

Salesian Bulletin

No. 6 - June - 1914

♣ Vol. IX. ♣

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


Sanctus & cetera

✠ 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 of 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.

CONTENTS.

The Holy Father's Apostolic Blessing	125	Salesian Notes and News	137
Thy Kingdom Come	126	News from the Missions	143
Ven. D. Bosco's Successor in Sicily	128	Belgian Congo — First fruits of our Mission	150
Gran Commemoration in Honour of Savio Dome- nico	130	Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians	151
		Indulgences	152
		Obituary	152

The Holy Father's Apostolic Blessing.

ON the morning of the 6th of April, the Very Rev. Don Albera, on his return journey from Sicily, stopped at Rome, and was received in audience by the Holy Father.

The Sovereign Pontiff, whom we pray God to preserve for many years, for the welfare of the Universal Church, gave our Superior General a most hearty and affectionate welcome. He expressed his gratitude for the filial homage rendered by the whole Salesian Family, his admiration for Don Bosco, Don Rua, and the saintly youth Dominic Savio, whose Cause of Beatification he hoped would go forward as speedily as possible. "Almighty God," he said, will not delay the honour due to Don Bosco... but Don Rua also was a man of eminent virtue!... I am the more pleased that Dominic Savio is being honoured, so that the young may have a model, exactly suited to their years and condition."

On being asked for a little message to the pupils of our schools, the Holy Father said: "Tell them they should try to live always in the presence of God." It is the same thought that Pius IX. expressed to Don Bosco, years ago, on his first visit to the Pope.

Finally His Holiness gave a special blessing to the Salesians, to the Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians, to all their pupils, and to the worthy and zealous Co-operators.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BOTH in this, and in the previous issue, we have had occasion to dwell with some emphasis on the practice of the Devotion to Our Lady, particularly under the title of Help of Christians: and that for the main reason that the months of April and May are those chiefly concerned with the celebrations of her greatest triumphs. It would be well, however, to point out, in case it should not be self-evident, that something deeper is at the root of all this manifestation of faith and enthusiastic fervour.

Our Lady herself, would be the first to repudiate the idea that this *Devotion* is an end in itself, or that devotion to her, even in the highest of her titles as the Mother of God, should be regarded as a final goal by the faithful. It was never so. The great Apostle of this devotion, the Ven. Don Bosco, though one of the foremost champions of Our Lady, among the leaders of religious movements, and though one of her noblest knights, ever regarded it as a means to the great end, the Reign of Jesus Christ over the hearts and minds of men.

This is manifest in a hundred ways. He had instilled the practice of frequent Confession and Communion before this devotion became a marked feature of his work; in all the practices of piety that he fostered, The Blessed Sacrament or the Sacred Heart of Jesus are uppermost in his recommendations; in all his confraternities, he would attach the condition that certain practices be fulfilled in homage and devotion to Our Divine Lord; in no case, in fact,

was there a clearer example of *ad Jesum per Mariam*, to Jesus through Mary, His Mother. It is true he regarded her as his great advocate, guide, protectress and source of inspiration, and taught devotion to her, as perhaps few of the Servants of God have been able to do; but it was in the safe assurance that She would herself lead to her Divine Son these souls which he entrusted to her, to be first brought under the gentle influence of a Mother's care, with the result that they were usually surprised by the ease with which they were drawn to God, after practising some act of piety to Our Lady.

Thus again it is in the wider sphere. The public manifestations of devotion to Our Lady displayed in other lands, assuming in some cases even a national importance, may be taken as an assurance that, in those same places, religion has a strong hold over the people, and that its practice is in a flourishing state.

One remark alone would suffice to prove that. All during the month of May, and during the Novena before the 24th, the great feature of the devotions is the increase in the number of those approaching the Sacraments. This cannot be done without adequate preparation; and unless it is supposed, that these thousands, for in many places the numbers run to that, are in such a healthy spiritual state as to go to Communion without need of Confession, it must be granted that the practice of this devotion draws people to the Sacraments, to conversion, to the practice of their religion. This

would mean indeed that the Kingdom of Christ had come to reign in the hearts of men, and that is why the spread of the devotion to Our Blessed Lady is invariably associated with good Catholic lives, and why the Church and its leaders are ever prominent in fostering this devotion.

Thy Kingdom come is the motto of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for where the love of His Sacred Heart has established its strong though gentle influence, the interests, the commands of God are uppermost. And this is the ideal of the Church, that His Kingdom should be the whole human race, that Our Divine Lord should come into His own, and establish His reign of charity and peace, for Christ is the *Prince of Peace*.

Moreover, "this universal and solemn testimony of allegiance and devotion is especially due to Jesus Christ, because He is the King and Sovereign Lord of all mankind. His empire extends not only over Catholic nations, or over those who, having been washed in the sacred font of Baptism, belong, by right, to the Church, though erroneous opinions lead them astray, or dissent cuts them off from her active charity: it embraces even those who have not the Christian Faith, so that most truly is the whole human race subject to the rule of Jesus Christ. He necessarily holds all things in common with the Father, and therefore has supreme dominion over all things." Thus Our Divine Lord has a primary right to this Kingdom, but He does not establish it by domination or subjection. He had a subtler power when He came amongst men; the power that won the love of chosen souls, and which He now exerts over the multitude. It leads

to a voluntary dedication of the heart and mind to Him, so that faithful service may be freely and readily offered to Him.

Man is poor and needy, compared with the Giver of all good things, yet in His infinite goodness and love, He does not disdain to accept a gift at our hands, but He actually desires and demands such an offering: "My son, give me thy heart." It is the good will and affection of own soul that He desires: "for by consecrating ourselves to Him, not only do we openly and willingly acknowledge and accept His empire over us, but we testify that, if the gift we offer were our own, we would still offer it with our whole heart."

But this endeavour to make the love of the Sacred Heart more widely spread, and more deeply felt, is too apt to remain vague and nebulous. It is one thing to imagine a state of society deeply impregnated with religious principles, and to draw happy conclusions therefrom; it is quite another to propagate the practice of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which the late Holy Father so strongly advocated as a means to this establishment of the Kingdom of Christ. The devotion must first take a deep hold of our own lives, for only then will it be the source of radiation to others. The appeal of the love of the Sacred Heart, made so strongly by Our Divine Lord Himself, must sink deep into our own hearts, that it may afterwards well out again in the practice of good works, and in an apostolate to act upon the minds and hearts of others; this is the ideal not only of the professed Apostolic labourers, but of all those who cooperate in the establishment of Christ's reign over the hearts of men.



The Ven. Don Bosco's Successor IN SICILY.

The famous mediterranean island has recently been largely in the public mind, on account of the earthquake disturbances near Mt. Etna. The scenes of panic and destruction of the Messina catastrophe were at once recalled, and in that upheaval the Salesian work suffered heavily both in buildings, and in the loss of many precious lives. In the recent disturbances which were principally destructive in the villages between Etna and the coast, there seems to have been no Salesian Institute involved, though Catania is dangerously near. Descriptions from our confrères on the scene of action will doubtless be forth coming.

Our Superior General, the Very Rev. Don Albera, had just recently completed a visitation of our schools in the island, and was gratified at the prosperity he every where found. The news of an earthquake in the island must have made him fear for those flourishing institutes, which so recently gave him welcome; but details of the shock assured him that they were safe.

On his journey thither Don Albera stopped at Massa Carrara in Southern Italy. This town will always have a particular record in the annals of the Society, for it is, at present, the only town in the old world with a Bishop chosen from among our own members. Mgr. Marengo had long been prominent for his zeal and eminent ability, and was for several years our Procurator in Rome, when the present Holy Father chose him as Bishop of Massa Carrara, where he has since displayed great administrative and pastoral gifts.

He was naturally proud of the visit of our Superior General, and made him go everywhere in his episcopal city. His seminary had a special visit, for it is a prominent department of Salesian work, and Don Albera gave the young students a blessing in the name of Don Bosco exhorting them to correspond to the full with the fatherly solicitude of their Bishop. At the repast the diocese was largely represented. One incident, worthy of record, was the speech of Canon Azzi, who referred to his boyhood at the Oratory of Turin, and to a letter he had written from there to his father. The letter had been corrected by Don Bosco himself, and some notes added, which brought about his father's return to the practices of religion.

His Lordship accompanied Don Albera subsequently to the station, again manifesting his attachment to his former Superior.

On arriving at Palermo we were met by a number of Co-operators, and by a section of the boys. Among the former were some of the most prominent citizens and ecclesiastics. The College is named after our Venerable Founder Don Bosco, and contains two hundred and fifty boys, who were ready to give Don Albera a hearty welcome. There was a great deal to do, both for the School and for the Co-operators, but on the following day, Don Albera visited the Cardinal Archbishop, who was suffering from a severe illness, but gave Don Albera a special audience and treated of many things with him.

His Eminence had arranged for the Hall of the Palace to be used for the conference, which Don Albera gave to the Salesian Co-operators.

A visit was next made to Marsala in the interior of the island, and along the route there was more than one surprise, for at several stations we were met by the ecclesiastical authorities, and some of these friends and Co-operators joined our party to Marsala. At this town, during our brief stay, there was a great gathering of Co-operators; the First Friday was being kept as a solemnity, and after the Mass, celebrated by Don Albera, the Bishop of the Diocese addressed the assembly, speaking on the means for spreading the kingdom of Christ, and making the Sacred Heart of Jesus more loved and honoured.

Don Albera then returned to Palermo where his visitation was still unfinished, and was occupied with the Salesian Institute and its work and development; many Co-operators were received in audience, and there are signs of great prosperity for the work on behalf of the young.

His next visit was to Messina, which has recovered from its ruins. It was in this place that our School of St. Aloysius was destroyed, with a very heavy tale of losses, including no less than six priests, two clerics, one lay-brother and thirty-eight pupils; some of the priests were at the beginning of their career and were distinguished for learning and zeal. Don Albera was pleased to see that the school is again as flourishing as ever, and that in spite of the incal-

culable losses sustained in that December of 1908, the people have made great sacrifices to repair, and even increase the building accommodation; and that every co-operation is given both by clergy and laity in the religious welfare of the young, for whom the work of Don Bosco can be made to accomplish so much.

Not far away the Nuns of Our Lady Help of Christians have a large boarding school, which was also rendered uninhabitable by the Messina earthquake; but that too has more than recuperated. Don Albera paid it a visit and was re-

in the districts near by; no wonder that the coming of Don Albera was known far and wide, and that there were manifestations on all sides of homage and affectionate respect. In fact the scene was extraordinary even for these effusive parts; there were showers of flowers, and all the bells ringing; and though it was night time as we crossed the city to the school, yet the square was a blaze of light; there was music and the waving of innumerable flags and handkerchiefs: a quite affecting part of it was to see mothers kneeling down holding out their chil-



Don Albera in the Institute of St. Gregory.

ceived by the Superioress-General of the Sisters, who happened to be in Sicily at the same time.

Catania, on the east coast of the island, was next visited. It has a large school of two hundred and fifty boys, besides a Sunday Oratory. There was a grand reception in the theatre-hall of the school, attended by the principal citizens including His Lordship Mgr. Ferrais, who represented the Cardinal Archbishop, who was prevented from being present. He was about to leave for Rome, but received Don Albera twice at his Palace.

In another part of the neighbourhood is our Institute of St. Gregory, where there is a seminary for missionary priests, a parish to be attended to and no less than five festive Oratories

dren to be blessed by Don Albera. This was indeed a demonstration of welcome, but was fully equalled by the reception at the Institute itself though on a smaller scale.

