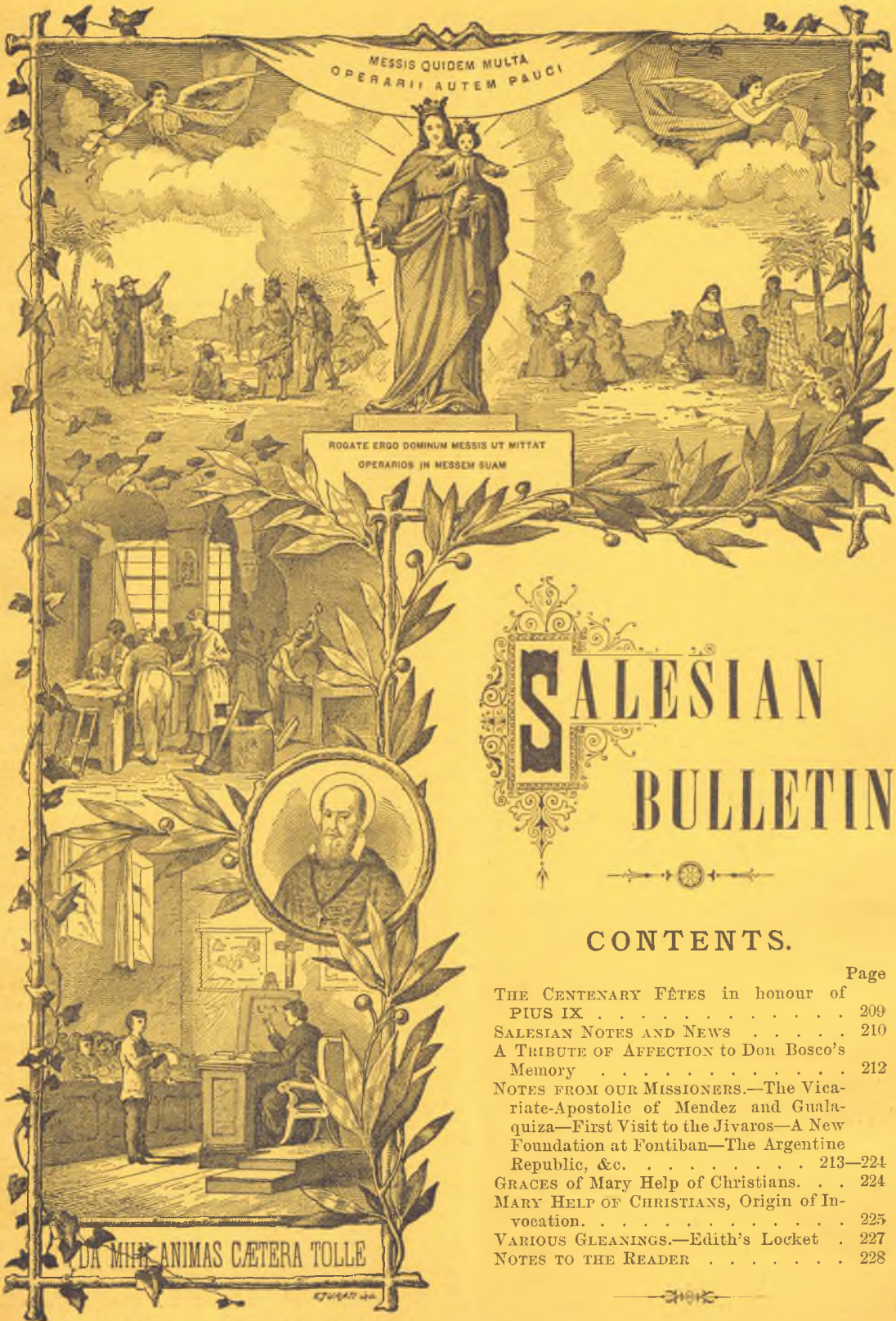


Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.



SALESIAN BULLETIN

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Salesian Society

Founded by Don Bosco.

This Order is composed of Priests and Lay Brothers, who have consecrated their lives to Foreign Missions, and the rescue and education of destitute boys all over the world. The Mother House is situated in Via Cottolengo, N° 32, Turin.

Sisters of Our Lady, Help of Christians.

An Order of Nuns founded by Don Bosco, and dedicated to Foreign Missions and the care of destitute little girls. The Society is directed by the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Order.

Co-operators or Third Order of Salesians.

This Association was also founded by Don Bosco and affiliated to the other two, —the men to the Salesian Order, the women to the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians.

Pius IX. not only approved the Institution but became one of its members, and accorded to it all indulgences granted to the most favoured Tertiaries, particularly those of St. Francis of Assisi.

All Catholics (over sixteen years of age), even Religious of other Orders, may become members of this Association, for its obligations are so few and so light that

nothing is thereby added to the pious practices of a good Christian.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

- (a) To be inscribed as a Member in the Register of the Association kept at the Salesian Oratory, Turin.
- (b) Recite daily a *Pater* and *Ave* in honour of St. Francis of Sales, for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff; approach the Sacraments frequently, and lead the life of a good, upright Christian.
- (c) Members are expected to help destitute children according to their ability, and befriend the Salesian works, by alms, or in whatever way their charity may suggest.

(SEE COVER, page III.)

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

1. — BY A DECREE, OF JULY 30TH, 1875, OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS IX., EXTENDED TO THE BENEFACTORS AND CO-OPERATORS OF THE SALESIAN CONGREGATION, ALL THE FAVOURS, SPIRITUAL GRACES, AND INDULGENCES, GRANTED TO THE SALESIAN RELIGIOUS THEMSELVES, SAVE THOSE THAT HAVE EXCLUSIVE RELATION TO THE COMMUNITY LIFE.
2. — **Benefactors and Co-operators** also share in the fruits of all the Masses, Novenas, Triduums, Prayers, Spiritual Exercises, Sermons, Instructions, and works of charity whatsoever, that the Salesian Religious shall perform in the exercise of their sacred ministry all over the world.
3. — They enjoy a *special memento* in the Masses and Community Prayers offered up daily, in the Church of Mary Help of Christians, at Turin, for our benefactors and their families, especially for those who have in any way contributed to the moral or material advancement of the Salesian Congregation.
4. — Every year, on the day succeeding the Feast of St. Francis of Sales, all Salesian Priests celebrate Holy Mass in suffrage of the souls of their departed Brothers and Benefactors. All Ecclesiastics, who belong to the Association of Co-operators, should do the same; and Lay Associates are exhorted to receive Holy Communion and recite the Rosary with the same pious intention.
5. — Should any of the Associates fall seriously ill, notice should be given to the Superior, who will order special prayers for their recovery.—In the case of death, no time should be lost in notifying it, so that the suffrages prescribed by the Rules be immediately offered for the soul's eternal repose.

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth... We ought therefore to help *brethren and pilgrims* that we may be co-operators to the truth.

(III St. JOHN, 4 and 8.)

Till I come, attend unto reading, to exhorting and to instructing.

(I TIMOTHY, IV, 13.)

Of works divine the divinest is to co-operate with God in the saving of souls.

(St. DENYS.)

A tender love of our fellow-creatures is one of the great and excellent gifts that Divine Goodness grants to man.

(St. FRANCIS DE SALES.)



Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

(MATT. XVIII, 5.)

To your care I commend infancy and youth; zealously attend to their Christian education; place in their hands such books as may teach them to fly from vice and steadily walk in the path of virtue.

(PIUS IX.)

Redouble your energies and talents in the rescue of infancy and youth from the snares of corruption and infidelity, and thus prepare a new generation.

(LEO XIII.)

Nos. 19—20.

May & June 1894.

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THE CENTENARY FÊTES

IN HONOUR OF

POPE PIUS THE NINTH

The Committee which was formed some two years ago for promoting the Centenary fêtes in honour of the well-beloved Pontiff, PIUS IX., has zealously exerted itself to make the celebration correspond to the enthusiastic expectations of the Catholic world, and worthy of the great PONTIFF whose memory shall ever be connected with one of the brightest gems in the crown of the Blessed Virgin—the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. Numerous pilgrimages have been organised to visit Rome, Loretto, and Sinigaglia in the course of the year, in which places are preserved the chief mementos of Pius IX.

Local Committees have also been formed all over Italy, and in several places the Centenary will be celebrated by grand Accademies and other solemn and religious commemorations. So far the celebrations have everywhere proceeded with remarkable brilliancy and success, so we may confidently expect the whole programme to be well carried out in all its varied and interesting details.

By placing before the eyes of our readers the sweet and amiable countenance of this glorious Pontiff, we wish not only to pay him a tribute of our undying devotion and gratitude, but also to present to our Co-operators the first Benefactor and Co-operator of our humble Society,—nay, him who, together with our beloved Father Don Bosco, founded the Salesian Congregation. Indeed, it were impossible to over-rate the favours

bestowed on Don Bosco through the bounty of Pius IX.—his sage counsels; his generous and timely assistance; his personal advocacy and patronage in times of much opposition and trial; and—more than all these—his full and Apostolic approbation of our good Father's life-work among children, when he sanctioned the Salesian Rule and placed our newborn Society in the cherishing bosom of our Holy Mother the Church. It is also to him that our Co-operators are indebted for the numerous indulgences and spiritual favours wherewith their Society has been enriched,—not to speak of the special honour His Holiness deigned to bestow upon this Association by ordering his own august name to be placed on the membership thereof. Hence it is that we wish to exhort our good Co-operators to vie with one another in paying such tribute of honour to the memory of this holy Pontiff, as the particular circumstances of each may permit. In most of the Salesian Houses our children have given, or are preparing *accademias* and other celebrations in honour and grateful commemoration of the event. And as the Centenary fêtes will continue into December next, we venture to suggest that in Seminaries, Colleges, and Educational Institutions special literary celebrations might be organised, for which the students should prepare various compositions in prose and in verse, treating of the virtues of this great Pontiff, especially his wonderful devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the dignity and Apostolic firmness with which he endured many severe trials for our holy Mother the Church. In this manner, not only would the Centenary fêtes be duly honoured, but a good occasion would also be presented for inculcating the devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, and for revising an important period of Church history full of vital interest in our own time.

