



Salesian Bulletin

No. 27 — MARCH — 1905

Vol. IV.

*Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem:
in die mala liberabit eum Dominus. [Ps. XL.]*

L. J. D. S. M. =

DA MIHI



ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

FOUNDED IN FAVOUR OF

THE ORATORY OF THE SACRED HEART

AT THE CASTRO PRETORIO IN ROME

TO WHICH IS ATTACHED THE CELEBRATION OF

SIX MASSES DAILY IN PERPETUITY

offered for the intentions of those who make a single contribution
OF ONE SHILLING

ADVANTAGES.

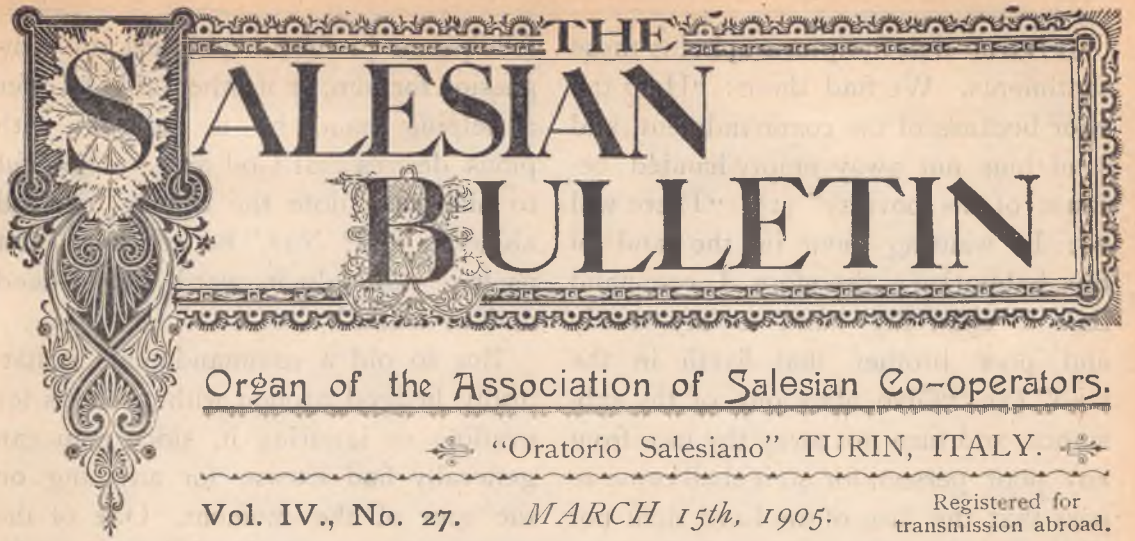
1. During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and Holy Mass offered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



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

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

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



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Our Co-operators and their programme of charity.

SEVERAL considerations were laid before our readers last month — considerations which followed naturally from the January address of the Superior of our society. Some little insight was there given into the various works of charity carried on through the medium of the organisations which he directs, and something was added concerning the advantages both temporal and spiritual attaching thereto. But the subject was by no means exhausted — very far from it, for it is not one that could easily be exhausted.

Whether anticipating or re-echoing our own ideas the *Salesian Bulletin*, as it appears to the Co-operators in other languages, also devoted its first columns to the cause of our neighbour. The winter season seems to have partially suggested it, and it lamented the vast amounts expended in pleasure and amusement, while so many are striving to eke out a miserable existence in the throes of poverty and the suffering of want and exposure; and it even goes so far as not only to make it blame-worthy and unchristian but positively sinful.

It is true that Scripture upholds these sentiments. We find there: "Help the poor because of the commandment, and send him not away empty-handed because of his poverty" (1). "There will not be wanting poor in the land of thy habitation; therefore I command thee to open thy hand to thy needy and poor brother that liveth in the land" (2). "Give alms out of thy substance, and turn not away thy face from any poor person, for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee" (3). And our Divine Saviour not only recommended giving to the poor, but went so far as to say that what was done for his poor brethren he took as done to Himself.

The natural law, written by God deep down in the heart of every one, teaches us that from the very fact of being all brethren we owe compassion and all possible assistance to our neighbour in distress. It is only by some inscrutable design of God that we are not in the like circumstances, and argues that He means one class to be dependent on the other. The duty of charity is unmistakable enough, but words do not suffice to fulfil it, for if they did or could, ours would be the golden age of charity. To be worthy of the name it must get beyond the stage of words and push on into the realm of action. St. John, the favourite of this virtue, expresses his opinion very clearly, and couples with it his inseparable formula. "If any one," he says, "should see his

fellow-man in need and feel no compassion for him, or if, when able to offer a helping hand he is satisfied with pious desires that God may be merciful to him, how doth the charity of God abide in him? Nay," he continues "let us love not only in word, but in deed and in truth."

But so old a commandment is naturally hedged around with pretexts for evading or ignoring it, since man can generally find excuse for anything on the spur of the moment. One of the commonest on this head is that of inability to help others; but when all is said it will generally be found that those who cannot help are in a great minority, and that those who are loudest in finding pretexts, have everything they want themselves and are striving to heap up more. And then God does not command anything beyond us. In fact the Book of Tobias expressly says: "If you have much, give abundantly; if you have little, take care to bestow willingly a little," and indeed many touching examples of generous charity are given by the poor themselves.

But Don Bosco generally made use of another argument when dealing with his favourite theme. It lies in the words of Our Lord in the gospel: "You do not give a cup of water without your Heavenly Father bestowing its reward." And again: "Give what thou hast to the poor and you shall have a hundred fold in this present life, and an eternal recompense in the life to come." "Why not readily give one in exchange for a hundred," Don Bosco used to say, "and even then the better part is reserved for the life to come." Far then

(1) Eccles. XXIX. 12.

(2) Deut. XIV. 11.

(3) Tob. 4-7.

from being at any loss by your prodigality towards the suffering, it is the very way to court prosperity. The gift changes there and then in the hands of the recipient. In yours it is perishable, in theirs—incorruptible. Kings may have given to coins a particular value, but the seal of the poor man is enough to stamp them with a value beyond estimation.

But coming nearer home, how are our Co-operators affected by these considerations? What does their book of regulations recommend on this point? Here are some of its words: "Your pious Union is considered by the Holy See as a Third Order, similar to those attached to the Religious Orders approved long ages back, with this difference: they professed christian perfection by the exercise of piety, while your chief aim will be to acquire perfection by the exercise of charity—especially towards the young."

Further on it continues: "One can co-operate by prayers, or by material means as was the custom of the early christians who brought their substance to the Apostles that the more needy members might share in it." The Co-operators then, have explicit and unmistakable guidance in their exercise of charity. Have you the means of giving material aid? Are you blessed with the goods of this world? Give willingly, especially towards the benefitting of the young. Are you unable to help in this way? Give your prayers. Recommend to God the interests of your associates, which are those of the Salesian Society of which you are allies, and whose works form an endless and manifold

scheme for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our neighbour.

A word on the old pretext, that one is never sure what becomes of alms given in charity, or that it is so difficult to know where to give. The reward is not measured according to the use made of the alms, the intention of the giver is sufficient to ensure that; and for those who draw back at the thought, some safe investments were mentioned last month, where there is no fear of its being misplaced or turned to illegitimate uses.

In the dreary winter months it is especially the little ones that fall in for an extra share of suffering. The evidences of this cannot be dwelt on here, but their silent cravings for warmth and nourishment should appeal to anyone, and it is on their behalf especially that our Co-operators are reminded of their apostolate of charity.—The Gospel urges it, the claims of brotherhood demand it, suffering and hardship cry out for it.



TO THE READER

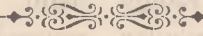
When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, or Polish) and if you desire to have it suspended henceforth, or not.

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.

Some traits in Don Bosco's familiar life.



THE past four or five years have each signalled their share in the annals of our Society by some imposing manifestation, partly the outcome of great things accomplished, but especially a reassurance and a foreshadowing of things to come. The year just completed saw the second triennial exhibition of the Schools of Arts and Trades; its predecessor—one of the most memorable in our annals—the solemn coronation of the image of Mary Help of Christians, and the general congress immediately preceding it; 1901 the first Salesian Exhibition, and this year is probably to make itself conspicuous by a remarkable development in the Missions.

But when partaking in these grand displays, or listening to the orator's words, or even promoting the same works with heart and soul, one is apt to lose sight of the humble priest chosen by God to set this work in motion, and to view the results only as the outcome of a vast and ever growing organisation. The name of this priest is constantly before our readers, and it was almost hinted last month, that further details would be given concerning him, although no one would regard this as the place for a complete life, which may be found in other publications.

At a commemorative meeting held some time back, one of the speakers delighted his audience with a few glimpses of the personality and home life of our Founder, remembrances which he cherished as among his dearest recollections, and which his intimacy with Don Bosco enabled him to relate with remarkable precision and accuracy.

