

Vol. IV. No. 15

MARCH

1904



THE SALESIAN BULLETIN



Turin

PUBLISHED at the "ORATORIO SALESIANO"

Italy

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.
 Vol. IV., No. 15. MARCH 15th, 1904. Registered for transmission abroad.

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Devotion to the Guardian of the Universal Church.

THE month of St. Joseph has again almost passed away from us. Among the many intentions, which his devout clients are recommending to his intercession this month, the Co-operators are reminded that the patron of the chief of their association, the Holy Father, is St. Joseph. Let them beg of this Saint, that he, who protected the threatened life of the Infant Saviour, will guard the Church afterwards founded by Him, and the Pontiff who was placed under his patronage at the baptismal font.

There can be no need of urging the traditional practices of devotion in honour of St. Joseph. Who has not experienced his readiness to use his powerful intercession with his Divine Foster-son? St. Gertrude once said: "For many years now, I have made a special request to St. Joseph on his feast-day, and I do not remember to have been once disappointed; if my petition was not according to the designs of God's mercy, St. Joseph obtained a greater grace, and more beneficial assistance."

THE THIRD SALESIAN CONGRESS

and the Schools of Arts and Trades

THE thought of the Saint, to whom this month is dedicated, leads us to dwell on the unwearing toil, that fell to the lot of the Foster-father of Our Lord. Little else is told us of him, but that the fruit of the work of his hands was the support of the Holy Family, and this continued till his peaceful death, when Our Lord had grown up into ripe years.

St. Joseph's work must have been a source of continual merit, for does not this latter depend chiefly on the intention and spirit, with which the work is performed? He had his Divine Master ever in sight, and could hardly forget that every stroke in his workshop was for Our Lord and His blessed Mother.

This directing intention, and conviction that we labour for a heavenly reward, and to fulfil the Divine Will, must animate all work that is to be meritorious. It is this thought that will lighten the burden that falls to the lot of everyone, and it is this spirit that Don Bosco brought into the workshops of his Institutes. A life of work is before the youths engaged there. Will it become mere mechanical drudgery, or will it resemble that of the earnest, patient carpenter-saint of Nazareth, bringing

satisfaction and peace during this life, and merit for the one that is to come.

Don Bosco took every means to bring his young workers to this frame of mind, and to instil into them the habits of thought, that would enable them to direct their labour to this good end. The tangible gain of here below, he made subservient to the hope of a reward in heaven.

What then distinguishes these homes of labour from the ordinary workshop and factory? The Salesian Congress of last year, the Report of which has now been completed, naturally gave serious consideration to this branch of Don Bosco's work, 'generally known as "The Schools of Arts and Trades."' In an age when rapidity, accuracy and skill in the different crafts are at their height, a visit to these workshops opened by the religious, who continue the fostering care of our Holy Mother the Church, will enable one to discover the difference between these and the ordinary homes of industry. There can be seen what is done for those youths, who are destined to help in carrying on the works on which society depends, to give another meaning to labour, and to raise

it gradually to the proper place appointed to it by Him who sanctified it, and who severely rebukes the one who carries his talent unprofitably.

There is something underlying the quiet methods of work, the earnest manner and willing readiness of the lads employed. There is something beyond that standard of morality which is the boast of so many in this working society, who speak of natural honesty away from Religion, away from all thought of a higher motive than earthly gain, and who discard all need of Religion and its practice.

Don Bosco's course was an opposite one. The rule he prescribed and taught when establishing his schools, was vivified by religious principles and founded on the idea of fulfilling the Will of the Creator. A few of his maxims are typical. "Keep before you while young," he said, "the reason of your existence—to love and serve God." The thought of Him whom you serve, must be of more importance than the thought of earthly gain. All temporal and eternal blessings depend on this remembrance of working for God, and keeping in His holy fear.

Your religion supplies you with the means of gaining this end—prayer, the sacraments, the Word of God. Holy Mass will give you the strength and graces needed for the day, and will enable you to form those virtuous habits, which cannot be acquired in later life. Try to regard your work in its true character. Man is born to labour; our first parent was placed in Paradise to cultivate it, and was afterwards commanded to till the earth to make it

fruitful. St. Paul expressly says: "*For when we were with you we declared thus to you, that if any man will not work neither let him eat*" (1). By partaking in this common task you become the creditor of society and Religion, and do good to your own soul, especially if your daily occupations are offered to God, and done with the thought of fulfilling His holy Will.

Remember that your early age is the Spring-time of life. If this habit of applying yourself is not gained in youth, it will not come to you later, and you may become a burden to your parents or to society, exposing both body and soul to danger. Only he who labours with assiduity and love of God can have peace in his heart, and labour with joy.

Don Bosco's words give the spirit that should underlie the labours of man. His counsels in practice form the religious and moral training of the pupils of his professional schools. Of all these means, he regarded one as a secret motive-power, the frequent use of the Sacraments. This, he said, should be the mainstay of any educational home, from which you desire to eliminate the infliction of punishments. Encourage them to frequent the Holy Sacraments. This was the secret of success, which he gave to the minister of the late Queen Victoria, when he visited the Oratory, and was surprised at the order and calm prevailing there. Lord Palmerston in reply added: "Indeed you are right; I must speak of this in London."

(1) 2 Thess. 3. 10.

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After dealing with the methods adopted in these schools, the members of the Congress urged the need of practical co-operation either by personal or material aid. Some can interest themselves in boys who have little prospect before them, placing them under catholic masters, or arranging for their maintenance, in Some of the schools of training above described. One so placed may mean a soul won for heaven, besides the present gain both to the boy and to society.

Where personal aid is not possible or convenient, material help can frequently be given. In a letter to his Co-operators in January 1881 Don Bosco said: "Where do the means come from to carry on such vast undertakings? who will support the works already commenced? I reply, that Divine Providence has inexhaustible treasures. He has not failed us in the past, why doubt Him for the future before us? He has given commandments especially for our wants. "Give, and it shall be given unto you," and again, *Give alms out of thy abundance* (1). Think not that this is but a counsel. God has promised to reward those who practise it, and up till now His words have not lacked their verification.

Numerous indeed are the persons and families in every part, who, by their own testimony, date their prosperity from some act of charity to religious works. It has been the case repeatedly with Don Bosco's Institutions; while the life of our Founder himself, omitting

all after events, gives examples of the contrary befalling those, who bore him and his works malice or ill-will.

After the first Salesian Congress held in 1895 at Bologna, this periodical said: "Since the Congress we have been made conscious of an ever increasing flow of sympathy towards the works of Don Bosco.

Catholics who had scarcely heard his name before, on reading the account of the Congress, became interested in the work, and desired to take part in furthering the cause of poor and neglected children, and the different branches of Don Bosco's works."

The third Congress in 1903 was not behind its two predecessors either in the numbers that attended it or the importance of the questions under consideration. Its fruits have already been copious and promise to be lasting. A report of the proceeding has been given in the issues of last year. One of the resolutions adopted by the congressists, at the close of the meeting on the "Schools of Arts and Trades," may well end these considerations on the same subject. It was, that the Salesian Co-operators should by counsel and example, and especially by generous offerings, support the works undertaken and directed by the Salesians; and that in order to maintain them in the degree of excellence they have reached, and the times demand, there is need, not only of the zeal, genius and painstaking labours of the Sons of Don Bosco, but especially of the offerings of his Co-operators.

(1) Tobias IV. 7.



COLOMBIA

For the lepers of Antioquia.

(Letters of Father E. Rabagliati)

I.

Laying of the foundation stone of the Provincial Lazaretto.

Medellin (Colombia), May 25th, 1903.

Praise to Mary Help of Christians.

VERY REV. FATHER,

Yesterday, after six months travelling, fatigue and uncertainty, it has been possible to bless the foundation stone of the first Provincial Lazaretto of this unfortunate Colombia.

The ceremony was carried out with great solemnity. The Archbishop wished to preside at it in person and to bless the foundation stone in the Cathedral. He was surrounded by numerous clergy and by the most prominent laymen. In a reserved place by the side of the Archbishop, surrounded by the Ministers, sat the Governor of the Department of Antioquia, General Pompilius Gutierrez—the hero of a hundred battles in the late, most fatal war, called here the thirty-seven months war. The members of the Committee, of whom I have spoken several times in my letters, occupied reserved places in the centre, while in other special benches were the Patrons chosen by Committee to help on this undertaking so fraught with difficulties. The people filled the three naves of the Church.

