



# CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

FOUNDED IN FAVOUR OF

## THE ORATORY OF THE SACRED HEART

AT THE CASTRO PRETORIO IN ROME

TO WHICH IS ATTACHED THE CELEBRATION OF

### SIX MASSES DAILY IN PERPETUITY

offered for the intentions of those who make a single contribution

OF ONE SHILLING

### ADVANTAGES.

1. During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and Holy Mass offered on Fridays for all Contributors to the Building Fund of this International Monument of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In order to augment these spiritual advantages and admit to their enjoyment a greater number of the faithful, the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in the above-named church; whereby all the members participate in the fruit of six Masses daily, in perpetuity, offered for the intentions of those who are inscribed in the books of the Association and have given an alms of One Shilling once for ever towards the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



2. Two of these daily Masses will be celebrated at the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, two at that of Mary Help of Christians, and two at St. Joseph's. We may remark that Don Bosco's venerable name is associated with the two last-mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.

3. Besides the six daily Masses all MEMBERS, both living and dead, participate in the fruits attached to:

(a) The recital of the Rosary and the imparting of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which takes place every day in this church;





# THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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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.)

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.)

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.)

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## Mary Help of Christians and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

**T**HE echoes of the solemn festivities, by which we endeavoured to manifest our filial affection and gratitude towards Mary Help of Christians, have scarcely died away, when another object is proposed to our love and devotion. We speak, as you may already understand, dear Co-operators, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose month we are now keeping. Thus Mary Help of Christians guides and leads us, as it were, by the hand to her Divine Son. *Ad Jesum per Mariam*. In this way also, Turin, which is the scene of the triumphs of Mary

Help of Christians and possesses her Sanctuary, joins with Catholic Rome, where rises majestically the Church of the Sacred Heart—both of which temples are closely linked to the memory of our beloved Don Bosco by whose untiring energy they were raised.

It is most fitting that we should, chiefly during this month, try to stimulate your zeal in honouring the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Saviour, and spreading its devotion. In so doing we are confident of seconding your christian sentiments and moreover of complying with the exhortations of the Sovereign Pontiff who, on repeated occasions, has inculcated it,



and among others, when two years ago he received the nonagenarians in audience, as a special souvenir he uttered these memorable words. "Endeavour to spread everywhere this salutary devotion."

And with good reason, for if we consider what this devotion is in itself, what

Divinity. His body was immolated for the redemption of mankind, but what prompted Jesus to consummate the sacrifice was his great love for men. His Sacred Heart, the source of the blood which he shed for our ransom, the most noble part of the victim in Christ's sa-



Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Lisbon.

First monument erected to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the whole Catholic World.

it signifies when rightly understood, we cannot fail to see that it is intended to be a sure remedy against the many and great evils that surround us on all sides by putting before us the Heart of Jesus, the most eloquent symbol of the most sublime and intense charity, which, after all, sums up the very essence of Christian Religion.

The whole and every part of Christ's Sacred Humanity is an object of adoration, because each part is hallowed by the

sacrifice, the material seat of inward suffering, is also the most perfect symbol of Christ's love towards us. So, by making a special object of our adoration and devotion the loving Heart of Jesus, we are expressing the appreciation of, and the gratitude we feel for His great love. Thus the Heart of Christ bespeaks His love, and we seem to return our love for Him with all the greater force when we gaze at the Heart that beat for us at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, and on



the Mount of His Sorrows. We adore It because sensibly and irresistibly It transforms us into true, generous and practical followers of Him. Hence it follows, that albeit this devotion in its present manifestations may be said to be of recent date, if however it is considered in itself it is as ancient as Jesus Christ Himself. As a distinct public form of worship it arose only about 200 years ago; but, as an Eminent Prelate puts it, "the tree from which this fragrant flower has blossomed is as old as Christ."

How is it, some one might remark, that a devotion, so efficacious and of so far-reaching importance, has remained hidden for so many centuries? It is not for us to fathom the secrets of God, nor are we able to discover all the reasons of His dealing with men. However, if we are allowed in a measure to read God's mysteries, some light is thrown on the subject by Saint Gertrude so remarkable for her revelations. Amongst these there is one in which she relates how Our Saviour appeared to her together with St. John the Evangelist, and how she experienced the throbbing of His Adorable Heart. Then, in a tone of complaint, she asked of St. John, why he had not unveiled more of the secrets of the Sacred Heart, and the beloved disciple returned in answer, that a more profound knowledge of Its treasures would be granted to the world, when men, having been seized with spiritual torpor, would be roused by it, and in their earthly and cold hearts would then be rekindled the love of Jesus Christ.

This time has now arrived; far more than in other ages of human history, latterly, error has darkened the minds of men and the chill of unbelief has hardened their hearts. Only the beams that proceed from the Heart of Jesus will succeed in dispelling the darkness and restore life in them. Prayer, mortifications, self-sacrifice are and will always be pro-

fitable; only the Heart of Jesus, however, will fully and permanently triumph over the hearts of men. It is therefore most becoming, nay it is incumbent on us to devise every means in our power in order to practise and promote this devotion, and that chiefly during this month. To evil deeds we should oppose good works, to infidelities the fervour of faith, to sensuality purity of life, to scandals the christian example, to hatred love. "Only good is powerful enough to destroy evil" said the great Lacordaire, whose centenary, by the way, has been recently celebrated.

No doubt these things can only be accomplished by means of self-denial, sufferings and sacrifices; but we must not forget that, as co-heirs with Christ, the Christian cannot enter heaven except through Calvary. To rise in glory, He our Head had to suffer (1), He had to die: we also, we cannot live with Him except by dying with Him, *si commortui sumus et convivemus* (2); we shall not reign in heaven unless we suffer here on earth, *si sustinebimus et conregnabimus* (3); and lastly we shall have no part in the eternal triumph, unless we have before had part with Him in His passion, *si tamen compatimur ut et conglorificemur* (4).

"We ought to be ready to make any sacrifice for duty's sake and never make duty subservient to aught else." These words, the motto of a martyr of recent times, should also be ours—the motto of every Christian truly devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

(1) Luke xxiv, 46.

(2) II Tim. ii, 11.

(3) II Tim. ii, 12.

(4) Rom, viii, 17.

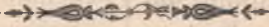




# Don Rua's Representative IN AMERICA

(Extracts from his Secretary's Correspondence.)

(Continued)



The long and enforced stay in Tierra del Fuego upset our arrangements somewhat, and retarding our arrival at Montevideo it brought us the unwelcome surprise that the only steamer plying between this and Cuyabá and on which we ought to have sailed, had left five days before. While we were waiting for the next steamer Fr. Albera filled up the time by a visit to Mercedes Oriental. There is a flourishing school there, but the sphere of action is by no means restricted to the Institute, nor even to the country round about, but as far away as needs may require. And these needs are indeed great and urgent, for there are many settlements and few priests, and hence in some places none at all. On festival days the population have to content themselves with the desire of hearing Mass, or the word of God, the only thing which might raise their hearts from earthly pursuits, and encourage them in good. To come out here, and devote oneself to continual work unrequited and unknown is perhaps revolting to human nature, but what glory it gives to Almighty God, and what treasures are thus being silently laid up in heaven.

Every missionary here must be a Parish priest. In the beginning, a vast expanse was entrusted to one, who on Saturday had to ride many miles in order to be in a central spot to which the people might more conveniently flock to hear Mass. For years and years that place had not been hallowed by the presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, although some services had been held. An old woman had charge of the church and kept it spotlessly clean; at the proper times she played the rôle of a parish priest as far as possible. This is another example of the need of the missionary and the good that remains for him to do.

From Mercedes we passed to Paysandu. The services of Holy week were most solemn,

and large numbers attended, quite filling the spacious church.

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Paysandu is situated on the western border of Uruguay about twenty leagues from the capital. It is built upon a gentle slope, at the extremity of a chain of low hills known as *Cuchilla de Staedo* which run thence into the centre of the Republic. The streets, which in nearly every case are straight and regular, facilitate traffic to every part of the city. The river Uruguay, 1400 kilometres long, beautified here and there by some five hundred islets which relieve the view of the passengers, is the natural route through the interior of the country, and it thus makes Paysandu the first port after Monte Video. Steamers of every flag and size navigate this river, provided they do not lie too deep in the water. The *Triton* and *Paris* on which we sailed measure eighty and ninety-two metres in length respectively, and were both splendidly furnished and equipped. The people are mostly engaged in commerce, and the articles of export are supplied chiefly by the rearing trade-wool, skins, preserved meats being foremost. Hundreds of thousands of animals are slaughtered every year in the different *saladeros*.

The population is of modern growth, and has no history of importance. The most imposing building is the Church, not that it is very grand in itself, but because it stands without a rival. It is built on the summit of a hill in the form of a latin cross, fifty metres long, and eighteen wide. It has a nave and two aisles. The interior is somewhat heavy in style as the enormous pillars hide the view of the high altar and of the side aisles. Although a sacred building, it might rather be called a fortress, and as such it did good service on more than one occasion, especially in 1846 and 1865. Even to this



day you may see the marks of the last bombardment which earned for Paysandu, through the brave resistance of its people, the name of the *Heroic City*.