Other places and Schools visited were at Pedara, Bronte, and Taormina. The scenes described above were to some extent repeated in these places, where the people have ever been known for their demonstrations of faith. At Taormina the reception was remarkable for the presence on the platform of Mr. Hill, the British Vice-Consul and Mrs. Hill, and of His Lordship Mgr. Walsh, Bishop of Portland, who was visiting there. At the close of the performance Don Albera addressed the great assembly and Mgr. Walsh gave his episcopal blessing.

Grand Commemoration in Honour of Dominic Savio

(On the recent introduction of his Cause)

Discourse by His Lordship Mgr. Radini Tedeschi.

In a great assembly, dignified by the presence of the Princes of both Church and State, a people's voice broke forth in praise of Dominic Savio, the lowly pupil of the Ven. Don Bosco. During his short life he had not time to accomplish great works, dazzling the eyes of men, but, nevertheless, by the perfection of his spirit, by the strict observance of duty, by his clear vision of the ultimate object of life he succeeded in attaining that true, unfading glory which is the diadem of the Saints.

"Thus once more has the lowly violet made itself known by its exquisite perfume, and the virtue of a simple soul looking steadfastly to God and fulfilling its duty without ostentation before men, is equal to the most brilliant undertakings and, in the eyes of God, surpasses them.

"The handsome theatre of the Oratory at Turin, elegantly decorated with blue and white drapery and lilies, presented a magnificent spectacle; and in the three large surrounding galleries was a multitude of Oratory boys who chattered excitedly. Whilst the ground floor was being crowded with the invited guests."

Thus does the "*Momento*" of April 17th begin the report of the Solemn Commemoration of Domenico Savio, held at Valdocco on the previous day.

The stage was occupied by the Oratory Band and the Schola Cantorum under the guidance of Maestro Cavagliere Dogliani. To the right of the stage surrounded by evergreens was placed the picture of Dominic Savio, painted by Professor Lorenzo Kirmayer.

At half-past three, when the theatre already presented a magnificent spectacle, His Eminence Cardinal Richelmy entered, and just afterward the music of the Royal March announced the arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Genoa and their children Princess Bona and Prince Adalbert, who came by car from their Castle of Aglié.

At the entrance to the theatre both the Cardinal and the Royal party were received and welcomed over by Superior-General, Don Albera, and by the Prefect General Don Rinaldi, by the Senator Baron Manno, Count Prospero Balbo, Count Carlo Olivieri, by the Commu-

nal Councillors Professor Piero Gribaudo and Saverio Fino, Cavaliere F. Balbo and Hon. Carlo Richelmy.

On the platform Her Royal Highness, Princess Isabella Duchess of Genoa took her seat, having on her right His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop and on her left His Royal Highness Prince Thomas and Princess Bona and Prince Adalbert, to the right of the Cardinal were Mgr. G. M. Radini Tedeschi, Bishop of Bergamo, Mgr. Ressa, Bishop of Mondovì, Mgr. Spandre Bishop of Asti, and beside the Princes were the gentlemen in attendance.

Near the portrait of Dominic Savio were the Sister of the angelical youth, Rosa, a cousin and other relatives and several school-fellows of Savio, amongst whom we noted Don Cerruti, Director General of Studies in our Society, Canon. Ballezio provost of Moncalieri, Canon Giuganino, and Cavaliere Conti.

Special places were assigned also to a deputation from Riva di Chieri. Domenico's birth-place, consisting of the Parish Priest with a number of pupils of the Festive Oratory and Municipal Councillors; a deputation from Mondonio where Savio died and was buried, consisting of the Mayor and the Provost.

Amongst the invited guests, behind the Princes and the Prelates, were placed the members of the Superior Council of our Society, the representatives of the Metropolitan Chapter of Turin and of the Cathedral Chapter of Asti the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of the Ordinary Process for the Cause of Savio, the Executive Committees for the monument to Don Bosco and of the Centenary Feasts of Mary Help of Christians, the Lady Patronesses of Don Bosco's Works, the Council of the National Federation of Salesian Former Pupils and many other distinguished persons.

In the upper galleries of the theatre were crowded together, with all the pupils, students and artisans of the Oratory of Valdocco, those of the Professional Schools of Don Bosco of Martinetto, the Clerics of the Seminary of the Foreign Missions at Valsalice, and bands of pupils from the Archiepiscopal Seminary of the Consolata, and representatives from many Institutes in Turin and Piedmont.

Nor must we forget the representatives of the Superiors and pupils from many of our neighbouring Houses and Oratories, especially the College of St. John the Evangelist of Turin and of Castelnuovo d'Asti, S. Benigno, Foglizzo, Ivrea, Fossano, Alessandria, Penango, Biella, Boromanero, Cavaglià, Cuorgnè, Lanzo, Lombriasco, Borgo S. Martino, Casale, Castelnuovo, Chieri, Novara, Vercelli, Perosa, Oulx and Trino.

The cheers which greeted the arrival of the Cardinal, the Princes and the Bishops having come to an end, our Superior General, Don Albera introduced the Orator, saying he could not do so better than by recalling the profound impression he had experienced when, on the 6th of last April, being in the presence of the Holy Father, he heard the Sovereign Pontiff describe in what esteem he held the pious pupil of Don Bosco. He then saluted the Princes the Cardinal, the Bishops, the authorities and others who had accepted his invitation to be present at this intimate festive gathering.

Then the Right Rev. Mgr. G. M. Radini Tedeschi, amidst general enthusiasm, began his brilliant discourse, keeping the attention of his immense audience fascinated for more than an hour.

THE DISCOURSE.

"Why should Domenico Savio be commemorated?"

...A simple glance at this life of a flower, which bloomed in the morning and in the evening suddenly faded, at this spark of divine light, which was quenched almost as soon as it appeared, at this angel in the flesh, carried off so speedily after its appearance, this instantaneous glance compels me to reply that Dominic Savio deserves much more than a discourse, more than a book, more than a poem, much more than a commemoration, however solemn, magnificent and imposing it may be. Who then is Dominic Savio?

With your permission I will endeavour to give the answer. I will call your attention only to a few points, a few outlines of a picture, the subject of which was, according to Don Bosco, conspicuously marvellous. I can only outline a monument, which through my fault will be small, but which the merits of Savio should render great and magnificent. It will be for Your Eminence in your allocution, for Your Royal Highnesses, who have not only come to honour Savio, but have brought your Royal children that they might better appreciate a model of youth worthy of imitation; for you, noble friends and above all for you Salesians,

our teachers, to enhance the modest portrait, which I desire might be worthy of the merits of the little hero we are celebrating, but which will not fulfil my ambition in recounting his beautiful life. What then does Savio say to us?

"Domenico Savio (says the world), was he not a child, a boy and nothing more?"

He was born in Riva di Chieri, in the small district of S. Giovanni; he lived a few years there, then at Murialdo, afterwards at Castelnuovo d'Asti, insignificant villages; then he came to Turin, where he was shut up in an Oratory and for three years only; finally he went to Mondonio di Asti to die. He had barely fifteen years of life from 1842 to 1857. He spent them amongst rustic folk, in an unknown family, on the benches of a school, within the walls of a Salesian Oratory. As he lived in obscurity, so did he die in an obscurity similar to that in which he was born. And is that all? By no means,... It is not the number of years that bring glory. A few passing moments may suffice; and this city around us of many glorious deeds would prove this true. It was not a case here of surroundings or environment that produced greatness; but greatness came forth from it; the more wonderful in contrast with the lowly surroundings.

There are some both rich and powerful, those esteemed geniuses, placed by the world on a pedestal, but if you consider them well, you will find they are worth little, rather do they deserve contempt and oblivion. And there are others, lowly, poor, weak, humble, whom the world ignores or pretends to ignore, and who on the contrary are worthy of the highest esteem. *Dominic Savio*, I have no hesitation in saying, is precisely one of these. Shall I explain?...

I begin with a very simple fact; a fact which appears nothing, which might pass unperceived by one who does not reflect, but which in itself has a great, certain, decisive signification. This is the fact; Savio was a child; a youth who lived only a few years, in whom was nothing remarkable, or outwardly brilliant; nothing of what the world calls great.

And yet, he, this unobtrusive boy, nearly sixty years after his death, is not only still spoken of, but he is so solemnly and joyously commemorated, he is greeted with increasing honour...

Look at him as he is portrayed here in his innocence and simplicity; and yet his fame resounds. So many are stirred by his memory and his name. Not only you, my friends, not only you, his teachers, but so many distinguished personages, priests, Bishops, Cardinals,

even the Supreme Pontiff himself and with them a great multitude interests itself daily more and more in his regard. You, indeed, are aware, for it is the principal motive which assembles you here that the divine authority of the Roman Church, which does not allow its laurels to be trampled under foot, whose heroes are not made of clay, which with the utmost rigour examines the life of the most saintly, this Roman Church has solemnly Sanctioned by Apostolic authority the introduction of the Cause of Beatification and canonization for this youth. We are only at the beginning it is true; but the beginning could not be more promising or more glorious.

The world will agree, if it still listens to reason; let us at least say it without circumlocution, we who have reason; that we have here a treasure of the highest value...

And why is this? Reflect that after fifty years, after twenty, or even ten years, many men who in their days were esteemed illustrious, either in thought or in deeds, in letters or in art, or in their achievements for their country, but because in fact their work was ephemeral, and their fame was more or less fictitious, are already forgotten; neither their name, engraven on stone at the corners of the streets nor a monument in the public square, nor party clamour whose praise is without judgment, nor history manuals which may be made to say anything, can keep alive their memory for posterity. Now why should this child as some say be of no account, he whom so much tends to make obscure, whose name is not seen in the streets, who has no statue in the squares, no popular clamour regarding him: but who sixty years after his death survives in so many places, exacts such universal applause, receives such solemn honour and seems about to share in the hymns of the Catholic Church and the splendour of the altars of the living God? Who would believe it? Not I, nor you!...

Another objection: "Is not Domenico Savio an imaginary creation?"

Oh! away with this, replies the world; make an end of inventing heroes of your own. Do you know why so much is said of Domenico Savio?... The Jesuits created a Kostka, a Gonzaga, a Berchmans; recently the Passionists have created a Gabriele Possenti della Addolorata, other Religious Institutes of men and women have invented heroes for themselves, they have fashioned them with the poetry of virtue, raising them up even to the third heaven... and without scruple the Salesians of Don

Bosco also have brought forward their easily framed and self interested creation.

Gentlemen, The lips burn when they have to utter these things. But the answer I am about to give justifies my repeating this impudent calumny, and does honour to the Salesians, in spite of the hatred vowed by their calumniators.

Meanwhile, observe the way of the world. When we mention Domenico Savio's name, now become illustrious, it replies. But this youth was a nobody! Then, having shown that a world does not put itself out for nothing, it replies: This is a superstitious creation, it is a pure invention! And when we shall have proved that the creation is of God, that Savio was a faithful servant of God, they will still accuse us and say: Sanctity is not greatness. It is always thus, they continue their accusations at all costs. And you, Followers of Don Bosco, and of S. Francis of Sales, you know well that the perfidious sectarian world has nothing but iniquitous and false accusations.

Therefore take courage; justice must be done.

