



Salesian Bulletin

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Vol. IV.

*Beatus qui intelligit super egenam et pauperem:
in die mala liberabit eum Dominus. [Ps. XL. 1]*

Sancti Salesiani

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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THE CO-OPERATOR

Two persons, conversing quietly together, were making their way along the rough road that then lay upon the outskirts of Turin. The grey November evening of 1846 was fast drawing in, and it was with a degree of well-earned satisfaction, that the welcome sight of their future home, though extremely poor, displayed itself before them. They are met and accosted by a priest going into the city: “Is that you, Don Bosco, all covered in dust? Where have you come from?” Don Bosco explained that he and his mother had walked in from Murialdo, and were about to take up residence in their new home, such as it was. The priest seized the situation at once.

“I’m sorry I cannot help you. I have nothing but this, which you must take, it will help you a little,” and he handed his watch to Don Bosco. The latter accepted the present, leaving Almighty God to bestow the reward, for the watch was given indirectly to the poor children whom Our Lord has taken under his special care.

By this act the good priest of Turin made himself the first Co-operator, for although a few priests, more courageous than the generality, had previously helped Don Bosco with the confessions and catechism of the boys, he was now about to commence his permanent work at Valdocco, where so many, inspired with a like generosity, emulated the good priest’s example.

But in our day the name *Salesian Co-operator* has a distinctive meaning, and brings up before us a clearly defined course of action, which has been undertaken by some 300,000 since the little episode above described. It may not be out of place, therefore, to devote a few pages directly to the Co-operators, seeing that this periodical owes its existence to them, is mainly for them, and is entirely devoted to the interests of their association.

One part of Don Bosco's mission had already taken shape, before the occurrence of the little incident just referred to, and indeed he was just returning from a short interval of enforced retirement on account of overwork and exhaustion. This was his labour among the poor boys of Turin and its neighbourhood, and he had just secured some permanent lodging for himself and his mother, whom he had succeeded in persuading to leave her comfortable home and many friends, to be a mother to his new family. The short time he had spent among the boys, had sufficed to convince Don Bosco that some home must be provided for the most destitute of sad cases, with whom he was continually coming in contact. To his other work of gathering the boys together on Sundays and in the evenings of the week, he therefore added that of providing a home for some who worked in the town during the day, and by degrees he established a few workshops near his dwelling thus keeping them all day to learn a trade at home. But where did he get the means to acquire the property and raise workshops, and buy the tools and material

for the trades? And who was to teach the boys the use of their tools?

The remarkable evidences of reform, accomplished by Don Bosco's methods, in the character and habits of so many boys, appealed to many persons of all conditions, and those in influential places were, even sometimes against their professed convictions, led to give their support, and help in paying off expenses. The work of teaching such large numbers, especially in the evening schools, fell very heavily on his shoulders, and by his invitation teachers volunteered for different nights and lessons. These worked side by side with him, and were in the fullest sense his co-workers or Co-operators, and many even took the further step of joining the religious congregation which Don Bosco founded, to perpetuate the work he had been called upon to start. Many priests lent their aid on Sundays and feast-days. Hundreds of boys wished to approach the Sacraments, or were divided up later in the day into different catechism classes. Others helped with those in the new centres which rapidly arose in connection with the first foundation, and many illustrious names were among these early Co-operators. The present Cardinal Archbishop of Turin was a regular helper there at one time, and several of his contemporaries in the episcopate and archiepiscopate have been connected with the work in Turin and other towns.

But all those who wished to assist Don Bosco in various ways, who felt the glow of his ardent charity towards the young, and were themselves in-

flamed by it, could evidently not be employed at the Oratory. Many lived in other districts, but sent pecuniary aid and wished to participate in or extend the work. To these Don Bosco gave instructions controlling their efforts within their own sphere of action, and frequently made use of them to prepare the way for one of his Institutes in their town. The numbers of such well-disposed persons went on increasing, and they almost naturally took shape as an association in their position of Co-operators, and as they worked in connection with the Salesian Society they were styled *Salesian Co-operators*. A few simple rules given by Don Bosco formed their only bond of union, until it became necessary to obtain ecclesiastical recognition for the members.

In putting the outline of this new development of his works before Pope Pius IX. Don Bosco gave an account of the origin of the association and its connection with his first foundation. Pius IX. had in many ways already proved himself a very valuable Co-operator, he had therefore no hesitation in sanctioning the Association. But it was unlikely that he would stop there. He raised it to the dignity of a third order, after the manner of the tertiaries attached to other and long established religious orders, and while attaching to it all their indulgences he placed his own name at the head of the list.

His sentiments were even more openly expressed on another occasion, when in familiar conversation he said "The Salesian Co-operators are destined to do a great deal of good to the Church and to civil society. Their work is

mainly directed to the training and assistance of youth exposed to danger; and in time it will be so appreciated, that I seem to see, not families only, but whole villages and towns joining their ranks. Hence the reason of my special regard for them, and of the many favours I have granted them now and for perpetuity."

The Association was henceforth a standing organisation. It was not a mere appendage, nor the outgrowth of the work already set on foot, but it became the support, the mainstay of them all, and for many institutes the *sine qua non* of their existence and successful development. The sanction and blessing of the head of the church was like a heavenly dew upon the seed, which pushed out its tiny roots beyond countries and even beyond oceans, taking each continent within its grasp.

The words of encouragement, indulgences, privileges and favours granted it by the last three Popes would suffice to fill a goodly volume, and the present Holy Father, just after his election, gave an autograph message to the Salesians and their Co-operators, which was sent to them through the medium of the *Bulletin* of Sept. 1903 to be followed later on (Nov. 1904) by a special brief which, read in the light of what has just been quoted from Pius IX. strikes one as the realisation of a prophecy.

The triumphs of the Co-operators have been the three Salesian Congresses held in 1895 at Bologna, which was a real surprise to many even among those who knew the Congregation well, in 1900 at Buenos Ayres, where the mere

fact of holding one in South America at all, shows to what extent the association had been organised on the other side of the Atlantic. But the crowning triumph was the international one at Turin in 1903, which easily outran its predecessors in numbers and importance.

After perusing these lines it will at least be evident that a Salesian Co-operator is part and parcel of no mean association, seeing that it counts its members above 300,000 according to figures quoted by His Holiness Pius X. And how shall one enter its ranks and become a partaker in its merits? The rules are given in the *Co-operator's guide* thus:—

1. *Intending members should be at least sixteen years of age, and good practical catholics.*

2. *They must be enrolled in the Register of the Association.*

3. *They must recite daily an Our Father and Hail Mary in honour of St. Francis de Sales, for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.*

4. *Members are expected to help destitute children to the best of their ability, and especially by supporting the Institutes in aid of the young, or any other of Don Bosco's works (1).*

Co-operators are kept duly informed of what their association is doing and intends to do in different parts of the world, by means of the *Bulletin* which is sent monthly to all members. Accounts of Graces and favours, and occurrences connected with the work may be sent in for publication.

(1) All other explanations are given in the guide above mentioned, which can be had on application to any Salesian House.

Some traits in in Don Bosco's familiar life.

(Continued)

The commencement of this brief sketch was given in the preceding number. It formed the subject matter of a speech, given by a lawyer, in which he referred to his personal experiences, on the occasion of Don Rua's feast-day of last year.

Under the porticoes of the Oratory.

"Imagine for a few moments that you see Don Bosco in the prime of life, as he comes down from his room to take a walk among the boys under the porticoes of the Oratory. I will remember walking with him there on different occasions, measuring its length and breadth while the conversation flowed.

He often called my attention, and had read to me the texts of Holy Writ, which are depicted on the walls along the side, and which embodied different commandments and exhortations, forming, as he said, the art of living well and of dying well. On several occasions on-lookers

have afterwards remarked: "Who is that priest with whom you were speaking?" "Don Bosco," I would answer. "Don Bosco! No one would suspect it." And indeed there was never any air of superiority about him. He even seemed of less station than many others around him. But well the boys knew him, as they came round to salute him, and whom he plied with questions here and there, on their studies or work or spiritual duties. This was one of the most charming aspects in which to view him, as he mixed with and entertained the boys at recreation. And he himself enjoyed it, not of course with the exuberance of spirits which lit up the faces of the boys around him, but yet with evident satisfaction and pleasure, and when they, with boyish light-heartedness were intent on their games he would remark: "They are only poor boys, in need of everything, and if they wanted my cape I would not refuse it to cover them.

For the rest, all will be well. They will soon have their bread, and you will see then;" and after a few minutes the boys went in to their meal. It consisted of a little loaf, fresh and crisp, and the immediate following of sounds of rapid crunching betokened satisfaction enough.

His gentle demeanour, amiability and respect for others.

Don Bosco hardly ever gave any outward sign of the ardent flame of zeal and charity which burned within him, but it was hidden and subdued by his gentle and unobtrusive manner. His dress was quite in keeping with his whole bearing. Always and in all things a true priest. As he took care that the rooms, workshops or school-rooms should be plain and simple, so was it with regard to his person. One would think that he had made it a point, to keep ever in view his modest birth, and the ancestral simplicity of his country home. His visiting room, so well known now, displayed a similar homeliness and simplicity, and the little room where he first took his meals was half underground, and very little higher than the guests who sat down in it. What simplicity and poverty too! any one would remark on entering it.