Don Bosco, he said in the course of his remarks, was slightly above what is generally considered a medium height; in the prime of life he was erect and very active; in his dec-

line there was a noticeable stoop, and in his last years he had lost much of his former easy movement, until being no longer able to get about without difficulty, his step was slow and he was often supported by younger and stronger limbs. His hair had a tendency to curl, was sometimes slightly intractable, but generally orderly enough though some nearly always managed to push itself beneath his biretta, as most of his portraits show. But the weight of years and care never succeeded in adding that almost inseparable characteristic of advanced age—changing of the colour of the hair to grey or white, so that he never struck one as being very old, but possessed the secret of looking always young. His forehead was somewhat wrinkled and he had rather thick eyebrows, but they were no draw-back to the powerful yet kindly glance which came from the eye beneath, and which possessed an extraordinary penetrative power that seemed to read one's inmost thoughts; and yet if you had a clear conscience you were drawn to return his welcome smile, but if not irreproachable, his gaze as invariably caused you to look down or turn away. His eyes had some power resembling prophecy, by which the favour or displeasure of God could be estimated. His whole expression was lit up by his familiar smile, and as he spoke slowly or rather meditatively, there was about his person a calm and peace, a simplicity and confidence which his best portraits have succeeded in catching.

In his waiting room.

I have said that a calm and unruffled air characterised Don Bosco. When anyone went to visit him, he received him in his modes

room, the same that is now used by his Successor for that purpose. The waiting room was habitually crowded, and the vigilant secretary took care that each kept his turn, and that no one stole another's place. What long hours of waiting have been passed there, while the visitors have studied the room from end to end, allowing the pictures on the walls to form an indelible impression. They will never forget those pictures of Mamma Margaret, of Mgr. Cagliero, the first Salesian Bishop, of the first savages converted in Patagonia. Yes, "patience" was the watchword; but, for one class Don Bosco made an exception, and that was for his lawyers; they were immediately given audience, to the occasional displeasure of those who saw no reason for particular rules. The secretary however would explain—"that one has been sent for," or, "he is a lawyer," one would say; and so they waited on and on.

The Reception.

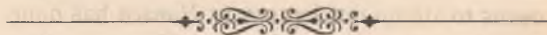
Once admitted into his room, some extraordinary feeling seemed to take possession of the visitor, some heavenly peace or supernatural charm. On the desk in front lay bundles of letters and papers and the post was continually adding to the number, many marked urgent. But for the moment Don Bosco thought of none of these, the letters lay there unheeded. It was his maxim that even little things should be done well and therefore not in the midst of distractions; and so he would add: "what little good we can do, we should do well." Hence it would often seem that he was entirely at his ease, and only waiting for visitors to entertain him. Sometimes one would venture to remark that those outside might be inconvenienced. But he would say: "Don't mind, there is time for all, for you and me and those outside," and then the conversation would turn on something else. At another time he said; "Let then have patience. I am like the barber who invariably said to those who came in: "Wait a minute! I'm almost finished! Just a moment!" and in the meantime he proceeded as calmly as though no one was wait-

ing; for, he added, he who pays has the right of being served, and it would be rather strange for a barber to shave his customers in haste and do it badly, cutting them right and left. This shows how to simplicity of manner he joined conscientious application to duty; thus he quietly talked until everything was settled, and as he accompanied his visitor to the door to give a final word, his secretary bade the next enter.

His manner of conversation.

Don Bosco's conversation was most entertaining and conducted in a quiet but not subdued tone. Above all he treated everyone with the utmost respect, as though all were persons of distinction and he stood in need of their particular aid. He knew well that a note worth several pounds, was a small thing to those who possessed the goods of fortune, whereas a shilling might have meant a hard sacrifice on the part of a poor person. There was also a humility in his words and manner, and his power of adapting himself to circumstances, and seeing in an instant the details of the case and the remedy was marvellous. Was it that God spoke through him? Was it that experience suggested the exact word that each one stood in need of? He often brought forward anecdotes and incidents, but always left one under the impression that he had them from some one else, but they were always most appropriate and made a lasting impression. Everything was said with a particular regard and prudence and even his good-humoured incidents and similarities were told without the least trace of levity or affectation, In referring to the means he adopted to gain support for his children he compared himself to a catcher of fish and sometimes playfully expressed the hope of catching a good one. His whole manner of conversation bespoke a confidence and security which never left any doubt of the successful issue of his recommendations.

(To be continued).





COLOMBIA

For the Lepers

Senator Arango's speech.

(Letter from Fr. E. Rabagliati).

Bogotá, Sept. 25th, 1904.

Very Rev.d Father,

THE crusade we have undertaken for the benefit of the poor lepers, whilst it brings us daily their grateful acknowledgments, cannot fail to draw down on our Society God's most abundant blessings. The way in which Our Lord opened the doors of the lazarettos to us was wonderful, but still more wonderful is the anxiety to extend at once our sphere of action. For this end we shall do our utmost, but meanwhile it is consoling to see how the whole of Colombia is animated by the desire to restrict as far as possible the spread of this horrible contagious disease.

Amongst the most zealous promoters of this work, to whom the gratitude of the country is due, we must mention the new President, His Excellency General Raphael Reyes. The following is his eloquent telegram, sent to me at Socorro on the 14th May.

"I feel confident that the people and the Government of Colombia, if not through charity, at least from an instinct of self-preservation, will provide sufficient and abundant means for founding the necessary Lazarettos, upon the system of *Dr Hansen*, for the relief, comfort and isolation of the poor lepers, and by this means to stamp out leprosy as *Hansen* has done in a short time in Sweden and Norway. You

and the other Sons of Don Bosco have been sent by Heaven to free Colombia from this terrible scourge; and as this question is far more important for my country than paper money, railways, public instruction or any thing else, and in importance can be compared only to the preservation of peace, so we must hope that the next Congress, appreciating the necessity of this great work, will place in the hands of the Government the means by which, in six years, all the lepers of Colombia may be placed in lazaretto on the Hansen system; there they will find the comforts of Religion, under the care of the Sons and Daughters of Don Bosco, and will besides have clean and comfortable dwellings, doctors, medicines, libraries for study and amusement, parks and gardens for walking and recreation, with abundant food, and this for all the poor without distinction; while the rich will have special apartments on hire and every comfort they like to pay for. The question is this. Are we to begin and carry out this work on the above-mentioned plan, or shall we allow Colombia to become in a few years one immense lazaretto of lepers, avoided by men of all natures as an accursed spot? To found the Hansen lazaretto I place my person and means at your disposition.—*Raphael Reyes.*"

As you see, the absolute necessity of raising a barrier to the fearful contagion of leprosy becomes every day clearer to all interested in the future of this Republic. You may remember that in my numerous letters I have never dared to suggest more than *thirty thousand* as the number of those infected with this horrible disease, though I was fully convinced that the numbers were greater; but now since the memorable speech of Senator Marcellinus Arango in the Senate last year, which made a profound impression, the number of lepers in Colombia is officially stated to be over fifty thousand! This is a truly appalling figure, but no one here thinks of calling its accuracy in question; rather one may say, from the tendency of the poor victims of leprosy to conceal themselves, it is impossible

to say how far below the truth this distressing estimate may be. The following are the most notable passages in the above-mentioned speech.

Senator Arango's Speech.—The problem of leprosy is the most important for Colombia.

"I am fully convinced that the question of *Elephantiasis* is the most serious, and calls for the most speedy solution of all those which, in this sad period, are placed before the Congress of

mountain ready to fall upon us in the spread of leprosy.

In my leisure hours, when I consider what the future of our country will be if this terrible problem remains unsolved, I cannot understand how anyone can still laugh and join in public amusements, when we ought all, with serious countenance and thoughtful brow, to give ourselves to the most earnest reflections on this subject.



Matto Grosso — Bororos Indians baptized by Don Malan, June 10th, 1904.

the whole nation. The non-completion of the Panama Canal, or the completion thereof disregarding our rights, is a grave question; the invasion of our territory by Peru and Brazil whilst we can furnish no one equal to the crisis is also a grave question; that we should be submerged in a flood of paper money, not seeing any means of setting the currency right is most serious; that we should see no way of providing for the most urgent requirements of the public administration of affairs is also a most serious matter. But each of these evils, and even all of them together, are as a grain of sand in face of the

The problem, of which I speak, is a simple arithmetical sum suited to the capacity of children in the infants school, which will not destroy, but shed light on an unknown horror.

You have, doubtless, all read the anecdote of the game of chess, which by your leave, I will recall to your memory as the best picture of the evil state, and disregard thereof, in which we find ourselves.

It is related that long ago, in a distant eastern country, a monarch, who was passionately fond of this game, called for the inventor, desiring to reward him with royal munificence. The

inventor, whose begging talent surpassed his inventive, replied that if he were to be granted a favour he would ask for a grain of wheat for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth, and so on, increasing by a similar progression for the sixty-four squares of the game. The monarch smiled on hearing a petition so modest and humble, and gave orders to his majordomo that the inventor's request should at once be complied with. In obedience to this command he conducted the inventor to the granary, thinking that the donation would amount to a few handfuls; but that everything might be done in due order he would first make a reckoning. When he found the enormous increase, in casting up the sum, he grew pale with fright. Neither in the king's granaries, nor in those of the nation, nor even in those of the whole world could sufficient corn be found to carry out his lord's promise. In like manner, Gentlemen, with as rapid progression is leprosy propagated.

