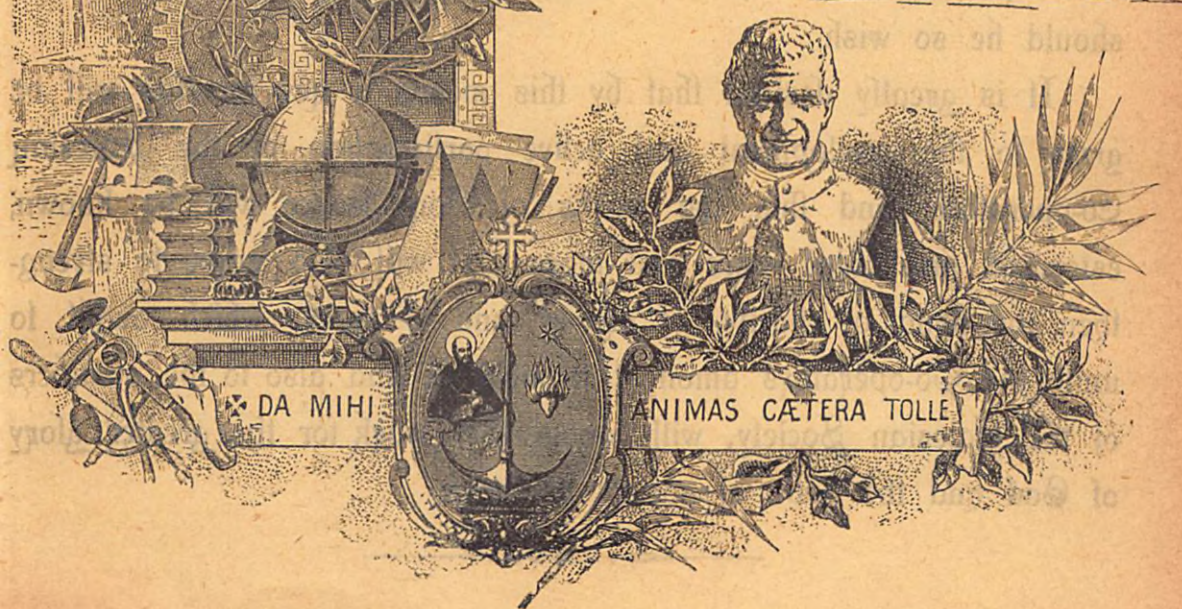


No. 12 - December - 1913

Vol. VIII.

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


Let's go on...



DA MIHI

ANIMAS CAETERA 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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Greetings and Good-wishes.

As the head and leader of the great body of Co-operators, spread over all parts of the world, the Very Rev. Don Albera desires to send a message to each at this season of good wishes. He is always and intimately mindful of their valuable services in the great work of which he is the centre and guide, and which could not be kept in being, much less flourish more and more, without their constant and generous co-operation. To all he sends on this occasion the heartiest good wishes. These he sends in the name of all his Sons, and of those who are the object of the Co-operators' generosity. At Christmas and the New Year all are remembered before the Divine Child, who is the particular rewarder of those who are generous towards his young protégés.

The Venerable Don Bosco's Words

THE Saints of God are true benefactors of humanity, not only by the manifold works performed by them to the spiritual and material benefit of their neighbour, but also by the heroic practice of all the virtues, which continually combat our apathy and carelessness, and are an appeal to all to think of God and eternity.

However even the saints are men, and each of them has his own particular points and character, which, purified from all dross, and with the halo of sanctity around it, gives each an attraction and grace which influences particularly similar characters. Thus a meek and gentle soul is drawn to St. Francis of Sales, and to follow in his steps; another, of generous and enterprising soul, feels drawn to emulate the mighty deeds of the great Founders of Religious Orders; a third, of retiring disposition and austere to itself, prefers the wonders of grace shown in the lives of penitents and solitaries; and thus God becomes more and more wonderful in His saints.

The Venerable Don Bosco as well — and we say it without any intention of forestalling the judgment of the Church — has exercised and continues to exercise a strong influence over consciences. His life, his work, and even more perhaps his ideals, his spirit, have filled with admiration and enthusiasm a multitude of souls. Look at the crowds of his sons and daughters, heirs to his spirit, or at the army of their pupils, and the immense body of his admirers and Co-operators.

We have good reason to bless God, and to beg him to deign to increase the members of the great Salesian family, bearing in mind that the present Supreme Pontiff Pius X., even before the introduction of the cause of Don Bosco's beatification, expressed his earnest desire that in every village and town there should reign the spirit of the Founder of the Salesians, and that his Co-operators should ever gain new adherents.

But more desirable than new recruits, more precious than the spread of his work, should be the advance of his sons and followers in the knowledge of his soul and its extraordinary gifts.

Having been drawn to him, overpowered as it were by the splendours of his noble figure, we, without doubt, shall always feel urged to embrace his ideals, and follow generously his guiding, the more we study and understand his spirit.

His first Sons and Co-operators who had the good fortune to sit, as it were, by his side, to hear his voice daily, were more and more influenced by him, were irresistibly drawn to live his life, giving up to the benefit of his work all spiritual and physical energy and even material resources. Who does not see this exemplified in his first Successor, who was so wholeheartedly devoted to him, and in the action of so many families of distinction which bestowed their means so lavishly upon his work?

It would be almost impossible to study him too much, whether in his words or work, his ideal, or his writings into which he has transfused so much

of himself. He published almost a hundred books of every sort, large and small; all of them of great educational merit, and worthy of deep study. In order to overcome the difficulty of obtaining these writings, it is proposed to set forth from time to time a page or two from them as shall seem suitable.

In 1868 he published a well-known little work entitled; *Severino, or the adventures of a young mountaineer, related by himself.*

Readers will notice that in the passages which are here quoted, there is a complete sketch of the character of Don Bosco himself, as a young man, and overflowing with that charity for the young, with that zeal for souls, with that courage that made him so bold against the enemies of the Church, and with that gentle confidence in the Help of Christians, which afterwards became the salient points of his life. His word was ever efficacious, ever winning, ever full of consoling power and enlightenment, and it will still prove so, even though his voice be heard only through the words transcribed into these pages.

I.

A record of earliest days of his Oratory at Turin.

The writer is Don Bosco, but the account is put into the mouth of Severino.

.....The position at home had become sad indeed, and it was high time to decide upon some course for the provision of the necessities of life. Some relatives had taken charge of my younger brothers; my mother seemed to resent so many misfortunes and went out to work with her needle, at which she was very skilful; but I, remembering my father's advice took my pack and went back to Turin; hitherto I had depended upon my father's guidance, but now I felt quite at a loss, and might have got into any mischief that was going on. The dangers of large cities are serious enough for any one, but they are a thousand times more so for an inexperienced boy.

The previous year I had made the acquaint-

ance of man of great charity and an exemplary Catholic. He lived in Turin so I directed my steps towards his residence. This gentleman found me an employer who kept me busy all the week. But what about Sundays? Sometimes he took me to Mass with him, and perhaps to Vespers, after which I was left to myself. Then various companions would ask me to come and play with them, to go to a tavern or coffeehouse, where a young lad like myself, scarcely fifteen years old would undoubtedly have come to harm. One Sunday my master surprised me by saying — Severino, have you never yet heard people speak of an Oratory, or a recreation ground, where great crowds of boys enjoy themselves on Sundays and Festivals.

— I think you said something about it last year, and promised to take me there, but you have not done so.

— This Oratory was at one time in our church of St. Francis of Assisi, but now it is transferred to another quarter of the city.

— What do they do in this Oratory?

— Every one fulfils his religious duties and then they play at various recreations.

— What sort of recreation?

— Running, jumping, gymnastics, singing, and all sorts of amusements.

— Then why have you never taken me there? Which is the way there?

— I will take you there another Sunday and recommend you to the Director of the games so that he may take particular care of you.

The days of that week seemed like years; and in the workshop, or at meals, even in my sleep I thought I heard the music, and joined in the games of every sort.

Sunday came at last, and by eight o'clock I had gone off at the Oratory, without waiting to be taken. You may be interested in what I saw there. There was a field (now covered by a foundry) with a hedge all round it. Inside were about threehundred boys divided into three divisions; some were at play; others were on their knees beside the Director who sat on a little mound in one corner of the field; he was hearing confessions; others again, having finished their confessions, remained at their prayers a little distance off.

Arriving thus at the longed-for goal, I was struck with amazement. I did not care to put any questions, for I was greatly surprised like one entering a new world, full of curious, unknown things, desirous to partake of them, but hesitating. One of the boys, seeing that I was a novice came up and said: — Would you like to join in our game? They were playing one of my favourite games, so I accepted the invi-

tation at once. We had just finished playing when a trumpet sounded; all were immediately silent; then they left their games and gathered round the Director.

— My dear boys — said he aloud. It is now time for Mass; we shall go to the Capuchin Church; after that we shall have breakfast. Those who had no time to go to confession today, can go next Sunday; do not forget that you can go every Sunday to the Sacraments.

After this brief address the trumpet sounded again, and all fell into ranks for the walk. One of the boys commenced the Rosary, and the others responded. The walk was over a mile long, and, though I did not care to join in with the others, yet, attracted by the novelty, I followed on for some distance. When we had reached the road leading up to the Convent the Litany of Our Lady was sung. This added to the enjoyment, for the beautifully wooded paths and the scenery were already enchanting.

The Mass was celebrated, and the boys went to Communion; a brief sermon was given and a thanksgiving made; then the boys went down to the courtyard of the monastery for their breakfast. As I had no claim on the breakfast of my companions, I stood aside awaiting the return journey; but just then the Director came up and said:

— Have you had your breakfast?