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

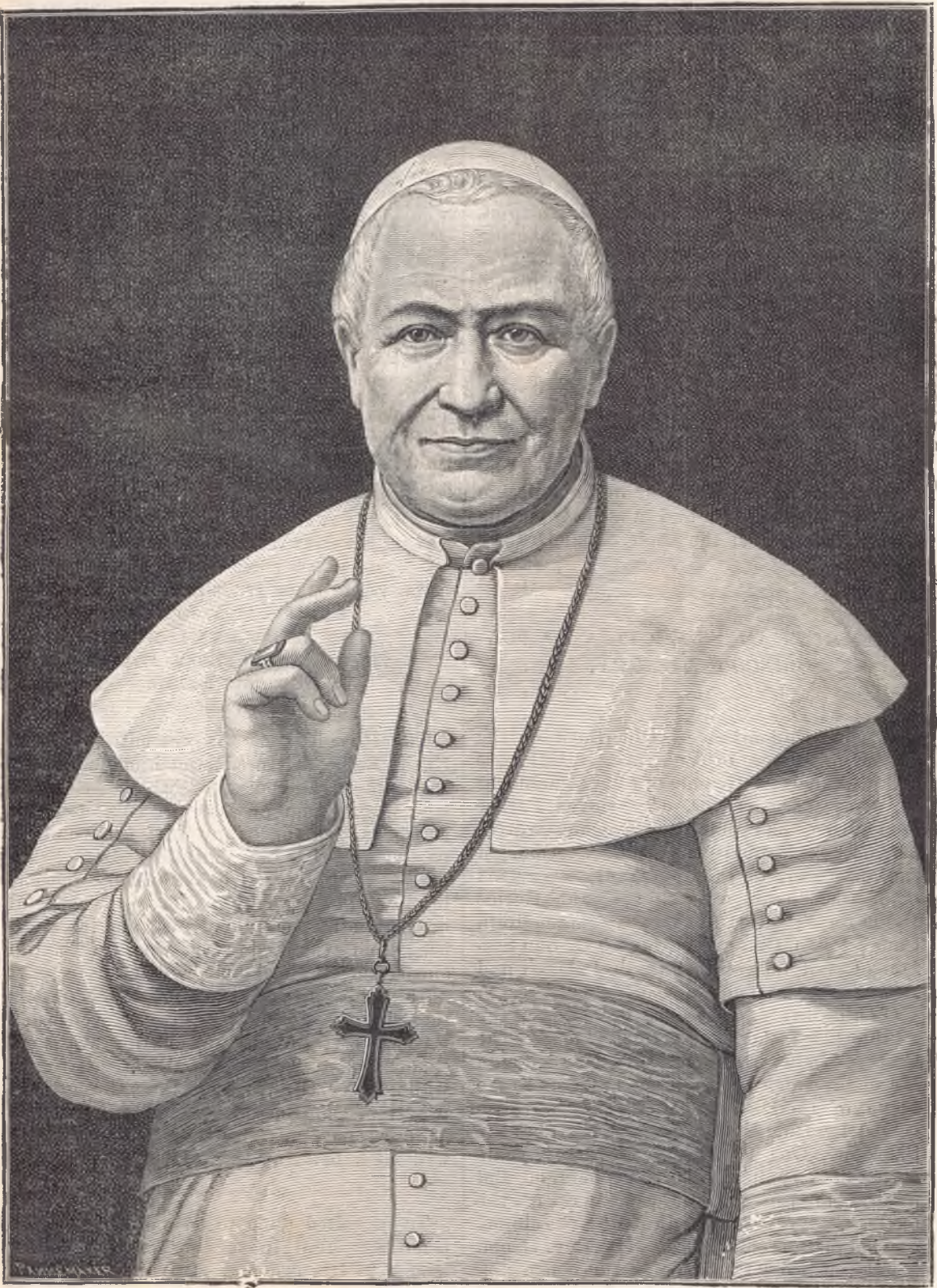


In the course of an appreciative notice on Don Unia, one of our American exchanges states that he is dying of leprosy at Agua de Dios. We are glad to be able to inform our contemporary that such is not the case. By medical advice he returned to Europe in September last, but has since rallied so marvellously from the effects of what all deemed to be a deadly malady, that he is now returning to his plague-stricken flock at Agua de Dios, where we hope the Lord will spare him to work for many years in alleviating the sufferings of these poor creatures.

A vast edifice for a new Salesian Institute is rapidly rising into existence in the historic little town of Genzano, which sits like a graceful crown on the brow of one of the most picturesque hills that surround the Eternal City. The foundation-stone of this new edifice was laid with religious ceremony and becoming solemnity, on the 27th of March last, by His Eminence Cardinal Pacocchi, Protector of the Salesian Society.

From Genzano and the neighbouring villages an immense multitude with bands and banners gathered to the scene of the ceremony. At the conclusion of the religious rites, a most graceful address of thanks to the eminent *Porporato* was delivered by the Arch-priest of the town. His Eminence, in replying, lavished encomiums on our humble Society; and addressing himself to the Genzanese and their neighbours, congratulated them on the fortune of having the Salesians in their midst. "For," he continued, "from their teachings, from their unassuming and peaceful mission, your sons will learn not hatred of the classes, not egotism—the destroyer of every social order, not the fiendish science of the bomb-thrower, —but to love one another as brothers in Christ, to practise reciprocally the charity of the Gospel, to mould their hearts and minds to the unchangeable and eternal precepts of the Christian moral and civility which alone can render nations great and prosperous."

In Milan, the ancient capital of Lombardy, active preparations are being made for the founding therein of a Salesian Oratory, to



POPE PIUS IX. OF VENERATED MEMORY.

be opened in the beginning of the coming scholastic year. Our Milanese Co-operators—led on by the Spiritual Director of the Seminary, Very Rev. P. Morganti—have taken up the project with great zeal and enthusiasm, and are determined to overcome all obstacles in the way of the new institute.

Conferences on the Salesian Institution, its mission, and the means of augmenting its power for good, are being held all over Italy. Among the more recent are those of Faenza, Ferrara, Padua, Venice, Treviso, Gorizia, Triest, Capodistria, Pirano, Parenzo, Rovigno, Cuneo, and Pola.

The committee nominated for organising the grand fêtes in honour of Joan of Arc at Marseilles entrusted the musical part of the proceedings to the choir of the Salesian Oratory of that city, and a select portion (forty voices) from the choir of our Oratory at Turin.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO DON BOSCO'S MEMORY.

A select committee of Old Boys of the Salesian College of Valsalice, wishing to manifest their sentiments of filial attachment to, and veneration for, our beloved Father Don Bosco, has placed a Commemorative marble on his tomb at Valsalice. Amongst the promoters of this pious demonstration of filial affection we find: Count Enrico Balbo de Vinadio, Engineer Stefano Molli, Count Paolo Derege de Donato di San Stefano, Count Luigi Sapeltani de Palazzo, and Att. Eustachio Thea.

On the day fixed for the unveiling of the marble (23rd May) the former *alumni* of the College—now Seminary of the Foreign Missions—mustered in large numbers to the scene of their school-days. They were received by Don Rua, Superior-General of the Salesians, Don Francesia, for many years rector of Valsalice, Mgr. Pechenino, and several of the ancient professors of the College. Mass was celebrated in the chapel erected on the tomb, by the Very Rev. Canon Rondolino from Pinerolo; at the conclusion of which all joined in a *De Profundis* and other prayers for the eternal repose of our

good Father's soul. The ceremony of the unveiling then took place, revealing to all a grateful and artistic design from the studio of one of the Old Boys, Signor Ing. Molli.



The classic inscription is also from the pen of a former pupil, the Rev. B. Didonato, S.J., whereof the following is a literal, if an ungraceful, rendering:

CALLED AWAY BY THEIR SEVERAL AVOCATIONS
TO THE SANCTUARY THE STUDIO THE FORUM THE FIELD
YET ALWAYS UNITED IN HEART AND MIND
THE FORMER ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE OF VALSALICE
TO THEIR BELOVED FATHER
DON GIOVANNI BOSCO
THIS MONUMENT OF ETERNAL ATTACHMENT
REVERENTLY DEDICATE
MDCCCXCIV.

The President of the committee, Count Enrico Balbo, delivered a touching dedicatory address, in the course of which he spoke with enthusiasm of Don Bosco's love for youth, and of the happy days they had all passed together at Valsalice. Don Francesia, in replying on behalf of our Superior, briefly alluded to Don Bosco's wonderful mission in those days of egotism and materialism; and thanked with words of warm encomium all those who had taken a part in this beautiful demonstration of affectionate regard to the memory of our venerable Father.—We heartily re-echo his words of encomium in the name of all our confrères; while we venture to hope that, through the prayer of Don Bosco, this charming example of devotion and gratitude will not pass without a befitting reward.

