

Salesian Bulletin

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


Sanctus

DA MIHI



ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

Important Notice to Readers.

s announced previously in the **Bulletin**, the Rules of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, together with a summary of the Indulgences and spiritual favours, and appendices, have been reprinted and bound into a neat volume or manual.

A copy of this and a diploma of membership is being sent to all readers. If some of the dates affixed thereto are subsequent to the date of receipt, that is the day on which membership will commence, and on which the plenary indulgence may be gained.

Those readers, who on receiving a copy and reading the instructions and regulations, do not desire to be enrolled as members, should return the two things, and their names will be cancelled. Those who retain them will be definitively enrolled.

Explanations and information concerning the rule will be found in the manual, but will be supplemented by the **Bulletin**. Any member is of course free to withdraw his name at any future time should he so wish.

It is greatly desired that by this means a new impetus will be given to the development and active participation of the Salesian Co-operators, and that the works of Don Bosco will be known, esteemed, and aided more and more. It will also serve to strengthen the bond of charity, of prayer and of work, which ought to unite the Co-operators amongst themselves, and also to the members of the Salesian Society, with whom they work for the greater glory of God and the good of society at large.

The Salesian Bulletin

Organ of the Association of Salesian Co-operators

Via Cottolengo 32, Turin, Italy.

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The Schools and Religious Instruction.

IT may at first sight appear that any further addition to the almost overcrowded supply of matter on the educational discussion is on the face of it superfluous. But a periodical, having as its primary object the interests of the young, and particularly their educational interests, may well be pardoned a slight addition to the apparently overwhelming arguments which are claimed for definite religious instruction in the Schools.

And, in the first place, it should not be forgotten that the Venerable Don Bosco, our founder, all during his life as an educator, was pre-eminently an advocate and an ardent promoter of the religious training of the young. All the evils which he saw around him, particularly in the welfare of the boys

with whom he as a priest was first brought into contact, he attributed directly to lack of early definite religious teaching and training; and whatever vast designs he planned and successfully realised as an educator, he was first and foremost a religious educator. With his gift for reading the signs of the times, and the needs of the age, which in him was even more than a gift — a supernatural endowment — his first care on gaining direct influence over large numbers of boys was the establishment of catechism classes, and they were made the foundation of any subsequent educational work. In after events whether in his own country or in others his judgment has been invariably verified, for whenever the education of the young

has been made the subject of legislation, the religious teaching has been, directly or indirectly, assailed. "It is an utter misfortune", wrote Pope Leo XIII thirty years ago, "that many of those who would banish the catechism from the schools, have entirely forgotten or ignore the religious teaching of their early years; otherwise they would readily recognise that to teach the child, that he comes from the hands of God, that he is the chiefest of God's creatures, that his soul was considered to be of such value that the Eternal Son of God did not disdain to become man in order to save it, that all this would be to give him the most direct and efficacious means of preserving that quality of a child of God, and of honouring it by a virtuous life. They would understand that great expectations may be placed on the future of a child, who by means of catechetical teaching learns his destination to the love and vision of Almighty God; that he learns to be docile and obedient, to reverence in his parents the representatives of Almighty God, and in his Sovereign the authority which comes from God, and receives its very existence and its majesty from Him. Finally they would be convinced that catholic morality, safeguarded by the fear of punishment and by the certain hope of the highest rewards, has securer foundations than the code of civil ethics which they would substitute for it; and they would never take that fatal resolution of depriving the present generations of so many and invaluable advantages, which they are practically doing by the banishment of the catechism."

In his day, it will be remembered, the voice of Leo XIII was regarded

as one of the great advisers of the nations, and here he apparently brings all the weight of his authority, position and experience to bear on the side of definite dogmatic teaching, and against the cultivation of merely the natural virtues of a citizen. Continuing, the same Supreme Pontiff says: "Looking forward, and with good reason, to considerable advantages, they have made elementary instruction obligatory, binding parents under penalties to send their children to school; and how can they dare to take away that religious instruction which is undoubtedly the surest guarantee of a wise and virtuous upbringing? Is it not cruelty to entertain the proposal of bringing up these children without any religious sentiments or ideas, so that when the dangerous period of youth comes they may find themselves beset by insidious and violent passions, quite unarmed, and unrestrained, with the certainty of being dragged into the tortuous and manifold paths of vice!"

But it is not only a cruelty, it is also an injustice. If it were merely for the sake of learning, religious instruction has an equal claim with other subjects; children are informed as to the history of Mahomet, Luther, Wyclif, and Huss; and shall they be left in ignorance of Jesus Christ?

But this is not a matter of mere learning. It is clear, observes the Bishop of Cremona, that while on the one hand, religious teaching is being almost totally suppressed in the public schools, it being gradually restricted to the Church; and that even where it is not banished it is not always precise and authoritative, or given in that fulness which it demands; on the other hand many and grave reasons

have come into force which necessitate solid, Christian teaching, the first and true foundation of public and private morality. An unlicensed and impious press, reaching everywhere in a thousand forms, from which everything sacred and even respectable has disappeared, from which even the very principles of faith and natural religion have been suppressed; the spread of false and misleading doctrines; the malignant practices of adulterating the truth or of discrediting it among the unlettered and ignorant; the indifferentism and practical epicureanism that is inculcated; the distortion of principles, which places the material interests of the State above the eternal and indestructible interests of justice; the scarcity of great characters and of strong convictions; and in short the continual and destructive strife between the two Authorities, the religious and the civil; all these and many other reasons have made it a hundred times more indispensable now than formerly that religious instruction on a large scale should be given in the schools, and as vigorous and practical as possible, that may serve to safeguard or to heal the growing intelligence from the poison of error, so insidiously and so widely circulated."

It is for all these reasons that the present Holy Father has dwelt so much on the necessity, the importance of catechism teaching, particularly where it forms no part of the syllabus of secondary schools. The Venerable Don Bosco had repeated the same thing many years before: "The catholic catechism is the one means of salvation for the young generations, amid the increasing perversion of society," and he goes on to show the necessity of as-

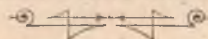
sisting the efforts of the clergy by seeing that the children are sent and that they go to the catechism classes; and that wherever it is possible, Co-operators should do their utmost to promote every effort that is made whether to preserve or to restore religious instruction in the schools.

An appeal from past pupils to past pupils.

On September the 29th of last year, the members of the *Don Bosco Club* in Turin were instrumental in leading a solemn Pilgrimage to the Tomb of our Saintly Founder at Valsalice, in order to return public thanks to Almighty God for the signal favour of his having been declared Venerable. Thousands of devout citizens of Turin took part in this imposing pilgrimage, and foremost amongst them were the organizers themselves.

Now the members of this Club, the same zealous admirers of the Venerable Don Bosco, desire to make their voice heard outside their own city and their own county. They appeal to all past pupils of Salesian Houses in every part of the world to unite in rendering universal homage to the memory of the Venerable Don John Bosco and to his worthy successor, the Very Rev. Don Michael Rua. **As a token of gratitude for the civil and Christian education received in the Institutes of the Salesian Society, and as a protest against the calumniating campaign of which this Society has lately been the object, they invite all past pupils to collect the signatures of their old companions together with their contributions towards the expenses of the Venerable Don Bosco's Beatification.** These signatures and relative offerings will be inscribed in a special Album and presented to the Rector Major of the Salesian Society on June 24th, feast of St. John Baptist, and on September 29th, feast of St. Michael Archangel. All communications for this purpose should be addressed to:

The President, Don Bosco Club, *Piazza Statuto 12, Turin (Italy).*



NOTES

on the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the introduction of the Cause of Don Bosco

Don Bosco opens a Hospice at Valdocco.

In April 1847, touched by the misery and destitution of some boys, he began to receive them gratis in a small house which he had hired near the first Oratory, where he lived with his mother; and with the help of Margaret, he provided what was necessary for their education and daily sustenance.

One evening in April 1847, the Venerable Don Bosco, having been detained by a sick person in the city, was returning home late, and was crossing the fields, which were then in the vicinity but now covered with handsome buildings. When he had reached the neighbourhood of *Via Dora Grossa* (now *Via Garibaldi*) at the beginning of *Corso Valdocco*, he met a band of about twenty rough lads who, knowing nothing of Don Bosco and the Oratory, but seeing a priest coming towards them began to make ill-timed jokes.

—“Priests are all stingy,” said one.

—“They are proud and overbearing,” added another.

—“Let us put this one to the test,” cried a third, and so on.

At these unpleasant remarks Don Bosco slackened his pace and would have wished to avoid the band, but seeing it was too late, he went forward and bravely accosted them as if he had not heard their remarks.

—“Good evening, friends,” he said, “how are you?”

—“Not very well, Sir,” said the boldest, “we are thirsty, and we have no money. Give us the price of a pint.”

—“Yes, yes, buy us a drink Father,” they all shouted: “A drink! a drink! otherwise we will not let you pass.”

So saying, they surrounded him closely, so that it was impossible for him to move away.

—“Oh, willingly,” said Don Bosco, “I will gladly pay for you. Moreover, as you are so many I will pay for two pints, but I must have a drink with you.”

“This is the right sort of priest to meet,” said the boys, “come, let us go to the inn close by.”

And to avoid greater annoyance Don Bosco accompanied these rascals, hoping he might find means to do good to their souls.

One can imagine the strange spectacle: a priest in a drinking shop, surrounded by such a rabble! At their entrance all those inside looked up in astonishment, but very soon they realized who the priest was and why he was there, so that no one was scandalized.

Calling the inn-keeper, Don Bosco was as good as his word, and had one bottle brought and then a second. When he saw his rogues somewhat cheered and in more kindly dispositions, he said to them:

—“Now you must do something to please me.”

—“Yes, yes, Don Bosco” (he had already told them his name), “we shall do anything you like, for henceforth we are to be friends.”

—“If you wish to be my friends, you must promise never to blaspheme the name of God and of Jesus Christ, as some have done this evening.”

—“You are right,” replied one of the blasphemers, “you are right, Your Reverence. But, sometimes a word slips out without perceiving it: for the future it shall not be so and we will correct that bad habit.”

And the others made the same promise.

—“Very good. I thank you and I shall go home contented. On Sunday I shall expect you at the Oratory. Now let us retire, and all of you hurry home.

—“But I have no home,” said one.

—“Nor I” said a second—and so said several others.

—“But where do you sleep at night?”