That good patriot, D'Emmanuel Uribe, who grew old in devising means for the benefit of his country, states.... I am unable to give his words or figures exactly, but certainly I do not exaggerate in saying that thirty or forty years ago there were only two lepers in the department of Antioquia, and when he wrote the numbers had increased to 500. In the year 1888 when I was Prefect of the Province of South Antioquia, being gravely concerned at the increase of leprosy, I counted the number of lepers in the Province; there were ten. The contagion increased and extended towards the valley of *Quindío*, and to day there are more than 500 lepers in that district. I am speaking of those parts of the country where the existence of leprosy is scarcely suspected.

I heard lately from a learned and eloquent preacher, that before the last war there were no lepers in Popayan, but that several cases have since been discovered, the infection having been brought by the soldiers. I must state the truth, and I should only too gladly, be contradicted, for nothing but the recognition of the gravity of the evil can induce us to fight against it; in the district bounded by the Argentine Mountains of Paracè and Sotarà there were before the war and there are now enough lepers, to contaminate the whole Nation in the course a few years.

If we take into consideration also the numbers living on the coast, in Santander, Boyacà and

Cundimarca, we must conclude that the lowest estimate cannot be less than fifty thousand. And the highest? God only can say, since there are many apparently healthy, already infected with the deadly poison.

Fifty thousand lepers.

And have you, Gentlemen, any clear idea of what fifty thousand lepers mean? The mind can form an idea of large numbers because it compares them, adds and subtracts; but the imagination is incapable of forming a picture of the whole. Allow me to make a comparison in order to bring before you the number of 50,000 lepers.

Imagine a calm clear night; the stars shine brightly in the azure firmament. Lift up your head and fix your gaze upon the zenith, and when the rays from all the visible stars have reached your eyes, multiply them by eight or ten and fill the empty spaces with them. When ravished with the contemplation of the magnificent spectacle of so many suns which to you seem innumerable, then turn your glance quickly to your native land and by an effort of the imagination change the stars into lepers.... then only will you comprehend the miserable spectacle our country presents. Make now an estimate of the spread of the disease beginning with 50,000 lepers and by the increase from 10 to 500 in the course of 15 years you will come to the conclusion that, in 30 years at farthest, throughout the whole of this great Republic there will no longer remain any sustenance for this terrible microbe.... All the inhabitants of Colombia will be lepers, if now we do not resolve to fight courageously this terrible evil. Gentlemen, when a fortress is attacked by a besieging army, all the citizens, including women and children, hasten to the walls and trenches and fight desperately, and if a breach is made by the guns of the enemy it is filled with stones, and if these are wanting, the furniture of both poor and rich is sacrificed to stop the breach, and if even these are insufficient, men filled with a sublime heroism hasten to make a rampart of their own bodies.... For when danger is imminent and general, the instinct of self-preservation gives place in generous souls to a more noble and powerful sentiment, that of the preservation of the whole social body.

We then find ourselves besieged and furiously attacked by foes more numerous and deadly

than the world has yet seen; by an army greater and more to be feared than that of Xerxes, whose arrows, it is said, intercepted the sun's rays; by an army so much the more formidable as it fights both day and night, with wonderful method, in profound silence and by the hidden manœuvres of the immense army of Hansen's bacilli. These unseen soldiers penetrate into the human body, disturb its physiological functions and, when they have given the death stroke, show themselves on the skin; this signifies that the victorious army has taken possession of the towers, the battlements, the walls, planting there the black standard, the flag of war to the death....."

This is a sketch of the awful future, which the frightful disease of leprosy is preparing for this generous nation.

Famine in the lazarettos—Collection of alms.

Just before leaving Popayan, where I had accomplished my mission, the selection of a site for the new lazaretto, I was told that a poor blind leper, led by his wife, had just reached the town, having escaped from the lazaretto of Agua de Dios. I wished to ascertain the cause of his flight and the poor creature confessed that he had undertaken this long journey on foot, in spite of his blindness, to avoid dying of hunger. I found another in the neighbourhood, still young, who was begging from those passing along the public street. I asked him why he did not go to the Lazaretto of Agua de Dios, and he answered that a few days before he also had fled from it, because he felt he was dying of hunger, and that this was the second time he had done so. At the same time I received telegrams from our brethren at Agua de Dios and from the authorities there depicting in the darkest colours the position of eleven hundred lepers doomed to perish miserably of hunger, being in want of everything. Even that wretched pittance, which had been granted weekly as an alms by the Beneficent Society of Bogotá, was suspended, at least temporarily, through an absolute deficit of means. The situation of the lazaretto could not be worse. It was then that I decided to start at once; but with empty hands, my presence would have been useless to those dear friends. Here were two urgent needs; the first to go to them quickly, the second to go armed with a weapon to kill or at least frighten away that terrible enemy,

famine. With the necessary permission I gave a conference in the Cathedral of Popayán; the Archbishop, the Governor, the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, with a number of people, were present. What I said I do not remember; I only know that I spoke at length of the lepers, of lazarettos, hunger, and of the urgent need of sending help: at the end of the Conference I took my stand at the Church door to beg for alms... In addition I turned to the Gramophone and had printed notices posted up announcing two entertainments, on different days, in the public square. Assuming the part of a mountebank, from a balcony during an hour or more, I made the gramophone sing and play to the delight of the public; I concluded with a fervorino, recounting the sufferings of so many poor wretches in the lazarettos. Finally I made the collection myself, passing from one to the other, leaving all free to give little or much as their heart moved them.....

It was an experiment, on which depended in a great measure the happy issue of the new mission I had in mind. If the Capital of the department answered my expectations, the other cities would no doubt follow such a good example.

After these three functions, one religious, the others secular, I proceeded to count my gains and found about thirty thousand *pesos* (1). Was this much or little? The Archbishop decided the question saying:

"What you have collected, in so short a time, in a period of great distress, when the few wealthy families are at their country-houses for the holidays, is one of Don Bosco's miracles. I should never have anticipated such an extraordinary success. The Lord is with you and blesses your work; go then and may the example of Popayán find imitators everywhere."

So I started. The main object was to collect as much as possible in the shortest time; so I determined to visit only the more populous centres.

In three days I was at Cali the largest city of Cauca; with two conferences and two gramophone entertainments I collected thirty-six thousand *pesos*. In a few hours I was at Palmira where the alms amounted to thirty-three thousand, four hundred *pesos*. An instance worthy of mention occurred here.

(1) The *peso* is nominally equivalent to the American dollar, but is subject to considerable fluctuation.

A gentleman called on me and said: "The critical state of my finances, with the best will in the world, makes it impossible for me to give anything to the lepers; but... here is my horse; sell it or raffle it; the price will be for your fund."

Deo gratias! At Buga I got 38,000 pesos; at Julua twenty-two; at San Vincenzo, 8,300; at Cartago 11,000; at Pereira 57,700; at Santa Rosa 22,000; at Manizales 68,700; at Tresno 4,500! The poor women who had no money presented me with some valuable object, such as rings, earrings, pins, which, being sold here, realized a sum of 10,000 pesos. Total 346,000 pesos, without including the price of the horse which has not yet been sold.

On reaching Bogotà I found our Fr. Louis Variara, who had preceded me, having arrived the day before from the lazaretto of Agua de Dios. Many words were not needed to prove that he was in want of money. I gave him two thirds of the sum collected as the larger number of lepers are at Agua de Dios and I reserved a third part for those of Contratacion who are in the same plight.

A thousand thanks are due to Divine Providence which so opportunely suggested that Mission to Cauca, which touched the hearts of the people and emptied their purses for the benefit of the poor lepers; without this help, the lazaretto of Agua de Dios would probably exist no longer; most of the sick would have fled, many others would have died of hunger and the rest would have had to make their choice between flight and death. And now? Now it will be as God pleases. For a month the crisis is at an end; and for the morrow God will provide.

The *Patres conscripti* of the Nation are now assembled in full Congress; the cause of the lepers is in their hands. We shall soon know what to expect; I shall keep you duly informed of all.

I remain Your affectionate Son

EVASIUS RABAGLIATI,

Salesian Missionary.



BRAZIL.

From S. Paolo to Matto Grosso.

(Continued)

From S. Paolo to Araguay.
Cordial reception.

Having reached S. Paolo the great industrial city of the federation of the United States of Brazil, I began the preparations for my long journey to the land of Matto Grosso. Just fancy, I had only the large sum of twenty-five shillings, having employed all the rest of the alms collected in buying presents and tools for distribution to the Indians, and for the wants of the Mission. But Fr. Zeppa, to whom I disclosed my sad case, with truly fraternal kindness, presented me with a sum of £10, putting off the payment of a bill which was handed to him in my presence. So with £11 in my purse, I set off on the evening of April 22nd, accompanied by the lay-brother Edward Saraco and a former pupil of our School at Cuyabà, Albert Gomes da Silva. Our good Fr. Zeppa accompanied us to the Station and even paid for our tickets to the next town of *Campinas*, three hours by rail from the Capital. We parted with the most pleasant recollections of our short stay in the House of San Paolo.