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When in March 1881 the first Salesian arrived at the heroic Paysandu, the town did not contain 12,000 inhabitants, and had only one Parish church, that of Our Lady of the Rosary. The religious indifference and ignorance were extreme, few made their Easter Communion, hardly any could be called practical catholics. Now there are two parishes, the people are well instructed, and the immigrants, who are in goodly numbers, are attended to. By this rapid growth of Religion great good has been achieved in Paysandu, and Fr. Albera was an eye-witness of it. During Holy Week the two churches were crowded, especially when he was present. On Holy Thursday in the Church of the Rosary he gave Communion for a good half-hour, and the priests had been busy for days before, such was the number of people approaching the Sacraments. For the last twenty years the Salesians have been the only priests in Paysandu. They attend the hospital and the sick calls. Such is the extension of their work that at times they have to ride away for days into the country to attend the dying. From time to time they go on missionary excursions into different localities. On Easter Sunday I was sent to a colony, some miles distant, on horseback, and there in spite of the inclement weather the chapel was full. There were numerous Confessions, Communions and Baptisms. To me one of the most eloquent proofs of the fruit of their labours is the fact that more than fifty members of the Congregation have been brought up there, about twenty of whom are already priests, to say nothing of the many who have entered other Orders or become secular priests. Who can reckon all the good that these will do in their turn?

The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians have also flourishing schools, and are carrying on their many good works in behalf of girls.

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On the 7th of May our steamer arrived at the longed for hospitable city—Cuyabá. It was half past two in the morning. Fr. Malan and I jumped down from our hammocks, while Fr. Albera got up from the boards on which he had spent the night. As soon as the sanitary Inspectors had made their accustomed



View of Cuyabá, Brazil.

visit, an elegant and gaily-decked boat with ten light rowers approached to receive Don Rua's Representative. On the quay there stood the five hundred pupils of the two schools, the Salesian and military bands, and an immense concourse of people. As soon as Fr. Albera set foot on shore the band struck up the royal march and the national anthem; a smart lad, dressed for the occasion, stepped forward and, in the tones of a young orator, bade him welcome; in graceful words he invited him to Brazil in the name of the Sodality of St. Aloysius of which he was the secretary, of the Salesian Institute of St. Gonzalez, of the people of Cuyabá, and of the whole nation. Long and enthusiastic applause showed how heartily all agreed. The journey to the House was one long, long ovation, as for twenty minutes he passed between the rows



of people. But the soldiers and sailors also wished to honour the Representative of our Superior General, and their many bands successively gave their most charming selections. A triumphal arch had been erected at the entrance of the Institute with suitable inscriptions in Latin. During the whole of our stay at that town, we experienced the hearty good will of all towards Don Bosco's Institutes. The Bishop and the President of the state, and other dignitaries hastened to pay their respects to Don Rua's Representative.



Well, at last we are here at Brazil. Our first impressions could hardly have been better. We are going to travel through this immense republic for the next six months, and we shall pass from one surprise to another in the twenty-eight houses it possesses.

Brazil after four centuries of monarchy, on the 15th of November 1889 in the most simple, and at the same time, strange proceeding, changed its form of government. It sent its Emperor to Europe without shedding a drop of blood, set up a temporary administration, and then a permanent government on the same lines as the United States. It is not of course such a colossal Republic as that country, but it embraces about half of South America, or one fifteenth part of the entire world. What an expanse—what an immense field of labour for the sons of Don Bosco. This land blessed by God, this second Eden enriched with all the beauties of nature, has the hot climate of the tropics, tempered down at times to equal the most enjoyable climates of Europe. Gold, silver, sulphur, coal, various kinds of crystals, the best marbles, mercury, and a thousand other minerals lie hidden in its soil. In the course of a century in the state of Minas Geraes alone 615,000 kilograms of gold have been mined.

But although the mineral world is so rich, it is easily surpassed by the vegetable. Plants are everywhere growing in constant luxuriance. In some places grapes are gathered as many as four times a year. The fruits are of the ripest hues, of the largest growth, and of exquisite flavour, and there are many kinds quite unknown to us in Europe. During six months we always had fresh fruits

before us, and of incredible varieties. We have seen some curious book-cases, in which the books were bound in wood of different colours, as specimens of the innumerable kinds of trees growing in Brazil. In short, nature has lavished her gifts most generously on this country. It has a varied soil, irrigated in every part, it possesses the monarch of rivers, the Amazon, whose mere affluents are many times the size of the Rhine, Volga or Danube, and which by itself empties a larger volume of water into the ocean than all the rivers of Europe. This is the Republic which we are now to visit. It will be the last of those lying in the Atlantic watershed, for then crossing the Andes we shall pass over to the Pacific.

The journey from Buenos Ayres to Cuyaba, the Capital of Matto Grosso, took twenty-two days. The *Ladario*, and then the *Nojac* on which we sailed, are small steamers only accomodating a few passengers, but instead there were hundreds to travel on them. Imagine the life we had to lead. We had hardly even the necessary room, and the dining saloon did duty as recreation room and dormitory, etc. Fr. Albera, during the whole voyage, had to sleep on two benches placed together, while Fr. Malan and I slept in hammocks suspended in the air. The boldness of the mosquitoes made some nights simply a torture. The steamer once approached too near the bank, and a branch came right into my rocking bed and almost pulled me out. I jumped on to the deck, but after a good laugh, I got up into my cradle again, and began to lull away, hoping that the gnats would be tired and allow me to take some repose.

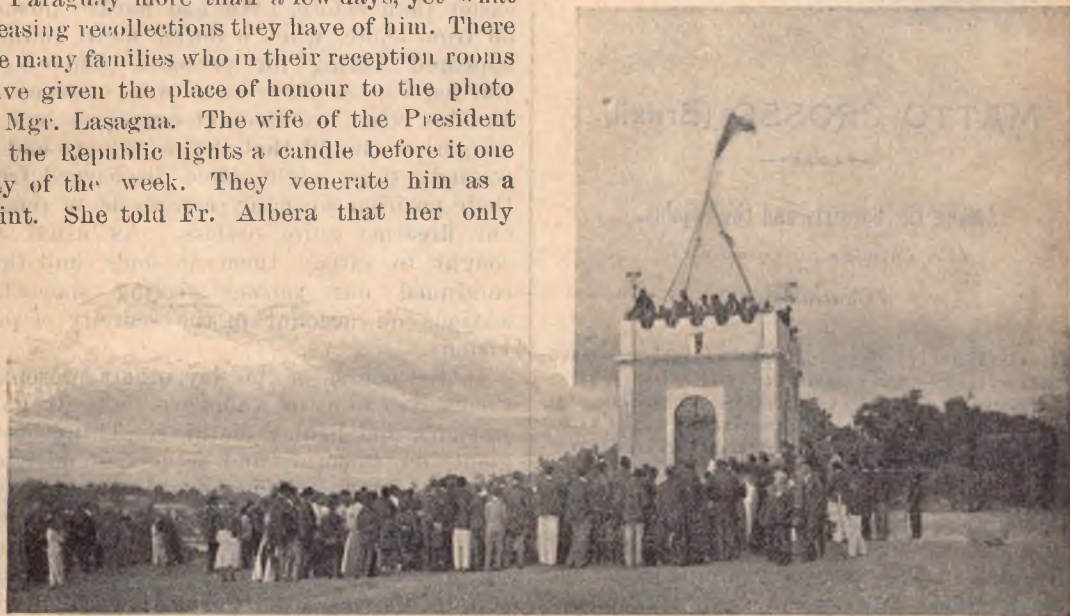
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Fr. Malan, the present superior of this house, was also the very one who accompanied Mgr. Lasagna in his first expedition to Matto Grosso. It was the fifth time he had made the journey, so he knew the place well, and was also well known to every one. The days then passed on very quickly. I could say much about the five rivers on which we steered our course, of the islands both fixed and floating, of the numbers of crocodiles basking away in the sunshine, and imperterbale even when the shots fired at them



by the passengers glided off their scaly skin, or at the most, after sinking lazily under water, they rose up again when the steamer was passed, once more to enjoy their sunshine. I might also dwell on the originality displayed in the buildings of the huts of the poor, or of the toldos of the Indians which we saw in passing, but all these were described in the Bulletin of 1895 in Mgr. Lasagna's masterly style, which I should only spoil after his vivid pictures. What an apostle indeed that Bishop was. He did not stay in Paraguay more than a few days, yet what pleasing recollections they have of him. There are many families who in their reception rooms have given the place of honour to the photo of Mgr. Lasagna. The wife of the President of the Republic lights a candle before it one day of the week. They venerate him as a saint. She told Fr. Albera that her only

munion, as two of them still living assured us, but at present Fr. Albera knows how much there was to do in the forty days we were there. It was enough to visit the flourishing confraternities of the Sacred Heart, of the Holy Trinity, of the Children of Mary, of the Ladies of Mary Help of Christians, with their branches, all of whom were in the cortége of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the feast of Corpus Christi, in which the Bishop himself, although



Inauguration of the Meteorological Observatory, Cuyabá, Brazil.

son, then seven years old, and who had not till then had much to do with persons outside of the family, was presented to the Bishop, and that he still remembers him with much affection. He knew how to be childlike with the children and he captivated all hearts—that man of vast projects, of noble undertakings—the Apostle of Matto Grosso, as they call him at Cuyabá. And it seems that the Indians were really uppermost in his thoughts. He deprived himself of his secretary in order to leave him as Director, knowing that he could best carry out all his wishes. Then besides, what great advantages Cuyabá received from him. Before the arrival of the Salesians there were only three men who made their Easter Com-

unwell, took part, and that on the Feast of the Sacred Heart in which Fr. Albera officiated. The route was long but was nevertheless lined by crowds of devout worshippers. The Blessed Sacrament was carried through the streets, as is customary in Europe, with flowers strewn before and the houses gorgeously decked out.