—“Sometimes with one or other of the stable-boys in the stables, sometimes in the public sleeping-house, where twopence a night is charged, sometimes in the house of a friend or acquaintance.”

Don Bosco recognised the moral dangers to which these poor creatures were exposed, most of them being new-comers to Turin.

—“Well, let those who have parents and relatives go home to them”, and wishing him good-night, they retired. “The others can come with me.”

Having said this he took the road to Valdocco, followed by ten or twelve of these ragamuffins, for on the way six others had joined them.

On reaching the Oratory, where his mother was anxiously awaiting him, Don Bosco made his guests recite a *Pater* and *Ave*, the words of which they had almost forgotten, then he conducted them by a ladder, to a hay-loft, adjoining the lowly habitation he had hired near his Oratory. He gave to each a sheet and a blanket, and having recommended them to be silent and orderly, he wished them good night and descended, happy in the thought of having made a beginning, as he hoped, of his projected Hospice.

But such were not the persons that Divine Providence willed to make use of, in laying the foundations of so great a work: and Don Bosco became aware of this on the following day. Early the next morning he left his room to visit his boys, say a few kind words to them and advise them to return to their work. Entering the courtyard he heard not a sound. Believing they were still sound asleep, he went up to waken them, but the rogues had got up two hours before and had quietly decamped, carrying off the sheets and blankets to sell them.

The first attempt had therefore failed, but he to whom God had entrusted this work was not discouraged.

It was late in an evening in May (the same year 1847); rain was falling in torrents. Don Bosco and his mother had just finished their supper, when there came to the door a boy about fifteen, soaked from head to foot, asking for food and shelter. Some person knowing the Oratory had directed him there, or rather the Providence of God willed that the Hospice of St Francis of Sales should make a beginning that evening.

Don Bosco's Mother, the good Margaret, kindly admitted him to the kitchen, where after being dried and warmed, she gave him a steaming bowl of soup and bread.

After his comfortable meal Don Bosco en-

quired whence he came, whether his parents were living, and what was his occupation.

He answered:

—“I am a poor orphan, lately come from Valsesia to look for work, as a brick-layer. I had three francs which I have spent before earning anything, now I have nothing left and I belong to no one.”

—“Have you made your First Communion?”

—“Not yet.”

—“Have you been Confirmed?”

—“No.”

—“Have you ever been to Confession?”

—“Yes, a few times, when my mother was still living.

—“And now where do you wish to go?”

—“I do not know: perhaps you could let me spend the night in some corner of this house.”

On saying this, he began to weep, and at the piteous story Margaret could not restrain her tears. Don Bosco was greatly moved. After a few moments, he said:

—“If I knew you were not a thief, I would give you shelter in this house, but others stole some of my blankets and I fear you may carry off the rest.”

—“No, Sir, you need not fear: I am poor, but I have never stolen anything.”

—“If you are willing, said Don Bosco to his mother,” we will keep him to night, and tomorrow God will provide.”

—“Where will you put him?”

—“Here in the kitchen.”

—“And if he carries off the saucepans?”

—“I will see that does not happen.”

—“Do as you like, I shall be quite satisfied.”

Then the Mother and the son went outside, and with the help of the boy collected some pieces of brick, with which they made four piles in the middle of the kitchen on which they laid two or three planks, and placed on the top the mattress taken that night from Don Bosco's bed with two sheets and a blanket.

Such was the first dormitory of the Salesian House in Turin, which today contains a thousand boys. Who does not recognize in this incident the hand of God?

Having got the bed ready, the good woman gave the lad a short instruction on the obligation of working, on being honest and the practice of religious duties. Without adverting to it herself, she thus began a practice which is still kept up at the Oratory, and which has been

introduced into all the Houses, of addressing a few words to the boys every evening before retiring to rest, a practice which has the best results.

Lastly they asked him to say his prayers.

—"I have forgotten them", he replied, blushing.

—"You will say them with us," rejoined the mother. And kneeling down they made him repeat them word for word. Wishing him good night, Don Bosco and his mother left him and retired to rest, but she, for the safety of her saucepans, took the precaution of locking the kitchen door and not opening it again before morning. But the boy was not a rogue like the others and wished to earn his bread honestly, and from his good conduct was worthy to serve as the foundation stone of an Institute, entirely Providential.

The next morning Don Bosco found him suitable employment. He came back every day to eat and sleep at the Oratory until the approach of Winter, when the work being ended, he returned to his own country.

Since that time—wrote Fr. Bonetti, during Don Bosco's life time, in his "*Twenty-five years' Story of the Oratory*"—we never heard any more of him and we have reason to believe he must have died soon after. Notwithstanding many enquiries, we did not succeed in finding out the name of this first boarder, because at that time Don Bosco did not keep a list of those he received as they came only casually. But possibly God arranged it so that His interposition might be the more conspicuous in a Work so great as that of the *Oratory of St. Francis of Sales*, which—as the Decree remarks—in 1851 gave shelter to thirty boys and, the house being enlarged, in 1860 contained four hundred, and in 1870 eight-hundred.



INDULGENCES

which may be gained by the Co-operators.

The following plenary indulgences may be gained by all the Co-operators who, having confessed and communicated, shall make a visit to a Church or public chapel, or in the

case of communities a private chapel, and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Every month.

1. On any one day at the choice of the associate.

2. On the day the monthly exercise of a good death is made.

3. Whenever the Co-operators shall say five times the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father* for the welfare of Christendom, and once the same prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father they may gain the indulgences of the stations in Rome, of the Portiuncula, of Jerusalem and of St. James of Compostella; these indulgences, moreover, are all applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory and can be gained by the Co-operators as often as the prayers are said, as long as they are in the grace of God.

In the month of May.

1. The Finding of the Holy Cross, May 3rd.
2. The apparition of St. Michael, May 8th.
3. The feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Patroness of the Salesian Society and of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, May 24th.
4. The Ascension, May 28th.

It would be well to call to mind :

1st that the indulgences granted to the Salesian Co-operators are all applicable to the holy souls in Purgatory;

2nd That to obtain them, the present Holy Father has prescribed the daily recital of the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father*, for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the invocation, St Francis of Sales, pray for us. These prayers are the ordinary ones undertaken by all Co-operators at the time of their enrolment, and the Pope commands them by way of reminder.

The complete list of indulgences and privileges may be found in the issue of January 1905, or in the Co-operator's manual.





London. With the Wednesday in Holy Week another term at the Salesian School, Battersea, S. W., is brought to a close. The second section of the scholastic year which is thus completed is of the greatest importance from the point of view of the final examinations, of the results of which those held at Easter are to some extent an indication. At the commencement of the new term it will be decided what candidates are to be presented for the forth-coming Oxford Local and College of Preceptors' examinations, as the entry-forms for intending candidates have to be forwarded in May. Some of the upper form boys will also be presented at the end of the School-Year for the Chamber of Commerce examinations in Book-keeping and Shorthand, so that there is plenty of scope for youthful energy during the final term. During the month of May the school is also visited by the Diocesan Religious Inspector for his annual examination, a report of which will be published as in former years.

Just previous to the opening of the Lenten season the School Play was given for the entertainment of the Boys and Community. Some of the parents and friends of the boys had witnessed it a short time before, and a general opinion was expressed, an opinion which has since been further endorsed, that none of the plays of previous years had been quite as successfully performed or more thoroughly enjoyed. The choir-boys had an opportunity of proving their reputation, when, at the request of the Superioress of the Good-Shepherd Convent, Hammersmith, they provided the music for the Mass of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and for the Mass of Deposition two days later. Hummel's Mass in D and Gounod's Solennelle were highly appreciated, and pronounced to be the best ever heard in the Convent Chapel.

The Editor of the *Malta Herald* very courteously lent considerable space in a recent issue to a full notice of the celebration of our patronal feast at St. Patrick's Salesian School. In his preface to the general description he says: "We could not help admiring the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement of the chapel decoration, more especially the floral display on the altar and its surroundings. The lady who directed the operations and the valiant band of helpers who assisted her, deserve the highest commendation for their praiseworthy exertions in adorning the House of God."

The musical portion of the programme was as usual under the able direction of the Rev. Don Urso. Such a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen took part, both in the chorus as well as in the orchestra—over one hundred—that it would be a hard task to select any of them individually for a just meed of praise. All did their part admirably.

A numerous congregation mingled with the children entrusted to the care of the Salesians, in receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the Right Rev. Mgr. Ferrugi, Director of the Maltese Salesian Co-operators, and this union of hearts and souls between classes so differently held in the estimation of the world, was one of the most impressive features of the gathering.

High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Mgr. P. Galea, the Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Carmelites of Malta being entrusted with the panegyric of St. Francis de Sales. He dwelt on the wonderful intermingling of meekness and fortitude by which the Saint drew unto him people of all classes, ages and creeds so that at his death he was universally mourned by Catholics and Protestants alike who recognised in him all the characteristics of a true Apostle. At noon the acclamations of the inmates of St. Patrick's made it clear that the procession

had been formed and was advancing towards the Hall where the banquet had been prepared, for Fr. O'Grady was entertaining the Archbishop and several friends to meet the newly elected Inspector of the district to which the Salesian House in Malta belongs, and to give a farewell to the outgoing Inspector who is removing to fresh fields of labour.

The lunch was served in the new Theatre Hall and a numerous gathering sat down, including His Grace the Archbishop and the élite of Malta, Co-operators of our work in the island. The *Herald* quotes at some length the words of the various speakers all of which seem, to point to an era of success and prosperity for the rising school. His Grace the Archbishop finally rose and crowned the festive demonstration by an allusion to the happiness he experienced in noticing, that the spirit of Don Bosco was transfused into his children, as was evidenced by the work so successfully carried on by his sons in Malta. Of Don Bosco himself he need not speak. His name was becoming a household one all over the world, as synonymous of charity, goodness and the spirit of self-sacrifice. He congratulated himself and his flock on having a house of the Order in his diocese.

At half past three the Congregations re-assembled in the Chapel to hear the conference. On the appearance of his Grace the Archbishop the choir gave the Anthem "*Ecce Sacerdos magnus*" by Fr. Pagella, S. C. Father Urso then delivered his address on the "Historic opportunity of the appearance of the Venerable Don Bosco", this being followed by the "*Te Deum*" intoned by the Archbishop, in thanksgiving for Don Bosco's being declared *Venerable*.

Solemn Benediction closed the celebration of a memorable day.

