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THE AFRICAN MISSIONS

OF THE

White Fathers



Our Lady Redemptress of Slaves. • Pray for us.

37, Ramparts Street, - Quebec.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

This subscription price is payable in advance, but subscription may start at any time during the year.

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

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

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

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

III. — Power is given for five years, to Benefactors who are 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 7<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> of each month.  
 2. A third Mass is said on the 21<sup>st</sup> 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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## ~ The Prayer for our Benefactors ~



At the beginning of this new year it becomes our pleasant task to express once more the feelings of gratitude we entertain toward our dear benefactors: "*Bis repetita placent.*"

Gratitude is indeed, an obligation imposed upon us not only as regards those with whom we have become acquainted; we entertain the same sentiments also for the strangers who have assisted us, those generous souls whose names God alone knows and preserves.

It is by prayer that we undertake to pay our debt, for prayer is the one great treasure at our disposal — it is the only riches that those who aid the apostle may demand in return for their alms. "Father," they say, "pray for us, and have others pray for us."

\* \* \*

Hour has succeeded hour, night has come, and after the evening prayer the reign of silence begins. Until the morrow, after meditation, nothing disturbs this silence; and should any exigency arrive requiring a few words, they are spoken in hushed tones that no alien sound may trouble the religious atmosphere of peace and recollection which marks the cloister.

It is at this evening hour, preceding the period of si-

lence, that the Missionaries at the Stations gather at the feet of their Master in the chapel. — Then the voice of the Superior makes itself heard in these words : “ Let us pray for our benefactors... ” And the supplications forthwith rise heavenward to the great Father, and to the Blessed Virgin.

“ Father, to our benefactors who impoverish themselves for the Salvation of souls, give daily bread, and to all give superstantial Bread — the hunger for the Holy Eucharist which only the Living Bread can satisfy.

“ Father, forgive them the sins they have committed against Your Divine Majesty, as they forgive those who have offended them.

“ Father, do not permit our benefactors to succumb to temptation; the temptation to sin, to murmur in adversity, to become discouraged in suffering and under heavy crosses.

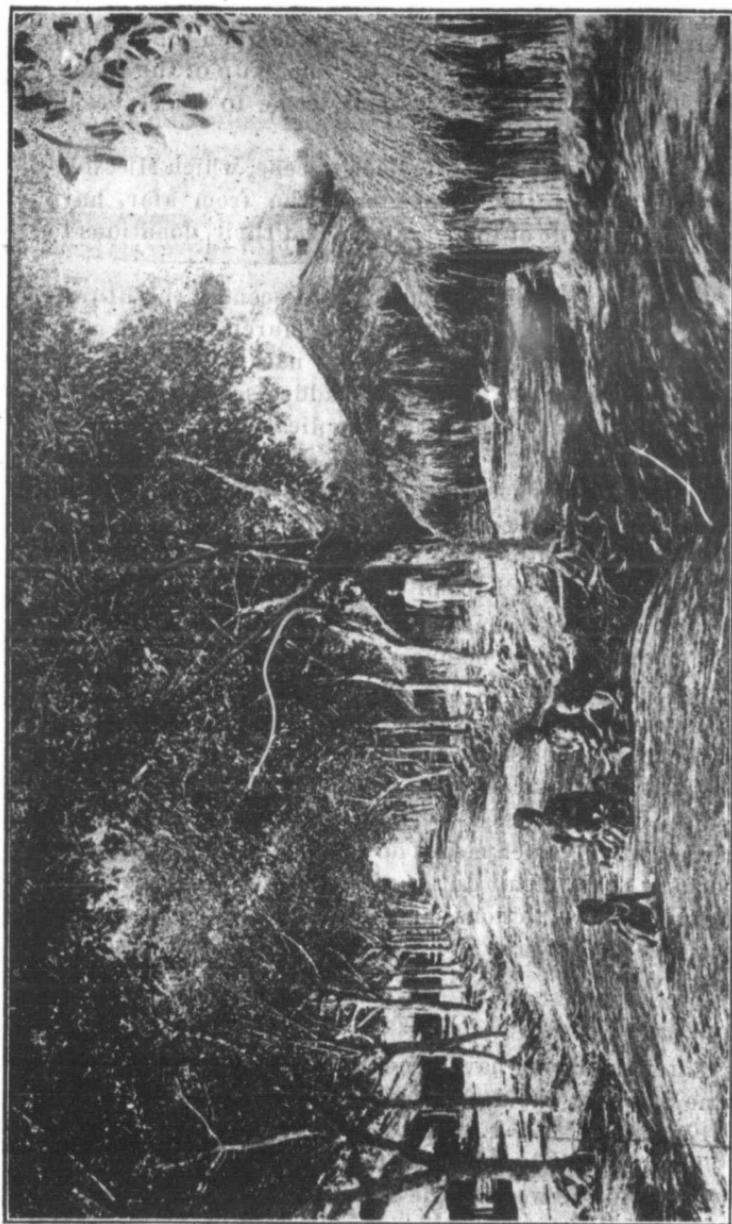
“ And you, O Blessed Mother of God, all powerful and merciful, you who comprehend the desires, the needs, the agonies of your children ; O Most Holy Virgin, pray for them and make intercession for them. Guard them during life, and assist them at the hour of their death.— Amen ! Amen !..”

Every evening this earnest request soars toward Heaven during the hours devoted to prayer until finally night spreads its shadows over the vast, mysterious, African reaches which the Missionaries in their lonely and humble Stations are trying to evangelize.

\* \* \*

Dawn has not yet appeared in the sky when again the Fathers meet in the presence of Him who is the Light, the Truth, and the Life, in order to revive His ardor of Divine Love by the fire of their supplications.

The most precious hour of the day is that wherein the priest mounts the steps of the altar. In Africa it is in the rude travelling tent, the tiny reed chapel, or the straw-roofed cathedral that the Holy Sacrifice must be



Village and alley with Caoutchouc trees.

offered up, bringing its floods of grace upon the burning land ; and the congregations are made up of the Blacks who, having become Christians, come to kneel beside their Fathers in the faith.