To be called upon to co-operate with the Good Shepherd in seeking out and ministering to His lost and straying little ones, is a great privilege and a sure sign of predestination.

NOTES FROM OUR MISSIONERS.

— — — — —

THE VICARIATE-APOSTOLIC
OF MENDEZ AND GUALAQUIZA.

— — — — —

Don Rua in his last Annual Report to the Salesian Co-operators, makes allusion to the Salesian residence established at Cuenca, "whence our Missionaries have commenced their journeys among the ferocious savages of the Jivaro tribes," in the Vicariate of Mendez and Gualaquiza. In publishing the interesting accounts we have received of those missionary visits to the Jivaros, we deem it convenient to prefix a few notes, geographical and historical, that may serve to elucidate some points raised therein, and give a general idea of this new field of action opened to our Society.

The Republic of Ecuador is divided from north to south, by the lofty Cordilleras of the Andes, which rise in the midst of this vast region like a gigantic wall or insurmountable barrier. On the western side one admires the beneficent influence of culture and civilisation, as the eye ranges along the noble table-lands, and across the fertile valleys, and down the gently sloping plains that from the foot of the mountains descend to the Pacific. Here lie the federal provinces with their proud capitals: Esmeraldas, Guayaquil, Cuenca, Loja, Riobamba, Ambato, and Quito—the metropolis of all. Towards the east, on the contrary, barbarity reigns supreme over immense wilds and forests that seem interminable. Here numerous hordes of degraded and ferocious savages still lie buried in the darkness of error and gross superstition, despite the heroic sacrifices made by numberless missionaries to draw them from the "valley of the shadow of death" to the gentle sway of the Cross.

* *

With the laudable object of reclaiming from their native barbarity the numerous tribes that range through the forests which cover the boundless basin of the Amazon, the Government of Ecuador strenuously exerted itself to obtain for them the services of the zealous disciples of St. Ignatius, of

St. Dominic, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. As a result of this wise policy, the flourishing Missions of the Napo, of Canelos, and of Macas have been established, where, thanks to the constant missionary work of the Fathers and the infant-schools of the good Sisters, Christian civilisation is making rapid progress.

In order, however, to contribute more efficaciously to the speedy and universal propagation of the Gospel in those distant wilds, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, meeting in Congress on the 11th of August, 1888, decided to petition the Holy See, that four Apostolic Vicariates be erected in the eastern territory of the Republic: one comprising the Napo country; another, the districts of Macas and Canelos; a third, Mendez and Gualaquiza; and a fourth, the region of Zamora. They likewise petitioned that the first and second of these Vicariates should continue in charge, respectively, of the Society of Jesus and the Order of Preachers; that the third be confided to the Priests of the Salesian Society, or to some other Religious Institution; and the fourth to the Franciscan Missionaries. They implored, moreover, that the office of Vicar-Apostolic should not be given to ordinary priests, but to Titular Bishops (or Bishops *in partibus*) who, in virtue of the fulness of their sacerdotal grace and dignity would communicate to the Apostolate an irresistible power for good.

This Legislative Decree was then forwarded to the Holy Father, accompanied by a letter from President Flores, in which the latter gives expression to his filial attachment to the Holy See; breathes forth his sympathy for the poor savages of his native country; and ventures to repeat in more precise terms the desire that the Vicariate of Mendez and Gualaquiza be confided to the Salesian Missionary Society founded by Don Bosco.

* *

The Sovereign Pontiff, always desirous of extending the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, and placing within the reach of all peoples the beneficent influence of our Holy Religion, —commended in terms of special encomium, the faith, piety, and wisdom of the Ecuadorian Government. And in conveying his congratulations to them for having thus

zealously entered on the way that leads to true and lasting glory, the Holy Father, by letter dated 30th of January, 1889, assured President Flores that the memorial presented on the part of the Ecuadorian Government, was the object of His Holiness's most careful solicitude; and that he had already charged some prudent and competent persons to examine the project, and study the best means to bring it, with facility and according to established forms, to a happy issue.

A few years afterwards—all preliminaries being arranged—a Decree creating the new Vicariate-Apostolic of Mendez and Gualaquiza was duly formulated (on the 8th of February, 1893) by the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs; and forwarded to Don Rua on the happy occasion of the opening of the Episcopal Jubilee of LEO XIII., as we then announced.

* *

According to the Decree above referred to, the new Vicariate confided to the Salesians is bounded on the north by the river Apatenoma, a tributary of the Morona; on the south by the Zamora, the Santiago, and the Maranon; on the east by the Morona; and on the west by the Dioceses of Cuenca and of Loja. We have reason to believe, however, that a new division and new lines of demarcation are being studied for these four Vicariates.


An important step in the right direction was taken by our missionaries when they established a House at Cuenca. This residence, being on the very threshold of the new Mission, affords great advantages for the special preparation of those valiant Apostles who are destined to carry the word of God and spread the light of the Gospel across the lofty mountain ranges, through the dense forests, and along the swampy water-courses of the new field of labour to which the Master has called them. And when, through privation and exposure, and the stress of ceaseless toiling, the poor missionary is obliged to pause under the weight of his burden, and reluctantly confess (what he would fain hide even from himself) that his constitution is shattered and his strength is gone—that he is no longer able to climb the rugged mountain peak, or

tear his way through the entangled forest, or stem the rushing torrent,—then Cuenca, like an Angel of Charity in the rear of an army, shall open her arms to the stricken soldier, bind up his wounds, nurse him back to health, infuse new courage into his heart, and send him forth again, freshly equipped, to the noble struggle for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

Father Angelo Savio, for several years inured to the fatigues of missionary life in South America, was appointed superior of the first Salesian expedition to Gualaquiza. But, as our readers will probably remember, it pleased God to call him to his reward while on his way to this new field of missionary enterprise. His successor, Don Francis Spinelli, is an intrepid young priest, who has passed some years at the Salesian House of Quito, but since the opening of our institute at Cuenca last year, he transferred his abode to this place. Here his time was passed in studying the manners and customs of the Jivaros, and assiduously preparing himself for his difficult mission. In his first visit to Gualaquiza, Father Spinelli was accompanied by Brother Giacinto Pancheri, a valiant catechist who left Turin with the late Don Savio's expedition, a couple of years ago; and from whom our Superior-General has received the following account of a journey from Cuenca to Gualaquiza:—

FIRST VISIT TO THE JIVAROS OF GUALAQUIZA.

VERY REV. FATHER RUA,

HANKS be to God and to my good Superiors who have deigned to appoint your humble correspondent to be Don Spinelli's companion in the journey of missionary exploration undertaken by him through the Vicariate-Apostolic of Mendez and Gualaquiza! With my heart full of joy and gratitude for this signal favour, I hasten to communicate to you the news of our first excursion to Gualaquiza, where we have been enthusiastically received, not only by the Christians living there, but also by the savage Jivaros, three of whom kindly accompanied us on our return to Cuenca.

This first visit to our future neophytes was accomplished in thirty-six days.

Before entering on our journey we made a spiritual Retreat of ten days at the House

of the Oblate Fathers of Cuenca, to implore the Blessing and protection of Heaven on ourselves and our arduous enterprise. In those days we were filled with admiration for the great piety and solid virtue of these good Fathers.

Through the care of our generous friend and Co-operator, Dr. D. Matovelle, we were provided with mules brought from the valley of Gualaquiza. After Mass, on the 9th of October, all necessary preparations being concluded, we rode out of Cuenca, escorted by the Rector of the Salesian House of this town, Don Bruzzone, who insisted upon accompanying us as far as a place called Sigsig.

Incidents by the Way—A Friend in the Wilderness.

We decided on making our first halt at the village of Gualaceo, the gem of the Azuay country, situated at a day's march to the east of Cuenca. For some hours our way lay over excellent riding-ground, but as we advanced to the mountains this state of things soon changed. We now approached the deep and lowering gorge of Gualaceo. Here a narrow track cut out of the solid and almost perpendicular rock, forms the royal road over which our cavalcade must pass. Far, far below, the river foams and tumbles over its flinty bed; the noisy tumult of its rushing waters resounds in our ears and renders more appalling the natural horror of the situation and the perils of the mountain-path.

After half-a-day's march we came to a bridge, on the other side of which the narrow path forks into two distinct tracks. Our "guide," knowing just as much about the locality as ourselves, took the wrong path, thus leading us considerably out of our way. Not seeing any sign of Gualaceo in the distance, we began to doubt about the road we had taken, and were right glad to espy a habitation in that solitude. Thither we immediately directed our course, and learned, alas! that our fears were but too well founded. "What can't be cured must be endured," was the general comment,—“let us retrace our steps.”

At this point the owner of the place, a gentleman of free and courteous bearing, came forth with

“Excuse my liberty, gentleman, perhaps you belong to the Christian Brothers?”

“We are glad to call ourselves friends

of the dear Brothers—we are Salesian Missionaries.”

“Sons of Don Bosco—of the great Don Bosco!”

“At your service.”

“Oh! with what pleasure I am reading the Life of this holy man, which my wife has given me. She is a Salesian Co-operator. Dismount and come in for a moment—my wife is within.”

