

Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.

MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARIJ AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

APRIL 15, 1897.

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DA MIHI ANIMAS

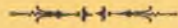


CÆTERA TOLLE

D. BOSCO



THE CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP.

- 1.—During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and holy Mass offered on Fridays for all Contributors to the Building Fund of this International Monument of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In order to augment these spiritual advantages and admit to their enjoyment a greater number of the faithful, the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in the above named church; whereby all the members participate in the fruit of six Masses daily, in perpetuity, offered for the intentions of those who are inscribed in the books of the Association and have given an alms of One Shilling once for ever towards the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- 2.—Two of these daily Masses will be celebrated at the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, two at that of Mary Help of Christians, and two at St. Joseph's. We may remark that Don Bosco's venerable name is associated with the two last-mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.
- 3.—Besides the six daily Masses all MEMBERS, both living and dead, participate in the fruits attached to:
 - (a) The recital of the Rosary and the imparting of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which takes place every day in this church;
 - (b) The devotions performed by the little boys of the Oratory in their own private Chapel, including also the Mass at which they daily assist;
 - (c) All the Services, Novenas, Feasts and Solemnities whatsoever, that are celebrated in the aforesaid church;
 - (d) The prayers and good works performed by the Salesians themselves and by their protégés in their Homes, Colleges, Hospices, Oratories, Missions, etc., in Italy, in France, in Spain, in England, in Austria, in Switzerland, in America, in Asia, in Africa,—in a word, wherever they are established or may be called by Divine Providence.
- 4.—Participation in the holy Masses will commence on the day after the alms have come to hand, all the other spiritual advantages are enjoyed from the moment of inscription.
- 5.—The contributor, we repeat, of one shilling given once for all, is entitled to put his intentions in all the six Masses and all the other pious works, for his own advantage or for that of his friends, living or dead, and to change the intention *in every circumstance* according to his particular wants or desires.
- 6.—Inscriptions may also be made in favour of departed friends, of children, and of any class whatsoever of persons, even without their knowledge or consent.
- 7.—Persons desiring to participate more abundantly in these spiritual advantages may do so by repeating the alms of one shilling, thereby multiplying the inscriptions as often as they please.
- 8.—The offerings thus collected are destined for the maintenance of the boys of the Hospice or Oratory founded by Don Bosco on the grounds annexed to the Church or the Sacred Heart of Jesu. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.
- 9.—The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.
- 10.—There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome, the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, 42, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

Approbation

We approve the "Charitable Association" and we wish it the greatest concurrence of the faithful.
Given at Rome, etc., June 27, 1888.

✠ L. M. PARROCCI, Card. Vic.

The Papal Blessing.

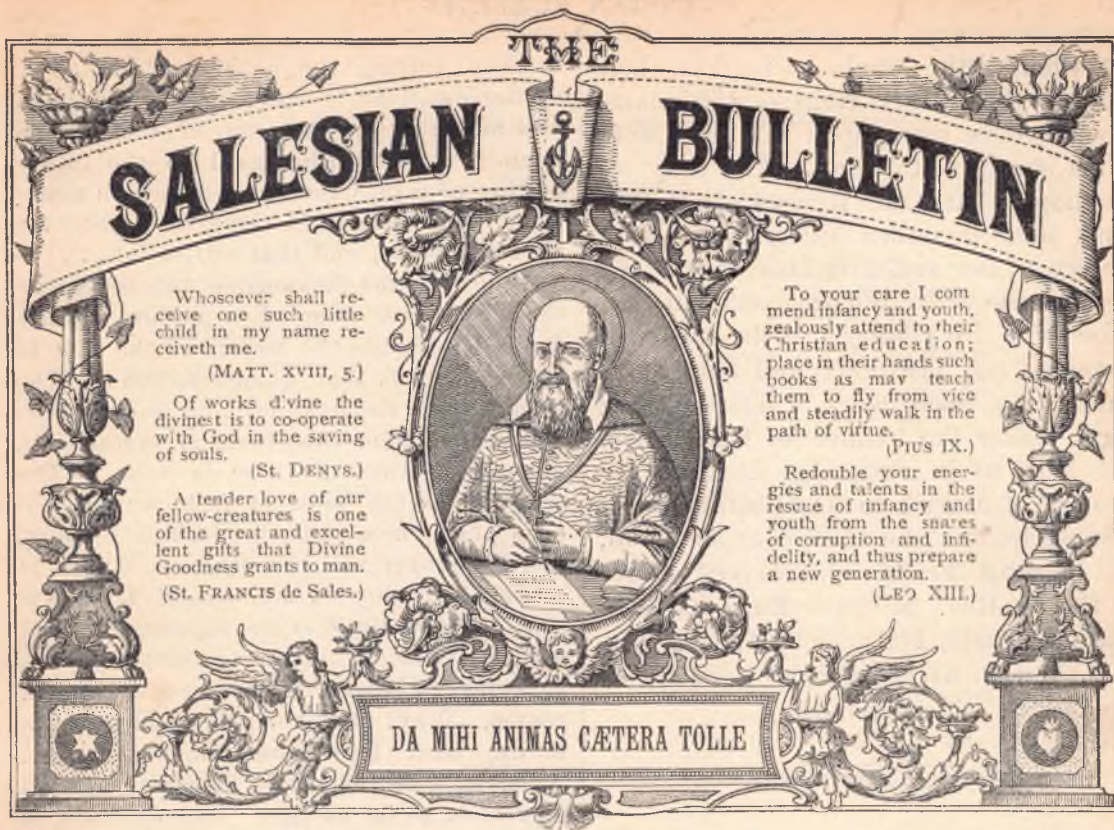
The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

N.B.—A chromo-lithographic reduction of the classic painting, placed above the High Altar in the Church of the Sacred Heart (Rome), will be sent as a "Certificate of Inscription" to the Pious Association for every offering received.

On application full particulars will be given at the Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.



Whoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

(MATT. XVIII, 5.)

Of works divine the divinest is to co-operate with God in the saving of souls.

(ST. DENYS.)

A tender love of our fellow-creatures is one of the great and excellent gifts that Divine Goodness grants to man.

(ST. FRANCIS de Sales.)

To your care I commend infancy and youth, zealously attend to their Christian education; place in their hands such books as may teach them to fly from vice and steadily walk in the path of virtue.

(PIUS IX.)

Redouble your energies and talents in the rescue of infancy and youth from the snares of corruption and infidelity, and thus prepare a new generation.

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CAETERA TOLLE

Vol. II.—No. 54.

April 15, 1897.

Registered for transmission abroad

PUBLISHED AT THE "ORATORIO SALESIANO,"—VALDOCCO, TURIN, ITALY.

THE SALESIANS IN LONDON.

OUR good friends and Co-operators will be glad, we feel sure, to hear a little news of the Salesians in England, in the columns of the *Salesian Bulletin*.