The company of St. Aloysius with their characteristic sash figured prominently in these processions.

*(To be continued.)*







## MATTO GROSSO (Brazil).

Among the Bacairis and the Cajabis.

(Fr. Balzola's correspondence).

(Continued.)

**In difficulties again—Unpleasant meeting—Anxious moments—Fierceness of the Cajabis—All for an apple—Indians at school—At Rio Nuovo—A centenarian woman—Conclusion.**

When we had taken the necessary precautions to avoid greater evils, we continued our journey, still meeting Indians from time to time; these however were well disposed, and contented themselves with asking for some small articles. Amongst them there appeared two men of stalwart and commanding stature who, with all composure and confidence, expressed their desire to have also a present from us. We willingly set about to please them and they showed themselves quite satisfied and wished to express their gratitude by offering us a quantity of arrows; I chose the best amongst them to take with me as a souvenir to Cuyabá.

This last meeting cheered us up and consoled us for the sadness we felt at the treason of the Indians, and on account of the great difficulties we were meeting in our journey. Drizzling rain set in on the following day and drenched us to the skin, therefore on reaching a beautiful part of the riverside, to which I gave the name of Mary Help of Christians, we were forced to stop to dry all our things and set in better order what we had in our boats. We all thought that we were now out of every danger, hence on starting again

on the 23rd on our way home, calm and tranquillity once more reigned amongst us, the more so as the return journey seemed now easier than before. We had hardly pushed off from shore, when a dozen mere Indians appeared asking for presents. This sight startled us, the more as it was unexpected. Besides, when we thought ourselves out of danger, we found that if the savages had so wished, they might have discharged from their position so many arrows as to render our firearms quite useless. As usual we sought to satisfy them at once, and then continued our journey feeling somewhat anxious on account of the scarcity of provisions.

In the course of the day, others presented themselves to us to whom we willingly gave women's and babies' clothing. Things were going on smoothly and seemed to mitigate our hardships, when, towards evening we saw a boat full of Indians cross the river and pull to shore. Without losing courage we pressed forward, but on arriving at a certain distance from them, they called out to us and made us a sign to give them objects and to place them on land. This act made us suspicious, for if these Indians were the same that we had met before, they would not have acted thus.

We, however, made our way to the opposite bank, and I went forward to meet them in a small boat with a number of presents. As fast as I approached however, they drew back and some even retired into the wood. I soon recognised the three that remained behind; they were of the number of those who had assailed us with arrows, and the chief amongst them, was the very same, who after the discharge of arrows, had the boldness to come to us dancing and singing. I nevertheless summoned up courage, and with a smiling countenance, but my heart beating fast, I drew near to the shore, trying to place in their hands the objects they had solicited. Whilst they were retreating I descried others ensconced behind bushes with their bows bent and their arrows pointed towards me.



It was a fearful moment! I did not lose courage though, but laughing and singing in the drawling way I had learnt from them, I endeavoured by signs, by broken words and by showing them presents, to get nearer and nearer. Not far from me stood the one who in the previous April had killed a man and carried off the skull, and I was afraid that he might at any moment, for what he thought his own safety, turn against me.

It was lucky for me that he restrained himself; for, had the Indians been given the least ground for suspicion, they would have pierced me through and through with their arrows. As I kept calling them to me, they came up at last and I gave them different trifles which they exchanged for their ornaments. After having been with them for a while, I returned to the boat, walking backwards though all the time for fear of being made a target for their arrows.

And in fact, no sooner did we again launch out into the deep than the Indians hiding behind the bushes appeared on the shore with their bows bent in our direction. We shouted out to them in an angry tone of voice and they lowered their bows; but only for a short time, for, as soon as we again took up our oars, we were once more greeted with showers of arrows from every part.

This sight made our blood boil, it was too provoking; we jumped up on the boats rifles in hand, ready to fire if a single arrow so much as grazed any one amongst us. Seeing these preparations the Indians, seized with fear, threw down their bows and arrows and did not move a step further.

After two hours we arrived at the place where we had decided to camp for the night. But everything seemed to conspire against us. In every direction, all around us, we heard hissing, noises of all kinds from the forest, and even sounds of words. All this made us fear a general assault. Most of those noises however were due to our over-excited imagination which made us suspect Indians each time a bird or a monkey moved, or the leaves rustled. I tried to persuade my companions to remain quiet and not to imagine dangers where they did not exist,

but all to no purpose, for they remained on the watch rifle in hand.

Meanwhile, with stakes and branches a regular fence was soon erected to prevent the savages from taking us by surprise, and a sentinel was told off to keep watch: then we tried to get to sleep. We had hardly closed our eyes when we were startled by the alarm given by the sentinel. Every one was at once on foot, running here and there, shouting and asking what had happened. How great are the effects of fear. A large apple had fallen from a tree just near the sentinel who thought it was a stone thrown by the savages. Seized with fear, without a second thought, he gave the alarm. I felt inclined to laugh, but it was hard to restore calm among our fellow-travellers, who could not be persuaded that the disturbance was



Sodality of St. Aloysius, Salesian College, Cuyabá, Brazil.

merely due to a false alarm.

We started again on our journey on the following day, the 24th of July; nothing unusual occurred, to battle against, except the fever which seized first one then another of the party. In these trying circumstances our catechist Silvio did prodigies of charity, ever ready to relieve now one now another of the sick persons, acting as infirmarian and as cook. On the 30th of the same month we came across a crowd of Indians already known to us; they had been journeying eleven days in order to see the missionary again. Whilst the dinner was preparing, I sat in the midst of them, taking advantage of their good dispositions, to learn a few words of



their language. I questioned one who seemed to pronounce the syllables best, I wrote the word spoken by him in my note-book and then repeated it to them. They were glad to hear me speak after their fashion, and at once came up to me to see what sort of thing the note-book was, as well as the pencil I held in my hand; one more forward than the others, wished to write, wondering greatly at the effect of black on white. For them it was quite a thing of the other world. I continued writing and others also wished to do the same. Guiding their hand I made

you the joy and satisfaction we felt: the fatigues and sufferings undergone were too fresh in our memory, and the first outpouring of our souls was one of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to Mary Help of Christians who had so visibly protected us.

On the 9th of August, we left our boats for the last time, those boats which for so long had been our hope and our safety, and again took to horseback in order to get to Rio Nuovo by the 14th, among our Bacairis who were anxiously awaiting us. The beasts



Salesian School, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London, S. W.

them write the names of Jesus and Mary, etc..... Finally we took leave of these who were also the last Indians we were to meet with on our return.

During the following days nothing out of the way happened, except that our provisions ran short and we had to eat rice without seasoning or salt, and tortoises' eggs; we found more than four hundred of them, and, in our circumstances chiefly, they proved a real godsend. Finally, after so many toils, perils, and hardships we arrived on the 7th of August at the port of *Mulatera*, where we had embarked three months before.

It would be impossible, dear Father, to tell

of burden arrived only on the 20th, and then only was I able, after the lapse of 40 days, to offer up Holy Mass in thanksgiving.

At Rio Nuovo the governor of the town, anxious to send to the capital the news of our return, in his haste, left out a syllable which gave to the despatch quite a different meaning, so much so that it seemed to imply that I had perished in a shipwreck. The news spread like lightning throughout the town, and in our House especially they were very much distressed. That same evening fortunately they received a letter of mine which explained everything and was to them a great relief.



From Rio Nuovo I went on to visit several Missions and finally arrived at Diamantino, where for a long time I was expected to give a Mission. I am not going to relate to you, dear Father, the episodes of this mission, for they are always more or less the same; I have pleasure however in telling you that, at 200 km. from the city, I came across four Polish families who treated me with the greatest attention and regard, fulfilling at the same time all their religious duties.

I met here this time an old black woman. I asked her how old she was, but she could not tell me exactly, she said, however, that she must be more than 100 years old, for as a child she saw the building of the town of Diamantino which is already falling to ruin from age. I also asked her why she had not been to confession; she mumbled a few words of excuse, assuring me that, as a girl, she had always been to confession, but that from that time forward she had not thought any more about it. She promised however that later on she would go to confession. Later on? Why not at once? It must have been something like ninety years since she had been reconciled with God, and now that an occasion presented itself, she would not take advantage of it; poor, unfortunate woman!

At Diamantino, I was the guest of a friend of ours, the lawyer Joachim Ferreira Mendez, and profited of the occasion to visit the house they wish to hand over to us for an institute. This place would be for us of the greatest importance on account of the missions among the Indians, which extend from this town as far as the Amazon.

Finally, after stopping two days at Villa del Rosario, during which time I heard confessions, blessed marriages and fulfilled other duties of the sacred ministry, on the 21st of September we entered our House just after 12 amidst the clamorous applause of our confrères and boys, after four long months' absence. During this journey we covered 2500 km., of which 500 were on horseback, from Cuyabá to Mulatera, and 700 from Mulatera to the place where we had been attacked by the Indians.

A few days later a detailed account of the voyage was handed on to the representatives of the Government who loaded us with praise and thanks for the fortunate result of our expedition. The way is now open; Almighty God will rule events as he deems best. As for us, we do not know yet what can be done, for *massis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*

Many other tribes are awaiting the light of the Gospel, but we are short of *personnel*; hence you see the need of sending us good and fervent Salesians and to recommend us unceasingly to the charity of our Co-operators. Pardon the length of this account and recommend me to the prayers of the confrères and Superiors.