At such a moment and in such a scene, which Missionary could forget the benefactors, who from afar, have sent him the gift of their prayers and their donations to help him in his arduous task.

When the God of the Eucharist descends, the liturgical prayer of Our Holy Mother the Church becomes more ardent and earnest, and the priest naturally recalls his friends in a special manner as he addresses his Maker in the feeling terms of the great supplications.

*"Memento Domine., Be mindful, Lord, of Thy servants and handmaids whose faith and devotion are known to Thee ; for whom we offer this sacrifice of praise for themselves, their families and friends ; for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their safety and salvation..."*

And while the Immolation of Calvary thus renews itself in an unbloody manner, the angels of the King of Kings on outspread wings seek the distant banks of the St-Lawrence and of the Mississippi, bearing to the friends of the Missionaries who are children of God by their state of grace and their religious zeal, their portion of the good fruits of this Sacrifice — fruits whose value may not be estimated. By such means do souls gain the strength to perform the difficult duties of their state, to become resigned under afflictions, and to bear with calmness and patience the sorrows and disappointments that beset this earthly life.

\* \* \*

After the living have benefitted by the grace of the divine Sacrifice, the dead receive their share in the beautiful moment.

The priest fully understands that many of the persons devoted to the work of the Missions have paid their tribute to Death, and that many souls, members of the

Suffering Church, still await in Purgatory, the moment of deliverance from their painful state of captivity.

Therefore, joining his hands before him, and lowering his eyes until they rest upon the sacred Body of the Savior, he prays for these dear absent ones, according to the holy rites of the Mass.

— “*Memento Domine...* Be mindful also, O Lord, of thy servants and handmaids who are gone before us with the sigh of Faith, and rest in the sleep of peace. To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light and peace, through the same Christ our Lord, Amen.”

And the Angels of Purgatory, set forth from the hundreds of altars hidden in the heart of the dark continent, on their mission of mercy to suffering souls. — To one they bring an easing of the purifying agonies; to another they announce that period of suffering has been shortened; and to the most fortunate they throw wide open the prison doors and admit them to the light of that Heaven which is to last forevermore.

And thus each priest of the Society, by the merits of the Savior he immolates, pays each day his debt of gratitude. But the sacrifice of the Mass does not include all his supplications for the dead. Even as the rule of Society calls all its members together at night for the purpose of remembering living benefactors, so it convokes them at midday in order that they may intercede for the dead. — “O God who pardons sinners, and who desires the salvation of all men, we beseech thy Clemency to accord to our benefactors who have departed this life, the possession of the eternal happiness. We voice this petition in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Saviour, hoping and trusting it may be granted.”

It is by these words that the mementoes of the dead are each day terminated in the various Stations of the African Missions.

Poor, dear dead ones, whose bodies repose under the winter snows, how happy they are to have seconded the

apostolic work by their prayers and alms while living !  
May the time of their expiation be shortened by these good  
deeds which cannot but prove a powerful and perpetual  
alleviation for their purgatorial suffering.

\* \* \*

The reader must pardon these lines if they have be-  
come too lengthy. The pen has been running on without  
thought of the space that must be reserved for the letters  
from the Missions. But after all it is news of the daily  
doings of the Missionaries which is embodied in the pre-  
sent article, and to all subscribers, benefactors and zealous  
co-workers — to all those who have encouraged us by pray-  
ers, sympathy, or material assistance, we affirm that it  
was necessary to make public the quality of our gratitude  
and the manner in which we endeavor to express it.

Our modest Magazine has just begun its third year :  
and we are still in the season of vows. The occasion being  
a favorable one for chatting with our friends, we have there-  
fore seized it.

May the friends of the " African Missions " pray the  
Master of the Harvest to enkindle an unceasing fire of love  
for God and for souls in the hearts of the Missionary  
priests.

And they on their side will beg the Blessed Virgin,  
who is their Mother and their patron, to bless, protect,  
and sanctify during the new year, the great family of ge-  
nerous souls who labored with us yesterday, are still la-  
boring to-day, and who may be trusted to labor in the fu-  
ture for the extension of the dominion of God among the  
negroes of the African continent.





## Reflections for this New Year 1911

*What will I do this year to further the glory of God  
by aiding a poor Black to find  
the road to Heaven?*

**T**HERE are several means at my disposal by which I can attain this end. It rests only with me to decide which is best suited to the situation in life which Divine Providence has appointed for me.

1<sup>st</sup> Means. — To found a purse for the education of a black seminarian.

That is to say, to assure the continual preparation of negro priests through the income of a sum sufficient for the purpose.

What a grand apostolic work! These priests will belong to me: after God, they will put at my disposal all the fruits which their zeal for souls may produce.

In November 1910, such a fund was donated by persons who had saved penny by penny until the required four hundred and fifty dollars were gathered together. Others found it easier to send regular contributions, and in a certain spare of time had the great joy of making a like foundation.

2<sup>nd</sup> Means. — To adopt a black seminarian for a year.

To adopt a seminarian means that I undertake to defray the expenses of a native African in one of the seminaries for a year. These expenses will not be less than twenty dollars.

Like the former charity this act will make me directly

responsible for creating a Catholic priest among the negro Christians.

3<sup>d</sup> Means.—To ransom a child.

If the public markets in which the poor negroes were offered for sale along with the brute beasts, no longer exist, domestic slavery is still far from having been destroyed.

And moreover, parents sell their daughters at a fixed rate when even children, to Mussulmen, pagans, and heretics for whatsoever purpose the purchaser may desire to put them to.

Would not one of these unfortunate girls bless the hand that gives her liberty by sending to Africa the cost of her ransom — twenty dollars ?

4<sup>th</sup> Means, To adopt a Catechist.

No matter how great are the zeal and strenght of the Missionaries, they cannot be every where at once, watching over their Christians, and gathering in new persons to be instructed in the rudiments of religion. The districts are immense and many of the recruits dwell far from the Stations. The services of catechists are demanded, therefore, and these assistants are becoming every day more and more valuable to the work of the Missions.