We took in at a glance that we had fallen among friends. Worn out with fatigue and hunger—we had not once halted for refreshments during the march—what wonder that we did not need much pressing to so fair a proposal, but followed our host into the house without further parley? His cordial “Come in, come in,” was a tacid invitation to a great many other things besides a seat under his roof-tree. His worthy consort, a zealous Salesian Co-operator, as already remarked, was personally acquainted with Don Bruzzone; and now she was full of thanks to Heaven for having made us lose our way (!) for as she expressed herself, she was thus enabled to help the sons of Don Bosco even in the wilderness. We, too, thanked Divine Providence and these good friends from our hearts; for that short rest, and the excellent refecation which accompanied it, restored so well our exhausted strength, that we continued without difficulty our journey to Gualaceo, and were fresh next morning to set out towards Sigsig. The town of Gualaceo stands at a short distance from the river from which it derives its name, at a height of about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Here we were the honoured guests of the parish priest, Rev. Dr. Nicola Cisneros, who requested us to inscribe him among the Salesian Co-operators, desiring to be considered, henceforth, one of ourselves, and his house our home every time we are passing this way. Here, also, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Señor G. Vasques, the owner of extensive estates (*entables*) in the Gualaquiza territory.

Entrance into Sigsig: Roses or Thorns?

Early next morning, as soon as Don Bruzzone and Don Spinelli had celebrated, we took leave of our courteous host, and passing to the opposite bank of the Rio Gualaceo, resumed our up-hill journey. At Chordeleg we had to alight a few minutes, to gratify the good priest of the place, who insisted

upon our partaking of an excellent coffee he had prepared for us.

After several hours climbing, when we gained the ridge of the mountain, whence one commands a view of the valley that stretches away towards Sigsig in the hazy distance, we perceived a company of horsemen coming towards us. It was the elite of the town, with the Rev. Don G. Piedra at their head, that were coming to bid us welcome, and lead us in triumph to their town. "This is a bad beginning," said I to myself, "for when the roses are flown, the thorns will be sure to appear. Perhaps," I added in another train of thought, "Our Divine Master wishes thus to raise our spirits, still repining for the loss of Don Savio;" and this reflection naturally drew forth a renewal of my unbounded confidence in the workings of Providence. On entering the town we found the whole population in movement and holiday trim for our arrival. Triumphant arches, showers of flowers, music and the choral singing of a multitude of children, with hearty acclamations to the Missionaries, to the sons of Don Bosco,—such was the reception accorded us by the population. We passed the night at the parish priest's, where we were treated with the most courteous attentions.

Sigsig is the last Christian town on the road to Gualaquiza. It is perched on the Matanga mountain, one of the lofty spurs of the Eastern Cordilleras; and, as the crow flies, is only one day's march from Cuenca. It was formerly the seat of the Gualaquiza Mission. Two priests resided here, whence they used to go alternately, for several months at a time, among the savages of Gualaquiza. At present, Sigsig has a population of about 8,000 souls, almost all professing the Catholic Faith. The numerous Christians, moreover, that one meets on the other side of the Cordilleras' wooded slopes, are all originally from this place. Sigsig is also the mart of the foresters for several miles around. Even the few Jivaros who have shaken off their barbarity, come here to make their purchases. Two natives of Sigsig are, at present, receiving their education in the Salesian House at Cuenca: there are also two from the enchanting village of Gualaceo.

At Sigsig we remained all the day following our arrival. Señor Michael Mascoso of Cuenca provided us with fresh horses and mules; others with other necessaries for our journey. Meanwhile our good friend and

benefactor, Señor Vega, in company with another gentleman, arrived from Gualaquiza to bid us welcome and escort us to their home. With regret we saw the hour approach when we must bid adieu to Don Bruzzone, who was returning to Cuenca.

A Beautiful Spectacle of Faith.

Our departure from Sigsig was accompanied by circumstances well worthy of a special notice.—Some months ago the Christians of Gualaquiza sent two statues—one representing the Immaculate Conception, the other St. Joseph—to Cuenca to be repolished and restored. On the last days of August, five of those good Gualaquizans came to take the statues home. And on hearing that we soon intended to visit their province, they came and used every argument they could command to hasten our departure, declaring, among other things, that they would leave the two statues at Sigsig, until we should come to accompany them to Gualaquiza. Now the inhabitants of Sigsig, seconding the promptings of their devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and the Glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, organised a Procession in their honour; and their statues were borne from the town to the sweet sound of music and the melodious chanting of a vast multitude of devout followers. The Procession was continued to the top of a neighbouring hill, where many precious gifts and ex-voto offerings were presented by the faithful clients of Mary and Joseph. Preceded by, and under the influence of, this imposing spectacle of Faith, you may easily imagine with what hopeful confidence we resumed our journey over rugged mountains and through vast and savage forests.

A Bad Pre-eminence: The Worst Pass in Ecuador—In the Tambo and.... Out of It.

I shall attempt no description of our first day's march. It will suffice to say that of all the passes in the Republic, over which a beast of burden may climb or crawl, the Ecuadorians consider that of Gualaquiza the worst; and I am fully convinced they are right! Those most lofty summits over which we must clamber; those profound glens to creep or slide down into; those dense forests and over-grown shrubberies interspersed with mountain-torrents,—all contribute to make the worst road for man or for beast that a distempered fancy could conjure up. Sometimes the eye is struck and enchanted by

magnificent panoramas; but more often we are arrested on the brink of horrible precipices, the sight of which makes our flesh creep, and sends the blood tingling back to our heart. Let all this be accompanied by a constant downpour of rain, and then you will have some idea of our first day's journey from Sigsig.

As night closed around us we arrived at the *tambo** of Granadillas: a ruined hamlet hidden in a thickly wooded dell at the foot of the Matanga, about 5,500 feet above the sea. Here abound the banana, the bamboo, and the coffee-plant. In days gone by, this village was inhabited by families of European extraction; at present the whole population is concentrated in a single family, that of Señor Torres of Sigsig. But if we succeed in establishing the Mission of Gualaquiza, there is little doubt that the village of Granadillas will be rebuilt and inhabited by those who possess the land surrounding it.

The Torres household hospitably welcomed us to share their habitation. But what a habitation is theirs! Four walls of stakes and brambles supporting a roof plastered over with mud; and all in such an advanced state of dilapidation that it seemed little short of an act of temerity to venture into it. But the night was dark, and the rain continued to fall, so any place was welcome that might afford a shelter from the inclemency of the open air.

The party bearing the statues, to which I have already alluded, arrived some time before our company. And when we entered the humble cabin we were gratified to see the images of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph placed upon becoming pedestals and surrounded with a variety of lights. The author of this pleasant surprise is one of Gualaquiza's most honoured Catholics. In the long years of the Missioner's absence, he baptised all children in danger of death; and on Sundays and holidays, never failed to bring together the few Christians of the surrounding district for the recital of the Rosary.—The beautiful statue of the Virgin and that of her chaste Spouse, bathed, as they were, in a flood of light, presented a striking contrast to the wretched, smoke-begrimed hovel, cracked and fissured on every side. One might imagine oneself in the grotto of Bethlehem on the night of

the Nativity,—with this difference, however, that there the wilderness of Judah resounded with the heavenly harmony of Angels' singing, while at Granadillas nothing is heard but the vigorous croaking of certain not very angelic figures, rejoicing in the copious downfall of rain.

I dwell with pleasure on these particulars, for I attribute our having escaped from a grave catastrophe to the special protection of Mary and Joseph, before whose statues we left some lights burning all night. The principal compartment was allotted to our use, the owners huddling themselves away in a shed among the domestic animals. We passed the night fairly well on bare planks. Early next morning, Don Spinelli desired to celebrate Mass, but was impeded from doing so for want of altar-wine: the party with our slight baggage not having yet arrived. We decided to set out immediately; the mules were saddled; our hospitable entertainers were moving amongst us bidding us God-speed, and acknowledging our cordial expressions of gratitude; all were in the open air—our little band in the saddle,—when the *tambo*, wherein we had passed the night, suddenly collapsed, and with a terrible crash, fell into a heap of ruins!

In the Virgin Forest—Flora and Fauna.

At a short distance from Granadillas our track enters on a rapid descent which continues down to the Rio Blanco. A wooden bridge affords us a safe passage; and then a steep ascent lies before us along the brow of a new range of hills. When this summit is gained, our path lies along a gently declining plain for several miles, always keeping on the left bank of the Rio Blanco and following the course of its waters.

Here we are in the full depths of a tropical virgin forest. The sides of the mountains, the extensive table-lands, the deep, narrow valleys,—everything, in a word, is covered with gigantic trees of various species. Among these we met with not a few magnificent specimens of the cedar, some of them from 45 to 50 feet in circumference. But they diminish to half this girth at a few yards from the ground; and then keep slightly tapering up to an enormous height. Trees of such colossal dimensions, however, are but few and far between; for it generally happens that their growth is checked, and even dwarfed, by an extraordinary number of creeping plants and parasites.

* *Tambo* is the Indian's name for his habitation. It is a shed, consisting of an inclined roof supported by stakes and covered with palm leaves. ED. S. B.

The fauna did not fill our expectations. Taking for granted the poetical dissertations of some travellers, we imagined we should find this wilderness swarming with game and birds of every description; but we were sadly disappointed. We saw only a few families of parrots and a limited number of smaller birds, all magnificently plumed in the most brilliant and variegated colours. I think the explanation of this remarkable scarcity of the feathered tribe may be found in the frequent and deluging torrents of rain which prevail in those regions; and to the same cause must be attributed the almost total absence of reptiles in the Gualaquiza territory. A few species of the monkey may be seen at their usual antics here; also the wild boar, the tapir, the deer, and several varieties of carnivorous animals.

Some Aspects of the Route.