A charm of manner all his own accompanied his invitation to some fellow-priest or friend, whenever he happened to ask one of them to join him at dinner. "Come with us to-day, come and see; there is hardly".... but without completing the sentence he led the way in, leaving one to understand that one must be satisfied with whatever might appear. But no one could imagine what pleasure there was in sitting down to dine with Don Bosco. *Inter pocula* he would talk more at ease, surrounded by the faithful few who formed his staff. And anecdotes never failed between the few courses. Extremely sparing of wine himself, he would have some provided in honour of his guest, adding: "You will pardon me if I do a little penance to-day, but you, you have honoured us with your presence; that is enough."

His courtesy and respect for others, always so marked, was particularly conspicuous when dealing with persons of rank. Visitors from all parts flocked to the Oratory, including bishops and archbishops, who showed the utmost consideration for Don Bosco, and consulted him on important affairs. He was never in the

least disturbed, or at a loss, treating each one as became his dignity. He was a master in conversation with such distinguished guests, gifted as he was with extraordinary insight and prudence. No one doubted, that were Don Bosco ever to exchange his dark coloured garments for the violet or purple he would have borne it with becoming dignity. But he always banished such ideas, and remarked that the priest's cassock was easier to manage.

But you will wonder if he was never disturbed by the anxious cares, that continually weighed upon him, in the midst of such incessant toil and overwhelming business, especially on account of the debts he frequently contracted. One could at times detect some trouble beneath the unruffled countenance; turning to me one day he asked lightly: "Is it true that they have abolished imprisonment for debts?" "Entirely abolished," I replied. "Splendid!" he ejaculated. If there was any likelihood of anyone paying, he would be continually running into debt; and in his case Divine Providence had to supply the money. *Qui confidit, non peribit*, was his programme.

But few better opportunities could be had of seeing these special marks of kindness and humility, than when some occasional gathering was being held, such as on the feast of St. John, his own feast day. Decorations were profusely displayed in the large hall, and music was in the air. The priests of the Congregation were scattered about here and there among the students and artisans and externs, while Co-operators and friends, and even some of the curious filled the other parts of the hall. The entrance of Don Bosco was the signal for great cheering and clapping, and further demonstrations, accompanied the rendering of pieces of music and reading or recitation prepared for the feast. Don Bosco received all with his usual composure and humility, and invariably had the most appropriate words of thanks and compliment. It is just such a scene as this, that, is repeated every year when the feast of his Successor is kept, and when one is led to turn to the recollections of former times which will never be obliterated. These are the remembrances that draw us away from the grand scenes of the Congress and coronation festivities at the Oratory, to the sight of the humble priest to whom God entrusted His task of gathering the little ones unto Him.

Don Rua's Representative in America

(Extracts from his Secretary's Correspondence)

(Continued)

An ascent to Meiggs.

Amidst these occupations the time passed quietly and we made use of it also to visit the Jesuit, Franciscan, Dominican and Lazarist Fathers, all of whom received the representative of Don Rua with the greatest cordiality, esteeming themselves happy when he could be induced to take a meal with them.

The English Railway Company, when they heard of the arrival of the Salesian Visitor, politely offered us three tickets to go and see the most lofty railway in the world, one of the marvels of Peru, and to behold which many come long distances; and indeed it is well worth the trouble. In less than eight hours from sea level one attains a height of 15,000 feet. This branch line excites one's admiration, more especially when the fast trains bury themselves in the heart of the mountain, or flying along the edge of the precipice and crossing viaducts they are suspended over the abyss passing from one height to another following the many curves and zigzags which resemble the steps of a gigantic staircase! I regret that my feeble description can give you no idea of the reality. Having reached the tunnel of Mount Meiggs, which attains the height of 16,500 feet, the train stopped before entering it and the railway officials went forward to ascertain if the line was clear. I got out to taste some snow, a rarity in the month of May, especially as we came from Lima where rain never falls, and for this reason the roofs of the houses, instead of tiles, are covered with a particular kind of earth to prevent the burning rays of the sun over-heating the inside of the house. I looked eagerly hoping to discern, if not the peak of Mount *Misti*, always covered with snow, at least the columns of smoke, as we were assured it was now in eruption. Our house of Arequipa, with its important Observatory, stands at the foot of *Misti*, and however terrible may be this dreaded volcano I do not think our

house is in danger. One cannot imagine the destruction of this renowned Observatory and of the Model Agricultural Colony, the only one of its kind in Peru!

We were pleased with our journey; but we felt its effects. Many suffered from sickness, others from a somewhat dangerous bleeding of the nose; all suffered from their eyes: the pains in the head were excruciating. The rarefaction of the air at this height of nearly 16,000 feet, the rain which had overtaken us while striving to reach a sort of Hotel recommended to us, the announcement that probably through want of a suitable room we should be unable to say Mass the next day, the cold air, all contributed to our feelings of discomfort. The next morning Fr. Albera was able to say Mass, and the others received Holy Communion. Having hastily swallowed a cup of coffee we hurried to the station on our way back to Lima. In the descent we were able to appreciate better the stupendous panorama. I could not tear myself away from the little window, and each new village was a fresh surprise; these are numerous at a height of about 6,500 feet. They are pleasantly situated for country houses and recommended for consumptive patients. At a height of 4,500 feet, one hour by rail from Lima we saw at Chosica the spot where it is hoped the Novitiate for Peru may soon be opened. May God favour us with many good vocations for the harvest is great: much sympathy is shown to us and appreciation far above what we deserve. Nothing is impossible to God; if we are only docile instruments in His Hands, the very weakness of the means will demonstrate more clearly His great mercy.

Still at Lima—Conference by Mgr. Costamagna.

THE month of May was rapidly drawing to a close. Fr. Albera preached at one time to the boys, at another to the religious, and some-

times he addressed the crowds from the pulpits in the public churches of Callao. Sunday, the 25th was the day chosen for the Feast of Mary Help of Christians. Several days before, Mgr. Costamagna had come to join us in Peru and his arrival was most opportune for the Conference of the Co-operators. The whole thing was arranged in a few days; notices and invitations were sent out, and on the 24th of May in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, always most generous towards the sons of Don Bosco, a large

come to us somewhat as a surprise, are an example also. "I have come straight from Santiago," he said, "where three months ago £2,000 was left to the Home for lost and sick dogs and cats. Lima has always been true to her reputation for charity."

He reminded them of Iquique where, during one month, six hundred pounds were collected for a house for poor girls under the care of the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians. "Here at Lima," he continued, "a Festive Oratory is quite



Harbour of Guayaquil (S. America).

number of the chief Peruvians had assembled, under the presidency of Mgr. Bavona, Apostolic Delegate, of Mgr. Trovar, Archbishop of Lima, and of Mgr. Caceres.

After a short service Mgr. Costamagna gave the conference. He dwelt first on the meaning of the word Co-operator, saying that one could co-operate by prayer, by good advice, good example, or by alms. He cited the example of our separated brethren where the head of the Salvation Army, ordering a week of self-denial, collected £50,000, and we frequently hear of bequests in London that, while they

a necessity; will you help us? When the fruit of a tree is blighted, we can, by careful cultivation, or tending the young seed insure a future crop. The young generations who will form the society of the future are this seed. When Don Bosco went to the prison of youthful criminals in Turin, these boys said to him: If we had known a Don Bosco earlier we should not be here. All cannot go to a day-school, so a Festive Oratory is necessary for the instruction and preservation of youth." Thanks to the burning words of Mgr Costamagna, blessed by God, the Festive Oratory will be founded; the presence

of the three illustrious Prelates who seconded his words is an earnest of success. The representative of the Pope is anxious for the opening of this Oratory and wished to obtain a promise to that effect from Fr. Albera; the Archbishop was equally strong in his recommendations.

The next day being the Feast of Mary Help of Christians, the Community Mass was said by His Lordship the Apostolic Delegate; later the Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated and the three Bishops, with representatives of most of the religious orders in Lima, honoured us with their presence at dinner. The Italian Minister, unable to accept the invitation to dinner, came shortly after and had a long conversation with us.

The farewell.

On the 26th Fr. Albera had a pleasing surprise: the confrères and boys of our three houses in Lima assembled in the Church of our principal College to assist at the Mass said by him and almost all approached the Holy Table, offering this Communion to obtain from God a special blessing on our perilous journey,—a last demonstration of affection! They heard, many for the last time, the voice of him they had learnt to regard as a father, expressing his thanks and they were unable to restrain their tears. When Fr. Albera left the House, the boys accompanied him to the station and gave him quite a sensational send-off.

It is but half an hour's run to Callao on the sea-front. We have two schools there, and the boys from both were assembled to meet our train. On the boat we found the school band which attempted to dissipate the general sadness visible everywhere around, but this time with feeble success. Mgr. Costamagna was the last to bid us farewell, and as I kissed his ring he whispered: "Till we meet at Guayaquil." We are looking forward to this meeting, but it is by no means certain.

Towards the last Peruvian port.

The deafening noise of the chains had ceased, the anchor was weighed, the rushing water separated into two lines of foam as our vessel moved towards Ecuador. It is named *Aconcagua*, after one of the highest mountains of the Cordilleras and is one of the best steamers we have seen on the Pacific. For three days we

coasted along the barren shores of Peru. To solace our minds and refresh our eyes, wearied with the view of these parched and arid mountains, we talked over our last days in that Republic which was slowly vanishing from our sight.

At one time Peru was another name for wealth, and fabulous were the treasures given to the first Spanish conquerors to obtain the liberation of the *Inca Atahualpa*, treacherously captured. In the hope of regaining his liberty he offered to his captor Pizarro as much solid gold as would fill the room where he was imprisoned to the height of his own stature and double the quantity of silver. To obtain the release of this supposed descendant of the sun, the temples were ransacked and thus commenced the decadence of the race, as we learn from history has frequently happened amongst other nations. Sacrilege brings its own punishment; those countries where it is committed, after reaching the summit of glory, fall the deeper into the abyss, a sad and salutary example of Divine Justice!