At half past seven in the evening we reached *Campinas* where the Director, Fr. Giudice expected us, and not only entertained us most hospitably till the following day, and gave us £10 for our long journey, but would also accompany us as far as *Ribeirão Preto*. May God reward most abundantly together with this good confrère, the officials of the Mogyana Company who allowed us to travel gratis from *Campinas* to *Araguay*, thus saving us an expenditure of nearly £20, a truly providential alms for us. At *Ribeirão Preto*, Father Euclides, assistant to the parish priest of this important centre and an old pupil of our House at Lorena, was awaiting us. He conducted us to the Presbytery where we were treated with the greatest kindness by him, and by the mother of the parish priest, Canon Siqueira, who was absent. The next day, having said Mass and bade farewell to Father Euclides and Fr. Giudice, we set off for *Uberaba*. The railway here

runs through splendid scenery, shaded by extensive coffee plantations. The harvest was just beginning. Women and boys in joyous bands were gathering in baskets the crop which supplies their aromatic and favourite beverage.

As far as *Uberaba* our journey had been prosperous: we arrived there in the evening of the 24th. The pleasant company of two Dominicans, Father Harmois just arrived from Europe and Father Ondedieu, Procurator of the Convent of *Uberaba*, who telegraphed to the Superior to

portunity to visit the Vicar General of the Diocese Mgr. Ignatius Xavier, who gave me all the faculties necessary for the administration of the Sacraments to the faithful who might desire to profit by my ministry, on the journey.

Uberaba is a thriving commercial centre with numerous educational establishments for boys and girls. Besides many national and municipal schools, there are important institutions under the care of the Dominican and Augustinian Fathers and the Marist Brothers and under the



Matto Grosso — Bororos children baptized by Don Malan, June 12th, 1904.

announce our arrival, was of great assistance to us. The Superior, the Very Reverend Father Desvoisins kindly met us at the station and accompanied us to the monastery, offering us a hearty welcome.

Uberaba is a small but flourishing town of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, situated in the *Minero* triangle, that is in the southern part of the extensive State of Minas Geraes. It is the episcopal see of the Diocese of Goyaz, to whose Bishop, Mgr. Edward Duarte Silva, a zealous and indefatigable Prelate, then absent in Rome, I was unable to pay my respects. But during the short time I spent at *Uberaba* I found op-

portunity to visit the Vicar General of the Diocese Mgr. Ignatius Xavier, who gave me all the faculties necessary for the administration of the Sacraments to the faithful who might desire to profit by my ministry, on the journey. *Uberaba* is a thriving commercial centre with numerous educational establishments for boys and girls. Besides many national and municipal schools, there are important institutions under the care of the Dominican and Augustinian Fathers and the Marist Brothers and under the

At Araguay—A disappointment—Departure.

At five o'clock on the 25th we reached *Araguary*, the last station on the railway, where we found awaiting us Father Joachim Mestelan, who had received notice of our coming from the Dominicans of *Uberaba*. The good parish priest

overwhelmed us with kindness, but we found ourselves nevertheless in serious difficulties. Our friend Major Callisto Barbosa, residing at *Registro do Araguaya*, to whom we had telegraphed from Rio Janeiro, asking him to become our guide for the journey, had not yet arrived. After waiting a long time he arrived at last, having travelled twenty-six days over bad roads, but the animals were without packs, and there were no means of returning for them. Thus I was constrained to buy, at least, two other animals with their equipment, which cost about £30, to be deducted from a sum of £20. Being introduced by the good parish priest, who is greatly esteemed here, I had no difficulty in getting the two horses on credit. But whilst I was in these straits, Major Callisto sent me the following note: "In the actual state of our finances, I am constrained to tell you as a friend, that our party is destitute of means for the journey; be so good, therefore, as to take such measures as you may judge opportune."

— *Deo gratias!* I exclaimed and called to mind the lamentation of a poor native of this place who two days before, being in Father Joachim's house, and deploring the general financial crisis, had exclaimed sorrowfully but firmly: "At this time of crisis, nothing can be done!"

Humanly speaking our own situation was critical; but I put my trust in Providence, feeling sure that I should not be forsaken..... It was at Araguary that I saw a negress 130 years old. Going one day with the parish priest to visit the cemetery, I came upon two negresses, one of whom seemed so old and yet so vigorous, that curiosity induced me to inquire her age.

"Ah, Sir," she replied in a strange dialect, "I have forgotten it myself, but those who know me say I am 130 years old." And the woman who was with her added:

"It is quite true, Sir, for a negress does not begin to grow grey until she is over a hundred."

*The good priest was also of the same opinion—
An exemplary household—Tolls—Sucury.*

We left *Araguary* in the evening of May 3rd. We had an enjoyable ride with our friend Major Justin Monteiro in whose pleasant villa we spent the night. True christian piety and charity reign in his household. The following day all assisted at my Mass, and much edified we

set off for the West, riding at hazard as none of us knew the road which leads from Araguary to Goyaz. Consequently, we often missed the way, or the supposed way the term employed by an inhabitant of the forest, from whom I enquired directions.

"Ah! my Vicar" he replied, "you missed the road a long, long way back."

Late that evening we reached *Ponte Nova*, where we spent the night. The bridge, which gives its name to the place, is a grand erection of iron over 600 feet in length. Here my emaciated purse was still further reduced by a demand for nearly twenty shillings, as passengers using the bridge have to pay a toll of twelve shillings to the Company that built it; and immediately after, a payment of eight shillings was required for free transit through the territory of the state of Goyaz.

The 5th we spent in the saddle, riding a distance of about six leagues. Towards evening, on reaching a hut in the depth of the forest, we deliberated as to whether we should spend the night there; but on our approach we saw all the inhabitants fleeing in terror, two apparently senseless persons only being left in charge, who received us with foolish laughter!... What did this mean? I know not; but we judged it advisable to press on until it was no longer possible to see a step in advance. Finally we dismounted, tethered our horses and passed the night in the open air, the sky being quite clear. But the cold, damp wind and the swarms of insects allowed us but little rest, and we were obliged to rise early, with wearied limbs, to resume our journey. But that cold night was injurious to one of our party, who was attacked by an intermittent fever, which getting worse until we reached *Campininhas*, sixty miles further on, he was obliged to remain under the care of the good Redemptorist Fathers.

Towards dusk we reached an old wooden bridge called *Verissimo* where we had to pay a toll of eight francs. In the house at the bridge, a sort of Station Hotel, I brought the splendid *Sucury* skin I send you. It is over fifteen feet in length. The animal had been killed underneath the bridge a short time before our arrival, and a large domestic pig was found inside it. The *Sucury* is a ferocious serpent; which when full grown attains the length of sixty or seventy feet, being nearly ten feet round. It is amphibious; sometimes it glides slowly along, but

it is terrible when it darts upon its prey. It curls its tail round a tree and thus gains support from which to make a sping. The Magalhaes compare the spring of the *Sucury* to the impetuosity of the *Amazon* rushing into the Atlantic and the comparison seems well founded. This reptile is met with on the banks of several of the rivers.

Another interposition of Divine Providence—A poor mother—At Sapê and Campininhas.

Our horses were now almost worn out and our progress became slower and slower. At the next station I was accordingly constrained to buy another animal so as to relieve the most exhausted. But I was empty-handed. I commended my needs therefore to Divine Providence and made my wants known to my host; he, though he had never seen or heard of me before, presented me in token of friendship with a fine beast and also eighteen pounds, repayable at my convenience. Pecuniary difficulties being thus overcome we resumed our journey on the morning of the 7th, and in the evening crossed the river Corumbá paying another toll of six shillings. As in the mythological era a piece of money was placed in the mouth of the dead, with which to pay Charon for his last journey, so those who travel in these deserts must place in the hand of the guardians of the bridges a small sum for the right of crossing them. So that as the sight of a bridge in the arid wilderness is always hailed with joy because it encourages the travellers and puts fresh heart into the horses, on the other hand it is not such a welcome sight to one whose purse is nearly drained. But we put our trust in God in whose name we had set out.

The following day, in the same place, when everything was ready for our departure, a poor man was brought to me; with a sorrowful countenance, he implored me to visit his wife lying dangerously ill in a *rancho* not far off, whilst he went in search of some medicine. I went to the farm, where according to the husband's directions I should find the dying woman. We found the poor hut, and how distressing was the scene it presented! On a miserable pallet, delirious from fever and pain, lay the poor woman surrounded by her twelve weeping children. Approaching, I said a few encouraging words, gave a medal of Our Lady Help of Christians to the poor children and heard the Confession of the sick woman. Having received

this Sacrament the invalid was so much comforted that, forgetting her sufferings, she began to give directions to her young family. Her peaceful countenance and maternal voice at once quieted the poor children and much consoled we took leave of her and rejoined our party by dusk.