After several hours' riding, we arrived at Chiguinda: a little settlement of ill-cultivated, partially-abandoned farms, on the banks of the river from which it takes its name, and at an elevation of some 5,500 feet. Only three families live here all the year round; but many others make a temporary residence at the colony, during the sowing-season and the harvest.

We continued our journey towards the south-east, being the only track through that densest of forests. Here we again experienced some break-neck descents and alpine climbing. In some places the old mule-track is blocked up by the enormous trunks of fallen trees, rendering the passage so difficult, that it is often more convenient to turn aside and clamber across an adjoining hill; or cut your way through the interwoven bush and brambles; or risk the hoofs of your jaded mule over a net-work of roots that lurk like snares in the soft, slimy soil.

As the sun approached our zenith we arrived at a small settlement called Rosario. Here, too, the trail slants diagonally across the face of a steep mountain-ledge, running down with startling abruptness to the river Blanco, which is here passed over on a very shaky and tumble-down old bridge. Our toilsome journey continues. Up hills, over highlands, down slopes, across glens, through sloughs,—we come at last to Cuchipamba. At this point the impetuous waters of the Rio Blanco have cut a deep gorge through the Cordilleras. The dreadful chasm thus formed measures upwards of 3,000 feet from

the summit of the mountain on the southern side to the bed of the river; and is so narrow withal, that the eye fails to penetrate to the surface of the tossing waters, though the ear is deafened by their angry roaring.

How dreadful for the poor wayfarer to pass over the narrow path that winds along the mouth of this yawning abyss! But this peril over, the scene changes and the eye is rewarded for the trials undergone. The horizon widens before the spectator; the mountains on the right bank gradually descend towards the west, till they melt away in the great plain watered by the Zamora and the Bomboiza; those on the left follow the course of the river for a short distance, and then sink into a gently inclined table-land extending as far as the eye can see.

I should have said that about half-way down the slope between Rosario and the river Blanco we came upon a small clearing of level ground. Here, we were told, existed the ancient Rosario: once a numerous settlement with a Chapel of its own, where the missionary used to call from time to time, celebrate Mass, administer the Sacraments, and preach the word of God. To-day not a single vestige of the village remains; only a rude cross marks the site where formerly the chapel stood. A few Christians, who live in the huts in the surrounding wood, regularly come here to recite the Rosary; and we observed that the cross was adorned with chaplets of flowers.

Away on the other side of the river, on the brow of a hill opposite to Rosario, is the little settlement of Aguacate. Both these villages enjoy a good climate, and are surrounded by lands of singular fertility; so that they might be cultivated with great profit by settlers of industrious habits.

We passed the night in a tambo at Cuchipamba, where we were received and treated with exquisite kindness by Señor Quintanilla.

The news of our presence at Cuchipamba rapidly spread from village to village; so we were soon surrounded by the inhabitants not only of Cuchipamba, but of Rosario, Aguacate, and San José—a hamlet which we shall meet farther on. These poor people had flocked together to reconcile themselves with God and receive the Priest's blessing. And needless to say that Don Spinelli experienced much joy and consolation in placing his ministry at the disposition of all, and trying to satisfy their pious desires.

Henceforth we hope to visit them frequently, and also remain amongst them for some days at a time.

**The Scene
of an Awful
Tragedy.**

Cuchipamba is built on the right bank of the Rio Blanco. It was at this place that the notorious massacre of the whites was perpetrated some twenty years ago. Here is the story of the revolting slaughter as I learned it:

Three Jivaros of Gualaquiza arrived in the evening at the little settlement, and asked permission to pass the night under the shelter of a large grange or tambo. They seemed to be harmless neighbours, so permission was easily given. But in the dead silence of the night, when the master and all his weary workmen are sunk in sleep, the savages cautiously arise from the ground, and, armed with formidable spears, spring like tigers on the sleeping host.

The first victim is the master, whose heart is transfixed as he lies in his hammock. Rendered more ferocious by his death the Jivaros throw themselves like famished wolves

upon the workmen, and twenty-six of these fall lifeless under the ruthless blows of the savages. Only four men save themselves by flight!

This awful tragedy, and a similar slaughter on the property of Señor Vela at Bomboiza terrorized the settlers of Gualaquiza, and was the chief cause of the decay of all their colonies among the savages.

**A Distant
View of
Gualaquiza.**

Facing Cuchipamba, between the Rio Blanco and the Rio San José, at an elevation of about 3,500 feet, lies the little village of San José. At present it counts only a score of families; but, thanks to the richness of its soil and its excellent climate, it cannot fail to become an important centre of population, when the re-establishment of the Missionary in Gualaquiza may be accepted as a guarantee against plunder and butchery.

On quitting Cuchipamba, we crossed the



An Indian of the Jivaro tribe.

rivers Blanco and San José; and continuing in a southeasterly direction, followed an ever-ascending trail until we gained the Point of *The Three Crosses*. The Municipal

Council of Sigsig has directed the construction of a few leagues of this route; and in fact, on our return from Gualaquiza we encountered the workmen of Señor Vega, as they were finishing a new branch whereby the traveller may henceforth avoid the high ridge of mount San Joaquin.

What a splendid panorama the valley of Gualaquiza presents to the observer as seen from the Three Crosses! An immense plain, undulated rather than broken by the gentle swelling of diminutive hills, and flanked, in the far-off haze of distance, by the heaven-piercing summits of the Cordilleras; the whole covered with a most luxuriant and truly gigantic vegetation. Through the midst of the valley wind the pure crystal waters of the Rio Gualaquiza; now seen in broad, majestic flow, now half-hidden among the sugar canes, the coffee plantations, or the groves of palms, oranges, and lemons belonging to the few Christian settlers of the territory. The light-green of those cultivated patches (from the midst of which arises the miserable hut of the husbandman) forms a pleasing contrast to the dark-emerald of the dense forest which covers the greater part of the valley and the hills adjoining. The dwellings of the Jivaros, being completely hidden in the thick woodlands of the hills, neither add too, nor subtract from, the picturesqueness of the scene.

“How are you doing?”—The Welcome of the Jivaros.

In contemplating the luxuriant richness of this marvellous landscape the footsore and weary traveller forgets his ills, and revels in the natural beauty and grandeur of the scene. But, alas! before he enters this Promised Land—this delicious Eden—he must plod across an intervening tract of considerable length, made up of rotting branches, and fallen trunks, and whitening roots, and treacherous marshes, over which his horse bounds, and stumbles, and flounders by turns; and out of which both man and beast emerge, fatigued, besmeared with mud, and bruised and torn in every limb. About half-past two in the afternoon of the 14th of October, with feelings of relief and thankfulness to Heaven for perils overcome, we arrived at *Yumaza*, the first hamlet of the Gualaquizan territory. Here we were received by some twenty Christians of Spanish extraction, who, being informed of our arrival, had gathered to bid us welcome.

But at that moment our eyes and our attention were attracted by a group of Jivaros. Drawn up as on parade, dressed in their native costume and armed with their never-failing lances, they stood in an attitude of what I should call “respectful dignity.” As soon as we dismounted they came forward, and shaking hands with us, courteously asked in Spanish: *How are you doing?*

We were already aware that the Indians of Gualaquiza, through long intercourse with the white settlers, had picked up enough of Spanish to make themselves understood in this language—always using the verb, however, in the form of a gerund or present participle. Hence, in order to facilitate our relations with them, we immediately adopted their style of speech, using only short, disjointed clauses and the favourite verbal form. Our conversation soon became a true literary curiosity. We talked to them of the object of our mission, and our coming so far to place ourselves at their disposal. We told them that we would teach them among other things how to work metals, and make lances and other weapons for the chase. Nor did we forget to mention the gifts that we brought for them, which (we hoped) they would find very beautiful and highly appreciate. Their faces lit up with joy as they listened; a rapid interchange of glances expressed their mutual satisfaction; and when we returned to the saddle, they shot off at full speed to participate the good news to their companions. These were attending our arrival at a clearing on a neighbouring hill, where once stood the Church and Missionary Station, constructed upwards of twenty years ago by the well-known Jesuit Missioner, Father Pozzi.

The Indians Once More on the Site of Their Ancient Church.

This hill rises about 100 feet from the plain, in the form of a truncated cone with a very slight inclination. It is a charming site for a church, for it stands in full view of the valley on every side. When Father Pozzi, our worthy predecessor, was obliged to leave this place, the fine large church and hospice erected by his zeal were abandoned, and have since fallen to ruins. Out of their remains and on the same site, the few Christians of Gualaquiza have erected a temporary little chapel, and two small rooms for the missionaries whose arrival had already been announced to them. To this place, therefore, we directed our steps, passing

under triumphal arches formed of green boughs, and ornamented with flowers and desiccated birds of the most variegated plumage. We soon found ourselves surrounded by the rest of the Christians and a crowd of Jivaros—men, women, and children—who being apprised of our arrival, had flocked to welcome us and offer their gifts, consisting of yucca, plane-tree nuts, and embalmed birds.

After presenting various such things to us, they asked with savage simplicity: *And you, what are you going to be presenting?* We explained that our boxes had not yet arrived; that they should come again to see us in a day or two; and that we would then have the gifts for them. Satisfied with our promise, they returned to their homes. As for ourselves, we were forced to yield to the pressing invitation of Señor Vega, and take up our abode in his house, where we remained the entire month we passed in Gualaquiza, always treated with the most cordial and exquisite hospitality.

For some days following our arrival, the Jivaros came in crowds to visit us and receive the promised presents. These consisted in a variety of toys, needles, pins, thread, penknives, scissors, handkerchiefs, and under-garments,—all of which they received with open demonstrations of joy and gratefulness.