We were still at sea on the 29th May, the Feast of Corpus Christi; about nine o'clock, by the Captain's leave, Mass was said in the large and elegant first class saloon, for the convenience of the passengers, and in thought we visited those cities where Jesus goes forth in solemn state to bless His faithful people. "It is sad to spend this sweetest of the Christian Festivities without any share in its joys," said Fr. Albera. On the 11th, when we landed at Payta in order to telegraph to our brethren at Guayaquil that we should be with them on the following day, we met the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament; torches being presented to us we accompanied Our Lord and having received His blessing, we returned in haste to our steamer whose whistle was sounding. Providence had evidently favoured us.

Payta is the last of the Peruvian ports and this we recognized in the sudden change of the country's appearance which, from a burnt and arid waste assumed a royal mantle of luxuriant foliage; we were approaching the shores of Ecuador.

In view of Ecuador.

The very name of Ecuador seems to have some enchanting power on the ear of South Americans, and the striking works of nature

collected together in this privileged country by Providence, must furnish the chief secret of its attraction. Here one sees the monarch of the Andes, *Chimborazo*, towering aloft above the highest summits; *Cotopaxi* pours forth torrents of fire enveloped in dense clouds; here are endless forests crowned with fragrant and varied blossoms; here is the river *Guayas* which meets the visitor approaching Guayaquil, displaying its enchanting beauty and majestic dimensions. What feelings of admiration are excited in the souls of believers by these wonders, in which nature with one voice sings a hymn of praise to the Most High!

But for us, I repeat, Ecuador possessed something indefinable and mysterious. Don Bosco, in failing health and rapidly nearing his end, descended for the last time to the Sanctuary of Mary, Help of Christians, in order to bless the Missionaries who were starting to found the houses and Missions of Ecuador, in whispers of which, even yet, we have not penetrated the hidden meaning. We knew that, after long years of exile, the Bishops and priests of the country, owing to a change of Government, had only just begun to quietly raise their heads in their beloved country. We had been advised to write to the new President, giving notice of the arrival of the Salesian Visitor; but we did not know the result of our communication. Would Our Lord require a further sacrifice from us? *So be it!* if only the souls confided to our brethren of Ecuador suffer no injury.

We had met most of the exiles during our visits to the Salesian houses of Chili and Peru, and had heard from their own lips the account of the hostility shewn to them and the sufferings they had endured; we had read the interesting details in the book entitled *Our Missionaries of Quito* and above all, in Europe, we had heard from Fr. Calcagno, Superior of the Mission of Ecuador, the touching history of the forty days of forced marching through the forest towards the land of exile. Fr. Calcagno himself escaped the dangers that menaced him, but succumbed shortly after to the fatigues of the journey in the neighbouring Republic of San Salvador, where he had gone in the hope of one day re-entering Ecuador. We could not forget that Guayaquil contains the mortal remains of our confrère Fr. Milano. Exiled from Cuenca whilst suffering from a dangerous illness, he was able to cross the lofty mountains of Azuay, but could

not pass the boundaries of this his second home, and there gave up his soul to God, a willing victim, whilst the companions of his exile, with sorrowful hearts, set sail for Peru.... Before our minds a mournful picture presented itself, the past, the uncertainty of the present and fears for the future.

Though for Fr. Albera the delay of a month in Lima, in order to get to Ecuador, was no slight sacrifice, he was ready for anything which would enable him to carry out his mission and bring comfort to our brethren. With this intention, on the 30th May, in the strictest incognito and under the protection of Mary Help of Christians we entered Guayaquil. The epidemics prevalent in the city did not trouble us, nor the fatigues and dangers which Fr. Albera might encounter in this Republic.

At Guayaquil.

Guayaquil is beautifully situated on the banks of the river *Guayas*, from which it takes its name, and presents a magnificent panorama. It is the principal city of Ecuador, containing more than 60,000 inhabitants. All, whether going to Quito or to the interior of the Republic, enter here; consequently trade is flourishing; it exercises a preponderant influence, so that it has frequently decided the fate of Ecuador and revolutions have always had their origin in this centre. With few exceptions the buildings are of wood, even large Churches with lofty towers being constructed of this material. We visited several of them and admired also various palaces which, though wanting in artistic merit, show nevertheless much taste, and Europeans would hardly believe that the grand façades of the churches and the balconies of private houses are the work of carpenters mostly ignorant of the theory of architecture. We admired above all the immense Rocafuerte School recently built and which was scarcely finished, while the material for a laboratory of physics and chemistry was being then received from Paris; but they had not even the pleasure of unpacking it, for six weeks later when visiting the President of the Republic, General Plaza, who received us most pleasantly, we were told that it had all disappeared in a fire which had destroyed twenty-six blocks of houses, several churches, hospitals and other public buildings. Having returned to Guayaquil a few days later we saw that about a third of the place was gone. It was a sad

sight; smoke was still issuing from the ruins, where the fire was yet burning under sheets of iron partially melted. Passing through the streets we remembered that close by had been the Seminary with extern classes and the Episcopal buildings containing documents of the greatest importance and a valuable library, of all which hardly anything had been saved. A little further on was the Church of St Augustine, not yet completed, and now for the second time reduced to ashes. You can imagine the heart-rending scenes when the hospital took fire, and I will not harrow your feelings by describing them. As usual one hears of the dangers incurred by the firemen; the efforts made to save the Cathedral, the tower of which had already caught fire, and of many acts of heroism; but after all, this brings but little comfort and Guayaquil resembles a city sacked and burnt by cruel enemies. The courage of the inhabitants was worthy of admiration, for instead of wasting time in useless regrets, having formed various committees, they went round the city soliciting contributions; Guayaquil is generous and charity is exercised on a large scale, more especially by the ladies.

At one House called "*La Filantropica*" 750 boys arranged in perfect order awaited us; of these 600 are students and 150 artisans. At the head of the administration is a Society which successfully manages the financial arrangements as may be seen from the workshops abundantly provided with all useful machinery; in the mechanical workshop alone £ 1,600 have been spent quite lately, but the machinery is rusting from the want of competent teachers. The experiment of bringing over experienced men from Europe was tried, but they could not stand the climate. The President of the administration, the worthy Signor F. Gargia-Avilés, a cousin of the celebrated Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic, is above all praise for the interest he takes in this Institution at Guayaquil; everyone knows that the prosperity of this good work is his first thought, above that of his personal affairs. The care of the *Filantropica* has lately been confided to the Salesians, a confrère has gone to Turin to obtain from the Superiors the necessary staff, and then the numbers will probably increase to a thousand and more, extending thus the advantages of religious education. At present all the teachers are externs, good men who showed the greatest esteem for

Fr. Albera, and whose memory will always be dear to us. The climate of Guayaquil is depressing and relaxing, especially in the rainy season, the winter of these countries; but the missionaries are getting acclimatized, aided by that generosity which is ready for any sacrifice, when God's work is to be done.

Eastwards through Ecuador.

We only stayed at Guayaquil for Sunday and Monday. On the Sunday we kept the feast of Mary Help of Christians; it could not boast the gorgeous procession which marked its celebration at her great Sanctuary in Turin; still we did our best, and the large gathering of boys made up for any deficiency in other respects.

On June 2nd, the early morn saw us ready for our journey eastwards. The first stage of this consists in the crossing of the Guayas in a small ferry, for our train departed from the farther side of the river. This train journey, of some eight hours, brought us to Haigra in the east of Ecuador, and the terminus of the railway. The place is nothing more than a travellers' rendezvous, near the gorge between two mountains, with a rushing torrent on whose banks stands a small cluster of huts or tents; canvas seemed to have been the predominant material used in their construction, and this had evidently at some remote period been painted white, but they now presented a very shabby, and even dirty appearance.

Our train had come in considerably behind time, and at a distance of four hours' ride a good Co-operator was awaiting us at his farm. On account of the late hour we were advised not to continue our journey, still we were anxious to try, and for this end wished to consult the legislative, judicial, executive and administrative authority united in the person of a young man of twenty-five; whilst our messengers were seeking him, Fr. Albera gladly accepted a seat. We were in the principal café, where there was a continual stream of negroes, taking several glasses of strong spirits, and glaring occasionally at us in a manner which did not increase our comfort. Our commissioner was most polite, but he gave us to understand that we must give up any idea of proceeding further.

—“You are Europeans?”

—“Yes, Sir.”

—“Is this the first time you have landed here?”

—“Certainly.”
 —“Ah! I see, you do not know our roads, otherwise you would not insist on going further” and he continued:
 —“You are Salesians?”