The Orphanage attached to the Church and Mission of the Sacred Heart is now as full as it can possibly be. Every available space has been taken advantage of, and petitions for admission still come pouring in. It is absolutely necessary for us to build, and that, too, at once. It is, however, generally admitted that houses are built by workmen, that

workmen need bricks and mortar to build with, and that even the bricks and mortar have to be paid for, to say nothing of the wages of the labourers. This then, is the reason why we venture to make an appeal to our readers. We wish to extend the present building by a new wing, and this, if we are to continue the work which our beloved Father Don Bosco entrusted to us, must begin at once. England, Protestant England, is rich, but Catholic England is poor. At Battersea, London, we are surrounded by a seething, poverty-stricken mass of men and women, each fighting in the weary struggle for bare existence. In the midst of all this poverty dwell our Catholic brethren. Our hope, the hope of the future, lies in the children. They stretch

out their little hands to implore their good Mother, Mary Help of Christians, to smile once more upon this land over which she used to reign. And may we not hope that Our Blessed Lady will touch some generous hearts to listen to the cry of her suffering little ones? We are sure she will. We are confident that those who love Mary's little ones will hasten to our assistance and help us to extend the good work which we have begun under the banner of Don Bosco, and help us in restoring England the "Dowry of Mary", to its rightful Queen.

Subscriptions, be they ever so small, will be most gratefully received either by the V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy, or by the V. Rev. C. B. Macey, 64, Orbel Street, Battersea London, S. W., England.



LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

IN the eternal designs of God, writes Bishop Durier, man is to wear "a crown of honour and glory." His crown of honour is to serve God on earth. There is no honour like this: next to the honour of being God, the greatest honour is to be God's servant. His crown of glory is to partake of God's glory in heaven. There is no glory like that; next to the glory of being God, the greatest glory is to be partakers of God's glory.

Unbelievers speak of death as being the end of man. After death all is over, they say; man dies and that is the end of him. But "the wish is father to the thought." They wish that after death all should be over, because their prospects beyond the grave are not very flattering! The terrible retribution, on the day of reckoning, stares them in the face; they shrink from the very idea of it. Why! the very idea of it would blight all the pleasures of their life; they could not sleep; so they lull themselves

to sleep, singing the unbeliever's lullaby: "After death all is over; sleep, sleep; man dies and that is the end of him: sleep sleep." With regard to the future destiny of man, unbelievers believe in something: they believe in the same destiny for man and beast, and that settles it! . . .

Agnostics, the fashionable unbelievers of the day, have adopted a notion artfully devised to dodge the terrors of the life to come. Here is that quaint notion: "The human life is the unknown and unknowable. We cannot know that there is another life, nor can we know if there is none." The Agnostic is the pink of fashion; he will even pray where it is the fashion to pray, and his prayer will be: "O God, if there is a God, have pity on my soul, if I have a soul." How stupid is the Agnostic notion! and it is a fact that in such a stupid notion, some people behold the progressive human reason. Why! that human reason is but a falling back into bare animal instinct. Animals, with their bare instinct, are all Agnostics so far as they "cannot know if there is another life, nor can they know if there is none." Well, it is no use to trouble our fashionable Agnostic friend with a question about the future destiny of man—he would only turn round and say: all I know about it is that I know nothing.

Christian faith holds that beyond the grave there is another life—a judgment at the tribunal of Christ—eternal glory for the just—for the wicked eternal punishment. And reason says there is another life, as there is a just God: justice must have its course.



Many children are lost owing to bad training, many parents are lost, too, for having taught their children irreligious principles. These truths merit attentive consideration. If children are well brought up, the coming generation will be orderly and industrious. Then we shall see better times, and have a population that will be an honour to the country, the prop of families, the glory and credit of religion.—DON BOSCO.





BOLIVIA.

FIRST SALESIAN FOUNDATIONS
IN THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

La Paz, Feb. 28th.

VERY REV. AND DEAR DON RUA,

HERE we are at last! Three months and a half have rolled by since we bade you a sorrowful adieu. A few days ago, the 17th inst., we arrived at La Paz, where we are going to establish the first Salesian foundation in Bolivia. On the 13th of January, fourteen missionaries destined for La Paz and Sucre, met together in the sanctuary of Mary Help of Christians in Almagro, suburb of Buenos-Ayres, a place that had already witnessed the departure of Salesians for Chili in 1886, and later on in January 1888. The Virgin of Don Bosco blessed us with maternal affection, and obtained for us from her divine Son the courage that we had need of to overcome every obstacle. It is impossible to say how much we suffered in separating from our confrères,

FROM BUENOS AYRES TO
SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO.—ON THE ANDES.

Our journey from Buenos-Ayres to La Paz could not have been more pleasant; our dear Madonna was unsparing in her blessings.

A two days' journey brought us to Mendoza, where we stayed a week, in order to give a Retreat to the Salesians and the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians, who are a real Providence to that city. I also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to several persons, and gave our Co-operators their first Salesian Conference.

On leaving Mendoza we had to cross the Andes, at first by railway, then by carriage, and finally on mules.

Brother Bodino, who was suffering from a disquieting fever, would not linger behind,

even for a sing step. —“Courage, Bodino”, said his confrères to him, in order to raise his spirits; “do honour to yourself, take care to stick to your mule in such a way as to become one with him”. And Bodino laughed and set to work to *unify* himself with his mount, and thus earn the bravos of the *arrieros* (muleteers), who were escorting him along the giddy mountain track which leads from Argentine to Chili. When we began the descent, we got into our carriages again till we reached the railway, which by a steep decline, set us down at Santa-Rosa de los Andes, two days after our departure from Mendoza. There were waiting for us on the platform our confrères Fathers Tomatis, Scavini, Corratella, and the clergy of the town, in the midst of an immense crowd which accompanied us to the Church in order to receive the blessing of the Salesian Bishop. The same evening, at half past ten, we reached Santiago; at the terminus, Mgr. Fagnano, Fr. Migone and the greater part of our confrères from our three Houses of this town, came to welcome us.

We had to stay in the capital of Chili ten days. No fewer than these were necessary to preach a Retreat to the three Institutes of our Religious, to give the habit to several novices of our House at Macul, to administer Confirmation to a number of people, and last of all, to keep the Feast of our sweet Patron, St. Francis de Sales.

“EN ROUTE” FOR ANTOFAGASTA.

On February 1st, after leaving at our beautiful Oratory in Valparaiso the confrères destined for the foundation of Sucre (Bolivia), I took passage, accompanied by the *personnel* intended for La Paz, on the steamer *Lautaro* bound for Antofagasta.