On the feast of the Ascension we reached *Sapê*; there I said Mass at which many persons from the neighbourhood assisted; and then, in order to reach a few days sooner the Capital of Goyaz, where I had business to transact for our Colony of Barreiro, I set out with one companion. In this way we arrived six days earlier than Brother Saraco and the rest of the party. This long and wearisome journey was sweetened by the generous and fraternal hospitality of the Redemptorist Fathers of *Bella Vista* and *Campininhas*. At *Bella Vista* these zealous Missionaries are in charge of the parish and have also the spiritual care of a school for girls, recently founded, but already flourishing, under the Dominican Sisters, and they also give frequent Missions in the surrounding country. In *Campininhas* they have an important establishment, which serves as a centre for their other missions. As its name denotes, this town is situated in the midst of rich and healthy grazing lands; nevertheless this year the terrible disease of small-pox broke out, spreading consternation in the neighbouring districts. But happily the disease was speedily checked by the energetic means adopted by the government.

Goiabada—At Curralinho—A Shrine of the Madonna—At Goyaz.

Profoundly grateful to the Redemptorist Fathers, we left *Campininhas* on the 17th, *piercing* the forest, according to the forcible expression of the *Caipiras* (the inhabitants of these regions) keeping always in the direction of Goyaz, which we reached after four days journey. We touched at *Arraial da Goiabeira* (so called from the rich harvests of *goiaba*, from which is made the excellent *goiabada*, which, with the classical cheese, formed the chosen dessert, so it is said, of the Emperor Pedro II) and also at the town of *Curralinho*, seven leagues from Goyaz, where we lodged in the house of the good Vicar, Fr. Peter Rodrigues Fraga, a zealous Salesian Co-operator, and a subscriber to our "Catholic Readings"

which he circulates zealously amongst the flock committed to his care. At a league and a half from the capital of Goyaz we visited a shrine of the Madonna, built on a hill, to which every year many pilgrimages are made, and we offered our heartfelt thanksgivings to our Heavenly Mother, begging her protection for the remainder of the journey, the perils of which we looked forward to with apprehension.

Description of Goyaz—Zeal of the Dominican Fathers—Feast of Corpus Christi at Registro do Araguaya—Journey to the Colony of the S. Heart.

Goyaz is situated in a valley covered with gardens and is surrounded, as if it were with an outer wall, by a mountain chain, on the summit of which rises proudly the peak of *Contagallo*. At first sight the place seems dull and gloomy; but in reality it is pleasant and brisk enough; here epidemics are never heard of. The surface is undulating, but the roads in general are good and paved with stone; a crystal stream flows through the town. Commerce and industry are hampered by the difficulties of transport. It

has an Academy of Law and a Normal School for girls. During my seven days at Goyaz I was most hospitably entertained by the Dominican Fathers who have resided here for the last twenty-two years; with truly apostolic zeal they employ every means and spend their whole lives for the benefit of suffering humanity, imparting with lavish hand both in town and country spiritual food and frequently also material help. May the great Thaumaturgus of the Rosary send many of his generous Sons to labour in this fertile vineyard of the Lord.

During the week spent at Goyaz I had the pleasure of speaking to many persons of consideration in that capital and all entreated that a School of Arts and Trades might be established there. The President of the State also, His Excellency D. Xavier di Almeida pressed us to accept the Mission of the *Carajas* Indians of whom we had seen many when travelling

through the forests of Goyaz, promising us his help in this philanthropic work which would be so useful to the country. I was grieved at being obliged to answer that for the present it was impossible for us to undertake this work, and I left him with the hope that later on I might accede to his request, trusting to Divine Providence to send us a good number of Missionaries.

Early in the morning of the 26th of May we re-mounted our poor mules and on the first day of the month of the Sacred Heart we reached *Registro do Araguaya*. Our journey was prosperous and of great service to many souls, who if they rarely see a Catholic priest, have occasional visits from Protestant Ministers well paid by the *Bible Society*, which sends them



View of the Dominican Convent at Goyaz (Brazil).

yearly through these vast regions. The festive reception given us in the little town of Registro was so reviving, that we almost felt as if we had reached the end of our long journey. It was the eve of *Corpus Christi*. The inhabitants all assembled in the Chapel and sent to ask me to say a few words to them and hear the Confessions of those who wished to receive Holy Communion the following day. You can understand, Reverend Father, what a joy this was to the heart of a missionary! I went, and found more than two hundred persons assembled there. The following morning they all assisted at Holy Mass and consoled the Good Shepherd with numerous Communion and the baptism of many of their children. So with a joyful heart we resumed our journey to our Colony of the Sacred Heart.

Meeting with Fr. Balzola—Reception by the Indians—Examination of the children—The Feast of the S. Heart—Fifty-five Baptisms—Hopes for the future.

We had ridden twenty-two leagues, and when there were only eight remaining we met Fr. Balzola, coming to receive us. In his company the rest of the journey passed like lightning, for the account of the providential progress of our settlement was like a beneficent dew refreshing both mind and body.

At the distance of nearly a mile from our village, thirty or more little girls, the children of the forest, accompanied by the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, came to bid us welcome. Some hundred yards further on a savage cry greeted our ears; the same number of Indian boys conducted by two brothers had come to meet us. At the distance of another hundred yards four Caciques at the head of a deafening crowd of savages awaited us, and beyond the men, a band of women were assembled.

At last we reached the delicious shade of the avenue which forms as it were a vast and magnificent portico to the city of the S. Heart. On each side stand splendid palm-trees like sculptured pillars (if indeed pillars are not merely imitations of these lofty trunks) crowned with their waving plumes producing a refreshing breeze. On every side were heard shouts of joy and welcome.... "Are we amongst savages or civilized people?" I asked myself many times, unable to restrain tears of joy, thanking the Sacred Heart for the blessing granted to our Missionaries. We proceeded to the Chapel, where with grateful hearts we intoned the *Te Deum*. What were our feelings in hearing the verses of this solemn hymn of thanksgiving uttered indeed in savage accents, but with the greatest fervour by our neophytes! It was the 6th of June. That night we fell asleep with our hearts full of holy joy.

The following day we began the Triduum of preparation for the Feast of the S. Heart, which we designed to celebrate this year with special solemnity, as a date ever to be remembered in the annals of this promising Colony. The instructions, which concluded with Benediction

of the Blessed Sacrament, were attended with religious fervour on each of the three days. Meanwhile I examined the little Indian girls, admirably taught by the good Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, and the little black boys in the Catechism, the singing of sacred hymns, in reading, writing, and even sums. Never before have I been so well satisfied with examinations; the progress of these children far surpassed all my expectations.

One can scarcely believe, that in a single year of instruction, during the short time left free by so much necessary work, these children have been so well taught the truths of our holy religion and have learnt by heart many prayers, the Commandments and several hymns of the Church; they have learnt to spell, to read and to copy accurately; they can also count correctly up to one hundred.

On the 10th of June, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the first rays of the sun lit up a magnificent spectacle, most touching to every civilized heart. In the centre of the square, on the summit of a pole twenty yards in height, brought by the natives from the forest, fluttered the national flag, kissed by the aromatic morning zephyrs, amidst the joyous shouts of the Savages who felt themselves also sons of the great Brazilian Republic!... It was an eloquent symbol of the patriotic sentiments rising from these hearts in which the seeds of Christian civilization are beginning to grow.

At Holy Mass all the community and Indians, were present. After the Holy Sacrifice, to honour the Sacred Heart of Jesus we administered Holy Baptism to twenty-nine Indian boys, putting off the baptism of twenty-six girls, who were equally well prepared, for this important Sacrament, till the 12th, Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. With what edifying dispositions did they not receive Holy Baptism!

They perfectly understood the effects of this Sacrament of regeneration, saying to all that the *Bope* (the devil) had left them and had fled far away into the boundless forest!... And they were so convinced of this, that several little girls wished to shut themselves up with the Sisters, so that they might commit no more sins and never allow the *Bope* to re-enter their souls!

Others, out of their great respect for this Sacrament, asked if it were allowable to touch their heads, which had been washed in the Sacramental waters! The parents of the newly-baptized and all the adults were delighted and manifested their desires of also receiving Baptism. We hope soon to accede to their wishes, when they are sufficiently instructed. The remainder of the day was spent in unwonted but befitting celebration.

The week I spent in the Colony will ever remain as one of the most cherished recollections of my life. I visited the Indians in their huts; I helped them to gather in the harvest of millet, beans and manioc, in loading and transporting stones, sand, mud and wood for building; in digging ditches, in planting vines which promise well and in various domestic offices. I helped the girls also to dry the manioc, to clean, grind and make it into flour. I send you a small packet of it with some of the Indian work done under the careful guidance of the Sisters...

Of the Indians, several are employed as carpenters, some as builders, others in the fields. A short time ago, Signor Viriato asked for three to help him in the cultivation of his land, and our benefactor and friend Dr. Santos asked for three others to clear his ground of timber. On our return to Cuyabà three Indians accompanied us, amongst them being one of the newly baptized boys who astonished the President and all who heard him spell and read, say his prayers, sing and count. They will return to the Mission with Fr. Balzola who accompanied me as far as Cuyabà.