— No, Father.

— And why not?

— Because I have not been either to confession or to Communion.

— But neither of those is necessary for a breakfast.

— What else should I have then?

— Nothing else but an appetite, and the willingness to eat.

Then he took me over to the basket and gave me bread and cherries in abundance. After midday we returned and I joined in the games to my heart's content. For a month after that I was unable to go the Oratory, and when I did, I found that it had been moved to Valdocco, to the very place where it now is, and where the Church of St. Francis of Sales was built. Here in more suitable quarters there were soon introduced the regular Church services, recreations, games, and Sunday and evening classes.

II.

How Don Bosco exercised his zeal in the very early days of the Oratory.

There is no need (continues Severino) to give here the history and vicissitudes of this new

Institute; but the intention is to give only a few of the incidents that happened to myself, or of which I was a witness.

I had attended the Oratory regularly for some months, taking part in the games and the spiritual exercises, and had learnt all the hymns and songs, for I enjoyed that part more than anything; but I had not yet been to confession. There was no particular reason why I should not go, but as I had put it off for some time I could not make up my mind to do so. Our Director had often invited me to go to the Sacraments and I had always said that I was going, but excuses had just as often come up, and I had not gone. But one day he had apparently determined to make me fulfil my promise.

On this Sunday evening I was very busily engaged in a game with other boys. There was plenty of running about, and as it was Summer time I had taken off my coat, and was covered in perspiration. While I was thus engaged, the Director suddenly called me and said:

— Severino, will you help me in a little matter which I wish to have done?

— Oh yes, most willingly; what is it? I said.

— It may give you a little trouble.

— Oh, no matter, I am strong enough, I can do anything.

— Put on your things and come with me.

The Director went in front, and I followed him to the Sacristy, thinking there was something for me to move, or carry.

— Come with me into the Sanctuary.

— Here I am; but what do you want me to do?

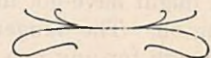
— To go to Confession.

— On yes; but when? I am not prepared now.

— I know that you are not prepared, but I will give you time to get ready; I will say some of my breviary, and then you will go to Confession.

— Very well, since you wish it, I will get ready and then I shall not have the bother of looking for a Confessor.

My confession was made, and it was a much simpler affair than I thought, for the expert and fatherly confessor helped me a great deal. From that day I had not the slightest hesitation in going to Confession, and was among the most regular at the Sacraments.



The Work of Don Bosco in the Argentine Republic.

(Letters from Fr. STEPHEN TRIONE).

—ooo—

NEARLY in July our Confrère the Professor Fr. Stephen Trione, with the blessing of the Holy Father and of the Very Reverend Don Albera, set off for the Argentine Republic, whence he will return towards the end of this month. From there he has sent to our Superior General many interesting accounts which will be eagerly perused by all and may prove very useful to our readers.

I.

Notes of the journey.

Buenos Ayres, August 1, 1913.

Very Reverend Don Albera,

I write to you from Buenos Ayres where I arrived from Genoa on the 26th of July after a pleasant voyage of twenty days.

On the *Garibaldi* of the Liguria-Brazilian line, which carried me from Italy, there were not too many passengers, for this is not the season of the great crowds, consequently we were very comfortable. The smart ship was replete with all modern conveniences and luxuries; it rolls very slightly, so that when the sea is not stormy one appears to be on land. The Captain, the officers, the whole staff on board could not have been more pleasant, and the passengers were thoroughly satisfied with everything.

The sea was most friendly and calm during the whole voyage; even in the terrible Gulf of Lyons on starting, and in that of S. Caterina on arriving there was scarcely any tossing.

On board, the first day, we were strangers, and then we soon made acquaintances and became friends. Travelling as Chaplain, I had an additional motive to approach everyone, and thank God, I found this easy especially as amongst the ship's company and the passengers also I met former pupils of our colleges.

I was so happy as to be able to celebrate Holy Mass every morning, on week-days in a small room and on feast days publicly on deck, with a short sermon, all being well pleased therewith. It was the first time I had preached on Sea, amidst surroundings so new to me.

The evening we crossed the line and the following Sunday the gentlemen of the 1st class

asked me to speak to them and I willingly consented, touching on those subjects which might prove useful and agreeable to all, not forgetting our own country which grew more dear the further we travelled from its shores.

There were a large number of emigrants for Brazil amongst our third class passengers, the greater number being excellent Catholics full of faith. May Divine Providence watch over them in their new homes! With what respect and devotion did they not assist at Holy Mass! It was a great joy for all when I distributed some small pictures and medals amongst them, and even the gentlemen of the 1st class were not absent from this distribution.

During the whole voyage, thank God, the health of all was, in general, good; so much so that I found the sick quarters always empty; still however good the health may be on these journeys, the travellers are happier when they know that a doctor and a priest are on board, and for this reason all these navigation Companies, desire to have on board a chaplain, as well as a medical man.

Having crossed the Equator, I contemplated with admiration the beautiful Southern Cross in the heavens; and at Santos in the State of S. Paolo of Brazil, I landed. I feasted my eyes upon the luxuriant vegetation, visible in the distance, surrounding the charming city like a diamond set in that bay, one of the most beautiful in the world.

Until a few years ago, Santos was a prey to yellow fever, and struck terror into all who landed there; now, on the contrary, owing to extensive works of Sanitation it is one of the healthiest stations and much sought after. It is barely two hours by train from S. Paolo, of which it is the fort.

Entering the city I sought the good Missionary for the emigrants Father Malatesta, but I did not find him at home and went to call on the local inspector of emigration Signor Oscar Löfgren, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation.

The country which, until a few years ago, sent the largest number of emigrants to Brazil, was Italy. Now things are changing. In 1911 17,000 Italians entered Brazil, 13,000 Portuguese, 11,000 Spaniards; in 1912 there were

23,000 Italians, 29,000 Portuguese, 25,000 Spaniards. At Santos the emigrants are met by members of the staff of the Local Government Inspector; those of the 3rd class are sent on to S. Paolo without extra payment. At S. Paolo they find gratuitous board and lodging for six days, during which time a place is found for them, when they have not secured one before hand. The law up to this point is satisfactory; for the rest I have not sufficient information to form an opinion.

to the city in order to deliver to a steam-launch, which approached our vessel, the mails and the names of the first-class passengers on board, names which, being telephoned to Buenos Ayres are immediately published in the newspapers of the capital before the arrival of the vessel.

Montevideo has the appearance of an elegant and wealthy European city; the ground is undulating like that of Rome, but the elevations and depressions are regular and symmetrical. We saw its streets crossing each other in parallel



ALMAGRO (Buenos Aires) — The Catechists of the Festive Oratory of St. Francis of Sales.

Although in South America these are the winter months, at Santos the warmth was springlike, but resuming my journey, as I got nearer Argentina, the temperature went down as low as 10 degrees Centigrade, but it never fell to anything near zero, as sometimes happens at this season on the banks of La Plata.

Having entered this river from its wide estuary, 125 miles from point to point seaward, with yellow waters like those of the Tiber, slow moving, with a medium depth of about nineteen feet, our attention was soon captivated by the enchanting view of Montevideo and the surrounding majestic panorama. We got fairly near

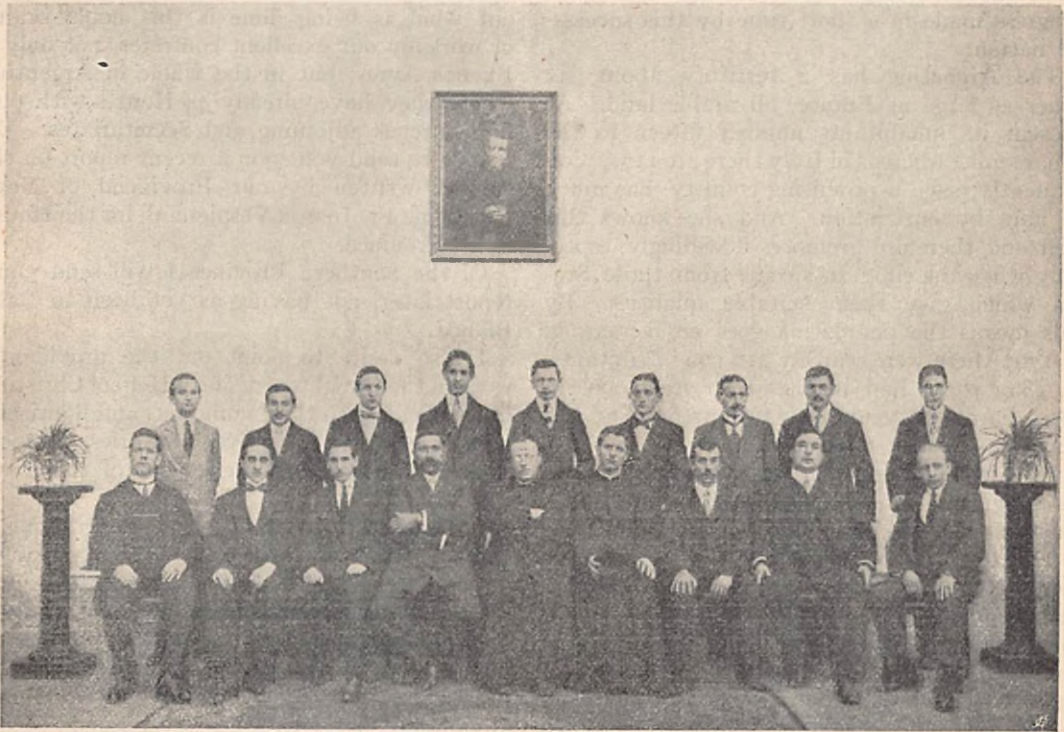
lines, cutting up the city into various sections; a fantastic variety of domes and Church towers rise above the roofs, with many other splendid edifices. We gazed in admiration on the magnificent extent of the city, on its harbour and the neighbouring mountain, from which it derives its name, Montevideo; but soon the steamer proceeded on its way to reach the end of our journey. In another ten hours we landed in the great federal capital of Argentina, containing 1,448,000 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the La Plata river where the width is about fifty miles.