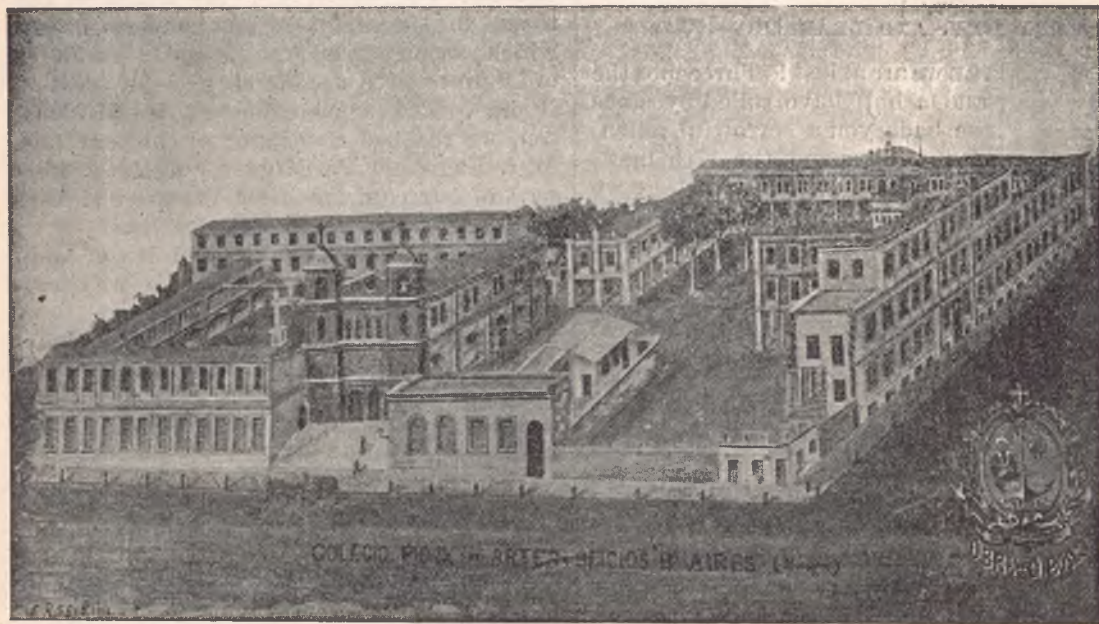
Our departure was signalled by an almost miraculous draught of fishes, which the fortunate inhabitants made in their port, where the water literally swarms with the finny tribe. The second event consisted in an unfortunate salute which two mail-boats gave each other when they met. The result was that one of the two steamers had to put back to port in order to repair the damage done to its prow by the shock. Thanks to the courteous attention of the captain of the *Lautaro*, our voyage had all the charms of a promenade. Our steamer kept close to the coast of Chili; thus we were often able to enjoy the sight of the splendid desolation of a coast where the eye

seeks in vain for a tree, a flower or a blade of grass. We touched at Coquimbo, then at Carrizal, next at Calderas, Chanaral de las Animas and finally at Taltal. All these places, although inhabited, seem to have been destroyed by fire. The *Lautaro*, like a veritable travelling merchant man disposed of a quantity of goods at each port, made his bow and continued on his course. Other steamers touch at these ports to take in a cargo of the riches of the country: gold, silver, tin, copper, bronze, antimony, salt-petre, etc., which the numerous mines in the mountains abundantly yield.

My dear confrères, who were making this journey for the first time, were continually

the prow of our steamer and the Pacific Ocean. The waves tossed us about gallantly and, dashing furiously upon the shore, seemed like an army advancing in good order and with impetuosity against a position which it was necessary to capture at any cost.

With the blessing of God, after a four days' voyage, we landed happily at Antofagasta: I say happily, because this terrible port, where bad weather reigns unceasingly, makes no ceremony about engulfing numbers of victims. Monsignor Etcheverrin, the Vicar Apostolic, welcomed us in the most fraternal manner. Moreover, M. Baptista, the President of the Republic, had sent



SALESIAN INSTITUTE OF PIO NONO IN BUENOS AYRES

meeting with surprises. They kept up an uninterrupted chorus of exclamations, a continual interchange of impressions:—"Nicholas, come here! Arrighini, quick; Bonelli, look at those seals; that rock is covered with them. Don't you think those horrible noises show that they are afraid of us? Look at all those *alcatraus* swarming on the reef, making it look like a moving path between the island and the sea! What shrill cries? look at those sea-birds taking flight! Philip, can't you see or hear anything?" The person addressed, had planted his elbows on the ship's bulwarks, and was watching with the deepest interest the progress of the combat going on between

orders from the capital to the Bolivian Consul to treat us as friends. This order was executed to the letter. We were allowed to visit the hospital of the town, where the Daughters of St. Anne are doing a great deal of good. When it was time, we took the train which was to convey us from Antofagasta to Oruro. It took us four days as the train stops on Sundays.

IN THE DESERT OF ATACAMA.

The first day our road ran through a mountainous region, across the celebrated desert of Atacama, where, at the time of the conquest, a large party of Spaniards, marching towards Chili under the guidance

of Almagro, met with their death. These places saw also, some years ago, the destruction of a number of Bolivians who had come down from Potosi to oppose the triumphant march of the Chilians. What a frightful desert! It seemed to have no limits. We kept on our way, continually ascending; the little engine puffed and snorted and toiled on; we had already reached a height of about 6500 feet. For twelve long hours the brave little machine laboured on without stopping, but the same desolate and dreary region still stretched on and on as far as the eye could reach, as if to threaten us with the sad fate suffered by the unhappy Spaniards and Bolivians. At last, towards 6 o'clock in the evening, a little green spot rose up in the distance, giving us the impression of an oasis. It was Calama, a small village, called *de mala muerte* by its inhabitants. It is famous for a frightful battle which took place there between the Bolivians and the Chilians, wherein the former were totally defeated, and almost annihilated by the number of the enemy.

We had scarcely got out of the carriage, when we took the refreshment that we had such need of. We went afterwards to the Church, a mere hut, and after saying a few words and giving the scapular to my hearers, we retired for the night.

Next day, early in the morning, after celebrating Holy Mass, we left Calama, — and without the least regret either, I assure you, in order to continue our ascent. We were still in the midst of the desert of Atacama: everything was parched up, like the country that we had already passed through.

We soon reached a height of some 10,600 feet; we proceeded slowly around the volcano of San Pedro, which is covered with eternal snow, and was at the time belching forth smoke continually, as if to mock our tiny steam-engine. And still we kept on going higher. At last we reached an iron bridge, more than three hundred feet high, and some four hundred feet long. Is there any water at that height?—Yes, or rather somewhat lower down, in a frightful abyss where it roars and dashes along as if to escape from our sight; we were crossing a broad torrent, the Loa.