Here, you have the brief account which, *ex abundantia cordis*, my pen has transcribed of the affairs of our new Colony. We have every reason to be satisfied. And now that, through the blessing of heaven and the help of our bene-

factors, the boys and girls have made a good beginning, our efforts will be directed to the adults. It will be necessary to instruct and baptize them as soon as possible and to bless their marriages; they desire this ardently. You see how vast is our field of labour. Thousands of poor savages await the voice of the missionary, to arise in the light of civilization and the christian faith. But the Missionaries are few and means are wanting. For this reason your Sons in this far off Mission recommend themselves most earnestly to your prayers, that God may send fresh apostolic labourers into this




The three Bororos who accompanied the missionaries to Cuyabà.

promising vineyard, and speak to the heart of our benefactors, that they may continue to help us in the midst of the labours joyfully undertaken for the spread of religion and civilization.

Your devoted Son in Jesus Christ

ANTONY MALAN
(Salesian Missionary).





DEVOTION
TO OUR LADY
Help of Christians

Although the devotion to the Mother of God was a long-established practice, and the Church's Doctors and Saints in an unbroken line had given expression to the prevailing sentiments, until the 16th century the title *Help of Christians* had not become familiar enough to find a place in the Litany. But the great event which gave it undisputed right now occurred.

The hordes of the Crescent had extended their sway over the parts of Asia and Africa fronting the Southern States of Europe, and their innumerable galleys scoured the waters of the Mediterranean, seizing island after island as bases for the grand attack which they thought would establish their power in Europe. Their ruling impulse was hatred to Christianity, and its extermination had been the threat and avowed object of their leaders. After seizing the island of Cyprus their grand opportunity had apparently arrived and vast preparations were in progress.

The great Pontiff St. Pius V., the glory of the Dominican Order, had successfully negotiated for the combination of christian princes to resist the threatened invasion, and an armed fleet under Don John of Austria and Marc Antonio Colonna set sail towards Asia, while the Turkish vessels steered westwards towards Italy. They met on October 7th near Corinth in the Gulf of Lepanto.

It was undoubtedly one of the greatest sea-fights that had till then been recorded, and nothing less than the fate of Christianity was at stake. The valour and numbers of the combatants made the struggle long undecisive,

but while the armies fought all christianity was at prayer. Processions thronged the streets of Rome, and St. Pius V. in his private oratory, like another Moses interceding for the people of God, prayed for the success of the arms he had brought together. Such interceding could not remain unanswered. The wind, which had borne the Turkish fleet over the Mediterranean, now veered round and enveloped their ships in smoke. This was like a signal to the Christians, and renewed efforts resulted in a terrible slaughter of the Turks; their leader fell and the christian standard soon waved over his flag-ship. A tremendous uproar greeted the appearance of the flag, and the enemy were soon in flight; 22,000 were slain, 10,000 taken and 15,000 christians escaped from their galleys.

At that instant St. Pius V. arose from his knees and announced the victory which later intelligence confirmed. In thanksgiving he ordered the celebration of the feast of Rosary Sunday, and the addition of the invocation *Auxilium Christianorum* to the litany of Loreto in recognition of her protection over the whole of christianity.

In 1683 the Turks, after a century of recuperation, made another trial against European arms, and had even pushed on to the number of 200,000 as far as the walls of Vienna. Pope Innocent XI. had appealed in vain to the sovereigns of Europe—one prince alone answered his call. The city was on the eve of capitulation when the hills beyond discovered the army of John Sobieski, the Polish hero. On the next day he ordered the whole army to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. He himself served it. After the Mass his

army advanced upon the Turks with such an irresistible onslaught that the Mahometans were soon in flight. Out of the army of Kara Mustafa, already reduced from 200,000 to 40,000 only 20,000 escaped, leaving their standard, 200 guns and all baggage to the victors. Pope Innocent XI. on receiving the flag of the Mahometans into his hands, proclaimed the feast of the Holy Name of Mary in thanksgiving for her aid, and established a confraternity under the title of *Auxilium Christianorum*. It only remained now that other events should win a special feast in honour of Mary, Help of Christians.

GRACES and FAVOURS

Guernsey (CHANNEL ISLANDS). Through the medium of the *Salesian Bulletin* I wish to return public thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians for a special favour obtained.

ANON.

Jan., 1905.

Milan (ITALY). Five years ago I had undergone a severe attack of gastric fever and had suffered more or less from its effects ever since. Medicines only brought temporary abatement, and my pains threatened to become chronic. Having tried all prudent means I determined to ask Our Lady Help of Christians to obtain my cure. Last May I wrote to the Oratory for the prayers of the boys and commenced the month with special May devotions. The pains were very acute at the time, and on some days in the early part of the month, almost insupportable. But I trusted in Our Lady and promised publication in the *Bulletin* and obliged myself to the fulfilment of a vow if my cure was granted. The very next day the pains ceased and seven months have since passed without any trace of them. I now fulfil my promise of publication.

E. S. (Seminarist).

Nov., 1904.

Brescia (ITALY). Some time back I had read in the *Bulletin* that two persons had placed on image of Our Lady Help of Christ-

ians on their land, and had been preserved from the effects of storms and hail. I determined to follow their example. This year several storms of hail occurred in the neighbourhood, and much damage was done, but not within the area where our fields are situated, which yielded an abundant vintage.

A. D.

Sept., 1904.

Las Vegas (U. S. OF AMERICA). Kindly accept the enclosed donation as a thank-offering to Mary Help of Christians for my recovery from a serious illness of eighteen months' duration, and also for the success of a dangerous operation. I am once more in a position to work for the honour of God and His Immaculate Mother. Please publish in *Salesian Bulletin* in fulfilment of my promise.

A Client of Mary.

January 26th, 1905.

Preston (ENGLAND). I enclose an offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for the partial recovery of my health through her powerful intercession.

A. C. B.

February 9th, 1905.

Ulverston (ENGLAND). I would ask you to have a Mass offered in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for the recovery of a friend from a very dangerous illness.

M. R.

February 6th, 1905.

Belfast (IRELAND). Please have Holy Mass offered in thanksgiving for the cure of my sister through the intercession of Mary Immaculate, Help of Christians.

E. R.

February 13th, 1905.

Sligo (IRELAND). I had written to the Oratory at Turin to ask prayers for a special intention, promising publication in the *Salesian Bulletin*. My request has since been granted and I hasten to fulfil my promise, trusting this may encourage others to have recourse to Mary Help of Christians.

M. O.

February 16th, 1905.



BATTERSEA—The Patronal Feast—The Bishop's Visitation.

The feast of St. Francis de Sales brings the many Houses of the Congregation, scattered in different continents, with their varied interests and work, into one harmonious celebration. After the festival of Mary Help of Christians it is the great day on which the Congregation seems to gather fresh ardour and life, intimately associated as it is, with the early recollections of the founding of our Institution. It was under this name that Don Bosco dedicated the nursery of the Society—The Oratory of St. Francis de Sales—generally abbreviated now to "The Oratory" and known amongst the Salesians and their Co-operators as such.

In giving a reminder of the event in last month's issue it was said that on that day everything in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Battersea (London), gave evidence of an unusual occurrence, and though the ceremonial of the Church is always carried out there with befitting splendour, it was especially grand and imposing for that occasion.

On that day in each successive year, the cause of local Catholic education finds an advocate in the morning preacher, who makes a special appeal in aid of the parish schools which particularly this year had need of material support; for the managers had incurred heavy expense in enlarging and improving, and were contemplating future additions.

The delivery of the panegyric of the Patron Saint of the Congregation was fittingly reserved to the chief of its administration in England the Very Rev. C. B. Macey, Provincial. Under his skilful handling the phases of St. Francis' life seemed to possess fresh charms, to suggest

new considerations and furnish hidden lessons of wisdom and piety.

Up till last year, the members of the Community and even the parishioners had for some time associated the return of the patronal feast, with the presence in their midst of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, who was pleased to keep his own feast-day with the children of St. Francis. But since his election to that higher and more laborious position they have had to learn to do without him. Last year he came in the evening quite unexpectedly and stayed a short time with the Community, so that this was the first occasion of a series passed entirely without him.

But, almost to make up for it in some way, His Lordship Bishop Amigo promised his episcopal visitation very shortly after the feast—Feb. 12th. He had once before paid an informal visit to the House and schools, but this was to be his customary canonical visitation. His Lordship assisted pontifically and preached at the High Mass, addressing his flock with his characteristic earnestness and persuasive zeal. After the morning service he met the parishioners in the school-room, where he spoke a word of pleasant welcome and encouragement to each. Before the confirmation in the afternoon he found time to speak to the boys of the House, his open-hearted playfulness setting them quite at their ease. But his interest in the young generations was best brought out at the Confirmation, where his questions and exhortations, so well suited to the children and given in so friendly and pleasant a manner, made the best impressions not only on the children, but on the large congregation that had gathered to witness the ceremony. His first visit to Battersea will not easily be forgotten and we hope to have

the pleasant duty of recording many recurrences of his genial presence at the Salesian House in London,

Echoes of the Jubilee Celebrations.

