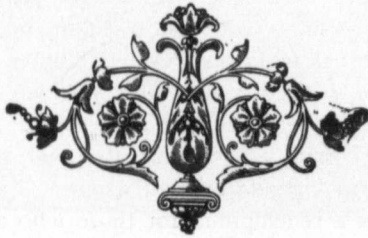
argument of arguments to them, which shows them that our religion is indeed the true one.

Our Blacks have a characteristic saynig—If thou wishest women, be a Mussulman ; il thou wishest money, be a Protestant, if thou wishest heaven, be a Catholic.

Here we are kept down by need, and we have not sufficient laborers for the harvest. We are not numerous enough to respond to the demands, made on us, or to prevent heresy from seizing on souls. If Canada could see things here as they are, it seems to me that the Postulate of Quebec would be full to overflowing.

Our dear Fathers Fillion, Robillard and Alarie are in good health, and send you their greetings. Accept, etc.,

E. MICHAUD.





Various Items.

UGANDA.—Rev. Father Fillion writes to the Ladies of the Work Room of La Malbaie to thank them for a most generous gift of altar linens and other articles, fruits of their zeal and devotion to the Missions :

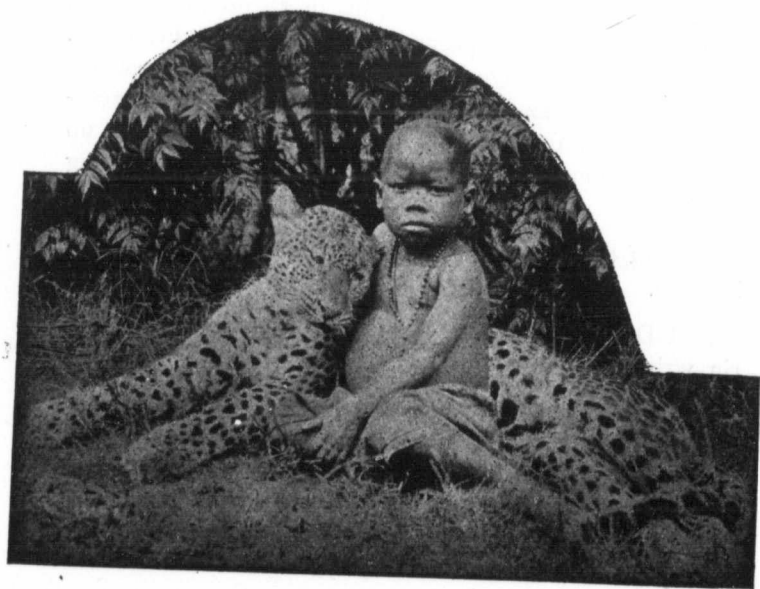
“I cannot thank you enough for your kindness in coming to our aid. We have twenty-three posts in our mission—that will show you the constant need of church ornaments and altar linens. As to clothes, the children are those most in need, and all that you can send will find ready use. You speak of your pious desire of adopting a little negro. I say “adopt”, for the real redemption of slaves is rare in Uganda. This “adoption” is really of as much value as a redemption, for those who are its objects are practically slaves, for whom assistance is needed to procure permission to be instructed and baptized. Be sure we will be faithful in praying for all your intentions.”

Through our Bulletin, we join our thanks to those of Father Fillion.

From the Mission of Entebbé, Father A. Goulet writes to Rev. Father Forbes :

“I received one day from Canada the sum of twenty dollars for a redemption. The benefactress, wishing to remain unknown, made use of a third party to convey her

offering. Later, I learned that the generous soul had given of her necessities to help us. The Bishop had just received an appeal from Father D. for the ransom of two young pagans, and hearing through a confrère of this gift from Canada, sent me the letter. The money was forwarded at once to Father D., and the young girls restored



TWO FRIENDS

to liberty." Here is their history, as related in his letter to the Bishop.

"KABAHUMA is about 14 years old. She was carried off to Uganda in a raid. In this country, she met a relative who had become a Catholic. They determined to escape, and happily accomplished their purpose. She

learned her prayers with eagerness, and was just about to be enrolled at the catechumenate when they sold her to a pagan, for cash. She is now in the house of this pagan, and burns with desire to become a Christian, but this is impossible unless she is freed, which can only be by returning to her master the price paid for her.

MUKEMPISI is about fifteen. She has been under instruction for a long time with our voluntary catechist Erasmus. Her pagan father before his death promised her in marriage to a friend, pagan like himself. At his death, the chief of the village became her guardian and hastened to give her to the husband her father had chosen. She was carried by force to him, and is now obliged to give up her instructions, and there is no possibility of her being baptized."