But in order to increase the number of devoted auxiliaries it is necessary to supply them with food, clothing, lodging, and the articles belonging to their calling. The sum needed is fifteen dollars. Can I adopt a Catechist this year ?

5<sup>th</sup> Means. To adopt a woman Catechist.

The women catechists perform same functions as the men, except for the reservations imposed by their sex. The cost of supporting one is also a little less (ten dollars per year) because a woman can cultivate a little garden aided by the children she instructs.

Another fact which relieves the situation, is, that the remains single, while the male catechist dwells with his family whom he must still provide for. In order to become an auxiliary of the Missions, the female catechist begins by making the sacrifice of her parents.

From the ranks of these devoted women, go forth those ardent souls who form the communities of negro nuns, and whose lives are devoted to the propagation of the Gospel.

6<sup>th</sup> Means. To adopt a catechumen.

Except in special cases no catechumen receives Baptism until he has passed a probation of four years. This method assures a solid instruction and is a guarantee of final perseverance.

The catechumen is taught in his native village by the catechist, and by the Father on his occasional visits, these visits being more or less frequent according to the distance of the Mission Station.

During the six month preceding his baptism, however, the catechumen ought to reside at the Station in order that he may receive from the Fathers, daily instruction in catechism, thus becoming the charge of the Mission. Thousands of dear black children, in hope of becoming Christians, stand in need of the food and clothing necessary to maintain them during this period. Shall I not consecrate five dollars to this worthy cause ?

7<sup>th</sup> Means.—To adopt a first Communicant.

A slight sacrifice — three dollars — will suffice for this little charity, and the work should appeal to all mothers having children who expect to receive their First Communion this year. In order to draw blessing upon this beautiful event, fond parents ought to adopt a little Black child who has reached the age when he may also become acquainted with Jesus Christ.

During his many journeys through the native villages, the Missionary finds many little boys and girls, already

baptised and ready to be prepared for First Communion. These he gathers together and brings to the Station where under the vigilant eyes of the Sisters or female Catechists they remain for a month or two, awaiting the great day of their lives.

Each of these hundreds of children requires shelter, food in abundance, and a piece of cloth wherewith to clothe him decently when he approaches the Holy Table.



Sister St Philippe with her natives novices.

It may easily be seen, therefore, that even this branch of apostolic work in a negro country, occasions a vast expense.

8<sup>th</sup> Means. To make any small gift.

Suppose, alas, that all the channels just mentioned are closed to me on account of restricted fortune; can I not, nevertheless, offer something that will be agreeable to God, even as the widow in the Gospel offered her mite? These

tiny sums, in the aggregate, form brooks, even mighty rivers — and the Apostolate has so many needs.

It would be impossible, in fact, for me to attempt to enumerate uses to which money can be put in foreign missions: the education and travelling expenses of the priests; building of Stations, chapels, churches; and the maintenance of dispensaries, hospitals, lazerets, asylums, orphan homes, and schools are only the most important items of the yearly outlay.

9<sup>th</sup> Means. — To devote myself.

If Divine Providence has placed me in the ranks of the poor, it is still not impossible for me to assist in the saving of souls, because, for example, I can occupy myself with gathering cancelled postage stamps, or obtaining subscriptions for the Magazine, thus satisfying my zeal.

Again, I may become a collector for the Sewing-Circle of Our Lady of Africa, gathering here and there pieces of cloth or garments which the demands of fashion or the requirements of mourning render useless. Under the skilful fingers of the ladies of the Sewing-Circle, the woollens and cottons will be made into clothing for the poor blacks, and the satins, silks, and velvets transformed into altar coverings, and ornaments for the bare African churches and chapels.

10<sup>th</sup> Means. — To pray and to suffer.

Lastly in the order of things yet not less efficaciously, it is in my power to procure the salvation of souls by praying fervently for the Missionaries laboring in the vineyard of the Father, and by offering up my sufferings, proofs, and disappointments for the conversion of the unhappy infidels.

I will pray, and, still better, I will suffer more patiently and meekly, with Jesus crucified, as He suffered and prayed for the salvation of the world.

\* \* \*

O my God, You who have so mercifully permitted me to see this new year, grant that I may not allow it to pass without doing something for Your Glory by helping to rescue a pagan soul.



## Apostolic Vicariate of Septentrional Nyanza.

STATION OF NANDÉRÉ

*Letter from Fr. Joseph Dery to Rev. Fr. Forbes.*

**J**N this interesting narration, our Missionary, after acknowledging an envoy that fortunately arrived, gives some details of the various villages which he has visited, and exposes the needs of his dear Christians.

Notre Dame de Grace, June 12, 1910.

Reverend Father,

The package of crosses and rosaries which you sent via Marseilles, at last arrived. And in the name of the happy ones here of whose joy you are the cause, I, the chief one, hasten to thank you.

How many blessings and prayers were showered upon you and your amiable envoy !

One on the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude among our dear black Baganda, is " Nsimye Buwongerwa," that is "I rejoice, hoping to receive still more." My dear Father, I too am very much a negro ; I say also " Nsimye Buwongerwa. "

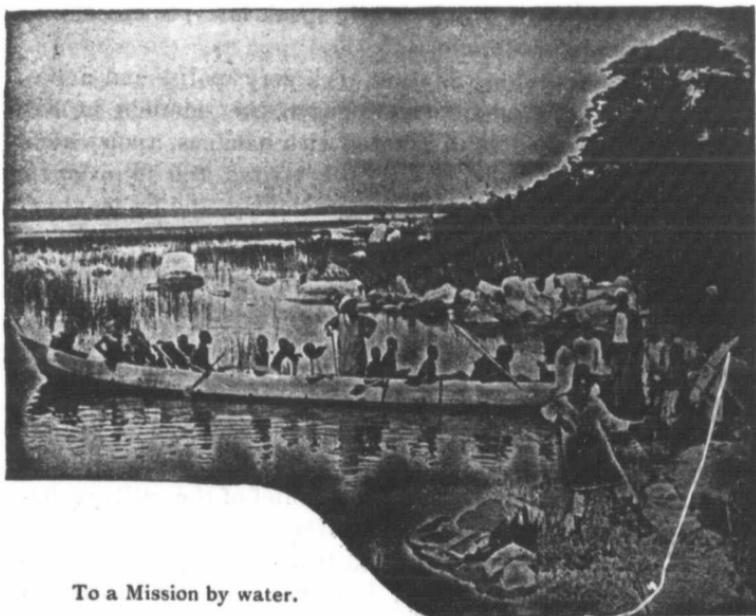
An Apostolic Journey.

