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THE SALESIAN BULLETIN



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The Association of Salesian Co-operators

We wish to call the attention of the Readers of the *Salesian Bulletin* to the Association of Salesian Co-operators, and ask them to make the same widely known amongst their friends and acquaintances.

It is a most practical, efficacious and advantageous way of carrying out the wishes and exhortations of His Holiness Leo XIII, and notably those contained in the Encyclical *Graves de communi* on Christian Democracy.

This Association was, from its very beginning, warmly recommended by Pius IX who claimed to be inscribed as first Co-operator, and enriched it with the spiritual favours of the most privileged tertiaries.

His Holiness Leo XIII, on his elevation to the pontifical throne, claimed, like his Predecessor, to head the list of the Salesian Co-operators. He, moreover, said to Don Bosco: *Each time you address the Co-operators, tell them that I bless them from my heart; the scope of the Society is to prevent the loss and ruin of youth, and they must form but one heart and one soul in order to help to attain this end.*

Every good christian above sixteen years of age can become a Co-operator, enjoy the numerous spiritual favours, and share in the merit of the good works accomplished by the Salesian Congregation, the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, and the Association of Co-operators throughout the whole world.

The membership does not entail any obligation of conscience whatsoever; hence not only all members of a family, but inmates of any institution or college, members of religious communities, confraternities, etc., can join it by means of their Superiors.

Each and all may become active Co-operators by promoting with their good example and according to their means and capacity the practice of Religion and works of charity in their respective places.

Each and all may co-operate in the numerous and manifold works of charity and public beneficence carried on in other parts by the following means:

PRAYER — by praying for the object and intentions of the Association.

ALMSGIVING — by contributing according to their means to the support and development of the many institutions of the Society for the education of destitute youth; also to the support and extension of the Missions among heathens, and on behalf of the lepers.

PROPAGANDA — by making the Association of Salesian Co-operators more widely known and increasing the number of its members; by bringing the works of the Society to the knowledge of well-disposed and charitable persons, by enlisting the sympathy of them and of all who have at heart the rescuing and christian education of youth and the good of civil society.

Any persons desiring to become Members of this Association are respectfully solicited to send their name and address to the *Very Rev. Michael Rua, Superior General, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy*, who will be most happy to enrol them and forward their Diploma of Admission, as well as the *Salesian Bulletin* every month.

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

Organ of the Association of Salesian Co-operators.

“Oratorio Salesiano” TURIN, ITALY.

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Don Bosco's Anniversary.

FOR the members of a family, the oft recurring anniversary of the father, or of the mother, is an occasion of recalling their loving souvenirs, and does not pass without evoking a tribute of filial piety.

On Jan. 31st 1888, as the bells of the Sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians rang out the last strokes of the angelus, the soul of Don Bosco, as if yielding to a gentle invitation from above, quitted this earth, leaving his children plunged in the deepest grief.

The memories of those days, passed between hope and fear, and of the hours of painful anxiety spent at his bedside, have not grown dim; they are frequently before us, but especially on this occasion, and along with these impressions comes a vivid record of

his life, of the noble examples he has bequeathed to us.



It is related of St. Francis of Sales, that whilst contemplating the country of the Chablais, which lay stretched out before him, he felt his heart wrung with grief. That unfortunate land was at the time ravaged by religious wars, and appeared as though covered with moral and material ruins. St. Francis perceived at a glance the frightful evils, both of soul and body, that afflicted the misguided inhabitants of the Chablais, and we well know his unceasing labours for its restoration.

Similar thoughts must have struck Don Bosco's soul, when on the 8th of December 1841, he had beside him that lad, the first of the thousands who

have come under his benign influence. In him he beheld the number similarly situated, left in profound ignorance and neglect, and who are thus, through the malice or carelessness of others, deprived of the spiritual treasures which Our Lord brought down for all mankind.

Don Bosco, like St. Francis of Sales, was moved by a profound pity and compassion at the scene. He viewed as in a picture the intellectual and moral ruins, and renewed the determination of giving his whole life to this work of regeneration.



With his holy death closed the day's work which Divine Providence had assigned to him—and what a day! A life entirely consumed by good works, the outcome of that zeal with which his whole soul was inflamed. In thinking of the life of Don Bosco, one cannot picture it as other than a life in which zeal, like a ruling passion, guided and directed everything.

At the very opening he mapped out a path for himself, and we have his after-life summed up in those resolves, which he made the law of his future career. In that determination of undergoing any suffering, any humiliation, any sacrifice, whenever the salvation of souls was in question, do we not see the keynote of his whole life? To the very end it was marked by that unwearying, patient, ingenious industry, with which he pursued the mission assigned to him, in fulfilling which he spent himself in the service of his neighbour, of the church and of souls.



Devotion to Holy Church, if really alive within us cannot be dissociated from her aspirations, and cannot fail to espouse her cause, to further her interests of God and souls.

This yearning to spread the conquests of the church, to bring to others the inestimable benefits of christian redemption, had made Don Bosco long to devote himself to the preaching of the Gospel among pagan tribes. But, when it was made known to him through his superiors that another work was appointed to him, he gave himself no rest in order to extend it far and wide, to hold out a helping hand to all those, but especially to the young, who were in danger of spiritual and even temporal misfortune.

And surely his zeal and unceasing toil brought golden results. He was consoled in his own life-time by being able to draw so many nearer to God, to lighten the burden of so many weary hearts, and to bring numbers of new christians into the fold of Christ from distant shores. His sons, moreover, he knew, would carry on the work so dear to his heart and to urge them on he wrote to them and to his Co-operators shortly before his death: "Instead of weeping over my death make generous resolutions to work for God;" as though bidding us look up to his noble example as to an inspiring vision.

Therefore, after offering in accordance with his behest, the prayers of suffrage, the tribute of filial piety, let the other part of his recommendation find a ready compliancy, recalling his life of action and his earnest exhortations.

Don Rua's Representative in America

(Extracts from his Secretary's Correspondence)

(Continued)*

That voyage was unlucky from its commencement; and throughout all the night the sea was so agitated that the cabins on deck were almost flooded. Fr. Giordano fared worse, for his rheumatic pains increased considerably, but, we also were in a sorry plight, and passed a whole day without tasting a morsel of food. At last we came in sight of Bahia, formely the capital of Brazil, the principal market of its wealth and the commercial centre of the Portuguese possessions in the new world.

The town consists of two parts: the smaller one is situated near the sea-shore and here in small houses the dock labourers live: here the various agencies and the custom house offices are to be found. The other part rises on an elevation which may be reached by lifts placed here and there. From the deck we counted the numerous belfries. I am told that there are seventy Churches in Bahia; none however very remarkable.

Our house is about half an hour's distance from the port. Already in Don Bosco's lifetime insistent demands had been made for this foundation by several, and especially by His Grace the Archbishop. At last in 1900 Fr. Giordano went there, and with the members of the Committee looked for a suitable place; they found an old villa and purchased it for £ 3600. The Archbishop had set his eyes on this same place in view of acquiring it as a summer residence for himself, but when he was apprized of its destination, most willingly withdrew his claims, adding that he would willingly hand it over even if it had already come in his possession.

In crossing the town one is struck by the sight of so many negroes. The mind went back

instinctively to the Congo and Senegambia and pictured to itself the heartrending scenes of the slave-markets from whence these poor creatures were shipped to Brazil. Here they were the tillers of the extensive *faciendas*, nay they were employed as beasts of burden. The stories we heard about this subject during these five months' stay in Brazil can hardly be believed: and yet this barbarous traffic of human flesh went on for centuries. It has only ceased a few years ago. The year of the priestly jubilee of Leo XIII, on the 8th of May 1888, Princess Isabella signed the decree that emancipated thousands and thousands of slaves and made a present of it to the Pope: it must certainly have been the most welcome of presents. And indeed such a present could not have been made to anyone else more fittingly than to the Pope: for only the Popes have at all times energetically upheld the rights of those poor human beings. Paul III. and Urban VIII. had issued grave censures against all abettors of this infamous traffic.

Now, as much as ever, those poor creatures stand in need of friendly assistance. Elated by the freedom obtained, haunted even by the record of the past, they dread subjection of any kind; helpless and sadly wanting in religious instruction they yield to lower instincts, unless helped on by charitable persons. In general they are kind-hearted and do not lack talent.

At the gate of the institute Don Rua's Representative was greeted by the band, the members of which were all negroes: it was an agreeable surprise.