I went at once to the Salesian College of Pius

IX, where I was welcomed by the Provincial Fr. Joseph Vespignani, by all our confrères, by the official representatives of our former pupils and by other friends. The band of the Institute welcomed me with its music, but the greatest rejoicing was in my own heart, embracing so many dear friends.

All wished for news of our doings at home, and they were delighted at the good report I was able to give them, together with the fatherly greetings and the blessings you had charged me to give them.

our own land. I preached in the fine Church of *Mater Misericordiae*, served by the Salesians since 1875, that is to say, since the first despatch of our Missionaries sent by the Venerable Don Bosco to America. I assisted at the Vespers sung by sixty men, and then mounting the pulpit I found myself surrounded by a large audience who understood perfectly my Italian sermon, and were much pleased to hear the language of their mother country. The hymns which followed the Sermon were exactly like our own, so that the illusion of being in a corner



ALMAGRO (Buenos Aires) — Managing Committee of the Association of Don Bosco's past pupils.

Before long I will write to you respecting the task confided to me in this journey. Accept meanwhile my cordial and humble greetings together with those of our brethren and Co-operators and send us a special blessing.

Your Reverence's devoted Son

STEPHEN TRIONE, *Priest.*

II.

The Salesian and the emigrants.

Buenos Ayres, August 16, 1913.

Very Reverend Don Albera,

On Saturday I reached Buenos Ayres, and on Sunday I found myself as though in a corner of

of our own country, so recently left, was complete.

Connected with this Church there is a Confraternity, a Catholic Society of 400 Italians, one of the principal Popular Secretariates of which the Salesians have established many in S. America, federated to the "Italica Gens", a fine Salesian College named after the Ven. Don Bosco, with a Festive Oratory, theatre and cinematograph, a games club, and the association of Former Pupils. As you see, the programme is lengthy Good work is being done.

It was a great joy to find our first American foundation in such a flourishing condition, and to see it so much loved and so well supported by our compatriots, who form its life and soul...

In Argentina there are about a million of our emigrants; if in addition one reckons those born here of Italian parents, the number should be placed much higher. Our names appear everywhere, and some of their holders have attained the highest posts in financial affairs, in trade and commerce, in government and also in politics, keeping up their reputation by rendering important services to this hospitable Republic. All the emigrants brought with them to these rich cities and fertile lands a store of intellectual, moral and material energy, rendering them in great measure responsible for the marvellous progress made in a short time by this successful nation.

The Argentine has a territory about six times as large as France, all arable land. At present its inhabitants number fifteen to the square mile, whereas in Italy there are 117. Consequently, such a promising country has much to gain by emigration. And she knows this well and therefore promotes it willingly, especially when the emigrants come from those States which give them suitable qualities. By this means the population goes on increasing: in 1797 there were scarcely 310,000 inhabitants; in 1869 these had increased to 1,830,000; in 1895, hardly 18 years ago, to four millions and now to more than seven millions.

How is this large and ever increasing number of emigrants provided for, morally and religiously as well as materially and socially?

The Argentine Government has adopted the best means. For instance it has provided close to the port the large and commodious House for Emigrants where free board and lodging are given to several thousands for, at least, five days; it pays the journey to their destination in any part of the Republic and takes measures to secure them employment.

In face of so vast a problem private initiative has not been wanting; amongst others one of the first was that of the Ven. Don Bosco who from 1875 began to send his sons to Argentina for this purpose. And at the present time one of the most important works carried on by our brethren in Argentina is the care given to the emigrants in many of the principal centres of the Republic.

In the visits I paid to the Internuncio and to the Archbishop the conversation was naturally on this subject, and when they kindly returned my visits I had further opportunities of discussing this matter, of which also I spoke to the Italian Minister and Consul, who received me most kindly, and with several members of our Colony.

To awaken a greater interest on our part in

this field of labour several conferences were arranged with the Salesian Directors of the Colleges in the capital and neighbourhood and there was also a special meeting attended by the director of the Missionaries of Emigration, founded by Mgr. Coccolo; the editor of the Catholic daily paper "Italia", the directors and Secretaries of the important Secretariates of Emigrants of *Mater Misericordiae*, of *Boca* and of *Almagro*.

All are working hard; but the field is immense the difficulties are many and in proportion the Missionaries are few. I should like to point out what is being done in this noble branch of work by our excellent confrères, not only in Buenos Ayres, but in the whole of Argentina, where they have already 44 Houses with public Churches adjoining and Secretariates. But I hope to send you soon a recent report on this subject written by our Provincial of North Argentina Fr. Joseph Vespignani, for the Houses in his Province.

Of the Southern Province I will send you a report later, not having as yet been to Bahia Blanca.

I also desire to point out the providential work of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians in this field, with their numerous and flourishing Houses, Schools, Festive Oratories, Associations of Former Pupils etc.; but of this I will speak later.

Returning to what I mentioned above, I confess that I am ever more convinced of the importance of this question. Emigration is of all social phenomena one of the most natural and permanent in all the periods of history; but in Italy it has never hitherto reached its present dimensions. Certainly it has many advantages, it gives work to thousands of labourers, it opens fresh fields to the energies and activities of our compatriots; but one must not forget that this wave of emigration to all parts of the world is a source of many dangers. How many, unfortunately, have undergone enormous sacrifices without attaining the anticipated results! how many remain without employment and experience bitter humiliations!

What can one say as to religious matters? Many are veritable apostles and by their exemplary conduct maintain our faith in many distant territories; but many end by bringing forth totally different fruits. Thus love of our religion and love of our country urge us to increase our labours for the assistance of these our brethren.

How wise and opportune is the desire of the Holy See that throughout Italy, Diocesan and Parochial Emigration Committees should be

established, and the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, by means of its own *Section of Emigration*, has appealed in this sense for the co-operation of Religions Orders and Societies!

Our Government also, has shown both at home and abroad, wonderful energy in providing a Royal Commission on Emigration which has developed a remarkable activity.

But in heart and work every one should join with these official efforts; he should uphold private undertakings, he should co-operate zealously in every possible way towards the success of so holy a cause.

Forgive me, if my poor letter has almost ta-

ken the tone of a conference. Having for many years been employed in works for the assistance of Emigrants, after having during several years repeatedly spoken of this subject in public conferences in the principal cities of Italy, of Como, Belluno and Udine, at Palermo, Trapani and Girgenti, after having interested myself in so many Congresses and Committees, I have acquired an ardent and ever increasing love for it and almost the attitude of a propagandist.

Accept my heartfelt sentiments and bless

Your Reverence's obedient Son in J. C.

STEPHEN TRIONE.

The New Monument to Don Bosco.

The Committee responsible for the erection of the monument have already arranged with the successful competitor, in regard to its execution, and the work is to be put in hand with all despatch. It will be remembered that the drawings for the monument were put out to open competition; that out of fifty-nine designs, five were selected by the judges, and the prize-money divided among them. The five artists were requested to submit other designs so that a final selection should be made, and four of them complied. The successful design was that of Professor Cellini and was shown in a previous issue.



The author, Gaetano Cellini, was born at Ravenna on Aug. 27th 1875. He had no exceptional opportunities, in fact was handicapped by poor circumstances and the early loss of his father. As a boy he attended the communal schools where he was quick to learn and showed intelligence beyond the ordinary, but his thoughts were soon straying from his books to the making of drawings and designs; "I felt quite an itching?" he says, "when I found an opportunity for making some scrawl or other." His masters began to find fault that he was becoming inattentive, and that he was getting into the habit of drawing caricatures of his companions. At fourteen years of age it was proposed that he should be taught a trade and as he had not gone through the necessary preliminary studies to be put with a sculptor, he was

placed in a stonemason's shop. "I spent some months at odd jobs," he says, until the sculptor Signor Maltoni, who had just finished his studies at Florence happened to come to the shop. He saw the boy Cellini, liked his appearance and his promising work and judged that there was something behind the great dark eyes that were characteristic of the boy.

He took him as an assistant into his studio, and as this happened to be right opposite the Academy of Fine Arts, he came to know Professor Massarenti, who taught Sculpture there. The latter gentleman took to the boy, helped him in every way and desired to place him among his pupils. Thus whatever free time young Cellini had from the studio of Signor Maltoni, he passed in the school of Professor Massarenti, and it was there he learnt the principles of the Sculptor's art. His beginnings were successful and they inspired him with an enthusiasm and eagerness which promised great things.

During all this time he had been supported by the communal funds since, as we have said, he was an orphan; but at the age of eighteen he was supposed to be quite capable of supporting himself, and he was thus left to his own resources. It was necessary for him to continue his studies, to complete his training in design, to visit the chief Schools of Art; but for these he had no means and there was no Maecenas to assist him.

In the depths of his disappointment he wrote to the Academic Council a letter which is still remembered by some of the councillors. It was

full of ardour and concern for the art which he felt to be within him, and of scarcely concealed anger for the Communal authorities who had refused to assist him. But the reply was a rebuke, coupled with good wishes.