At last we got out of the desert. About one o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Ascotar, which is perched up at the height of more than thirteen thousand feet, and soon after this the descent began. On our

right rose another volcano, the Ollague, as terrible as San Pedro. It is never without its pall of smoke, and its menacing conduct inspires the passers-by with real terror. One would have said that our brave little engine was under the same impression; rapid as the wind she descended the slope of the Andes, scarcely consenting to breathe for a few minutes at Chiguana and Julari. These places are two miserable villages, the first we came across in Bolivian territory, and where engines stop to take in water.

UYUNI AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

We were now outside Atacama, but the landscape continued to be a dreary one. Whilst almost devouring space, we passed immense tracts of land covered with borax, which are being worked by one of our countrymen, M. Rascali, the owner of an important manufactory for making boracic acid. We passed also vast salt-lakes, then full of rain-water, in consequence of the floods which, especially in February, are the torment and the plague of whoever travels in Bolivia. About 10 o'clock at night, bruised and frozen—to say nothing of those who had the fever—we arrived at Uyuni, which is a place, simply Siberian. It is an Indian settlement, situated at a height of about 12,000 feet, and where the thermometer sinks to 23° below zero. And this country is in the torrid zone! The night we spent there was a fearful one; lassitude and the rarefaction of the air preventing us from taking the repose of which we had so much need. The next day, Sunday, I alone celebrated Mass: they could only find a single Host. I preached a short time to those poor Indians, and then we had a little time to examine our surroundings. How can I describe to you the astonishment of my companions. They seemed to live in another world. The women thereabouts wear the same sort of hats as the men, and take them off on entering the Church, or approaching the priest. The mothers carry the babies, carefully fastened to their backs. Their children wear the inevitable hat, and sleep, take their food, or play with the long tresses of their mother's hair, whilst these latter talk to them, work, and when necessary, carry incredible burdens. In one place we came across a group of Indians clothed in a strange manner, with their long hair streaming over their shoulders; these unfortunate men, after caressing the

bottle too long, and drinking not wisely but too well of *pisco* or their common brandy, were reeling about until they fell heavily, one on the top of the other, all doubled up. Further off we saw a large flock of *llamas*, a kind of American sheep, with long necks and glassy eyes. They were led by shepherds who never leave them night or day, who lead a nomadic life like their flocks, dress in their wool, live on their flesh, and, even with the produce from their precious *llamas*, make cord, bags and all kinds of useful articles. This spectacle so new to all, absorbed the *examinative* faculties of the members of the party; and we were so enchanted, that we forgot the inclemency of the climate and the wild aspect of Uyuni.

FROM UYUNI TO CHALLAPATA—A FRIENDLY
RECEPTION.

The local authorities came to visit us and to offer us their services. We were grateful to them and begged them to help us on our way to our destination. In consequence of this, on Monday, at 5 o'clock in the morning, we set out for Oruro. The first station that the train stopped at was called Sevaruyo; it was mid-day. We had been travelling all that time over a table-land that was almost a desert, where only from time to time could a little moss and grass, called *yerba brava*, be seen; the Indians use it like straw to thatch their cabins with. This grass is so hard that only the llamas of the desert can eat it. As soon as we left Sevaruyo, the plateau at once changed in appearance. Now and then we met with a poor hut round which a flock of *llamas* were pasturing, guarded by a young Indian shepherdess spinning, but without a distaff. Further on the railway ran through fields of barley, potatoes, beans etc., often passing quite close to the neighbouring mountain which is rich in silver, bronze, antimony and copper; we saw also numerous groups of cabins, overtopped by a belfry; they were the two villages, Huari and Challapata. At this place, the eye of the traveller is agreeably surprised by an enchanting mirage, called in this country *expejismo*, which causes a wonderful phantasmagoria of lakes, trees and vessels to pass before the beholder, but which do not really exist. At length we reached Challapata. The entire population crowded into the station; it was almost completely made up of Indians. The chief of the police, in full dress, presented himself, a telegram in his hand:

the President of the Republic had given orders to all the authorities of the towns through which we passed, to offer their homage. I recognised in this attention the delicacy and the goodness of heart of the excellent M. Baptista.

The Indians made a rush to our carriage: first, we had to give them our blessing and next a scapular each. Willing or unwilling we had to satisfy them all; and an instant afterwards, our stock of scapulars existed only as a sweet memory.

An hour later we reached Poopo, where the Subprefect of the town and a large retinue were waiting to offer us their respects in the name of the Government and the country.

✠ JAMES COSTAMAGNA, *Bishop of Colonia*
and

Vic. Apos. of Mendez and Gualaquiza.

(To be continued).

PALESTINE.

THE ORPHANAGE OF THE INFANT JESUS
AT NAZARETH.

Nazareth, Nov. 24, 1896.

VERY REV. AND DEAR DON RUA,

HAPPY the people who have no history! In my turn I say:—Happy the Houses that grow in humility and obscurity, in the midst of the trials that God permits, and that the Evil one raises up with such diabolical prodigality. But, you will say to me, why are you going to speak of your doings in the *Bulletin*? It is certainly emerging from that obscurity and humility which become you so well.

—Alas! my dear Father, we must live: and Divine Providence, whilst never ceasing to watch over us, would severely punish our presumption, if we were to always count on its continual miracles, and, besides, the readers of the *Salesian Bulletin*, so charitable towards the new House at Nazareth, would never understand that we were addressing them.

I have already told you about the circumstances under which I came here,* of

* See *Salesian Bulletin* of August, 1896, page 122.

the help that I have received and of all the facts which, linked together, give us a clear indication of the views of Providence in our regard.

We are now installed in a house rented at 480 francs a year, and belonging to Abdallah Abdin, a Greek schismatic and the secretary of the Government at St. John of Acre. As I could not receive your answer before signing the contract, I reserved to myself a delay of one month to give up the place, if my Superiors did not approve of it, as I told you before.

It was on April 8th, 1896, that this installation took place, and it was one of the shortest that you can imagine.

An orphan, a poor servant and myself formed the whole *personnel*.

Each of us had a mattress, a bolster, a pair of sheets and two coverlets. The furniture, provisions and household articles were bought only when necessity demanded.

The most beautiful room in our dwelling became the Community chapel; my little portable altar permitted me to say Mass there.

Francis—that is the name of our young servant,—and Jouma, our first orphan child, divided between them the work of the house and the other duties. The prayers and religious exercises were made in common. In the evening we chatted together half in French, half in Arabic; then followed reading and dictation from some pious book.

Little by little, orphan children came to Jouma. My first care was to organize the Workshop of St. Joseph. Did we not do right in taking the Holy Family for our guide and model? Did not our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. make it a duty for us when he set before us the Holy Family at Nazareth as the most finished model of the social and Christian life?