The seventy boarders are nearly all artizans—printers, bookbinders, tailors, shoemakers and carpenters; there is also an incipient Agricul-

* See Bulletin for December.

tural Colony. At the present, through lack of accomodation, the number of the students is yet small, the schools however are also attended by one hundred day pupils. When the new wing, now in course of erection, is completed the number of boarders will rise considerably.

The hall of the former mansion was turned into a chapel which affords also to the faithful of the neighbourhood opportunity of hearing Mass

people were largely represented. The entertainment was held in one of the play grounds for lack of a hall large enough.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Machado opened the proceedings by welcoming Don Rua's Representative in the name of the Salesian Co-operators of whom he is the local Director. He is a great admirer of Don Bosco and a staunch friend of his institutions: his speech teeming



The "Concordia Society" of the Oratory of St. Aloysius at Schio (Italy). Souvenir of Don Rua's visit.

and of approaching the Sacraments. The activity and devotedness of the five confrères of that house have won for them the sympathy of all the people and Fr. Albera heard them spoken of in high terms by His Grace, by the Governor of the State, the Mayor and the other authorities.

All these personages readily accepted the invitation to the entertainment given in honour of Don Rua's Representative, at which also the clergy, secular and regular, and all classes of

with lofty ideas would be indeed worth reproducing. That meeting was a grand demonstration of sympathy, and revealed the secret why so much has been so successfully accomplished and in so short time. The press of the institutions has already brought out several important works and a periodical publication of instructive literature. This is mainly due to the contributions of Mgr. Machado and to the well-known Doña Amelia Rodriguez, whose pen has also given many beautiful pages on

Don Bosco and his institutions in Brazil. At the suggestion of the Archbishop some candidates were promoted to holy orders in the Chapel of the Institute; may Our Lady Help of Christians obtain that this new and impressive ceremony may foster the germ of vocations in the pupils who assisted at it. How many good works there are to be accomplished and which this good Archbishop would willingly entrust to the sons of Don Bosco. A new foundation has been promised in the neighbouring state of Sergipe, It is an agricultural Colony which will be started as soon as the reinforcement of personnel arrives from Turin.

As we were anxious to pursue our journey we booked for the first steamer, and on October 9th we went on board of the Pernambuco of the Lloyd Co. It was a third-rate vessel and the voyage, though short, was rather uncomfortable. On board there was also the Bishop of Paramba, whose affable manners had won the heart of all the passengers. His Lordship had a long conversation with Fr. Albera, who could give him no promise, but only assure him that there was no lack of good will on our part to labour in his diocese.

The steamer weighed anchor for a few hours in the port of Maceio the Capital of the Alagoas State, and we availed ourselves of it both to partake of some food which we could not have on board, and also to pay our respects to the Right. Rev. Anthony De Castillo Brandao, the Bishop of this diocese which has been formed but recently by Leo XIII. He spoke to us about Don Rua whose acquaintance he had made when in Rome at the time of the South American Council. May God bless this new diocese and the labours of its zealous Pastor.

After a voyage of two days and a half we reached Pernambuco. Our steamer, because of its small tonnage, was able to coast the shore and avoid the many rocks that make this harbour so difficult of approach and which have also given the town the name of *Recife*—"rock." A barque decked most gaily with flags, came

forth to receive us. As we advanced the sound of the band of the Institute became more distinct; and we descried more and more clearly the youthful crowd waving hats in joyous salutations. On landing Don Rua's Representative was hailed by tremendous cheers mingled with the strains of the band, and he was soon surrounded by a throng surging on all sides. Distinguished Co-operators, Priests and laymen, disputed the honour of giving him the first welcome. The two hundred boys of the Institute were there arrayed in their smart uniform. Fr. Albera visibly touched by this cordial reception thanked the Representatives of the Ecclesiastical and Civil authorities and of the various Catholic Associations, and all those present.



It was nine o'clock a. m. of the 12th of October—the anniversary of the discovery of the new world. The enthusiastic demonstrations of which we were witness, suggested to our mind the prayer of Christopher Columbus, as in a sense applicable to Don Bosco. "O Lord, God almighty and eternal, who through thy Word hast created the heavens, the earth and the sea, be Thou blessed and glorified in every place; for Thou hast vouchsafed to grant that through Thy humble servant Thy Name should be announced in this other part of the world."

This prayer was uttered 409 years ago when the immortal Genoese on this very day raised the standard of the cross on this new land. This same prayer rose from our heart full of admiration: "Blessed be Thou O Lord Who has deigned to choose so many even among the sons of Don Bosco and hast led them here to have a share in the continuation of the great work commenced on that day." That date, though so often repeated, will ever wake new sentiments of joy and gratitude in every noble heart, for then the barriers had fallen which separated so long the members of the human

race and these were brought together by bonds of christian brotherhood.

In honouring Cristopher Columbus we honour the Apostle of the Gospel, the Missionary of these regions: for, as it has been said by Leo XIII in the Encyclical for the centenary celebrations, Columbus in crossing and re-crossing the expanse of the ocean had a loftier and nobler end in view than others had; his object was to bring the light of the Gospel through new seas and lands. The Missionaries therefore who are prompted and guided to these lands by the same motives, viz. to extend the kingdom of God to raise the symbol of our Redemption, are the worthy followers of the immortal discoverer, and all of them, to the very last, are honoured in his person.

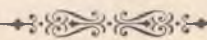
In 409 years how many heroic deeds have been accomplished! how many bright examples of virtue have been set in this land! The Franciscans, the Benedictins, the Ransomers, the Dominicans, the Jesuits—all justly claim a host of heroes. After their example the sons of Don Bosco in the twenty-six years of Missions have contributed their measure of labour, of sacrifices and of victims. How many souls have been preserved from evil or reclaimed and saved through the two hundred foundations now existing on this American soil!



Pernambuco ranks third among the Brazilian towns: but perhaps first in point of culture. It numbers 200,000 inhabitants. Commerce is carried on, in vast scale, and kept flourishing by the steamers calling at its port and which export in every direction the rich produce of the soil. The buildings are an evidence of the wealthy and prosperous condition of the inhabitants. During the last years of the Pontificate of Pius IX, this town had become the centre of the meetings from which originated the hostilities between Church and State. We have seen the place where Mgr. Vitale O. C. Bishop of Olinda (a small town at a short distance from

Pernambuco) was arrested to be taken to Rio Janeiro. He is styled the Brazilian Athanasius, a name well applied to him for the firmness with which he defended the rights of the Church and of his flock. He was twenty-seven years of age when consecrated bishop and he died at thirty-four, in Paris on his return from a visitation *ad limina*. His fellow citizens claimed his mortal remains, and he was interred in the beautiful Church of his Confrères, the Capuchins. We also knelt and prayed before his tomb.

The Salesian Institute of Pernambuco, has the two sections of pupils, viz. artizans and students, the latter are more numerous. The difficulties which had to be encountered seem now almost incredible: the house had been turned into a hospital by the unhealthy climate and the unwholesome water. All, with the exception of one or two, were bedridden. They were at a loss how to tend to them, when some good benefactors took charge of them and treated them with so exquisite charity that has won for them our most profound and lasting gratitude. It was a critical situation. Many a one hinted or suggested that it was better to give up the work; it was impossible to battle against so many odds, that it was a sign that God wills this work should be put off. "I do not know myself," the Superior Fr. Giordano said, "I do not know myself how we succeeded in overcoming so many difficulties. We were lacking even the most necessaries of life, even light to break the darkness of the night and, moreover, we had incurred heavy liabilities for necessary repairs. We thought ourselves lost. It is no other than the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom the house is dedicated, that preserved it from ruin. It was an awful ordeal. Almighty God, however, only claimed one victim from us although several are still suffering the effects of that disease which no one could name and which attacked and tortured the whole body.





COLOMBIA



Life of the poor lepers at Contratacion.

(Letter of Sister M. A. M. of the Daughters
of M. H. of C.).

Contratacion, February, 1903.

VERY REV. FATHER,

You will be pleased, no doubt, to hear some news about your children out here, and more especially about the poor lepers. It must first of all be remarked how surprised everyone is at the complete lack of news of our Superiors for five long months. Nothing whatever has reached us either from your Reverence or from our Superiors. Although we try to persuade ourselves that it is in consequence of the difficulties of communication and the long distance (1); yet misgivings are always harassing our mind.

With regard to health, all are as well as could be expected. There is nothing of a serious nature, but indispositions are frequent, brought on by the unhealthy climate and also by the unwholesome food. The meat, for instance has to be kept from Sunday till the following Saturday, and sometimes for even a longer time, so that by Wednesday it is hardly fit to eat.