Bless me and bless also the savages of Matto Grosso, and believe me

Your affectionate son

(Fr.) JOHN BALZOLA.

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## EQUADOR.

### Through the forests of the Apostolic Vicariate of Mendez and Gualaquiza.

(From the correspondence of Fr. Mattana).

(Continued)

#### Meeting with Brujo Papuè.

After two hours or more of climbing, as night was setting in we pitched our tents, and whilst the Jivaros were hunting, there appeared a Jivaro *Brujo* or doctor named Papuè, with his son about twelve years of age, who happened to be strolling about in the neighbourhood. He was looked upon as an enemy by the Jivaros who accompanied me. As I happened at the time to be cutting stakes to fix the tents I was also the first whom he met. He at once recognised me, for he had often visited me in Gualaquiza, and saluting me affectionately, expressed the greatest astonishment at seeing me in such a dangerous and distant place. The Jivaros who accompanied me, having noticed that I was speaking with a strange Jivaro, fearing treason armed themselves with guns, lances and knives, ready to kill him should he attempt to do us any injury; seeing however, that he was speaking familiarly with me and without the least concern, they cooled down, not however without having come to words amongst themselves, nor without threatening the *Brujo* (doctor) Papuè, their mortal enemy. The presence of the missionary caused them to behave peaceably towards each other. After about an hour's conversation Papuè took leave of us,



inviting us all to have some refreshments at his house at one hour and a half's journey on the way to Mendez. The night was again a sleepless one for us owing to the continued rain which drenched us like chickens. In the morning everything went off as usual, but after Mass we planted a large Cross in that spot as a sign of redemption and then away we started again.

That day, the feast of St. Lucy, virgin and martyr, we continued our journey under a downpour of rain which lasted till 4 p. m. On arriving after two hours' walk at Brujo Papuè's house, want of time prevented me from stopping there. I therefore sent some one to greet him in my name and to tell him that I expected him on the following day at a neighbouring village with all his people to baptize the children and instruct the others. Papuè gave me to understand that he was very sorry at my being unable to stay at his house and sent some fruit from his garden as a present, promising to go on the following day to the place indicated.

Towards 12 o'clock we crossed the Jananus and fell in with an elderly Jivaro, about sixty years of age accompanied by two women. As soon as they saw us, seized with fear, they hurried on in order not to be overtaken. We on our part did the same, and coming to his side, asked him who he was, whence he came, where he was going, if that was the road to Mendez and whether he had anything for us to eat. Finding that he was treated as a friend he slackened his pace and said to me: "I am Captain Sando father of the Jivaros Guatingui and Papuè" giving me to understand that he came from his son Papuè's house and was on the way to his own, that the two women who accompanied him were his wife and a relative of his, that we were on the right road for Mendez and that he had nothing to give me to eat. Then he asked me who I was, and where I was going with all the Christians; I answered that I was Father Francis from Gualaquiza, and that I was going with presents to visit the Jivaros of Mendez. As soon as he heard the name of Father Francis, a name with which all the Jivaros of the East are familiar, he smiled and holding out his hand to me said: "The Jivaros are anxiously awaiting you, Father Francis; I shall accompany you and take you to my house, where I have many pigs, fowls, etc." And he acted as our guide.

After walking for two hours and a half in a continuous rain, and in company with the

above-named Sando, we descended into a somewhat gloomy valley. The incessant rain obliged us to pass the night on the bank of the river Cumza. The Jivaro Sando and his wife lit a good fire and bestirred themselves to prepare some supper. The others, having no other clothes to put on and being wet to the skin, took off their clothes to dry them by the fire, remaining almost half naked like the poor savages of the forest.

#### **With Captain Sando—The river Junganza—A hearty welcome—Pressing invitations.**

Next morning we got everything ready, then crossed with great difficulty the rapid river Jumas, or as other Jivaros call it, the Crunza. Captain Sando with his wife had gone before us to tell their relatives of Fr. Francis' arrival and to prepare breakfast for us. Having crossed the river and arranged our clothes, we continued our journey towards Captain Sando's house. On the way we met some Jivaro girls, about eighteen years old, by a stream busy in preparing the *yuca*, the *camote* and the *palme* destined for breakfast. When they saw me with a long beard they were frightened and attempted to run away, but reassured by means of signs they went quietly on with their work. We were received in Captain Sando's house with every mark of attention and respect. I at once set up an altar and about half past eleven offered up the Holy Sacrifice, during which the Brujo, son of Captain Sando, came with all his family according to the promise he had made. We stayed here a day and a half to baptize the children and to get provisions for the rest of the journey. These children of the forest have a most lively desire of receiving Baptism and to learn the prayers and duties of a good christian; the mothers, presenting to me their babies, kept repeating: "Father, baptize our children and you will do them a great service for they go with God to heaven, etc."

Many families came to visit and welcome us, to offer presents and get their children baptized. I seized the favourable occasion to instruct them in the mysteries of our holy religion. Captain Sando with his people treated us with the greatest liberality, killing pigs, fowls, and giving us plenty of everything. In return I distributed knives, matches, cloth, needles, thread, etc. I afterwards attended several sick persons, all of whom, thank God, soon recovered; this inspired great confidence in the missionary.



On the 17th of December, having administered several baptisms, distributed a number of presents among the Jivaros with whom we were lodging, I planted a cross charging them to guard it religiously; then I took leave of them, promising to return soon. Here the moving scenes of Gualaquiza were renewed, and many wished to accompany me and carry my luggage. In two hours we

march, during which we met many Jivaros who cheerfully came to meet us. Towards 10 a.m. we arrived at Captain Cuca's house. He together with Captain Chamico (who, on hearing of my approach, had come from Pongo with a large number of Jivaros,) gave me a most hearty welcome. As we approached the house the dogs began to bark, and the people soon turned out in crowds to meet us



Souvenir of Don Rua's visit to the Salesian School, London.

arrived at the junction of the Junganza and the Cumza, where nature offers to the traveller an agreeable surprise, a truly enchanting panorama.

The river Junganza, which comes from the North-West, and the Cumza from the North meet here and flow towards the East, turning slightly southward. The soil is more fertile and the climate warmer; there are also more Jivaro dwellings. These Jivaros find their way to the civilized populations by traversing the mountains and forests of Pan. Having crossed the river with the help of the Jivaros, and because it was calm and tranquil without difficulty, although the water reached above our shoulders, we continued our

singing, shouting and dancing frantically—a downright Babel. At the door of the huts the women were busily engaged in preparing for dinner; some were killing fowls, others were preparing *yuca*, *camote*, etc. and others had their mouths full of *yuca* chewing it as fast as they could for the preparation for their favourite and famous *chicha*. All were beside themselves with joy at my arrival and exclaimed: *Oh Father Francis, may you have many moons and many chontas* (these are the names by which they call the months and the years, for they count the months by the moon, and the year by the *chonta*, a fruit which ripens only once a year,) *may you soon come to visit us again etc.*

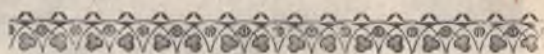


When I could restore something like order and silence, I saluted them in my turn, thanked them for the warm reception they had given me and announced to them that, while the dinner was being prepared, I would celebrate Holy Mass and pray to *taita Dios* for them: they were to get their babies ready in the meantime so as to have them baptized immediately after. With what joy they welcomed this news! In a few moments an altar was got ready in the middle of a yard; I made my preparation and then rang the little bell. Immediately some 150 Jivaros or more came out from their houses, and surrounding the rustic altar, made a deafening noise. The sound of the bell instead of imposing silence only served to make them more and more boisterous. The only thing to be done was to let them have their way; in the meanwhile I put on the sacred vestments. Whilst I was putting on the alb the Jivaros, seeing me clad in white, shouted: "See Father Francis is putting on the shirt" and all approached to touch it. Then seeing me wearing a red stole, maniple, and vestment, in accordance with the rite for that day, a colour which is held in great esteem by the savages, quite delighted, they began to laugh uproariously to show how much they were pleased with that colour. Without understanding anything of the sacred mysteries they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice. During the Mass I addressed a few words to my companions to which the Jivaros, although not understanding a word, listened with a religious silence. I then administered baptism to thirty three babies, Virginio Avalos John Coronel and Carmelo Torres acting as god-fathers to them.

When the sacred ceremonies were over I gave a little exhortation as well as I could, and to all those baptized, also a small present. Whilst I was making the distribution, some old Jivaros began to cry out: "We too old folks wish to have water and salt, for by so doing we go with *Taita Dios*, etc." Poor creatures! Their supplications quite touched me. I made them understand as well as I was able that there is a God who rewards the good with paradise and punishes the wicked with hell: I taught them to make the sign of the cross, to recite word for word the *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, the *Credo* which these poor creatures kept repeating, though understanding very little, with hands joined and tears in their eyes. After this, seeing such good dispositions, I baptized them, making them quite content.

Here, as I have already mentioned, Captain Chamico also awaited me, having come from Pongo with many of his companions to see and welcome me and to get their little ones baptized. He wished to take me to Pongo telling me that the Pongonese Jivaros were there awaiting me. I was unable to comply with his wishes but promised to go and see him some other time. Captain Chamico seeing I was unable to go to Pongo, sent some Jivaros to tell the tribe not to wait for me any longer, but those who wished to see me might come to Mendez not later than the following week.

(To be continued.)