No; Domenico Savio is not a creation, not a hypocritical invention of yours. He is a creation of that God who is wonderful in his Saints: he is a splendid reality. A distinguished Prince of the Church, Cardinal Parocchi, protector of the Salesian Society, wrote on October 4th, 1895, in relation to Savio, these magnificent words: "It seems to me a sign of predestination when the Religious Orders obtain youths ready for heaven." And mentioning several, the Cardinal adds that they present: "the spectacle of an admirable sanctity within the narrow circle of a short life." Coming, at last, to speak of our subject, he drew his portrait in these few words, which speak volumes: "Wholly God's work, and with a heavenly wisdom the boy, at four years old as at fifteen, complete master of himself, fragrant as a lily, pious and candid... displayed so manly a virtue and gave such extraordinary proofs thereof that one could say, looking upon him: what will the athletes be like, if the little ones are already so great! May the boys learn from Savio how to sanctify themselves in the midsts of dangers, how to join austerity with cheerfulness, innocence of manners with the manifestation of affection, frankness with reserve, dignity with modesty, the interior life rising to an intimate union with Our Lord with the diligent, multiplied and laborious exercises of external life: let them learn from him to be beloved of God and of men, and to leave a holy memory to the succeeding generation."

Such a panegyric, from a Cardinal of lofty

and acute mind, can be repudiated only by the foolish; it gives a sublime portrait of Savio.

Similar eulogies have been left to us by writers of note: Bishops, such as Riccardi, Manacorda, Rossi, Farfan, Soler, Cagliari, Filippello; Cardinals, in addition to Your Eminence, Capece-latro, Svampa, Richard, Francica Nava, Mauri, Bacilieri. It is a truly splendid gallery of portraits. I would wish to display all these before your eyes. But I shall wrong no one, I think, however distinguished and eloquent, if I make

and too rapidly disappeared, I find copious and superabundant proofs that he was not a *vain shadow, save in appearance* (Dante, Purg. II., 79); but, I repeat, here was a soul beyond estimation to any one who has a mind to comprehend and an honest conscience to appreciate.

A glance at the life of the angelic youth.

In the early spring of the year 1842, in Riva di Chieri, in the district of S. Giovanni di Riva,



His Lordship Mgr. Ferraris and Don Albera in Salesian Institute of Catania.

choice of a short description, *equivalent to a volume* said Cardinal Parocchi, on the life of Savio, brief, simple, a clear mirror, of the soul as it were, but written *with such affection, so much Unction, such fatherly delight by the now Venerable, Founder of the Salesians.*

A work in which not only is shown the true portrait of this saintly youth, but in which also one beholds the faithful likeness of Don Bosco...

On this I take my stand, and giving a rapid glance at the short life which, if it did not surpass, was certainly equal to the many years of others; arresting in its flight this celestial spirit which shone like a magnificent star in time and space,

as I have said, this flower grew up in the garden of the Church. He was fortunate in his parents, for they were *models of a Christian life*, but of lowly position; they had no remarkable historical traditions of their family, no nobility of name or anything else to render them notable. Nevertheless, that which chiefly signifies, they were truly rich in faith and virtue, having the true nobility of Christ. At the Baptismal font this child received a name which, with that of his family seemed almost prophetic. He was called Dominic Savio (wise); and wise indeed he was to be and wholly belonging to the Lord. His good, pious and loving mother brought him

up with great care and amongst her other children always looked upon him as a special and most precious gift of God; when she pressed him tenderly to her bosom or held him on her knees, she looked upon him with a special joy and seemed to have a holy presentiment of his future glory. His father also, an example to parents, a man of strong character and a true Christian, in the childish caresses, in the sweetness and candour of the little face may have divined something of the brightness of that lofty and beautiful soul. The friends, acquaintances and relatives, contemplating him almost with reverence, were captivated by his gracious ways, filled with loving affection for the attractive and innocent countenance of this little child. They said amongst themselves. What will this child be one day? *Quis putas puer iste erit?*

I know well that the infant's cradle is surrounded by a thousand joyful thoughts, a thousand golden dreams, a thousand smiles of the present and a thousand poetic previsions; because the child is an angel where, after baptismal regeneration, innocence and grace, virginity and love meet. But in this child innocence and grace were more intimately and more manifestly combined. He was an angel of a higher order. Through the gracious countenance shone the magnificent light of a lofty and divine predestination. "Had I known him," wrote the eloquent Archbishop of Montevideo Mgr. Soler, whom I knew and esteemed greatly, "I should have given him the loving reverence that I would give to an angel, if he showed himself visibly to me." This was quite a true estimate of the child!

The illustrious American Prelate, was doubly in the right in his tender reverence for Savio; because Savio was a true angel of innocence and love, and because human words cannot frame a correct eulogy of an angel, as we cannot comprehend the life of the seed in the bosom of the earth, as we do not open the bud of a flower when in silence it is maturing colour and perfume, but on him as on the face of an angel, on the flower yet unopened, one can only bestow the admiring glance of wonder, of veneration and of love and enjoy in silence, and inhale the fragrance of ineffable perfume. Meanwhile, I go to the threshold of that lowly cottage, no longer at Riva, but at Murialdo, whither the parents of Dominic have removed; and I await the germination of the precious seed, growing up and opening at the touch of the dew of heavenly grace and that the beautiful flower should come forth and show the delicacy of its colouring and the fragrance of the holy perfume of Christ.

As a child.

He appears as a vision from above, as he passes through the years of infancy and childhood. That is a brief and too rapidly passing period, yet they are great ones to him. At the age of five, he has gained what thousands of others only win after long years. To the generality, that is the unconscious, wandering, unthinking age, taken up in little games, moved by external impressions, not showing ideas and consciousness; not subject to faults, but not capable of virtue. Not so with little Savio, At five, he has come to the use of reason, and is on the threshold of his early maturity of judgment. And how did that come about? it may be asked. The inspired word gives us the reply: God had given him abundantly the blessings of his delight. The Beloved of the Canticles had come down to feed among the lilies, and in the little golden cup of his soul had distilled the heavenly dew.

It may appear wonderful, and it is a mystery, but it explains everything. The Spouse in the tabernacle had secretly called to him and given him the taste of heavenly sweetness, in preparation for future wonders.

The very sight of the boy, whether about his own home, but especially in the Church, was a pleasing sight. To the latter place he went very frequently, remaining a long time as though in ecstasy, as one of the angels around the Blessed Sacrament; and when the door of the little Church of Murialdo, the same church that heard the first prayers of Don Bosco, was not yet opened, and even before daylight, in spite of the winter's cold and snow, he was there on the step awaiting the opening. There he remained, either kneeling or sitting, at prayer, offering his morning matins to his Lord; and it is no hyperbole to say that the Angels, who are ever present around the Eucharist, found delightful company there. Hovering in admiration and joy over that childish head, they must have joined their angelic music with his, so pure and gentle arising from that spotless soul already similar to those angelic spirits, and all consumed with a tender love towards the most Holy Eucharist, the true Bread of Angels.

It was Dominic's delight to assist at the holy mysteries of the Altar, to relish their hidden joys, to participate in the solemnity of the rites, to serve Mass every day, even when only five years of age, and could scarcely reach the altar, or more than lisp his native tongue. It was thus, by fervent, consuming desires, that he prepared so early to receive the sacred food, which was to be the seal of grace upon his sinless

heart, and the joy he manifested seemed as though he had anticipated the joys of Heaven. It was in this way that Dominic grew up in his childhood, and his seventh year had come.

His First Communion.

Mothers used to point to the boy as a model for their own; his masters declared they had never had a pupil like him; his companions were always around him, and considered him as their guide, and counsellor and the best of friends; the parish priest knew his inmost soul, its freedom from the slightest fault, its consuming desires and aspirations, it was accordingly decided — a marvel for those days — that though he was only seven he should be allowed to make his First Communion.

When this decision was announced to him his joy knew no bounds. He threw himself before the tabernacle, before the statue of Our Lady; he went to this Confessor; he made resolutions, that surprise one, and in the arms of his parents he asks pardon for faults never committed, making all filled with something of his own emotion.

The happy day arrives. Amid the fragrance of Heaven, and the harmonies of the angels, Jesus and the child Dominic meet, his soul receives the Divine Guest. On this point I must be silent... What happened on that day of his First Communion, the transformation, the elevation of the whole being in that moment of heavenly sweetness, I know not; or perhaps I should say: I know it to a certain extent, for it is beyond the natural experience of mankind; but even so it is impossible to describe it; *non licet homini loqui arcana Dei* (man may not utter the secret things of God), as St. Catherine of Siena expresses it. It was a hidden phenomenon, a sacrament of God, concealed from us on purpose; but at the same time it was a magnificent work that I would wish to reveal, so as to draw all men and particularly the young to the Holy Eucharist, to frequent Communion, so holy and exalted and beneficial as practised afterwards by Savio.

Shall I express it by saying that from time to time gleams of light displayed themselves, and the perfumes of heaven were wafted around? Or that the divine charity consuming that virgin heart beamed from his eyes, his face, his lips and from his whole person; so that he was carried above, and remained in long ecstasies, in adoration, contemplation and love like the Seraphim? His companions were drawn to him in a remarkable way, his superiors were in wonder for they had surprised him in his ecstasies, and all regarded him with a holy envy and special

affection. Yes, all this should be said, and much more; yet when everything possible has been described it would be no more than the shadow of the reality. It is true that that is the defect of my ability, but, in its degree, that would apply to every one, for not even Don Bosco himself could portray it adequately. Thus the boy, rising on his growing wings to the heights of virtue, gives examples of holiness, which would be wonderful in a person of mature years; but must, in a boy, be regarded as nothing short of a singular prodigy.

In his school-work Dominic was remarkably successful, and had entered upon his Latin studies. He felt himself called to leave his father's home, and take that place, fixed by Him, who guides the stars in their courses as. He places each grain of sand; that place which seemed to Dominic to be among the priests, for the greater glory of God and to gain to Him all souls, if that were possible, as he in his ardour said, and all his happiness in the future was centred upon it. It was then that God disposed the meeting of two souls, which recognised each other as by a supernatural instinct, and were mutually attracted; they were, as you well know, the Ven. Don Bosco, the wonderful apostle of Turin and of the world in the 19th century, and our twelve year old friend, Dominic Savio...

His meeting with Don Bosco.

That meeting is quite an interesting episode, and we have it from Don Bosco's own pen. No thing could be more simple yet nothing more sublime. Don Bosco, as he himself says recognised in the boy, a soul quite after God's own heart, he was astonished and described it as the *right stuff*. Moreover Dominic recognised in the priest the one who was to fashion the garment, replying very cleverly that he was the *tailor* who was to make the vestment worthy of the Lord. A moment sufficed Don Bosco to gauge the intelligence and piety of the boy; Savio showed up well in the test of mental capacity, for in eight minutes he learned by heart a page of a book. Thus was his examination concluded, and the doors of the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales were opened to the boy, who was to be in that place so great an honour and so beautiful an ornament.

From that moment the soul of Dominic was wholly given to Don Bosco, who recognised in his new pupil a second St. Aloysius. What touching and consoling reading is provided us in the description of the boy's progress in virtue, of his dealing with his master and guide, when he says to him for example: "Help me to be-

come a Saint, I wish to be wholly devoted to God"; and how the priest replies; "From now you will be numbered amongst my dearest children; commence to ask particularly from God that we may both do His holy Will." Don Bosco, who, in the largeness of his heart, embraced the whole world, and was consumed with zeal to win it all for God, he as a new David pressed this young Jonathan to his breast; he regarded him as his most worthy, and the dearest of his sons.

At the Oratory.