Our sorrow lies rather in the sights around us, watching these sick people who, besides being stricken with leprosy, are also suffering from

many other diseases caused by the excessive dampness, and extreme weakness which is constantly felt in this climate, and the sick naturally feel it even more. All of them, besides, are always ravenously hungry and this craving for food continues to the very end of their life. One may easily imagine what sufferings these hard times, so calamitous for Colombia, have brought with them. It may be remarked here that twenty-five pounds of *yucca* cost fifteen pesos; and would that the vegetable were at least in good condition. On the contrary it is generally half decayed, and the remainder is of very little use for eating purposes. Rice costs three pesos a pound, salt ten pesos and upwards. Wood is excessively dear. The price of flour is something fabulous; so that these poor creatures hardly know what a slice of bread tastes like. Cloth which in Europe is about five pence a yard, here costs ten dollars per *vara*, which is about a yard.

I should never end if I were to detail everything. Those who are sick receive ten pesos a week. This is a large sum for those who have to provide every week the amount for a large number of sick people; but taken singly it works out a very low figure; for this money is barely enough to provide them for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. It must be remembered too, that with this sum they are only able to supply themselves with vegetables, water and salt; meat or other articles of food being out of the question. What do they eat during the rest of the week? How do they spend the other days? If they can find someone to give them an alms, then they may procure food; otherwise they rely upon what we can distribute to them; Being, however, unable to stand owing to the three days enforced fasting, they have to take to their bed; and, as a matter of fact, almost

(1) Such is actually the case. This letter, for instance, took nearly seven months to reach its destination.

all of them are much worse during the latter days of the week.

It not unfrequently happens that, on going round of an evening to visit them, we come across some who have been without food since the morning. They are often in tears, at other times resigned. What heart would not be touched at such a sight? Another deplorable consequence of this scarcity of means is that soap being exceedingly dear, the poorer people never dream of washing their clothes, and this, added to the hideous disease, makes their state extremely loathsome. I do not mean to imply by this that we feel repugnance for these poor people or that we find it hard to be with them; far from it; the more deformed and the more repulsive they are the greater is the compassion we feel for them and the more we wish to help them in their needs.

If there were a hospital such as those in Europe it would be quite a paradise for these poor sufferers; but here, instead, they live in huts which elsewhere would not be used for animals lest the roofs might at any moment fall in upon them. It may seem an exaggeration when I say that there are scarcely two or three houses that can compare favourably with a stable; yet this is perfectly true.

The patients number, at present, upwards of a hundred and eighty; the others have gone out; some to ask for alms, some in search of relatives to obtain some help. Those in better circumstances have moved to the other Lazaretto in order to enjoy a healthier climate and a warmer temperature, as the cold is most injurious to them. Although here at Contratacion it is neither too cold nor too warm, but rather like a continuous Spring, they are nevertheless always shivering with cold. No one seeks preventing them from going away, or indeed would dare to do so seeing how the ravages of their illness increase after they have stayed here a few months.

But a word now on another subject. Here at Contratacion there are more than two hundred children, the greater number being daughters of lepers, and nearly all of them abandoned to themselves. This is either because they are or-

phans and have no one to look after them, or else have parents too ignorant or incapable to provide for them as they ought. It often happens that these children frequenting the Oratory are asked whether the Sisters give them anything or what do they gain by coming to us on Sundays and feast days. Many of the children take no notice of these remarks; others, however, are drawn away by them and never return to the Oratory. If we only had something to distribute occasionally, especially to the younger ones, we could do a great deal of good amongst them. It



A leper in the infirmary of the Lazaretto at Agua de Dios (Colombia)

is a great pleasure to them to receive a handkerchief or some similar thing, and it is an inducement to parents to send them.

The Very Rev. Father Albera witnessed the docility and good-will of the girls of Contratacion; for the Oratory is nothing more than a field unsheltered from the sun and from the rain. Hence in bad weather the little girls have to run back in all haste to their homes, or else to take refuge in a very narrow corridor and remain there closely packed together. It is often a matter of surprise that they come at all in face of such drawbacks. They are indeed to be pitied; many have no other clothes than what they are wearing, and they get them washed

when they find someone who will lend them another, or else they will go to bed until they are dry.

One would hardly imagine, Rev. Father, how many dangers these poor girls are exposed to, and in how many difficulties they are oftentimes placed. In order to remove them from so many dangers a home of some sort would be absolutely necessary for the orphans, who might, later on, be trained to tend the sick.

Would that the publication of this letter might induce some one to lend a helping hand to rescue these unfortunate girls. I find consolation in the thought that Our Lord will inspire some pious souls with a desire to assist them in their crying need.

Do you, Rev. Father, never fail to help us. There is no lack of good will on our part, but great energy and true spirit of self-sacrifice is needed here. Deign to accept the prayers which we unceasingly offer to Our Lord for you, and the homage of respect which I present to you also in the name of the inmates of the Lazaretto and of the girls of the Oratory.

Begging your blessing

I remain, Very Rev. Father,
yours obediently in J. and M.
Sister M. A. M.
(Daughter of M. H. of C.)

PATAGONIA

(TERRITORY OF NEUQUEN.)



Pastoral Visit and Mission of His Lordship

Mgr. Cagliero

Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia.

(Continued)

To Junin de los Andes — The Vicentina —
Petrified shell-fish — At the hoyito well —
Mysterious caverns and *casas de piedra* —
In the Valley of Cohunco — A fortunate
meeting — An important mission.

By the 17th of February everything was ready for our new and perilous journey to the South of Neuquen, to the chief of the inhabited regions lying between *Las Lajas* and *Junin de los Andes*, places about seventy leagues distant from each other.

His Lordship, having blessed and taken leave of his sons at *Las Lajas*, set out for *Cohunco*, where the inhabitants of the valley were anxiously awaiting him. The garrison with its band paid him the usual honours for the last time and Col. Martino Gras with the District Judge accompanied him as far as *Pichi-Malil*. We followed with the three soldiers who had charge of the break, the cart, the horses and the baggage.

We soon left behind us the picturesque and romantic river *Agrio* and turned to the South-west, following the base of the chain of the Andes. Towards evening we arrived at *Vicentina* belonging to Mr. Alsind Demetrio who received us with the greatest kindness. He himself showed us over that earthly paradise, the fruit of his toil. What an enchanting panorama was presented by this plain, irrigated by the stream *Pichi-Malil*, and covered here with cornfields and verdant pastures, there, with a thousand flowers, aromatic plants and shady trees!..... We sat down to rest, under some large weeping willows until it was time for supper. Our conversation was prolonged to a late hour, discussing the agricultural and pastoral prospects of

TO THE READER

When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, 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, etc.) can be cashed at Turin without loss or discount. — **Letters** containing money or objects of value should be registered.

the Territory and the good to be done by our missionary journey.

The following morning Mass was said at an early hour and after a hurried cup of coffee we took leave of the Master of the house and other dear friends and once more resumed our journey. After travelling a short distance we saw on the side of a mountain a large space covered with chalky stones of spherical shape and of various sizes, which, according to the inhabitants, contain petrified shell-fish. Wishing to satisfy our curiosity we broke several of these stones and verified the account given of them.

The valley of *Cohunco* is reached by a long *travesia* (desert) of sand and stones, destitute of water with the exception of a tiny, microscopic spring called *hoyito*, which always contains a little water at a low level. Here we halted for a few moments. As soon as the horses were unharnessed they ran there, hoping to slake their thirst, but were unable to do so, for in spite of their efforts they could not reach the water. This tantalising situation lasted about half an hour. Finally a mule, devised a way out of the difficulty; it bent its knees and thus was able to reach the water. The lesson was quickly learned and one after another the horses prostrated themselves before the little *hoyito*. Necessity forced us to imitate their example and to quench our burning thirst. The Bishop, the Missionaries and the soldiers had to seek a few drops of water amid the mud and scum left by the horses.

The poor beasts being once more harnessed we continued our journey under the rays of the burning sun. We passed a hill formed of enormous rocks, and which hides in its bosom an immense cavern. The entrance is low and narrow, but inside, the cave becomes wide and lofty, forming large and fantastic galleries, so mysterious and lengthy as to dishearten the clever naturalists who have ventured to explore them. As in the celebrated caves of *Adelsberg* in *Cariniola* and the *Mammoth Caves* of *Kentucky*, an immense number of cone-shaped formations hang from the roof and rise up from the pavement the so-called *Stalagmites* and *Stalactites*.