*

San Francisco. We have referred in previous issues to the strenuous efforts made by our confrères in San Francisco to re-constitute their prosperous religious status, and particularly to rebuild their church destroyed in the earthquake. That disaster brought to an untimely suspension many good works which were exceptionally flourishing at the time of the earthquake. But continuous and unsparing labours have since resulted in the re-building of a spacious church, which is again the centre of very beneficial religious activity. The *Monitor* of San Francisco tells us that at a feast lately celebrated in the above (*Corpus Christi*) Church, the High Mass with full choir accompaniment was largely attended, whilst at the early Masses the communicants were very numerous. In the afternoon there took place an impressive ser-

vice of thanksgiving for the great favour accorded to the Salesian Society by His Holiness Pope Pius X who has been pleased to confirm the results attained by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in the first steps of the process for the Canonization of Don Bosco, founder of the Salesian Society, by declaring him Venerable.

The Church was crowded by the faithful and Co-operators who came to go in the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving. It was an appropriate occasion too, inasmuch as it was the sixty-sixth anniversary of the commencement of the Venerable Don Bosco's social and religious apostolate. Father Piperni, S. C., Pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church in this city, preached the sermon and blessed a group of statues just received from Europe. Solemn Benediction brought the service to a close.

A special feature of the afternoon service was the establishment of a new Sodality for the Ladies under the title of Our Lady Help of Christians. Quite a large number of ladies were received into the sodality and they give promise of making it one of the most important in connection with that Church.

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The Falklands. An interesting note occurs in the *Falkland Islands Magazine and Church Paper* concerning the Catholic Mission under the care of the Salesians assisted by the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians. It says: "A very successful Bazaar was held in the new building attached to the Roman Catholic School. We understand that as all the articles offered for sale were presented, there were practically no expenses and that a profit of nearly £ 90 was secured. We congratulate the priest in charge and the Sisters as well as all the stallholders and those who assisted. A capital entertainment had just previously been given by the children of St. Mary's Schools. This had been preceded by the examinations, as announced in our last issue, and the discipline of the children was very noticeable both at work and play. Miss Millie Etheridge recited a short address before the entertainment, in which among words of welcome and good-wishes, she expressed the hope that this their first attempt at an entertainment would not be their last.

After a very amusing comedy in which Miss Kathleen Hudson earned much applause and congratulation, an allegorical scene, entitled *The Pilgrim*, was given, followed by a Tableau representing "Rule Britannia." All the children gave evidence of very careful training, and everyone concerned is to be heartily congratulated on their production of a very pleasing entertainment.

A word of praise must be given to the display of work by the children particularly needlework and drawing, most of which was excellent."

This kindly notice in a non-catholic paper speaks well for the steady though unobtrusive progress being made by our few confrères in the Falklands, and shows that they have succeeded in establishing and maintaining friendly relations among the islanders to whatever creed they may belong.

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Tanjore (India). The *Catholic Register* of Madras gives us the information that "the Salesian School under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier has been recognised by the Madras Educational Board as fitted, in its technical side to impart instruction in cabinet work and cotton-weaving. The school will be placed in the section of such schools from Feb. 2nd 1908. We congratulate the Salesian Fathers on the recognition of their school by Government, and wish them every success."

So far the Madras Register. Taking into consideration the innumerable difficulties which beset the opening of this school by our missionary fathers, pre-eminent among which was the language difficulty, it is a matter of considerable satisfaction that such progress has already been attained. We hear also that other dioceses in India are already calling for the establishment of Salesian Schools so that there is apparently a vast field for labourers in Don Bosco's mission.

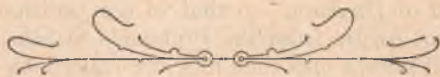
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Co-operators. During the early years of the Salesian Work in Brazil our confrères found a ready and generous benefactor in the illustrious Dr. Rodrigues Alves, the then President of the Republic. His influential position gave him ample scope for co-operation in the new work which was being established, and the Sons of Don Bosco had many reasons for gratitude to him. In the early part of this year, this distinguished Co-operator was received at the Oratory by the chief Superiors of the Congregation. The visitor was accompanied in his tour over the Oratory by Fr. Rinaldi the Prefect-General, and the Ex-President showed much satisfaction in confirming the ideas he had previously gained of Don Bosco's work, by his intimacy with it in his own land. Our Rector Major was not at the Oratory at the time, but he reached Turin in time to return the visit at the Hôtel d'Europe, where he had an intimate and important conversation with the visitor.

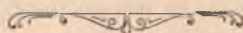
Proceeding to Rome, Dr. Alves visited our

Institute of the Sacred Heart on Feb. 5th. He was accompanied by the Brazilian Plenipotentiary, by his two daughters, and other distinguished Brazilians. As soon as he arrived the Brazilian national anthem was played by the band, and a Salesian Priest addressed him in Portuguese, welcoming him to the School, to which he replied:

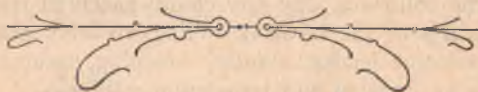
"I am happy to state that the words just spoken concerning my admiration and esteem for the Salesian Society and its work are not exaggerations, for, as a former President of Brazil, I cannot but be convinced of the power for social order and social improvement which a work such as Don Bosco's possesses. For this reason one of my first visits on reaching Italy was to the Mother House of the Congregation at Turin, where I had the consolation of visiting the room where Don Bosco expired, and of spending some time with his Successor the Very Rev. Don Rua. And now that I am here in the centre of Salesian activity, my mind naturally takes me back to my native country of Brazil, where so many Salesian Schools are now flourishing, and I feel the greater consolation for not having been backward in the Co-operation which my position at that time, enabled me to give. The good-feelings you have expressed to me, I take as being addressed to Brazil, which is most friendly to the Salesian work."



Important Notice to the Readers.



To obviate the possibility of letters going astray our Readers are earnestly requested to direct all communications for the **Salesian Bulletin** and the **Association of Salesian Co-operators** either to the **Director of the Salesian Bulletin**, or to the **Very Rev. Don Michael Rua**, both at the following address: **Via Cottolengo 32, Turin, Italy.**



*



China.

News from the Further East.

Macao, Nov. 21st, 1907.

Very Revd. Father,

There are two events of interest concerning our School out here which I thought should be sent on to you. The first concerns an annual occurrence more or less disastrous: the typhoon.

The typhoon — Forebodings — A terrible time.

The extreme boundaries of the ravages of this hurricane are generally between *Manila* and the island of *Haynam*, so that in our position we are not secure from the typhoon's attacks. It is well known also that they are caused by the rising of the heated atmosphere in equatorial regions, and the immense cavities thus produced cannot last long without formidable cold currents rushing in, to restore the equilibrium in the stormy kingdom of Eolus.

Whilst we were out walking with the boys along the shore, a loud clap of thunder made me look up. Curiously enough, it had not been preceded by lightning, but a great mass of clouds with ragged edges was spreading out rapidly like a fan from East to West. This was a bad sign.

For several days the heat had been unbearable; it seemed as if we must die of suffocation. Suddenly the sky assumed the most lovely aspect; several deep and distinct colours came together, overlapped and melted into one another with beautiful effect. Soon after, the sun disappeared and over the sea was spread as it were a cloudy, sombre veil. The waves rose with a hoarse murmuring sound, as if deprecating some impending disaster...

The following day the clouds gathered from all parts of the horizon, rolling up lofty grey, a veritable leaden mantle, weighing upon all, with an unusual and treacherous stillness.

The sea birds in large flocks came flying rapidly overhead, screaming as if anxious to find shelter in the clefts of the mountains or the depths of the woods.

All predicted the typhoon. And in fact we beheld quantities of boats of all sizes, as if seized by panic, furling their sails like enormous bats' wings, and hastening towards a muddy corner where the shallow water offered greater security.

Quite a thousand were huddled together, and even the large passenger steamers and men-of-war delayed not to seek a safe anchorage.

The city Observatory hoisting a long pole, from which a large ball hung by a rope, gave the recognised signal; three shots fired from the cannon of the fortress gave notice that the hurricane was imminent and all were on the watch. The streets of the city were at once deserted. The sole care, the one thought which preoccupied every one was to fasten and bar doors and windows, so as to shut out the dreaded enemy. That evening it began howling in search of its prey!..... Those were terrible hours, or rather whole days in which the fear of death seemed to hang over the whole neighbourhood.

The darkness of the night added to the sinister forebodings of inevitable disaster. The boys, however, quickly fell asleep; it was a somewhat agitated slumber, indeed, yet considering the circumstances it was profound. We however remained up, watching every small opening, so as to strengthen any weak spot. But what a tumult prevailed outside the walls!

It is unnecessary to state that any unstable or shaky construction is swept away by the tremendous blast. Only the colossal trees, accepting the challenge, endeavour to withstand the enemy, emitting howls and cries to make one shudder; but only until they are torn out by the roots, or, stripped of flowers, leaves and branches, they are left bare and desolate trunks.

Meanwhile, one cannot but think of the terrible lot of so many poor people huddled together in miserable huts. Fortunately for us, we were in the Seminary Villa, kindly lent to us for a few days' vacation; notwithstanding the raging cyclone we might therefore consider ourselves in safety. Nevertheless, the boys' dormitory being more exposed to the fury of the wind, rocked as if shaken by a violent earthquake, and we trembled lest the typhoon,

bursting in one of the windows, should force its way inside. A lesser evil would have been the carrying away of the roof.

It is impossible to convey any idea of such an infernal tempest. How can I describe the anxiety, when thundering at the doors we seemed to hear the explosions of repeated discharges of cannon? And everywhere there was a violent rattling, a creaking of wood, everywhere shrieks and shrill whistling like the wailings of lost souls; continual howls, groans and satanic laughter, as if our substantial dwelling had become the sport of the winds, buffeted by the waves of the sea.

The violence of the typhoon reached such a pitch as to detach enormous blocks of stone rolling them noisily down the mountain sides. It is so great that at times the largest ships are lifted like straws and cast several yards high up on the sea shore. But to form some idea of the typhoon it suffices to recall that of last year at Hong Kong, which in the space of one hour counted ten thousand victims. And yet the history of these parts records others still more terrible.

Heroic rescues.