### TO THE READER.

When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, German, or Polish) and if you desire to have it suspended henceforth, or not.

Communications and offerings may be addressed to our Superior-General:

The Very Rev. MICHAEL RUA,  
Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

**International Postal Orders** to be made payable at the P. O. Turin — **Cheques** on the National, or other Banks, Turin. — **Paper Currency** (Bank-notes, Dollars, &) can be cashed at Turin without loss or discount. — **Letters** containing money or objects of value should be registered.

## The Salesian Bulletin

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This Magazine is sent 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.



# Salesian



ON Easter Monday our Superior General, Don Rua, accompanied by the Very Rev. Prof. Bertello, the Professional Consultor of our Society, left the Oratory in Turin in order to pay a visit to some of the Salesian Houses in the north of Europe.

After calling at the Institutes of Novara, Intra, Canobio etc. which he passed on his route through the north of Italy, he went on to those of Switzerland, viz. Ancona, Balerna, Zurich and Muri. His next stay was in Belgium visiting the Houses at Liège, Verviers, Hechtel and thence he passed over to England. Leaving other details aside for the present, we give here in the first place a short account received of his visit to England.



Gladsome tidings had reached us some time ago, reporting that the Successor of Don Bosco, our venerated Superior General, would at last come to visit his children in England. It was nine long years since he had been at Battersea, and the promises, with which from time to time he used to meet our pressing invitations, had always been made to depend on conditions which, alas! were never realized. Hence you may imagine how we hailed and welcomed this news, and how it occupied for a time the foremost place in our thoughts. It is beyond doubt an enviable fortune, a grace, to have known, to have approached Don Bosco, and to have conversed with him. Next to this, we reckon, and justly, that of approaching and conversing with his Successor, Don Rua, who, along with the mantle, has inherited all Don Bosco's spirit, and, I daresay, we were all sensible of it, and tried to make the best of the occasion.

Don Rua and Fr. Bertello landed at Dover on May 1st, and were received and welcomed

on the pier by the Very Rev. O. B. Macey, Superior of the House at Battersea, and now also Provincial. At half past seven they arrived at the Salesian Schools in Surrey Lane. Don Rua soon realized with evident satisfaction the march forward effected since his last visit. At that time he had stayed in Orbel St., where the Community and boys, still a *pusillus grex*, were couped up within those narrow walls. Those premises have been taken possession of a short time ago, by some of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians and their community, let us hope, may prove in its turn like another mustard seed. To testify his lively gratitude he announced that very evening, that, on the following morning, the first Friday in May, he would offer up the Holy Sacrifice in honour of the Sacred Heart in thanksgiving for so many blessings.

This was also the closing day of the spiritual retreat which had been preached to the boys by the Rev. Fr. Barni, formerly Superior of the Institute at Cape Town and now on his way to Jamaica, and by Fr. Campana Superior of Burwash; Don Rua said the Community Mass which was followed by solemn Benediction. The whole day was one of unalloyed mirth. It could not be dampened even by the inclement weather, which prevented the display of the illuminations which had been prepared, but could not prevent the prolonged and lusty shouts of *Viva Don Rua!* which greeted the appearance of his name in coloured lights.

He, as usual, placed himself wholly at the disposal of others, and they were only too eager to turn the opportunity to good account.

In the evening an entertainment was given in his honour, consisting of a series of tableaux artistically and effectively arranged, and interspersed with addresses in various languages but all expressing joy and welcome.



Don Rua declared himself well satisfied with the proceedings, as well as with the gymnastic display of the boys of the day school.

On Saturday, he was able to pay his respects to His Lordship Mgr. Bourne, of whose kindly interest and benevolence he is well aware, and for which he is deeply grateful.

Sunday, the first of the month, was a day of especial solemnity in the Church at Battersea. Fr. Bertello sang the solemn high Mass, while Don Rua officiated in the evening at the procession and Benediction. The church, which he had left in 1893 "painfully white", now wore a more pleasing appearance, enriched as it is with the artistic decorations due to the skilful and patient labours of some members of the Community.



The Novitiate House could not but claim a large share of Don Rua's short stay. He too on his part, wished to visit the place which, we trust, is destined to be the nursery of the Society in England. On Monday accordingly, our visitors left London for Burwash.

There is no need to speak here of the hearty welcome accorded him. It was the privilege of some to be received by him definitely among the number of his children on that occasion — an occasion so much longed and prayed for. It must have been a pleasure also for our venerated Superior thus to mark his visit to that hallowed spot, and we earnestly hope that the wishes expressed by him may become a reality — *Faxit Deus*. A literary and musical academy in his honour, as splendid as the veneration of his children could make it, was held in the schools.



From Burwash he went to the Salesian Institute at Farnboro. Only a few hours were at his disposal, and, much to his regret, he was unable to visit his Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese by whose initiative the Institute was started. He expressed his great satisfaction for the development attained in such a short time and which makes us confident that the House is destined to do much good. That same evening he had to return to Battersea, and then leave for Belgium, where several appointments urgently demanded his presence.

This visit, alas! too short if we consult our wishes, has left traces that will not be easily effaced—precious souvenirs that will be cherished and treasured by all who had the good fortune of profiting of his presence

—and they are all who hold in veneration the name of Don Bosco.



It was no doubt a fortunate and enviable experience that fell to the lot of the boys of the Salesian College of Gualdo Tadino on the 2nd of April. Nineteen of them had been chosen to take part in the Umbrian pilgrimage to Rome. On the day fixed for the audience, our pupils, thanks to the courtesy of Mgr. Bisleti, were placed just in front of the throne, giving them a foremost place.

The first to be presented were the Bishops of Novara and Terni who read affectionate greetings in the name of the Piedmontese and Umbrian pilgrims. Then the leaders of the pilgrimages and other distinguished personages came forward to kiss the hand of Holy Father. The pope then asked who those young boys were, and on hearing that they were from our college of Gualdo Tadino, he desired them to be presented. Some respectfully reminded him that it was late, and that he must be fatigued, but he quickly added: "No, no, I wish to satisfy those good boys, bring them up also." To this so pleasing and so unexpected invitation they all in a group ascended the steps of the throne. The Holy Father smiled, and as they filed past him one by one, he had a word and caress for each. This mark of kindness on the part of the pope filled all with intense joy, and left an impression that can never fade.



In speaking of the Congress of the Festive Oratories we reproduced the letter of H. E. Card. Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna. To that we should add the letter of H. E. Card. Richelmy Archbishop of Turin, H. E. Card. Sarto Patriarch of Venice, H. E. Card. Ferrari Archbishop of Milan.

The latter wrote as follows: I am most grateful to H. E. Card. Richelmy, to the Very Rev. Don Rua, and to the Committee of Promoters of the Congress of Festive Oratories, which is to be held at Turin, for the honour of being invited to be among its Patrons.

I heartily approve of this providential work to which this august assembly of so illustrious and zealous personages have devoted themselves. They are all, without doubt, animated by this noble intent, the salvation of youth, and with the help of God, we may look forward to an abundant harvest of fruits.




No one who has at heart the welfare of the children of the people, could be backward in giving all his support, it being so evident that, with the diminishing of christian education in the family, and with its banishment from the school, the Festive Oratories will become a real necessity; and this fact becomes all the more convincing, when we consider the countless dangers which beset youth of the lower classes in shops, factories and business places.

I will therefore make a point of giving it a special mention in the Circular to the Clergy of this Archdiocese, (where the work of Festive Oratories has already been some time in progress) in order to animate all persons of good-will in such a holy cause; and I beseech Almighty God to bestow on

the labours of the Congress His choicest blessings.

The commencement of the Jubilee year has been solemnly commemorated in many places, even in the far away Missions. Solemn *Te Deums* of thanksgiving were sung, and literary and musical *séances* held, in which the battles and triumphs of the Church, the prerogatives and glories of the Papacy, the person of Leo XIII were, of course, the burden of all the prose and poetical compositions. These commemorations are well calculated to grave in the minds chiefly of youth, the record of this remarkable event, to foster the sentiments of loyalty, attachment, and devotion to the person of the Vicar of Christ, which are the characteristic of every good catholic.



**GRACES AND FAVOURS OBTAINED**  
through the intercession of  
**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. All manuscripts, however, are carefully deposited in the archives of the Sanctuary.—ED.]

**Busto Arsizio (ITALY).**—In the beginning of May 1897, I suffered from acute pains in the right arm and shoulder, which several clever doctors declared to be periostitis, and considered that an operation could not be successfully carried out. Mine was therefore quite a hopeless case. I was to fall a victim to this malady. But I chanced at this critical moment to pick up a *Salesian Bulletin*, in which I read of the many favours obtained by Mary, Help of Christians. I immediately conceived a firm trust in this good Mother, and without more waiting, I sent an offering for a Mass in her sanctuary at Turin, and with my relations commenced a Novena. At its close the pains, most acute and unbearable before, were somewhat diminished.

Another novena was commenced and before it was ended, to the great surprise of the doctors, a complete change had come over me, the operation was now possible and my cure was assured.

But Divine Providence had another trial for me. In the July of the same year my left leg was attacked by these acute pains, and the torture increased so much that on the night of November 12th, my life was in serious danger, the convulsions were so violent. A tumour then appeared, and the swelling became so large that the physicians thought the amputation of the leg necessary. Mindful of the grace obtained before by the intercession of Our Lady, I begged them to defer it for a time and turned with all the confidence I could to the wonder-working Madonna of Don Bosco. But the Blessed Virgin put my faith to a severe test, and after a second and third novena, no improvement had set in, and the doctors began to insist on the operation.