However young Cellini had another resource which now stood him in good stead. He could play the violin and managed to join an orchestra. In this capacity he obtained employment at the Victor Emanuel in Turin and was soon thrown into the company of artists, painters, sculptors, and all the varied characters which are associated with them. He soon made friends, and to them he confided his great longing. Among his friends was a sculptor; he got into his studio and began to chisel, ever hammering and improving. Fortune designed that Canonica, the Piedmontese Sculptor, should come to the studio and see the young man's work. He was pleased with it and offered him a remunerative position in his studio, which was accepted.

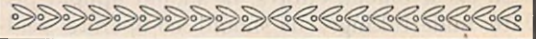
This was the turning point. In this studio Cellini had the opportunity of perfecting his marble sculpturing, for he was given good models and applied himself with assiduity. Thus in a relatively short time he was so far advanced that his master gave him orders to execute, and was very well satisfied with them. In this studio Cellini was in his element; it nourished and enlarged his ideals, and he was aided by his natural industry and the high position held by his master.

He therefore turned his thoughts towards the great National competition. He thought out ideas and schemes and began to put them into being, between the occupations given him by Canonica. During the long winter nights he forbore all amusements, and worked by candle-light at his models. The result was his design entitled *Sorrow*. It was the selected design at the Competition and was greatly admired both by the art critics and by the people, whose verdict in such things seldom agree. The Minister of Public Instruction accordingly commissioned him to carve it in marble for the National Gallery.

At Monaco, a little later, he won the gold medal a prize of the utmost consequence to a young man, for it flung open the doors to fame, not only in his own country, but also abroad. Then he began to go higher and higher and is still in his ascendant. He now took a studio of his own and was able to exhibit works which had been publicly praised, rewarded and sold. Orders came in, his fame became assured. He has now crowned his many works by this which will be, as yet, his greatest; his monument of the Venerable Don Bosco.



Offerings are still coming in, but are still required. It is much to be desired that the monument shall be really international, and for that end subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary for the Monument, 32 Via Cottolengo, Turin. Italy.



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 particular day at the choice of the Associate.
2. On the day when members shall make the exercise for a happy death.
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.

From December 15th to Jan. 15th.

1. Dec. 25th. Christmas Day.
2. Jan. 1st. New Year's Day.
3. The Jan 6th. The Epiphany.
4. The Feast of the Holy Name.

It must be borne in mind that the present Holy Father has re-enjoined the daily recital of the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father* for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, and also the invocation *St. Francis of Sales, pray for us*. These prayers are the only ones enjoined on the Salesian Co-operators at the time of their enrolment in the Third Order.



Salesian Notes and News.

London.

It seems to take an astonishingly short time for a term to pass by when Scholastic matters are in full swing; yet it is already incumbent upon us to give a brief summary of the doings of the first term. We took occasion to note in a previous issue, that if the first term of this Scholastic year were remarkable for nothing else, it would have achieved quite enough distinction by bringing the school numbers up to two hundred and considerably passing that respectable total.

This was made especially evident on the feast of St. Charles, the Rector's Day, when one of the events was the taking of the photograph of all the students. This is to be a souvenir of the day and it will appear as the frontispiece of the School Magazine, which will be in the hands of some of Our Readers. It may be remarked in passing that should any one care to see a copy of the Salesian School Magazine, for the purpose of coming into close quarters with the life of the School, and to form an estimate when the choice of a school is being discussed, it may be had on application to the Very Rev. Father Macey, at the Salesian School, Battersea, S. W.

Of the latter part of the term the Rector's day was undoubtedly, as usual, the most noteworthy feature; and of the many items in a varied programme, stretching over two days, the most enjoyable was the play given on the evening of the Nov. 4th. It was repeated on Nov. 6th for the friends of the Community and boys, and was pronounced on all sides to be a great success, and most enjoyable.

Very soon after, Father Fletcher came one evening to give the boys an entertainment; his lecture was greatly appreciated, the more so as it was preceded and followed by anecdotes, stories and songs, in the rendering of which Father Fletcher shines as a talented speaker and singer.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with special solemnity. It was preceded by the six visits to the Church for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence, and on the morning itself there was a general Communion, including several first Communions. The term which is drawing to a close as we write will be

concluded with the terminal examinations, reports of which are despatched in due course. In view of the large numbers at the school, it would be advisable for new boys to have places secured in good time.

*

The Sacred Heart Parish. Social work at Battersea

In a previous issue we had occasion to remark on the development of the parish organisations, which give vigour and energy to the religious life of the people. One of the most useful of these is *Our Lady's Catholic Institute* which is doing excellent work among the girls and women of the parish. The *Tab'et* recently referred to an: "excellent entertainment in the Battersea Town Hall given to a large and appreciative audience. At the interval Father Kelly S. C. briefly thanked the Artistes for their services, and the audience for its practical support of a very useful social work carried on by the lady workers of the Institute among the Catholic poor of the West Battersea Parish.

But efforts on behalf of this section of the parishioners is not limited to concerts, for as we have had occasion to remark, Fr. Kelly's influence is exerted on a wider scale, in the Councils of the Poor Law Guardians. In regard to this the same contemporary recently reported: The Rev. Father Kelly, of the Salesian Church, West Battersea, has submitted to the Wandsworth Board of Guardians a suggestion for the provision of more adequate relief for the poor of the district. During the winter months the distress in Battersea invariably becomes acute, and the resources of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are severely taxed by the heavy demands made upon them for the relief of necessitous cases. At the meeting of the Guardians he asked the Board to give its approval to a petition to the proper authorities asking that the Old Age pension given by the State should be raised to six shillings. The question of these pensions had assumed a serious aspect in regard to the poor. The cost of living had increased by fifteen per cent, and the clergy were continually coming into contact with poor people who bitterly complained that they could not exist on the

State pension. Father Kelly said he knew three men who had been compelled in the evening of their days to seek the refuge of the workhouse, because they could not live on the pension.

The Guardians agreed in general with Fr. Kelly's proposal, which has met with the approval of ministers of various denominations in Battersea, and they promised to support any scheme which he might inaugurate to carry it into effect.

Whether successful or not it is something to have endeavoured in a cause with which all will show sympathy, and Father Kelly is evidently justifying the claim in his electoral address that the interests of the poor could be in no safer hands.

*

Recognition We have always appreciated the self-sacrifice which is entailed by the apostolate of the missionary life, and have pointed out the advantages reaped by the countries concerned from the various forms of civilising and educative work undertaken by missionaries, both men and women. It is a well-known fact that the missionaries sent by Don Bosco to South America have accomplished a work whose value is beyond all estimation; and if Patagonia, for example, is civilised today, and its Indians converted into peaceful, industrious citizens, it must be put down to the credit of the intrepid and devoted missionaries who were the pioneers of civilisation in the country. The Argentine journal, the *Southern Cross*, brings this before the notice of its Readers in an interesting article. Peculiarly enough it heads its article: "Civilisation coming from Patagonia," and says: "Among the passengers on Monday evening's train for Bahía Blanca was the noble figure of a tall, well-built, though somewhat toil-worn clergyman, about fifty years of age, accompanied by a group of about twenty boys, not more than twelve or thirteen years old.

Who was the priest, and who were the lads that surrounded him, asked many an inquisitive on-looker; some of the passengers learned on approaching the group, that notwithstanding the toil-worn and sunburnt features of the priest and his long years of missionary life among the Indians, and among the more or less civilised inhabitants of Patagonia, his refined and gentle manner and amiable conversation would gain the respect and sympathy of the most indifferent and godless spectator,

He was a Salesian priest, Father Bonacina, founder of an agricultural School and Home at Fortín Mercedes on the banks of the Río Colorado, where he has laboured for the last eighteen years. And though it may seem paradoxical he was now taking out a group of derelict

boys — youngsters under the care of the *Jueves de Menores* — away from the Federal capital to civilise them in Patagonia, to turn them into industrious workmen and good citizens.

Were it not for this act of Christian Charity these boys were destined to the *Colonia de Menores* or some of the city's prisons, where, rather than moral education they would be more likely to pick up any mischief and wrongdoing they are as yet ignorant of. Though this is only a beginning it is still a great step along the path of progress, for the open life of the Patagonian plain is immensely preferable to the prison, where the boys were detained for such crimes as vagrancy and destitution."

The article then goes on to discuss various educational reforms which might be carried out by the Government; but it says enough to show that the work among the natives in the southern States has not been in vain, and that the sons of the Venerable Servant of God are amply fulfilling their founder's mission and ideal.

*

New Missionaries The present year has not been behind its predecessors in providing vocations for the vast work, a part of which is alluded to in the above note; and with the help of its Co-operators, the Society has been enabled to send out a numerous band, including fifty Salesians and forty nuns of Mary Help of Christians. They are destined for such distant parts as America, Africa, India and China.

The function of the Departure has been frequently described in these pages, but a little imagination will depict the scene, better than mere words. Apart from its spiritual aspect, the sight of this great separation is bound to prove a strong influence on those emotions which are never very deep down in human nature, and which yield, in some characters, to the minimum of pressure. But this is relieved by the knowledge that they are about to embark on an enterprise which from every aspect is a noble one, and in the sight of God, one which is endowed with the greatest and choicest blessings.

An important item in the service is the discourse, which is usually delivered by one who can draw upon his varied experience as a missionary, to illustrate his points and to fill the vast audience with enthusiasm. Doubtless it is when these touching addresses are given that the seeds are sown for many a missionary's vocation, and those who are but listeners one year, are active participators the next.

His Eminence Cardinal Richelmy gave the Benediction and presented the crosses. During the ceremony the veteran Missionary Fr. Malan had beside him a young Bororo Indian boy.

He is one of the first fruits of Fr. Malan's great work is Matto Grosso, and was among the band of native musicians, all Bororos, whose musical display was so much appreciated at Monte Video, Buenos Aires, San Paolo, and Rio Janeiro.