This name, which had so often filled us with joy and of which we were justly proud, now came faltering from our lips: this title so dear to us we did not repudiate, thank God, but we pronounced it with trembling accents. The readers of the “*Bulletin*” have not forgotten that in 1896 a decree was issued banishing the Salesians from Ecuador; it is true that for some months a new President has governed the Republic, a ruler animated with the best intentions for the progress of his land, by the peaceful and united efforts of all men of good will... but we had been advised to travel *incognito*; this will explain our agitation when we saw that the person recognizing us was a captain of the police. Our interlocutor seeing our anxiety hastened to rejoin: “I know the Salesians well, for I am one of their old pupils;” then followed a string of questions concerning former Superiors of the House of Quito, called *Protectorado*, of whom he had a pleasant recollection. How much he regretted that memorable night when the sentence of exile snatched them away from the love of so many children; our good Flores seemed to be back once more in his old school. Later on he wished us good-night, asking us to pray for a poor negro who had been murdered a short way off on the slope of a hill just behind us; the motive for the crime was the money he had with him. “Poor negroes,” he added, “the managers paid them nothing for three months and the consequences of this delay are evident; whoever has a little money is no longer safe.” A little hot water, dignified with the name of broth, a glass of beer, more sustaining than all the rest, was our meagre supper. During the night we had only too lively a demonstration of what had happened; near our tents about twenty negroes, all from Jamaica, surrounded the corpse of their companion, who may have also been a relative, drinking, weeping and singing; the music was harmonious, but melancholy, and very disagreeable on account of the hour and the crime it recalled. Sleep was impossible, notwithstanding our desire and need of a long and peaceful rest. In addition Fr. Albera’s tent had a hole through which the chill

night air blew over his head, giving him a stiff neck the next day, not a slight inconvenience in riding.

A forced March in a new costume!

We had now to adopt a new method of transport which was to last five long months of forced marches, always of ten and often of fourteen and more hours daily; this method of travelling was dangerous, from our ignorance, from the quality of our beasts and from the difficulties of the road; on this account, before mounting, a transformation was necessary. The Missionary, travelling eastwards is generally obliged to abandon the long cassock, which would be too dangerous in pushing through thickets, climbing steep mountains, and fording impetuous torrents, but we were unwilling to change it; so we gathered it in at the waist with a strong leather belt, indispensable for avoiding internal injuries in these long journeys on horseback. The violent shocks, the headlong races, the efforts in climbing, jumping and maintaining one’s equilibrium make this supporting belt a necessity to avoid accidents. On our head we had not the wide spreading *panama*, but a big straw hat covered with oil-cloth; a large white handkerchief was folded round the neck and covered the shoulders, an ample *poncho* (a sort of shawl with a hole in the middle to pass the head through) fell from the shoulders on the horse’s back, covering all and scarcely showing our pantaloons of goatskin (not yet softened by wear) which hurt our legs. Our extraordinary costume will never become fashionable, though it is indispensable for such journeys. I had taken care to bring a compass and near my crucifix hung a revolver! Be not alarmed; in these countries it is necessary as a protection against wild beasts and sometimes also against wild men who only regain their senses when they see a rider provided with these means of defence.

Further anxieties.

Thus equipped we mounted our horses, and guided by several Indians, at half past ten we reached Guatagsi, the residence of one of our Co-operators. Having said Mass we were told that the Superior of the Houses of Ecuador, Fr. Fusarini, had telegraphed from Riobamba to wait for him, as he would join us in the evening. We thought nothing of the delay so

anxious were we to see Fr. Fusarini, who had been riding two days to pay his respects to the representative of our Superior General.

Our meeting was joyful. He gave us an account of the needs and dangers of the eastern province and of our Mission of Gualaquiza. Confiding in Divine Providence and strengthened by the mandate of his Superior, Fr. Albera hoped to conquer all difficulties, and we accordingly resumed our journey. Others may have thought

much in manners and customs that it seems impossible to effect a union between them. On the West lie the seventeen Provinces which form the Republic, consisting of fertile valleys and slopes descending to the Pacific; on the East the arts are unknown, nature and barbarism reign. We pursued our course towards the East. From the summit of these mountains, many of which exceed 18,000 feet in height, you may behold at one glance the



View of Guayaquil (South America).

us too bold, and indeed it was necessary to be so, for had he been guided by human prudence alone, our poor confrères would never have seen Fr. Albera, nor would they have been strengthened by his fatherly visitation.

Fr. Fusarini accompanied us for a short distance; then we separated, he taking the western and we the eastern route.

Throughout its length Ecuador is divided in two by the Andes, a lofty mountain chain extending from North to South like a gigantic wall or impassable barrier separating the East from the West; these two districts differ so

whole of the eastern district, a verdant ocean extended at your feet, like the azure waters of the Pacific, on the other side bounded by Colombia, Brazil and the largest river in the world, the Amazon. From the Cordilleras other mountain chains diverge; numberless rivers flow from their sides, their waters swollen by torrents which scoop out a bed for themselves in the solid rock.

Natural beauties.

Were I to attempt any description of the richness and magnificence of this enchanted

land I should overstep the limits of my narrative. I had already traversed the immense extent of Brazil during my journey, and had been filled with admiration at the wondrous vegetation, especially in the district of Matto Grosso; but here are greater marvels. The luxuriant vegetation extends for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, interrupted only by rivers whose waters often contain gold and silver. In the east of Ecuador, life is manifested in a thousand different forms, of divers shapes, size and aspect, from the tiny ant to the majestic lion, from the smallest insect to the gigantic serpent, from the humble violet to the fragrant rose. Here the flora and fauna are most rich and varied: here are interminable gardens, but in the midst crawls the dreaded serpent as if to guard them from human footsteps. Magnificent hanging woods, valleys carpeted with golden green, where numerous animals have their play ground; enchanting hills adorned with royal palms lifting their proud heads above the surrounding vegetation; dense forests where flourish the cocotree, india-rubber plant, resin, balsam, oil, pepper and numerous medicinal plants and roots; here also you will find calm lakes resembling mirrors of the clearest crystal. All is beautiful and enchanting when viewed in safety from some lofty peak. But how different it appears when one has to traverse the country by forced marches! Be the weather fine or wet, carried by your horse or having to drag it along, under a burning sun or torrents of rain, when as happened to us in spite of oilskins one is soaked through and penetrated with the damp; our hands benumbed with cold were unable to hold the bridle, and the rain poured off our hats making a cold stream down the back, when the wind did not drive it in our face; the skin, dried with the sun or with the cold, peels off constantly.

Travelling onwards.

Those who know Fr. Albera will not be surprised if a man of his age and delicate health, on reaching the *tambo*, had frequently to be lifted off his horse and placed on a chair, or what served as one, because he was unable to stand through excessive fatigue. And what is this *tambo*? it is the resting place of the missionary, where he must pass the night after a fatiguing day; a halting place which must be reached at any cost, for it is dangerous to rest on the

mountain side where you may easily contract disease of the lungs. This fear even when greatly fatigued, urges us on, and even after sunset hastens our steps, and enables us to accomplish what in calmer moments we should not think of attempting.

At the *tambo*, if the Indian in charge of it has had due notice, one will find something hot, the one needful restorative; perhaps only water with a little salt or mingled with potato, meliga, or yuca flour, any thing is acceptable if only it be hot. How often the only tasty dish was a little maize not always sufficiently flavoured with salt! If the arrival is unexpected, you must wait hours and hours for this slight refreshment. Wine is unknown; in this country alcohol extracted from the sugar-cane supplies its place; but we could not accustom ourselves to this burning liquor.

Let us enter the *rancho* and make acquaintance with the house we are to inhabit; it is an empty space of three or four square yards, with a roof of palm leaves supported on stakes driven into the ground, the interstices being filled in with other stakes. The floor, usually raised a few feet from the damp ground, is also covered with dried palm-leaves, or with matting made of split cane. The sides of our *hotel* are open; huddled together in this narrow space I awoke sometimes with a start, looking anxiously in Fr. Albera's direction to see if in turning on his hard and prickly bed, he might not have fallen over the brink with peril to life and limb. The *rancho* shelters you from the rain, but not from the outside air and not always even from the rain, for the wind may blow it in when it does not soak through the roof, dropping on your head and disturbing the slumber which is not less necessary than food, only faith and charity can enable one to make such journeys. In those long and monotonous days spent on horseback, riding behind Fr. Albera I saw that through illness he could scarcely keep his seat, though the road was full of precipices which at any moment might imperil his life. I must confess that I was often tempted to urge his return; but speedily I would banish these fears, trusting in the many and continual prayers which I knew were being made for us in all our houses.

Increasing difficulties.

On the second day of our journey we had been

riding up the mountain for many hours and it seemed as if we should never reach the summit. The ascent sometimes was nearly perpendicular, the path narrow and twisting in various directions; the steps badly formed of round stakes scarcely giving foothold; frequently we had to dismount and walk. Riding is too painful, one loses one's breath and when you reach the desired summit or the corresponding valley, you breathe freely once more and the blood circulates again after your perilous experience.

Frequently the hands must assist the feet in balancing oneself, leaping, and almost flying from rock to rock, holding on to one tree until you can reach another, and walking on all fours in these steep ascents and descents. Description is impossible; precipitous slopes end in a path half a yard wide which changes into an impetuous torrent, where, unless you are careful, you may be engulfed. How many animals owing to the impetus of the rapid descent have perished in these waters! Frequently the luxuriant vegetation conceals the danger and if the shrubs are not tough you may fall over rocky heights.

The east is called the country of water,—a useful, but dangerous element everywhere abundant. We had chosen by chance, for our journey the rainy season. The constant passage to and fro of beasts of burden on these narrow paths had worn deep ruts full of water, through which the mules floundered, covering us with mud. How often has the beast in front splashed my face so that a shower of rain was welcome as a cleansing bath.

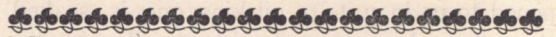
The streams were swollen; our Indians, divesting themselves of their scanty garments, plunged into the water to reach the opposite bank, taking with them the end of a rope fastened to our steed's bridle and another rope fastened to his tail. The animal with his rider was thus dragged through the foaming torrent, our legs supplying the place of oars in passing through the water. If the animal stumbles a bath is inevitable. In some places the water bounded from so great a height, and with such an impetus, as to form an arch under which we found an easy passage. But it is worse when a dreadful bog is hidden by the vegetation; this happened to me once; my mule sank in up to his head, and I fell into that black mire, from which I could extricate myself only with the sacrifice of one boot, whilst aided by the Indians we were able

in half an hour to drag out with ropes the unfortunate animal, the performance accompanied by cries and shouts of encouragement. After a much needed ablution of face and hands I left to the rain the task of cleansing my garments.