During the early part of his stay at the Oratory, there was nothing outwardly extraordinary in Dominic's life, unless we recognise that it had the very extraordinary quality, and Don Bosco noted it particularly, of being perfect in the ordinary things of life. He was exact even in the smallest things; he applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his studies, with great diligence to all his duties, with delight to spiritual things, and with evident progress in virtue, so that a more carefully regulated life could not be imagined. He desired to be taught, directed, corrected, carried onwards to perfection, and he made use of all he could to assist him in attaining it, particularly his director, Don Bosco. Study, mortification, piety, humility, obedience, purity, faith, meekness, an intense devotion to the Church, to the Pope, to Our Lady Help of Christians, all these and other virtues he practised daily, sustained by the abundance of divine grace, manifestly copious, drawn particularly from the Holy Eucharist; after receiving which he was often rapt in ecstasy. In these God revealed Himself to him, telling him wonderful things which he afterwards confided to Don Bosco, and which formed the bonds of an indissoluble union with his Divine Lord.

Dominic did all things well, even very small things that others would pass over, and also great things by no means easy to practise. Day by day there was less of self about him, more of God. By his penances, which he with great difficulty obtained permission to perform, by his frequent Confessions and Communions, by the fervour of his prayers, by the continual sacrifice of his own will, by a complete detachment from the things of earth; by all this he became what he had so greatly desired wholly and solely for God, truly Savio (wise) and truly Dominic (the Lord's); a wise servant of God.

Moreover because he was wholly for God he was, on the other hand, all things to his neighbour. Mgr. Soler asks: "where did he get that ardent desire, that made him exclaim: "How

happy should I be if I could gain all my companions to God?" It was from Him who had given him such a holy joy, such ingenuity in doing good, such a tender love; from Him who made him so insensible to all personal interest, void of all earthly affection or desires, seeking only the unfading delights of heaven; from Him, lastly, who made him so affable and just in his dealings, gentle in word and thought, a treasure of grace and sanctity.

Thus it was that his prayers, his conversation, his studies, his very playing at recreation, all became a lesson an example, an apostolate.

He sought every means to protect his companions from evil, counsel, gentleness, prayer, suffering, courage, every means to draw them to good, to reform the wayward, to gain souls. His devotion to Our Lady Immaculate, the dogma of whose sinless conception was defined about that time, made him consecrate himself anew to her; and, with the knowledge of his superiors, and the co-operation of some of the best of his companions, he established the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception in the Oratory, he sought to increase its numbers by exhortation, and example, and by a hundred little devices, all part of the apostolate of a *hunter of souls*, as he had been called.

Two heroic characteristics.

I must however refrain from narrating further particulars of this life, which contains incidents, whose value and beauty could not be described. I must sum it up by naming two heroic qualities. One was his resolution to which he was ever faithful: *Death rather than sin*. The other was his desire and intention to sacrifice even his life to overcome the enmity existing between two of his companions at the School they were then attending. I have called them the summit of virtue, because they are the two sacrifices, one internal, the other external, by which it is seen that in a few years he had fulfilled a long time: *explevit tempora multa*.

(To be continued).

If you are aware of any "SALESIAN BULLETIN" which is misdirected or is going astray, please notify:

*The Very Rev. PAUL ALBERA
32 Via Cottolengo, Turin, Italy.*

You will thus be rendering the Salesians a highly appreciated act of kindness..



Salesian Notes and News.

London. The passing of the month of May, and the greater part of June means that the Scholastic Year at the Salesian Schools, whether at Battersea or elsewhere, is approaching its termination. These two months are of great importance from more than one point of view, for not only are they dominated by the atmosphere of examinations which are concerned mainly with mental training and development, but they include items of first importance in the spiritual realm, which is the prime factor in the real educational process.

These latter were the keeping of the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians in the School on May 24th, and the annual retreat for the boys. The former of these has a traditional significance, for it is intimately associated with the foundation and growth of the Order itself, and is regarded as the culminating event in the month of May, which is kept throughout with increased devotion, and ceremony. The Feast itself always includes such items as a Mass of General Communion, (including this year several First Communions), a Solemn High Mass, a repast worthy of the occasion, a holiday from lessons and an entertainment in the evening.

The latter, the annual Retreat, is a regular feature in our Schools, as in fact, in nearly all Catholic Boarding Schools. It must not be thought that a retreat is too advanced an item of spirituality for the young to appreciate as to profit by. It is not too long, not more than three or four days; but the boys from the age of about twelve upwards are able to follow instructions and sermons adapted to their age and capacity, and are capable of reviewing the spiritual state and forming rules for future guidance. Suggestions and instructions heard during the retreat may often stand a soul in good stead in years to come, when there is no time or chance for such a spiritual banquet as a retreat affords. With such important matters to deal with the months of May and June run a rapid course and only pass away to usher in the final act.

It is important for Readers to note, as was

stated last month, that applications for admission in the New Year, beginning in September should be made without delay, on account of the high numbers already at the school. The number of students is about two hundred and twenty, and the vacancies will only occur in the places of those who finish their school course at the end of this term. Apply to the Very Rev. C. B. Macey S. C. Salesian School, Battersea, S. W.

Farnborough Salesian School. It is very gratifying to note that rapidly increasing prosperity is still the characteristic of the Salesian School at Farnborough. The following notice from the Universe gives an account of the School itself, and of a recent event which was both memorable and much appreciated.

"While in Farnborough on Saturday last His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, who was accompanied by Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., and Mgr. Jackman, paid a special visit to the Salesian School. The distinguished visitor was met by the Rector, Fr. Sutherland, and was given an enthusiastic reception by the staff and students. His Eminence, who has four students in residence at the School, had previously expressed his intention of seeing the recent extensions at Farnborough; the Community accordingly looked forward to seeing His Eminence, who took such a prominent part in introducing the Salesian Congregation into England, and who cherishes such a great admiration for the Founder, Don Bosco.

His Eminence recalled, with much feeling, his first meeting, as a student at St. Sulpice, with the Ven. Don Bosco, the deep impression his sanctity made upon him, and the remarkable wave of enthusiasm that passed over Paris during Don Bosco's short stay there. "It was extraordinary," exclaimed His Eminence, "and only a Saint could have caused such a stir among a pleasure-loving people."

While on his way through the refectory the Cardinal stopped to read the decree from

Rome, notifying the introduction of the Cause of Beatification and Canonisation of Dominic Savio. Don Bosco's pupil, and one of the first flowers of holiness. His Eminence inquired if the *Life* of the saintly youth had been translated into English, and receiving a reply in the negative, he expressed the desire to do so himself, if he could only afford the time. The Cardinal, continuing, said he had been greatly struck by Dominic Savio's remarkable vision concerning the conversion of England.

Before leaving, His Eminence expressed the great satisfaction and pleasure his visit had afforded him, and said he could see by the remarkable developments that Don Bosco's hand was raised in blessing on the School. Then turning to the boys, he smilingly remarked: "I am sorry I cannot give you a holiday, as you have had your holidays already, but I hope to come and see you soon again, when you may need one." The Cardinal then took his departure, the Salesians and students testifying their deep gratitude for his kindly visit.

It may be interesting to add that four years ago the students of the Salesian School, Farnborough, numbered thirty-nine; this term the numbers exceed a hundred and fifty. During the past two years the students have gained thirty-four honours, twenty-five distinctions, and a hundred and eighty passes at the public examination. Among the new extensions may be mentioned the commodious refectories, kitchens, dormitories, lavatories, bath rooms etc. The school has over fifteen acres of playing fields, and the students have won for themselves a high place in the athletic world."

Note. The *Life* of Dominic Savio, referred to above by His Eminence the Cardinal, has now been translated and prepared for publication. His Lordship the Bishop of Salford has written a preface to the work, which is due to appear in a few week's time. Ed.



Salesian School Both boarders and day-pupils make up the growing numbers at this School, which stands on the rising ground on the North side of the picturesque Common. Its term has been a successful one, and both the Oxford Local, and the College of Preceptors' examinations, will be held at the School, for both of which it has been recognised as a centre. The number to be presented will be much in excess of any previous year and good results are confidently awaited.



**Daterson
U. S. A.**

We have further activity to chronicle in regard to the work of the Salesians in the United States. They recently bought up two building lots in Madison St. and Fr. Focacci has made these over to the Nuns of Our Lady Help of Christians for the Festive Oratory work to which they are devoted in this parish. This news was made public through a statement by the Chronicle, coming from Fr. Focacci who is the rector of the Parish. In it he says: „We bought the property to provide the Sisters with the means of extending their care of the children., particularly during the week, and for the older girls on Sunday. The boys and young men have long had a convenient club, with its many advantages, but the girls have so far had no provision in that direction. It is our desire to set up a well-equipped Festive Oratory, and to cope with the difficulty of giving the very little children a refuge from the streets; for this we are asking for co-operation on all sides, and any assistance would be welcome.

And there is still on the ground just acquired a small building which may serve a good purpose as a shelter or play-room. Moreover the members of St. Antony's club have set their hearts on possessing a club-room of their own separate from the church buildings. The present quarters on the ground-floor of the Church have seen a great increase in the number of the members, so that a separate building will become more and more necessary. To this end the Rector has promised a piece of ground, if a sum can be raised to commence the building with, and developments in that direction may be expected in the near future.



The Municipal Council of Turin and the Monument to Don Bosco. One of the great features of the celebrations next year, for the centenary of Don Bosco's birth, is to be the unveiling of

the monument now being erected to him near the Sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians. The monument, as has been pointed out in previous issues, is being erected mainly by the past pupils of Don Bosco, but the great sum needed has forced their committee to apply for co-operation by others, interested in this very worthy project. Above all, it was thought, that the city of Turin itself, which is most intimately bound up with the name and triumphs of Don Bosco, should be given the opportunity of contributing from the public purse; and accordingly, the Senator, the Right Hon. Baron Manno, the president of the executive Committee, addressed the following letter to the Mayor of the city:

To the Right Honourable, the Mayor of the City of Turin;

"Among the past-pupils of Don Bosco, in all parts of the world, there has been formed a Committee, to promote the erection of a monument to the venerated memory of Don Bosco, on the occasion of the centenary of his birth; it is to be an evident and solemn attestation of universal gratitude for the greatest work of Christian and social betterment of the nineteenth century.

A son of the people, Don Bosco dedicated to the children of the people his whole life, at once simple, intensely laborious and truly apostolic, inspired with the faith that illuminates, that surmounts obstacles, and with the charity that spares no suffering or trial for the good of humanity at large.

The apostolate, which Don Bosco began on Dec. 8th 1841, grew in a few years to three Sunday Oratories in different parts of this city, and was consolidated by the erection of the School at Valdocco, where he gathered together first those who had no friend to guide them, or even home to shelter them, and which has grown into the vast undertakings in all parts of this country and of the world.

Together with the Nuns of Our Lady Help of Christians the work numbers 870 Institutes, 519 for boys and 351 for girls, and this includes every class of educational endeavour from the youngest child to the university student or from the apprentice in a workshop to the highly skilled mechanic or even the artist and sculptor. Its recreation departments and Sunday Oratories, its evening schools, clubs gymnasiums, athletic and dramatic circles, all these combined form an immense network of educational centres, in touch with three hundred and fifty thousand boys, and a hundred and forty thousand girls.

Italy alone has two hundred and fifty institutes, including all the principal cities, the industrial districts and centres. The Mother House at Turin, the origin of this immense work, is the prototype of these institutes, and is itself a marvellous example of the active and enlightened educational effort that radiates from these Schools. The Oratory of St. Francis of Sales proper has 575 pupils, and in its sixty years of existence has had 24,600 boys within its walls; it has, attached to it, the Festive Oratory with evening schools, gymnasium, club etc., numbering 800 boys in attendance, and has had 50,000 boys during its existence of some sixty years. The Institute in this city conducted by the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians has more than 700 pupils, and is a model of educational work, with all sorts of departments for the va-

rious branches of domestic training and higher courses of education, as well as an immense Sunday and evening work among the girls of the town.