But no one, I think, can easily picture the combat between the typhoon and its greatest rival, *the sea!* for no one, certainly, would be so bold as to approach it for the sake of contemplating that awful spectacle. We were on the *Isola Verde*, not far from that low swamp, where the forementioned boats had taken refuge, and we were convinced that in this terrible night something extraordinary had happened. Father Garaix, a Canadian Jesuit, had honoured us with his company during our stay, and he was unwearied in his vigilance during the common danger. Towards morning, amidst the tempest of lighting, rain and wind, he thought he distinguished cries of distress. Cautiously opening a small window he saw a furious tossing of boats and men fighting for their lives.

His resolution was at once taken.

—“*I am going!*”

—“And I with you,” I replied.

Leaving some one to watch over the boys, all the rest of our confrères were ready to risk their own lives to save their neighbours. And so with clenched fists and head bent we went forth to battle with the storm.

Wonderful to relate, the whole of the immense courtyard was transformed into a swamp, and the swamp into a raging sea, which tossed its waves over the lofty wall of enclosure. When we reached the iron gate the struggle

began. It was opened; but the wind and the waves tossed it back at the risk of fracturing our skulls. Alas! the wind seemed to carry the water, the water struck us in the face and smote us like hail.

Stunned by the fury of the elements and covered with waves up to the throat, we knew not how to extricate ourselves in this extremity.



Shrine of Mary Help of Christians (Villa Colon, Uruguay).

Seriously, we were in a horrible dilemma, but the cries of a poor wretch crouching like a dog against the wall and clutching an iron bar, and the cries and shrieks of the children, the women and the men, louder even than the roar of the sea, gave us courage and boldness to continue the violent struggle.

We cast ourselves into the waves, and the waves attacked us with fury, overwhelming us, thrusting us back, as with a murderous hand, intent on our ruin. A poor creature in a little boat was cast violently against the wall and from the wall drawn back again; a few minutes

more and he and his boat would have been engulfed. Two or three other poor wretches were whirled round, tossed about on a broken raft nearly submerged. On the other side a whole family, having miraculously escaped on to a small steamer at the moment when their *sampan* was dashed to pieces, were uttering despairing cries.

Finally after much sinking of heart and many violent efforts, all were at last drawn into safety, disfigured and trembling, several with blood dripping from their open wounds. What was their joy in finding themselves in safety and even lodged and fed for more than a day!

But I must acknowledge that not less was our joy in accomplishing the work of charity. There were ten souls, men, women and children together, all pagans. The following day, the storm having subsided they went sadly to collect the miserable remains of their wrecked boats and having found amongst them several idols, they threw them on the shore with rage and contempt. May God grant that in their exasperation they may have realized that it is worth their while to embrace that holy religion, which inspires the sacrifice of self for the salvation of one's neighbour; rather than to prostrate themselves ignominiously before those senseless monsters and grinning rogues.

Fortunately the typhoon was soon over. Still, in Macao, several houses were damaged. Two or three fell in ruins, causing the death of six persons and injuring as many more. But all is now over, and it only remains for us to thank God for preserving us from past dangers.

I ought now to turn to another subject, but my limit of space is reached. Therefore I will leave it to another time.

Believe me ever

Your most affectionate confrère

JOHN FERGNANI.

India.

I

The arrival of a new Missionary and a most grievous loss.

(Letter from Fr. Eugene Mederlet).

Tanjore, November 19th, 1907.

Very Reverend Don Rua,

In compliance with your fatherly desires I hasten to send you a few lines.

My journey could not have been more pleasant. Embarking at Genoa on the *Raffaele Ru-*

battino, I found there several religious from America, some going to Bombay and others to Calcutta, in whose society I spent the greater part of the time. Several days, such as the 1st and 2nd of November, were most consoling for us, when we were allowed to say Mass also for the third class passengers, giving to the function all the solemnity in our power. Many Protestants who were on board and had their service after ours, were much edified. Being assured of giving you pleasure I must state that the journey passed all the more rapidly through my undertaking to give French lessons to three of the above mentioned religious, who were most grateful for them. With regard to the details of the voyage they have already been described by our first Missionaries who made the same voyage, so that I need not touch on them.

Arriving in Bombay on the 5th of November I was the guest of His Grace the Archbishop who was all kindness. That same evening I took the train for Mylapore. With me was a Capuchin Prefect Apostolic, and I travelled with him as far as Madras where we arrived on the morning of the 7th.

At the station I found the secretary of the Bishop of S. Thomé di Meliapor awaiting me, and my greeting from this excellent Pastor was most cordial.

"You are the child of Providence!" he said, alluding to the wants of our house of Tanjore.

Then he embraced me affectionately and said he wished me to remain some days with him. Without delay he telegraphed the news of my arrival to Fr. Tomatis, and sent word also to Fr. Vigneron, who was at the hospital awaiting an operation, and who came to see me in the afternoon.

His Lordship told me that he greatly wished for a Salesian House in Mylapore also, and added that the building was being prepared. He will write to you himself on this matter and will tell you of another large Mission he wishes to entrust to the Salesians here in India.

The following morning, accompanied by the Rector of the Seminary, I went to visit the precious memorials of the Apostle St. Thomas, and in the meantime Fr. Tomatis arrived, wishing to be my guide during the rest of my journey and to see Fr. Vigneron. The following day we went together to visit him and found him at the bedside of a dying man. This was the second case during his sojourn in that house in which he was able to administer the last Sacraments. To us he seemed in good spirits. He told us that the operation he was to undergo was not serious, and that by the 15th he hoped to rejoin us at Tanjore.

We left Mylapore on the 11th. greatly touched by His Lordship's kindness and reassured as to Fr. Vigneron's state of health. Our arrival at Tanjore did not pass unperceived. At the Station we found the Parish Priest, with several of the Salesian Co-operators and the elder pupils from the School. Verses and songs in various languages greeted the arrival of the new Missionary.

But now, I must confirm the sad news which, probably, you have already received (1). A telegram from the Bishop of Mylapore acquaints us with the unexpected death of our confrère Fr. Vigneron! We had received this very morning a satisfactory report of his state. The good Rector of the Seminary wrote that the poor patient had to undergo three operations, but he assured us that the doctors themselves said there was nothing to fear..... But instead we have already another confrère in Paradise!.... So good as he was, he must have died like a Saint. Our boys, to whom we communicated the sad news, are weeping as if each had been told of the death of a parent. Fr. Tomatis is greatly dismayed, and with good reason. My object in coming here was to assist these confrères, but I could not have imagined I should arrive barely in time to see Fr. Vigneron once more, and to take his place; and besides, the wants of the Mission are still unprovided for!

Commending myself to your prayers and begging your blessing, believe me,

Your devoted Son in J. C.

EUGENE MÉDERLET,
Salesian Missionary.

II.

Further details.

Mylapore, Nov. 21, 1907.

I am at Mylapore, having come for the funeral of Fr. Vigneron who died the day before yesterday in the hospital of Madras, eight days after the operation.

You can well imagine our grief at this most serious loss. We had been told that the operation was one of the least serious, that there was nothing to fear and this indeed seemed to be the case. But subsequently another disease was discovered and it was impossible to save the poor patient. Still for your consolation and for that of all the friends of our dear departed, I can assure you that his death was not unprovided, for

he had several visits from the priest, he was able to make his Confession and died assisted by the doctor of the Mylapore Seminary, who went to see him several times. Every day we received a report of his condition and there was nothing to forewarn us of the imminent catastrophe, when last Tuesday two telegrams reached us from the Bishop, one announcing the gravity of the illness and the other its fatal termination. They had asked the poor invalid if he wished me to be summoned, but he refused, so as not to send us bad news; and then the painful intelligence reached us.

The funeral was an imposing function. The evening of his death the remains were taken to the Cathedral, where all the priests assembled to recite the Office for the Dead. The following day the solemn obsequies were celebrated. Mass was sung by the Vicar General, the Bishop assisting and giving the final Absolution. Many of the priests and people were present. Almost all the priests said Mass for our Confrère. *Requiescat in pace!*

Recommending our needs again to your consideration,

Your affect.ate Son in J. C.

G. TOMATIS, Priest.

Matto Grosso (Brazil)

Four months amongst the Coroados-Bororos.

(Letter from Fr. A. Malan).

I.

A most fatiguing exploration — 170 miles through the forests.

From the banks of the River Pogubo.

Very Rev. Don Rua,

As I informed you in my last of the 8th May, in which I announced my speedy departure from Cuyabà for our Colonies amongst the natives of this State, on the 17th May, accompanied by Fr. Augustine Colli, Brother Gabet and his aged father, the Catechist Charles Schinardi and our good friend Epifanio d'Oliveira, a former pupil of our School of Cuyabà, I set off for the Colonies, trusting always in the paternal care of Divine Providence. And now I am writing to you from a populous centre of the immense tribe of the Bororos, amidst the inexorable caresses of thousands of insects which

(1) Through the paternal solicitude of His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore, the sad news, to which the Missionary refers, had already reached Don Rua by telegraph.

swarm in these forests, on an improvised desk formed of several bags of sheepskin, used in Brazil for carrying luggage.

After having visited the Colony of the *Immaculate Conception*, that of the *S. Heart* and that of *S. Joseph*, I left the latter on the 1st inst. with Fr. Balzola, Schinardi, two guides, the Bororos Captains *Joaquim* and *Major* and the Indian *Ambrose*. A journey of forty leagues lay before us. We had set out with the intention of visiting the Indians, terrified by the death of Signor Borges, who lived in the village of *Burity*, sixty miles from the Capital; he had been killed by a Bororo from the *S. Lorenzo* river. We intended at the same time to fix upon a spot suitable for our fourth Mission centre.

Difficulties of the road. — Frequent mishaps. — Crossing the River “S. Alfonso.”

During the first day our route was not very difficult. But from the following morning, when we kept the feast of the Patron of this Province, *S. Alphonsus Liguori*, we had to pursue our journey entirely under the guidance of our Bororos. They were the only ones who knew the route we were traversing and even they were completely ignorant of the places dangerous for our beasts, as they make no use of these in their long and painful expeditions through the mazes of the forest.

However, confiding in the protection of Our Lady we pursued our way through the awe inspiring forest, devastated by a recent fire... Bradishing our large *gauchos*' knives with the courage necessary in such circumstances, with vigorous strokes on the boughs and bushes which bar our passage, we open a pathway and find ourselves in a lovely plantation of palm trees.