A perilous incident.

We had reached Azuay, a collection of rocky mountains over which we had to pass. In various places we encountered frightful precipices so steep that one glance made one giddy. Fr. Albera was riding but complained of stiffness in his legs, and yet he would have to continue his journey in the same position amongst these rocks for six or seven hours. It was only just twelve o'clock. All at once the horse slipped, but with great efforts struggled on to his feet again. Fr. Albera, unprepared, fell fortunately on the rock and being stiff and unused to riding, his right foot remained in the stirrup. Had he fallen on the opposite side the weight of his body would have carried him over the precipice to a depth of 1500 feet! Had the horse taken fright and started off over the rocks he would have been killed. I was just behind Fr. Albera, the Indian in front cried out in alarm, our guide alighted and whilst he held the bridle I succeeded in getting the foot out of the stirrup. Our Lady Help of Christians, whom we had first invoked in the *Angelus*, watched over us, the numerous petitions made to Her from so many places must have obtained her timely assistance.

(To be continued).



TO THE READER

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

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

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

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



ECUADOR

Baptism of a Jivaro.

The following is an extract dated August 16th, from a letter written by the cleric John De Maria of the mission of Gualaquiza, to his Lordship Mgr. Costamagna :

On Wednesday morning, August 10th, two Jivaros accompanied by *Captain Cayapa*, came to the mission to give us notice that a certain *Yangura* had been attacked and wounded by a tiger and was dying. The poor creature had not yet been baptised. I hastily snatched up some drugs and the Jivaro catechism and set off with the two savages, commending myself to the prayers of our brethren and of the boys. On the way I met young Francis Lopez, a former pupil who offered to accompany me and was of the greatest assistance. We had to swim across a branch of the river Bomboysa, which having overflowed its banks had become a wide and rapid stream ; the Bomboysa we crossed in a little canoe, so old that it leaked on all sides.

It was already late when we reached old *Naranza's* house. He greeted us kindly, offering us Yuca and bananas, but we pursued our way until we reached the house of the Jivaro *John Chiriapa*, who with his wife and daughter sat sorrowfully on the ground, singing a mournful song. On asking the cause of their sadness, he answered that a few days previously they had lost their little son, their joy, their treasure..... they had buried him inside their house and had placed on the top the pot of *ciccia*, and a basket of *yuca* ; now they were calling upon the white little soul to come forth from the neighbouring forest to taste this delicious beverage, and hover

round his dear ones still bewailing their irremediable loss. I was touched by their sorrow and explained to them that the white soul was not wandering in the forest, but was enjoying the glory of Paradise from whence he would be able to help them.

They were somewhat cheered, and offered me hospitality and some food which I accepted willingly, and having prayed with them I lay down to rest. Early the next morning the son of *Maranza*, *Michael Ignatius Tainta* arrived, haing been sent by his father to accompany me and act as interpreter. Soon after we set off ; towards midday we reached the banks of the river *Chuchumbleza*, swollen by the unceasing rain; there was no canoe and we were obliged to swim across. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when my companions halted at a little rivulet, made their ablutions in its limpid waters, dressed their hair, painted their faces ; in short, made their toilet in the most approved fashion. I guessed we were near the end of our journey. A few steps farther on, the barking of dogs warned us we were approaching a house. We came forth from the forest and entered a garden planted with *yuca*. We found three huts, one belonging to old *Ungucha*, the second to the doctor *Cayucha* and the third to the Jivaro *Nantipa*. In the centre there was a level space where they were preparing the stakes to construct a house large enough for the three families.

I turned towards the hut where the injured man was lying. All came to meet me, greeting me with the greatest satisfaction. Having saluted them, I made them kneel down and say a prayer ; then I entered the hut constructed expressly for *Yangura*, who, in spite of his excruciating sufferings, did his best to show his satisfaction. The poor creature was lying on his hard bed, groaning piteously. I uncovered his body and what a sight ! Under the right arm the flesh had mortified and was hanging in strips, the bone was broken and splintered in several places, from the shoulder to the wrist the flesh

was bitten through in fifteen places, it was a mass of swollen flesh filled with putrid matter. On the left leg were six wounds and four others on the left arm; from each wound issued putrid matter with an insupportable odour. I bathed him with brandy and dressed the wounds with phenic acid. Round his neck I placed a medal of Mary Help of Christians, I made him say a little prayer and commenced to prepare him for Baptism for, without a miracle from the Our Lord, his death was imminent. I visited him during the night and having catechised the savages and dressed the sick man's wounds, I went to visit another Jivarese settlement situated towards the west, a two hours walk.

Returning to *Ungucha's* settlement, I spent the day in doing some good to the savages and in preparing the sick man to receive worthily the Sacrament of Baptism which I promised to administer the following day.

On Saturday morning I rose earlier than usual and hastened to my patient; I repeated once more in the Jivarese tongue the most necessary truths; the Unity and Trinity of God, Divine justice, the Advent, the Death and the Resurrection of Christ, the necessity of Baptism, and gathering the Jivaros together I made them recite the *Pater* and the *Credo*; then giving him the name of Joseph Mary, I poured on his head the purifying waters, the waters by which his soul was to be cleansed and the chains of the devil broken asunder, which for thirty years had held him captive. The solemn act was accomplished and the poor creature, much moved, showed that he understood the great grace he had just received.....

The next day Sunday, I wished to be back at Gualaquiza. I gave a short instruction on the catechism to some Indians, gave them a few trifles and saying farewell to the invalid I started in great haste, but various incidents prevented my reaching the mission before Sunday evening, yet after all, it is always a great consolation to have helped in sending a soul to Paradise!.....

CÓLOMBIA

Famine in the lazarettos.

Don Rua has received more letters from Fr. Rabagliati imploring special alms for his poor lepers. In one of the last Bulletins we published sad and disquieting accounts, but no one could have imagined the present disastrous state of affairs. This is the account our missionary



Forest in Ecuador (South America).

gives in his letter of October. "The new President Raphael Reyes has drafted a law for the establishment of a lazaretto in each Department of the Republic, making provision for the maintenance of the lepers collected therein. Meanwhile the accounts, which I receive from the two lazarettos visited by our Fathers, are really terrible. Here is a literal translation from one of their letters: "During the last two months the sufferings of the lepers in this Lazaretto of Agua de Dios have been greater than I can possibly express. Nearly all the families have been

suffering from famine. Many of the poor lepers had to exist upon one small cup of chocolate a day. These poor wretches, to mitigate the pangs of hunger, remained in bed day and night trying to sleep; but how could they sleep for days and weeks together with empty stomachs! Others, having scarcely anything to cover them, dared not show themselves at the door of their huts to beg for alms. Hitherto there have been no thefts in this lazaretto; but recently the lock of the alms-box was forced. This fact alone proves the severity of the famine.

"The Superioress of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians at Contratacion sends a still worse report. For two months we have received nothing for our lepers and famine reigns in every house. In addition fifty new patients have lately arrived, and we have received notice that a hundred and fifty more are coming, whilst we have nowhere to house them and still worse, no food or clothing to give them, for nearly all arrive worn out with the fatigue of the journey and with scarcely a rag to cover them. Such sights make one weep. And their spiritual destitution is even greater. Many from 20 to 30 years of age have not made their first confession and know not who sent them into the world. One of those who died lately, on hearing the catechism explained, said to me: "Sister, I do not understand; but I was brought up with the pigs!" The scenes we daily behold would draw tears from every heart".

"With the money brought from Cauca, the more pressing needs have been supplied. But already I hear in a week it will be exhausted and we shall have to begin over again. In to-day's newspaper I saw the following: "Ten lepers escaped from one of the Lazarettos and wished to enter a neighbouring village; by order of the Government they were stopped by the police. Then the lepers drawing their knives inflicted serious wounds on the police and having cleared the way entered the village !....."

The reason of their flight is not far to seek; it was caused by the pangs of hunger. These escapes are frequent, indeed of daily occurrence. Hunger is so terrible that it frightens the most courageous and gives strength to the weakest.

On the road leading to Agua de Dios many of these poor wretches are now to be seen, some escorted thither by the police, others fleeing from it to escape the famine.....

Yesterday a doctor in Bogotà told me that

in this city alone there must be at least a thousand lepers; many of these being afraid to show themselves in the day light, take advantage of the darkness of night to go out and gather alms".

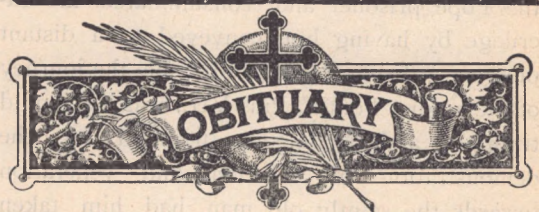
The missionary concludes: "But you will say, It is already two years since the war came to an end, why then is the distress so great?".....

"I answer: The war is indeed over, but its consequences remain and will last yet a long while. The best proof of this is the enormous cost of the necessaries of life, especially of linen and cloth which are imported. How terrible are these wars which ruin the poor South American Republics, and how miserable are the poor lepers who are always the first to suffer from them!..... May some good soul be inspired to send us abundant alms for our poor friends! To you I turn, dear Father, begging you to recommend them to the readers of the *Bulletin*.