My anxiety can hardly be imagined, but I could not be persuaded that Our Lady would not listen to my prayers. I continued



to pray, and got others to pray for me, and on Jan. 1st the astonished physicians noticed a slight change for the better, which proved only the prelude to a complete cure. Mary Help of Christians had come to my aid, and after a few days of convalescence, I could walk as well as anybody with the leg which was now perfectly well. "You are quite a phenomenon" the doctor remarked. "No, it is not I" I replied, "but the Madonna of Don Bosco who is the true phenomenon. It is she and she alone who has cured me."

But as though these two first cures were not sufficient to assure me of her maternal protection, she again the following year freed me most wonderfully from another dangerous malady which the doctors had very little knowledge of, and knew not what name to give it. I bore up as long as I could, but it grew so bad, and the heart became subject to so violent palpitations that my last hour seemed close at hand. I had received the Holy Viaticum, and was preparing for Extreme Unction, as the doctors said I could not possibly live longer than a week. I had already resigned myself, but the memory of past favours made me turn to Mary Help of Christians. Why should she not help me once more? With lively faith I sought her aid again, and others also prayed for the same favour, and she obtained my cure for the third time. How could I remain ungrateful for such blessings? I now beseech her to obtain for me the grace of a happy death, for it is only in heaven that I shall be able to thank her worthily.

September, 1901.

A. M. CASTELLI.

**Rankwel (VORALBERG-AUSTRIA).**—A thousand thanks to Mary Help of Christians. Some time ago I suffered intensely from a gathering on my foot, the consequence of previous sprain. Many remedies were applied, but without result, unless indeed to make the pains worse than before. The doctor was called, but his treatment was also in vain for there was no apparent improvement. I had myself removed a small piece of the bone, and the doctor had removed another piece before he came to the conclusion that the foot would have to be amputated. A second, and third physician were not more hopeful. This operation would have been a great blow for my family who depended on me for their support, and were also reduced to straitened circumstances by

a previous illness. Our only hope now was from heaven. I had prayers offered to the Sacred Heart and to Mary Help of Christians and promised publication, and I am now glad to be able to proclaim my cure. The foot is perfectly healed, and I am able to do my work as before. Let everyone in need and distress turn to the Sacred Heart and to Mary Help of Christians.

February, 1902.

B. ABREDERIS.

**Castelnau (FRANCE).**—I send you my small offering with a heart full of gratitude and confidence towards this powerful protectress Mary Help of Christians, who has freed me from great anxiety concerning the health of my daughter. For some time I have been praying for it through her intercession, and now that I have received it, I consider myself happy in being able to fulfil my promise. I send you now three francs for your works and would ask you to be good enough to insert in your *Bulletin* the expression of my deep gratitude towards Our Lady Help of Christians.

May this good mother continue her powerful protection over my daughter and family who, now more than ever, stand in need of her assistance.

Jan. 27th, 1902.

A Co-operator.

**Nice (FRANCE).**—May Our Lady Help of Christians be praised, as no one ever has had recourse to her in vain. It is with most grateful feelings that I now acquit myself of the debt I owe to her as she has obtained the cure of my husband.

I promised to have it published in the *Bulletin*. I send you here a modest offering.

April 15th, 1902.

M. de M.

*To obtain favours needed, Don Bosco recommended the frequent use of the Sacraments and the practice of a novena consisting of three Paters, Aves, and Glorias to Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, with a Salve Regina, making at the same time a formal promise of sending an alms according to one's means to the Sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians.*





# Various Gleanings

**GENERAL ACHA** (PAMPAS—ARG. REP.)—*The Pontifical Jubilee in the Pampas.* — Even in the heart of the Pampas, as we learn from *La Voz de la Iglesia* of Buenos Ayres, the first day of the jubilee year of Leo XIII. was kept with great solemnity. Though an ordinary week day, the church which had been decorated for the occasion, was full of people at the Solemn High Mass, whilst at the earlier Masses a goodly number had approached the Sacraments. The efforts of the Rector, Fr. Orsi, says a local paper, were well corresponded to. In the evening a solemn *Te Deum* was sung and the same Father preached on the glories of the Roman Pontificate which are the glories of the Church, and in which every good catholic cannot fail to take a lively interest.

After the service a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Institute, and at the end of the meeting the following telegram was sent to His Grace Mgr. Sabatucci, the Papal Internunzio in the Argentine Republic. "The clergy, Committee of ladies and gentlemen, the Salesians, the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians and the faithful, one and all, of the Central Pampas most respectfully salute your Grace and join in spirit in the festivities in honour of the immortal Leo XIII." The Internunzio replied with the following: "Receive blessing and thanks for compliments. Archbishop Sabatucci."

No one however was to be excluded from this feast of family rejoicing. Hence with delicate attention and charity, those good Catholics wished to make partakers of it, in some measure, even the inmates of the Hospital and of the prisons. The Superioress of the nuns and some ladies of the Committee, with the alms collected, procured various things for distribution.

At the prisons Fr. Orsi addressed a few words to the inmates pointing out the generosity of the good ladies who had tried to procure those gifts, in order to enable them to share in the joy of the whole church and of her Head upon earth.

Thus the 199 prisoners received the blessing of Christ's Vicar, who will be henceforward an object of greater respect and veneration.

**RIO NEGRO** (PATAGONIA). — *The orphanages in the territory of Rio Negro.* — The same journal, *La Voz de la Iglesia*, has published a communication of a Magistrate of the territory of Rio Negro to the Minister of Justice of the Argentine Republic. Whilst it shows on one hand the crippling effects of the last inundations, it is also a recognition of the services that those institutions had previously rendered. It runs as follows:

I have the honour of laying before you a communication received from the Pro-Vicar of Patagonia, the very Rev. Fr. B. Vacchina, to the effect that the Salesian Fathers of Rio Negro owing to financial difficulties, cannot for the present receive the children of this district. As you are already aware, in years past the Salesians of Rio Negro have received a government subsidy towards the maintenance of the orphans and destitute children sheltered in their houses.

In this respect the Salesian Congregation has rendered to this Province a great service—a service which cannot be replaced, for otherwise the Authorities could not have found homes sufficient for the number of the children belonging to this district. Whereas in the Salesian Institutions, besides other advantages, the children are instructed, receive a moral education and are moreover trained in some useful trade by which to earn their living later on.

For these reasons, for the good of this territory, I take the liberty to suggest that this subsidy should be continued; I would also add that it is of financial interest to the treasury, for the removal alone of the children in question to the capital, would imply a greater outlay.

I beg you therefore to give the matter all your attention and settle it as soon as possible.

D. A. LAMARQUE.

**NICTHEROY** (BRAZIL). — *The foundation stone of the Sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians.* — We have given in these columns some time ago an account of the monument which has been

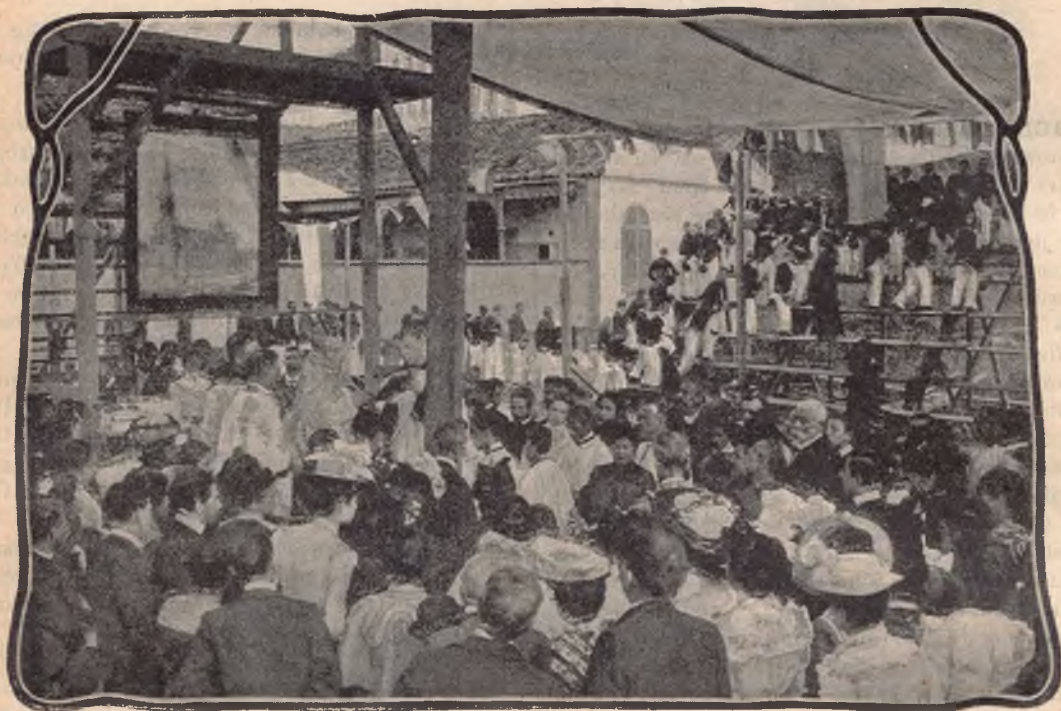


erected in honour of Mary Help of Christians at Nictheroy—a monument of piety as well as of patriotism destined to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of Brazil. It is a monumental church that they intend to erect now in honour of the great Mother of God. The foundation stone was laid at the end of last year, and the bad weather did not prevent the gathering of an immense concourse of people.