The captains *Joaquim* and *Major* preceded us, cutting a passage through the sombre woods, whilst *Ambrose*, the Indian, led a horse by the bridle. All of a sudden the horse sank down in a swamp and at this sight the Indian stopped in surprise and amazement. With great labour, making use of the pieces of leather covering the baggage which we spread like a carpet on the ground, with much exertion we succeeded in pulling him out. Thanks be to God, the poor animal came forth uninjured, saving us a loss of about £30.

We surveyed the district carefully, to see if we could find a safer road, but we could not cross it without great difficulty. Hence we followed the path made for us by the caciques in front.

After a few steps we found ourselves on the bank of a deep stream. More mishaps: the pack of one beast fell into the river and our baggage

containing our sleeping gear was soaked. This was however a lesser evil than if it had happened to our store of provisions, for then the story of the mule laden with sponges in the fable of *La Fontaine* would have had a second edition. With the exception of such small mishaps I must say that thus far we had nothing beyond what we expected. But our later experiences were far different.

After about another five miles we came upon a stream so full that in places it formed deep pools, besides many and dangerous swamps. This was another occasion for showing our prowess; we cleared the bank from its growth of bushes and reeds, and unloaded the beasts, making them walk in single file, but so great were the efforts made by the first to descend the precipitous bank, to wade through the river and attain the opposite shore, that the second absolutely refused to follow in his footsteps. But our last animal was the most difficult to manage. This was a firmly built mule, an excellent beast of burden, being unusually strong, but owing to the eminent qualities peculiar to his species (that however much you beat them they will not move one step faster than they choose) he gave us much trouble from the day we left *Cuyabã*, but especially on this occasion. He kept us waiting not less than an hour and a half before crossing the stream! The last expedient was that of his daily bread, the infallible Indian corn. Attracted by this the obstinate beast was induced to gain the opposite shore. Thank God, the trouble was over. The memorable stream was christened *S. Alfonso*, as we discovered and crossed it with so much difficulty on his Feast.

More swamps. — Advance impossible! — In search of a better road. — The guides vanish! — Many hours' delay.

It was scarcely half past ten in the morning, but our party was as weary as if we had been travelling the whole day. And yet it was necessary to continue our journey and not lose time in resting.

A league further on we came upon a more swampy tract than the preceding. Taught by experience, we again unloaded our beasts, carrying their loads on our own shoulders. To make a path secure enough to bear us we laid down pieces of leather, leaves and trunks of trees, etc. On reaching the other side we took some refreshment, for after so many straggles and such fatiguing experiences, we were well disposed for some food. So softening a little of our block sugar in cold water, we made the traditional *jacuba*, which gave us new strength for the future incidents of the journey.

Having traversed but two hundred yards we encountered another swamp, the crossing of which gave us no less trouble than the preceding. On this account, we decided to spend the night in that place, enveloped in the dense obscurity of the forest and unable to close our eyes for the innumerable swarms of insects which continually covered our hammocks. At break of day we crossed the swampy ground on a sort of bridge, prepared the night before, and continued our journey.

We thought we were out of our troubles, when a few steps further on we came upon a dense wood. With hatchets and scythes we made our way through it.

After an hour's march, we beheld in front of us an immense space full of precipices, valleys, lofty piles of stones, and hills. We asked the guides whether we should have to cross these hills and follow these tortuous paths, and they answered in the affirmative. We then made them understand the impossibility of taking our beasts through these dangerous and rocky paths; but they answered our objections saying that as in going to Cuyabà we climbed and descended mountains with our animals, we could do the same here.....

However, the site of the settlements which we had left lay towards the South; so in order to avoid these impassable precipices, we turned our backs on them, following a ridge which turned to the north-east, and pursued our way.

Our Bororos in their office of guides preceded us opening a path-way and we followed widening the passage. Every stroke of the hatchet brought down a shower of little insects upon us. These swarms of tiny insects, which, during the dry season are a veritable plague in all these districts, were so numerous that one could only compare them to the innumerable drops of water in a heavy down-pour. But the difference was too striking. This novel kind of rain instead of a solace, irritated the skin with its importunate attacks, the effects of which lasted many hours.

The place we were marching through was a dense wood, with all light shut out owing to an incredible number of these little insects, and, in addition, the surrounding atmosphere was filled with thick clouds of smoke, proceeding from the fires which, in accordance with the custom of those travelling through these forests, our guides had lit, so that we might not miss them when they were out of sight.

Suddenly, the captains Major and Joaquim caught sight of a formidable *anta*, or tapir. The tapir is their favourite game (1). Following their

natural instinct, without uttering a word, they abandon the clearing of the path and disappear in chase of the animal. We were of course obliged to halt for many hours, unable to do anything, for besides our ignorance of the road, we were hindered by the difficulty of hewing our way through the brushwood and tree-trunks. At last Captain *Joaquim* reappeared, silent and sad, for he had not succeeded in wounding with his arrows the coveted prey. After consoling him to the best of our power we set out again and in about an hour's time we descried on the top of a ridge the other Captain, full of pride, because he carried on his shoulders the half of an enormous *tamaridã*. This, though old and tough, provided us with a delicious repast for the evening, and the following day. In these circumstances, we greatly regretted the other half, unwillingly left by Captain Major in the wood, on account of its great weight!

A night of terror. — Obstinacy of the guides. Ambrose is sent in advance as ambassador. — Disappearance of Captain Joaquim. — Forward with the Rosary in one hand and a hatchet in the other! — An enchanting panorama.

That night we pitched our tents near a hillock which we called the *Finding of St Stephen*, from the Feast of the day. It was the 3rd inst. In the middle of the night we were aroused by the terrible noise caused by the trees falling a prey to the flames which advanced towards us, now from South to North, or again from North to South, according to the direction of the wind. Fortunately, whilst the flames were approaching the spot where we had halted, the wind changed and carried them in another direction. Then, without delay, we laboured to isolate our camp using, according to custom, for this purpose steel and fire to beat back the approaching flames. After working hard to collect the animals scattered and scared by the horrible crackling of the fire, we had another mishap. A newly purchased mule which the guide Deodato had been riding to break it in, suddenly bolted (we know not why) having broken the tree to which it was fastened and galloped off. We did not know in which direction it had fled; but we remarked a curious coincidence. A similar occurrence happened six years ago, precisely in the same month, on the same day and at the same hour, to a mule belonging to Signor Peter Fernandez, at a place fifteen miles from Cuyabà, when he was making the first exploration of

pachydermata, but in appearance resembles rather the wild-boar; it is of greater height and has, instead of a snout, an incipient proboscis, which it lengthens or draws in at pleasure.

(1) The *anta* or tapir called the elephant of America (*tapirus americanus*) is, like the elephant, one of the

the *Araguaya*, for the purpose of founding the *Colony of the S. Heart*; that mule was found eight months after with the saddle under him! I should be glad if the case turns out to be a parallel one, otherwise our poor mission will have sustained a loss of £30.

After a night spent in such anxiety, a still more sad morning awaited us: the prelude, doubtless, to a worse day.

The Bororos, accustomed to travel in a straight line towards their goal, without minding the obstacles on the road, had to make frequent twists and turns to facilitate the passage of the animals. Each time this was necessary, they would not recognize it, and if they went on cutting a passage they did it by force of habit, for according to their method of reasoning they thought it foolish to turn their backs on the object of the journey, possibly because not having a compass, they feared to lose their way.

Meanwhile, much time was lost in these continual windings. Frequently it was only after many hours' labour we could resume the direct route. In these cases our guides did not abandon us, but instead of going in front they brought up the rear, muttering all the time that we were going the wrong way.

On this day, when everything seemed to conspire against a rapid march, we resolved to part from *Ambrose*, to send him in advance to announce our coming to the Indians of the next village, called *Poboré*. The captains, vexed at the departure of their companion, wished to accompany him at all costs and to leave us alone, just for a short time as *Joaquim* said, promising to come and meet us with the Indians, who were the object of our expedition. With much difficulty we convinced them, that if they abandoned us, we should lose ourselves in this immense forest. They were apparently convinced. *Ambrose* went on rapidly alone, whilst we continued our march.

Soon after we perceived an extensive and lofty plain, running from north to south, exactly in the direction of the native *aldeamenti*. Naturally we turned in that direction, but Fr. Balzola wished us to take the opposite way to gain the summit, thus avoiding a bad piece of road.

Captain *Joaquim*, already in a bad humour at not being allowed to go forward with *Ambrose*, thought it absurd for us to turn our backs, again on the goal of our painful journey, and on this account began a discussion with Fr. Balzola who, so as not to irritate his adversary, abandoned his project. But the Captain, vexed at Fr. Balzola's want of confidence in upholding

a contrary opinion, without a word, left us behind and in a few moments we lost sight of him. The result was we remained alone with the old *Major* who was of little or no use, because on account of his age he could only walk slowly and did not know the road.

You may imagine what was our situation at that moment; under the burning sun of August, which in these tropical regions is the hottest season in these forests, exposed to all kinds of accidents, with our beasts wearied out, and as if all this was not enough, in total uncertainty as to the road! And yet we had to go on!

It was the 4th of the month, the 4th Anniversary of the Election of Pius X, in whose name we were going in quest of new sheep, and the Feast of S. Dominic, apostle of the Rosary, to whom we looked for help to escape from our perilous position. Taking new courage, with our Rosary in the left hand and a hatchet in the right to clear the way, we walked for two hours without stopping and at last found ourselves on the top of a natural wall of about 750 feet in height, resembling an amphitheatre, enclosing a space of several acres, the splendid appearance of which reminded us of the Roman Coliseum. Handsome trees, which surrounded it on every side, added to its wonderful beauty.

What a splendid panorama unrolled itself before our eyes? In addition to this unrivalled picture another stretched as far as the eye could reach, enchanting and splendid. This consisted of numberless small hills and valleys, varied by peaks, rocky walls and crests, rising in an endless variety of forms towards the heavens, in an atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of forest fires, this being the season of drought. To such a prospect, a whole page of Dr. Alphonso Celso's description of the Brazilian forests might have been applied.

We remained on this spot a quarter of an hour, contemplating the beauty of the works of God's Hands, alleviating thus the sadness which oppressed our heart.

Once more en route. — Encouragement. — Reappearance of Captain Joaquim. — Another fearful night.

Nevertheless, with some sadness of heart, we resumed our journey, with gloomy forebodings. But, according to a Brazilian proverb: *God writes straight even on crooked lines*, and recollecting this what could we be afraid of? *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?*

And Divine Providence soon rewarded our confidence. In front of us were several small hills placed as it were between two continents, which cast a sombre shadow over deep, dark

valleys. How were we to descend? After reflecting, we commended ourselves to our good Angel and turned to the right. Whilst we were going down, several of the party cried out:

—"It is impossible to continue this way, let us try the other!"