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Columbus Day was observed as a gala day at Columbus Institute, Hawthorne, N. Y. For days the youngsters looked forward to Columbus Day. Big preparations had been made in the gymnasium and the athletic grounds, where the prowess, agility and courage of the boys had to be put to a test.

hear the vociferous acclamations in favor of those who won in the contests. These are the boys who distinguished themselves: S. Mierzanka, V. Ostrowski, J. Wiśniewski, J. Sutula, A. Romanowski, J. Steмпles, F. Ferrara, W. Dulczewski, S. Dmyterko, J. Banach, A. Chiozzotto, M. Maucieri. In the evening a cinematographic representation was given and after evening prayers and a speech by one of the priests in which he praised the winners and all for their good discipline throughout the day, one of the best events incidental to college life was brought to a close.



A Group of New Missionaries.

Parents and friends of the institution kindly sent prizes for the competitors. The boys had been told on the evening before by one of the priests that Columbus was not only a great man, but was a great man on account of his intense Catholicity. Without strong faith in God he would not have dared to do the things he did. The consequence was that all the boys approached the Sacraments and heard Mass with greater fervor than usual in order to honor the discoverer of America.

After a dainty breakfast, the boys went to the field and performed their acrobatic feats. These over dinner followed and then the best part of the day began. It was a sight inspiring to a degree to watch the young fellows throw their heart and soul into their sports and to

Farnborough A contemporary gives an excellent account of the grand inauguration of the new buildings at the Salesian School Farnborough, of which we gladly avail ourselves to give the following description to our Readers:

On Saturday last a great crowd of distinguished visitors assembled for the solemn opening and blessing of the new wing of the Salesian School, Farnborough. His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Wm. Cotter, D. D., Bishop of Portsmouth, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. J. King, arrived at the school at mid-day, and received a rousing welcome from the staff and pupils. At one o'clock his Lordship, assisted by the Rev. Frs McCarthy, S. C., and Brownrigg, S. C., as deacon and sub-deacon, together with a large

concourse of clergy, secular and regular, after the intoning of the "Veni Creator" in the church, solemnly blessed the new building with very imposing ceremony. The new wing comprises refectories, dormitories, bath-rooms, and lavatories, furnished with all the latest up-to-date improvements, kitchens and sculleries, and commodious cellars, and is a splendid addition to the Salesian School. The structure is a two-story one, surmounted in the centre by a battelemented turret, and is from the plans of the Very Rev. Canon Scoles and G. Raymond, architects, the work being executed by Messrs Martin and Wells, Aldershot.

After the luncheon the students gave an entertainment in honour of his Lordship, during which the school choir performed Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" to orchestral accompaniment by the band of the Oxford Light Infantry, under the able conductorship of Lieutenant Neville. The programme was interspersed with dramatic selections in Greek, Latin, English, French and German, and the names of the winners of the Bishop's prizes were announced, together with the awarding of prizes and certificates gained in the public examinations. The successes for the years 1912-1913 were given out, and included: London University—Matriculations, four; Oxford University Locals—Senior, junior, preliminary 93, honours 12; College of Preceptors—Senior, junior, preliminary 80, honours, 13; London College of Music—Violin, piano, theory 10, honours, 1 Pitman's shorthand—Speed, theory and elementary, 9; making a grand total of 212 successes and 28 honours, besides 18 distinctions.

Towards the close of the entertainment the Very Rev. Father Sutherland, S. C., rising, greeted his Lordship in the following words:—,My Lord, it is one of the most pleasing duties of my office to offer your Lordship, on behalf of the community and students and Catholics of this parish our heartiest greetings and welcome and at the same time, to express as publicly as we can our deep gratitude for the kindly interest you have always taken in the welfare and progress of Salesian work in Farnborough. We appreciate this all the more when we realise that you came from a sick bed in order to be present with us on this joyful occasion. It is with deep regret, however, that we have to inform your Lordship that we were unable to prevail upon to be present here to-day either our generous benefactress or her illustrious husband, both scions of the noblest families in the land, and of whom England and Ireland may well be proud and grateful. But to explain this matter more clearly, it is necessary for me

to take the liberty to read the following extract from a letter which I received a few days ago: "It is quite impossible either for me," she writes, "or for my husband to be present at your opening ceremony. I had never intended going. I gave the money solely to help on the work of the Venerable Don Bosco, and as I have a horror of letting people know what I do, please suppress my name." In accordance with her wishes I have tried to keep secret the name of our benefactress, but I fear it is impossible to do so, for, in the words of our Lord, the stones will send forth her praises. That desire, my Lord, to remain anonymous, speaks volumes. It is true Christian charity, and if, indeed, it is possible for her to hide her good works here on earth, we may rest assured they are writ large in the Book of Life. (Prolonged applause). And now, on looking round at the guests who have come here to have the honour of meeting your Lordship, it is with great pleasure that we welcome here to-day the Chairman of the Farnborough Urban District Council, together with some of the members of the official staff. (Applause). You are well aware, my Lord, that in different parts of the country, especially in London and the northern counties, and in your own cathedral town, the Mayors of these different municipalities have always taken the keenest interest in Catholic enterprise and social work, and even in purely Catholic religious affairs, as, for example, when only a short time ago the Mayors of both Portsmouth and Plymouth welcomed the large crowd to the Catholic Congresses held in their respective towns. (Applause). It is, however, my lord, the first time in the history of this town that the Chairman of the Council has been present at a public Catholic celebration. There is, therefore, a double reason for our rejoicing to-day; we accordingly tender to Mr. Collins, in his civic capacity, as Chief Magistrate of Farnborough, our respect and esteem, and wish him well in the onerous duties which he has to fulfil. You will also allow me, my Lord, to take this occasion to thank the architects, the Very Rev. Canon Scoles and Mr. Raymond, for their well thought out plans, and for their untiring energy in seeing the building completed; and also to express to the representative of the builders, the old and respected firm of Martin and Wells, Aldershot, our deep appreciation of the good and solid work which has been executed by his firm. We thank them most sincerely, and trust that whenever Divine Providence may again place the means at our disposal of extending our school buildings, we shall have the pleasure of renewing an old acquaintance. (Applause).

We are also very grateful to the Very Rev. C. B. Macey, S. C.—(cheers)—founder of this school, for sending the Rev. W. J. Kelly, S. C., as his representative, and also the Rev. Father Muldoon, S. C., for coming here to-day; he has been one of the pioneers of the building up of this school. (Cheers).

You will also permit me, my Lord to thank Lieutenant Neville for the excellent programme of music, and also to thank the military authorities for their unvarying kindness and courtesy to this school. And here I may mention that some ten years ago the General Officer Commanding at Aldershot was a Catholic. I mention his name with reverence—the late lamented Sir William Butler. (Applause). He was not only a great soldier, as time and events have proved, but also a great litterateur. (Applause). It is pleasant to recall the fact that that great man was a frequent visitor and friend of this school. Ever since his command we have always been on the most friendly terms with the General Officers and the military heads of this district. (Loud applause). And it is again gratifying to us to find that this chain of friendship has been all the more strengthened by the appointment of another Catholic General, by his Majesty the King, in the person of General Bulfin, commanding at Deepcut. (Cheers).

In conclusion, I beg to apologise for our lengthy entertainment and the inefficiency of our theatrical arrangements, which is of such a powerful educational value in the system of education laid down by the Venerable Don Bosco. But, my Lord, I trust that on some future occasion, when your Lordship may deign again to honour our school with a visit, we may have the opportunity of welcoming you in a hall worthier of the occasion and extend to your lordship a real „soggaith aroon,” in the sweet language of the Gael, „Cead mille failthe,” (Loud and prolonged applause).

The Bishop's Reply.—His Lordship who was cheered to the echo, replied: „Dear Father Sutherland, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen and dear boys,—It gives me very great pleasure to visit Farnborough again. I maintain always a great veneration and love for the work that is being done in this college, and I voice my feelings very frequently and very publicly, and I am sure that you all hold a very warm place in my heart, so that it does not require any strong strings to bring me here, not even so strong as the strings that held the boat mentioned in one of the recitations. (Laughter). I am drawn here by bonds of love. (Loud applause). These are no mere words, for those who cherish and educate youth hold always

a place of affection and love in my heart, and as I have said on former occasions, I send here my boys who, in God's time are to be future priests in the diocese of Portsmouth, to receive here their early training. This shows how much I esteem the work that is being done here, and is a pledge of the confidence I place in Father Sutherland and his staff. (Loud applause). If I ever have an opportunity to come here I never lose the chance. Some time ago Father Sutherland wrote to me asking me to come here at the same time as I was visiting the church at Aldershot, when he told me what I had to do: “I said, how can I do all this in one day?” (Laughter). “I will give Farnborough a week-end of its own,” so I wrote and told him I would be in time for the first item on the programme—lunch. (Great laughter). He told me also that several friends were coming to meet me at what was, as you know, a very hospitable board. When we came outside we found you all anxiously waiting for us for the photographic group, and we felt sorry for having kept you waiting so long. (Laughter). Your faces became more cheerful at the sight of ours. I suppose it must have been the reflection of our countenances on yours. (Laughter). Then at four o'clock we had the pleasure of being present at this delightful entertainment. The music, both instrumental and vocal, being delightfully rendered, and I don't think that any one of us here should have wished to lose one note of all that has been sung. (Applause). Father Sutherland said he was grateful for my coming; I think the gratitude should be all on my side. (Laughter). The distribution of prizes came on, and I was wondering how my prizes for religious knowledge could be given to so many. I am sure that it must have been divided up into pence. (Laughter). I shall give more next year, and I shall repeat my prize for religious knowledge next year. (Loud applause). When Father Sutherland stood up, I thought he was going to let us off with a few words. But he began with the Kyrie Eleison and wound up with the Agnus Dei. (Renewed laughter). By the way, while the prizes were being distributed I overheard Father Kelly saying that he remembered getting a prize for being the smallest boy in the school. (Great laughter). I think if he and I went into competition now I would easily win that prize. (Prolonged and loud laughter). I can't remember the other items of the Litany, but there are several others who would like to say a few words, and I am sure you would like to hear something from them, and so I go out of the Litany by saying „Ora pro me.” (Loud cheers).