But the work in other countries is on the same varied lines, coping with the needs of the young of all classes, and promoting the spiritual welfare of the people. In other continents, particularly the new world, the development has been immense, corresponding to the wide demand for an educational and social work among the growing nations. Its various means for assisting immigrants has raised that department of its work to a prominent position in recent years, and the country is undoubtedly in debt to the Salesians to a very great extent, for their public work in this direction. Many of these centres could be named where such things as secretariates, homes until the immigrants are settled, evening and Sundays schools, clubs, loan societies, reading rooms and lending libraries, benefit societies etc, are all adapted to the needs of those who are new-comers in a strange land.

Its wonderful missionary work should receive special mention, for these have carried christianity and civilisation far and wide, particularly in the interior of South America, where the immense plains and virgin forests still provide refuges for thousands of native tribes.

In these and many other ways, the works of the followers of the Ven. Don Bosco, both directly and indirectly, benefit the country which gave them birth, and will bring lasting honour to the name of the ancient and noble city which has always shown a generous disposition towards them.

Probably no name of the whole nineteenth century stands for such a combination of the arts of charity and peace, wonderfully fruitful, as that of Don Bosco, in whom Christian faith and love of fellow man were perfectly fused, and gave rise to that productive activity and prodigious industry which has been a blessing for the nations.

It is, therefore, no matter of surprise, that a world-wide movement should be on foot for the erection of a monument to such a benefactor; and it will stand in front of that great Sanctuary to Our Lady Help of Christians, which was his own creation, in the centre of the Valdocco district which was the home, as it is still the centre, of the whole Salesian world.

As you already know, the Executive Committee sent out notice of competition for the monument on the basis of 200,000 francs, besides the expense of the foundations and accessory alterations, and the work was finally allotted to the distinguished sculptor, Signor Cellini. The mu-

nicipality, through its architectural section, approved the project, and confirmed the concession of the space in the Piazza Maria Auxiliatrice; and the Committee, interpreting the sentiments of all admirers of Don Bosco's work, sent to you, the Mayor of the City, heartfelt thanks.

This same Committee now feels it a duty to invite the Municipality, which has ever shown itself so appreciative of the genius of Don Bosco, and also the whole people of Turin, which made such open manifestation of its sentiments on the occasion of the death of Don Bosco, and also of Don Rua, to contribute to the erection of the monument in memory of him who lived for the city and its needs.

After consideration of this proposal, the Committee of the Municipality, which has already done much to facilitate the project, replied through the Mayor, that in view of the considerations laid before it, and the great merit of the Founder of these eminent good works who had gained the highest admiration from all, independent of creed, it had decided to vote a sum in subscription to the monument; and this the more readily, as the erection would be an addition to the beautiful, monuments of the city. The Committee accordingly proposed to vote a sum of 20,000 francs, to be submitted for ratification in a few days' time."

This account by the *Momento* will give further encouragement to the executive Committee, for it has to find large sums both in connexion with the monument and the schemes for the centenary celebrations in August 1915.



Trieste - Greeting Trieste is in Austria-Hungary at the head of the Adriatic, and has, for some years, had a very flourishing Professional School, and much Sunday Oratory work. The band of the Institute has won a high reputation, and has now made a name for itself by being specially invited to greet His Majesty, William II, Emperor of Germany. When His Majesty was on way by sea to Corfu, in the spring, it was announced that he would pay a visit to the Hereditary Prince, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was then at his Castle at *Miramare*.

On the following morning two divisions of the Austrian fleet came up from Pola and took up their position in front of the Castle. The German Colony, anxious to display its devotion to the Emperor, chartered the steamer *Seraievo* and invited the band of our Institute to accompany them. On the following morning, the the boat all beflagged, left the quay and put

out towards the castle of Miramare, the band sounding forth their most enlivening notes.

On the horizon there came in view the yacht *Hohenzollern*, escorted by two German cruisers, and by an Austrian torpedo-boat and yacht. The steamer passed in front of the cruisers the band playing a royal march, and went over towards the castle and opposite imperial yacht; then falling behind, it followed in its wake and finally remained stationary. The *Hohenzollern* passed in front of the naval squadron while guns fired a salute. The steamer *Seraievo* followed slowly and was soon at its side a short distance away. The noise and smoke of the guns died away, and then was heard the sound of three cheers for the Emperor given by the German colony on board the Steamer. The band played the Austrian national hymn, and the two cruisers, escorting the Imperial yacht, replied with the discharge of twenty-one guns. Then was given the German national anthem, followed by a salute from the Austrian cruisers. In the meantime a steam-launch had left the castle-quay with the Archduke on board, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, and some members of his suite. The meeting took place on board the imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, the *Seraievo* being but a few yards away. The Emperor and the Archduke then entered the steam-launch and went to the castle. The *Seraievo* passed again between the lines of the warships and returned to the quay at Trieste, the band playing all the way, to the applause of those on board, His Imperial Majesty and His Highness the Archduke also spoke in the highest terms of the musical attainments of the boys.



A new Salesian Bishop.

The Holy Father has been pleased to nominate as titular Bishop of Prussaide, and auxiliary to the Archbishop of Cuyabá, the Very Rev. Francis de Aquino Correa, D. D. of our Society. The new prelate is probably the youngest Bishop in the world being only twenty-nine last April. His career, however, has been a very brilliant one.

His early studies were done in his native-land of Brazil. Having joined the Congregation, he came over to Rome, and at the Gregoriana University he obtained degrees in both philosophy and theology, he was ordained priest in Rome on Jan. 17th 1909 by Mgr. Ceppetelli, the Vicar-General.

Soon afterwards he returned to South America and went back to Cuyabá, where he was Superior of the St. Aloysius' School, and has displayed great zeal and talents. To our con-

frère, thus called to exercise a higher apostolate in his native land, are sent all hearty congratulations and good wishes.



The Seventh General Congress of Salesian Co-operators. The ever widening field of activity, engaging the labours of the followers of Don Bosco in South America, has been the subject of articles in recent numbers of this periodical. The visitor from our Superior

their reproduction and counterpart in the new world; and it will soon be necessary for the old world to look to its laurels in this regard as in other directions. In the autumn of this year there will be held at San Paolo, Brazil the Seventh International Congress of Salesian Co-operators. The proposal has been put forward by a very influential Committee of that town, and by the manner in which it has been taken up in other states, it is assured of success and worldwide co-operation.



His Eminence Cardinal Bourne at the Salesian School of Farnborough.

General was full of astonishment and admiration, astonishment that so much could be undertaken and accomplished by our confrères spread all over the vast continent; admiration for the zeal and generosity of devoted Salesian Co-operators, who appreciate the benefits bestowed upon their country, and are ever ready to combine in the extension of such works of social and religious advancement.

The great celebrations to be organised in Turin and elsewhere, for the centenary of Don Bosco's birth, will have their echo, or rather

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro has sent his blessing, and the heartiest recommendation of the scheme. The Apostolic Nuncio has sent a lengthy reply to the Committee's suggestions, and his letter will probably find its way into our columns, as a magnificent memorial of his zealous good-will in regard to the Salesian Apostolate.

The Congress Committee has already had several general meetings, and the event will be partly in preparation for the centenary celebrations, which will be under discussion. His

Grace the Archbishop of San Paolo is President of the promoting Committee.



The Holy Father's Ancona has for some years had a prosperous Salesian School and Oratory, and has now enlarged its scope of religious activity by the opening of a large church dedicated to the Holy Family. There were great festivities during the triduum for the opening solemnity, at which His Grace the Archbishop presided.

The Sovereign Pontiff has shown a special interest in the extension of the work and has presented the new Church with a monstrance, chalice and pyx. This prompted the sending of a message of thanks and filial devotion to His Holiness on the day of the opening, to which His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State replied by telegram: *The Holy Father, very gratified by the filial devotion expressed by the Salesian Community and the faithful at St. Aloysius' most willingly sends his Apostolic Benediction.*



Rome.

The Nuns of Mary Help of Christians have a large Institute in the Via Appia Nuova, and there has seldom been such a series of solemnities within its walls, as those held in March last. His Eminence Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of His Holiness, had made the School a magnificent present in the shape of a precious reliquary containing the Relics of Saint Aurelia Virgin and Martyr.

The reliquary was placed in an urn and carried in procession by four priests to the chapel where it remained for three days exposed to veneration. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar presided at the function and celebrated the Mass the music at which was conducted by the Director of the Choir of the Lateran Chapel. His Eminence showed much interest in the various works being carried on in the Institute.

On the following day Holy Mass was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal Cassetta, titular Bishop of Frascati, and a prominent Salesian Co-operator. On the next day the celebrant was Mgr. Pescini, Private Chaplain to His Holiness the Pope, who also preached to the great gathering of girls and young women in the School Chapel. In the afternoon was held the final solemnity. The relics were again borne in procession by four priests, and then deposited in their shrine. The octave day was also celebrated, the Holy Mass being offered by the Majordomo of His Holiness, Mgr. Ranuzzi, at which there was a general Communion.

The Nuns and girls were delighted to be honoured with the presence of so many distinguished ecclesiastics, and the feasts in honour of the Virgin and martyr will be always remembered in the annals of the School.



A missionary triumph. For years our Missionaries among the Bororos in the forests of central Brazil have been endeavouring to withdraw their Indians from certain superstitious rites. Only the experienced missionary knows the difficulty of prevailing on the native mind to abandon what he considers part of his very nationality, and as intimately bound up with his present and future welfare. The Indians in the care of our confrère, Fr. Balzola, have at last overcome their obstinacy and destroyed the building which has been the scene of many superstitious ceremonies and of the famous bacururù dance and festivity. The event is described in his own words. "In the midst of all our labours and difficulties Our Lady has granted us a great consolation. On the vigil of the feast of the Immaculate Conception all the Indians came to the decision that they would destroy the *bahyto* or large hut, which is built in the centre of all their settlements, and is the scene of their chief reunions and superstitious rites. The building was accordingly demolished and burnt, and the site cleared of every trace. On the following day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a large Cross was erected on the spot and a solemn promise made that they would not return to their old paganism. It was quite a triumph for the true religion and has been quickly accomplished, considering the ingrained prejudices of the Indians in regard to these traditions."



Communications and offerings may be addressed to our Superior General:

The Very Rev. PAUL ALBERA Salesian Oratory, — Turin, Italy.

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



News from the Missions.

MATTO GROSSO (Brazil)

The Discovery of a Great Waterfall on the Rio das Mortes.

Barreiro, Colony of the Sacred Heart.

Very Rev. Don Albera,

THE Indians, whom we have instructed and baptised this year, have persevered most faithfully in the practice of their new faith, and thus the Colony is fast becoming a really Christian village. The greater number of the baptised Indians approach the Sacraments on all Sundays and Festivals and some of them more frequently. They seem to us like the newest fruit gathered in the garden of the Church, and in one of its farthest corners, and their piety is a reward for the untold sacrifices which their conversion has entailed.

The petitions of these Indians in their seemingly barbarous language must be very acceptable to God, for they arise from simple, candid hearts, breathing forth their inmost wishes. A few years ago they knew nothing of the name of God as their Father in Heaven, but now they join in His praises, and in fervent petitions, often made aloud with great earnestness.