But something, I know not what, made us keep to our first design. In fact, scarcely had we descended, than we found to our great surprise a wonderful natural bridge in stone, the construction of which Captain *Major* attributed to *Papae Grande*, that is to God, as if to say, that nature being the work of God, this natural beauty also came from this Hand.

This natural bridge is a splendid grotto through which flows a delightful brook, whose waters quenched our thirst whilst our Catechist Schinardi, the photographer of the expedition, took a view of this charming spot, the success of which remains doubtful, owing to the darkness.

An hour and a half later *Joaquim* reappeared. As if nothing had happened, he explained that he had left us only in order to explore the locality and find a place through which the animals could pass; and in fact he at once, took up his axe and set himself to clear the way. Full of alarm, we had made the most sinister judgments of his conduct, and he perhaps had gone at the risk of his life to discover a better road, thus avoiding any discussion with Fr. Balzola and proving once more that he was a man of his word.

We reached safely a beautiful and smiling valley, in the centre of which was a pool of water surrounded by a swarm of little insects. Passing by this pool we stopped for the night on the opposite shore.

From the beginning this was our only trouble, to get used to these continual inhabitants of the desert, that is to say small flies and *lambe-olhos* and swarms of little *carrapatos* (1).

Towards ten o'clock the wind rose, blowing the flames to a height of from twelve to twenty feet, and in our direction, so that for three or four hours we were in a somewhat alarming position, a prey to terrible fears. Trusting that God would deliver us from such imminent perils, we meditated seriously upon those flames, comparing them to those of purgatory and of hell.... In the surrounding darkness, great tongues of flame mingled with reddish smoke shot up on the horizon, stimulated by a violent wind

which rendered yet more terrible the loud thunder claps. We passed the night by the light of those flames, and to speak truly in great fear, but, thank God, we sustained no injury. We took several photographs of this terrible nocturnal scene, which we cannot develop before our return to Cuaybà, and which I shall hasten to send you if they are successful.

Early in the morning of the 5th we celebrated Mass as on the preceding days, and broke our fast with a little roast meat and a slice of *pas-soca*, the food generally used in long journeys through the forest. Afterwards we mounted our tired beasts, resuming our journey under the patronage of Our Lady of the Snow.

A happy day! — On the banks of the River Pogubo. — Ambrose returns. — Night.— The Indians start for the aldeamenti.

This time the Indians who accompanied us were greatly delighted, because we took at once the route they wished. Providence took pity on us and on them, giving us an entirely successful day. We crossed without difficulty five small streams, by means of natural bridges, veritable *chef-d'œuvres* of creation, placed over the deep ravines, and several times we traversed, without mishap, dangerous swamps on pieces of rock and stones providentially scattered over them. How pleased were our guides in opening the way before us! So in a satisfactory state of mind we reached the shores of the *Rio Pogubo*, known under the name of the River *S. Lorenzo* which rushes down between two rocky declivities from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height.

It was only 2.30 p. m., but seeing the animals tired out, and being well satisfied with our day's march, we decided to halt on the banks of the river to give ourselves time to consider the solution of a fresh problem: how to cross the *Rio Pogubo*, which in the Bororo tongue signifies *river carrying much water*.

Whilst we were considering the best means for realizing our project, all of a sudden our ambassador *Ambrose* appeared whom we thought to be in the *aldeamenti* of the Indians. He informed us that the rest of the way was impracticable for our beasts, already worn out, and exceedingly difficult even on foot, especially for us who were without provisions. We were on the point of deciding to go on foot when the question arose:

— What shall we do with the beasts and the articles we have brought for the Indians?

After a few moments' reflection we decided it would be best to send the three Bororos to the

(1) The *carrapatos* bury themselves in all parts of the body and cause a violent itching, then pains and sometimes sores, the *lambe-olhos* attack the face, mouth and nostrils of travellers.

villages in question, to inform the Indians that we awaited them at this place.

They accepted this proposal with joy. However, before starting they wished to see the articles destined for the Indians, so as to describe them more minutely and they also wanted a few specimens to take with them such as handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, needles, thread, looking glasses, etc. We gave them also a provision of flour and rapadura.

During that night they cooked a large *tatú* killed by Captain *Joaquim* and at dawn of the following day they ate the whole of it, leaving only a few bits of the back-bone.

Having finished their sumptuous repast, they came to us with joy shining on their bronzed faces, and took leave of us to carry out the charge committed to them, expecting to reach the first *aldeamento* or village before night-fall.

I was interested in their method of cooking the above-named animal, a mammifer of the toothless genus having on its back a shell resembling that of the tortoise but much thinner. They made in the ground an oval-shaped hole about two feet in width the same in depth, and about three feet in length. Then they lit a fire in this curious oven; they spread out the burning cinders in an oval form and in the midst placed the *tatú* whole, removing only the intestines; then they covered it with the hot ashes and on the top continued to heap fuel (1). To tell the truth, seeing such preparations during the night, we fully expected a surprise the next morning; but when we got up, our three gentlemen had already devoured the whole of the roast, leaving only the miserable scraps mentioned above.

The 6th of August.—The Feast of the Transfiguration.—Awaiting the convoy of savages.—The meeting to be related in our next.

It was the 6th of the month, Feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord. Whilst celebrating the Holy Sacrifice we implored that He who filled our hands with heavenly gifts, would again be transfigured not as on Mt. Tabor where only three tents were offered to Him; but

(1) The *Tatú* (*Dasipus peba*) a native of the Brazilian forest, has on its head, back and tail a sort of bony coat of mail jointed together.

in these wild and savage regions tyrannized over by the evil spirit and covered with numerous miserable huts swarming with the painted children of the forests. May the mystic splendours of their Christian transfiguration shine forth here in permanence! Such splendours are the boast of our Holy Religion, into whose bosom these souls will be received through the regenerating waters of Baptism, whose salutary influence will help them onwards in the paths of civilisation and of the true Faith. Thus these dismal forests, where so many human beings, superstitious, idolatrous and enemies of society, are now living, will be transformed into centres of fervent Christians and useful citizens.

To this enchanting spot, surrounded by three large hills we have given the name of *Hills of the Transfiguration*.

Now we are awaiting the result of our extraordinary embassy. But instead of sharing in the Beatific Vision like the three holy Apostles on Mt Tabor, we have to struggle with swarms of the insects so often mentioned!

In this way we are spending the 6th, 7th and 8th days of the month. Our beasts are resting from their previous forced marches and graze happily, regaining their strength for the return journey. Meanwhile notwithstanding the frugality of our repasts every day our slender store of provisions is decreasing, so that before consuming the last bag of flour we thought it prudent to go in search of some other food, precisely that which we have seen our guides make use of. *Hunger is the best sauce*, as the proverb says, and we proved its truth during our perilous journeys through the forests where, without the promises of Faith to strengthen and the eternal recompense awaiting the sacrifice of the missionary, the most brilliant hopes would often be dissipated and even precious lives would be lost.

At the first opportunity I will send you the comforting news of the arrival of a large party of savages as usual in the costume of Adam, and I will describe our providential meeting with them in this unpromising locality.

Meanwhile, very Reverend Father, recommend us to our Co-operators, bless our Mission, and especially these your sons, with

Yours devotedly in J. C.

ANTONY MALAN, Priest.



DEVOTION TO OUR LADY Help of Christians



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.

To those who have adopted the practice of keeping the 24th of every month in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians it is recommended that besides their particular intentions they should pray for the Holy Father's special needs during this year of his sacerdotal jubilee.

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The National Sanctuary of Uruguay in South America, dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, had its solemn coronation of her image on Dec. 18th, 1904; so that the third anniversary of that event occurred just before the close of last year. The vast temple was crowded to its full capacity on that occasion, especially as two pilgrimages had been organised one by the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, the other by the parish priest of Penarol, near Villa Colon, aided by the Sisters of perpetual succour. The Very Rev. Father Inspector sang the solemn High Mass which was accompanied by an excellent choir, while one of the neighbouring clergy, Fr. Martinasso, delivered the panegyric. A procession on a large scale was organised for the conclusion of the evening's service.

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The month of October, which in the Southern Lands is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, brings the return of the feast of Our Patroness at Guayaquil, Ecuador. A statue of Our Lady had been acquired for the feast-day of last year, but on this occasion it was erected on the new altar in the Cathedral, which had been obtained through the combined efforts of the sub-committee of Co operators. A novena was observed in the cathedral, on the evenings

of which one of our missionaries addressed large congregations on the devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians. On the morning of the feast the whole of the Capitular Chapter assisted at the Mass, and the discourse of the occasion was given by the missionary, dealing with the social supremacy of Jesus Christ, founded on the intercession and maternal goodness of Our Blessed Lady. A conference was held in the afternoon for the Salesian Co-operators, this being followed by the blessing of the new altar in its chapel on the right-hand side of the nave, where it will remain until the erection of a new church dedicated to our Patroness.

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Morelia in Mexico is the latest addition to the list of centres which possesses a church dedicated under this title. The Archbishop solemnly blessed and opened the new building, and the Very Rev. Father Inspector celebrated Solemn High Mass, the Archbishop assisting pontifically. One of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart delivered the discourse on the development and practice of the devotion, and the Archbishop subsequently intoned the *Te Deum* and gave the first Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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The Venerable Don Bosco continuing his subject says: "The innumerable favours obtained through Our Lady's intercession immediately after her death soon established the devotion to her, and caused it to spread with great rapidity; so that even in the period of persecution wherever the sign of the Catholic Religion was established, there also we find the image of Our Blessed Lady; and from the

earliest Christian times we find a community living at Mt. Carmel, dedicated under the title of Our Lady and engaged in devotional exercises." "This fact", he says, "is verified by the Roman Breviary, which in its office for the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel gives further details of this ancient establishment. At the time of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, many pious people had devoted themselves to the imitation of the examples of the Prophets Elias and Eliseus, and following the directions of St. John the Baptist were zealously preparing for the coming of the Messias. When they were shown the verification of the prophecies they at once embraced the Christian Faith, and had the privilege of intimate intercourse with the Blessed Virgin; and even while she yet lived they had commenced to honour her at Mt. Carmel, where Elias had had the vision of the little cloud ascending into heaven, which they very naturally took to be a type of the Blessed Virgin, and dedicated their chapel to her accordingly. Assembling there every day for their religious services they venerated her as the protectress of their order, so that they came to be called the Brothers of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. In course of time the Supreme Pontiffs confirmed this title and granted special privileges. Nor did Our Lady only provide them with a title and give them her constant assistance, but gave to St. Simon Stock a scapular which was to distinguish them from others and be an assurance of her protection.