“Behold, we are before the house of Nazareth,” he wrote (*Encycl. on the Rosary*, 1893), “habitation of earthly and Divine sanctity. What a model of domestic association! There abide simplicity of manners, perpetual concord, an order never disturbed, a mutual respect and honour, not false or capricious, but proved by the assiduity of service. There lacks no industry for the gaining of all that is needful for life; but all is got by the sweat of the brow, and—so much contentment is there with little—rather with the aim of lessening poverty, than with that of increasing riches. As a crown to all this, tranquillity of soul keeps

rule, and joy of spirit, which never wholly forsake him who does righteously.”

Ah, if the world would only return to the imitation of the House at Nazareth, the social question, so terrifying to-day, would be soon settled. This is the thought of Our Holy Father Leo XIII., this is the end proposed by Don Bosco, which he followed with so much perseverance, and which you, our beloved Superior-General and his worthy successor, follow.

An old pupil of Fr. Belloni's, Lazarus Aouad, master-carpenter at Nazareth, has joyfully offered to come to form our young Nazarenes in the work proper to his trade.

Another pupil from Bethlehem, Soliman Brahim, has joined us in the quality of a master.

The out-house, which serves them for a workshop, and almost the whole of our furniture, including the altar of our little chapel, are the products of the workshop of St. Joseph.

After organizing the workshop of St. Joseph, we had to think of getting another division of labourers ready to cultivate our garden, and later on to attend to the raising of stock on the land acquired by Fr. Belloni. This branch of labour was placed under the protection of St. Isidore the Workman.

On April 18th, Fr. Belloni sent us to help in our work, a young cleric and a lay-brother, both of whom have had to return to France after staying several months at Nazareth.

They brought two large boxes containing a few ornaments, some books and some old vestments. What joy for us! we should at last be able to celebrate with decency the Holy Mysteries!

But what a disappointment! Our ornaments were badly stained with oil. The red one was quite spoilt. The good Sisters of Nazareth exhausted all their knowledge, their turpentine and their skill without being able to make them wearable.

On April 28th, Fr. Belloni arrived at Nazareth. You may easily imagine what a feast-day this was for our infant House. He blessed the new Orphanage and the chapel. Through a motive of prudence, he wished that this should be purely a family festival and without guests. The presence of Fr. Belloni was for us a source of benedictions. During his stay, a pious young lady, who was taking part in the French pilgrimage, brought for our Establishment

a sum of 1110 francs from our friends in Grenoble.

The House at Nazareth took the name of—*Orphanage of the Infant Jesus*. This title, Very Reverend Father, was confirmed by your letter of the 6th of May.

Urgent business recalled Fr. Belloni to Bethlehem, much too soon for our liking. This good Father set out for Caïffa on Monday May 2nd, in order to embark for Jaffa with the French pilgrims on the steamer "Our Lady of the Salutation". At

him. The young Greek Catholics go every Sunday and Feast-day to assist at the ceremonies of their rite, in their parish Church.

It is impossible not to recognise the hand of Providence in this foundation. Really, the human help was nothing. An old man, little accustomed to speak in public, without any of those resources that could assure success, was sent to Nazareth. His one source of strength was a profound faith in the success of his work, and the enduring



The Salesian Church of Mary Help of Christians in Buenos Aires.

the departure of Fr. Belloni the Orphanage began to come out of its shell. Twelve children were divided between the two branches of boy-artisans: the workshop of St. Joseph for carpentry and joiners' work, and that of St. Isidore for gardening and agriculture. All the religious exercises common in the Salesian Houses are carried out exactly. From that time, a good Maronite priest came twice a week to give instructions to the children, to teach them catechism and Arabic, and to hear the confessions of those who wished to go to

of trials, provided that the will of God was accomplished and that many souls were gained to Our Saviour by means of the Orphanage.

A wonderful sympathy rendered his task easy, whilst at the same time an official, in whom diabolical interference seemed to be personified, raised up every kind of opposition and every hindrance that could be imagined. But Divine Providence was with us. The official has been recalled with shame to his own country, far away from Nazareth.

I will not give you a history of all the troubles that I have just been hinting at: it would be tiresome reading both for you and the readers of the *Bulletin*. But it is my duty to recommend to your prayers those who have helped me and with a devotion, too, that I shall never be able to thank sufficiently. I should like to mention what each one has done for our work; but that would take too long. Here are the names of our principal benefactors in the Holy Land:

include among them Monsignor Athanasius Sabay, Greek Bishop of St. John of Acre and the whole of Galilee, who has been so benevolent towards the Salesian works;

M. Ibrahim Kousi, who, in times of difficulty, has helped me not only with his advice but also with his purse, without wishing to receive any interest.

I have also met with kind sympathy and powerful support at the hands of the French Consul General at Beyrouth, as also from the Vice-Consul at Caiffa.



Journeying over the Andes.

Fr. Jos. Stéphane, representative of the Latin Patriarch;

Fr. Louis Dahdah, former Maronite parish priest;

Fr. Bouthros, present Maronite parish priest;

Fr. Joseph Letfallah, who is now in the Orphanage, and wants to become a Salesian.

The Latin member of the Midjelis, whose legal knowledge has been of great service to me.

I should be very ungrateful were I not to

I desire with all my heart that the memory of these generous and benevolent men may be handed down to posterity, in the pages of the official organ of our work, and that the Orphanage of the Infant Jesus may ever preserve for them a deep and unchangeable gratitude.

Thanks to them, thanks above all to the protection of the Holy Family, thanks to the prayers of Don Bosco and to your own, we see our work increasing and developing to a surprising degree. Our neighbours, the

separated Greeks, often come to us, desiring us to receive their children. One of them was brought to me by the Curé himself, a simple and virtuous man, whom I believe to be in good faith. Often they beg me to open a school for externs, promising to bring me all the children who are actually instructed by heretics.

However we have a terrible neighbour: Abou Raad, the *Father Thunder*!

By the attractive force of some magnet or other, the loose stone wall, which separates our two properties, began to travel constantly towards the East, and little by little some square yards of our estate were appropriated.

As a part of the wall was giving way, I begged Fr. Joseph Letfallah to take with him some of the boys from the division of St. Isidore, and build it up again on our own ground, in such a way as to prevent any further encroachment. The first day all went well, Abou Baad grumbled;..... but his rage did not burst out then.

The next day, when the boys were getting ready to continue their work, the wife, daughter and sister of our terrible neighbour threw themselves like furies on the little workmen, assailing them with a shower of stones. Fr. Letfallah, in spite of his naturally ardent disposition, had the wisdom not to reply to this provocation, and fell back in good order with the boys, on our farm; they were pursued by the three vixens.

I was at once informed of this attack, and my first thought was to prostrate myself before the Tabernacle; but my second was that I ought to be with my boys, if they were in any danger. Imagine me, then, puffing and blowing whilst climbing the steep hill which separates the property of the Orphanage. The field of battle was deserted. I found all my little family at the farm. Some had a few stains of blood on their clothes; but after examining them all, I found they had only sustained a few bruises.

Deo gratias!