Before the end of October I must go to Cartagena to arrange for the establishment of a lazaretto on the coast, and from there to Panama, summoned by the government for the same end.

Asking your blessing, I remain

Your devoted Son *in Domino*
EVASIUS RABAGLIATI.



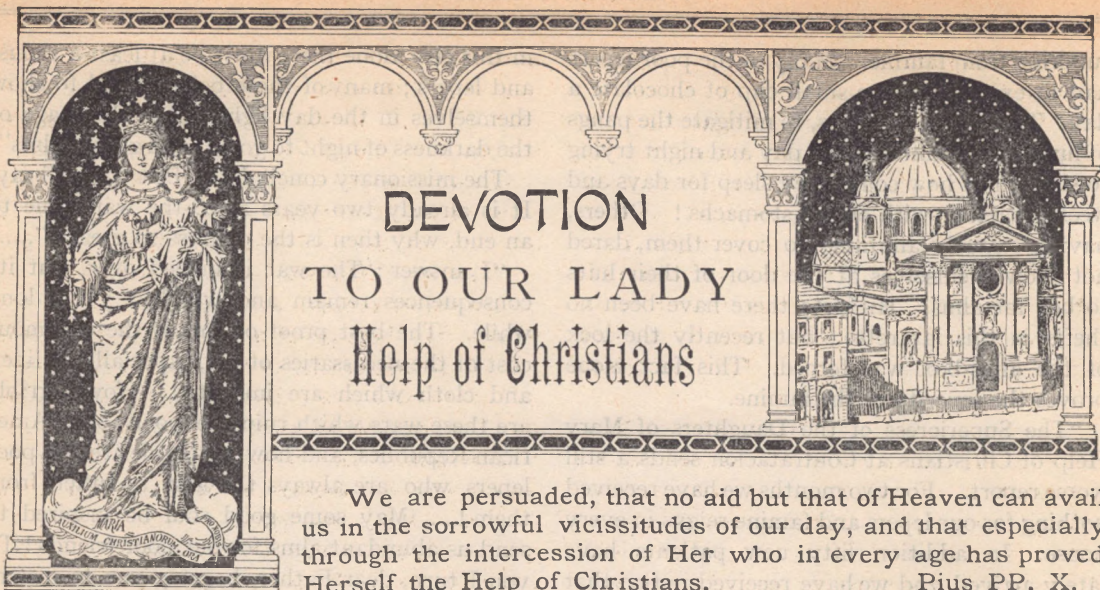
THE Salesian Institute at Cape Town has suffered a great loss in the deaths of two prominent benefactors. *Mrs. Glynn* was well known throughout the city for her deeds of charity which could only be justly rewarded in heaven.

Of *Mrs. Ralph Handerson* a local obituary notice says:

Her charity and self abnegation were as wide spread as her influence. No home, rich or poor, but welcomed *Mrs. Henderson* with gladness. The children loved her, the young ever sought her genial company, or her prudent advice, while the old breathed fervent blessings on her name. During the late war she was ever to the fore to help either friend or foe. The exile from home was cheered by her presence, and many a soldier, Boer prisoner, and refugee spoke her name in love and veneration.

We ask all Co-operators to pray for the repose of the souls of these two worthy associates.

R. I. P.



We are persuaded, that no aid but that of Heaven can avail us in the sorrowful vicissitudes of our day, and that especially through the intercession of Her who in every age has proved Herself the Help of Christians. Pius PP. X.

The Proclamation of the Feast-day.

During the first few years of the nineteenth century, Napoleon I., having conquered half Europe by his victorious arms, and not content with seizing the estates of the Church, took the Pope prisoner and consummated his sacrilege by having him conveyed to a distant dungeon. From Rome to Grenoble the journey of the august Pontiff, Pius VII., was a splendid triumph, and Napoleon, irritated by the demonstration of affection and veneration towards the saintly old man, had him taken back to Italy and imprisoned at Savona for three years.

His treatment here was severe in the extreme; every book was taken from him, even his breviary, and any communication with his faithful subjects was forbidden. After three years the Emperor had the Pontiff removed once more, this time to Fontainebleau in France, where he was subjected to even worse confinement. When the party had reached Mont Cenis the Pope was so exhausted, that the monks of a monastery near gave him the last Sacraments, but after ten days of suffering the august patient reached Fontainebleau.

The sufferings and exile of the Holy Father excited general pity, but his faithful people could do nothing but offer unceasing prayer.

It was at that time that Pius VII. promised to establish a feast in honour of Mary Help of Christians, if she would restore him to the Holy City.

In the meantime fortune seemed to smile upon the Conqueror. Europe resounded with his victories, and having received the homage of his vassal sovereigns at Dresden, he embarked on his expedition into the heart of Russia, defying, as he said, the excommunications of the Pope, and boasting that his arms were proof against Pontifical threats.

But his boasting was soon to be thrust back upon him. The result of his Russian expedition is well known, and out of 500,000 that crossed the Niemen, hardly 20,000 recrossed it. Unsubdued by this disaster he mustered a new army, but at Leipzig the allies were victorious and pushed their arms even to the frontiers of France. Fearing that the Pope might be captured, Napoleon ordered him to be taken back to Savona, and after two months his prison gates were opened.

The 24th of May was the crowning glory for Pope Pius VII. The journey back from Savona had been a continued scene of joyful acclamations, and Rome displayed a remarkable degree of enthusiasm, as the papal carriage

entered her gates. Napoleon was meanwhile banished to Elba.

Pius VII. ascribed his wonderful release to the intercession of Our Lady, *cuius potentem opem, et ipse impense imploraverat, et ab omnibus Christi fidelibus implorari curaverat: whose aid he himself had continually implored, and had urged all the faithful to do the same.* According to his vow, he established that the 24th of May, the joyous anniversary of his restoration to the Capital of the Christian world, should be solemnised as the Feast of Mary Help of Christians.

Anyone who had till then followed the growth of this devotion would have thought that it had now reached its climax; but on the contrary, in that very year Almighty God sent into the world him who was to carry it to the farthest limits of the earth. Don Bosco was born on August 16th, 1815.

GRACES and FAVOURS

Portsmouth (ENGLAND). In thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians I enclose an offering towards her Sanctuary. I had besought her intercession for a special favour which I now gratefully acknowledge.

Feb., 1905.

Farnborough (ENGLAND). A poor soldier returns grateful thanks to Jesus and His most holy Mother for a temporal favour received, after a novena to Mary Help of Christians and promise of publication.

Feb., 1905.

Cork (IRELAND). Some time back a sister of mine fell very dangerously ill. A novena was made to Our Lady Help of Christians, and through Her intercession the sick person was restored to health. But now, through not taking sufficient care a relapse has set in. She again recommends herself to the powerful protection of the Help of Christians and promises an offering to her Sanctuary.

Anon.

Kerry (IRELAND). I enclose a small offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians, for a special favour received through her powerful intercession.

E. T. C.

Feb. 22nd, 1905.

Stratford (ENGLAND). I beg your acceptance of a small offering for Masses, in



Father Calcagno with some Indians of Ecuador (South America).

thanksgiving for favours received through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians.

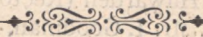
A CO-OPERATOR.

Feb. 27th, 1905.

Kimberley (SOUTH AFRICA). I had made a novena to Our Lady Help of Christians to obtain a much needed favour. I now send an offering in thanksgiving for having my petition granted, and ask you to publish it.

March, 1905.

J. B.





The Committees

East Hill. Wandsworth.

The present age is evidently congenial to committee making, for reports of them are being continually drummed into our ears. But when they are connected with the work of our Society, there is no reason why they should not be welcome, and why a survey of their work should not spur on their members and others to further Co-operation.

In other issues we have called attention to the zealous committee in connection with the Cape Town Institute, and some of its doings are given below. But if such localities,—far away from us, though near and dear to those who have made them their home, and are doing sterling work in them—urge themselves upon our notice, no apology can be needed for presenting some details concerning places nearer home, so near in fact, as to be almost identified with the central house of the Salesians in the English Province.

Through the aid of zealous workers and benefactors, Co-operators in deed, though perhaps not formally inscribed as associates, it is hoped that the East Hill parish may soon witness the opening ceremony, the laying of the foundation stone of its new Church. A committee formed for promoting this project needs no long description of its aims and methods, for its end is one, and the means simple in theory, but few things prove more arduous in practice than the raising of funds. Many leading parishioners have nobly seconded the efforts of the resident Salesian priests, and their committee, organised on Nov. 9th 1904 well deserves a name in our annals.

At present it stands as follows:

Chairman Mr. J. F. Kelly. *Vice-Chairman* Mr. M. Kearns. *Secretary* Mr. H. Sherrin. *Treasurer* Rev. A. Hawarden (Rector). The committee includes. Mr. J. Goodman, Mr. G. J. Long,

Mr. J. Marks, Mr. D. Murphy, Mr. F. J. Ryan, Junr, Mr. T. A. Ryan, Mr. W. J. Sullivan, Mr. W. Tyler, Mr. D. B. Roche, Mr. F. Walsh, Mr. W. Broder, Mr. C. A. Christopher, Mr. W. R. Phillips. Mr. J. Rochford. Mr. H. Paulton. Mr. F. Walsh. At a further meeting the following appeal was formulated for distribution.

The above Mission was started by the Fathers of the Salesian Congregation in December 1902, at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese, The Right Reverend Dr. Bourne—now His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster—in order to administer to the urgent spiritual necessities of the large and growing Catholic population of New Wandsworth, Clapham Junction and neighbourhood; the Mission being formally opened on the 22nd of February 1903.