In many parts of the Cordilleras there are

other grottoes and caverns; though not so large as this one, they are, nevertheless, used by many families of natives as dwelling places. For this reason these caverns are called *casas de piedra*.

Towards evening we reached the long and fertile valley of *Cohunco*, watered by the river of the same name, the last affluent of the *Neuquen*. Descending the steep slope we stopped at the *tenuta* of Mr. Marcellus Pavia, who received us with the greatest kindness. Notwithstanding his wealth, riches and hospitality he can only dispose of a few poor huts made of stakes and plastered with mud, as the neighbourhood does not supply materials for the construction of durable buildings. He got ready immediately and placed at our disposal two empty dwellings, one for the chapel and the other for the Bishop. Fr. Milanese took up his residence in a grassy meadow under some shady trees; the other Missionaries took shelter in the chapel, which, having neither door nor windows, did not protect them from the terrible winds of the *Cordilleras* which soon found them out.

At *Cohunco* (an Araucan word signifying *hot water*) we remained three days to give the Indians and the other inhabitants facilities for the baptism and confirmation of their children, for the administration of the Sacrament of Matrimony and Holy Communion.

His Lordship had an agreeable surprise, an unexpected visit from Messrs. Sorondo, Alsina, Maglioni, Burgos and other friends who were on their way to *Las Lajas*. They had set out from Buenos Ayres, some to cross the lofty mountains of the Andes into Chili, and others to visit their large and productive estates. They had already travelled more than 220 miles on horseback. They spent several hours in pleasant conversation with His Lordship. Amongst them was a North American naturalist who, marveling at the kindness of the Bishop and the self-sacrificing spirit of the Missionaries, said "I am a Protestant, yet I admire Catholic priests, for if I am ready to undergo a thousand privations for the sake of scientific research, they willingly make innumerable sacrifices for the good of their neighbour."

Our Vicar Apostolic responded by a grateful

acknowledgment, endeavouring at the same time to do some practical good. Amongst other things, speaking to Mr. Sorondo, he advised him to build two chapels, one in the valley of *Guarinchenque* and the other in that of *Vilu-Malil* on his estate, where there is a large population both of whites and natives.

His Lordship had made similar arrangements with the inhabitants of *Las Lajas*, a little church and a residence for the Missionaries being of absolute necessity in this important centre.

**An English welcome—"Laguna Blanca"—
A perilous descent.—Abundant harvest
in Picúnleufú.—Fresh dangers.—Alone
—Lost in the darkness.**

On the 21st February we left *Cohunco*, after greeting Mr. Fernandez, commandant of cavalry and inspector of the Argentine frontier. He had just arrived with a military engineer who was making the plans for a branch railway, from a place called *Confluencia* as far as *Las Lajas*.

The ascent of the steep and precipitous ridges before us, which had to be crossed, was difficult and fatiguing: the mules were afraid to advance. In these upper regions we found many caves of chalk and calcareous stone, and during the journey we commented on the richness of the soil and the advantages to be derived from exploring this Territory, whilst pleasant valleys, deep gorges and other wonders of nature were presented to our view. But all at once we were overtaken by a rain storm which obliged us to seek shelter in the only house in that place called *Zapola*.

The proprietors of this house, who have also an estate of about 50 leagues square on lease, are well-educated and generous Englishmen. They received us with the greatest kindness and deference, especially His Lordship to whom they paid the most delicate attentions. It was quite a family festivity, enlivened by the music and singing of the proprietor's daughter and his four brothers, true sons of old England. The Musical talent of the young lady surprised us less than her manly aspect, for like another Joan of Arc she was an adept in horsemanship and the use of arms. At her belt was the inseparable revolver,

a testimony to her courage and a necessary safe guard in these countries traversed by unknown and suspicious characters.

On the following day (February 22nd), whilst the rays of the moon were still struggling with those of the sun, we arose to continue our journey. The way was difficult not only on account of the long steep and stony ascent, but also from the heaps of lava vomited forth in past ages by the neighbouring volcanoes.

By the afternoon we had reached the summit, descending from which like chamois hunters, we speedily arrived on the shores of the *Laguna Blanca*. It is fifteen miles in extent and on its surface may be seen numerous flocks of ducks, geese and swans. The water is shallow, of a silvery colour and disagreeable taste.

From our scanty provisions we took a little refreshment standing, the dampness of the soil and the burning rays of the sun rendering it unadvisable to sit down. What a contrast!... A broiling sun here, and over there the magnificent Cordillera of *Chachil* covered with snow of a dazzling whiteness!... Those lofty white peaks excite our admiration of God's Omnipotence and invite us to sing His praises!.... One of the summits reminds us of a grand basaltic, with a peak resembling a campanile.....

We pursued our way through valleys and hills, up and down, until we reached a delightful spot where, in the verdant meadows, numerous herds of cattle were grazing. Further on we found a vast-plain watered by the stream *Nireco*, and peopled by good hardworking Chilians. All were awaiting the arrival of the Bishop to welcome him and receive his blessing. The men, mounting their horses, accompanied us in the most precipitous and dangerous descent we had yet seen, that of *Picúnleufú*. The appearance of these charitable mountaineers was most providential and opportune, for the night with her sable mantle enveloped us half-way down the precipitous incline which resembled an infernal abyss from whose depths we heard the roar of the torrent called by the Indians *Picúnleufú*. As a measure of precaution His Lordship had left the vehicles on the little plateau. The following morning our dear friends climbed once more

the steep path, and after six hours of herculean efforts, succeeded in bringing down the wagonette, the cart and all the baggage.

The *Picúnleufú* (which in the Indian language signifies River of the North) rises in the Cordillera of *Chachil*, and flows a distance of seventy leagues shut in on both sides by lofty mountains. The valley is very narrow and the depth of the gorge makes one dizzy. It is the first to collect the waters of the Andes for the *Alto Limay* and the last to discharge its own waters into that river. It has no affluent, and during the heat of the summer season, the Indians and Chilians make use of its waters for the irrigation of their land, the rest being lost in the immense stretch of land near its confluence with the *Limay*.

A certain widow Le Pen inhabits here an unpretending *estancia* (farm). She and her three sons, worthy Bretons from La Vendée, received us with the greatest demonstrations of respect and affection. They esteemed it an honour to entertain the Bishop and his Missionaries; giving thus a practical proof of their reverence for the Catholic priesthood.

Having been unable to build a new house as they had hoped to do, they lodged us in the old huts. The little shop was turned into a dormitory for us; a clean little room was prepared for His Lordship, and another was transformed into a chapel where, as in the Pantheon at Rome, light and rain penetrated through the roof.

The mission lasted four days, during which it was a pleasure to observe the pious alacrity with which the inhabitants of *Picúnleufú* and others from a distance attended the services. Being all good Christians they were anxious to fulfil their religious duties; and when, on account of the number the day did not suffice, the night also was employed in hearing confessions. We had the consolation of administering 70 Baptisms, blessing 14 Marriages, giving Holy Communion to 384 persons and Confirmation to 418, including children and adults. The family of Le Pen merited the highest praise. They were the first to approach the Sacraments with true Breton piety and devotion, treading under foot all human respect. Many Caravans of *Arau-*

canos and *Manzaneros* Indians also took part in the Mission. We instructed them in the principal truths of the faith and administered to them the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist, blessing also their Marriages. There was, doubtless, great joy amongst the Angels of God at the sight of so many *children of the desert* becoming children of the Church and heirs of heaven.



A family of lepers at Agua de Dios (Colombia)

On the 26th of February, accompanied by many friends (one hundred men on horseback) we left *Picúnleufú*, keeping to the lofty banks of this romantic stream. At a short distance we saw the peak, called by the Indians *Loán-Mahuida* (mountain of *Guanachos*), where these poor beasts, so much sought after in these days, find a safe refuge.

The road became every moment worse and more dangerous, having to force our way through thick brushwood, great rocks and precipices. The Bishop and his Secretary went on foot, begging their Guardian Angels to preserve them from accidents. We had not gone more than

two leagues when, descending a rocky slope, our vehicle upset and the driver and mules were nearly precipitated into the river. It must have been the Guardian Angel who saved the poor driver from death and injury. The cart only was damaged, and we should have had to abandon it as useless, if those who were accompanying us had not mended it as well as they could.

An hour later His Lordship took leave of these good people and we resumed our journey, not without a certain feeling of sadness. What would happen next? But we took courage trusting in Providence.