At the appointed time, the writer, after receiving the blessing of the Archbishop, ascended the pulpit to give a conference as announced in the order of the ceremony.

Two lepers of the Old Testament supplied the ground-work of my discourse.

Naaman, general of the army of the king of Syria—*vir fortis et dives, sed leprosus*—“a valiant man and rich, but a leper” (IV. Kings. V.)—who, following the advice of a Jewish slave, left his native land, the court, his family and home comforts, and leper though he was, passed from Syria to Samaria in search of the prophet Eliseus in order to be healed, bringing with him rich treasures in return, afforded me a capital instance for drawing a comparison with Colombia.

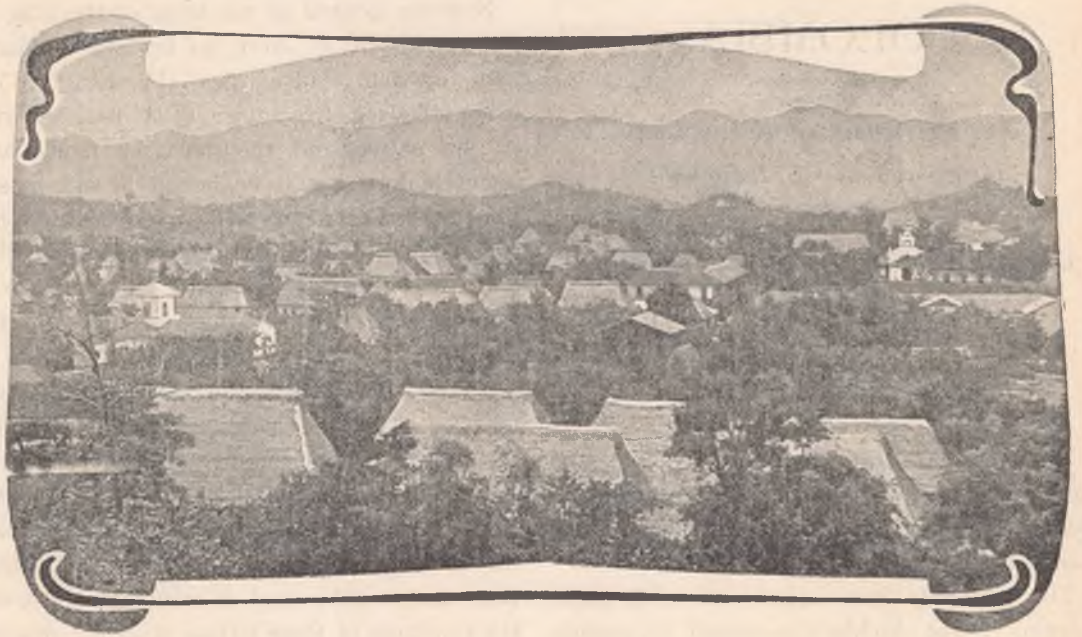
Naaman listened to the advice of a slave, followed it and was better for it: Colombia, on the contrary, to whom the words *fortis, dives sed leprosa* also apply, has up to the present paid no heed to the advice which for years has been given to her of safeguarding those that are healthy and of rendering less sad the condition of those stricken with the disease; and she suffers greatly in consequence. The increase of leprosy during these latter years is appalling, and is evident to all. In the course of a hundred years, namely during the nineteenth century ninety-two lepers have increased to thirty thousand. Antioquia in 1850 had not a single leper; to-day it has hundreds of them. Cauca, another very rich Department adjoining the former, was also exempt from leprosy; at present it has five thousand lepers. I do not speak of the Department of Santander which numbers by itself over twenty thousand.

Having thus outlined the frightful state to which Colombia is now reduced through leprosy, I addressed the hearers in expressions somewhat like the following:

"Yes, you are powerful and rich ; you especially inhabitants of Antioquia. The gold and silver mines stored in your mountains, your fertile valleys, your rivers whose beds abound with gold dust, all these go to prove my assertion. In fifty years time, whoever writes your history, will still be able to say that Antioquia is *dives* "rich"; because leprosy cannot penetrate its mountains and its rivers to taint the gold hidden there. But he will not be able to say *fortis* "strong", for it will be ravaged by leprosy ; and a generation of lepers is sadly doomed to disappear.

forerunners of an untimely death?

Job was the other example referred to in the Conference. His patience is proverbial. In a single day all his flocks disappeared and these consisted of thousands of camels, sheep, cattle, asses ; his house was destroyed by a mysterious fire from heaven; his sons and daughters had been buried under the ruins of the house of their elder brother, yet he uttered no complaint nor shed a tear : *corruens in terram adoravit* "he fell upon the ground and worshipped." Then, he added : "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither.



Interior of the Lazaretto at Agua de Dios (Colombia).

"In thirty or forty years time, what will it avail your descendants to have large factories if they are unable to work them? What will avail your descendants to possess rich and inexhaustible mines if they are not able to exploit them? What will be the use of their having coffee in abundance, if those of other lands will not receive it, even as a present, through fear of its having been gathered by leprous hands? What good will it be to you to have a large posterity if your children, on reaching the age when they ought hopefully look forward to a happy future, have their limbs gnawed away by the loathsome ulcers of leprosy, the

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away" *Sit nomen Domini benedictum* "blessed be the name of the Lord." What admirable patience !

Well, who would have believed it? A very short time afterwards, by God's permission Job was subjected to another trial. „*Satan.... percussit Job ulcere pessimo* "Satan.... struck Job with a very grievous ulcer." This was too much for Job : and he who, on seeing himself bereft of children, deprived of wealth, poor and abandoned, had uttered nought but words of benediction to the Lord, now breaks forth in lamentations betraying the bitterest grief. And how comes it that heart which was so meek and seem-

ed proof against every movement of anger, now pours forth so loud and bitter complaints? The explanation is to be found in that *ulcere pessimo* with which his body was covered, from head to foot. That very grievous ulcer, according to many interpreters, St. John Chrisostom among others, was nothing else but leprosy. This leprosy must have been of the worst description, because no one was able to gaze upon him or endure the foul exhalations; hence poor Job provoked to anger by the taunts of his own wife quitted his house and city—and this also in obedience to the law enjoining that the lepers should live apart altogether. I then continued:

“But why have I related this fact to you? In order to show you what lepers have had to suffer at times, and continue to suffer. Believe me, only a leper can know how painful leprosy is, especially in its consequences. I have been dealing with them for eleven years; I have examined and questioned them. I have several times endeavoured to sound those hearts in order to gauge the intensity of their misery; but I could never succeed for it is an unfathomable abyss. If the sufferings of the lepers in the Lazarettos of Agua de Dios and of Contratacion, are great in spite of the relief to be derived from Religion, much greater are the sufferings, of those—and they form the majority—who live out of the Lazaretto.”

Believe me, dear Father, leprosy is not only hurtful to the body, but also to the soul: it covers the former with frightful, repulsive sores; it fills the latter with passions and vice which grow day by day, and will continue to do so to the last, unless Religion brings an efficacious remedy. For my part, I hold it as certain that, generally speaking, the leper who lives in the Lazaretto leads a good life and dies a holy death; whilst, on the other hand, the leper who ekes out his miserable existence away from the Lazaretto, in most cases lives badly and dies worse. Hence the necessity of Provincial Lazarettos in Colombia which, whilst they will be the means of salvation for this unfortunate Republic, will also rescue materially and morally thousands and thousands of these unhappy people. Will this undertaking prove successful? God alone knows.

The conference ended, His Grace the Archbishop, surrounded by the members of the Committee, the Patrons the Civil and Political Authorities, blessed the stone in which parchments were inclosed as is customary on such occasions. The next step was to establish the Bank of the Antioquian lepers which in a few hours realized two hundred thousand *pesos*: this sum added to those raised in the two provinces makes a total of one million two hundred thousand *pesos*. I hope that the collection which is now being made in the city will raise the sum to two million *pesos*.

After the feast of Saint Aloysius, in the last week of June, I shall resume my rambles. I expect to be at Bogotá towards the end of the year, if I do not have to go, first of all, to Popayan (Canco) or to Santander, were the Authorities demand for my presence with some insistence.

I am always well in health. I am still staying with these good Jesuit Fathers who yesterday wished to keep the feast of Mary Help of Christians and also held a beautiful literary entertainment in her honour, in the refectory after dinner. I do not know how I shall be able to make suitable return for so much kindness I experience at their hands.