Some Character Traits of the Jivaros Their Physique—Their Dress.

These Indians are as curious as they are arrogant: they must see and examine everything, and ask a thousand questions about knickknacks and “trifles light as air.” But to their honour be it said, they touched not a hair without asking permission. Nay, we have been told that the Jivaros (when not corrupted through the influence of certain whitefaced black sheep) hold liars and rogues in abhorrence.

Our trifling gifts sufficed to make us great favourites among the savages, whose good opinion of us was summed up in the often repeated phrase: *The Fathers being [are] very good.* And the news spread from hut to hut, so that we had the pleasure of receiving all the inhabitants of Gualaquiza, and even some from Mendez and the plains of the Zamora.

Seeing the ground so well prepared, we shook off our suspicions about these savages, and began—to their great delight—to return their visits, passing from house to house.

The character sketch of the Jivaros seems to be summed up in three words: suspicious, diffident, and treacherous. Only a few years ago, they committed such unspeakable atrocities, as may well justify the dread and horror wherewith they are regarded by the whites. It is my opinion, nevertheless, that for the Missionary they have a certain respect, knowing that he can better their condition, and is, moreover, willing to do so. But even *he* must carry about him a certain resolute bearing, as if quite capable of defending himself in case of need. And, in fact, I always went among them with my carbine slung upon my shoulder; and was by no means loath, whenever requested by the savages, to show them the terrible force and precision of such an arm. But more than to the force of our arms, we entrusted ourselves to the protection of Heaven in their midst. We crossed the river many times in their canoes; and several nights we slept in their close vicinity: sometimes in the open forest, sometimes in tambos erected for us, and more than once, even in the dwellings of the savages themselves.

The Jivaros are of medium stature, or rather below it, but of a very strong and muscular build. Their colour fluctuates between a bright bronze and a dusky brown, with a slight tint of yellow. The head is shapely; the nose somewhat flattened and wide; the facial angle and profile look purely Caucasian, with cheek-bones slightly prominent; little or no beard; and hair black and copious. They all dress their hair elaborately: the frontal hair is cut and “fringed” on the forehead; the long locks are braided around the head in the form of a crown, and fastened with ribands; while the portion falling on the back is plaited into a long pigtail, interwoven, on festivals, with brilliant feathers and desiccated birds. They also perforate their ears, and afterwards continue to enlarge the wound until one's fingers may be inserted in the hole thus formed. These holes then become their favourite receptacles for holding wooden pin-cases which are generally about ten inches in length.

The men's dress consists of a single garment—an *itipi*. It is a piece of reddish stuff, streaked with black and yellow stripes, which is wound round the body, extending from the waist to the knee.—The breast, the broad shoulders, and the brawny arms are always bare, as are also the legs and short, thick feet. They are fond of painting red stripes

upon their face; and certain hieroglyphics in black on their neck and breast and arms. They also wear a number of necklaces, made of black little beads, or of monkeys' teeth artificially strung together; and to these singular ornaments (which sometimes cover the greater part of the breast and shoulders) they likewise hang desiccated little birds. Some, moreover, wear crowns interwoven with feathers of the most varied colours; and if by some fortunate chance their wardrobe boast of a shirt or a jerkin—especially if the article be red—they are sure to saunter in its glory whenever a festival is brewing.

The women dress more modestly than the men; a long loose gown covers them from neck to heels: a girdle around their waist and their toilette is done. The female children are dressed in an exactly similar gown from the day of their birth; while the little boys, on the contrary, are allowed to go naked until they are seven or eight years of age.

The Indian's Habitation.

The huts or tambos of the Jivaros are all uniform in shape, and hidden in the trackless forest. They are large, oval-shaped tents, consisting of a conical or acuminated roof, and surrounded by a close paling from 12 to 15 feet in height. There is an entrance at each end or vertex of the ellipse; and the whole is so symmetrical in its parts and so tastefully finished that it presents quite an elegant and pleasing appearance. The roof is made of bamboo canes, covered with leaves carefully interlaced. These huts vary from 40 to 80 feet in length with a proportionate breadth. The interior is divided into two departments: one for the female portion of the household, the other for the men.

There is very little furniture in the tambo, and that little of a very primitive nature. Of course there is a bed. It consists, for the men, of a wicker-work of canes, placed about three feet from the ground; and, what is rather peculiar, it is so short that the legs of the sleepers protrude from the knee downwards and rest upon a sort of cross-beam, before which a small fire burns all the night. This fire is to keep their feet dry and warm: a matter of the greatest importance in their system of hygiene. They use neither blankets, nor sheets, nor mattresses, nor pillows; but lie down just as they are dressed, and repose with their hands beneath their head. The burning embers partially light up the apartment;

and if it is your first experience on such a bed, you will probably have time to take a look at the other objects in the hut before falling asleep.—That little instrument against the wall is called a *tunduli*. It is used to give the alarm, and its voice is one of the best known sounds in Ecuador. This elliptical disk of light wood is for the protection of the body in battle: the shield of the Jivaro. Beside it is his lance—his inseparable companion whenever he quits his tambo; a bow, and a quiver full of arrows—the latter probably tipped with poison, for the chase of large animals. Add to these a sort of spindle and a loom, to spin and weave the cotton necessary for the Indian's simple dress,—and you have a complete inventory of the Gualaquizan tambo.

Modes, Manners, and Barbarous Customs.

Among the Jivaros the art of war is practised exclusively by the men. Their favourite weapon is the lance, though some of them possess, and have learned the use of fire-arms. They also bear the burden of the chase; build the tambo; spin the little cotton they make use of; and cut down and burn the trees immediately surrounding their dwelling, thus making the necessary "clearing" for a patch of cultivated ground. The women generally keep to their own portion of the tambo, where they attend to the nursery, the kitchen, the making of *chicha*, and other domestic duties. They also cultivate the garden, and weave the yarn spun by their husbands.

These Indians are a most vindictive people, and this savage passion has always been the chief drawback to their social amelioration. The high palisade that surrounds their dwellings clearly betokens their belligerent and ravaging propensities: in fact, among the more peaceful Indian tribes the palisade is nowhere to be found. But even among the Jivaros there exist different degrees of ferocity: those of Gualaquiza, it would seem, being less savage and blood-thirsty than the tribes on the banks of the Marañon. These latter, whenever they kill an enemy, have the barbarous custom of cutting off his head and extracting piecemeal the bones and flesh thereof, so that the skin of the face and scalp remain whole and unbroken. The skin is then placed in boiling water mixed with certain herbs and drugs; and when sufficiently "toughened," it is drawn over a small, round stone, heated to the

highest possible degree. The heat gradually contracts the tissue of the skin till it tightens around the stone, conserving the hair and even some resemblance to the features of the individual to whom it once belonged. This ghastly trophy is called a *shanza*.

There are unscrupulous collectors who are not ashamed to set a market value upon this appalling product of savage man's ferocity; and taking advantage of the greed as well as the cruelty of these tribes, drive a regular trade in shanzas with them, exchanging fire-arms for those grim relics of human victims! In the Gualaquizan territory, however, this barbarity is no longer prevalent, thanks to the heavy penalties inflicted by the law upon all persons convicted of carrying on this abominable traffic. In fact, in all our visits to the huts of the Indians, we saw but a single specimen of the shanza. This was at the tambo of Taita Naranza, and even in this case it belonged to a savage from Mendez.

(Concluded in our next.)

A NEW FOUNDATION AT FONTIBAN, COLUMBIA.

In 1891, shortly after the arrival of the Salesians in Bogotá, the venerable parish priest of Fontiban felt the necessity of retiring from the fatigues of his long Apostolate. Being an enthusiastic admirer of Don Bosco and his work, he insisted upon having for his successor a priest of our Society. But the immense field of action opened to the few priests available for the House of Bogotá, rendered it impossible for them to undertake this new burden. A couple of years have passed, and what was then impossible has now become an accomplished fact, as we learn from the following relation taken from a letter of Don Maggiorino Olivazzo to our Superior-General:—

On the 22nd of October last, the Salesians entered on possession of the parish of Fontiban with the approbation of the Ecclesiastical authorities of Bogotá. We were accorded a most cordial reception by the authorities and entire population of this little settlement.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated in honour of the event; and the Rev. Leopoldo Medina, Salesian Co-operator of Bogotá, delivered an opportune and beautiful address relative to the circumstances.

The day after our arrival we superintended the preparation of a large field wherein to plant our Sunday Oratory. On the ensuing Sunday 50 boys presented themselves for inscription, and at present they number upwards of a hundred.

We have already been asked to provide Salesian masters for the schools; so, in short, the instruction of the village will be entirely in our hands.

Fontiban is a settlement of some two thousand souls, situated at about 6 miles to the west of Bogotá, on the Sabana tableland, at an elevation of upwards of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The houses are scattered and straggling, the principal group being in the vicinity of the church, while some are at a good hour's walk from it. I have called them houses, but only through courtesy. Generally speaking, they are miserable hovels, consisting of a few stakes and canes plastered over with mud and covered with straw. The population pursue agriculture and pasturage, and their staple food consists of milk and potatoes. Their kitchen is also supplied with Indian-corn, but its preparation for the table is somewhat peculiar: the cobs or ears are boiled just as they grew on the spike, and then bitten off and munched with great relish.

The people here are fairly good Christians, although many, on account of their distance from the church, or the difficulties of travelling over bad roads, or the prevalence of unfavourable weather, pass months upon months without hearing Mass or the word of God.