Towards two o'clock a terrible storm burst over us. A furious wind not only enveloped us in clouds of dust, but threatened to take us off our feet and make us, unwillingly, fly through the air. In those moments of peril we had to hang on to our poor conveyance to prevent a second upset. We were travelling along the shores of the *Laguna de la Casa de Pietra* which, lashed by a violent wind, resembled a stormy sea: the way became every moment more difficult. Having crossed the plateau we were preparing to descend into a long and narrow valley, when our guide (under the pretext that his presence was now useless, and that the path would infallibly lead us to the place where we were expected the house of Messrs. Trujillo) bid us farewell and left us.

We remained then quite alone; night overtook us and darkness surrounded us; moreover a piercing cold penetrated the very marrow of our bones.... Nevertheless we were anxious to reach our desired haven... but the wind, the darkness, and above all, the frequent ditches and bogs counselled prudence, and we halted.

It was eleven o'clock... and frozen with cold, not having broken our fast since the morning and buffeted by the wind, we stretched ourselves on the ground to seek a little rest, covering ourselves as best we could. An hour later, to add to our misery, it began to rain in torrents, and wet to the skin we knew not what to do. The rain was succeeded by a strong, icy wind endangering further our already precarious health. With no covering to protect us and no spirituous

liquor to warm us we spent the whole night in the valley, shivering with cold and surrounded by snow-clad peaks.

At dawn Father Gavotto and the Soldiers who accompanied us, were obliged to set off in search of the horses which had broken loose during the storm, not returning until eight o'clock. When he got back the poor Missionary was nearly fainting. We hastened to his assistance offering him a few drops of wine and water which were left in the flask and some pieces of bread and two eggs which we found in the basket. We wished to light a fire, so as to give him some warm food, but the wind made this impossible. When the mist, which filled the valley, began to disperse, we saw a little way off another caravan. They were the muleteers and guides of the Boundary Commission (a point then being settled with Chili) with baggage and horses making their way to *Junin*, *San Martín*, and the lake of *Nahuel Huapi*.

At last, we also set out and, after a journey of about two miles, we were fortunate enough to find ourselves, to our great surprise, at the house of Messrs. Trujillo. Here we were received and treated with the greatest kindness.

ECUADOR

From the Pacific to the forest of the Amazon.

(By Fr. Tallacchini Salesian Missionary)

(Continued)

Guigra—In difficulties—Timely meeting—Jasper and his performance.

Guigra is the last, and so far, the only station on this new railway line.

Somewhat bewildered we leave our carriage and find ourselves in a deep and barren valley, surrounded by bare rocks, stony hills and narrow gorges, with a noisy stream on one side. We are in the midst of a crowd of people, whites, Indians and negroes, all busy, carrying and inspecting baggage giving and receiving orders. A hundred rustic huts, scattered here and there

like an encampment, only one house of wood, besides the station—such is *Guigra* which, after two months of existence, is ambitious of becoming a city, an important railway junction.

Discouraged by the chillness of the air and the chilling manners of the inhabitants we decided to carry out our first intention of continuing our journey to *Guataxi* where a good Co-operator was ready to receive us. But it was getting late, already past five o'clock, and the Western heights were coloured with the rays of the setting sun.

Our travelling companions had dispersed in search of what they required. We wished to follow their example and to find horses or mules to continue our journey. We had a note of introduction from Guayaquil from the managers of this railway line. It was written in English because all these people, with the exception of the Indians passing through, are employed by the Company and come from the United States or the British Antilles. This therefore, is in our favour.

But where is the station-master? We see one over there in his office, busy counting, examining, reckoning, giving and receiving. We try to address him, to ask him some questions. But all to no purpose. He nods and then continues, with bent head, receiving, counting, passing from one table to another parcels, postal packets, papers and receipts. At last, yielding to our importunity, he takes the note of introduction, opens, reads and returns it without a word; then he goes on counting and arranging his papers.

We must try elsewhere; but the people are all alike, and we get no satisfactory answer. It is useless now to think of means of transport; for, the sun has gone to rest and the donkeys likewise.

"Father, Father!" This friendly greeting raised our depressed spirits.

"Father! Don't you recognize me?"

"To be sure, I remember you. Are you not Hyacinth Flores, one of our old pupils at Quito? But how you have grown, and such whiskers. Who would have guessed it. And then, such a smart uniform, you must be an important person."

"I am Captain of the Police!"

"Well, Captain, what authority have you in this place?"

"I am next to the Commandant; but as he is absent to-day, it is I who am in command."

"Very well then; you can help us out of our difficulties. We wish to continue our journey to Guataxi, either riding or tramping."

"Horses at this hour!..." replied the Captain, staring at us: "You might as well try to fly. A journey on foot would be dangerous and you must not think of it. You must spend the night here. To-morrow everything can be arranged."

"But where shall we find shelter this cold night?"

"Do not be anxious; there are many *hotels* where you can have a good supper, and for a lodging, I have the keys of two good houses, which are not mine, but where distinguished persons find accommodation. Come along with me to a gentleman who will look after your baggage, and who may be of use, as he is a worthy man and has some influence."

We gladly followed the friend sent to us by Providence, first to the *worthy man* and then to the *hotel*. This, like the rest, was a tent made of canvas, divided into two compartments. The first contained the counter with glasses and cashier's desk, and a small table for travellers. The other was the kitchen and dwelling place of the inn-keeper's family.

We sat down at the table, squeezing ourselves between it and the canvas walls of the tent. The supper was not sumptuous, but the journey had given us a good appetite, with the exception of His Lordship, who would only take two eggs. As usual the supper was followed by musical entertainment.

A few stray notes on a guitar preceded the entrance of a West Indian Negro about twenty-five years old, of middle height, lame, with bright eyes, smiling and mobile lips concealed by false mustachios and whiskers.

Encouraged by our friendly gestures he sat down in front of us and began the performance.

At first the music was irregular and jerky; then slowly dying away. The touch of the *maestro* was wanting in precision, though he beat time by nodding his head and cast glances

much too loving towards two utter strangers. But this style of music attracted general attention, for in less than five minutes the *hotel* was crammed with black faces and bright eyes, all friends and compatriots of the performer, all desirous to do honour to the strangers. To this end, they encouraged him to sing; and after two or three requests, he was induced to open his mouth; the result, at first, being only to show that he had imbibed too freely. However, after a few detached notes, he took courage, and in a hoarse voice, rendered more ludicrous by his sentimental expression, sang a few verses of an English ballad, badly translated into Spanish.

The chorus he repeated with especial emphasis: "*Lágrimas, lágrimas, paloma blanco,*" that is: "Tears, tears, white dove."

In singing the last verse, he accentuated the *masculine* termination (whereas it should have been feminine) and then, bending his head with an inscrutable smile, he showed the spectators two rows of the whitest teeth, turned up the whites of his eyes to increase the pathos of his song; then modestly cast them down, letting his curly head rest on the strings of his instrument.

After loud applause and a short rest, he again took up his song with an ever increasing emotion.

His companions drew near to hear some words from us. We perceived that they were almost all Protestants, which, in the case of poor labourers who cannot read the Bible, usually means that they know not what religion they profess. Hence we greatly desired to return and instruct them in our holy faith.

After more verses and fresh applause, His Lordship distributed some medals and little pictures, giving to *Jasper*, the musician, a beautiful medal.

Probably he did not notice all, for when leaving the *hotel*, after saying good-bye to these dear friends, the musician whispered in my ear:

"Father, give me money."

"Look in your pocket," said I.

He understood the drift of the remark, and signifying that he was satisfied subsided on to a bench.

We went forth with our good Captain in the light of the stars, if not to Bethlehem at least to our promised lodging, whilst Jasper, having resumed his guitar went on murmuring "*Lágrimas, lágrimas, paloma blanco.*"

From dark till dawn—Up and down—
A mishap—At Coyagchi—Forced to stay.

The two *houses* reserved for *distinguished visitors* resembled two large paste-board boxes covered with tar, shaped like a sarcophagus and about seven feet in height.

Entering one of these, the Captain raised his lantern and showed us two hammocks which nearly filled the tiny room, saying:

"Here you will be safe; all my soldiers are keeping watch outside." And, in fact, there was a tent close by, in which fifteen or twenty youth, full policemen were stretched out sound asleep.

We were therefore safe and could sleep in peace. But we waited in vain for a refreshing slumber: we gazed at the stars through the holes in the roof of our palace, through which also the wind whistled during the chilly night.