GRACES and FAVOURS

Dundalk (Ireland).—I enclose an offering in thanksgiving for a favour received after a novena and promise of publication.

March, 1908.

E. Mc.

Mylapore (India).—Some days back my grandchild, only seven months old, arrived here from Penang. Owing to the change of climate he was attacked by fever, grew very dangerously ill and was soon at death's door. I then discontinued all medicines and appealed humbly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Our Lady Help of Christians for his recovery.

Within a few hours, to the surprise of the by-standers, the favour was granted; promising symptoms appeared, and the boy daily recovered his former health without the use of any medicine whatever. In thanksgiving for this favour I beg that two Masses may be said at the altar of Our Lady Help of Christians, and would ask you to publish the grace, so as to help towards inspiring confidence in the patronage of Our Lady.

Jan., 1908.

M. S. Ad.

London.—I beg to publish thanksgiving for a favour received after a novena to Our Lady Help of Christians, and promise of publication.

March, 1908.

Anon.

—A short time back, my little boy, aged seven years was very badly attacked by a lung disease and grew rapidly worse. The doctor who had been in attendance called in others for a consultation, and no hope at all was given of recovery. In this extremity I had recourse to the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians, and to our great joy within a few days the boy was convalescent and has now recovered. I have sent an offering in thanksgiving and would ask you to publish the favour.

March, 1908.

M. Ch.

County Tipperary (Ireland).—Honor, praise and glory be to Our Lady Help of Christians for a very special request obtained through her intercession.

March 18th, 1908.

H.

Georgetown (British Guiana).—I enclose an offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for favours received through her intercession and request you to be good enough to publish same in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

March 6th, 1908.

A Co-operator.

Hongkong (China).—Enclosed I beg to hand you an offering for Masses in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for favours received through her intercession, and which I wish to make known by means of the *Salesian Bulletin*.

February 17th, 1908.

A Chinese.



LIFE OF MONSIGNOR LASAGNA

SALESIAN MISSIONARY

TITULAR BISHOP OF TRIPOLI



CHAPTER XXXIX (*Continued*).

These terms seemed so reasonable that Signor Gonzalez and the Ministers were disposed to accept them at once without any restriction; they even decided to discuss them in the Congress, so as to give the Salesians the best possible guarantee. On the 27th May, the negotiations being nearly concluded, the Minister Lopez prepared a banquet to which he invited Mgr Lasagna, the President of the Republic, all the Ministers and the most influential personages, both clerical and lay. The reception was most cordial and the occasion propitious for the interchange of ideas and the manifestation of lively enthusiasm for the Bishop and the Work of Don Bosco. At the end of dinner toasts were given in honour of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Bishops, the President of the Republic, the Ministers, Don Bosco and the regeneration of Paraguay: when the moment of departure arrived, the emotion was general so dear to all had become the Society of the Salesian Bishop, so many and so great were the hopes animating all. Still this was not the last farewell. For His Lordship prolonged his stay in Assumption until the 6th June, in order to comply with the many requests he had received to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the environs of the city. And so great were the labours he had to undergo in those days, that it was a wonder his health did not fail, all the more when one reflects on his rheumatic sufferings caused by the malaria of the swampy regions he passed through. One may say there was no one to whatever class he belonged, no association or institution, which had not been incited to do better by the indefatigable apostle and which had not received great benefit from his labours. And truly, how much good did he not effect in those few days! Yet his zeal was not satisfied because there was in the town a man who, not appreciating at its true value the visit which the Lord paid him by means of his minister, resisted the grace of God, although he had but a short time to live.

The Uruguayan Ambassador to the Republic of Paraguay, Signor Richard Garcia, was, at that time, lying dangerously ill with cancer of the throat, but he gave no thought to his soul, though he could be under no illusion as to the gravity of his condition. Without delay, His Lordship

hastened to the bedside of the sick man, filled with the hope of preparing him to appear before the tribunal of God. This attempt, perhaps because Signor Garcia was in the bonds of Freemasonry, and had not the courage to break the chain, was unsuccessful.

The good Bishop then had recourse to prayer and began a novena to Mary Help of Christians, inviting many devout souls to join him. A few days later he returned to the bedside of the sick man, and trying every means to arouse in his heart sentiments of faith and of confidence in our Blessed Lady, he induced him to accept a medal which his sorrowing wife hastened to place round his neck. But the proposal that he should receive the Holy Sacraments was once more made in vain, to the great satisfaction of his evil intentioned friends who kept guard at his bedside with a vigilance worthy of a better cause. The Bishop's heart was pierced with sorrow in seeing that the malady, making rapid progress, rendered a fatal issue imminent; therefore, although Signor Garcia appeared to have no thought for the needs of his soul, he made yet a third attempt. The sick man was almost at the last gasp, but the kindness and loving exhortations of the Bishop moved him to tears and though very weak he clasped him to his breast and embraced him cordially. When, however, His Lordship spoke of the Sacraments, the dying man remained silent and for the third time rejected the pardon God was offering him. At half past nine in the evening, regardless of fatigue and rebuffs, the apostolic Missionary, thirsting for the salvation of that soul, hastened for the last time to the bedside of the dying man. There was great risk that in the terrible pains of the last agony the sick man might not retain the full use of his faculties. However, recognizing the nearness of God's judgment, touched by divine grace and encouraged by the sentiments of confidence suggested by Mgr Lasagna, he prepared himself to receive the absolution of his sins and Extreme Unction. The Bishop disposed him to make with generosity the sacrifice of his life, repeating pious ejaculations; he recited the prayers of the Church for the dying and did not leave his bedside so long as a breath of life remained. Signor Garcia expired peacefully one hour after midnight.

Near his bed of death hung a small picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. At the age of twelve years, he had promised his mother always to carry it about with him and he was faithful to his promise even till death. Doubtless it was this his powerful Protectress who brought the Bishop to him in those last moments, and obtained his pardon from the Divine judge for his long abuse of grace!

Meanwhile, the Salesians who had been chosen for the Mission of Matto Grosso, having reached Assumption in the steamer *Diamantino*, it was time the Bishop should leave Paraguay and accompany them to Cuyabá. The parting scene was a manifestation of the great affection he had already inspired. He was accompanied to the port by the most eminent persons of the city, and in bidding him farewell, they earnestly implored him to

favour their unhappy country with many more such fruitful visits.

In Paraguay, wherever he went, all spoke to him of the sons of St. Ignatius. "It was here", he exclaimed, "that the Jesuits, in past centuries, worked such prodigies of zeal and wisdom, which do now and always will excite the admiration of the world. At the entrance to these forests one may still see the traces of their famous schools, the crumbling walls of their gilded churches and lofty towers. But vainly does the heart seek to awaken the echo of those hymns and chants which, at one time, rose to heaven from thousands of hearts, simple as those of children; in vain does one seek

CHAPTER XL.

Staff in hand—On the steamer *Diamantino*—Meeting the Indians—A visit to Corumbó—On the *Coxipó*—The troubles of life—On the river S. Lorenço—A pleasant surprise—A tragic occurrence—Amongst the Sandbanks—A terrible passage—Arrival at the Capital of Matto Grosso.

Jesus Christ, when he sent the Apostles to convert the world, said to them: *Elegi vos, et posui vos ut eatis et fructum afferatis* (1): "I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit." It is on the strength of this divine word that the Apostle has been depicted



Visit of the Ex-President of Brazil to the Salesian Institute in Rome.

the fields and orchards, cultivated by thousands of Indians won to religion and civilization by their inimitable zeal. Now all has been destroyed, all have been exterminated..." But the generous Missionary need not have uttered these lamentations, if he had paused to reflect for a moment on the good done during his brief stay in Paraguay. Twenty days had sufficed to enlighten so many in ignorance, to confirm in the faith so many doubting hearts, to enkindle the fire of charity in such numbers, to attract everywhere the faithful to the Church, where in reality re-echoed once more those hymns and those chants which resounded every where in the days, when by the labours of the Jesuits, Paraguay could call itself *happy*. But it is a mark of the true servants of God, that having put their hand to the plough, they do not look back at the work accomplished, but at the amount that still remains to be done.

by tradition, staff in hand, and we always picture him to ourselves travelling to another country, in search of souls to be saved. Our Bishop, a missionary also in this sense, was a true apostle. The ardour of his zeal urged him to make use of every means to lead souls to Jesus Christ, and for this end he travelled continually, becoming in reality, what he often called himself, the "commercial traveller" of the Vicar of Christ.

On the 6th June, accompanied by his recently arrived companions, he went on board the *Diamantino* to ascend the peaceful stream of the Paraguay, in the direction of Cuyabá. His heart was filled with unspeakable joy in finding himself once more amongst his confrères.

All united in praising and thanking God for the

(1) John, XV, 16.

signal and visible protection he had so far accorded them. They rejoiced in being able to celebrate Holy Mass, every day in private, and on feast-days, in the saloon, for the convenience of the passengers. They bore with resignation the heat which was already becoming intense, having crossed the 24th degree of latitude and being about to enter the torrid zone. "On the right hand," write His Lordship, "we had the pleasant view of the beautiful banks of the Paraguay, ever undulating, diversified by ever succeeding hills and mountains covered with gigantic trees from whose branches floated an endless variety of creeping and parasite plants, covered with blossoms of brilliant hues. The most beautiful birds of all sizes and colours, sometimes in flocks, sometimes singly, flitted hither and thither, and from the dark green of the forest shone out the snow-white swans and herons, with thousands of other winged inhabitants of the air. From time to time also were to be seen under the shadow of the palm and the banana, the lowly huts of the shepherds and peasants, who live there in an almost perpetual solitude".

On the opposite bank extended the low and swampy land of the Chaco, peopled almost exclusively by nomad Indians. The floods having gone down, the poor Indians approached the banks of the river, and the missionaries before reaching their destination met with several large bands here and there.