Of the parish church only a small portion boasts the luxury of a roof! For several years the principal façade and the adjoining body of the edifice, for a distance of some 30 feet, have been a heap of ruins. It appears that part of the foundation gave way, the ground being sedimentary and volcanic. Then avaricious Vandals continued piece meal the work of destruction in the hope of discovering some hidden treasure. Five years ago a new church was commenced on a much more extensive plan; but when only 30 feet from the ground all available funds became exhausted, and the building committee were at such variance of opinion about the measures to be taken, that the

undertaking—like the famous Tower of Babel—was eventually abandoned through a series of *misunderstandings*.

The parochial house—though a gem of architectural beauty—is in as sad a condition as the church. Both were built more than three hundred years ago; and documents which still exist, show that the Jesuit Fathers had a branch House of Novices here in the beginning of the seventeenth century. And most probably they continued to reside at Fontiban until 1767, when Carlos III. signed the cowardly decree of their expulsion.

With the intention of founding a regular Oratory for poor children, we have purchased the plot of ground whereon arise the foundations of the abandoned church; and the money which still remains to be paid, is to be spent in rebuilding and restoring the old church and presbytery.

Our confrère Don Tallone, nominated rector of this place, has thrown himself body and soul into the work of the parish; and as if it were not enough for him, he also attends to the spiritual needs of Engativa, a hamlet about two hours' drive from here. On Sundays and holidays I generally say the first Mass at Fontiban, and then get into the saddle and away for Engativa, where I repeat the holy Sacrifice for this poor population.

For the present our community is a very small one; but we hope to see it shortly increase, until it reaches, at least, the canonical number of the College-Apostolic.



THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC TO THE FRONT.

Since Monsignor Cagliero's return to America after the consecration of the Church of the Sacred Heart in London, it appears that he has had a busy time of it.—At Uribelarrea, a place not far from Buenos Ayres, the foundation-stone of a Salesian Agricultural Colony was blessed by him in January last. In Almagro he officiated at the solemn inauguration of the beautiful new Church of St. Francis de Sales, erected in connection with the Boys' Sunday Oratory there. Also at San Nicolas de los Arroyos a new Church, dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, was consecrated by him on the 11th of February last. Not bad work in so short a time; but, then, the harvest is so great and the labourers are so few!

FAVOURS AND GRACES

OBTAINED BY INVOKING

MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

[Owing to the great number of communications we are continually receiving for insertion in this column, we are obliged to limit ourselves to the publication of a few extracts (as the expression, more or less, of the others) and the names of all those who desire to make public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress. All manuscripts, however, are carefully deposited in the archives of the Sanctuary; and, perhaps, we shall one day be able to publish them in a separate volume in honour of our Heavenly Queen.—Ed.]

Salvatore Stangoni, Tempio, writes:—Last February my wife and I were attacked by a contagious malady which, in a very short space, reduced us to such a state as to render every earthly remedy worthless. In this extreme, we had recourse, with lively faith, to the Blessed Virgin Help of Christians, promising, at the same time, that if we obtained the grace of recovery we would have it published. Our prayer was most graciously heard, for in a few days, we were restored to the enjoyment of perfect health.

As a token of our eternal gratitude to our Heavenly Queen for this and many other signal graces we send a small offering for her Sanctuary in Turin.

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A Novena.—No sooner had Don Bosco's children terminated the Novena to Our Lady Help of Christians for my intentions, than the heart-disease, by which I had been seriously troubled, disappeared, and to my great consolation I was able to celebrate Holy Mass the following day. *Viva Maria Ausiliatrice!* to whom we never recur in vain.

V. REV. PETER BOVIO, *Pobietto*.

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Thanksgiving.—Two of my children being in extreme danger of life, I turned with confidence to Mary Help of Christians, and prayed her to come to our aid. My prayer was graciously heard. I now render public thanks and send an *ex-voto* offering. Blessed and praised for ever be the Holy Mother of God.

CHIAFFREDO GIRAUDO, *Sampeyre*

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Mary's Blessing.—My niece, Marietta Fava, suffered from a malady which threatened to render her blind for life. Filled with compassion for the poor child, I wrote to the Oratory at Turin, recommending her to the prayers of Don Bosco's children, and imploring from the Superior the Blessing of Mary Help of Christians. As if by miracle the diseased organs began to improve, and in a short space were perfectly healed. For this signal favour we join in rendering infinite thanks to Mary Help of Christians.

ANGELA IVALDI.

The following have also sent us accounts of special favours they have received, and desire to render public thanksgiving to their Heavenly Benefactress, Mary Help of Christians:—

Julius Massarotti, Coiro Montenotte; Angelo Carobolante, Cornegliano-S. Maria di Feletto (Treviso); Rosa Genta, S. Michele Villa Becchis (Savona); Genova Micheloni, Gragnana; C. L., Salesian Co-operator; Mary Romelli, Rino; Palla Puiatta Par, Maron; Augustine Luciard, Spezia; Edvige F., Turin; Victoria Guerner, S. Sebastiano Curvere; Olimpia Ceva, Turin; Anna Rei; Joseph Ronchetti, Torricella (Lugano); Clothilde Cavallone, Tricerro; Antony B. Baratta, Ueria; Caroline Revelli, Basca; Joseph Toniolo, Vò; L. Quattrini, Ivrea; Rev. Peter Pedrotta, Canton Ticino; Louisa De-Andreis, Savona; G. A., Cornegliano d'Alba; Martha Giglio, Ivrea; G. B. F., Verona; Mary Boccaro, Turin; Mary Anna Gonano Burelli, Fagagna; M. Spoto, Catania; A grateful Child of Mary, Gazzo; B. C., Casale; Mary Falcetti, Reggio Emilia; Rev. Peter De Giorgi, P.P., Pallagnedra.

(Continued on page 228)

ORIGIN OF THE INVOCATION

"MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS."

THE name of Tartary is given to the tract of country occupying Central Asia, and consisting of a vast plain intersected by several lofty mountain ranges. From the Tartars, as the barbarous inhabitants of this region were first called, there have arisen at different periods of the Christian era outbreaks which, under the leadership of great warriors, were often turned into powerful empires. Of these empires four are of great historical importance. The first in period of time was that of the Huns, who in the fifth century, under the sovereignty of Attila, overran the whole of Europe from east to west with fire and sword, until they suffered a terrible defeat at Chalons, and were warded off from Rome by

the Pope himself—St. Leo—undertaking an embassy to the "Scourge of God." The second empire was that founded by Genghis Khan, chief of the Moguls, in the 13th century, which extended from the sea-board of China to the frontiers of Germany and Poland. The third outbreak was under Timour, or Tamerlane, who in the later part of the 14th century reduced nearly the whole of Asia under his sway, but never entered Europe. And lastly comes the empire of the Turks. They also belonged to the Tartar family, and first came into prominence in the 10th century under Seljuk, whose immediate descendants conquered Arabia, Armenia, Syria, Asia Minor, and Palestine, and took Jerusalem. It was against these the first crusade was directed. After the downfall of the dynasty of the Seljuks came that of the Ottomans. They extended their sway into Europe, successively over Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and the Morea, and finally in 1453 took Constantinople and gave the death-blow to the Greek empire. Once having established a firm footing in Europe, the Turkish Sultans proceeded to attack Austria, Poland, and Venice, and for nearly 300 years maintained a continual warfare against them, with varying success. The Ottoman crescent reached its zenith under Solymán I., surnamed the Magnificent. He captured Rhodes, the stronghold of the Knights of St. John, subdued Hungary, and laid siege to Vienna, but now he met with a severe check, and the tide of Turkish conquest in Central Europe was for the moment stemmed. However, under his son and successor, Selim II., Cyprus was taken from the Venetians, and the commandant Bragadino, though he had surrendered on condition of his life being spared, was flayed alive. The fall of Cyprus, the violence that attended the fall, and the gigantic preparations in the Turkish seaports and arsenals created an alarm that was felt not only at Venice, but throughout the Christian nations of the south. But a champion was now at hand to crush the advancing head of the infidel. In 1566, in the same year that Selim the Sot became Sultan, the Papal throne was filled by Cardinal Alessandrino, a Dominican friar of most unblemished character and austere piety, who took the name of Pius V. He responded to the supplications of the Venetians by sending his own fleet to their aid and promising to stir up the Christian Sovereigns of Europe to form a coalition against the Turk. His appeal was feebly responded to. The Kings of France, Portugal and Poland, and the Emperor of Germany, like those in the parable, excused themselves for various reasons. The King of Spain and the Princes of Italy alone answered to his call, and concluded a league with the Pope and the Venetians. To maintain a good understanding among the confederates of this holy league, the Pope was declared chief. He appointed Don John of Austria, natural son of Charles V., and brother of Philip II. of Spain, who had already on various occasions shown great military talents, generalissimo of the forces, and Mark

Antony Colonna, admiral of the Pontifical galleys, giving to the latter his own standard, which represented the Saviour on the Cross, with the images of SS. Peter and Paul and the inscription—“*In hoc signo vinces.*”

But the Holy Father did not rely on human help alone for success. He had recourse to arms not understood by the Turk. He predicted a certain victory to the generalissimo, but at the same time commanded him to prepare himself, as a Christian should do, to dismiss from his army all persons of bad character or who seemed to go only for the sake of plunder, and to repress swearing, gaming, and riot. Accordingly, on the 8th of September, 1571, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, a three days' fast was proclaimed for the fleet; the whole army went to confession and communion, and received the numerous indulgences granted by the Pope to the expedition, being in all these acts of devotion attended to by excellent priests and religious, who maintained good order. Moreover, Don John kept a strict discipline, and a wholesome fear was spread among the men by the execution of two wretches who were convicted of blasphemy.