The cold water of the stream produced a beneficial effect, when we performed our early morning ablutions by the last rays of the moon. Afterwards we paid a visit to the man in authority. The piazza of his house, doubtless the square of the future town, is a spacious dormitory, where, in spite of the cold, a hundred Indians were sleeping on the bare ground, for in their journeys they do not look for a more comfortable bed. We undertook to rouse them, and having prepared the portable altar for Mass, the ringing of a small bell soon collected the inhabitants.

During Mass many of the poor blacks tried to imitate the others in making the sign of the cross and reciting prayers.

But we must hasten, for the days are short and His Lordship wishes to meet Fr. Albera, who is staying at Cuenca on his return from Gualaquiza. Having taken a monthful of food we turned to our horses which were not so remarkable as to need a special chapter, nor so wretched as to be forgotten, for the poor beasts carried us well.

We bid our friends good bye whilst a few negroes, evidently Catholics, consoled us by presenting their children, saying: "My good Father, bless my child."

Up and down.

We set out, His Lordship first, I next, and at a certain distance our *arriero*, or guide, on foot according to the Indian custom, unless fatigue induces them to hold on to the tail of their quiet beasts. We had an addition to our party in the youth Marquez, a pupil of our Oratory at Cuenca, who returning home wished to enjoy our company and offered us his own. We were not anxious for adventures, but the garb we had to assume might lead us to encounter strange ones.

The route chosen would take us first to Chunchi and from there to Cañar. But we had scarcely started when the *arriero* declared that he only knew one road, fine, safe and short, and that we must follow that one.

—"All right, so long as we reach our destination."

But, after skirting the sides of the hills by narrow paths, after mounting hundreds of feet and descending three times the distance, our guide lags behind, becomes pale and manifests by his groans, his internal sufferings. Laudanum and friction have no effect, the poor man continued moaning and could not move.

Fortunately, in the distance we perceived some poor huts; so leaving the sick man in one of them, we went on, trying to find our way through the brushwood, hoping he would overtake us later on.

The aspect of the country was changing as we ascended and descended with many twists and turns the mountain-paths, leaving the stony region partially covered with scanty herbage. According as we mounted or descended, we encountered a piercing blast from the neighbouring glaciers or the warm air of the tropics and the view changed from that of bleak and icy peaks to smiling valleys planted with banana and sugar-cane.

But towards mid-day, the narrow path, first damp, then muddy, and bordered with brush-

wood, finally landed us in the forest. The fine morning became cloudy, ending in a light but persistent rain.

We did not mind a wetting, the tropical sun would soon dry our clothes; but the road, which now and then divided so that we did not know which direction to take, grew worse every moment. The mud became a bog, succeeded by slippery paths, covered with large stones, or pools of muddy water, amidst which the horses had to pick their way between holes and pit-falls.

Just at this point we came to a small bridge, constructed of trunks of trees badly joined together, and fearing that our horses would get their hoofs caught in the crevices we decided to pass under it. But here the passage was impeded by an entanglement of trunks and branches, on trying to pass through which our horses fell with their riders. Mine, being small, was quickly extricated by breaking a few branches, but that of the Bishop fell upon his leg, which was caught between the horse, the ground and the bridge, so that he had much difficulty in getting free, covered with mud, but fortunately uninjured. When we had released the animal we continued our way.

Whilst we were expecting further adventures, the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks warned us that we were near inhabited dwellings.

Good news! We shall obtain some refreshments, for it is already one o'clock, and in the meanwhile our guide may overtake us.



N.B. When writing to our Superior General, the Very Rev. Michael Rua, correspondents are kindly requested to repeat their full address in each letter, with their title, Rev., Esq., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.





Some visits to the Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

In the January issue of Donahoe's Magazine (Boston, U. S. A.) we find the following from the gifted pen of Mrs. E. M. Lynch, San Remo, Italy, a special benefactress of the works of Don Bosco.

My last visit was on a dark, damp, late October afternoon. To begin with I wanted to buy rope for my trunks, and twine, wrapping paper, account books, etc., for a depot for the sale of peasants' work. Now "D. Bosco's Sons" have a paper factory, near Turin, and a rope factory, and naturally I would rather have their manufactures than any other, for I respect the Salesians most highly.

A kind, intelligent, delicate-looking man in charge of the "Magazine," a layman, attended to my wants. A boy of about fourteen belonging to the Institute darted about, bringing me a choice of articles. A smaller boy tried to help us all. They were such willing assistants, those boys!

My business ended, I told the shopman that I had heard the porter would send a guide with me round the workshops, which I was anxious to revisit. He turned to the boy of fourteen, and said: "Go, you:!" and we trotted off. My guide was proud of everything. He was sure of admiring words and glances.

"How many are you under this big roof?" I asked.

"Twelve hundred," he answered.

In doubt I wrote down "1200," and he said, "Quite right."

The very plain buildings have grown about the early oratory of St. Francis of Sales. The higher school students were in the open squares between the buildings, playing ball, with much merriment. They wore caps with a gold device, but made no other attempt at uniform. My guide said: "We

also of the trades have those caps when we go out." He also told me that he was in training in the accountant's office. The irregular court was well swept, but I thought it too crowded. In age the young ball-players seemed to range from twelve to fifteen years. Two Salesian priests were taking their share in the rough and tumble of the game. Various groups in the courtyards had each a leather covered ball, and the laughter and shouts were good to hear. I would have watched a moment, gladly, but my guide disapproved of tarrying.

"There's our theatre," he explained, moving on. "We have festival performances in it. The boys are the actors, reciters, and musicians." He was particularly proud of the theatre.

He knew it all, and thought that I ought to be able to take in everything at a glance. "We have our meals down there," he said, stopping at a window. In a long underground room I could discern a narrow table set with platters. My guide glowed over that humble board as if he had been in the banquet hall of a king.

As we passed through an inner court a bounding ball made a smart little fellow cry out: "O Diavolo!" A Salesian Father, passing by, put his arm through the boy's, and spun him gently round, much to the offender's astonishment. The priest's only reproach lay in his glance. But truly "Diavolo" was scarcely the fitting word in those precincts.

All the students that I saw at play are in the higher school. They are promoted to that school if they show exceptional ability in the crafts. At a table d'hôte in the Alps, some years ago, my next neighbour happened to be the wife of a professor in a Government college, who was also the editor of a learned review. The lady told me her husband had begun life in Don Bosco's Institute, had shown talent, and was passed on to the

ranks of the students, whence he graduated at the University, was called to the Bar, and then made his way to his present distinguished position. Many of the students eventually join the Salesian Congregation; some ex-pupils are bishops now, many are in the professions.

My guide hurried to the printing presses, where many boys were busy under the supervision of one or two of the Fathers, and of a layman or two, I believe. Then he mounted to the compositors' out of breath. We next visited the casters of type. The ornamental printing of the Salesian press is something rarely beautiful. Their book-binding too is very good.

Going down many stairs to another department we found fifty youthful tailors sitting on their boards and busily sewing. "They make clothes for outside as well as for the Institute," said the boy.

During our progress my guide said: "We're overcrowded now. The French Salesian Fathers had to come here. They're expelled, you know. But it won't be for long. The French Government cannot want all the Oratory scholars adrift again in the streets, and the French authorities can't find schools and homes for them all. You'll see! The Fathers will be recalled before long."

Our progress was too rapid for me to tell our guide a recent incident. The Sisters, who had a hospice for the aged, were ordered to leave a certain town. The Mayor was surprised to hear that the Sister Superior was at his door insisting on taking leave of him before the community went to the train. The Mayor said it "was very friendly." He wondered why the Reverend Mother should show him courtesy when he was turning her out of house and home. The nun entered, all smiles and kind looks, saying: "Monsieur le Maire, I really could not go without saying goodbye; and then you see I could not abandon my poor, sick, and old people. I feel obliged to leave them with you. The Sisters and I have hired four omnibuses. Our forty-five old people have even now been driven to your door."

M. le Maire was aghast. He hesitated. At last he said: "Drive them all back, Reverend Mother, to where you came from, and stay and take care of them, you and your community."

Such, according to my boy, will be the way the French Salesian question will work out.

Our way lay past thirty little shoe-makers being trained by laymen proficient in Crispin's art. "The boys make new boots as well as mend things," said my guide.

There were fifteen in the wood carving room, under a delightful teacher, who showed a roomful of beautiful designs in plaster, done by some of the pupils. I recognized the copy of a panel from the Tempio Malatestiano, at Rimini, with Sigismondo Malatesta's exaggeratedly Roman-nosed profile upon one corner of it. The collection contained many lovely studies from the antique, beautifully executed.