Prayer is indeed the cry of their soul and they feel its beauty and its salutary effects: for, now, they themselves say, they are almost afraid to go to sleep, or commence the day without prayer. In fact, if for any reason we are late in calling them to prayer, some of them will come and say to me:

—“Father, are we not to pray to the Lord today? Why is this? Could we thus carelessly go to sleep?”

It is clear then that the grace of God has much power over their hearts and yet they were so lately savage, but are simple and generous! And I could add many particulars which would put to shame the Christians in many other civilised lands!

Departure on an exploring expedition —
First day's journey — Success in hunting
— Evening prayer.

There is now some interesting news to be announced. This year, throughout the Catholic world the XVI Centenary of the Peace of the Church and the Triumph of the Cross has been celebrated, and we also did not wish it to pass unnoticed, but we decided to celebrate it in an original manner; it was as follows:

These Bororos in our familiar conversations are always telling me of the natural beauties of various points on the *Rio das Mortes* and especially of a great waterfall on that river and have invited me to accompany them there in a journey of exploration. In the middle of the year, after celebrating the feast of the Sacred Heart, they repeated the invitation so cordially that I consented.

We fixed a day for starting, and all preparations being made the men set out, armed with bows and arrows and some with long knives to clear the path. They went in a long line, one after the other, according to their custom. We followed them on horseback, accompanied by the beasts of burden. The women, did not accompany us except by their good wishes, but they stood and watched the line, as long as it remained in sight.

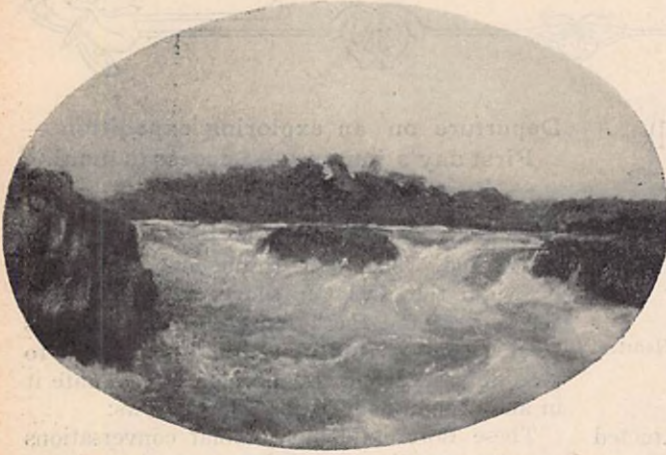
A party of the men now hurried forward so as to surprise some game in a large wood we had to traverse; others were engaged in clearing the way before us, cutting branches of trees, bamboos and creepers to right and left.

Towards mid-day we were passing through the wood, when shouts resounded through the forest. They were our hunters who had just slaughtered two wild boars. When we reached them, they gave a joyous shout and said:

“Father, we shall not want for food! we shall not want for food! this a fine wild boar; will you eat some of it?”

That day we travelled on through the woods and towards evening arrived at a brook of sparkling water where it seemed advisable to spend the night. The camp was pitched in a few minutes. We halted a short distance from the

Indians and whilst these were cutting up and roasting the produce of the chase, we thought about preparing some supper; then a youth brought us a leg of the boar and another a large piece of meat which we roasted at the fire.



The beginning of the Cascade.

When we had taken our meal, I called them and said:

—“Come and pray to the Lord before going to sleep!”

—“They came at once.”

In a loud voice I began in their own language the prayers which broke the silence of the night in that wild spot, the sounds re-echoing around, making a pleasing impression.

I also prayed with them, but my thoughts flew to my confrères and Superiors, thinking how they would have been struck by this touching scene the reward of their many prayers. When it was over they came to wish us Good night, and thus ended our first day's journey.

Second day's journey — Curious animals fierce enemies.

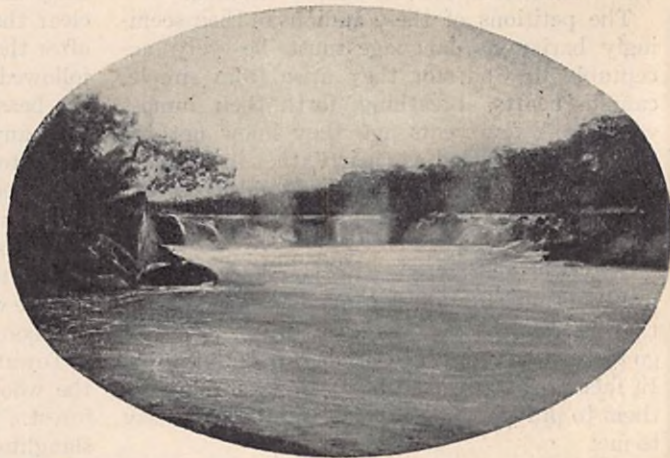
That night it was late before I slept. The fires lighted by our Indians, here and there, threw flickering shadows amidst the trees rendering the scene solemn and mysterious. From time to time some one rose and making up the fire, produced fresh lights and shadows.

At dawn, having prepared the little altar under the tent, I celebrated Holy Mass, and immediately after we performed together our usual devotions. Faith is indeed the animating principle of the life, the strength and comfort of the Missionary!

When we set out, the Indians had already gone before us to hunt, with the exception of a few who remained with us to make a path.

As on the previous day, we crossed woods, hills and valleys, until, towards midday, we reached the banks of the *Rio das Mortes*; there we halted, because that night our Indians intended to fish in a neighbouring tributary, which we had discovered years before and named *Rio San Marco*. Our camp was pitched on the shores of the majestic *Rio das Mortes*, which is still to a great extent unexplored. Towards the middle of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century several tried to ascend it, others to descend it, but their efforts were always vain either on account of natural difficulties or the ferocity of the savages who dwelt on the banks amongst whom were our very Bororos.

Seated on the banks of the river I was occupied with these thoughts when I saw some animals, which looked to me like dogs or cats, raising their heads out of the water; they gave a cry and then plunged again into the stream to reappear again several times. They had not perceived us and they plunged and re-plunged in the waters at a short distance from where we were seated. They appeared to me of the family of otters, here called *driragna*. I had heard of these animals,



The greatest descent of the Cascade.

but I now saw them for the first time. A little more than three feet in length, they have a small head, something like that of a cat, a large mouth furnished with sharp teeth, a long thick neck, of a dark yellow with black stripes; they have not claws like dogs and cats, but

hands and feet like monkeys, the fingers joined together by a membrane facilitating their movements, and a long somewhat flat tail, thick and hairy. They feed on fish, live almost



Features of the water-falls.

entirely in the water and are rarely seen on land; I am told they are very brave and able to hold their own against any other animal. The Bororos are afraid of them as they bite ferociously.

We amused ourselves for some time watching them; but our pleasure soon vanished; being pestered with large flies and gnats the most terrible enemies of travellers in these deserts. To escape from them we were obliged to light fires and it was only in the dense smoke that we obtained some freedom from the clouds of insects which bit us without mercy and got everywhere they could, putting us into a not very pleasant frame of mind.

Thus we reached the end of the second day. The savages had returned with a quantity of game and, having prepared what was required for fishing on the following night, we took our improvised meal, gave thanks to God, and retired to rest.

Third day's journey — Changes in temperature — Fishing — An involuntary bath — Difficulty in getting out of the forest.

The night passed quietly though it became somewhat fresh, not to say cold. In this torrid

climate, especially in the dry season, or rather in those months when there is not a drop of rain, there is an enormous difference between the temperature of the day and that of the night. Several times I noticed in this journey that the maximum in the shade in the daytime went up to 93 and 95 degrees Fahrenheit, while in the night the minimum was as low as 45 and then one feels cold. In low and damp places, as on the banks of rivers, the cold is felt still more. Even under this burning sky which makes the lightest clothing seem heavy, there are times, at night, when one cannot sleep without warm blankets.

The cold forced us to rise and get near the fire to find the warmth which our blankets did not furnish. Under our small tent I celebrated Holy Mass before sunrise, and then sat near the fire contemplating the surface of the waters. Now the dawn was awakening nature to a new life and light mists, rising from the water, disappeared in the sky; how beautiful it was, the river vast and majestic with soft shadows, the woods and palm-trees swaying in the gentle morning breeze; nature seemed to whisper the voice of its Creator.

Soon after, the savages returned from their fishing, which has to be done in the early hours of the morning before sunrise; I will not explain the method, having already spoken of it several times.



A few yards from the cascade.

That morning they returned laden, and almost staggering under their burden of fish; they came straight to me bringing a fish, some two, others more, so that I had to say:

—“Enough, enough!”

Then they began to laugh and said:

—“Very well, we shall eat them all ourselves: but give us some tobacco, because eating without having something to smoke is not good... and may do us harm!”

I understood their way of putting it, and gave to each a little tobacco, saying:

“Go and eat in peace and enjoy yourselves!”

Whilst they were eating, we resumed our journey with the guides and re-entered the forest.

It was near mid-day, and when starting we said the *Angelus* invoking the protection of our Blessed Lady. Having reached the banks of the tributary of the *Rio das Mortes* where our Indians had been fishing during the night and which, as I said we had already, in a previous journey, named *Rio San Marco* because it was discovered on the Feast of that Evangelist, we found no ford, and were obliged to swim across, with water up to the shoulders.

Plunging again into the cool shade of the virgin forest we followed the course of the *Rio das Mortes*, which flowed majestically at our feet, and after a short time we emerged into the open under the fierce rays of a burning sun, but, thank God, we soon got into the shade again. In the middle of the wood we crossed another stream; as it was the Feast of Our Lady's Visitation, we gave it that name.

Before long we were once more in the open and the horizon expanded before us with a beautiful view, a contrast to the monotony of the forest. The sun was going down, but its burning rays still reached us and we were feeling weary. Our guides told us that a little further on there was another stream, difficult to ford. And we found it so. Weary and perspiring we reached the stream, not large but fairly deep, the banks of sticky mud. It was impossible to ford it and we were discussing what was to be done, when an Indian called us, saying,

—“Come here; we can cross easily!”

And he pointed out two thick stakes which they had laid across when first coming to the Colony... but the bridge broke just as I was crossing, giving me an involuntary bath. The waters reached to my neck, but I was rescued and we got over safely. The night was spent close by. The following morning the heat was oppressive, but fortunately we soon entered a large forest... But the hours passed and the forest seemed interminable.

The sun had already set, night was rapidly approaching and we were still buried under a mass of leaves and branches. The Indians were plying their hatchets vigorously to right and left saying:

—“Just a little more and we shall get to the end!”

“But again there was a hindrance; it was a stream which, though small seemed to say “*Stop there!*” We were not to be prevented and although it was dark, by a supreme effort we got across. Night, however, was coming on, and it was only by the sagacity of the Indians that we managed to reach the open, where we could see the stars shining in the firmament.

In haste they began to collect wood, for they said: — “Here we must keep a large fire all night; we are near the forest and tigers are numerous about here, and may pay us a visit.”

A good fire lit up the scene and darkness formed, as it were, a huge circle round us. Fatigue soon overcame us; we did not pitch the tent or seek any shelter from the falling dew, which on some nights resembles rain but having taken some food and commended ourselves to God we slept, wrapped in our blankets.

The sound of the waterfall — A change in the landscape — Reaching the goal — Picturesque spectacle.

On the morning of July 4th we were awakened by the cold and drenched with dew; the fire was still burning and we hastened to warm ourselves. The savages had risen and were talking together. At my coming, one of them exclaimed:

—“Father, do you hear any noise? I replied that I heard nothing beyond the ordinary sounds.” “Listen again” said the Indian, listen well and you will hear the noise of the waterfall.”