District Council Chairman's Speech. — The Chairman of the Urban District Council, Farnborough, Mr. G. W. Collins, J. P. rising amidst applause said:—,My Lord Bishop, Very Rev. Father Sutherland, ladies and gentlemen, and boys,—I have thoroughly enjoyed, and this delightful entertainment, and I think it would ill become me if I did not show my gratitude for having the honour of being present at this function. My Lord, you have said a very deal that appeals very strongly to one's heart; we all hope to arrive at that blissful eternity which we have been taught to look forward to after this life, and which seems to be the great idea bound up with a splendid religious, classical, and commercial education given in this well-known and much-talked-of Salesian School of Farnborough. (Loud applause).

I am associated with the Very Rev. Father Sutherland in the public life of Farnborough, and I must say that I see in him many principles worthy of emulation. (Applause). My Lord, when one knows and sees the great work that is being done in this school, and its rapid progress in the past few years, one cannot but look forward with the greatest confidence for still greater developments in the future. (Cheers). I feel that we may look forward with confidence, and will see that when these youths grow up into manhood they will be true to their God, true to their country, and loyal to their King. In fact, my Lord, this evening has taken me back a good many years to my own boyhood day when I used to wonder when they were going to end. Addressing you boys, I would say, my lads, bear in mind my advice is, there is always a prize for you to win; no matter who may get a prize, remember that even those who have not been successful in obtaining one this afternoon, there is always one to win at the end of life.

My Lord Bishop, as I see you have been so generous in awarding a prize to the boys. I must keep to my principle of emulating what I see good in others, and which has always been my motto; therefore I also wish to give a prize to the best all round boy in the school. (Loud and prolonged applause). Now I am making this offer, I would like to say to the boy who wins that prize, I will always extend to him the hand of friendship and help him to grow up as perfect a man as anyone could wish. (Cheers). I hope that each of you will try to win this prize, and not only try, but do your best to obtain it. Imitate the good qualities that you see in your companions; I myself have been taught this doctrine, that what good you see in others you should copy, and if you can set an example to others you should do so. If you do this even though you

receive no prize in this life, you will receive a reward from God in the next for having done your duty. (Loud and continued applause).

After the applause, the Rev. Father Sutherland, again rising, thanked Mr. Collins (chairman for his gracious tribute to the school, and on behalf of the boys for his kindness in offering a prize which they deeply appreciate.

Pontifical Mass Ordination.—In the evening the grounds and buildings were beautifully illuminated with fairy lights and lanterns.

On Sunday morning His Lordship sang Pontifical High Mass at which he conferred the priesthood on the Rev. Jos. Mactagne, S. C. and the sub-diaconate to the Rev. Thos Tierney, S. C., two masters of the school.

A special feature of the ordination service at its close was the blessing of each member of the crowded congregation by the newly ordained priest. Among the congregation were the Rev. Mother Roantree and Sisters of the Hillside Convent, and the Rev. Mother Provincial (the Countess Justiniani) and Sisters of Mary Help of Christians (Sherbone-road Convent).

Cardinal's Greetings.—After the Mass his Lordship, Dr. Cotter, received the following message from His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne:—,Kindly remember me to the good Salesian fathers, and tell them I send them my best wishes and congratulations, and I hope soon to see them in Farnborough." This announcement was received with great enthusiasm and acclamation.

In the afternoon at four o'clock there were Solemn Pontifical Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, an appropriate sermon being preached by the Rev. T. Giltinan, S. C., after which the students entertained his Lordship to a performance of a well known drama "The Hidden Gem" by Cardinal Wiseman which was well received, the parts being admirably sustained throughout.

On Monday morning the Rev. Jos. Mactague, S. C., celebrated his first Mass in the presence of the Bishop. During this there was a general Holy Communion for the students.

As Monday was the third anniversary of Bishop Cotter's translation to the See of Portsmouth, who was the recipient of hearty congratulations from all parts of the diocese, and not the least hearty were those of the Salesians at Farnborough, whom he left amid great scenes of enthusiasm on the part of masters and pupils, to whom he granted a holiday. This closed these memorable festivities in honour of the latest stage of development of the Salesian educational work at Farnborough, which development is due to the great charity of a most generous benefactress.



News from the Missions.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

(From the notes of our Missionaries.)

VI.

A little flower of the desert.

In the year 1898 when crossing an extensive desert of Southern Patagonia, in a strong southerly wind that froze my face and hands, I came upon a little flower one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. All around the land was rugged and barren; amidst the stones one could see but a few dried up and thorny bushes which tore one's clothes and pierced the skin like needles. The little flower on the other hand stood up erect on a lofty stalk about three feet high, as if defying the wintry blast! The sight of it made such an impression upon me and was so attractive from its perfume, that notwithstanding my fatigue and the inconvenience on a long journey of dismounting from my horse, I did not hesitate an instant and eagerly gathered the wonderful flower, placing it between the leaves of a book to preserve it.

Pursuing my journey, I asked myself:

— How is it that such a beautiful and delicate flower comes to life and grows up in this wilderness exposed to all the inclemency of the weather?...

And the more I thought of it, the less I understood it. It seemed a mystery to me!...

A short time after I had arrived home from that Mission which lasted two long months, I found another little flower of quite a different species, but much more beautiful and more fragrant than the first. This one also came to life and grew up in a desert without the care of a skilful gardener and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, but more beautiful and precious than one can imagine. This flower was a child, about eight or nine years old, the son of poor

herdsmen, in the neighbourhood of Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan.

Nature had endowed him with a precious and rare talent, far beyond his years.

Born and brought up in the country, far from human intercourse, of poor and ignorant parents, he had received absolutely no instruction; he had never left his hut except to lead his flock to pasture in the vicinity, and being an only child he saw no one except his father and mother and a few relations. The poor child had fallen sick, and the malady, which had lasted twelve months had covered him with wounds excepting only his face and hands. And yet, notwithstanding the greatness of his sufferings, he never shed tears or made a complaint, so as not to grieve his parents who were devoted to him and to whom in return he gave an equal love.

One day, therefore, as I was passing the dwelling, I stopped to enquire to whom it belonged, and hearing there was a sick child, I went in to visit him. Scarcely had I set foot in the miserable cabin when the child sat up on his couch and stared at me with evident curiosity.

—“How are you, my boy?” I asked.

—“Very well, and you?”

—“I am quite well, as you see, but you do not seem very well!”

—“No, indeed, but it is really nothing.”

—“And where do you feel pain?”

Lifting a corner of the coverlet he showed me one by one his horrible wounds, saying,

— Here, and here, and here... But it is nothing... it does not signify...” he said with a pleasant smile.

What an extraordinary boy! I thought to myself; so suffering and yet so cheerful and so attractive! He continued looking at me fixedly, and then said suddenly:

—“Do you know, *Black robe*, that last night I dreamed of you?”

—“How is it possible that you should have

dreamt of me before today, having never seen me hitherto?"

—"Yes, yes," he went on, "now that I see you well, it was your black robe I saw in my dream."

—"Well, let us hear it!"

—"I dreamt that I was playing near the sea, when suddenly I saw coming from a distance two men, very black, with ugly faces. Being frightened I began to run away... but the men followed me; I ran and ran near the sea, and already my legs were failing me from fatigue when the wretches were almost upon me... I cried out, for I was frightened, very much frightened, but no one heard me, for there was no one there. And the men were just stretching out their arms to catch me, when suddenly you met me and with a stick uplifted threatened them, crying out: "Stop! do not molest that poor boy, because he is mine." The dark men stopped at once and gnashing their teeth with rage, they disappeared like smoke. Then, filled with joy and gratitude I threw myself into your arms, and my joy was so great that the beating of my heart awoke me. Tell me, are you not the *black-robe* I saw in my dream?... Yes, yes, I recognize you... it was really you!... allow me to thank you as I did last night."

And without waiting for a reply he cast himself on to my breast and with his arms round my neck he kissed me on the forehead repeating:

—"Thanks, thanks, *Black robe*, I call you so because I do not know your name; now I am happy, quite happy!"

I did not know what to say and he went on eagerly:

—"But tell me, *Black-robe*, who were those men?... what did they want with me?... why did they follow me? what would they have done if they had caught me?... I had never seen them before!... I had never done them any harm; nor to any one else!..."

And he began to weep, remembering the painful scene.

—"Do not cry, my friend," I said, "those wretches will not come back, and if they did I should always be ready to protect you; so be comforted!"

These words calmed him, and he began again to ask eagerly:

—"Tell me, who were those monsters?"

—"Perhaps demons," I suggested.

—"Demons?... What are demons?"

It was thus I began some religious instruction speaking to him of God, the creation of the Angels, the rebellion of Lucifer and his followers, the creation of the world and of all that exists in the universe, etc. etc. The child, eager to know everything, persisted in his enquiries:

—"Why this? Why that?"