Both of these girls, after obtaining their liberty, received baptism.

SOUDAN.—From the Mission of Navaro Father Morin writes to his parents :

"I had the happiness of preparing 44 catechumens for baptism, which they received on Christmas Day. I had three one-hour catechism classes every day, without mentioning the supplementary conversations held with interested parties on the regulation of matrimonial questions, most complicated in this land of polygamy.

Following this were the visits of the Bishop and our Local Superior. The latter had hardly departed, when I received word from the Bishop to come to Uagadugu for the Council of the Vicariate. I have just returned, and next week I will set out for Koupéla, a mission 130 miles from here. Fortunately, I have now a motorcycle, which renders these long journeys more agreeable. In Canada, a distance of 130 miles is nothing—you take the train and travel very comfortably to your destination. Here, through roads of brush and under the sun of Africa, it is another thing.

We shall have more baptisms at Easter, which will sensibly augment our little Christendom. There are also a large number of catechumens."

DEATH OF FATHER JOSEPH LANGIS.

As we go to press, we receive from the mother-house the sad news of the death of Father Joseph Langis. No details are given, but we know that our dear confrère left Marseille on May 11 with a party of other missionaries, for Bangwéolo, under the guidance of Mgr. Larue, the new Vicar Apostolic of this mission. They have just about reached Chindé, at the mouth of the Zambesi. Only five weeks ago, Father Langis announced joyfully to us his nomination and departure for Bangwéolo. Blessed with excellent health, pious, zealous, full of ability, he was of the greatest promise, and would have spent himself without reserve for the salvation of the Negroes. God has accepted his desires, and has called him to the reward of an Apostle.

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, kidnapped during wars out of revenge, or given away from motives of superstition are daily seen by the Missionaries. They belong to heathens or to 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 at baptism.

GIFTS TO THE MISSION

From Chicago, ransom of Patrick.....	\$20.00
From Henryville, ransom of Joseph.....	20.00
From Warren, ransom of Louis.....	20.00
From Dewey, for a Catechist.....	15.00
From Brock, for a Native Sister.....	15.00
From St Louis, for a female-catechist.....	10.00
From Deane, 1st installment for a ransom.....	10.00
From Onyx, 3rd installment for a ransom.....	5.00
From Brooklyn, for 1st Communion.....	3.00
From Ottawa, for Church of Rubaga.....	1.00
Amount of smaller donations.....	32.00

CANCELLED STAMP WORK

From Baltimore, ransom of a boy.....	20.00
From Washington, ransom of Mary.....	20.00
From Commun fund, a ransom.....	20.00

DECEASED

Rev. Fr. Langis, W. F.—Rev. Bro. Aurele Jean, C. S. V.—Mr A. Beland, Montreal.

Requiescant in pace.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

25 conversions.—12 vocations.—15 spiritual favors.—29 sick.—14 temporal favors.—21 thanks-giving.—26 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 African Missionaries called the **White Fathers**, was founded at Algiers by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Last June, the Society had charge of 127 Stations belonging to 9 Apostolic Vicariates, and one Prefecture. The Missionaries then working in the Field were 499, besides a great number engaged in the general administration, or in the Novitiates the Society maintains in America, Asia and Europe. **At each Station there must be at least three Missionaries.** The Fathers are helped by lay Brothers who are also members of the Society, and by an order of Sisters founded likewise by Cardinal Lavigerie.

The Society has two Missionary fields. **In North Africa**, we are working among Mohammedan population; **further South**, among the colored tribes of the Soudan and of the Equatorial countries. These Missions combined cover an area almost as large as the whole Dominion of Canada or the United States, that is about **two million five hundred thousand square miles or one fifth of the "Dark Continent"**. As for the inhabitants of these immense countries, they approximate **more than twenty millions**, about one seventh of the whole population of Africa.

What are 500 Missionaries for 20,000,000 Heathens ?

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

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

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

THE WHITE SISTERS.

Our Missionaries find zealous and valuable assistants in the Mission Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters). These Sisters devote themselves particularly to the instruction and training of the women and young girls and to the nursing of the sick. Owing to the lack of funds for the expenses of voyages, founding of houses, etc., the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars a year is absolutely necessary for the support of each one.

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

NOTICE.

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

CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS

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

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

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

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

We get the paper off in the following easy way :

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

Ask your friends to help you in this good work by saving

their own cancelled stamps and collecting from others.