One of our neighbours had heard the following dialogue between the mother and the daughter of Abou Raad:

The mother:—"Well, and what does your father say?"

The daughter;—"He says that he cannot strike them himself, because they would put him in prison, but as we are women they will not be able to do anything to us; we can go there and throw stones at them."

After enquiring into the matter, the police did not hesitate to put Abou-Raad in prison. The same evening, a relation of the prisoner, secretary of the municipality, came to ask pardon for this man, promising that he would be wiser for the future. We are called upon to pardon our enemies. God grant that our terrible neighbour may not forget his promises, but that he may become a friend to the poor Salesians!

Another trial was the absolute vacuum existing in our money-chest. After parting with our last napoleon, as I had received refusals on all sides, there only remained to have recourse to St. Joseph, the Patron of lost hopes. So we began a Novena in honour of St. Joseph. The Foster-father of the Holy Family did not let us wait long. Next day Fr. Belloni sent me 1000 francs, a sum of money sent for Nazareth through the Work of the Schools in the East; some days after, I received from you, Rev. Fr. Rua, help in the way of alms for Masses.

Lastly, the third trial which I experienced was an illness that obliged me to take a week's absolute rest; at present it only manifests itself by uneasiness in the stomach and by great weakness.

But in spite of all, how many thanks have we not to return to Our Lord, His Holy Mother and St. Joseph! How much do we not owe to the prayers of our dear and venerated Don Bosco! How many helps in the midst of trials! Material helps which did not leave anything wanting to our twenty-nine orphans with regard to the necessaries of life, and spiritual helps from the devoted and sympathetic Maronite clergy.

This is, in short, our actual position:

We have twenty-nine boys in the house, divided into two branches of workers.

Our personnel is composed of an old pupil of ours, a Maronite priest, who spends half the day at the Orphanage, another young Maronite priest who wants to become a Salesian, a Salesian lay-brother, another lay brother who desires to be a priest, and lastly a master and an undermaster in the workshop of St. Joseph.

Our title-deeds, to the number of *thirty*, are perfectly regular. A request for a firman, supported by all the justifying reasons, was addressed to Constantinople, in the beginning of October, and the French Ambassador was charged to push it on.

After coming to an understanding with His Excellency the Pascha of St. John of Acre, the Consul at Caiffa wrote to me that

I need give no further account of our work to the local authorities, whilst waiting for the firman authorising us to build.

I rely on your goodness, dear and venerated Father, to bring to the knowledge of our devoted Co-operators all that fills with profound gratitude the heart of

Your affectionate son in J. C.

Ad. NEPLE.

CENTRAL PATAGONIA.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF CHUBUT.

(Continued).

The Governor's Proposal.

AFTER Mass, his Excellency the Governor proposed to the assembled the erection of a Chapel in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in that locality, and offered to contribute 200 francs for the purpose. I seconded the Governor's proposal and gave my word for a like amount, and in a short time we had a long list of subscriptions. The site chosen for the chapel is at the foot of the mountains near the banks of the River Teca. This circumstance carried my mind back to the time when our beloved Father and Founder Don Bosco, in his tender affection for the Mother of God, recommended Monsignor Cagliari to preach the glories of Mary and have her praises sung on the banks of the Rio Negro, where our farthest Mission was then to be found. How Don Bosco will rejoice in heaven to hear shortly the sweet name of Our Lady made known and her praises sung along the banks of the far-away River Teca by the poor Indians! Were this the only issue of my long and arduous Mission, I should feel amply repaid indeed.

A "Tete-a-tete" with the Cacique Sacmata.

As I was anxious to have a parley with the Cacique Sac-mata, I approached and greeted him as soon as I saw him disengaged. He is about fifty years old, of the average height, erect and well-formed, and with skin of a bronze colour; his hair is long and black, and slightly curly; his eyes, which are dark and penetrating, have, however, a kind expression. He speaks Spanish very well, but is rather reserved in his speech.

"I am a Christian," he said to me, "and so is my wife, and we greatly esteem Father Milanese. What a fine man he is, he speaks our tongue with the same facility as we do, and he has a great affection for the poor *paisanos*." This is the name the Indians give themselves.

"And may I not count on your affection?" I asked. "I am the friend and confère of Father Milanese, and you may be assured I will do all I can to help you."

"Of course you may. But we are only slightly acquainted; in time we shall become good friends."

During our conversation, a bright and lively little child drew near to us. "This is my son, Venanzio," said Sac-mata presenting him to me, "and he was baptized by Father Milanese at Valcheta."—I caressed the child, and gave him a crucifix. The little fellow's eyes sparkled with joy as he took it from me, and he made me understand that he would place it around his neck and keep it always with him. Seeing the good disposition of this child of the Pampas, I asked the Cacique's permission to take him with me to Rawson where he would receive a good Christian education. The Indian glanced at his son, and then, turning to me with a smile on his face, said: "*Quien sabe?* Who knows." And I had to be satisfied with this evasive reply. In days gone by, the Indian freely consigned their children to the whites to be educated, but it not unfrequently happened that the poor children, falling into the hands of unscrupulous white men, were treated as slaves, and at the end of several years were sent back to their tribe as ignorant as when they left it, and, what was worse, depraved and corrupt. On this account the Indians now kept their children close by them, a circumstance that gives rise to not a few difficulties for the Missionary.

After speaking of several things of minor interest, I at length turned the conversation on the matter uppermost in my mind, namely, on Cayupul, the medicine-man. "You must not believe all you hear on this point," said Sac-mata. "A short time ago, a small band of Araucanian Indians passed through our encampment and were treated with every respect, but they despised my authority, for which they were justly punished. They now revenge themselves by going about calumniating me, and exaggerating the strange doings of the medicine-man."

"Then it follows that Cayupul exercises

the office of medicine-man and prophet in your tribe. And do you believe all he says?"

"How is this possible, since what he says is nonsense? My wife and I know the commandments taught us by Father Milanese."

"If you do not believe him, then why do you not put a stop to his disorders? Do you not see that he is reducing your tribe to poverty by having the cattle continually slaughtered, of which he selects the best for his own table, and wastes the rest in superstitious and useless sacrifices? A short time ago he was poor, now he possesses a large number of sheep, cows and horses: where did he get them from? But this is not all. He goes about saying things that offend God, and he is instigating the Indians against the Government. Sac-mata, give hear to my words, and impede this man from ruining your tribe. Besides, the Government authorities are already tired of these proceedings, and should things continue in the same strain, they will send out soldiers to lead you captives far away from your homes, your wives and children. Remember what befel the Cacique Sayuheque by the Rio Negro; think well on this, Sacmata."