On September 16th the fleet left Messina for Corfu, expecting to meet the enemy there, and resolved to risk everything by an immediate battle. Being disappointed in their expectations, they sailed back to the Gulf of Lepanto, and there came in sight of the Turkish fleet on the 7th of October, on the same spot where Antony and Octavius had centuries before encountered each other in their final struggle for the mastery of the Roman world. Though it was already towards evening, they at once prepared for an engagement. The Turkish fleet, commanded by the Admiral Hali, consisted of 300 warships, while the Christian total only amounted to 209. Don John kept the centre, and had for seconds Colonna and the Venetian admiral, Veniero; the right wing was commanded by Andrea Doria, the Genoese admiral; the left by the Venetian, Barbarigo, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz had charge of the reserve. These generals addressed the soldiers in a few words, exhorting them to do their duty. Then all knelt down, and the priests, crucifix, in hand, gave the general absolution and the plenary indulgence from the Pope.

There was a pause before the attack commenced. Each fleet lay motionless for a time, regarding with admiration and secret awe the strength and splendour of its adversary's array. At length the Turkish admiral fired a gun, charged with powder only, as a challenge to begin the action. A ball from one of Don John's heaviest cannon whistled through the Ottoman rigging in answer, and then the battle became general along the line. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Turkish fleet, arranged according to custom in the form of a crescent, had, owing to superior numbers, their line much wider, and by thus outflanking the Christians they obtained a great advantage, which was still further increased from the fact

that Don John's men had the sun, the smoke, and the wind in their eyes. The wind, however, soon after the commencement of the battle, fell, was succeeded by a calm, and then changing its quarter directly opposite, blew the smoke of the artillery into the eyes of the infidels, almost blinding them. Still the Turks pressed forward, and fought with obstinate courage. The two admirals, Don John and Hali, encountered each other with equal gallantry. Their vessels clashed together, and for a whole hour a furious fight was going on, until at last a bullet struck the Turkish admiral. His vessel was immediately boarded, his flag pulled down, and a Spanish soldier cutting off his head, stuck it on the end of a lance. This was the sign of the collapse of the Turkish centre, and the defeat soon extended to the right, where Barbarigo also killed the admiral. The Turkish left, indeed, kept Doria in check, but on the arrival of the Marquis of Santa Cruz with the reserve it also gave way, and the victory was complete.

The Turks lost 224 vessels, of which 94 were sunk, burnt, or run aground; 30,000 infidels were slain; 3,500 made prisoners; 15,000 Christians, who had served as galley slaves in the Ottoman fleet, were rescued, and the Turkish supremacy at sea for ever destroyed. The Christians lost 15 vessels and 8,000 men, among whom was Barbarigo.

Meantime the Holy Pontiff was multiplying his austerities and alms-giving. He had organised perpetual public prayers in the religious houses and colleges of Rome. The night before the battle and the day itself, aged as he was and in feeble health, the Saint passed in prayer and fasting. Towards evening the Pontifical treasurer obtained an audience on important business, and was submitting to him, in presence of several prelates, some new design, when suddenly the Pope imposed silence with his hand, went to the window, opened it, and stood there some minutes in a profound contemplation. Then, shutting it again, he cried out in a transport—“This is no time for business. Go, return thanks to the Lord God! In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish and is victorious.” With these words he dismissed his astonished attendants, and as soon as they were gone he fell on his knees before the altar, bathed in tears of thanksgiving and joy. The time of the Holy Father's vision was carefully noted by all present, and afterwards found to be the identical moment in which the Cross had triumphed in the battle of Lepanto.

In commemoration of this victory the Pope instituted the Festival of the Rosary on the first Sunday of October, and added to the Litany of Our Lady the petition—*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*: “Help of Christians, pray for us.” The crisis in the Turkish attack on Christian Europe had come, and from that time the Crescent has been on the wane.

ANDREAS HUMMEL.—*In The Harvest.*

VARIOUS GLEANINGS.

UNITED IN THE SACRED HEART OR LITTLE EDITH'S LOCKET.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and, without, the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall, as I opened the door, made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes, with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some painted yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in, when she addressed me:—

"Father, can you come with me at once, my mother is dying and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat, as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catherine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she is dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick only a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp: she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly: you needn't be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later, we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed, under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked: more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God, than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow and trouble and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers, released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend: my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out writing on golden lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend, "Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

"Mama placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence, as I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of life and death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve, O so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life; but the hand of death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love, such as I have rarely seen, received the last sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned towards a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked. She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress," I said. She whispered, and there was love in her tone:—

"My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed, she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed: I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of a child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God tell me where is your daughter. Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say: 'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.' She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her,

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you my darling,—

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

—*The Sacred Heart Review.*

FAVOURS AND GRACES.

(Continued from page 225.)

Josephine Cattaneo, Valenza; Francis Pozzo, Fossano—Rev. Antony Rainaldi, Gazzo; Mme. Eugenia Giustifnani, Ceserano; Rosa Giachino, Ellera; Victoria de Sanctis, Toffia; Anna Mary Perlo-Camisassa, Fossano; Josephine Gallizia, Monterotondo; Louisa Gordetto, Bosconero; Rev. Emmanuel Costa, Genoa; Theresa Rinaldo, Salerno; Margaret Moine, Venasco; Louis, Josephine & Theresa Boggio; Rev. Eusebio Copello, S. Siro de Poce; Joseph Battaglino, Cornegliano d'Alba; Gaetana Pani Pintor, Cagliari; Gian Pietro Bonardi, Sampierdarena; Benvenuto Bonomi & Clementa Malacarne, Ponte delle Arche (Tirolo); A Lady Co-operator, Genoa; Joseph Ticozzi, Pasturo; Sebastian Sernagiotto, Selva di Volpago (Treviso); A devout child of Mary, V. U.; Constantine Bonaite, Lorentino (Bergamo); Catherine Gallea Manassero, Macello di Pinerolo; M. C., Bologna; Rev. Ferruccio Morari, Reschigliano (Padua); Anna Rei; Rev. Chiaffredo Caffer, Cavour; The Brothers Villata, Collegno; Delfina Oitana, Poirino; Magdalen Mina, Moretta; Mary Mosso, S. Martino Tanaro; Elizabeth Albuschio; Cosimo Russi, Sanico; Maria Rondano, Varengo; Angela Camosso, Scalenghi; Hyacinth Falcetti, Scalenghi; Ludovica Tarnavasio, Carignano; Caroline Cairola, Caselletto; Louisa Barberis, Turin; Lucia Grana, Vinovo; Filomena Semagiotto, Treviso; Joseph Vergnano, Alpignano; Frances Rossi, Usassa; Judith Quadro, Turin; The Parish Priest of Volvera; Mary Pesando, Ivrea; Catherine Maserà, Trofarello; Ermenegilda Ramenzana; Sir. John Ferrando, Turin; Dina Carpignano, Soglio; Catherine Tupino; Gastaldi di Maiano; Peter Vaira, Cherasco; Theresa Alberto, Turin; Albino Albisetti, Avigliana; Joseph Carletta, Bianzé; James Saracco, S. Martino al Tanaro; Josephine Alessio, Murisegno; Sr. Leonilda; Lady N. Zoia, Milan; Rose Putto, Turin; Elizabeth Dandana; Rev. J. Francis Vianzino, Cavour; Melle Isa-

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• NOTES TO THE READER.

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The Very Rev. MICHAEL RUA,
Oratorio Salesiano,—Turin, Italy.

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64, Orbel Street, London, S. W.

Father Macey is also authorised to inscribe new members in the Association of Salesian Co-operators.

The Salesian Bulletin

EDITORIAL OFFICE.—PUBLISHING OFFICE:
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This Magazine is sent *gratis* to Catholics who manifest a desire to become Members of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, and concur in helping our Society in any way whatsoever.

Gerente, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO.—Salesian Press.—Turin, 1894.

RELIGIOUS PRACTICES OF THE SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS.

- 1.—There is no special exterior practice prescribed for the Salesian Co-operators. In order, however, that their life may, in some points, approach to that of the Professed Religious, we recommend to them the following: that is to say, modesty in their apparel; frugality in their outlay; simplicity in their furniture; reserve in their speech; and exactness in the duties of their state: they should also be careful to have the repose and sanctification prescribed on all Feasts of Obligation exactly observed by those over whom their authority extends.
- 2.—They are advised to make a Spiritual Retreat of some days in the course of every year; and, on the last day of every month, or on such other as may suit their convenience better, to make the Exercise of a Holy Death, going to Confession and Communion, as though it were really to be their last. For the Annual Retreat, and also on the day upon which they make the Exercise for a Holy Death, they can obtain a Plenary Indulgence.
- 3.—All the Associates should say daily a *Pater* and *Ave* in honour of St. Francis of Sales and for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. Priests, and those who recite the Canonical Hours, are dispensed from this Prayer: for them, it will suffice to add their intention to the recitation of the Office.
- 4.—They are recommended, furthermore, frequently to approach to the Sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist, the Associates being able, every time they do so, to gain a Plenary Indulgence.
- 5.—All these Indulgences, both Plenary and Partial, can be applied, by way of Suffrage, to the souls in Purgatory, with the exception of that for the hour of death (*in articulo mortis*), which is exclusively personal, and can be gained only when the soul is about quitting the body and entering on eternity.

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