In the carpenter's shop there were fifty or more at work among the fragrant chips and shavings. They seemed to have a vast number of door frames in hand. I saw a confessional nearly finished, and quantities of planks and mouldings, of which I could not stop to find out the intended uses.

The iron workers were more than sixty in number. They make splendid "beaten" railings, ornamental gates, etc., of which I saw some fine photographs.

It is native to me to judge most severely the things I love; and I put on my keenest critical spectacles during this visit, but I must say that the boys looked far healthier than is generally the case with poor children in Italian towns. I saw no case of sore eyes, a complaint so very common outside the Salesian Institute; a complaint, too, which speaks of unsanitary conditions.

The high school, with its more sedentary occupation, has recreation three times daily in the courtyards. The little craftsmen are more actively employed, and I think they have playtime only twice a day. But they are often taken for a long day in the country. Don Bosco made a great feature of excursions.

My energetic guide wished me to mount to the room in which a few years ago Don Bosco died. I elected to go, rather, to the church in which the founder prayed. "I have so little time now," I explained.

"Well, there's where we all come every morning," said my nice boy, indicating the left transept.

The church is magnificent! Outside of it, all is very, very poor, at the Via Cottolengo. The scholars are plainly but tidily dressed. The priests wore cassocks green with age, and shining with wear. Most of the Fathers looked very thin. Some were bent and evidently weak. Only one that I saw was old. They must die in their strength, I think. The shabby habit covers high hearts. The Salesians' faces glow with enthusiasm. Though they choose abject poverty for themselves, their church is simply splendid with rich marbles and precious metals.

Hardly had my guide left me when there was

a sound of tramping feet, and the boys defiled into their places. Fine fellows they are, for the greater part, with trustful, courageous, well-bred countenances. They settled down among the benches, and sang the Kyrie, prelude to a litany. Such a harmonious volume of sound! There have been musical composers among the Salesians, and singing and instrumental music make a feature of all their great festivals. In the singing, the voices kept time and tune admirably.

what Italian tombstones call "expert merchants."

On another occasion in the book shop a librarian of about fifteen openly gloried in the books, just as if he had written, printed, and bound them all, and had manufactured the paper also. There was some question of some one speaking English, and the librarian flashed out the answer: "No, perhaps he does not speak English. But our Superior, Don Rua, he speaks English, and I believe," he added, "every language."



Souvenir of the blessing of the banners for the Students and Artisans
Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

One boy dressed as an acolyte mounted the pulpit and read a little "Instruction" on the giving of scandal. Then the rest of the Litany of Loreto was sung, and the *Tantum ergo*, and we had Benediction. Throughout, the singing was lovely.

The dark evening had drawn in when I groped my way out into the street.

Once before, in September, I had been to buy things at the Salesian "Magazine." There was a very old shopman aided by two boys of the Institute to attend to my wants. The zeal of the assistants was touching and delightful. They rejoiced so unaffectedly when I purchased anything! They were so engaging in their efforts to tempt me to further outlay! Some day, those boys will be

The following dialogue took place when I was waiting for some photographs from the Salesians' photographic department:

"Have you seen Don Rua?" asked a priest of the Congregation.

"No, Father," replied the visitor.

"What a pity! Don Rua is only just gone out."

"Don Rua has a curious effect on me," said the visitor. "I saw him once, and when I saw him I seemed also to see all my sins."

"No, no! that can't be! Why, D. Rua is a saint."

"That is exactly why I am afraid of him."

The priest tried to find some consoling word, but failed. And then he laughed gently. So did the visitor, and they parted.

The dialogue reminded me of Don Bosco's saying to some one who came to pray him to work a miracle: "No, I cannot work miracles, good signora; but there's Don Rua, now. He's a man who could, if he liked, perform prodiges."

The Salesians have now a house in New York, at 29 Mott Street. They have one at Battersea, London, and Italy is dotted over with "Don Bosco's Institutes." Spain, Switzerland, and nearly every European country is the richer for these schools, where the waifs and strays, the "dangerous elements," are turned into good Christians, and useful members of the community. Was it not King Carlo Alberto, who thanked Don Bosco for his "services to the State?" Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X commended the Salesians' services to the Church and to souls. And the Institutes only date back half a century!

Don Bosco and his sons certainly work wonders for modern society. But what they *are* must ever remain greater and more praiseworthy than what they do, although that is work so truly beneficent.



The feast of the Immaculate Conception at the Oratory Turin.

The scenes at the Sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians, writes the *Momento*, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, carried one back to that solemn round of festivities of last May, at the Coronation celebrations. The antiphon composed for that solemnity was rendered by a choir of eight hundred voices, conducted by the composer, and the heavenly Queen beheld at her feet almost as numerous a body of suppliants.

Her Royal Highness Princess Letizia, president of the Committee of ladies, patroness of Don Bosco's works, with her attendants, was present at the solemn functions. Other distinguished Co-operators were the Marquis and Marchioness Grimaldi, the Hon. Frederick Dumontel and the Countess Barbaroux-Sciolla.

The concourse that assembled at the afternoon Vespers was immense. The Jesuit Father Zampieri preached on the glories of the Mother of God through the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. In one part the preacher said: "Well may the Salesians regard Mary Immaculate as their patroness. Sixty-two years ago this place was nothing but an uncultivated field, where Don Bosco gathered his first boys for recreation. It was on the memorable 8th of December, that Don Bosco set his hand to the work of the Oratory, and

on this feast that his charity overcame the bounds of country, and spread his work to the far off lands across the ocean. He knew well that with the return of this feast came a new growth, a further expansion in his undertakings. It was with good reason then that his Sons celebrated the feast with all possible splendour." The allusion could not have been more opportune. The listeners seemed to see Don Bosco in the act of teaching young Garelli his prayers and to make the sign of the Cross. Who would have thought that he was to be but the first of such an immense family, and that that sign of the Cross would be carried by its members to all parts of the world?

The Very Rev. Don Rua afterwards gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This was the opening day of the jubilee year of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. It was a fitting commencement of the special feasts and services, to be held in honour of Our Lady in her wonderful privilege; it certainly went far to bring about in all those present, an increase of devotion which the late Holy Father desired so much to see, and which His Holiness Pius X. earnestly wishes, as a result of his efforts, through the committee of Cardinals appointed by him for the fit celebration of the jubilee.



The Successor of Don Bosco at Naples.

Shortly before the above mentioned feast, the Very Rev. Don Rua visited the Salesian House at Naples. He was present at the drawing of prizes in aid of the Institute held in the Villa Patrizi. Our Superior General was greatly consoled by the good work he saw accomplished, and afterwards declared that visit to have been the happiest of all his visits to Naples. The amount realised will enable the Salesians to push on their work, and give a helping hand to a larger number for poor children. Much of this good work has been brought about through the generous Co-operators, among them the Duke of Presenzano and the Marquis Marcello Santasilia.

Our Superior General afterwards addressed a meeting of the Lady Co-operators in the Church of the Pilgrims. He touched on the advancements made through their help, exhorting them to perseverance, and others present to emulate their example.

In the sacristy he gave each one a souvenir of Don Bosco and spoke a few encouraging words to each. The Marchioness Elvira, there and then,

made up a subscription in aid of the works recommended to them by Don Rua, and presented it to him. It was so quickly accomplished that he was almost surprised, and thanking them desired it to be used for the benefit of the House there.

The Cardinal Archbishop also received Don Bosco's Successor and the Provincial of the Neapolitan province. He warmly expressed his gratitude for the aid given him by the Salesians, and begged that the schools in contemplation should be opened as soon as possible. The very practical co-operation received from the friends of the Institute at Naples, will enable these schools to be opened shortly, and will no doubt bring about the good results expected; thus rewarding the generosity of the exemplary Co-operators.



The Christmas Festivities at Battersea.

The commemoration in honour of the birth of Our Lord, are always the occasion of the special celebrations at the Salesian House in London. The feast of Christmas was preceded by the usual Novena, and this closed amid great preparations for the worthy keeping of the festival. The *Parish Magazine* in its notice of the proceedings says: The manner in which the liturgy of the Church is observed, the originality of the crib and the decorations, invariably draw many straggers to the Church on the solemnity, as well as during the octave, and the number this year was even greater than heretofore.

All are undoubtedly agreed that the beauty of the decorations and of the Crib was without parallel, and this is owing to the excellent taste of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. Fayers, who so ably assisted him. The children of Mary rendered themselves very useful in making the wreaths and garlands.