The revival caused by the world-wide festivities in honour of the Jubilee of the Proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, seems to fulfil the bright promise of the enthusiasm everywhere displayed at the time of the festival.

Among our own institutes, the example of the Mother House in the special services of the 8th day of the months preceding the event, was widely emulated, but no house seems to have come so near the pattern as that of Nictheroy in Brazil, the first Salesian House in that Republic. The best witness will be the external evidence of the Pastor of the diocese, the Archbishop of Rio Janeiro. Full of gratitude for the eminently successful co-operation given him by the Salesians in that Republic he wrote to the Superior at Nictheroy.

"It has been our dearest consolation to witness and participate in the brilliant manifestations conducted by the Salesians on the 8th of every month, in preparation for the great event. They have become days of unwonted fervour and religious enthusiasm, on which quite a multitude of the faithful of every class accompany the procession to the monument of the Help of Christians, and present the offering of their faith and devotion. We do not think that any other part of the catholic world could surpass it in these eighth day celebrations. Our Lady Help of Christians will undoubtedly deal as generously with her sons, and bestow her special favours on their institute. Accept our thanks and blessing.

JOACHIM.

Archbishop of Rio."

Our Superior General also wrote to the Director conveying the Holy Father's blessing and encouragement.

But the other houses of South America were not far behind, though their opportunities were not nearly so favourable as those of Nictheroy. Mgr. Costamagna was at Buenos Aires for the feast-day. A large cross was erected in the piazza as a memorial of the occurrence and a reminder of good resolutions.

At Barranquilla in Colombia the Co-operators organised the arrangements for a School of

Arts and Trades, and the Protonotary Apostolic laid the foundation stone on the 8th of December. Farther south in Patagones such a scene of religious fervour had never been witnessed. His Grace Archbishop Cagliari telegraphed to his former flock conveying the Apostolic blessing and good wishes.

The Houses in the Old Continent were by no means second to their younger contemporaries in the New, many of them having the presence of the Bishop of the diocese to add to the solemnity. At Cagliari in Sardinia a congress was held by the Prelates of the neighbouring dioceses. One of their resolutions was to make the special commemorative work, desired by the Sovereign Pontiff, the foundation of a School of Arts and Trades. To lose no time in fruitless considerations, Fr. Trione the Secretary to the Co-operators, representing our Superior General, held a Salesian Conference in the Archdiocesan seminary to establish the organising committee. He also gave a conference on the Salesian Missions in the Church of St. Antony. It will be manifest that the progress hinted at in the January circular, as the outcome of the celebrations of the Jubilee, is making early and remarkable appearances.

The Holy Father's gifts.

Catania in Sicily has for some years had an advanced school of religion, in connection with the Salesian House in that town. It has been doing splendid work among the young people, being one development of the many means devised for the keeping up of religious instruction and practice, in those who are out of the reach of primary schools. The good work in this and other places has been warmly recommended by the Holy Father, and his Predecessor, and Pope Pius X. has lately signalised his interest in it by the present of a valuable watch with the inscription: *Filiorum pietati Patris amor*. He sent with it three medals commemorative of the first year of his Pontificate, one in gold, one silver and one bronze. These are of course prizes in store for a future distribution. They were accompanied by a special blessing for the school and its director, and hearty approval of the good work accomplished.

Side by side with this are the words related by the Bishop of Potenza who has lately entrusted the direction of his seminary to the Salesians. In a recent audience with the Pope,

the Bishop spoke of the needs of his diocese and of the seminary. His Holiness opened his desk and took out some notes which he handed to the bishop saying "Take these, Monsignor, they will be of some use to your little seminary. It is true we are poor, but what we can we will do willingly. When you are in necessity again, write to us and we will help you to the best of our power."

The stories of the Holy Father's homely charity compare well with these evidences performed in our midst.

An illustrious missionary at Verona.

Many of the first missionaries whom Don Bosco sent out to South America have grown grey in the apostolic life, like the iron veterans of many a stormy campaign. High among these we must rank Mgr. Fagnano of whom a recent Veronese paper thus speaks: Verona was honoured yesterday by the visit of Mgr. Joseph Fagnano, Prefect Apostolic of Southern Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. This renowned missionary is making a visitation of several Salesian Institutes, to appeal to the Co-operators for supplies towards his missions. During twenty-nine years of missionary life in Tierra del Fuego he has had the happiness of converting and baptizing some 6,000 savages. The *Onas* tribe, which some years back seemed fated to rapid extinction, has apparently received from him and his co-workers a new lease of life, and there is hope of its being preserved as a distinct type of human form.

Through his labours many new villages and settlements have been planted on the Magellan Strait and Dawson Island, and ships frequently approach the port, Punta Arenas, to correct and compare their meteorological observations. A little Indian invariably rows over on his canoe to welcome the strangers, and this was done when the Duke of the Abruzzi called at Punta Arenas, at which he expressed his surprise and pleasure.

It is to be hoped that the valiant missionary may be successful in his efforts on behalf of his neophytes.

From Cape Town to Robben Island.

Among the most zealous of the Salesian Co-operators in the Cape, the Institute would certainly place Fr. Leeson of St. Mary's Cathedral



Right Rev. Peter Amigo, Lord Bishop of Southwark.

in the first rank. Among his duties is the chaplaincy to Robben Island some little distance away by water, and he very considerably arranged for the boys and community to spend a week on the island, and he himself was one of the chief promoters of their enjoyment during the holiday. The *Cape Times* thus speaks of it:

ROBBEN ISLAND.

The boys of the Salesian Institute have passed

a most enjoyable week's holiday at Robben Island. Mr. Piers, the late Commissioner, had kindly extended his consent to our going there, and Mr. Chabaud, the gentleman now ably filling his place, no less generously gave us the opportunity of spending a few days on the beautiful little island. Accordingly, on Saturday, 6th, we boarded the Magnet, arrived at the island, pitched our tents, and started an ideal camp life. During their stay, the boys not only passed a very enjoyable time themselves, but, as far as they could contributed also to the enjoyment of the good people on the island. The Institute band gave four performances for the male and female lepers in their respective compounds, and also two for the lunatics, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed by these poor afflicted people, who taste so few of this world's comforts. Two promenade concerts were also given in the island park, which was beautifully illuminated on both occasions. Almost the whole of the population of the island turned out in the warm still evenings, and showed great appreciation of the efforts of the young performers. But they did not confine their appreciation to mere applause; a regular procession of things eatable made its way from all parts of the island, and at all times of the day, to our camp, with the result that the boys had abundance and even superabundance, and this with little or no expense to their superiors. On Friday evening, a farewell concert was arranged, and a most enjoyable evening was contributed to by the instrumentalists and singers of the Institute, assisted by several kind persons of the island. At the close of the concert, Mr. Chabaud, the commissioner, arose, and, in the course of a most kind speech, in which he referred to the Salesians as old friends, and praised the conduct and work of the boys in the island, presented Fr. Tozzi, the superior of the Salesian Institute, with a purse of £ 28, collected among the people of the island, as a mark of their lasting appreciation of the visit of the Salesians. Fr. Tozzi, in the course of a happy reply, expressed his gratitude, in the name of all, for the great kindness and attention which had been shown by all classes, from the commissioner down to the humblest of those present, towards his boys. He also stated that a committee had only lately been formed for the purpose of building a new Salesian Institute, and he was glad to say that the first substantial sum

that he would be able to lay before it would be the present he had received that evening from the people of Robben Island. The faces of the audience lit up with pleasure when he furthermore promised them that their gift would be utilised for purchasing the foundation-stone of the new building. The above-mentioned sum was also increased by a collection that had been made among the lepers of the European ward, entirely on their own initiative; this was truly a touching tribute of goodwill and gratitude coming from such a source. The pleasant evening was at length brought to a close by the playing of the National Anthem. On the following afternoon, amid the strains of the band and the farewell greetings of a portion of the people assembled on the pier, the boat conveyed us back to Cape Town; however, many years will pass before the beauty and peacefulness of the island, and still more, the kindness, generosity, and true Christian charity of its inhabitants, will be erased from our minds.



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE

CHAPTER LI.

(Continued).

After supper many of the boys, gathered together in the play-ground or under the porticos before evening prayers, passed their recreation in singing hymns to Our Lady, thus vieing with each other in honouring her who, after God, occupied our mind and heart during that month. All, both students and artisans kept a wonderful watch over their conduct in every detail in order to have the consolation and satisfaction of presenting to the Queen of Heaven a bouquet of ten points at the end of the month.

Besides all these pious practices the boys manifested their love for Our Lady by adorning with flowers, lamps and candles a little altar with her picture in each of the dormitories.

The boys undertook to defray all expenses; the artisans giving a part of the wages they received at the end of each week, the students giving money, or other things they had at their disposal. Every evening after the usual prayers in each dormitory before the boys went to bed, the cleric in charge

assembled them round the little altar and recited with them seven *Hail Marys* in honour of the seven joys and Sorrows of Our Lady; after which each one, went gladly to rest. On feast days and for the closing of the Month of May one of the clerics was appointed to make a little discourse in honour of Mary, preparing himself thus before a small audience for his future labours in the pulpit, under the protection of Her who is truly called Queen of the Apostles, *Regina Apostolorum*.