As you know, our population is immense in this district which we are trying to lead to the knowledge and love of God ; it amounts to some 120,000 souls, disseminated, through a vast territory.

There are posts of catechists some 10 or 11 hours distant from here. Some of the faithful have to march for two days and a half to reach here. A third group are within

five or six hours distance. In fact, we have around our residence, within a radius of 5 or 6 miles a numerous crown of villages.

In the month of May last, the Father Superior sent me to visit the neighboring settlements, to see our Christians and catechumens, and make an exact enumeration of them. This special work occupied me for three weeks of marches and visits, going from village to village, from hut to hut, with alternative of tears and smiles, of conso-



To a Mission by water.

lations and sadness. Our faithful are mingled with the Protestants, who are numerous and powerful; also pagans and Musulmen; this causes them incessant fear, and us, constant anxiety

Aided by the notes that I took during my voyage, I am going, with your permission, to give you an idea of the population to which we are devoting ourselves. Let me begin with the one where I first took the census.

Ssambwe. — Ssambwe is a village of 150 families, 120 of whom are Protestants. These Protestants are far from being affable ; they are fiery and pedantic ; they hardly condescend to return salutations. I occupied myself chiefly with the children and young men, trying to persuade them to return the visit I was making them, by coming to see me at Notre Dame de Grace.

The heretics have here a large temple and a great school with three teachers. The chief or Mayor is called Mudéka, and is the same as a Protestant pastor. Each day he goes to Ndejje, of which I will speak later, to catechize, baptize, marry, etc, etc,

Mudeka, in my estimation, is a very polite and amiable man. He even gave us in one of the hamlets of his district, a piece of land planted with bananas, upon which we constructed a chapel. Also I visited him in order to thank him. He received me graciously, and on leaving, gave me a present of a chicken and some bananas. May these kind deeds be the means of bringing down upon him the grace of God, that his eyes may be opened to the true faith !

I remained two days at Ssambwe ; the Catholics number 70 neophytes and 37 catechumens.

Khakaté. — This is a large village composed of 242 families. Here, as at Ssambwe, we find a large temple, a great school, three teachers and a chief of the village Kitakoulé, also a Protestant minister.

KitaKoulé resides permanently at the capital. His substitute during his absences, is a sworn enemy of the Catholics, who have much to combat and suffer. He tries to make the people apostatize by means of chains and prisons. Several families were so persecuted by him that they were obliged to go elsewhere for life and liberty.

In spite of all, the elect are very numerous, I counted at Khakaté 45 Catholic families, making 178 neophytes.

One afternoon I permitted myself to visit a Protestant school ; I found there 30 nice looking children. I talked to them a long time, and when I went off, they begged to

come with me. Our Lady of Grace I hope, will some day, be the means of bringing some among them to the true religion. One "Ave Maria," if you please, for this intention ;

Kikounganza. — We entered here a little hamlet. The family of the chief are the only Protestants. The Catholics number 85.

Nyimboua. — You remember Waboulenkoko, whose history I related you some time ago. Nyimboua is his country : 115 huts, 88 neophytes, and 100 catechumens.

Bbalé. — Bbalé is near the Station of Nandéré ; its population is 240 families. The chief Tomasi, is the head of the Anglican church. We have at Bbalé 93 families of Catholics, consisting of 314 neophytes, and 130 catechumens.

Ggaga. — You know that the government has divided the Kingdom of Bouganda into provinces. The chief of the province of Boulémésie, in which we find the Mission of Notre Dame de Grace, has his residence at Ggaga, of which he is the Mayor.

Kangawo, as is he called, is almost a king; he governs a province with 80,000 inhabitants. To his temporal authority, he adds a spiritual one : Kangawo is a Protestant minister. Less favorable to Catholics, he makes all the trouble possible for them. He is an intelligent man, of distinguished manners, to which is joined an air of great authority.

His house is very beautiful, very rich and comfortable ; our poor residence is very miserable compared to his. Kangawo has everything he desires on this earth : honor, good fortune, authority, happiness. With our destitution and our desire to serve God we are richer than he. Let him keep his riches ; we prefer our poverty.

God is the master of hearts, and He shows His power here ; our 52 neophytes at Ggaga are nearly all relatives of Kangawo.

Ndejé. — We terminated our pastoral visits, by stop-

ping at Ndéjjé, the citadel of Protestantism in this region. Here are two European ministers in residence, with their wives and children, and one or two deaconesses. Their principal work is the distribution of remedies to the natives. Here, also, Our Lord and His Mother have some children. I was anxious to meet the little group of 15 neophytes, more than usually exposed to the contagion of heresy; but an impediment existed. I could not go and salute the Reverend Pastors, and this is the reason: the present Father Superior of Notre Dame de Grace, as well as his predecessor, on arriving at the Missions, made a polite call upon the gentlemen mentioned above; but by abstaining from returning such a courtesy the ministers of Ndejjé made us understand that they did not wish any relations with Catholic priests.

Behold me then, at the village. Alas! I had not counted upon the indiscreting of my donkey, who began to bray jubilantly, and frisk about in his pride. Ah, the villainous beast! It is not an every-day event in a negro village this noisy chant of a donkey; in an instant, all the world was on foot. What could I do? Without visible embarrassment I saluted graciously big and small, young and old expressing astonishment at seeing me. I visited one of my dear Christians, and then retired, accompanied by several others.