At the midnight Mass, large numbers availed themselves of the opportunity of receiving Holy Communion, at this the most appropriate of times, for approaching Our Blessed Saviour in the Sacrament of His love. The choir sang in admirable style Haydn's first Mass, and when the soft, sweet, familiar strains of the *Adeste Fideles* were wafted on the still midnight air every one felt indeed that the Angel's song of praise should be the universal sentiment at this joyous time."

The chapel newly opened in the House gave better facilities for keeping the feast than in former years. It was also adorned with Christmas garlands,

and Midnight Mass was sung in it for the first time.

The community had arranged a very interesting programme of entertainments, and with the help of some generous friends made the Christmas holiday quite a joyous season for their confrères and pupils. It was certainly well calculated to foster the sentiments which cannot be dissociated from the return of the ever-welcome feast, and helped to begin the New Year in the spirit announced to the whole world by the angel, the bearer of harmony and good-will.



Schio. In honour of His Holiness Pius X.

On the occasion of the last pilgrimage from Vicenza to Rome, Mgr. Panciera, a zealous Salesian Co-operator, was received in private audience by Pope Pius X. He offered to the Holy Father the homage of all the confrères and pupils of our House at Schio, and reminding His Holiness of his visit to the college a year ago, while yet Patriarch of Venice, he told him that the Salesians and the pupils had decided to commemorate the event, by placing a slab bearing an inscription to that effect. His Holiness was quite pleased by the thoughtfulness of these at the Institute, and charged Mgr. Panciera to solemnly bestow upon all the Apostolic blessing. On the 8th of November last, the slab was placed in position with much ceremony, and a feast day kept in honour of the Holy Father.

The Superior exhorted the boys, at the Mass of general Communion, in a few appropriate words, to show their gratitude to the Pope, by imploring many graces for him, at the holy table from Our Blessed Lord whose Vicar he was on earth.

In the evening a solemn function was held in the Church. The Protonotary Apostolic gave an eloquent discourse on the bounty and goodness of God in the admirable government of His Church by the Papacy. Before the Benediction Mr. Panciera gave the papal blessing and afterwards distributed medals specially blessed by His Holiness.

The inscription on the commemorative slab was as follows: To Pius X. Supreme Pontiff.—A memorial of his visit when Cardinal Patriarch of Venice—on the 27th of September 1902. Placed by the Sons of Don Bosco—Nov. 8th, 1903.



Father Juvenal Bonavia, S. C.



AMONG the many items that have appeared from time to time in these columns, none more sad has been recorded, and none that could more deeply affect those connected with the publication, and indeed every reader of it. This is the tidings of the death of him, who has so ably edited this monthly for the past four years—the **Rev. Juvenal Bonavia, S.C.**

Many periodicals have contained notices of his edifying life, and saintly death, and we cannot do better than cull from some of them; for it could not fail to interest the readers of the English Edition of the *Salesian Bulletin*, to learn something more intimate of him who has so often spoken to them in these pages, but who will never more advise them or appeal to them, except by the remembrance of his virtues, and the example he has given.

The community at Battersea, and indeed the whole of our Pious Society have sustained a severe loss, by the deeply lamented and almost untimely death of this worthy Son of Don Bosco, for he was respected and loved by all whose privilege it was to have known him.

During the fifteen years he spent in England he had been an invalid all along—a prey to that dread complaint, consumption. In spite, however, of his ill-health, he was always at his post of duty, faithfully and zealously doing the work entrusted to him by his Superiors; and these duties he did not relinquish till almost at the point of death.

Since the beginning of the winter Father Bonavia had felt that his malady was taking a turn for the worse, as he found respiration more difficult and weakness increasing. It was not, however, till

January the 20th that he gave up, after having offered the Holy Sacrifice, for what proved to be the last time. On the following days he grew gradually weaker and expired most peacefully, fortified with the rites of Holy Church and surrounded by his sorrowing confrères, on Jan. 23rd. We have said it was almost untimely, for he was only in his 39th year, when others are at the prime of life and when his deep learning and prudence, his piety and humility might have chosen him out to hold important posts in the Congregation, to which he had already rendered signal services.

Born at Genola in Piedmont (Italy) on the 26th of October 1865, he gave from his early years evidence of wisdom and piety beyond his age. In his boyhood he was sent to the Oratory at Turin, where, under the eye of Don Bosco himself, he advanced rapidly in knowledge and virtue. In 1881 he received the habit of the Society he had learned to love so well, from the hands of its saintly founder, and in the following year made his religious profession. He was now appointed a professor and assistant at the Oratory, and no one ever better fulfilled the duties which this office, so important in the Salesian Society, entails. The boys whom he taught and trained have never forgotten his zeal and charity, and what speaks for itself is, that many of them have followed in his footsteps, and are successfully doing the work of the Congregation, which they learned to love from him.

He was ordained in 1888, and was sent over with the little band who came to establish the first Salesian House in England. Since that time he had worked unceasingly for the Community and boys as well as among the parishioners of West Battersea. There is no doubt, says one correspondent, that in a great measure, the wonderful success of the Salesian Fathers since they have been in England, is due to his prayers and zeal. He was an ideal priest and regarded his office as the very highest and lived up to it. His was a life of prayer and good works and he lived each day as though it would be his last. None could wish a better testimony.

The requiem was sung on Tuesday Jan 26th, the Very Rev. Father Provincial officiating. A crowded church testified to the esteem and love in which the deceased was held, The Superiors of the other Salesian Houses in England were present, and some of the neighbouring clergy. The interment took place on the following day at the quiet little cemetery attached to the Novitiate House at Burwash (Sussex). "*Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.*"

R. I. P.



GRACES AND FAVOURS OBTAINED

through the intercession of

MARY HELP of CHRISTIANS

Giagariz (BRAZIL).—A friend of mine engaged out here in the preparation of sugar accidentally got his arm caught in one of the machines which cut it badly, almost severing the arm in two. All were, of course, in great trouble at this unfortunate occurrence and to make matters worse the doctor refused to attend. It was well, however, that he did not, for he would certainly have had the arm amputated as is usually done in such cases. The poor man was looked after by an Indian who applied some remedies of his own.

On returning to the house some one took up a *Salesian Bulletin* which had been lent to us, and coming across the favours obtained through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians, our thoughts naturally turned to the unhappy sufferer. The Rosary was at once offered for him and a Novena commenced to obtain his cure. The poor Indian meanwhile kept up his attendance and bathed the wounds regularly with his native preparations. After some days the wound began to heal and the flesh to grow again so that in the course of three weeks the arm was almost well. In returning thanks to Our Lady I send you our six names with those of the sick man and his brother, the attendant, to be inscribed as Salesian Co-perators.

September, 1903.

G. O.

Virgoletta (ITALY).— Whilst working in the South of France at some tunnel-construction, a son of mine caught a serious affection of the lungs through a severe chill while at work. He was brought home and placed under a distinguished doctor, but complications unfortunately set in and the case was soon hopeless. Then I had recourse to Mary Help

of Christians, promising a thank-offering and publication if the favour was obtained.

When the doctor visited on the following day he found, to his surprise, the complications disappeared and signs of the abatement of the malady. In fine the patient grew gradually stronger and a complete restoration followed. I now gladly fulfil my promise of publication.

P. S.

A Co-operator.

September, 1903.



Sassello (ITALY).— In the early part of last September the mother of a numerous family was brought in a very short time to death's door by a sickness which no art or skill could succeed in stopping. She had already received the last Sacraments and was in fact entering on her agony, amid the great distress of her relations. A pious person then suggested that a medal of Our Lady Help of Christians should be placed on the bed and exhorted the dying woman to recommend herself to the Queen of Heaven. This was quite enough, for in a few days the woman was restored to her young children and thankful husband.

Rev. M. G. P.

October, 1903.

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*To obtain favours needed, Don Bosco recommended the frequent use of the Sacraments and the practice of a Novena consisting of the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father three times daily to Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, with the Hail Holy Queen, 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.*  
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PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

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It is edited monthly in seven languages, namely: English, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese 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.

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To our friends and Co-operators, who would like to make Don Bosco's works more widely known, we strongly recommend the circulation of a pamphlet entitled: *Don Bosco's Apostolate and other Sketches*. As many copies as are requested will be forwarded in return for any offering. Apply to the *Editor of the Salesian Bulletin Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy*; or to the *Very Rev. C. B. Macey, Salesian Schools, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London, S. W.*

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