On June 7th, early in the morning, having reached Villa Concepcion, the canoes of the Indians were to be seen gliding round the steamer to beg for biscuits and little presents with which they were greatly pleased. They had not even a rag to cover them and many had their limbs painted a brilliant red and shining black. Others had birds' feathers on their head and bracelets and anklets of feathers or of little white bones.

The voyage became every day more painful, on account of the heat which was suffocating, and more especially from the gnats, which found a way of getting right through the clothing to the flesh and drawing blood; it was impossible to escape their attacks, even by remaining huddled in our own cabins.

"We had arrived", he relates, "on the evening of June 10th, at the port of Corumbà. Although in population and importance this is the second city of Matto Grosso and the rival of Cuyabà, it must not be thought that it resembles one of our ports. Scarcely could it be compared with the simplest village in our own country. It contains, at the most three thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers of the garrison."

"Here is situated the custom-house of the State, and here too the steamers stop, for higher up the river is so shallow, that it is necessary to ascend it in small and very light paddle steamers, without any sort of cargo, and very frequently even these are unable to proceed. Then the passengers are transferred to flat-bottomed boats, which ascend the river by means of poles pressed against the river bed by strong men who thus push the poor

raft forward by little and little, almost by a series of jerks. And this was what happened to us".

At Corumbà there came to meet me the Parish Priest, and the Consul of Bolivia. The next day I landed to visit the church accompanied by the commandant of the place, Colonel Horazio, and the Italian Consul, Signor Carcano of Milan, the party being preceded by the regimental band. The old parish priest is alone and much disheartened most of his parishioners are strangers, for the most part speculators and adventurers, with more than a hundred leagues of territory under his jurisdiction and he feels himself helpless."

"Nothing but the establishment of schools for boys and girls, managed by religious men and women, could in time, change the aspect of this little town, seated on calcareous rocks, with a temperature of the dog-days and intent only on commerce and the things of this world. May we, one day, help in this work of regeneration? God grant it".—This eager desire of the Bishop was fulfilled in the year 1899, through the zeal of Fr. Antony Malan, Superior of the Salesian House of Cuyabà, assisted by the good Co-operators of Corumbà.

"On the 11th of June", the narrator continues, "towards night we were huddled together on a little steamer called the Coxidò, where we were not allowed to take with us more than a small bag containing necessary clothing. The remainder of our baggage had to be left at Corumbà, for the water being already very low, there was a risk of the steamer running aground, so that it was necessary it should be as light as possible. Besides the passengers, numbering eighty or more, we had with us about forty soldiers with their wives and children, as is the custom here, negroes and mulattoes, Indians and half-breeds. The steamer had only a few cabins for the ladies, but fortunately the pilot kindly relinquished his apartment to me and my secretary. Along the after deck and the bows of the vessel as well as along the sides ran narrow open corridors, with fixed benches. During the day time these were used as a promenade, as a general dining-room and place of meeting and at night as a common dormitory".

"Every one settled himself as comfortably as he could: with a straw mattress and a rug, and a travelling bag for pillow, they curled themselves up for the night. Those in good health and who were sound sleepers suffered only from cramped limbs. I, on the contrary, did not appreciate the accommodation. Having travelled for many days, and even whole weeks, through swamps, where the burning sun draws up damp mists, which in the night time condense and fall in fine rain or noxious dew, which I could not escape, I now had a return of acute rheumatic pains in the shoulders, the sides and the spine. I spent wretched nights and rose in the morning with my face covered with livid patches. My sufferings were so great that even now I have not completely recovered. But none of my companions were any the worse for the inconvenience cheerfulness and courage never failed us even for a day".

"The steamer stopped every twenty-four hours to take in a supply of wood, which is used instead of coal, and it anchored in those rare places where some enterprising person had built a hut for raising stock and growing rice or maize in these unhealthy swamps".

"After two days we turned out of the river Paraguay on the left to enter the S. Lorenzo, on whose distant shores are encamped the *Coroados* Indians, whom we hope soon to visit. We steamed along its placid waters for twenty-eight hours and then left the S. Lorenzo to enter the small and winding stream, Cuyabá."

During those last days of their journey, owing to the narrow space and the great number of travellers, they were not able to say Mass every day, nor perform their usual pious exercises. This was a great sacrifice, a painful privation, for which His Lordship endeavoured to supply by conversations on spiritual subjects, frequent ejaculations and spiritual communions, raising up to God continually the hearts and minds of his companions. On the 16th day of June, to which, in that year, had been transferred the feast of Mary Help of Christians, so dear to the Salesian Missionaries, a pleasant surprise had been prepared for them. Whilst His Lordship could not resist a feeling of profound sadness, reflecting on the pious festivities celebrated in so many of our churches on that day, and of the impossibility of doing anything on that miserable boat in honour of Our heavenly Patroness, one of the passengers approached him, and respectfully kissing his ring, handed him a letter. What was his surprise when, on opening it he found in Brazilian money, a sum equivalent to 269 francs, and when afterwards he learnt that this was the result of a collection spontaneously made amongst the passengers for the benefit of the new mission of Matto Grosso! This generous offering, a testimony to the noble sentiments of the donors, was also an indication of the sympathy he had gained amongst his travelling companions.

Still ascending the river Cuyabá, our missionaries passed near a spot notorious as the scene of a tragic event. It is called *fazenda do aterrado* or house of the terrace, the dwelling being erected on a rising ground, artificially constructed to preserve it from the floods.

Here lived, a few years ago, a certain Figueredo with his family, together with some servants of the country, occupied in rearing cattle and growing corn. Possessing good firearms, in order to frighten away the Indian tribes they gave chase to any who approached their dwelling. But the Indians, instead of retreating permanently, angered by the interference with their rights of dominion over the land, and enraged at the assassination of their brethren, swore to be revenged, like true savages.

Watching for an opportunity when Figueredo was far from home with his servants, occupied in working in the neighbouring forest, they crept through the dense foliage, surprised the mother with her children and cut their throats not allowing one to escape. The heads of the mother and the children they fixed on stakes planted here and

there in the courtyard and served up their blood in plates on the table already prepared for supper.

Towards evening Signor Figueredo was returning joyfully to his home, and not hearing, as usual, the voices of his children, who were accustomed to run out to greet him, he hastened his steps with a beating heart.... On reaching the courtyard with one moan he fell senseless to the ground. His servants placed him in a canoe and carried him away from this ill-omened spot, to which he never returned. He is still living, but as it were bereft of his senses; he walks alone, frequently gesticulating with his hands, raising his eyes to heaven, and he is inconsolable at his terrible misfortune.

To be continued.

Obituary.

The Salesian Institute, Cape Town, has lost a distinguished Co-operator by the death of Chevalier T. J. O'Reilly C. M. G, which took place on Febr 11th, at a private hospital in the Gardens, Cape Town. Mr O'Reilly had been in very indifferent health for more than a year past, and in September last made a wonderful recovery from a very serious illness. He had been out and about as recently as Thursday last, the 6th, when he paid a visit to Sea-Point, and on his return at lunch-time complained of feeling unwell. Medical advice was taken and it was found that the Chevalier was suffering from appendicitis, and that an immediate operation was necessary, from which he never recovered.

The *Cape Times* supplied a very appreciative notice of the important work accomplished by Mr. O'Reilly in the many responsible official capacities he filled during a long and successful public career. His death will thus be a severe loss to many, and particularly to the boys and staff of the Salesian Institute to which he had been a good friend and a constant benefactor. We recommend him to the prayers of all the Associates.

The following lately deceased persons are also earnestly recommended to the pious prayers of all Co-operators and Readers:

- Mrs. Mary Holiday, Cape Town, South Africa.
- Mrs. Anne Blandin, Port of Spain, Trinidad.
- Mrs. Mary Nash, Port of Spain, Trinidad.
- Mr. Michael Smyth, Gargory, Ireland.
- Miss Margaret Dawson, Tralee, Ireland.
- Mrs. Anne Cunningham, Sevenoaks, England.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO—Salesian Press, Turin, 1908.

APPEAL

ON BEHALF OF THE SALESIAN INSTITUTE.

To all those who are kindly disposed towards poor orphans, to all those who have at heart the betterment of society by the education especially of abandoned or neglected youth, we appeal with confidence.

The Salesian Institute in Cape Town is a school of Arts and Trades, one of the four hundred and more Institutions of Don Bosco. It consists of schools of printing, cabinet-making, bookbinding, shoemaking and tailoring. Boys are accepted irrespective of creed, are trained in one of these trades, while at the same time they receive a good "book" education and are taught both vocal and instrumental music.

The houses in which the work is carried on at present are only rented and were never intended for educational purposes. So far there are seventy-two lads in the Institute, all healthy and happy, and this is all that we can at present accommodate. During the past year close on sixty applications had to be refused. This year the demands are pouring in daily, but the answer is always the same: "There is no room."

Our benefactors and all those acquainted with the work urge us to build a suitable institute to provide for about two hundred boys, where a model school of Arts and Trades may arise and the complete educational system of Don Bosco may be developed. There is every prospect of a valuable site being secured in one of the old Cemeteries in Somerset Road; so it is now necessary to start a building fund. Confident in the blessing of Divine Providence and the goodness of the cause we turn for help to both rich and poor of every denomination and nationality.

A Committee has been already formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions. While we expect much from the wealthy, we are confident that the labouring classes, who have experienced many hardships in common with our boys, will not deny their mite. A small subscription every month, sixpence, a shilling or half a crown, will prove most effectual in aid of the new Institute.

We wish to promise our prayers to all those who come to our assistance and we feel certain that the Almighty will reward abundantly every one of our benefactors.

For the Salesians:

E. M. TOZZI, S.C., *Superior.*

Feb. 14th, 1905.

*Salesian Institute,
49, Buitenkant Street, Cape Town.*

I hereby recommend most herartily the foregoing appeal to all the well disposed throughout my own jurisdiction, and to the Superiors of the Missions who have sent, or are likely to send boys to the Salesian Institute from any part of South Africa.

✠ JOHN LEONARD,
St. Mary's, Cape Town.
Feb., 14th, 1905.

(Cablegram.)

To Superior, Salesian Institute, Cape Town. — Rome, 13th March, 1905.

Holy Father wishes development to praiseworthy work of Salesian Institute and blesses Superiors, Benefactors and Pupils.

Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

SALESIAN SCHOOLS

SURREY HOUSE, SURREY LANE

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S. W.



DIRECTED AND TAUGHT BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS.

The principal object of this School 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. Muldoon
Salesian Institute
Queen's Road, 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 adressed to:

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