The Salesian Fathers accepted the charge, and found that, in addition to the heavy work of organising and carrying on the duties of the New Mission, there was included daily attendances at H. M. Prison, Wandsworth Common, the Wandsworth and Clapham Union workhouse, and the Poor Law Infirmary.

From the first, the attendance at the services has been in every way encouraging, and the temporary premises have now become totally inadequate and unsuitable for the congregation. The erection of a permanent church has now become an urgent necessity, as a recent census has disclosed a Catholic population of 700 souls, which is daily growing larger.

The Salesians have been fortunate in securing a convenient and prominent freehold site adjoining the temporary church, in the most accessible part of the Mission, viz East Hill. The Congregation have loyally responded to the efforts of their Clergy, and are already doing all they possibly can to further the good work.

The Fathers find themselves, however compelled to appeal for outside help for the erection of this much needed Church, and they trust that an immediate and generous response will be made

especially at this Holy Season. Those who know suburban London with its teeming thousands, must be well aware of the vital importance of providing promptly the necessary Church and School accommodation for our people, particularly in the ever expanding southern district.

It is most earnestly hoped that every help will be given to the resident Salesians in the heavy and uphill task they have before them. Benefactors to the Building Fund are daily remembered at the Altar and a Mass is offered for them once a week. Contributions, however small, will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by the

Rev. A. Hawarden (Rector)

The Oratory of S. Mary Magdalene
New Wandsworth, S. W.

At Cape Town. Half yearly meeting.

Our readers must be quite used to traversing in imagination immense distances, if they are in the least familiar with the cosmopolitan nature of the news contained herein. Passing from London to one of the Colonies, the Cape, we find that the Co-operators are already holding their half yearly conference, and able to report progress towards the accomplishment of their end, the raising of a capacious Institute, complete, in Arts and Crafts departments, which will one day take rank as a central establishment for a series of affiliated Institutes, dotted here and there throughout the colony, helping South Africa to train its sons in moral worth and in the skill which the twentieth century demands.

Much of the programme of the half yearly conference was necessarily similar to that of the first assembly, where the object and resources of the committee of Co-operators were discussed. According to reports there was no falling off in numbers, and the description of the proceedings has a touch of enthusiasm about it, which generally counts a long way when difficult work is in hand. It will no doubt be interesting to hear what the Cape Parliament has to say next session, when the question of handing over some property to the Salesians for a building site, is on the paper for discussion. While waiting their conclusion on that head, it is something to note that at the recent South African Exhibition, the cabinet makers of the school gained the second government prize.

The Rev. Dr. Welch was one of the principal speakers of the occasion. At the close of the meeting he exhorted those who had associated themselves with the Salesians by becoming co-operators, to persevere in the good work they had imposed on themselves. It was sometimes

said that the Catholic laity could take very little part in church matters; that the clergy held a monopoly and were jealous of lay interference. Such was not the case. The co-operation of the laity was essential to the progress of the Church, and to the furtherance of the many works of charity and religion in which the church was always engaged, and none were so pleased as the clergy, when they found the laity coming forward and interesting themselves, practically, in those spiritual matters which were carried on, not only for the good of the church, but for the cause of humanity. There was plenty of work for all, and it was not enough for them to have what might be termed a selfish piety. They should work for the good of others, and for the salvation of souls. Thus they would be largely increasing their own chances of salvation. He would strongly urge all the Salesian Co-operators to embrace the opportunities afforded them of sanctifying themselves by a strict adherence to their rule, and by active co-operation in the works of the Congregation to which they were affiliated. This was an age of money-making, worldly considerations. The amassing of wealth was uppermost in the minds of many men at the present day. But they should have higher aims. Works of religion and charity, works for the amelioration of the hard lot of those who were in distress, or want, and works for the uplifting of the poor and the unfortunate, should occupy a high place in their hearts, and to such works the Salesian Co-operators should devote themselves in earnest. Perhaps it would not be expecting too much to hope that amongst their number some, at least, would feel impelled to join the ranks of the Salesians themselves, and thus consecrate their lives to Almighty God by the exercise of a pure and unselfish charity for the good of their neighbours and the salvation of souls.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Dr. Welch.

An exciting incident.

All our missionaries who left Europe a few months back, have arrived safe and sound at their destinations, and are already at work in the thick of their missionary labours. But some of them had run the risk of finding a watery grave, and of being deprived of the merits of a long apostolate in their new homes.

The missionaries destined for Chili, with Fr. Louis Costamagna at their head had embarked on the *Orione*. When they were safe at Montevideo, the Superior of the band sent home a letter from which the following is taken:—

By some special protection of Divine Provid-

ence and the intercession of Mary Help of Christians, we have at last arrived safely at Montevideo after a narrow escape from a fatal disaster. Our voyage had been most enjoyable, the sea and weather seemed to have put forth their best efforts, and our relations with the captain and passengers had been most cordial.

But in the early morning of Nov. 14th between the forts of Bahia and Vittoria, off the coast of Brazil, a tremendous shock threw the passengers into consternation. We hastened from our beds, eager to know what had taken place and what damage or risk we were exposed to. We learned that our boat had collided with an English merchant vessel belonging to a Pacific Company. It was fortunate for us that the Captain was standing on the bridge beside the watch, when the danger loomed ahead, and by his manoeuvre the vessel had been steered so as to present a less vulnerable part to the shock. A few yards difference would have caused the ruin of the machines and brought the vessel to grief. As it was, we got off to Montevideo in safety. A Mass was offered up in thanksgiving for our delivery but we have no very pleasant reminiscence of the experience.

The 17th anniversary.

The sorrowful recurrence of the anniversary of our revered and beloved Founder is lightened by the brilliant illustrations of his ever growing influence, which are provided by the Conferences of Co-operators, held at the same time. The secretary of the association gave the conference at Turin, in our Church of St. John the Evangelist. The Very Rev. Don Rua had previously addressed the crowded congregation, and read the last Testament of Don Bosco to his Co-operators. The towns of Bologna, Borgo San Martino, Lugo, Genoa, Livorno, Milan, and San Pier d'Arena had the presence of their Bishops and Archbishops to add lustre and importance to the occasion, a sign of the esteem in which these prelates hold the services rendered to the youth of their towns by the Sons of Don Bosco.

At Rome a few days before the feast of St. Francis, Fr. Cerruti, the scholastic Consultor of our society, gave the conference to the Co-operators, while His Eminence Card. Cavicchioni assisted on the feast day itself. The older houses have evidently not grown cold in their first fervour, but the experience and advantage of years, only seems to add to the records of successful labours for the good of souls.

Preparations in Spain.

Early next year the Salesian Houses in Spain will keep the twenty-fifth anniversary of their

works in that country, and since reports of the preparations are already about, they evidently mean the occasion to add lustre to their annals. It was on Feb. 16th 1881 that His Grace Archbishop Cagliero led the first group of Salesians into Spain with the blessing and direction of our holy Founder Don Bosco.

Their destination was Utrera near Seville, which eventually proved to be the cradle of a flourishing province. The quarter of a century since flown by has been a term of quiet prosperity, since the number of foundations averages more than one a year, twenty-eight having been opened, not considering an equal extension of the work of the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians.

The young king Alfonso and the Queen mother have given many proofs of their appreciation of the work done among the youth of the country, aiding it by their patronage and munificence, and the Spanish *Bulletin* has copious monthly reports to send to its Co-operators at home and to her once sister states in South America. Their chief work at present is the erection of a monumental church on Mt. Tibidabo near Barcelona. The king has visited the works and was presented with the plans by the Provincial. It would be a fitting memorial to the 25th anniversary if the church could be completed for that year.

Malta. The Archbishop at the Institute.

We owe an apology to our Maltese Co-operators, for an unavoidable delay in the publication of a very interesting account of the prize day at the Salesian Institute. But though an issue late it will be none the less welcome. A well-known local paper, the Daily Malta Chronicle, says:

His Grace the Archbishop honoured St. Patrick's Industrial School with a visit on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of an informal exhibition of work done by the boys of the Institute and the distribution of prizes by the Honourable Dr. Alfred Naudi c. m. g. As no invitations had been specially issued only a few friends were present, including some distinguished ladies and gentlemen who take an interest in the School or who are otherwise connected with it, amongst whom were the Honourable Richard Micallef c. m. g., Comptroller of Charitable Institutions, Mrs. Clapp and Miss Zammit, the Most Noble the Marquis T. Olivier, Judge and Mrs. Pullicino, Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso M. Galea and Miss Asphar, Judge De Bono, Mrs. C. A. and the Misses Micallef, Mr. and Mrs. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Barry, the Right Reverend Monsignor Farrugia, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bonavia, Mr. and Miss P. Sammut, Commander Kent