The blessing of God rested upon these efforts and upon these pious and charitable devices which brought forth abundant fruits. In truth I do not remember any period in which piety and good conduct were more flourishing amongst us; never were the young artisans more diligent and fond of work, the students more devoted to their studies, nor the teachers and assistants more lovingly seconded in their labours. This was a clear proof that Religion is the foundation and most powerful auxiliary in education; that the charity, zeal and courtesy of those who direct and teach will always succeed in winning the hearts of their pupils, withdrawing them from evil, causing them to love virtue and making them good Christians and worthy citizens; and that in the training of the young prevention is to be preferred to repression. This year was indeed the golden age of our Oratory and the Successors of Don Bosco may well sigh for its return, and its extension to all his institutions present and future.

CHAPTER LII.

A thunderbolt — Heavenly protection — A joke — Thanksgiving — Journalistic lies and insults — The lightning conductor.

If the good conduct of the boys and the zeal of their superiors in promoting their religious and moral well-being as related above, must have been most pleasing to Heaven, on the other hand they exasperated the powers of hell, who, by God's permission, tried to revenge themselves in the way I shall now relate.

It was the evening of the 15th of May in the same year 1861, and the exercises of the Month of Mary already described, were being made in the dormitory of St. Aloysius on the top floor of the building facing north-east and south-west, part of it being above Don Bosco's room. It was occupied by sixty young artisans and I was the prefect in charge. I remember that after saying as usual seven times the Hail Mary in honour of the Blessed Virgin, impelled by I know not what motive, I asked the boys to add three more, saying: « *Let us recite three more Ave Marias that our Blessed Lady may preserve us from all dangers* ». Surprised at

this novelty the boys joined cordially in the recitation and then went to bed. Soon after midnight when the whole community was sound asleep, a great storm came on, the lightning flashed and the thunder was deafening. About one o'clock the dormitory seemed suddenly to be enveloped in flames and then all was darkness once more; at the same time a terrible crash was heard which shook the house to its foundations; then the fall of masonry and cries, groans and shrieks freezing the blood in one's veins.

Through a chimney the lightning had struck the dormitory, destroying the roofs and the ceiling, and burying several of the boys in their beds under a heap of tiles, bricks and rubbish. It is impossible to describe the general consternation, one was weeping, another groaning; one invoked Our Lady, another called Don Bosco; one fled, another lay prostrate; it was like the end of the world. Hearing the noise and disturbance I jumped out of bed in terror and procuring a light hastened to assist the injured. Seeing many boys covered with bricks and mortar and one amongst them, apparently dead, I sent at once to Don Bosco to tell him of the mishap and to beg his assistance. The messenger in his excitement announced that the greater number of the boys were dead!

Whilst all this was going on above, poor Don Bosco below was having a terrible time. The chimney through which the lightning entered was the same as that of his bedroom. The lightning, finding no exit, struck his iron bed and lifted it up with him, surrounding him with a dazzling light so that for a moment he resembled the prophet Elias in his fiery chariot. After a few seconds the light went out and the bedstead, knocking against a prie-dieu, fell with such force as to throw Don Bosco on the floor already strewn with masonry. At first the poor man thought he had been precipitated into the dormitory below amongst his children.

Then rising he groped about to find out where he was, fearing every moment to bury himself in the ruins of a falling wall. Providentially, after a few steps he touched a small picture and the holy water stoup which hung on the wall at the head of his bed. Being thus assured that he was still in his own room and finding the bell-rope he rang a loud peal, calling the boys, who slept in the next room, and dressing himself whilst he waited. Here I will reproduce part of the account of one of the boys from his own manuscript.

—“A terrible crash was heard,” he says, “and our room seemed to be on fire. Then a deathlike silence which lasted for a minute, followed by the ringing of Don Bosco's bell. “Alas!” we both exclaimed, “what has happened!” Having kindled a light and dressed in haste, we ran anxious and

trembling into Don Bosco's room. When we were near his bed, he looked at us smiling and said with great calmness and tranquillity:—"Look what is in the middle of the room,"—we saw bricks blackened with smoke which had fallen from the chimney.

"Don Bosco had not finished speaking, when a knock was heard at the door. Leaving Don Bosco I opened the door and found a young artisan almost speechless from fright.—"Reano" he said, "implore Don Bosco to come at once to our dormitory, it has been struck by lightning, the ceiling has fallen upon the boys and a good number are dead."—Don Bosco, not hearing the message distinctly, called me and enquired what had happened. When I had told him—"O my God!" he exclaimed in a voice that went to my heart, "*this is your Will, O Lord and I adore your divine decrees.*"—Then turning to me—"Go at once" he said, "see what has happened and let me know." I ran upstairs and had scarcely put my foot in the room when I perceived an intolerable smell of sulphur; then I heard voices crying, groaning and moaning. My heart sank within me and my eyes filled with tears. The room was a very long one with two rows of beds. Well, more than two thirds of the ceiling had fallen. On reaching the end of the dormitory I found matters worse: several beds had sunk under the weight of the fallen bricks; the faces of some of the boys were bleeding; one had his face scorched; others seemed to have lost their senses from the shock. A poor shoemaker, who had fainted, was supported in bed by two of his companions, who sprinkled him with water trying in vain to rouse him; he seemed to be dying. Others, notwithstanding the uproar; did not move and appeared to be dead. Then I returned to Don Bosco to let him know what had happened, and having in the meantime dressed himself he hastened to the scene of the disaster." Thus far Reano's account, many of us being eye-witnesses of the same.

When Don Bosco entered the dormitory the boys received him like an angel of consolation. Those who had already risen crowded round him with countenances so troubled that Don Bosco could scarcely recognize them. Passing through the heaps of masonry and rubbish, he went to the bedside of those who apparently had suffered most and soon recognized that the injuries were not so serious as first stated, for which he thanked God with his whole heart. Then sending for water and vinegar with his own hands he bathed the wounds and bruises of the sufferers. Coming to the poor shoemaker, he called him two or three times in a loud voice, and the poor boy who until then had not opened his eyes, or uttered a syllable, roused himself, gave a deep sigh, and in a weak but intelligible voice said "*Oh! Don Bosco!*"

Soon after he recovered completely and joined his companions.

Finally Don Bosco approached another boy, who still remained motionless on his bed. It was thought he had been struck by the lightning, so no one had attempted to arouse him, fearing that he was a corpse. Having brought the light nearer, Don Bosco examined him and found that the boy had a wound on his face and that a splinter of wood, mixed with the plaster from the fallen ceiling, had pierced his cheek coming out near the lower lid of the right eye. He tried to draw it out with his fingers, but did not succeed in getting hold of it, so he asked for a pair of scissors and using them like pincers he succeeded in extracting it. At this moment the apparent corpse roused himself and thinking one of his companions was teasing him he gave Don Bosco a blow with his fist, crying in the Piedmontese dialect, "You rascal, let me sleep." On hearing this exclamation the joy of the bystanders may be more easily imagined than described; all, including Don Bosco, burst out laughing, delighted with the assurance that this disaster had proved fatal to none. The protection of God had been clearly manifested in this occurrence.

Having ascertained that there had been no loss of life, the youths in this dormitory would not go back to bed, although it was only two o'clock in the morning, but going down to the Church with Don Bosco, they all went to confession, heard Mass celebrated by Don Rua, and received Holy Communion in thanksgiving to God and Our Lady Immaculate for their preservation from death during the night. Towards five o'clock in the morning, at the usual hour for rising, the clients of Our Lady having already poured forth their hearts in gratitude to God, narrated to their companions of the other dormitories the events of this memorable night, praising the Divine Mercy and the protection of the Mother of God.

Don Bosco, relating the above fact and attributing it to the devil, used to say jokingly:—"That stupid fellow does not understand the rules of good society: he gives you a shock that would dislocate your bones. As a musician he is stupid; he cannot keep time and knows nothing of harmony, he makes an infernal clatter, sufficient to deafen even those who are asleep."—But our enemy showed himself not only a wicked musician but a murderer, for if God had allowed him, he would have burnt us alive that night, or buried us in the ruins of the house, as he did to the children of Job.

(To be continued).

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO—Salesian Press, Turin, 1905

Via Cottolengo, 32.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPROBATION.

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

L. M. PAROCCHI, Card. Vic.

We approve the "Charitable Association" and we wish it the greatest concourse of the faithful.
Given at Rome, etc.

THE PAPAL BLESSING.

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

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

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

SALESIAN SCHOOLS

SURREY HOUSE, SURREY LANE
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S. W.



DIRECTED AND TAUGHT BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS.

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

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

The Salesian Fathers have opened a school for boys at their House at Farnborough, Hants. A course similar to that at the above school is given. For particulars apply to:

*The Rev. E. Marsh
Salesian Institute
Queens Rd, Farnborough, Hants.*

A preparatory school for little boys has been opened by the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians, in a delightful situation at Chertsey on Thames. Communications to be addressed:

*The Rev. Mother
Eastworth House, Eastworth St.
Chertsey, Surrey*