#### Need of Priests. Need of catechists.

Let me resume. The census that I took during the three weeks in the 22 villages and hamlets that encircle the Station of Notre Dame de Grace resulted as follows: there are 1519 families, 487 of which are Catholics. I registered the names of 1703 neophytes and 652 catechumens. It is already a parish

This parish is confided to the care of two catechists, who have to contend with twenty Protestant teachers!!

You can understand then, the necessity of many catechists, and also what useful work the people do who

are aiding us in forming them and placing them in these villages. Let me now thank all.

By means of the journeys we have taken during two years in this immense district, it is possible to fix the exact number of Christians.

The total population, I told you in the beginning, is 120,000 inhabitants.

Among this number we count 10,168 neophytes and 16,000 catechumens. "Mensis multa" ... The harvest is consoling, but far from being terminated.

Besides these 26,000 Catholics actual or prospective, there are 30,000 Protestants to convert, and 60,000 pagans to evangelize. Once more, "Mensis multa" ... there remains a grand harvest for the Father to glean.

And for this immense work, we number four workmen! "Roga ergo Dominum messis ut mittat operarios in messem suam:" Beg that the Lord may send us help. Here is the place, here is the work awaiting young levites who have good health and love for our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

\* \*\*

In the month of August next, I shall make my annual retreat in a neighboring Station. Eight days of silence, of recollection, of prayer, alone with God, — it is the foretaste of Heaven for the Missionary.

For twelve months, from morning till night, we confess we console, we encourage, we search in the jungle for lost sheep; it is good to have eight days in order to rest the body, the soul, and the heart, and to gain strength for new work. Recommend me, please, in your prayer.

On my side, I offer your works and yourself to God.

Once again, thanks for your gifts: "Nsimye buwongerwa."

Yours very affectionately and respectfully in the heart of Jesus.

JOSEPH DÉRY. W. F.



## Apostolic Vicariate of the Upper Congo.

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### SLAVERY AND RANSOM.

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#### *Sad History of Four Little Orphans.*

“ Does slavery still exist in the Congo ?” Alas ! The experience of many days forces me to answer in the affirmative. Yes, slavery is the hideous canker that desolates not only the Congo but all Equatorial Africa.

Thanks to the campaign against slavery which Cardinal Lavigerie waged twenty-five years ago, thanks to the united efforts of the many societies organized and directed by that great Apostle of Africa against the bloody Tippto-Tip, the Roumaliza and others, thanks to the philanthropic expeditions of European powers, and their laws, as wise as they were prompt in being enforced, man-hunting is fast becoming ancient history. The public markets, where the poor black was exposed and sold like the vulgar beasts, after being torn from all that was dear to his heart, — his family, his home, his country — these sales in full publicity, which rent the souls of the Missionary, have diminished.

However, domestic slavery still exists; and many unfortunate souls await to-day the coming of generous Christians, who can break their bonds of servitude and give them the inestimable blessing of that freedom to which every human being is entitled. Slaves are still sold secretly, and passed from master to master, even among tribes of the same region.

But, you object, if man-hunting is no longer practised, how is it that domestic slavery still exists ? Does it not seem as if the scourge ought to die with its last victim as

an epidemic is finished because of lack of subjects ? The solution of this problem presents no difficulties, or at least very few to those who are familiar with the code of laws used by the ancestors of these people, according to tradition, and which now flourish in all their old time vigor among the non-Christian negroes.

Thus, when a man dies, his widow passes into the hands of his brother, with all the wealth to which she is heiress. If it happens that the unfortunate one is without means, necessity frequently stifles the last gleam of filial love in the pagan hearts, and a man will often sell the wife of his deceased brother without scruple ; self-interest destroying all sentiments of affection. He has become her master by the law inheritance, and she possesses the same value in his eyes as his goats, his weapons, and his various other belongings. He is therefore, perfectly free to sell or retain the poor creature as seems best to him.

In Ouroua, for example, all the women and children taken as prisoners of war, become, in the same manner, the domestic slaves of their conquerors.

Without speaking of the children, who are dragged to the market and torn from their parents or guardians, in order to serve a tyrant; let us say simply, that a very simple cause may result in the slavery of one or several human beings.

Should a law-suit, on account of debt, take place, the creditor may seize the child of his debtor, and retain it until the account is paid. And as the poor man very often possesses nothing in the world beyond the scanty costume with which he is covered, the child is forced to take its place among the class of domestic slaves.

In the upper Congo, young children who have lost their father, pass with their mother as a legacy to the next of kin, which may be an uncle, elder brother, or even a nephew of the deceased.

And do not imagine that any kindly affections temper the severity of such laws, when put into practice by per-

sons who have never tasted the sincereness of that divine fruit of Christianity known as love of one's neighbor. Among the pagan blacks, affection is almost an unknown quantity; and sentiments which come naturally to others, find no place in their character. With them, the best-ordered charity begins at home... and remains there. Personal interest alone rules all their acts, and if they, do not abuse the slaves they have inherited it is because greed or fear binds their hands. As an illustration, it is only necessary to read the story of Kaité and her sisters, which is, moreover, taken at hazard from among the many tragedies that still desolate the Upper Congo.

\* \* \*

It was the month of March, 1907. I had come to Mpala (1) in company with His Lordship Mgr. Roelens, and I found myself alone in a chamber, occupied in writing. Suddenly I heard a sound as of feet gliding to my door, and above the noise of the light footsteps, a voice which cried "Hodi, Bwana," "Father, here I am" — "Kari-bu," I answered, that is: "Enter," It is thus that one announces himself in the black country.

A young boy approached, and planted himself before me without saying a word. The tattooing of his face indicated that he was a Wlouba (2) but the bright smile which over-spread his countenance seamed with traces of suffering, made it hard for me to believe my eyes.

"Well, my friend, what do you wish?"

"Father, I came to salute you; that is all. You know well who I am, without doubt."

These last words astonished me, and while I regarded the features of his childish face closely, I tried to bring to mind my souvenirs of last year.

"My friend, it seems as if I had seen you somewhere,

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(1) Mpala — A missionary Station in the Vicariate of the Upper Congo.

(2) Miouba — plural Balouba, native of the country called: Ouroua.