His Lordship, Mgr. F. Do-Rego Moya, Bishop of Petropolis celebrated Mass at which a number of

length and thirty in width, and it will rank among the first in the state of Rio Janeiro. The Architect, Delpiano, a Salesian brother, also designed the monument mentioned before, and is well known in South America for other works of this kind.

**QUITO (ECUADOR).** — *The Salesian Institute at Quito.* — Readers of the *Bulletin* may remember how, after the vicissitudes and trials of the days of the revolution and the forced abandonment of



Laying of the Foundation-stone of the Sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians, Nictheroy, Brazil.

distinguished benefactors were present. At noon they all betook themselves to the place where the temple is to rise, and the foundation stone was conveyed there on an elegantly decked cart, drawn by the pupils of the Institute of St. Rosa. The whole ceremony was most solemn. At the close of it, Father Peretto thanked all present, and in a special manner His Lordship, for the many tokens he has given of his kindness towards the Salesians of Nictheroy; he then read the following telegram received from Rome: "The Holy Father, pleased to hear of the blessing of the foundation stone of the monumental sanctuary in honour of Mary Help of Christians, accepts filial homage, and blesses with paternal affection, the Bishop, the Salesians of Nictheroy, all the Co-operators and their families. Card. RAMPOLLA."

This new church measures seventy metres in

the flourishing professional School called *El Protectorado*, a new institute was started on a modest scale in the neighbourhood of the Capital. We are glad to say that it has been steadily increasing and may yet ere long regain its former importance.

The close of the last scholastic year afforded an occasion of showing the progress made since their return. His Grace, the Archbishop, who at all times, even in the dark days of persecution, had been a true father to them, deigned to spend the whole day with the community. Besides the musical and literary séance, there was also an exhibition of the works carried out in the professional schools in the course of the year. This exhibition showed that the high standard of efficiency attained at the *El Protectorado* in by-gone days, is already again within reach.



In another communication we find that the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the first they kept since their return, was another occasion of general rejoicing and was marked by great splendour. Numerous Co-operators from Quito made a point of taking part in it, and thus express their satisfaction in the revival of a work for which they had shown so much sympathy and interest.

Another event not to be left unnoticed is the Episcopal Jubilee of His Grace the Archbishop of Quito. From the picturesque shores of the Pacific to the virgin forests on the banks of the Amazon, all the good people of Ecuador were astir in order to manifest their affection and loyal attachment to that intrepid and zealous pastor.

The Salesians of Quito, who had and do constantly receive from him so many proofs of goodwill, could not remain behindhand in these festivities and exerted themselves to show their grateful sentiments in a manner less unworthy of their great benefactor. By a special arrangement His Grace came to spend a whole day at the Institute accompanied by distinguished ecclesiastics and lay-men of the capital. In the evening at the close of the representation given in his honour, he spoke in terms which betrayed how touched he had been by what he had witnessed, and the place which those, whom he was pleased to call his beloved children, held in his heart.



## THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

### DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

For want of suitable accomodation these boys went in the afternoon to another Oratory, that of San Giovanni dei Fiorentini, and Don Bosco at the right moment also called there to make a visit. He saw there not merely 40, but 100 boys who were playing joyfully far from all perils and vice. One thing only was wanting, and that was religious instruction and sacred functions of which there were none, perhaps because there was no priest free for this work of charity; hence instead of being called an Oratory, it rather deserved the name of a recreation ground.

After chatting for a while with these boys,

who showed good dispositions, Don Bosco, accompanied by the Count, passed on to Transtevere to see a third Oratory, that of the Assumption, frequented by upwards of 80 grown up boys. He was well pleased with it. A spacious play-ground adapted for any kind of amusement, with a Church close by frequented by boys already grown up, the singing of hymns and the sacred functions reproduced in his mind a lively representation of our Oratories at Turin. He was also delighted to see the Director, Father Biondi, instructing and questioning the boys, just as he himself was in the habit of doing on Sunday mornings after relating to us some portion of Ecclesiastical History.

I have thought well to give an account of Don Bosco's visits to these institutions, because, seeing done for boys in Rome the very same thing which he had been doing in Turin for the course of seventeen years, he became more confirmed in the resolution of continuing to carry on his work and to try to make it lasting by means of the approval and support of the Holy See.

This being his principal scope in going to Rome, he wished to obtain an audience from Pope Pius IX, of saintly memory, in order to lay his plans before him and obtain his advice. For this purpose Don Bosco called on his Eminence Cardinal J. Antonelli, Secretary of State, who received him on the 28th of February with signs of the greatest kindness, and gave him an audience of nearly two hours. His Eminence was pleased to make reference to the *Letture Cattoliche*, to the History of Italy, to the festive Oratories, to the boys of the House and of their conditions; he then went on to speak of the Holy Father, of his flight from Rome in 1848, of his sojourn at Gaeta, of the offering of thirty-three francs, and of the rosary beads which Pius IX had presented to them as a token of his pleasure. Finally, the Cardinal assured Don Bosco that he would announce him to His Holiness and would procure for him a private audience; and so he did. In the evening of the 8th of March he received a letter couched in the following terms: The Rev. J. Bosco is hereby informed that His Holiness has been pleased to admit him to an audience tomorrow, the 9th of March from 11.45 to 1.

At the time appointed Don Bosco and the cleric Michael Rua arrived at the Vatican. As this audience was of great importance for our Oratory, I think it worth while to relate its details here, taking them from a special Memoir.



Whilst various thoughts were crowding in their minds, a bell rang, and the Prelate beckoned to them to advance and present themselves before Pius IX. At that moment Don Bosco remained somewhat bewildered, but recollecting himself, with an effort he said: "Courage, let us go." The cleric Rua followed him carrying a copy of the *Letture Cattoliche*.

They entered and prostrated themselves at the entrance, then again in the middle and a third time at his feet. But their apprehension almost entirely vanished when they beheld the Pontiff's countenance so affable, so venerable, and at the same time so sweet, that more could not be imagined. They were unable to kiss his feet for he sat at table; they kissed his hand, and the cleric Rua, remembering the promise he had made his companions, kissed it once for himself and once for the others. Then the Holy Father made a sign to them to rise and come before him. It should be noted here by the way, that in announcing Don Bosco to the Pope his name had been called out wrong, for instead of Bosco, they had written Bosser; the Holy Father therefore began to question him thus:

"Are you a Piedmontese?"

"Yes, your Holiness, I am a Piedmontese and at the present moment I feel the greatest delight at finding myself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ."

"What is your occupation?"

"Your Holiness, I am engaged in the *Letture Cattoliche*."

"The instruction of youth has ever been of great utility; but at the present day it is more necessary than ever. There is another, I believe, at Turin, who takes great interest in youth."

Don Bosco now perceived that his name had not been properly announced, and the Pope also understood that it was to Don Bosco and not to Bosser that he was talking. He then assumed a more cheerful countenance and asked him several questions regarding the boys, the clerics and the Oratories. Turning to the cleric Rua, he asked him whether he was a Priest, to which he replied:

"Not yet Your Holiness; I am only a cleric in my third year of theology."

"What treatise are you studying?"

"I am studying the treatise *De Baptismo et De Confirmatione*" and as he was about to enumerate the others the Holy Father said:

"This is the easiest treatise." Then turning once more to Don Bosco he said to him

with a smiling countenance: "I remember the offering you sent me at Gaeta, and the tender sentiments with which the boys accompanied them."

Don Bosco availed himself of the occasion afforded by these words to express the attachment all his boys felt towards him, and begged him to accept a copy of the *Letture Cattoliche* as a token of it.

"Your Holiness," he said, "I offer you a copy of the small books printed up to now, and I offer it in the name of the editors; the binding is the work of the boys of our House."

"How many boys are there!"

"Your Holiness, the boys in our House number about 200: the book-binders are fifteen."

"Very well, he replied, I wish to send a medal to each one." He thereupon went into an adjoining apartment, and after a few moments returned carrying fifteen small medals of the Immaculate Conception. "These are for the book-binders," he said to Don Bosco, handing them to him. Then turning to the cleric Rua, he gave him a larger one saying: "This one is for your companion." He then turned again to Don Bosco and gave him a small box containing one even larger saying:

"And this one is for you." On their kneeling down to receive the precious gifts, the Holy Father bade them rise.

Thinking they already wished to depart, Pius IX was about to dismiss them when Don Bosco addressed him thus:

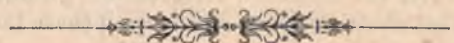
"Your Holiness I have a particular matter which I should like to communicate to you."

"Very well," replied the Pope.

The cleric Rua was then told to withdraw, and having genuflected in the middle of the room he went out.

The Holy Father again entered into conversation with Don Bosco concerning the Oratories and the spirit reigning in them; he praised the publication of the *Letture Cattoliche*, telling him to encourage his fellow workers whom he blessed from his heart. Amongst the things he repeated with great pleasure was the following: "When I think of those boys I still feel touched at the remembrance of those thirty francs they sent to me at Gaeta. Poor boys," he added, "they deprived themselves of their already scanty pittance; it was a great sacrifice for them!"

(To be continued).







## A Son of Don Bosco.

— 1850 — 1895 —

### LIFE OF MONSIGNOR LASAGNA,

Salesian Missionary, Titular Bishop of Tripoli.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Death of his brother—The military visit—Edifying behaviour—Teacher of the fifth class at Lanzo—Precious and impartial testimonial.