I listened attentively and heard a distant noise like the rising of an impetuous wind: a dull, deep noise more or less distinct.

—“I inquired if we were near, but was told that we must wait awhile: we should only get there towards evening!” I doubted this and I called others to listen.

They also were of my opinion. It seemed as if the noise could not be more than a mile and a half distant; and yet it was not so! Anxious to reach the goal speedily, we prepared in haste and set out again.

Having traversed several thickets, we came upon extensive plains like meadowland, with a palm, here and there, lifting its leafy crown to the sky. These lands must be flooded in the rainy season; we traversed them without any difficulty.

We went on thus until close upon mid-day, when a new prospect, almost unexpectedly, opened before us. It was the meeting of the

waters, a river flowing into the *Rio das Mortes*, which at this point, broad and imposing, begins the descent. We stopped to contemplate the beauty of the two rivers, and to rest awhile; we gave to the affluent the name of *Rio St. Louis*. Forging it without difficulty we continued our way.

The noise, one might almost say the roaring, of the great waterfall became ever louder and seemed to be only a few paces distant; the appearance of the country was entirely changed: no more forests, plains or lowly lands, but

The river, which a little higher up, would be about 650 feet wide, in this channel narrows' to between 20 and 30 feet and gradually descends thus from rock to rock, for about 1600 feet more. After which the two branches unite again, and the stream flows on tranquil and majestic, resting from the turmoil and preparing for future combats.

Again we see it imprisoned between colossal walls of black rock, tossing, leaping and covered with white foam, then widening out as a placid stream reflecting in its waters the overhanging



ELIZABETHVILLE (Belgian Congo) — The first fruits of our Mission.

high and stony ground and a hilly peak in the river, near which one saw mounds of stones through which the water was forcing a passage. And it was no longer merely a noise, but the roaring of the tempestuous water. A little further... and we saw rising in the air, shining with the colours of the rainbow, the vapour from the water precipitating itself into the abyss.

The river divides into two branches; in the midst rises a massive rock as if to stem the waters which dash furiously to one side or the other, between walls of granite, impetuous and foaming. The ground seems to tremble beneath the shock and the spray envelopes the gorge.

plants and graceful palms, whilst islets and rocks render this spot eminently picturesque.

It was the calm, forerunner of the final struggle! All of a sudden, the enormous liquid mass hurls itself into the abyss and from the black rocks, from the boiling waters ascends a continuous roaring as of thunder, and from the white foam rises a thick mist veiling the gulf opening at our feet. At first the impression is confused and terrible, then extraordinary and beautiful, for all that comes forth from the hands of God is beautiful: it is truly a sublime spectacle.

This immense amphitheatre of black rocks whose bare walls are diversified here and there

with moss and grass, forms a margin to the deep well into which the abundant waters of the *Rio das Mortes* precipitate them roaring down a fall of about 23 feet. On the brink of this abyss, vision is darkened and the feet stagger; it seems as if everything were moving, rising, falling and disappearing in mist and wind.

Within the arena of this amphitheatre, lashed by the waters ever falling from above the waves meet come to blows, and assault the black walls enclosing them. The cascade is there solemn and majestic and one is never weary of contemplating the beauty of the spectacle. A mist rises continually and hangs like a permanent aureole over the abyss shining in the rays of the sun and as Stopani observes, the rainbow is ever there immovable, symbol of peace after the preceding tumult. The amphitheatre has an opening opposite the cascade, where the foaming waters pour through a narrow channel, and, as if wearied with their prolonged struggle, flow more peacefully, then again meeting with rocks, the tumbling waters lose themselves in the distance....

We also, like the above-named naturalist, who describes the *Toce* waterfall, were never tired of contemplating the spectacle, but as sunset was approaching, we retraced our steps... not to go to the inn! but to prepare our camps close by, under the shade of a tree.

Whilst my companions were collecting wood having still my Breviary to say, I withdrew to seat myself on the margin of the great cascade and, in presence of the wonders of nature, found no difficulty in raising my thoughts and my voice to the Lord of all...

The cascade is named after Pius X — Setting up of a Memorial Cross.

Having finished my office, I remained some time longer in contemplation of the scene. I was convinced that this must be the great waterfall which had been met with in past ages by some adventurers. They had not however given any information regarding it, so that its situation had not even approximately been ascertained. It therefore came into my mind to attach to this marvel of nature the name of him who at present holds the highest place in Christendom, and to erect near it a Cross in this year of the Centenary of Constantine.

I returned to my companions and said to them:

—“Do you know what name I think of giving to this great waterfall? It shall be named *Waterfall of Pius X!* Does that please you?”

All stood up and cried out together: “*Long live Pius X! Long live the Supreme Pontiff!*”

There, on the brink of the precipice we said our night prayers and *in Nomine Domini* we retired to rest. But I could not quiet my imagination. In the silence of the night the noise of the waterfall seemed more terrible and solemn. Not accustomed to that constant, penetrating noise, we awoke many times and finally before dawn we had all risen, wishing to see that magnificent spectacle illuminated with the first rays of the sun.

I said Mass before dawn and then approached the waterfall.

A stupendous spectacle! it appeared to be on fire. The rising sun illuminated it, the white foam appearing red and a cloud of white vapour rose up to the sky like a column of smoke from an immense boiling caldron.

Afterwards we sought in the neighbouring wood for two large trees with which to make a cross. It was to be erected on the following day, on the brink of the amphitheatre, so that it might command the Cascade and the whole of the magnificent scene visible from that spot.

At the same time we thought of cutting the revered name of Pius X on a great rock close by as we had given his name to the waterfall and finally we took some measurements.

The width of the river above the cascade I reckoned as approximately 480 to 650 feet and the depth about 7 feet. From the highest point where the descent begins, as far as the point where the cascade finishes I reckoned the width about 160 feet and thus it remained from one and a half to two miles.

The barometric readings were very high.

Between one thing and another the day passed very rapidly. Towards evening our savages who had gone fishing returned with a large quantity of fish. At night I went again to the cascade. Strangely enough, in the darkness, enshrouding all, the cascade was illuminated with streaks and sparks of light. Astonished, I watched carefully and saw the phenomenon repeated rapidly in succession, whilst these luminous sparks, accompanying the falling water, disappeared and reappeared, spangling the white foam with luminous points. I made up my mind that this was caused by phosphorescence.

The following day, Sunday, the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, Holy Mass was said on the margin of the great cascade. All the Indians assisted at it. Then we raised and fixed the Cross. With a crown of woodland flowers from a fragile creeper the arms of the Cross was

wreathed. After the blessing, all knelt down and prayed devoutly;

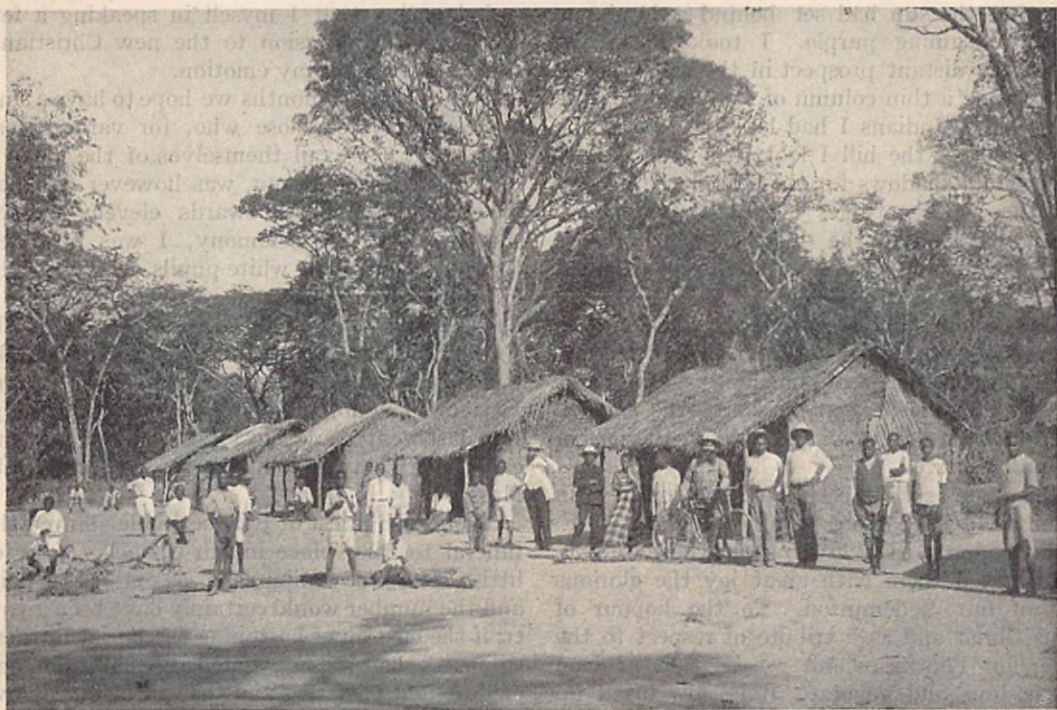
Bidding farewell to that place which had made such a great impression on us, we returned to our camp to set out on our way home; we mounted our horses, and the noise of the cascade began to grow more and more dim.

The return journey — Alarmed by smoke — Arrival at the Colony.

In a short time we reached the *River St. Louis* and sunset being near, we pitched our tent under

Caïamos, the fierce enemies of our Indians. There could not be any others about, and if it proved to be that tribe, and they had seen us, it meant trouble, if not strife.

These were our disturbing thoughts, and, considering who might be the dreaded neighbour, and how we could prevent his advance, we thought it advisable to set the wood on fire. This we did, and the flames, kindled by the wind soon attained vast proportions; we hastened our steps and prolonged our march throughout the whole day. When night came we adopted the greatest precautions, on the alert to hear the



ELIZABETHVILLE (Belgian Congo) — The first huts of our Negroes.

the magnificent palm trees, still under the impression of the morning's emotions.

On the 7th July, at sunrise we were already on our way. The journey back was much easier and more speedy, for our steps were not hindered by the branches of trees, bamboo canes and matted creepers; so we went on happily, our Indians keeping near the river, trying to catch some fish. But all of a sudden I saw them run towards me, breathless and frightened. They had perceived columns of smoke arising on the other side of the river. We all stopped and looked through the thicket.

A dense column of smoke was, in fact; rising not far from us, on the opposite side of the river. We at once dreaded the presence of the terrible

least noise. Our Indians remained somewhat melancholy and lay down near us. In war, one fears an enemy at every step.

The sun had not yet appeared on the 8th of July when, mounting our horses, we entered a wood, hoping to get very near the Colony or even to reach the Colony itself. We were soon at the *Rio S. Marco*, in which, though it was cold and we had no desire to go into the water, we were obliged to take a bath. Fortunately, we had scarcely emerged from the forest when the sun played his part well, shooting down his burning rays upon us.

Midday was already past and we thought of resting a little; for that purpose we were approaching a small rivulet, where we intended to

halt, when, out of the thicket came a herd of antelope. One was killed, and having taken some refreshment we traversed without difficulty a dense wood and another stream; towards evening we encamped on the slopes of the hills behind which stretches our Colony, at a distance of about twelve miles. As it was only five o'clock, I thought the Colony might be reached that night, so I called a companion, said farewell to the men, and, setting spurs to my horse, entered the wood. The good animal seemed to understand my wish and proceeded at a swift pace. In little more than an hour I was out of the wood and at the top of a hill, just after the sun had set behind a luminous cloud of flaming purple. I took in at one glance the distant prospect in the valley below I saw rising a thin column of smoke; it was the camp of the Indians I had left; but down the other slope of the hill I looked in vain amidst the evening shadows for the site of the Colony and the white cottages of our Christians.