The Nkholé King with his Court.

but as to knowing you, that is another thing ; I have but just come to Mpala. ”

“ Father, look at me well... you know me ; I am Kaité, your pupil at Loukoulou. ” (1)

Kaité ! Loukoulou !... Those words awoke a world of souvenirs, without giving any solution of the problem which excited my curiosity.

“ What ! You are Kaité, son of Kalounda ?... but I beleived you dead long ago — six months ago ! ”

“ No Father, I am not dead ; but I was sold in slavery, and then redeemed by the Father of Mpala. ”

The frank and cheerful smile of the child hid his premature wrinkles and the tone of his voice itself seemed to indicate, in these few short words, a description of his life, concealing a part spent in cruel suffering.

“ Father, listen. You remember that when you left the school of Loukoulou, my father Kalounda died and that you had given him a remedy which enabled him to live above, far away, in a beautiful country where there are no more sorceress nor lions? ” (He spoke of Heaven.) “ My mother, you remember, died before. ”

“ Yes, friend, I remember these sad facts, but tell me your history. ”

“ My mother was called Youmba. After her death, there were four of us with our father : my big brother Moubba, two little sisters Kilouba and Loumbwa, and I. We had cried very much when they buried my mother. Our father was very sad ; he became ill and died. As soon as he was laid in the grave, the sous of his sisters (2) Kahoutou and Simbé, came to take us.

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(1) Another station in the same Vicariate.

(2) It is the nephew, son of the sister, who inherits the position of his uncle, and, not the son of his father. Why? This is what they told me in Marounga.. Kyomba, the first prominent man, became old. His sons resolved to rid themselves of him. They dug a deep pit, on the bottom of which they concealed some lances ; as the flowers and shrubs grew, they hid all traces of their work. The youths invited Kyomba to drink some beer ; when he was drunk, they led him to the edge

"I was led away by Kahoutou ; Simbé took my brother Moumba. My two little sisters, on the death of my father, had already been placed with Kahoutou by my father in order that his wife might take care of them. Kahoutou lived in the village of Kabemba, on the river Luisé. There we arrived after a three day's march. Father Kabemba, you know, is like the beautiful country of which the Fathers of Mpala had told me, and of which the Father of all men was the chief ; (the earthly paradise.)

\* \* \*

"Kahoutou treated me like his own child ; it was Kaité who carried the arrows of his cousin ; it was Kaité who must bring the "mpougé : " (sauce), for the evening meal. My two little sisters did not share in this tenderness of our new father ; they fluttered about the hut of Kahoutou like two young chickens, always troublesome, vexatious. Too young and feeble to wield even the lightest mattock, they could only draw water and prepare some meal. Kahoutou suffered then only pain in the presence of Kilouba and Loumbwa. One day he became angry at them and said : " Go out of my house ; I am tired of feeding you . . . Kilouba and Loumbwa began to cry, as they did not care to start out into the forest ; as for me, I cried too at the thought of my two sisters<sup>u</sup> lost in the jungle like two grains of sand in the desert. Nothing availed, Father ; the devil himself ruled the spirit of Kahoutou, and our tears and prayers could not move his pitiless heart. Kilouba and Loumbwa were sent away."

" Ah, I understand now the object of your visit, my poor Kaité ; knowing that I was at Loukoulou, you come, doubtless, to seek news of your sisters. "

of the hole, into which he fell, wounded unto death. He had still strength enough left, however, to have the sons of his sister summoned. They took him out carefully. To reward them, he said : " I do not wish that my sons should succeed me. I give you all my authority. " Since then, the nephews, sons of the sister, are the lawful heirs when there are no brothers of the dead chief.

“ No, Father, Kilouba and Loumbwa never returned to Loukoulou. I found out since that strangers seized them and sold them again as slaves.

“ Father, I say *sold them again*, for it was Kahoutou who sold them to strangers to enrich himself and enable him to live without work. Not daring to deliver them himself for fear of the relatives of my mother, he acted like the serpent that glides beneath the grass, the better to surprise and devour his prey. A group of slavers concealed themselves in the thick jungle near our village of Kabemba, Kahoutou met them there, and for three goats he allowed them to capture Kilouba and Loumbwa as they passed by. Kahoutou, Father, is my cousin, but,... he is a pagan without mercy.

\* \* \*

“ The captivity of my-two sisters was not known to me when Kahoutou said to me one day : “ Kaité, I am going on a journey ; come with me.” To travel, to go through the forest, to visit unknown countries, what Mlouba would remain insensible to such a pleasure. I would return in the evening, and then how many interesting things I would have to tell on my return to all my comrades ! Never did an antelope gambol more joyously on the steppes, than Kaité did in the foolsteps of his new father. We walked a long, long time ; eight times we saw the sun set over the mountains of Otoumbwe. Kahoutou, to my great regret, refused to remain in any of the villages we passed, and to each question that I asked on the subject, he growled out the answer I still recall vividly : “ Do not stop there, child ; the men are savage ; they will kill and eat you...” To tell the truth, the prospect of being eaten, froze my blood, and I clung to Kakoutou as closely as possible.

“ We arrive finally at Kataka, in Outoumbwé. Knowing no one on the way, and having no comrade to divert me, I spent my time entirely in sleeping and eating. Meanwhile Kahoutou and Katski, having, retired to the rear

of the hut, spoke together in low tones for a long time; I could not guess what they were discussing. I persuaded myself that Kahoutou was seeking some work that would pay him well; for he had desired some rich clothing for the coming fête in the village of Kabemba. My illusions were destroyed the day when I saw the chief's followers go out and come back laden with farming utensils, cloth and pearls. Then, Father, I understood all. Kahoutou had sold me, I had become a slave — I, the son of free parents, and a descendant of the great chief of Ouroura. I could never come back, then, to my father's country, I could never see Loukoulou again, Henceforth, there was nothing for me but to work hard, eat little, and receive many blows. You can understand, Father, that my grief was over for whelming; I sighed and wept until I had no more tears to shed."

"But you ran away, Kaité... You escaped to Kataké?"