Louis Lasagna was intensely fond of his brother Joseph, the only member of his family that remained to him after his mother's second marriage. Joseph, like Louis, was good, pious and intelligent but not at all so lively, perhaps on account of his weak health. After they had spent two years together in the College of Mirabello, they both went to the Salesian Oratory so that they might be near each other. When Louis had to go to Lanzo, though only some thirty miles from Turin, he felt this separation from his brother most keenly. He would have liked very much to see his brother Joseph embrace the ecclesiastical state and remain also with Don Bosco: but he felt drawn to another kind of life, hence, when he had passed his last examination in 1870, he determined to go to the *Liceo*, or courses preparatory to the University, in Turin. One can imagine the anxiety which Louis must have felt for his brother who, still inexperienced of life, then only sixteen, was to mix with students but too often of bad morals and without faith, and to be under the guidance of professors not unfrequently irreligious, or at least, indifferent and wanting in that respect that even pagans (1) considered imperative in dealing with youth. Lasagna often asked to go from Lanzo to Turin to see his brother in order to caution him

against the dangers to which he was exposed, and with suitable admonitions to keep alive in him the holy fear of God and the sentiments of christian piety.

When however, on account of the strong resolutions of his brother, Louis began to feel more at ease on that point, Almighty God, in his unfathomable designs, allowed that his heart should be wrung by another great affliction. His brother was seized by a fatal disease which took him from his studies and confined him to his bed, which he was not to quit until, accompanied by the prayers of the Church, he was conveyed to the grave. With the crucifix to his lips he breathed his last at Montemagno, on the 18th of October 1871, comforted by the holy Sacraments and consoled by the presence of his brother. Louis returned to Lanzo more than ever convinced of the emptiness of this world's pleasures; and throwing himself in the arms of his Director, he begged him to be to him a father and a brother now that death had snatched them both from him. He blessed and thanked God over and over again for having given him a new home and family in the Salesian Society.

In the beginning of the scholastic year, he, by way of introduction, delivered an address to his pupils at the close of which the remembrance of his brother drew from his heart expressions well worth reproducing here. "O my boys, if you knew the soul of him who speaks to you... if you could read my heart torn with anguish, certainly you would not deny the support of your goodwill, I do not wish to embitter this moment with a remembrance to me so painful, still there are moments in life in which it is impossible to repress the innocent outpouring of an overwhelming grief. It seems that God wishes to train me in the school of bitter sorrow, in order that I may be better able to unveil to you the vanity of many deceitful

(1) *Maxima debetur puero reverentia* (Juvenal).



allurements and of many false dreams. If God, in the adorable decrees of His Providence, wished to take away even the last flower that brightened the thorny path of my life, if He wished to make the world a sad desolate solitude through which I must pass abandoned by all, now I perceive that God in his goodness wished it all in order to try my weak virtue, and to give me in recompense so many loving brothers in so many docile pupils that are now listening to me."

Lasagna had to go to Montemagno a second time this year, on account of the military visit. Those of his age urged him to take part in the noisy feastings which are customary on this occasion, but he refused, as he thought such a thing unbecoming his religious habit. His companions however, by no means discouraged by this refusal, wished at any cost to have the companion who in their boyhood was at the head of their games and whom they held in great esteem on account of his good nature, liveliness and virtue. They knew that, although clothed in the ecclesiastical habit and pursuing the exalted career of the priesthood, he was not so haughty as to disdain to converse with them who, though for the most part simple country folks, had always been treated by him as companions and friends; accordingly they wrote to him again renewing the invitation, and they were fully satisfied on receiving a reply in the affirmative. Let no one be shocked by imagining a cleric rambling through the village in company with lads whose boisterous songs and shouts and disorderly behaviour disturb the habitual calm of country places and even of towns. Nothing of the sort took place with those young men of Montemagno. Even at the age of twenty they knew how to do things in the right way: the cleric made all the arrangements he thought best, and the others submitted entirely to him.

Theirs was an orderly, serene, well conducted feast at which even an ecclesiastic might assist. One who did not know Louis intimately, could not have guessed the reason which had most weight in inducing him to accept such an invitation. He did not wish such a favourable occasion of doing good to escape. He had noticed that the military visit was fixed on a Friday; and reckoning on the prestige which he knew he could exercise on the others, he hoped to succeed in obtaining that the law of the Church should not be broken on that occasion; a thing which would have caused great scandal

to the whole population. With this holy intent he went to Montemagno in the evening of the day before the visit. He was accorded a most hearty welcome from his companions and with them he made arrangements for the journey to Asti so that nothing should occur unbecoming a cleric. As for the banquet the others took it for granted that, on such occasion meat was to be served. But Louis found means to prevent it: with a forethought and a generosity worthy of his good heart, he had a proper dinner prepared at his own expense and invited all his friends, an invitation which was readily and gratefully accepted. Thus, to the consolation of many good christian parents and above all of the venerable Parish Priest, the laws of the Church were observed by those conscripts without taking away anything from their merriment. This act of generosity was related to me by one of the conscripts of that year.

Meanwhile, in the College of Lanzo his talents and virtues had gained for him the esteem and affection of his colleagues and pupils. His influence over the boys was such that he was able to rule them at his will, and there was no office in the house which he could not fulfil with facility and profit to the pupils; hence, in the beginning of the scholastic year 1871-72, he was entrusted with the highest class, the fifth of the classic course in which he found a circle of boys distinguished both for rare talent and exemplary conduct. One of their number, Father Lawrence Giordano, now Director of the Salesian Institute at Pernambuco in America, thus speaks of the way in which Louis Lasagna conducted the class during the year." Louis Lasagna when professor of the fifth class at Lanzo displayed all his energy and zeal for the benefit of his pupils. He himself used to work out in full the compositions and translations which he gave to us. He endeavoured to foster great piety, and used to lead us often to make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. One day he read before the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus an act of consecration of the whole class which he himself had written as was evident from the style. In the month of May he would get the boys to gather flowers when out for a walk in order to place them before the statue of our Lady.

*(To be continued.)*

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Geront, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO.—Salesian Press.—Turin, 1902.



(b) The devotions performed by the little boys of the Oratory in their own private Chapel, including also the Mass at which they daily assist;

(c) All the Services, Novenas, Feasts and Solemnities whatsoever, that are celebrated in the aforesaid church;

(d) The prayers and good works performed by the Salesians themselves and by their protégés in their Homes, Colleges, Hospices, Oratories, Missions, etc., in Italy, in France, in Spain, in England, in Austria, in Switzerland, in America, in Asia, in Africa,—in a word, wherever they are established or may be called by Divine Providence.

4. Participation in the holy Masses will commence on the day after the alms have come to hand; all the other spiritual advantages are enjoyed from the moment of inscription.

5. The contributor, we repeat, of one shilling given once for all, is entitled to put his intentions in all the six Masses and all the other pious works, for his own advantage or for that of his friends, living or dead, and to change the intention *in every circumstance* according to his particular wants or desires.

6. Inscriptions may also be made in favour of departed friends, of children, and of any class whatsoever of persons, even without their knowledge or consent.

7. Persons desiring to participate more abundantly in these spiritual advantages may do so by repeating the alms of one shilling, thereby multiplying the inscriptions as often as they please.

8. The offerings thus collected are destined for the maintenance of the boys of the Hospice or Oratory founded by Don Bosco on the grounds annexed to the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.

9. The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.

10. There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, 42, Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

#### APPROBATION.

Pium Opus adprobamus, eidemque largissimam fidelium opem ominamur,  
Ex Aed. Vic., die 27 Junii 1888.

L. M. PAROCCHI, Card. Vic.

*We approve the "Charitable Association" and we wish it the greatest concourse of the faithful.*

Given at Rome, etc.

#### THE PAPAL BLESSING.

The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

1. Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.



# THE "SALESIAN BULLETIN"

is the Organ of the Salesian Congregation and of the Association of the Salesian Co-operators.

It is edited monthly in six languages namely: English, Italian, French, Spanish, German and Polish.

It contains the communications of the Superior General, the Successor of Don Bosco, to the Co-operators, friends and benefactors of the Salesian Institutions.

It gives a report of the progress of the works of the Society, of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, of the Salesian Co-operators; also interesting accounts from the Missions and various matters of edification and encouragement, connected with the objects of the Association.

It is sent to all the Co-operators, friends and benefactors who desire to receive it.

All communications concerning change of address, or when the sending of it is to be discontinued through any cause whatsoever, should be addressed *To the Editor of the Salesian Bulletin, Salesian Oratory, Valdocco, Turin, Italy*; or, when received from other houses, to the Superior of the House from which it is sent.

There is no fixed charge or subscription for the Magazine, but the amount which anyone may wish to devote towards defraying the expenses in connection with its production and distribution should be addressed as above.

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## SALESIAN SCHOOL

SURREY HOUSE, SURREY LANE

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S. W.



DIRECTED AND TAUGHT BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS.

*The principal object of this School (which is distinct from the Orphanage) is to provide a classical education at a moderate charge for those boys who desire to study for the priesthood. The course is arranged to meet the requirements of the College of Preceptors and the London University Examinations. Boys who have no vocation for the Ecclesiastical state are prepared for any other career that they may wish to follow. The House is surrounded by a large garden and playground, and is situated in a most healthy locality, a few minutes' walk from the Park.*

*For particulars apply to the Superior, the Very Rev. Father Macey, Salesian Schools, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London, S. W.*