Bless me, dear Father, and believe me your most devoted son

E. RABAGLIATI
(Salesian Missionary).

PATAGONIA

(TERRITORY OF NEUQUEN.)



Pastoral Visit and Mission of His Lordship

Mgr. Cagliari

Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia.

(Continued)

At the “Serra Schiacciata”—Various episodes—On the banks of the river “Catanlil”—The Volcano “Lanin”—The Stone Mask—In the “Manzanera Region.”

Las Lapas which is the Indian for *Serra Schiacciata*, is a pleasant and fertile valley. The in-

habitants, chiefly from Uruguay, come from the heroic city of Paysandú. The first to greet us were two of our former pupils. This was a subject of true joy to us, the more so when we heard that by their amiable manners and kind treatment they had gained the good-will of the Indians, teaching them to reverence and love our holy Religion. Oh! May Our Lady Help of Christians ever bless and protect these true disciples of our beloved and venerated Mgr. Lasagna!

We were able to baptize the native children and adults, bless the marriages and make good christians of many poor families. The Bishop preached several times, confirming and giving Holy Communion to all. Many of the neighbours and others came to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. Amongst these should be mentioned the truly Catholic family of Signor Correa, whose eldest daughter was educated at the Convent of Our Lady Help of Christians in Bahia Blanca.

After a pleasant sojourn of two days at *Las Lapas* we took leave of these faithful friends, the Signori Trujillo presenting His Lordship with a generous offering for the expenses of the Mission, and we set out for *Catlanlil*, twelve leagues from *Las Lapas* and the same distance from *Junin de los Andes*. Ascending the steep *Sierra Chata* we noticed larged chalk quarries which will soon be a Source of wealth for this important region. From the summit of the mountain we gazed upon a magnificent pano-

rama and enjoyed the pure, balmy air which seemed to give us new life, full of enthusiasm and holy joy. On the way we met many native families who live in the recesses of the forest. In one place we found a poor boy who, the day before, had a fall from his horse, fracturing his skull. The poor lad was dying, far from his parents. His brothers, who with him were guarding their flocks, and herds in this solitary place, had done what they could in nursing him.

Fr. Gavotto recognized in him one of the boys who had attended the Festive Oratory of *Chos-Malal*. The last Sacraments were administered and, a few moments afterwards, the boy breathed his last.

His good Angel had kept him alive, so that, in the bloom of virtue and innocence, he might



Lake *Lacar* and the frozen stream on the north side of the Lanin (Neuquen, Patagonia).

through the missionary's help, receive the consolations of our holy religion.

Conducted by an experienced guide, we reached the same evening another estate belonging to the Trujillo Family. The overseer is an old pupil of our College at Paysandu. He received us with filial affection, surrendering to us his

own and only dwelling. After supper His Lordship lay down on the little bed and we on piles of leather and sheepskins.

The following morning after Mass, Holy Baptism was administered to several families both colonial and native, their marriages being afterwards blessed. The Indians with their children, and also some whites, received Confirmation.

This little Mission being ended His Lordship entered the vehicle and we started for the banks of the river *Catanlil*. Fr. Milanese had preceded us thither a day and a half in advance, to warn the Indians and the other Christians of the neighbourhood, of the Bishop's speedy arrival.

Our journey was most agreeable; lovely meadows, picturesque hills and splendid view shortened the distance of eight leagues. Only towards evening, as a measure of precaution, we had to tread a narrow and lofty path hewn out of the rock along the river *Catanlil*.

Late at night we reached the estate of Mr. Rodriguez who, besides his own house, had prepared for us a cottage to serve as the *Cathedral* and *Episcopal residence* for this mission.

This cottage had two entrances without doors and two windows without glass, so that we had much difficulty in closing these apertures which necessitated our remaining in darkness to protect ourselves against the cold blasts from the Cordilleras. His Lordship's health having suffered from the memorable night at *Las Lapas*, he was obliged to remain two days in bed, rising only to say Mass and give Confirmation. The Christian families, inhabiting the neighbouring fertile valleys, all took part in the mission, as for many years, owing to the dearth of priests, they had been unable to fulfil their religious duties. The infinite mercy of God rewarded our sacrifices and consoled us with miraculous graces of conversion.

There was a large gathering of Indians to whom Fr. Milanese taught the truths of the Faith, speaking their own tongue; he also preached and celebrated Holy Mass for them. On the last day of the Mission he baptised them, blessed their marriages and gave them Holy Com-

munion which they received with great devotion and exemplary piety. They were afterwards confirmed by the Bishop.

The fruit of our labours in *Catanlil* could not have been more abundant. Before leaving a new cemetery was blessed, and a wooden cross erected in remembrance of the pastoral visitation of this land so blessed by God.

The name *Catanlil* means the *hole in the rock*, because in the valley there is a large rock in which there is an aperture, through which a man on horseback can pass easily. The Indians, who are very superstitious, like to ride through this hole, and if they pass without difficulty they go away happy, believing they will have good luck.

On the 5th March we left *Catanlil* for *Junin de los Andes*; the same evening we crossed the stream *San Ignazio* and sat down to rest on the right bank. Whilst we were taking some refreshment our horses found not only limpid waters to slake their thirst, but also green meadows in which to graze.

As our way over the rocky hills was almost impassable, we were obliged to labour with the pick-axe in breaking the stones and levelling the road. Our vehicles were the first to pass that way. At one place a mule fell with the cart and we had hard work in rescuing the beast and its load. We soon lost sight of the mountain chain of *Ciacil* and of *Las Lapas*; new horizons opened before us and in the distance we beheld the conical shaped Cordillera di *Chapelcô* and the grand volcano *Lanin* whose summit seemed to pierce the clouds, for it is between 11,000 and 12,000 ft. high. Its sides are covered with lava from the violent eruptions of unknown date.

At present it seems extinct, but at times the crater sends forth volumes of thick black smoke, mingled with fiery sparks. It is clothed with perpetual snow; from its height and its dazzling white mantle, it serves as a beacon to poor travellers who can see it from a distance of one hundred and twenty miles or more. At nightfall we descended the steep and rocky declivity leading to the river *Collón-Curá*, the largest of the affluents of the *Limay*. On its banks we unbarnessed the horses and found shelter in the

lowly hut of two good Spaniards occupied in guarding the ford.

The Bishop slept on their best bed, composed of sheepskins and we in a loft amongst the hay. We should have slept peacefully till the morning had not the roar of the waters aroused us. The Indians call this river *Collón-curá*, that is *The Stone Mask*, because near the bank is a mass of rock resembling a man's face. It receives the waters of three large lakes and several small ones. The passage was fatiguing and difficult.

We then penetrated into a valley by a gentle slope; but after three hours of gradual ascent we had to commence the perilous and difficult descent of *Chimehuin*. The way down for the vehicle was most dangerous; it was only by the greatest care and the protection of Heaven that we escaped a terrible accident. Having accomplished the descent in safety we rested a while under the shade of a large and ancient *chañar* (Patagonian tree), and after taking some slight refreshment we continued our way to *Junin de los Andes*. We traversed one of the most beautiful parts of this western region and the apple orchards laden with fruit were a temptation to our guides, who every now and then climbed the trees to satisfy their appetites.

After four hours' journey on the slopes of Mount *Perro*, covered with cypresses and gigantic pines we reached the left bank of the river *Quilquihue*. Here the weariness of our horses obliged us to stop, so we drove them into place enclosed by stakes to rest. The moment of departure having arrived, we attempted to harness them afresh, but unsuccessfully, for they began wildly to leap the fence and run away from us. Fortunately one of our soldiers arrived driving nine mules, which had strayed the previous evening in the valley of *Collón-curá*. With his help we were able to reduce the rebels to order and continue our journey.

The impetuous river, whose name means Hawks River was forded with difficulty; the Bishop's docile steed being small and the water deep they both had a bath and came out dripping. A few miles further on we found another river and here in mid-channel the mules took fright and the cart was caught in the rocks. It

was eight o'clock at night and the soldiers in the darkness were obliged to go into the water, in order to rescue the mules, the cart and the baggage.

We continued our way guided by our Missionary Fr. Genghini, who had come to meet us from *Junin*. We encountered many dangers in the narrow paths, and amidst ditches hidden by the vegetation; we shall not soon forget the rough shaking, which nearly dislocated our tired limbs. At last we reached the longed-for goal, *Junin de los Andes*; thus after fifty days of laborious journeyings, almost 400 miles from *Chos-Malal* we returned safe and sound to our Mission house. It was quite a pleasure to be among our own once more.