"No, Father, to fly was impossible; I did not know the mountain contry, and moreover, a terrible Mtoumbwe, a veritable demon, watched us unceasingly, threatning to kill us.

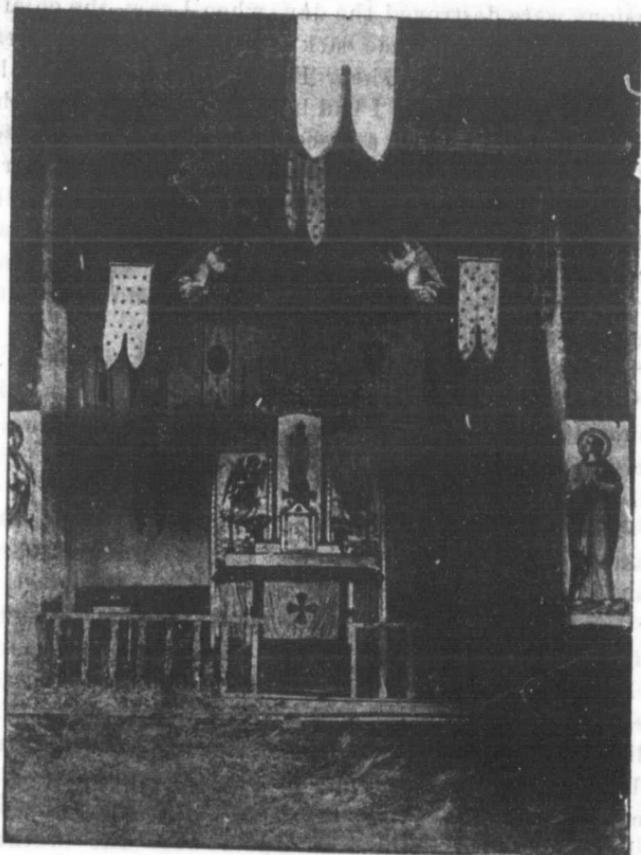
"The sun had not risen twenty times, when Kataké, fearing to be accused of buying slaves, brought me to another village, and there sold me to Kipoka.

"My transfer, however, meant only a change of suffering. But I learned there, that at some leagues distance, at Mpala, there were Fathers, like those of the Sacred Heart of Loukoulou; and that halfway between us, at the village of Kipoungwe they had established a school erected by catechist teachers. This was a ray of hope, a gleam of sunshine, in a dark tempest. It was sufficient to know that the Fathers of Mpala were the brothers of those that I had known, at Ouroua. To be once among them meant liberty; for they would not allow me to fall again into the hands of slave dealers, — I, Kaité, their former pupil and the son of a high chief. I decided to flee.

"Less than two moons after my arrival at the home of

Kipoka, I profited by darkness to leave the village and take refuge at the house of the catechist teacher at Kipoumwe.

“In spite of my sudden and secret arrival, the catechist received me with a warmth that was augmented by the



A fine Altar.

fact that I was a fugitive slave, and an old pupil of the Fathers of Loukoulou. The next day, before sunrise, we arrived, he and I, at the Mission of Mpala. Tears gushed from my eyes when I saw the “grand father,”

(the Missionary,) coming to meet me... Yes, he was the brother of those who were at Loukoulou, and who had cared for my father and mother. I recognized his beautiful white habit, his rosary... But would he be willing to receive me and pay my ransom in case the barbarous Kipoka came to reclaim me ? They were said to be good and charitable to the negroes, but would they pay cloth and pearls for the ransom of a Mlouba ? Father, my heart was pierced ; hope made me smile, while a sort of defiance made me follow closely all the gestures and movements of this white man with the long beard. He gave me breakfast, dressed me, and placed me among the boys ransomed from slavery.

“ As I feared, Kipoka pursued me, and twenty days later arrived to reclaim his property. I had no sooner perceived him than I began to tremble in all my limbs... I ran to conceal myself in the depths of the veranda ; if the father was going to deliver me to my master...

“ I distinguished clearly the cries of Kipoka and the sweet, calm voice of the Father, who sought to calm the anger of the slaver... “ Yes, ” I cried, sobbing, “ here he is, come to take me !... Father, Father, ” I called out, without thinking that I thus revealed my hiding place, “ Father, do not let me go again into the hands of this tyrant, he will beat me, he will kill me. ”... No one answered my supplications, but I soon saw Kipoka traversing the court with a joyous and smiling air... the Missionaries had given him cloth and pearls... I was free... the Father had pity upon me ; they had indeed told me the truth, he loved the Balouba well. ”

“ You see them, Kaité, ” I said, “ that the God of the white men is good, since He sends priests to deliver you. ”

“ Yes, Father. The God whom you adore is good ; very often I have prayed and begged Kabezya Mpoungou, the great God of Ouroua to give me my liberty, and let me return to Loukoulou, but always Kabezya remained deaf..., I remained a slave, I, the son of Kalounda. ”

“And how have you thanked the God of Christians for the great kindness he has shown you?”

“I have become a Christian. I wish to love the God of the Fathers and live with them.. They have ransomed me... Am I not their child. Listen, Father, I have not told all.”

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“On Sunday, a few days later, I received my white habit and went with my companions to mass. As you know, Father, in the church the boys are placed on one side, the girls on the other. They put me in the first row, and I tried to join on the singing. But I then knew nothing about it, as I had just come from a home among savages.

“After mass we amused ourselves in the yard by playing a game which the Father had brought from Europe. I was standing near the door of the play ground when I saw two young girls coming from the Sisters’ house, dressed in a pretty blue and white habit. At the sight of them I shuddered. Were they not girls from Kipoka’s home? To disguise my fright and distract attention from myself, I cast myself in the midst of my comrades; but while at play I watched them out of the corner of my eye, fearful of being seen. They stopped in front of me and regarded me without saying a word; then suddenly they began to sob. A general laugh among my companions was the response... They came nearer. “Brother Kaite! Brother Kaite.. It is you?” Surprised at hearing my name, I gazed fixedly at the girls... I recognized them... “They were my sisters, Kilouba and Loubwa!! O Father, how happy I was! I ran to find the Father Superior, and we talked together. For a long time my sisters and I stared at each other: we had been separated for so long a time! They had been sold to strangers, as I told you, Father. Later they had gone to see the Missionaries of Loisé St-Lambert, who ransomed them and sent them to the Sisters of Mpala.