Notwithstanding the dusk, I safely crossed the Barrero, and towards eight o'clock I arrived unexpectedly at the Colony.

The Indians, at rest, with their fires burning before the doors of their huts, did not see me. The Community were finishing their night prayers and met me as they left the Chapel. The following day, towards midday, the rest of our party arrived.

This then is the account of the journey, in which I travelled more than 70 miles N. N. E. from this out post of civilization where we live, and planted there with great joy the glorious sign of our Redemption. To the honour of Jesus Christ and as a tribute of respect to the Sovereign Pontiff, whom we, as sons of Don Bosco, love and venerate, it is now lifted up amidst those virgin forests, on the banks of that splendid river... May it be a pledge of the speedy redemption of all that territory!

I beg of you, Very Reverend Don Albera, to bless us our sons and the Indians whom God has confided to our care.

Your most affectionate son in J. C.,

ANTONY COLBACCHINI,
Salesian Missionary.

BELGIAN CONGO

—ooo—

The first fruits of our Mission.

From the letter of the Missionary Fr. Sak, Director of the Salesian Mission of Elisabeth-

ville, written to Don Albera, we extract the following:

I rejoice, Reverend Father, in being able to send you some news of our Mission, which will certainly give you pleasure. The day before yesterday, I baptized 14 of our negro pupils, whom we have been preparing for eighteen months, the greater part of which they have spent with us.

Monsieur Desan, the law-officer at Elisabethville, kindly consented to be the god father of the neophytes, who were proud to have a *white man so highly placed* for this office. The long function was accompanied with such piety and devotion that I myself in speaking a few words on the occasion to the new Christians, could not restrain my emotion.

In a couple of months we hope to have a similar ceremony for those who, for various reasons could not avail themselves of the first.

A day, so well begun, was however destined to end in sorrow. Towards eleven o'clock shortly after the ceremony, I was informed that one of our little white pupils, who had been indisposed for some days, was near his end. I hastened and found him in danger of death. Fr. Schillinger, whom I summoned, arrived only just in time to hear his confession and give him Extreme Unction. He was a very good boy, who last year made his First Communion, and came every day to our Mission to serve Holy Mass.

The parish priest of Elisabethville allowed the funeral to take place in our Chapel. Many of little Hector's companions assembled for it, and the number would certainly have been greater, if the custom of hastening the burial in these countries, had not prevented it. The poor boy died at half past two and the burial was at five o'clock! He was accompanied to his last resting place by Fr. Schillinger, Monsieur Verborn, and I blessed the grave; whilst he, who had so ardently desired to serve a Midnight Mass, doubtless sang the *Gloria in excelsis Deo* with the angels in heaven!



Your charity, blessed by the grace of God, has dried up many a fountain of tears, and saved a great number of souls.

Ven. Don Bosco.





DEVOTION to Our Lady Help of Christians

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

PIUS PP. X.

The Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians at Turin.

A preliminary notice is forthcoming of the celebrations of the great Festival of May 24th, a fuller description being reserved for our next issue. There was no sign of any decrease in the enormous numbers that flock to the Basilica, and anyone witnessing the vast gathering was enabled to form an idea of what the Centenary Feasts will be like next year, to which these were a prelude.

On the very first day of the Novena, May 15th, there appeared to be one constantly flowing stream of Communicants from early morn till midday, this being partly accounted for by the fact that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin said Mass in the Basilica at half past five, and addressed the Congregation which filled the church even at that hour.

On the eve of the Festival, Mgr. Castrale, Bishop of Gaza, was the chief celebrant in the morning; the Bishop of Albenga pontificated at the Vespers in the afternoon, after which Fr. Trione, the Secretary to the Association of Co-operators, fresh from his protracted journey in South America, gave the Conference, which is always a part of the programme for the eve of the Feast. Our Superior General, the Very Rev. Don Albera also spoke for a few minutes.

That evening the façade of the Sanctuary was illuminated and the band of the Festive Oratory, the descendant of Don Bosco's first band, gave selections in the piazza until a late hour. At a quarter past eleven a service was held, and the people remained till the feast had been ushered in. At twelve o'clock, there was a special prayer of supplication to Our Lady, followed by other prayers. The Holy Mass was celebrated from day-break onwards. The

chief celebrants were His Eminence Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, His Lordship Mgr. Cattarossi and the Very Rev. Don Albera. At the Pontifical Mass, His Eminence the Cardinal preached from the text „*Fecit mihi magna qui potens est*“. The evening's procession through the city was a most imposing and stirring sight, and was followed by Benediction in the Sanctuary and given also from the steps of the main entrance. Details must be reserved for our next issue.

GRACES and FAVOURS (1)

Manchester. — I enclose a thank-offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians, after obtaining two recoveries from very dangerous illnesses. Prayers had been offered and a promise made of publication of the favour. The intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians is asked for another much desired favour.

March 1914.

H. C.

Georgetown, Demarara. — A novena of prayers had been made to Our Lady Help of Christians to obtain the recovery of a child from a serious illness. I now enclose a thank-offering, and would ask you to publish the favour according to a promise made.

March 1914.

Anon.

Catena. — A little child of two years was stricken down with diphtheria and dangerous complications. It was very rapidly brought to the verge of death and the skill of physicians.

was in vain. The signs of death were already settling upon the little body, when the grief-stricken parents turned in the depths of their sorrow to Our Lady Help of Christians. Her statue was brought into the room and a novena begun. There was soon a change of scene, for in a few days the joy of the parents told that the child had been restored to convalescence, after it had seemed quite beyond the reach of hope. This wonderful recovery is published at the parents special request.

March 1914.

Rev. L. O.

Sligo (Ireland). — I am sending a thank-offering in return for a temporal favour received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and her Servant Don Bosco. I had promised a Mass in thanksgiving and obtained instant relief through her powerful aid.

A client of Our Lady.



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 June 15th to July 15th.

1. June 19th Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus
2. June 28th The Nativity of St. John the Bap.
3. June 29th SS. Peter and Paul.
4. July 2rd The Visitation of Our Blessed Lady.
5. July 5th Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

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.

≡ OBITUARY. ≡

The following Co-operators are recommended to the prayers of the associates:

Mr. Louis Williams

Glanley (Falkland Islands).

A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Port Stanley, Falkland Islands on the ap. 30th for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Louis Williams, whose loss is most keenly felt not only by his devoted wife, whom he had led to the altar only a year ago, but by all Port Stanley, for he was indeed a friend to every body. His life was devoted to works of charity and the Catholic Mission has lost in him one of its staunchest supporters. He showed great interest in the Children, took part in their services in the Church, and was ever thinking out new enticements to induce them to assist regularly at Sunday School. Every year he provided all the prizes at St. Mary's School, and he was most prominent in all charitable undertakings. His favourite saying, and rule of conduct was:

"I shall past through this world only once. If therefore, there be any kindness I can show or good thing I can do, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

While tendering our deepest sympathy to his sorrowing wife, we pray that he may speedily receive the eternal reward of his many good works. R. I. P.

- Mrs. M. C. Fraser, *Tobago*.
 Miss Emmett, *Lancaster*.
 Mr. Pillar Frichinopoli.
 Mrs. Clowry, *Chicago*.
 Mrs. Giltinan, *Sundayswell, Cork*.
 Mr. Murphy, *Chicago*.
 Rev. D. O'Keefe, *Trolee*.
 Rev. J McCabe, *Rhode Island*.
 Mrs. Saldanha, *Mangalore*.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.



We have the pleasure of announcing to our esteemed
Clients the publication of a new

ROMAN MISSAL

containing the modifications prescribed by the S. R. C. Jan 23rd 1912.

*Edition de luxe printed in red and black with line-border
on hand-made paper, in clear-faced roman type.*

Superior Royal quarto (14 × 10).

This edition of the Missal *is the first on sale with all the modifications and recent prescripts.*

The paper, made by the celebrated house of Fabriano, renders the missal all that can be desired. Many pages are most artistically displayed from the works of the most celebrated artists of the Renaissance, Fra. Angelico, Mantegna Perugino, Gaudenzio Ferrari.

The frontispiece is artistically printed in colours with a magnificent border.

We have studied with the greatest care the beautiful palaeographic publications of Montecassino which faithfully reproduce the rich scroll-work of that abbey and in which may be seen the first forms of the latin initials which we have adopted.

We have endeavoured to bring out this edition in accordance with the decrees of the Apostolic See, and we have added the recent canonized Saints.

It has been our intention to offer a Missal, which is everything that can be desired from an artistic and economic point of view.

We therefore express the hope that our labours and the great expense incurred will be rewarded by the Clergy who are always the first to encourage the progress of sacred art.

Price of Missal unbound £ 1-0-0.

We have the Missal in various bindings, but it is inadvisable to send them abroad on account of the heavy tax on bound books.

The various Salesian schools of arts and trades can supply bindings at a very cheap rate.

Price of each copy sent to the British Isles plus carriage £ 1-2-3.

Do to the U. S. A. £ 1-5-0.

We do not print the Propers for each Diocese.

(Samples of paper and printing sent on application).

Letters and Postal Orders to be addressed to

Libreria Editrice Internazionale S.A.I.D. "Buona Stampa"

Corso Regina Margherita, 176 - TORINO.



We have the pleasure of announcing to our esteemed Clients the publication of a new


ROMAN MISSAL

containing the modifications prescribed by the S. R. C. Dec 23rd 1912.

Being the first printed in red and black with line-blocks on hand-made paper in clear-faced roman type.

Superior Royal quarto (8 1/2 x 10)

This edition of the Missal is the first on this scale with all the modifications and

	<p>Try “PHYLTON” which is useful to all, especially in cases of Epilepsy, Apoplexy, Anemia, and to the Debilitated and Nervous. It is a blessing for the aged, prolonging life and preventing the ailments and disturbance of old age.</p> <p>Gratis instructions of easy method for increasing weight (9 lbs. per month). Ⓢ Strengthens the organism, giving the patient the healthy aspect so much desired, and cures in twenty days Anemia, Constipation, Under Development, Bad colour of skin, Epilepsy, Apoplexy, Nervous Diseases, Neurasthenia, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, Disturbances of the Heart and Liver, Cerebral and Spinal Weakness; Gout, Arthritis, Diabetes, defective sight and hearing; premature old age, bad digestion, diseases of the skin, Consumption, Nephritis, Pimples, Blotches, Sores, Exema, ailments of stomach and intestines; Cancer. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦</p> <p>Those who have undergone Electrical cures, injections or other treatments write to the “BUONA SUORA, 22, Monte Napoleone, Milan (Italy). Enclose stamp. * Eight Medals * Three Diplomas. * * * *</p> <p>PHYLTON may be obtained of all Chemists.</p>
--	--

It has been our intention to offer a Missal which is everything that can be desired from an artistic and convenient point of view.

We therefore express the hope that our Missal and the great expense incurred will be rewarded by the clergy who are always the best to encourage the progress of sacred art.

The various editions are bound in half and leather and are supplied complete with a very large stock of each size with the French label plus carriage & post.

We do not print the Index for each Missal.

Examples of paper and printing sent on application.

Orders and Postal Orders to be addressed to
 Fabrice Editrice Internazionale S.R.L. "Buona Stampa"
 Corso Venezia 110 - TORINO