The following morning in our College Chapel a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving. There was a large congregation present, besides our boys and the boarders from the Convent of Our Lady Help of Christians. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament preceded by a short and stirring discourse from His Lordship, sweetened all past sufferings and filled us with fresh courage to undertake further labours for the glory of God and the good of souls.

(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, 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 feast of St. Francis at Battersea. Visit of His Grace, Archbishop Bourne.

The feast of St. Francis of Sales, our patron, was kept at the Salesian House in London, on the Sunday following the feast. A novena in preparation for it had been observed, and the solemn services of the day were enhanced by the taste and skill displayed in the decoration of the altars, including a special one to St. Francis, and the eminently successful rendering of music becoming the patronal feast.

It is usual, on the morning of this Sunday, for the preacher to make an appeal for the support of the parish schools. The need of catholic teaching for the young, the dangers to which they will afterwards be exposed, especially in a vast city like London, and the provision of the means to combat these difficulties were dwelt on by the preacher. Hence followed the reason of the appeal, the drawbacks against which the Catholics have to contend, to secure schools in which the Faith can be taught, and in which the young generation may grow up in a Catholic atmosphere: hence also, not only the merit, but the necessity of enabling the managers, by generous offerings, to supply efficient schools.

The life and example of St. Francis were the subject of the evening's discourse. The picture of the Saint's unwearying toil in God's service and of the meekness which tempered the thousand difficult episodes of his life, was well calculated to make the recurrence of the Saint's feast, an opportunity of commencing to acquire that gentle spirit, which Our Divine Lord exhibited, and which He held out for an example to all faithful christians.

* * *

While His Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster

was in possession of the See of Southwark, to which diocese all South London belongs, he had frequently spent this, his own feast-day, with the Sons of Don Bosco and their pupils at Battersea.

His removal to the arch-diocese, and the unceasing calls on the time of one in such a responsible position, rendered it impossible for him to repeat his visit this year. But he would not entirely let the feast slip by. Towards evening a carriage rolled up to the House, and to the surprise of all, the arrival of His Grace Archbishop Bourne was announced. Surprise was soon turned into pleasure at the thoughtful condescension of the Archbishop. He stayed a short time and spoke to the Boys of the College, expressing his regret that he was now removed from their midst, and could not spend the day with them; but if it was not too late, he wished them a happy feast, and the blessing of St. Francis de Sales. All kneeling received his blessing, and amid acclamations his visit ended.

His presence gave an additional source of joy to this glad feast-day, and will be another pleasant recollection of the kindness and benevolence of His Grace, the Archbishop of Westminster, who recalls in his deeds and manner the zeal and charity of his Patron.



In preparation for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

We have already seen that His Holiness Pius X. determined to carry out the designs of his venerated predecessor, with regard to the celebrations of the jubilee of the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The Holy Father has expressed his wish, that special services may be held on the 8th of every month during this year,

in honour of Our Lady; and when possible to have on those days the votive Mass of the Immaculate Conception.

His Holiness has since, by a special brief, attached special indulgences to these services on the 8th of the month, and to pilgrimages that may be made to Rome during this jubilee year.

The indulgences granted are :

1st. The faithful of both sexes, who shall assist regularly at the special services, may gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines. To those who shall attend at least three times during the year, and approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, with prayers for concord among christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of the church, the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to be gained once during the year.

This plenary indulgence is granted likewise to all those, who either by themselves or in company, shall go on pilgrimage to Rome, approach the Holy Sacraments and visit the Vatican.

These indulgences are all applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

A pious lady of Turin has organised an international pilgrimage for the children of Mary. Her undertaking and zeal have won the blessing of the Holy Father in these words :

„We praise the zeal and enterprise of Lady Mazedela Roche, who has invited all those in the sodality of the children of Mary, to visit this Alma Mater, in the jubilee year of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. We hope that great numbers will respond to her invitation, and we impart to all the sodality, throughout the world, the Apostolic Benediction.

PIUS PP. X.

The Vatican

Oct. 1903.

Rome. A new Festive Oratory.

The Salesian House at Rome attached to the Church of the Sacred Heart, which was built by Don Bosco himself, has long been doing excellent work among the younger generations of the Holy City. Its Festive Oratory is largely attended, and a very prosperous club, for young men of the city and past students, has achieved splendid results. Many of the pilgrims to the eternal city pay a visit to the Institute, and have witnessed

the dramatic performances given in the spaces of the theatre of the College.

The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians have lately opened a Festive Oratory for girls in another part of Rome. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar was present at the opening, and had words of encouragement and praise for the zeal of the sisters among the girls, who are exposed to so many dangers, and whose influence is afterwards so powerful for good or evil. The energetic Fr. Bonafede, in whose parish the new Oratory is situated, accompanied the Cardinal. His efforts deserve the good that the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians will surely achieve among the young children of his parish. The pupils gave a musical entertainment in honour of His Eminence the Cardinal and the distinguished visitors who accompanied him.



A Foundation at Constantinople.

Turning to the East, from which we so often hear the cry of misrule and distress, it is evident that the Sons of Don Bosco find many needs to be supplied, and that their holy founder's mission is becoming every day more unmistakable as providing for the needs of his own and the coming age.

The good work being done in several districts in Palestine are fresh in our memories, after the recent loss of their founder, the saintly Canon Belloni. Two Houses have lately been opened in Smyrna (Asia Minor), and the capital and centre of Turkish rule, Constantinople, has now also received a community of Salesians. The Provincial of the Eastern province, just before the close of last year, was welcomed in that city by the Most Rev. Mgr. Bonelli, Vicar Apostolic and Delegate of the Holy See at Constantinople, and stayed for some days with the Dominican Fathers.

The house was next to be sought for, but the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians soon found one. A very suitable place was obtained not far from the cathedral, and on the advice of the Vicar Apostolic it was rented at once. The furniture was not long in coming and arrangements were made to accommodate about fifty pupils. There is plenty of scope for charity in such centres, and Divine Providence seems to have destined this house to do a great work in that eastern land.



GRACES AND FAVOURS OBTAINED

through the intercession of

MARY HELP of CHRISTIANS

Thurles (IRELAND).—Last year I sent two names to be placed on the altar of Mary Help of Christians, on the feast of her Coronation at Turin. They were the names of two poor sinners, whose conversion was ardently sought. One of them was taken ill a few months later, and just three days before his death, asked to see the priest and received the Sacraments most fervently. He died in holy dispositions full of confidence in God and Our Lady. I promised to have this grace published in the *Bulletin*.

The other person whose name was sent is in very difficult circumstances and in ill health. There is great danger of his dying without the priest for those around him will not hear of the approach of the minister of God. I would ask your prayers that he also may obtain the grace of a happy death.

While making a novena about this time last year, we obtained the settlement of a lawsuit. May I ask the prayers of your children for the favourable issue of another question which has arisen in connection with it. The claimant has made the formal promise of an offering, which Don Bosco used to recommend along with the novena.

Sister M. G.
Salesian Co-operator.

Feb. 1904.

Belfast (IRELAND).—I enclose an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving for many favours received. A novena had been made to Our Lady Help of Christians and a promise of publication in the *Salesian Bulletin*. I would ask your prayers for other special intentions.

S. W.

Feb. 1904.

Verona (ITALY).—I had been taking part in some manoeuvres at Venice, where I was stationed for my military service, attached to the cyclist corps. I was riding back at a rapid rate, with the rifle strapped behind my shoulders. At one part of the road an artillery waggon was passing a house leaving a narrow path for a cyclist to slip through. I was perfectly at home on the cycle and rode unthinkingly up. But unfortunately the gate of the house was partly opened and my rifle caught in it. I was thrown under the horses and the waggon wheels smashed the bicycle up. At that moment I remembered it was the feast of Our Lady's Nativity and my thoughts at once rose in intercession to the Help of Christians. The horses and waggon passed on and I arose unhurt. I shall never forget the relief I felt at that moment and even now I never think of that danger without a feeling of dread and prayer of gratitude to Our Lady Help of Christians.

E. M.

September, 1903.