R. N. Mr. J. F. Asphar, the Right Reverend Monsignor Formosa, Mr. and Mrs. J. Borg Cardona, Mrs. P. Sammut, the Reverend P. Galea, the Reverends E. Joseph, Lambert and Michael of the Christian Brothers, Don Busietta and a few others. The company having inspected the works exhibited, which included various classes of ingenious and useful articles in the carpentry, shoemaking and tailoring lines, which were greatly admired, and which reflect great credit on the youthful makers and their trade masters, two short addresses were read, and these were followed by the singing of Carols and recitations in English and Italian, after which the Hon. Dr. Naudi kindly proceeded to distribute the prizes. These were handed to His Grace who graciously complied with Dr. Naudi's request that he should deliver them himself to the boys, thus enhancing their value in their eyes, and lending additional charm to the simple ceremony. The prizes consisted mostly of little sums of money, the kind gift of Mr. and Mrs. Galea, and these amounts, which will serve as an incentive to the boys to greater effort and to continue to deserve them in the future, will be placed to their respective account and will be handed to them on leaving the Institute to give them a start in life. At this point, the Honourable Dr. Naudi made an address which deserves more than passing notice, but which space prevents us from reporting in full. With an eloquence which appealed to all the company, and which elicited the warm approval of His Grace, he told his hearers that he was delighted and most agreeably surprised to see the progress the boys had made during the short space of time they had been under the care of their good Director. He was also glad to see that while each of the boys was being taught a useful trade, the literary part of their education was by no means being neglected as was evidenced by their good pronunciation and the fluent rendering of the various parts allotted to them that evening. He concluded by thanking Father O'Grady for his kindness in asking him to distribute the prizes to the boys and he congratulated him on the good results already obtained under his able direction. The Honourable Ricard Michallef, who, both personally and as the administrative chief of all the Charitable Institutions, has, since its birth, so considerably interested himself in everything connected with this particular Institution, then rose to address the company. After a speech which, like the one before it, was strikingly eloquent and pregnant with words of encouragement to the young boys and to their Director, Father O'Grady on behalf of his Staff and of the Boys, in a few chosen words expressed

his sincere sentiments of gratitude to His Grace for having kindly honoured the proceedings with his presence on that auspicious evening, which would be long remembered by the Boys; he thanked the Hon. R. Micallef and the Hon. Dr. Naudi for their more than kind words, and the latter for having kindly consented to distribute the prizes, and all the Ladies and Gentlemen present, who had gone out of their way to honour them with their presence, and particularly Mr. and Mrs. A. Galea, who hardly allowed a day to go by without in some way showing their kindheartedness, and bounteous generosity to the Institute under his charge. Referring to the exhibits, he said, it was a very humble show he could offer them on this occasion as time and circumstances had been against them, but he hoped and trusted that the next time they honoured them with their company, they would be in a position to produce such a collection as would fill the largest hall of the building, "God save the King" was then sung by all the boys, and a most enjoyable party broke up a little after six.



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE

CHAPTER LII.

(Continued).

The following Sunday, the Feast of Pentecost, after the Vespers and Sermon, a Solemn *Te Deum* was sung, not only by all the boys of the Oratory both boarders and externs, but also by many of our benefactors, rejoicing that a work assisted by them with so much charity and self-sacrifice, showed ever increasing marks of God's care and protection.

In those days several evil-disposed newspapers in relating the damage done to our house by the lightning took pleasure in spreading the report of fatal accidents. The *People's Gazette* amongst others, barely concealing the resentment it nourished against our Oratory, the closing of which it had failed to obtain the previous year, with its customary unseemly cant, published the following malicious and untrue statement.

"During the night between Monday and Tuesday a thunder-bolt fell, and guess where? In the very midst of that nursery of little wretches whom the theologian Bosco (the modern *Loriquet* well-known for his history of Italy, written in the interest of Austria) has picked up in the provinces

to train them according to his methods and thus fill the country with hypocrites.

"One of these unfortunate pupils perished and others were injured.

"If this had happened in one of the liberal colleges, the priests would have exclaimed: "Behold the Finger of God."

"Having more respect for that Finger, we do not suggest the accusation of homicide" (1).

On this subject I will only remark in passing that the *Liberal Gazette* published these lines in Turin six days after the occurrence, that is when there had been hundreds of opportunities for ascertaining the truth. But to certain newspapers falsehood is necessary for their existence, and blasphemy and calumny are their trade. As for the insults showered upon us, with such brilliant results patent to all we are able to reply that Don Bosco's *wretches and hypocrites*, having learnt a trade or devoted themselves to study, are now leading honourable lives in the world, all most grateful for the education they received. Some are lawyers, others professors, some have joined the army, some are devoted priests, all are working for their own and for their neighbour's good. Many of them, generous and prodigal of their means and even of their own lives, have penetrated into Patagonia, carrying the lights of religion and the benefits of civilization to barbarous and savage tribes, thus becoming true benefactors of the human race. We have therefore many reasons for believing that the Finger of God during that night and since has been with us and invite the *Gazette* itself to have a *little more respect*, admiring the wonders It has wrought. But to return to our subject: the fall of the Thunderbolt made us all desire that Don Bosco should provide the house with a lightning conductor, and we spoke of it that very day.—"Yes," he replied, "we will put up a statue of our Lady. Mary during this night has so well turned aside the lightning, that we should be guilty of ingratitude if we had recourse to any one else."—Having procured a statue, the master-mason Carlo Buzzetti erected a scaffolding and Don Bosco on a feast-day after the evening service went up, vested in cotta and stole, surrounded by a band of ecclesiastics and solemnly blessed it; from that scaffolding, which was certainly the highest pulpit on the world, he addressed the boys assembled in the courtyard below, fervently exhorting them always to love, honour and confide in the great Mother of God. Having finished the discourse, he intoned a hymn of praise and the boys sang it all through with the greatest fervour, accompanied by a band of music, filling the air with harmonious accents in gratitude and praise of our heavenly Protectress. The statue, then placed on the top of the house near the spot struck by the lightning, remained there until that part of the building was enlarged, when it was removed to the front where it still stands, a perpetual remembrance of the maternal love of Her Who is never invoked in vain.

CHAPTER LIII.

Warfare and life of the Salesian Oratory—Fresh Annoyances—Plan of campaign—Petitions refused.—Don Bosco visits the Government Inspector of Studies—Dialogue—Biography of Domenico Savio—History of Italy—Duke of Parma—Petition, visit and approbation of teachers.

One day I heard Don Bosco make this very true remark: The Oratory of St. Francis of Sales began with blows, it has thriven under blows, and amidst blows it will continue to live.—In fact, the ill treatment and blows a poor boy received from the Sacristan of St. Francis of Assisi in Turin, caused Don Bosco to begin the work of the Oratories, in order to rescue boys from destitution and dangerous surroundings; whilst this same work, through the care and charity of benefactors, was prospering, the opposition of persons both public and private brought it within a hair's breadth of destruction, as we have seen; and since then it has had to sustain, from time to time, the assaults of equally daring and powerful enemies.

Notwithstanding these attacks the Oratory has not succumbed, but like a flourishing tree continues to gather under its shady branches thousands of youths; it has even spread its roots in more than a hundred places and put forth new shoots, which growing into large trees, shelter, feed and clothe thousands of children of other countries and nations. We may well hope that the past gives promise of the future; so that like man, of whom Job says, his *life on earth is a warfare*, our Oratory may continue the fight against its enemies, and by the Divine assistance this warfare will not cause its death, but give it fresh life and victories.

I have already narrated the serious dangers incurred by the calumnies of certain mischief-makers who accused us of political opposition to the Government; and I explained at the same time how having made his defence in person before these same Ministers, Don Bosco saved himself and us from imminent danger, to the great confusion and disgust of those who had plotted our ruin. But those who opposed us, partly through revolutionary motives and partly to gain notoriety and improve their position, did not abandon the struggle, and therefore after a truce of some months, towards the end of 1862 and the beginning of the following year, they began to give Don Bosco fresh annoyances and troubles. And here I regret to be obliged to relate several dishonourable actions, doing so without any malice and solely to complete the history; I console myself also with the thought that I can at least, like our Divine Redeemer, partly excuse them saying *they knew not what they did*. In fact many of them, when they came to know us better, from enemies became friends, some even taking the part of Don Bosco and his children. But let us proceed.

(To be continued.)

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO—Salesian Press, Turin, 1901
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.

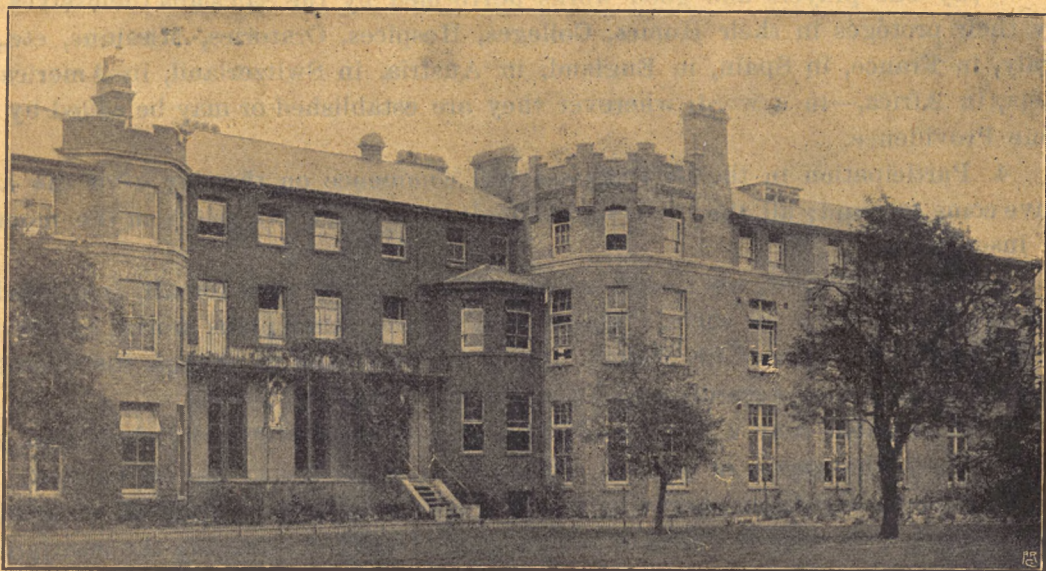
The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

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.