I did my best to satisfy him and the poor boy was delighted to hear of so many beautiful things which hitherto he had not known. I spent more than two hours in instructing him in those things that are necessary for salvation, two hours which passed quickly for me and for him: for me, because I had before me a pure soul, anxious to learn those things which appertain to the soul: for him who was delighted to learn all these things, and was never tired of listening to me, asking one question after another.

When I took my leave, the tears were running down his cheeks, and, kissing my hand affectionately whilst I clasped his, he implored of me to come back soon to visit him. This I promised, so as to complete his instruction and prepare him to receive his First Communion.

Two days later, I was again beside the little invalid. I found him lying on his bed as usual. As soon as he saw me he sat up, and with a joyful and smiling countenance he said:

—"How good you are, *Black robe*, to come again to see me so soon! Do you know during these days I have been thinking always of you and of the beautiful things you have told me! O tell me some more, for you know so much and you give me so much pleasure."

—"I have come for that reason my boy, I will satisfy your wishes at once." — And taking a seat beside him, I showed him a Crucifix, asking him:

—"Do you know who is this, whom you see nailed to the wood?"

The child took the Crucifix in his hand, gazed at it with attention and replied:

—"I do not know. But is he a man?... Oh! why was this done? What evil had he done to deserve this torment!... Poor creature! How much he must have suffered!..."

—"Yes, he is a man, but he is not only a man. He is also the Son of God."

—"What?" said the child in amazement,

"he was the son of God, and he was treated thus? but why? You told me the other day that God was very good, that he wishes to do good to men, because they are his children whom he himself has created... Oh! was this perhaps a bad son and he put him on the cross?"

—"No, this son was not bad, he was very good; he did good to all, healed the sick by only laying his hand on them and even raised the dead to life; he was the best and the most lovable of men."

—"Why then did they put him on a cross? Who was wicked enough to lay hands on the son of God and treat him thus?"

—"It was done by wicked men... and the love he bore them induced him to die on the cross for all men. By the sin of Adam Paradise was shut and no one could have entered it, if the son of God had not opened it again to us, and in order to re-open it he came into this world, where he underwent the death of the cross to blot out the sins of all men and merit for all an eternal reward."

—"And is that really true?"

"I assure you, it is exactly as I say."

—"O dear Son of God", began the boy clasping the Crucifix in his hands, "how good you are! Why would you suffer so much? this is too much! to die such a cruel death so that men might be happy for ever. I love you, O Son of God! Give me also a peaceful death, when I die!" — and he kissed it reverently.

Then he turned to me and with appealing accents said:

—"Oh! let me keep this image!"

—"Yes, I give it to you, and may it remind you of the great love the Son of God had for you also in dying upon the cross."

—"I am very grateful." "Pray to Jesus also for me, that I too may rejoice one day with him in Paradise!"

—"But how is this? He is dead and yet He can hear my prayers?"

—"Yes, because three days after He rose from the tomb, and now lives gloriously in Paradise, surrounded by many blessed spirits, and He will never die again, but will live with the Father and the Holy Spirit, there, where evil is no more, but only every good, today, tomorrow, for ever, eternally."

—"And you have already been to that place?"

—"No, but I hope to go there..."

—"Then how do you know all these things?"

—"I know them," I replied, "because God has revealed them to us and the Son of God Himself confirmed them when he was living in this world."

—"And you believe them?"

—"Certainly I believe them: ought I not to believe the Son of God, who came down from heaven on purpose to teach us the way to Paradise? And do you not believe them?"

—"If you tell me to believe, I also believe it, because you are good, and would not deceive me."

—"This Son of God, who is called Jesus Christ, has also said that he who does not believe His words shall be judged and condemned for ever to hell, that is to say, the place where all evil is suffered, for ever..."

—"Oh! I will not go to hell... with the black monsters... I wish to go to Paradise with the Son of God and with you... I believe, yes, I believe whatever you tell me to believe."

—"Very good, you must then believe that Jesus Christ, before going up to Heaven, instituted seven Sacraments, which are the outward signs by means of which God gives his grace to men. They are as so many channels which bring the waters of his grace. One is *Baptism* which makes us children of God, brothers of Jesus Christ and heirs of Paradise. Without Baptism no one can enter Paradise."

—"My father told me that I received Baptism when I was very little, but I do not remember it; am I also therefore a child of God and a brother of Jesus Christ?"

—"Certainly, and you have the right, when you die, of going to Paradise, so long as you have not grievously offended God."

—"I do not know whether I have offended Him, but... my father would know."

—"If you had offended Him, all that is required is that you should repent and ask God's pardon. Jesus provided for this also, and for this end instituted the Sacrament called of *Penance or Confession...*"

And thus, one after the other, I instructed him about all the Sacraments. When I explained to him in what the Sacrament of Confession consists:

—"How good is Jesus," he observed: "Oh who would not love Him! Why have I not known Him sooner? I would have loved Him

with my whole heart! But for the future I will love Him always, because He is my brother, because He died for me..." and so saying he wiped away the hot tears from his eyes...

He was therefore very happy when he heard that in a short time I would give him Confirmation, that before he died he should also have Extreme Unction, but what touched him most was the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. I see him still, as if he were here, opening wide his eyes in astonishment at my explanation and I seem to hear him again exclaiming:

—"How is this! Jesus our food? The Son of God our food? O how beautiful!... Jesus in a little bread? How wonderful it must be to see it! Oh! how small Jesus must be!... And He allows all to receive Him? even me?"

—"Yes, He not only allows it, but He desires it and obliges us to receive Him saying: "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever. My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed, He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him and he that doth not eat it shall not have life in him." These are His words. As you see, He urges us to receive Him, He wishes it, He desires it and threatens to deprive us of Paradise if we do not!"

—"You believe this? Have you perhaps seen Jesus in the bread?"

—"I believe it as if I had seen Him, because it is His word that tells me, and His word cannot deceive us."

—"As this is so, I also believe, because you too would not deceive me; I know you wish for my good... Oh! how beautiful, is this!... And when will you bring Jesus to me?"

—"If you are prepared and really desire Him from your heart, I will bring Him soon, very soon!..."

And the conversation went on naturally to the life of Jesus, His Infancy, to Mary His Blessed Mother: — "She," I said, "loves boys like you so much: as soon as such a one prays to her, she hears him and helps him in all his needs; one does not see her, but one experiences her maternal protection. Here is her portrait. Take it and put it round your neck with a string. So saying I gave him a large medal of Mary Help of Christians: "All those who are

devout to Mary are certain to be saved, because she loves and protects all her true children."

—"Oh! thank you, thank you, *Black-robe*, you are always giving me presents.

How can I make a return for all your kindness? What a beautiful portrait of the Mother of Jesus!... I shall value it greatly and wear it always here, on my heart:" — and he put it to his lips in a transport of tenderness.

On this day I answered his question: — "Why are you so good to me?" — I told him of the mission given by Jesus to the Apostles and their successors: I spoke of Palestine, and of St. Peter and of the Pope; of the missionaries scattered over the world to teach so many souls sunk in superstition and barbarism. The boy was greatly moved and said:

—"I too, Father, would have done like you, had I known what you know, and heard that even one man was as ignorant as I was!"

The last visit paid to the boy was on the 5th of August, Feast of Our Lady of the Snow. On the following day the snow fell so fast, and the roads became so muddy that they were impassable.

I was obliged therefore to put off my next visit to the 10th of August; and I think it was by God's design, so that the child whose name was *Laurence Gonzalez*, might make his First Communion on the Feast of Saint Laurence, his heavenly Patron. Scarcely had I entered the hut when the boy, contrary to his custom, began to cry.

— What is the matter Laurence? do you feel worse than usual?"

—"No, Father, I am very well; but I weep because you have been so long without coming; you have deceived me..."

—"Forgive me, it was not my fault. Do you know it has snowed heavily of late and the roads became so bad, it was impossible to travel. Now that the frost has hardened them, I have hastened to visit you and will stay some time."

—"Did you remember to bring me the Bread of Heaven, in which is Jesus, the Son of God?..."

—"Yes, I have Him with me and will give Him to you. But first let us pray together to prepare your heart to receive Him."

—"Oh! I am quite happy. Let us pray, let us

pray, so that Jesus may come willingly into my heart."

And he knelt on his conch, joined his hands and waited for me to say the prayers in preparation for Holy Communion.

Having placed the silver Pyx, in which was the consecrated Host on a temporary altar made of a few boxes, between two lighted tapers, I began to prepare him, then I administered Confirmation and Holy Communion. When he saw the Sacred Host in my hands, whilst I was saying: "*Domine non sum dignus ut intres sub tectum meum*", he fixed his shining eyes upon It, without moving; and his countenance, inflamed with divine love, manifested his ardent desire to receive Jesus into his heart! In the act of receiving he wept with tender emotion.

As soon as he had received, he closed his eyes and crossed his hands on his breast, as if he were visibly clasping Jesus in his arms and then reclined on his pillow. His countenance was so beautiful, and as it were shining with heavenly light that he seemed quite transformed.

The few persons present whispered to each other:

—"He is not like himself!"

—"What a beautiful countenance!"

—"He looks like an Angel!..."

Even I had never seen a face so divinely beautiful as that of this child, after he had received Holy Communion. He remained thus rapt in God for a long time, without opening his eyes, without moving his lips, without speaking to any one, continuing to clasp Jesus to his breast and praying all the time in his heart. I did not dare to disturb his Union with God. When he roused himself he never ceased thanking Jesus who had granted him so great a grace and went on saying:

—"I believe, Lord, I believe all the truths of Faith, and I love Thee as much as I am able."

Seeing that his sickness was growing worse I gave him Extreme Unction the same day.