Autun (FRANCE).—For a long time we had offered up prayers to obtain a great spiritual favour. The difficulties that stood in the way seemed insurmountable, and we had more than once given up hope of obtaining the grace. But on reading in the *Bulletin* of the feasts of the Coronation of Our Lady Help of Christians, our hopes revived, and we turned confidently to her powerful aid. We were answered in a most wonderful way; all obstacles were quickly removed and we obtained a greater grace than we had dared hope for. We would offer public thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians by means of the *Salesian Bulletin*.

F. G. M.

November, 1903

Genoa (ITALY).—A relation of mine fell dangerously ill. While in the most critical phase of the illness, when the doctor had lost hope, and all waited from one moment to the next, awaiting her last breath, I recommended her to Our Lady Help of Christians, promis-

Arroyo Seco, Argentina (SOUTH AMERICA).—Mr. Timothy Shanahan wishes to acknowledge his gratitude for a favour obtained through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians, and sends fifteen dollars in aid of the Works of Don Bosco.



Iron Bridge over River Neuquen and the *Tobas*.

ing to send an offering to her Sanctuary. Almost at that very moment a change set in. The doctor called the next day expecting to hear the confirmation of his fears, but found her well. "This is very strange," he said in great astonishment. Yes, indeed, strange things that only Our Lady can bring about. I send an offering in fulfilment of my promise.

C. O.
(Salesian Co-operator).

September, 1903.

Southport (ENGLAND).—I have much pleasure in sending ten shillings as a thank-offering for a spiritual favour received through Our Lady Help of Christians.

Anonymous.

Ushwaia (TIERRA DEL FUEGO).—A woman residing in the chief town of Tierra del Fuego was troubled constantly for some

months by an infirmity which threatened to become incurable and fatal. As any kind of occupation was out of the question, she and her family were soon at a loss what to do, when they determined to commence a fervent novena to Our Lady Help of Christians, sending also an offering to Valdocco. Before the novena was near its end the patient was much better and on the way to gaining perfect health. Some months have now elapsed and no signs of the former illness have made their appearance. Most grateful to our bountiful protectress she now sends another offering to Our Lady's Sanctuary.

Rev. G. BEAUVOIR
(Salesian Missionary).

July, 1903.

Portumna (IRELAND).—Kindly have the holy Mass offered in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving for favours received through her, and pray for a very special intention of ours. Two shillings and sixpence enclosed.

"A Client of Mary."

December 4th, 1903.

Co. Sligo (IRELAND).—Please find enclosed small offering in thanksgiving for a favour received, I would feel thankful for a few medals of Mary Help of Christians.

M. G.

December 6th, 1903.

Strassburg (GERMANY).—I send you this little sum of ten shillings as a thanksgiving offering for graces received and in order to obtain new favours from Our Lady Help of Christians.

J. O.

December 10th, 1903.

Belfast (IRELAND).—In fulfilment of a promise made, I wish to acknowledge in *Salesian Bulletin* a great favour received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and St. Anthony. I enclose a small offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving.

ANONYMOUS.

January 20th, 1904.

Connaught (IRELAND).—Enclosed please find thankoffering for favour received through Mary Help of Christians.

P. McD.

January 26th, 1904.

Belfast (IRELAND).—I have obtained many favours through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians, and would ask you to make an acknowledgment in the *Salesian Bulletin*. In fulfilment of a promise I also enclose a thank-offering and beg you to have a Mass celebrated in her honour for my intentions.

J. R.

Jan. 1904.

Sligo (IRELAND).—It is with a heart full of gratitude that I write you to be so good as to express publicly in the *Salesian Bulletin* my grateful feelings towards Our Lady Help of Christians. I asked a request, which she granted, and promised an alms to have Mass celebrated in her honour.

N. A. H.

November 21st, 1903.

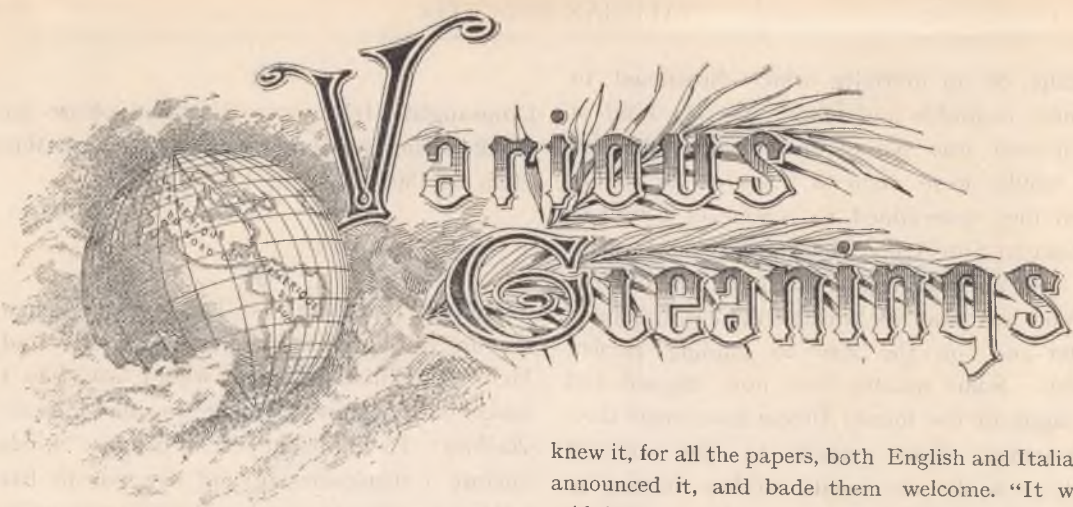
Wimbledon (ENGLAND).—Thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for a measure of relief, after many prayers and promise of publication. Further help still urgently needed, and publication and Novena of Masses promised, if granted (three Novenas of Masses, if the whole of the needed relief comes swiftly).

T. R.

October 29th, 1903.

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.





Various Cleanings

Malta. The newly opened Institute.

The Very Rev. Fr. O' Grady, Superior of the Salesian House at Malta, gives us some very interesting details of the Institute, that has at last been opened in that island.

In the jubilee year of the late Queen Victoria, Mr. Alfonso Galea one of our most distinguished benefactors and Maltese Co-operators, approached the British Government with a view to the opening of a Salesian House, as a record of the unique event, and a memorial to the Empress-Queen. It was intended to serve as a school for boys who needed government supervision, and were too young to be dealt with by the laws which treated cases of those who were grown up.

The Governor of the Island not only regarded the scheme very favourably, but offered a goodly site for the erection of the Institute and £1000 towards the cost. A generous benefactress added another £1000 at the same time. The Matter however got thus far, and little else was done. Five years passed, and then in a most appropriate position of the rising town of *La Sliema*, Mgr Ferrugia, the diocesan director of the Maltese Co-operators, blessed the foundation stone, acting in the stead of His Grace the Archbishop of Malta. A large gathering attended, showing how well the Institute was supported, and how eagerly the opening was awaited. His Excellency the Governor with his aide-de-camp and the chief magistrates of Malta were the principal visitors. The Maltese have now at last gained their two desires. It took five years to obtain them, but now the Institute is completed and the Salesians have arrived.

They had a most welcome reception not only from the Co-operators, but from all the citizens. They had hardly landed, when the whole island

knew it, for all the papers, both English and Italian, announced it, and bade them welcome. "It was midnight on Nov. 2nd when we arrived." Fr. O'Grady says, "and early next morning, after Holy Mass in a little chapel near the House, a visitor appeared.

It was none other than Mr Alfonso Galea himself, the initiator of the whole movement. With true christian forethought, he had arranged for us at his own house, where we remained for a few days, as our own Institute was not quite in order. He presented us to many of the Co-operators, among them His Grace Archbishop Pace, who received us most heartily and gave us every encouragement, and Mgr. Ferrugia who treated us as though we were old friends. We visited the lady who had so generously helped the commencement of the building; she was overjoyed to see us established at last in our new home. He presented us also to Dr. Paul De-Bono one of His Majesty's judges and an excellent Co-operator. It is no exaggeration for me to say that I was quite surprised to find so many Salesian Co-operators in a place where no House of Don Bosco yet existed. Many houses had the large photo of Don Bosco in the place of honour, and near it that of Don Rua. The work cannot but prosper with so many friends.

The school itself, of spacious build, splendidly arranged with large halls and broad corridors shows that the erection was placed in the hands of a skilful architect. Up to the present, forty boys have been received, but if the number of those, for whom it was originally intended, does not increase, a part will be kept for a school of Arts and Trades. The Governor of the Island has the best disposition towards us, and we cannot but thank God for commencing our work under such happy auspices.