My words seemed to ruffle Sac-mata's temper a little, for after a moment's silence, he rejoined in an offended tone: "But I tell you that I do not believe what Cayupul teaches, on the other hand, it annoys me; but I have not yet been able to bring about what you advise me, for the greater part of my people, especially the women, believe in him. Were I to take steps against Cayupul, it is not at all improbable that they would offer resistance, and in such a case I might lose the command of my tribe. I understand full well that a stop should be put to this nonsense, but a favourable opportunity has not yet presented itself for so doing. And after all, I see that even you believe what is being spread abroad concerning Cayupul."

"My dear friend, I find that everyone says and believes the same, and hence, there must be some foundation of truth. However, let me tell you that the Governor has come here with the express purpose of upholding your cause, because he has every confidence in you; and, if I am not mistaken, he intends to appoint you Government Agent among your people. Call upon him, then, and offer him your services, and be assured that all will go well. Have every confidence in him, as he is a conscientious man, a good Christian and your faithful friend. In a word, he has undertaken this journey for

your own welfare and that of your tribe; he is looking out for a suitable site, where to found a colony with church, hospital, schools, etc., for you. Do you not know of some such spot?"

Sac-mata's countenance assumed a pleased expression, and he eagerly gave answer: "Yes, two such places are familiar to me: the Valley of Laneu and that of Genua; both abound in rich pastures, water and woods; the climate there is mild, and the soil under cultivation would yield plenty. Besides, there we shall be near the ravines where we can hunt the guanacos."

"Just the spot; rest assured that if these valleys still belong to the treasury, you shall soon be in possession of one of these places."

"That will suit us exactly, Father. But tell the Governor, that we would prefer Genua. The other valley is full of sad memories for me. In a battle with a hostile tribe, two hundred of our braves were killed, and my grandfather among them, the most powerful chief since the days of Calcufura. Since that time the valley has been called Laneu, which means the *Field of Death*."

Meanwhile the Indians organized a few horse-races in honour of the Governor, and we therefore betook ourselves to the spot. During the intervals between the races, the Governor and Sac-mata had time to discuss and come to an understanding on many things. The Cacique promised to be in the Valley of Genua with all his tribe and welcome us on the 25th of January. It was also settled to send word to Cayupul to present himself to the Police Agent at the *Colonia 16 de Octubre* where we now decided to go.

I administered Baptism and Confirmation to several people, and blessed a few Marriages during our stay in the Valley of Teca. In order to carry out this latter ceremony, I was accompanied by a civil functionary who performed all the formalities prescribed by law. The Governor in his prudence gave me this companion in order to spare me the annoyances I underwent a short time ago, when I had to do my utmost in order to save myself from being imprisoned for the *great crime* of having undertaken to celebrate a religious marriage before the civil ceremony had been fulfilled.

BERNARD VACCHINA,

Salesian Missioner

(To be continued.)



HE KNOWS.

"I NEED oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee." And the sun shone gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk; and behold the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evensong it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways nor means. 'Lord send it what it needs, I prayed, — storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it and thou dost know.'" — *Morning Star.*

THE PRIEST'S REVENGE.

ONE day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fergreac, France, and the surrounding hamlets, were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. The Abbé Aurain was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of Heaven was now present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was assembled in silent adoration when suddenly the dread sound of the alarm bell resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church sprang to their feet; the women huddled together; the priest alone showed no emotion.

"My friends," he said, "the Sacrifice is begun, and must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren!"

Then bending over the altar, he humbly struck his breast, and consumed the consecrated elements. Meanwhile, the tumult outside increased.

Two dragoons of the Republican Army came to the door of the church; the priest seeing them, descended the altar steps, and passed through the sacristy.

In the churchyard he met two other soldiers, who attempted to seize him; but he dexterously eluded their grasp and, scaling the low walls of the cemetery, reached the open country.

The Republicans followed. As he was strong and active he leapt over the fences and enclosures of the fields. His pursuers followed and

were rapidly gaining upon him, when he found himself on the precipitous bank of a river. Without pausing to consider, he plunged into the water and swam across.

When he reached the opposite bank, he looked behind him, and saw one of the soldiers rushing into the water after him.

Continuing his flight, the Abbé ascended the hill that rose before him; he increased his speed, and never paused until he reached the summit. And now he is out of sight and reach of those who sought his life—he is saved.

But scarcely had he reflected with a deep thankfulness on his escape from his pursuers when a cry of distress struck his ear. He paused and listened, and again he heard the same piercing cry. Hastily retracing his steps to the brow of the hill, he saw one of the soldiers struggling in the water, and on the point of sinking to rise no more. On reaching the bank of the river the soldier had disappeared; but he plunged into the stream and dived again and again to seize the drowning man.

At length he reappeared above the water, bringing back to land the senseless body of the dragoon, which he continued to chafe with his hands until animation was restored.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fergreac, gasped, "What, is it you who have saved me—you whom I was pursuing, and whose life I had sworn to take?"

"It is so," said the priest calmly; "and now I am your prisoner; I have no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?"

"I would rather die first," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We have always been told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the Abbe, "you now see whether we thirst only for revenge. Every priest, nay, every Christian, is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, that is all; and I thank God for it. Do you thank him also, and cease to persecute those who believe in God and serve Him."

"Go, go quick!" said the soldier; "here come my companions; we soldiers can only obey. Fly while you can, I will go and meet them, and tell them you have escaped. They may not share my feeling. Farewell! I shall never forget you. Here they come; save yourself!"

They separated never to meet again—*The Catholic Review.*

LITTLE HENRY'S NOBLE SACRIFICE.

BERTRAND was a poor labourer who had six children, whom he maintained with the utmost difficulty. To add to his distress, an

unfavourable season much increased the price of bread.

Finding himself reduced to extremity, he one day called his little children together, and, with tears in his eyes and a heart overflowing with grief, said:—

"My sweet children, bread is now so dear, that I find all my efforts to support you ineffectual. My whole day's labour is barely sufficient to purchase this piece of bread which you see in my hand; it must therefore be divided among you, and although it will not afford each of you a plentiful meal, yet it will be sufficient to keep you from perishing with hunger."

His children wept in silence, and, young as they were, their little hearts seemed to feel more for their father than for themselves. Bertrand then divided the small portion of bread into seven equal shares, one of which he kept for himself, and gave to the rest each their lot. But one of them, named Henry, refused his share, telling his father he could not eat.

"What is the matter with you, my dear child?" said his father taking him up in his arms.

"I am very sick," said Henry, "very sick indeed, and should be glad to go to sleep."

Bertrand then carried him to bed, and gave him a tender kiss, wishing him good-night.

The next morning, the honest labourer, overwhelmed with sorrow, went to the neighbouring physician, and begged of him as a charity, to come and see his boy.

On his arrival there he found no particular symptoms of illness, though the boy was in a very low and languishing state. The doctor told him he would send him a cordial draught; but Henry begged he would forbear sending him anything, as he could do him no good. The doctor was a little angry at this behaviour and threatened him, to go and acquaint his father with his obstinacy.