“Since we became Christians, I am called Yousoufou,

(Joseph,) Kilouba, at her baptism received the name of Margarita, and Loumbwa that of Irma.”

“ And what became of your brother Moumba ! ”

“ Father, we do not know. He was given as a present to a chief ; he is then a slave. That is all I can tell you.”

\* \* \*

That evening, as Kaité had promised, I received a visit from the two sisters. Their healthy appearance, their attire, all testified to their happiness. The elder had just married a Christian in the village of the Mission ; Irma was still with the Sisters. However, by the bracelet which adorned her arm, I saw Irma was not slow in imitating the example of her older sister, and soon she would in her turn found a Christian family. On seeing the reunion of this little group, I could not repress sentiments of thanksgiving which mounted from a full heart to the God who thus protected the poor and humble. Ought I not make known to others this tale and its denouement so consoling of the terrible battle between heaven and hell ?

Satan had brought into play all his arts and ruses to ensnare these young souls in slavery and woe ; but God had balked his infernal manoeuvres, and tyranny itself had been the means of reuniting in the faith, children, who, but for thier captivity, would never, perhaps, have known it. Alas ! How many orphans, sold by their natural guardians, would perhaps never participate in the happiness and mercy Providence had shown to Kaité and his sisters ! How many innocent victims suffer in the huts of the slave-owners, and partake no more of the celestial gifts of faith and charity, nor the heavenly nourishment of thier Divine Master ! May wise laws put a stop to the caprices of uncles, cousins, and nephews without pity who carry on with these poor defenseless beings, a traffic as shameful as it is inhuman !

May generous souls remember these unfortunatedomes-  
tic slaves now groaning in Africa, and knowing that the  
same eternal happiness unites them in Jesus Christ, they  
will hasten to hold out to them a fraternal, a helping  
hand.

P. COLEE. W. F.



### Important Information.

**Twenty dollars** free a young slave—boy or girl—and thus  
make possible a conversion.

**Twenty dollars** pay for main'aining a student in our native  
Seminaries, for one year.

**Fifteen dollars** pay for maintaining a pupil in our native  
Boarding-Schools, for one year.

**Fifteen dollars** pay a male-Catechist for one year.

**Ten dollars** pay a female-Catechist for one year.

**Five dollars** enable an adult Catechumen to spend his six last  
months at the Mission before Baptism.

**Three dollars** enable a child to spend his six last months at the  
Mission before First Communion.

In short, any alms, how small soever it may be, is most gratefully  
accepted by the Missionaries.





## Sewing-Circle of Our Lady of Africa.

A Society of Ladies has been formed in Quebec; its head quarters are at 41, Ramparts St.; it has for its title, "The Sewing Circle of Our Lady of Africa."

The object of this Society is to aid the African Missionaries, the White Fathers and their auxiliaries, the White Sisters, and to procure necessary articles for home use, or to send to Africa.

The Sewing-Circle of Our Lady of Africa, now in existence for two years, has been of great service to the Mission, both by work in sewing, and the various other services rendered.

The ladies of the Committee desire keenly to continue the work, not only in as great a degree as the past but also in extending the influence of the Society. Therefore:

1st. — They ask all pious souls who wish to aid them, to procure coupons, or give cotton cloth, woolen, flannel, satin, silk or velvet pieces, or even old clothes which can be wholly or partly utilized.

2nd. — The ladies meet every two weeks at the sewing-room, to make ornaments for the church, clothing for the poor Blacks, etc. Many ladies whose duties allow it, take home work to be finished at their leisure. All articles given are used, whether coupons, or wearing apparel; the latter are made over, and nothing is wasted.

3rd. — The ladies of the Sewing-Circle would be glad to find in the neighboring parishes, some zealous correspondents who would act as agents, in soliciting stores, (remnants or odds and ends.) or from people in easy circumstances who would be willing to donate useful materials.

They thank in advance all persons who care to aid in this apostolic work.

Please send all correspondence and goods to Madame the Directress of the Sewing Circle of Our Lady of Africa.

41 RAMPART ST.

QUEBEC, CANADA.

### RANSOM OF SLAVES

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

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

#### GIFTS TO THE MISSION.

<b>Cancelled Stamp Work : Ransom of two girls..</b>	\$40.00
From Greenville, ransom of Josephine.....	20.00
From Quebec, ransom of Christopher.....	20.00
From Minneapolis, two ransoms.....	40.00
From Windsor, for Mission of Fr. Beauchamp.....	5.00
From Montreal, for Catechumen.....	5.00
From Newfoundland, for ransom fund.....	2.00
From Columbus, for the Mission.....	1.50

#### For Reconstruction of Rubaga Church :

Miss A. L. S.....	\$1 00	Miss M. M.....	1.00
Mrs. P. H. ....	1.00	Mr. J. L.....	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

Mr. Jacob Zettler, Columbus, Ohio. — Miss Hyland, Montreal. — Mrs John Crowe, Montreal. — Mr. John Reinhard, Columbus, Ohio. — Mrs. William Costello, San Francisco. — Judge Walsh, Danbury. — Rev. John Kennedy, Danbury. —

*Requiescant in pace.*

#### RECOMMENDATIONS

15 conversions. — 10 vocations. — 30 spiritual favors. — 29 sick. — 22 temporal favors. — 40 thanks-giving. — 18 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 of the United States, that is to say, about two million five hundred thousand square miles — one fifth of the "Dark Continent".—As for the inhabitants of these immense countries they may be said to number more than twenty millions, about one seventh of the whole population of Africa.

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

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

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

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

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### The African White Sisters.

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

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

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## 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.

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### NOTICE

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

Commercial Printing Co., Quebec.

REÇU  
CORRECTÉ

17 JUIL. 1975

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