One of the local papers also gives a pleasing account of a very successful concert given by the friends of the Institute. The sounds of the band

drew a large audience, who thought that the Solemn Opening of the House, which is shortly to be held, was about to take place then. But when it does, I will not fail to give a notice of it to the readers of the *Bulletin* as it will be a pleasing duty of gratitude to the Co-operators of this important British Possession.



ECUADOR

From the Pacific to the forest of the Amazon.

(By Fr. Tallacchini Salesian Missionary)

(Continued)

Coyagchi.

We soon reached an open space with two huts, one of which had some pretensions to be called a house, made of rough tree-trunks badly joined, and covered with thatch. On one side beans and potatoes were growing, a little further was a meadow,—then the wood through which we caught glimpses of other huts. On the right was a deep valley, clothed with dense forest. Such was Coyagchi.

From the first of the two habitations, accompanied by the barking of dogs, came forth a child about eight years old, with dirty face and tangled hair, in a garment which had once been white; and following him a young Indian about twenty years of age, of idiotic appearance, and disfigured by a wen on the neck. They re-entered the hut and soon re-appeared with a woman who was busy preparing Indian corn. She stared at us with surprise but with a look of intelligence, and leaving her sieve she hastened to call the owners of the other house.

These were a young married couple who at once invited us to dismount.

This is just what we were wishing for; “could you also kindly give us a monthful to eat,” we rejoined.

“Certainly, with great pleasure.”

Then the wife fetched her best coverlets and spread them on the bench under a low shed so that His Lordship might rest there.

“Many thanks, but do not take so much trouble as we cannot remain long. We will just take a little food and continue our journey.”

These good people looked surprised and disappointed; and the woman of the sieve replied:

“But in that case we can give you nothing. Here there is no food and we must go some distance to procure it. You must wait a couple of hours.”

“Then we must continue our journey. Many thanks.”

“And where are you going?” asked the husband,

“We should reach Cañar to-day.”

“You will not reach Cañar before to-morrow, travelling all right. And by such roads!... May God preserve you from accidents.”

“What place then could we reach to-day?”

“What place!... Why, this is the only place, Reverend Fathers. It would take you seven hours to reach another house. Darkness would overtake you in the forest or on the mountain side, where you would be frozen with cold. It would be most imprudent to continue your journey. Be persuaded by me, stay here, though the house be unworthy to shelter a Bishop. We will give you all we have. You shall sleep in a bed and we on the floor.”

“Yes, yes,” added his wife. “Do you not see the thick fog which resembles smoke from the lower regions? It will be bitterly cold to night.”

It was only too true that darkness was setting in, increased by the damp vapours which enclosed us on all sides.

Disappointed and disheartened we unsaddled our horses whilst the good women ran hither and thither to prepare our food.

“See if the hens have laid any eggs. But they are all sitting, poor things. Wring that young cock’s neck. Boil some water.”

“Listen, good people,” we interposed, “if you have nothing else, there are some fine beans; we will boil them. And the potatoes! They will taste like manna. In any case we can gather some green stuff for a salad.”

“Have patience, Your Reverence. Nothing will be wanting.”

“But in the meanwhile have you nothing to stay our hunger. Perhaps there is a spoonful of soup or some boiled maize?”

“Yes, there is a little *mote* left, but it is cold.”

“Never mind; we will warm it up.”

And without more ado, I took a basket in which was left some of that corn which is used

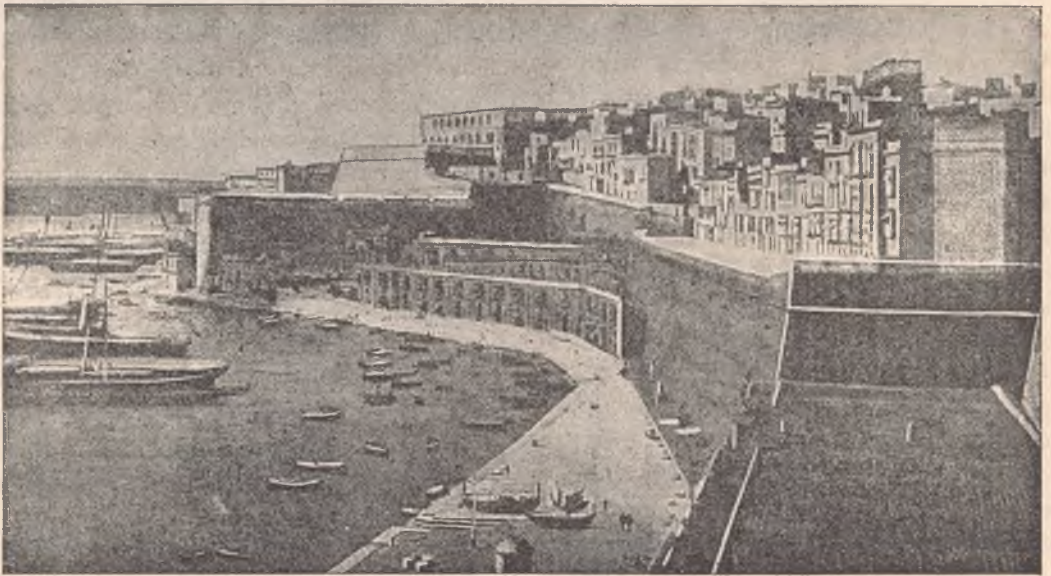
here as a kind of porridge and devoured several handfuls. Monsignor would also try it, but three mouthfuls were enough.

The recitation of the Breviary and a little instruction to these good people shortened the four long hours of cold and waiting for our meal. The table was quickly laid and the supper soon despatched.

The evening was closing in. We must arrange for the morrow. Our muleteer had not appeared. Was he alive or dead? And what would become of our baggage and the portable altar?

The dawn roused us not from sleep, but from the piercing cold of the night to contemplate a scene of surpassing grandeur. The valley has become a sea of mist where the thunder rolls and the lightning flashes beneath our feet. But in the sky above, cleared by the cold breeze, twinkle numerous brilliant stars. The moon, in the west, sheds her last rays of silvery light over the forest whilst the orb of day announces his coming by the golden, purple and pearly tints spreading over the eastern sky.

About a hundred persons, gathered together



General View of Valetta (Malta).

The future is in the hands of Providence. Meanwhile we get ready a little altar outside. Linen, silk, hangings, lamps and candles cannot be expected in the forest where the majesty of God shines in all its splendour. We go to the woods, groping in the dusky fog and bring back branches of the most beautiful trees and bunches of lovely flowers. The altar is ready, surrounded by the green walls of foliage and roofed with the sky which we trust will remain clear; the thunder of the torrents will be our organ, the birds the singers.

In the silence of the forest we recited the Rosary, saluting the Queen of Heaven in the words of the Angel, we sang the *Ave Maris Stella* and then retired to seek some rest.

from the neighbourhood are seated on the grass in little groups, waiting for the hour to hear Mass and to have their babies christened. But our guide has not come. It is already seven o'clock and we must continue our journey. His Lordship says a few words to the people exhorting them to lead a good Christian life.

We are about to set out when at the edge of the forest is seen the much desired apparition—the *arriero* with the baggage, mule and the altar. Mass is said, Baptism is administered and with a promise of returning and spending more time with these poor souls, we take leave of our hosts who will take nothing in return for their hospitality except a blessing.

On the Azuay.

Through water and mud, up and down rocky heights, through woods and meadows the road did not improve. We admired, however, the great variety of trees and the numbers of beautiful flowers, which elsewhere are carefully cultivated for the adornment of parks and royal gardens.

The sun was already declining when a fresh ascent took us little out of the forest to the heights of Azuáy, crossing thus the first great chain of the Andes.

Once more stunted shrubs and barren rocks, once more a piercing and icy wind from the snowy slopes tempered, however, by the rays of the tropical sun. By degrees both flowers and shrubs vanished: the slopes and summits, whose rocky and forbidding peaks we skirted, were covered with dry grass, fine and light, which undulated with the wind. Around the rocky heights above wheeled hundreds of vultures, seeking with hungry eyes for some stray sheep, calf or dog wandering below. Sometimes, pressed by hunger, they attack even man who has much difficulty in warding off their assaults and tries to hide in the dry grass, where these savage birds may not find him as they are unwilling to alight on the ground.