When I took leave of him, he was so touched that he burst into tears and he could not thank me enough for the consolation I had given him; he repaid me, as usual, with an affectionate embrace.

—"Pray for me, little Laurence," I said, "when you are in Paradise, that I too may join you and be happy with God, the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints for ever"

He promised and then added:

—"Come soon to see me again, because your presence Father, does me so much good: when you are here I feel no pain and my heart is full of joy. Oh! if you knew how grateful I am! You have taught me about Heaven; good bye, Father, till we meet again!

—"Good bye, till we meet again," I said aloud in going away... and to myself I added: — "Either in this life or in Heaven!"

Touched to the heart I left that hut, which had witnessed such heavenly marvels, and I reflected:

—"Here is a little flower of the desert which the Angels will soon gather to carry it to Heaven.

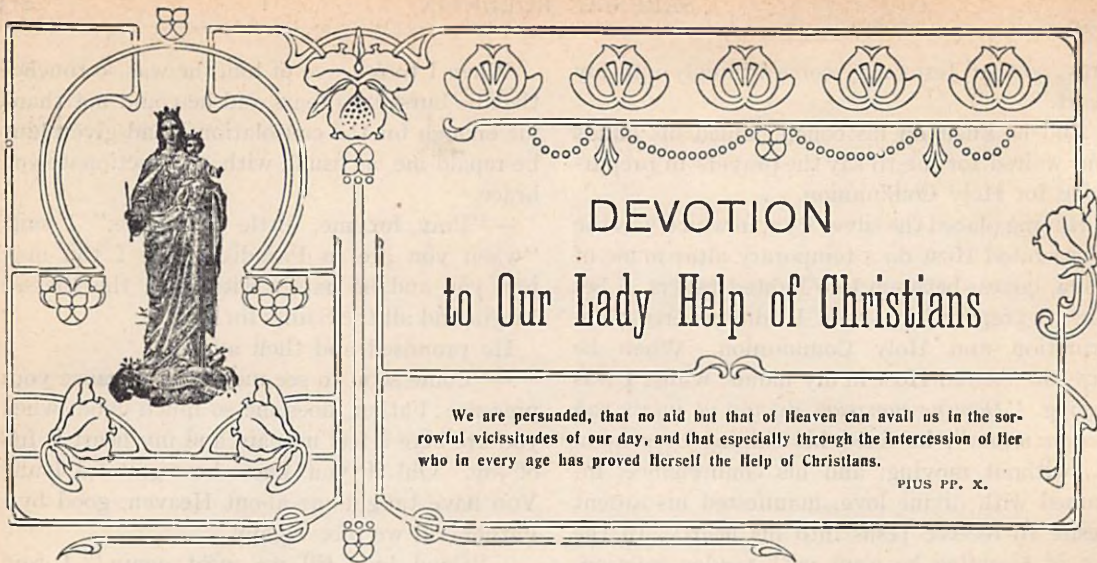
It is too beautiful, and this world is not worthy to keep it any longer; before the frosts and storms of passion come it is better for it to be transplanted to heaven!"

And this was indeed the last time I was able to see the boy. From the severe cold and the fatigues of the journey I was obliged to remain in bed for several days and I was not able to go again to visit the saintly child. I learnt afterwards that he had taken his flight to Heaven on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption into Heaven, five days after his First and last Communion, making a most happy death. Our Lady, the Mother of Jesus wished to have him with her to celebrate her triumph in Paradise.

Rio Grande (Tierra del Fuego), July 24, 1913.

MAGGIORINO BORGATFLO,
Salesian Missionary.





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.

In view of the great spread of the devotion to our Patroness, the Help of Christians, and the constant wonderful favours obtained through her intercession, we recommend Readers not to be backward in sending their thanksgivings, and they may be sent directly to us, so as to ensure the earliest possible insertion. There must be a great number of clients of Our Lady who are indebted to her for favours of various kinds, but who do not care to send in their thanksgivings for record in her annals. During the life-time of Don Bosco, he continually received accounts of wonderful favours received, and that in spite of the fact that in the beginning, the mysterious nature itself of the graces made him prefer to be reticent about them. But the reports seemed to spread of themselves, as though it was part of the design of the heavenly dispenser that her generosity should become known; and doubtless it was also a part of the protective and guiding influence she ever exerted over Don Bosco. His work was first of all pointed out to him, and assistance guaranteed, and thus it evidently was that he should have a fund ready for those works which were the outcome of heavenly solicitude, and which were the realisation of his early visions.

However it subsequently became a recognised practice to publish the favours obtained, both as an act of thanksgiving, and as an endeavour to increase the devotion of others to her who,

as the Holy Father says, has proved herself in every age the Help of Christians.



The Co-operators are invited to make a general practice of consecrating the 24th of every month to this devotion; it is already established in many centres, and will provide another link in the connection which is to combine all those who work under the auspices of the Ven. Don Bosco.

GRACES and FAVOURS (1)

Acqui.— I had suffered for three years with most painful lung trouble which made my life quite a series of afflictions, and promised to rob my two little children of their mother. In these circumstances I got little consolation from the doctors, who, indeed, had little ground for hope even with the highest medical skill. I therefore placed my confidence in Our Lady Help of Christians, and felt sure that I should enjoy her protection and assistance. In fact, during this present year when I was more than usually

(1) In regard to these favours it is not intended to attribute to them any higher authority than that arising from certified human testimony.

afflicted and my medical advisers were abandoning all hope, I somehow felt that this was just the time when I should place greater confidence in Our Lady.

Recommending myself to the care of her Servant Don Bosco, I commenced a Novena for my cure, promising publication of the favour, an offering to her Sanctuary at Turin and one to her New Altar in Acqui. I got some friends to join with me, and my improvement was soon clear and unmistakable so that by the 24th of May I was strong enough to go to Turin to ask for my complete recovery — a prayer that was granted on the following day, when a specialist assured me that my cure would be complete and lasting.

I now fulfil my promise of publication with all the readiness and thankfulness of which I am capable.

Sept. 1913.

M. G. P.

(Salesian Co-operator).

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Belfast.— I am sending the enclosed offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for a temporal favour received through her intercession, and desire publication of it in the Bulletin.

Oct. 1913.

M. R.

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London.— Having recommended an important matter to the care of Our Lady Help of Christians, together with a Novena and promise of publication, its result was eminently satisfactory and consoling.

Oct. 1913.

Anon.

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Dungarvon (Ireland).— I had suffered for a long time with nervous trouble and after many attempts at remedies I had recourse to the assistance of Our Lady Help of Christians, and with complete success. I send an offering in thanksgiving for this great favour.

Oct. 1913.



The late Cardinal Vives.

Few had been such powerful factors in the Roman world as His late Eminence Cardinal Vives y Tuto; but with the great works of his



life we are not here primarily concerned. With him there passed away a great benefactor and Co-operator of our Society, and he had rendered us the very highest services in connection with the cause of the beatification of Our Founder, of which cause he was the Postulator.

A writer says: We shall never forget the joy of his Eminence on July 24th 1907 when our Founder was declared Venerable. Directly he was told that the Holy Father had approved the decree, he came at once to Our House of the Sacred Heart, at Castro Pretorio, and as Father Conelli, the Provincial, thanked him for his kindness he said:

I have come not only to rejoice with you, but for a little recollection and prayer in the Church

of the Sacred Heart which Don Bosco built, and to recommend myself to him as to a patron in heaven. I am most grateful that I have had to study thoroughly such a life as that of Don Bosco, for it quite convinced me that he was a saint. It is enough to study One of his works, the Congregation, to know that he was a great saint. But I have come into close touch with it just now, in studying the life of Don Bosco. Those wonderful visions when God showed him as in a cinematograph the future developments of his work, of his sons and pupils and then he referred to some of the incidents; how, for example, some boys would pull their cap over their head, for fear that Don Bosco would read their sins on their forehead, and the wonderful prophecy made to Mgr. Cagliero. But besides his visions what wonderful virtue: A love for the Mother of God equal to that of any of the Saints, a love for the Passion, the virtues of the religious state in the highest degree, and that last infallible sign of sanctity, he was extraordinary in the ordinary, so that he was perfect in the common life.

See, I have studied him very thoroughly and he appears to me more and more specially sent by God. Last Monday I was still reading his life at half past one, so as to be prepared for the Wednesday morning; there were eight Cardinals; the result was most favourable; and believe me it is most wonderful that his cause should be

introduced only nineteen years after his death, especially when there was so much to examine, and he had had such a great deal to do with various classes of persons.

Write to Don Rua and say that he should give the widest possible publicity to the decree, that it should be affixed to all the Churches of the Congregation, that its contents should be made known to all the Salesians, their pupils and Co-operators, and to the world in general by means of the press. It is a piece of news that should interest everybody, and should bring great graces to all; as for myself I have chosen Don Bosco for my special patron."

It will now be understood that the death of the great Cardinal has come like a personal bereavement to our Society. Joseph Calasanctius Vives y Tuto was born at Sant'Andrea in the Diocese of Barcelona; on Feb. 15th 1854. While still quite young he received the habit of the Franciscan Capuchins. Many years of his religious life were spent in the apostolic ministry, first in Guatemala, then in various provinces of the United States, and in Ecuador. During his sojourn in Spain he rendered great services to his order, and when he had been in Rome some time His Holiness Leo XIII. created him Cardinal, in the Conciistory of June 19th 1899, and employed him in the highest offices. The Reigning Pontiff has lost one of his ablest assistants.

NOTICE.

To avoid delays and losses, we beg our Co-operators to send all their offerings for the Works of Don Bosco, only and directly to our Superior General, Very Rev. Fr. Paul Albera, 32 Via Cottolengo, Turin, (Italy).

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