It was near sunset and we began to feel the pangs of hunger. But where can we find a house? Our companion Marquez had assured us that as soon as we crossed the great mountain chain, that is to say, after a short march, we should find ourselves at Tambo, or at the gates of Cañar, as easily as waking from sleep or drinking a glass of water. Thus the labours of Hercules would soon be ended, His Lordship, taking courage, sent me on to seek for an inn, so as not to lose time waiting for dinner.

Spurring my horse it flew along the path over the last ridge, thus avoiding the danger of being blown over by the stormy wind. After a good hour's ride I beheld suddenly at my feet a deep valley. It was covered, not with forests, but with fields and meadows which gladdened my eyes with a thousand tints from the most sombre green to the brightest yellow. It seemed as if I had passed by enchantment into another

world. The immense depth of the valley recalled to my mind Dante's profound abysses.

There, hidden in the recesses, on the banks of the river Cañar, live the ancient and wealthy Cañari.

This is the lofty plateau we shall traverse in two days, in order to cross the Eastern chain of the Andes, which shuts it in on the other side. This plain is intersected by ranges of low hills. We see in front of us seated as a queen on a gentle slope, the ancient city, the seat of the Inca King Guascar, when he was contending for the kingdom of Quito with his brother Atahualpa who was already master of Cuzco and Caiamarca. Further off on the hill slopes the villages of Biblian and Délej; further still surrounded by hills the city of Azogues, built on veins of mercury, whence its name; and lastly the celebrated Cuenca, which derives its name from its resemblance to a shell. Scattered amongst precipices, hills and slopes are to be seen villages, farms and cottages, sometimes shaded by rows of *eucaliptus*.

In looking down the steep descent, I experienced the same sensation as in descending from the towers of our largest churches. To avoid a fall and to counteract the stiffness of my joints I clung to the reins of my beast and allowed myself to slide down the slope, whilst the animal not relishing this method of progression, held back. I reached the valley in safety. Seeing many cottages scattered amongst the corn fields I hoped I had found Jambo, but a secret presentiment warned me that this was an illusion.

What a disappointment!—The bearing of the Indians towards non-catholic missionaries—The meeting.

A number of Indians were travelling in an opposite direction; the women were enveloped in many robes and bright-coloured mantles of coarse wool woven by themselves, the men wearing trousers of the same material, or of sheepskin and jacket of the same. Over this some wore the characteristic *poncho*, a piece of cloth with a hole in the middle, through which the head is passed. With long dishevelled hair, faces burnt with sun and wind, they walked quickly as is

their custom bending forward and breathing hard.

Seeing me they took off their hats, made the Sign of the Cross and repeated several times "Praise to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar," and then walked on. But wishing to learn where I was I shouted at them all the questions I knew in their dialect.

"Which is the way to Tambo?"

"This way."

"Where is it?"

"Close by Father."

To all I put several questions, enquiring the distance from Tambo, all answering "Very near."

Meanwhile I had been walking for half an hour in the valley; I had passed many huts and had questioned more than thirty Indians, and still there was no sign of Tambo. I had now almost reached the last of the little houses scattered amongst the fields. I entered one of these, where, in the courtyard, two Indians were seated silently, one behind the other on the ground. The first was preparing Indian corn; the second was diligently engaged in hair dressing, which was also the occupation of a third Indian, surrounded by three children lying on the ground. The scratching and clucking of a few hens alternated with the grunting of two pigs.

On seeing me the Indians stopped a moment and then resumed their occupation.

"Shall I soon reach Tambo?" I demanded, showing that I expected an immediate and correct reply.

"It is a long way off" replied the Indian in a drawling voice and without ceasing his work. I stood aghast for some moments.

"Have you some bread?" "No!"

"Have you fowls?" "No."

"Have you any butter or sugar?" "No! No!"

"Have you eggs?" "No! No! No!"

This was simple waste of time. I gave out a little picture to each, and tried one more question.

"Have you any milk?" "Yes, yes Father, plenty."

"Very good" I replied. "The Bishop will pass by here shortly. You will give him a glass of milk, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, Bread, sugar, eggs, he shall have all."

The poor man had not guessed that I was a priest, and so at first had nothing to give. When he saw who I was, he would have given me all he had.

I urged on my horse, and was soon again out in the desert country. New hills which I had to climb intercepted any distant view. Which way should I take? I hesitated and yet I had no time to lose.



The Cathedral at Valetta (Malta).

After two hours riding I saw a little church and a house. This must surely be Tambo. On arriving I went at once to the priest's house and found him at supper.

"Good evening! I am a Salesian and Mgr. Costamagna, who is on his way to *Canar*, is following me, and would be glad of some refreshment in your house.

"I shall be delighted!" said the priest laying down his spoon.

"Thank you. We are in great haste, for Fr. Albera, our visitor.....

"Where did you meet Fr. Albera?"

"We have not met him; but we hope to find him at Cuenca."

"How is that. Fr. Albera with his secretary and Fr. Mattana left this morning on their way to Riobamba. By the same road you have taken."

"Is it possible! And yet we did not meet! Could we let him know in any way?"

"Yes, wait a moment."

The good priest soon came back with two men, one of whom would ride after Fr. Albera and overtake him in three hours. I wrote a note and gave it to him saying, "Take it quickly, you will be well paid. Be sure to find the Bishop and give it to him."

Before I had finished speaking a mule-driver ran in, saying "Quick Father, go to *Canar*, for the Bishop is very tired and has gone by a shorter road. I took back the note, jumped into the saddle and was soon at *Canar*."

The sun was setting behind the western heights and as its dying rays faded in the shadows of the Sombre valley, our hopes seemed to die within us.

At Cañar every one regarded me with suspicion. The women crowded to the doors and then withdrew as if frightened. The men showed symptoms of dislike. They whispered together and formed groups at the corners, watching my further progress.

"Where does the parish priest live?" I enquired of some boys.

They showed me a flight of steps, beside the Church leading to a large door.

I jumped off my horse, went up the steps, entered the house and walked into the first room I found open.

The parish priest was just finishing his coffee. He was surprised to see me and rising came diffidently to meet me with his assistant, but his manner grew cordial as soon as he saw I was a priest.

"So, Your Reverence, Mgr Costamagna has not yet arrived?"

"Mgr. Costamagna! Perhaps you mean Fr. Albera."

"Certainly not. His Lordship will be here immediately. He is following me."

"But why did you not give us notice? Make haste. Saddle the horse. Prepare another supper. Give me my hat. And you, Father, put on this straw hat and take off your English head

gear which makes you resemble a Protestant clergyman. It is a wonder you were not stoned."

"Ah! I see, that was what they would like to have done."

"No doubt. We have been expecting some *evangelical* preachers sent by the Liberals. The people are angry and have something unpleasant in store for them.

"Indeed! but I am a friend. What a lucky escape I have had."

Meanwhile we had both mounted our steeds. Going forth through the village the inhabitants looked more amiable, seeing me in company with their parish priest and wearing another hat.

"See," I said to some of them, "I am not a wolf after all. In fact I am bringing you the Shepherd. In a few minutes the Bishop, who is a kind father to you all, will arrive."

The word *Bishop* passed from mouth to mouth, from house to house, from one street to another. Men and women crowded to the doors, from all sides the people and the children hurried to meet their unexpected Pastor.

"But, Surely" I said, "your face is familiar. Where have we met?... Ah! now I remember, at Callao, about five months ago, on board the steamer when you and Canon Campuzano were returning from exile. We then exchanged greetings. Who would have thought that so soon...? But, are you not Father Ordoriez, of the Oblates of Cuenca?"

"Yes, you are quite right.

"And what of Canon Campuzano that noble victim of masonic hatred, the first to suffer exile and the last to return? Has he found peace amongst his own, after being despoiled, persecuted and calumniated?"

"Yes, he has found peace,"—answered the priest, looking up to heaven and then bowing his head: "He is at rest."

"Is he dead?"

"He died a few days after reaching his beloved Quito."

"God rest his soul! He seemed to have a presentiment of his end, for when some on board were flattering him with the prospect of a mitre, he replied, no, no, it is too late. I go to lay my

bones in my native land! Let us remember and pray for him."

—This is just the hour which reminds us of the dead and more especially of him. He was still young and full of vigour when one evening at Quito as twilight was fading on the lofty Pichincha, and darkness closing in over the ancient city, he was taking leave of three of his dearest friends: adieu, he said, one day there will be an evening which will know no morning. Where

—"I bid your Lordship welcome; *Benedictus qui venit*" exclaimed the parish priest, whilst in the twinkling of an eye he was off his horse and had kissed the Bishop's ring.

—"Your Lordship must take my horse" he continued.

"It is, only a few more steps....But why did you come without notice? Had we known only one day in advance we could have received you befittingly... But so it is... *in the hour you least*



School of Instrumental Music of the Lepers at Agua de Dios (Colombia).

shall we be in a few years? My friends, let us make a promise; whenever we see the sun set let us remember our absent friends; let us remember the dead."

The Curate was silent; then he added: "Yes, let us remember him. *Lux perpetua luceat ei.*"

—"Yes, Father, but let us not forget the living. The twilight is nearly ended and there is yet no sign of the Bishop. Perhaps they have lost their way... But.—Look at those two shadows. Yes, there they are. Poor Monsignor! He is exhausted with the journey and with hunger. His horse even, can go no further."

expect it. Anyhow we are not to blame if nothing is ready."

The streets and square were filled with a kneeling crowd who, in the dust, tried to recognize the Bishop and begged his blessing. On all sides we heard constantly repeated "*Praised be Jesus and Mary. Blessed be the Most Holy Sacrament.*" The bells rang the Angelus. Twilight had faded into night.

(To be continued).



A Son of Don Bosco.

1850 — 1895

LIFE OF MONSIGNOR LASAGNA, Salesian Missionary, Titular Bishop of Tripoli.

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued)

No more gratifying message than this could have reached the Missionaries, nor could a more coveted reward have been given to them. To all, but especially to Father Lasagna, this condescension of the Pope, brought fresh strength to battle bravely and to cultivate with ever-increasing energy the portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to them.

In this letter the Holy Father referred in general to all the Salesian Institutions in South America. Another document, however, soon followed bearing in a particular manner on the College of Pius IX. and on all other enterprises which had originated from there; it was due to the fact that the Vicar General of Montevideo, Mgr. Innocent Ieregui, who had gone to Rome, had thought it his duty to lay before the Holy Father by means of an apposite memorial, the great benefits accruing to the Republic of Uruguay by the work of the Sons of Don Bosco, and especially, by the College of Villa Colon.

But, Mgr. Ieregui added, it is not enough to have supplied to many families the means of giving their children a christian education, it is of absolute necessity that they should also make provision for poor and abandoned youth by establishing an Institute of Arts and Trades in the Capital.

He, accordingly, besought the Pontiff most earnestly to use his influence with Don Bosco, and to prevail upon him and Father Lasagna to erect as soon as possible, with the help of charitable benefactors, an Institute for the purpose of giving poor and destitute boys the means of earning an honest living.

The prayers of the Vicar General had the

desired effect. A few days afterwards, Don Bosco received from Rome a letter in which Leo XIII. urged him to supply a crying want at Montevideo—schools and workshops for poor and abandoned boys.

Nothing further was needed to induce Don Bosco to set to work. He wrote at once to Fr. Lasagna telling him to look for a suitable place and seek for means to found a home for youthful artisans. On his part he assured him that, although unable to promise funds, he would send him the craft-masters and assistants required, as soon as the building was ready. Fr. Lasagna's cares and labours were thus considerably increased: he, however, cheerfully submitted to them, never doubting that Divine Providence would not fail to assist him in carrying on a work enjoined on him by Christ's Representative on earth.

Besides, at this very time he had to accept his appointment as parish priest of Las Piedras, where he was also to prepare a home for the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians who were about to arrive from Italy, for the purpose of opening there a school for girls. To form an idea of the tangle of thorny matters that fell to his lot to settle, it is well to mention what it cost him to secure the existence of the Institute of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians at Villa Colon, whose work there was on the point of being discontinued in 1878, 1879, on account of unfavourable circumstances,

The modest dwelling assigned to them, besides being insufficient for the great number of girls that attended the schools and the Festive Oratory, was threatened with ruin owing to faulty construction.

CHAPTER XX.

The parish at "Las Piedras"—Cultivating vocations.—The zeal of the Missionary—At the deathbed of a confrère—Hopes realised.

Although his whole time was taken up with so many and so various duties, Fr. Lasagna

felt that the responsibility he had undertaken with the appointment of parish-priest at *Las Piedras*, was more serious than that of his former occupations. All the spare time he could find he spent there, advising and encouraging the priests working with him, and taking great interest in the schools opened by the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians. Not content with this constant care, he resolved to give, in August 1879, a solemn Mission, to arouse those among his parishioners, who had grown careless and indifferent in their religious duties. To make it more effective he besought His Lordship Mgr. Vera to come himself to speak the words of eternal life to his flock, and also invited his own confrère Father J. Costamagna who was even then well known as a preacher. On his own part he diligently prepared his parishioners, so that divine grace might find willing hearts, and they were not backward in corresponding with his efforts.

The good bishop Mgr. Vera was received with every mark of respect by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities and by all the people; it was naturally a great consolation to him to see the numbers that listened to the divine word and approached the Holy Table. Many of the lost sheep of the gospel returned to the fold. The preachers and confessors had a busy time during that mission, but the results were consoling in proportion. Fr. Lasagna especially felt that his efforts had been blessed by God.

Following in Don Bosco's footsteps Fr. Lasagna took every means to preserve those, whom he thought to be called to a higher state of perfection, from the dangers of the world. He not only sought to lead them on in the way of virtue, but strove to place them while yet young, in those fragrant gardens where the Sacred Heart loves to dwell—the religious congregations. To his intelligent and watchful care many young girls owed their religious vocations, and became indeed spouses of Christ in different religious communities, especially among the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians.

From these labours we can imagine the care he bestowed on the ecclesiastical and religious vocations of his boys; but here as well, his energy and devotedness met with correspondence and most successful results. The proof of this may be seen in the fact, that before long a novitiate was opened at *Las Piedras*, which afterwards gave many zealous and capable priests to the provinces of Uruguay, Argentine and Patagonia. Don Bosco was especially pleased with this good work, and often spoke in terms of praise of Fr. Lasagna for his care in cultivating vocations.

Another noteworthy point is, that neither the multitude of his engagements, nor disappointments, nor his continual sufferings, however much they might weaken his strength, could in the least diminish his enthusiasm; on the contrary, the more he saw of the pitiable state of souls, the more he was inflamed with holy zeal.

It is plainly evident in his writings, for when announcing the death of one of the religious, Sister Virginia Magone, on the 3rd of April 1880, he said: "But this is surely no time to dwell on the last agony and on death, while every spark of life and vigour is needed, in the immense field of labour God has placed us in. The spiritual wants of these countries are so great, that however much we strive to meet every call, and give a helping hand to every one in need, we have still to witness with pain so much left under the sway of Satan, who works great havoc among all classes and in every part. It grieves one most of all, to see how many poor children fall into the hands of those, who lead them into ruin and perdition. This is brought about chiefly through the different sects, who having succeeded in securing control of the education, have brought in such systems of materialism, that it almost makes one shudder to see the young, learning from their teachers shameful maxims, and discussing most dangerous topics under the plea of promoting science and progress."

In the same letter we see how it was, that he was such an earnest advocate of the christian education of girls as well as boys. "Not even the girls" he says are spared in these schools, but are placed in the greatest danger of losing their innocence. It must surely be a source of anguish to the Sacred Heart, to see these pure souls robbed of divine grace, and we are led to admire the zeal and charity of Don Bosco the more, at seeing the numbers of his Sons and Daughters, whom he sends forth to combat the emissaries of Satan, and win these souls for Paradise; and this especially when one considers the sacrifices, labours and expense that such an undertaking costs.

The storm that threatened to burst around him at any moment, had no power to daunt his courage: for having referred to the evil worked by the daily papers he adds: The College of Pius IX. is too important not to receive the first and hardest attacks of an enemy, as fierce and cunning as is the great enemy of souls. Most of the journals heap upon us the worst of their revilings: the sectaries have their snares laid for us on every side: but as yet their efforts have been of no avail. In spite of the legions of Satan's ministers, the College prospers, and the kingdom of Jesus Christ is daily extending. In three years five houses have been opened, five centres around which Our Lord sees His worshippers gather in ever increasing numbers.

(To be continued).

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO—Salesian Press, Turin, 1904

THE "SALESIAN BULLETIN"

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

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

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Subscription - 10s. a year throughout South Africa, 12s. a year to countries within the Postal Union; single copies 1s. each.

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