Poor Henry begged the doctor to say nothing about it to his father; which still more increased the doctor's wish to get at the bottom of the mystery. At last, poor Henry, finding the doctor resolute, desired his brothers and sisters to leave the room, and he would acquaint him with every particular.

"Sir," said little Henry, as soon as the physician had sent the children out of the room, "in this season of want, my poor, dear father cannot earn bread enough to feed us. What little quantity he can get, he divides equally among us, reserving to himself the smallest part. To see my dear brothers and sisters suffering hunger is more than I can bear; and, as I am the eldest, and stronger than they, I have therefore not eaten any myself, but have divided my share among them. It is on this account that I pretend to be sick and unable to eat; I beseech you, however, to keep this a secret from my father."

"But my child," said the physician, "are you not hungry now?"

"I am," admitted Henry, "but I do not mind it, as I know the rest have more."

"But, my good lad, if you do not take something to eat you will die."

"Papa will then have one mouth less to feed," sobbed the little hero. "and I shall go to heaven, where I will pray to God to assist my dear father, and my little sisters and brothers."

"No, my dear little boy," the generous physician, taking up Henry in his arms, and clasping him to his bosom, said, "thou shalt not die. God and I will take care of thy little family; and, return thanks to God for having sent me hither. I must leave you for the present, but I will soon return."

The good physician hastened home, and ordered one of his servants to load himself with refreshments of every kind. He then hastened to the relief of poor Henry and his starving brothers and sisters. He made them all sit down at the table, and eat till they were perfectly satisfied. What could be a more pleasing scene than that which the good physician beheld—six pretty, little innocent creatures smiling over the bounty of their generous and humane friend?

The doctor on his departure, desired Henry to be under no uneasiness, as he should take care to secure them a supply of whatever might be wanting. He faithfully performed his promise, and they had daily cause of rejoicing at his bounty and benevolence. Through the good doctor's influence Bertrand was given a permanent position on one of the farms near by. The landlord was so struck with the tender generosity of Henry that he provided liberally for his education, and when he grew older he took him into his employ. In after years he became manager of the entire estate.—*The Sacred Heart Review.*



[Owing to the great number of communications we are continually receiving for insertion in this column, we are obliged to limit ourselves to the publication of a few extracts (as the expression, more or less, of the others) and the names of all those who desire to make public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress. All manuscripts, however, are carefully deposited in the archives of the Sanctuary; and, perhaps, we shall one day be able to publish them in a separate volume in honour of our Heavenly Queen.—ED.]

Thanksgiving. — SISTER M. CLARE of St. Vincent's Home, Baltimore, United States, wishes to return thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians for a great spiritual favour obtained through her intercession.

* *

From Death's Door. — My father fell dangerously ill, and having tried several remedies suggested by the medical art without result, I had recourse to Mary Help of Christians and besought her to obtain my father's cure promising to have it published in the *Salesian Bulletin*. My prayer was heard, and I now render my most grateful thanks to this loving Mother, who so graciously deigned to grant my request

JOSEPH SOLAR, *Puebla (Mexico)*.

* *

Mary's Advocacy. — My family was in grave pecuniary difficulties, but remembering the prayer of St. Bernard to have recourse to Our Blessed Lady in every kind of tribulation, I did so on the present occasion. Two days later we were able to meet all difficulties, and settle matters favourably. Deeply grateful for this signal favour at the hands of the Madonna of Don Bosco, I beg the Salesian Co-operators to unite with me in thanking the powerful Queen of Heaven.

S. F. B., *Turin (Italy)*.

* *

"Maria Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis". — We have a large orphanage here for boys and girls, and last Thursday fortnight one of the children had to be removed to the Fever Hospital, suffering from scarlet fever. I need not say how fearful we were lest the infection should spread, especially as our doctor hinted as much, and another child showed symptoms. In this extremity, I promised Our Lady that, if we had no other case within a fortnight, I would have the grace published in the *Salesian Bulletin* and send an offering for a Novena of Masses to be celebrated in honour of the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady. The fortnight has now come and gone, and, as we have had no other case of fever, I hasten to fulfil my promise with much gratitude.

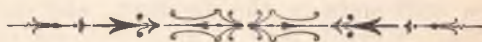
REV. SISTER AMABILIS,
Rothsay (Scotland).

March, 13, 1897.

The following have also sent us accounts of special favours they have received, and desire to render public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress, Mary Help of Christians:—

Louis Celledoni, Faedis (Udine); V. Rev. Canon L. Manias, Ales (Sicily); Josephine Vallet,

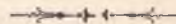
Martignon (Aosta); Mary Lera, Vigone; Gaudenzina Borsotti, Marano (Turin); Amalia Reginato, Rossano Veneto; Cristina Sartori, Maser (Treviso); Salvatore Raineri, Bordighera; Germano Conter, Riobamba (South America); Rev. Alexander Bottazzi, Castellar Ponzano; Mary Cervini-Elia, Turin; Rev. Savino Vesco, Marcenasco; E. V. G., Mexico; Margaret Solieri, Cotignola; Francis Gennaro, Volvera; Theresa De-Bernardi; Angela Monticone, S. Damiano d'Asti; Louis Albero, Masetta; Placid Ariano, Bianzé; Teresa Capa, Farigliano; Joseph Albertino, Turin; A. Giannotti, Turin; Lucy Bosio, Saluggia; Rev. Stephen Torri, Savigno; Louisa Bagnasco, Cortemiglia; Magdalen Vittori, Racconigi; Teresa Motto, S. Giorgio Canavese; Magdalene Traversa, S. Giorgio di Susa; Teresa Fariolo, Como; Joseph Barbero, Chivasso; Josephine Catellino, Collegno; Catherine Momo, Saluggia; Anthony Bacciarelli, Benevaggenna; Christina Serassio, Vesime; Teresina Ceccato, Montecchio; Eliza Ponta, Grondone; Teresa Bodoira, Turin; George Casale, Racconigi; Johanna Zucco, Mondovì; Magdalen Gallo, Caramagna; Francis Bussi, Usasio; John Anthony Cavallero, Carmagnola.



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.



CHAPTER XX. (*Continued*).

BUT even Don Bosco's zeal and charity did not give him much reason to hope. However, adapting himself to the needs of the times, in all that was not contrary to religion or morality, he did not hesitate to grant the boys leave to drill in the playground of the Oratory.

He moreover obtained a large number of guns, with dummy barrels, but with proper shoulder pieces. He laid down as conditions, that they should not come to blows like the Piedmontese and the Austrians, and that, at the sound of the bell, they should all lay down their arms and go in the Church. He also commenced several other games in the gymnasium, which were less dangerous; he provided them with bowls, quoits and so on. They had sack-races, and even good comedies and amusing farces. In fine, he spared nothing, so that all, in one way or another, might have amusement at the Ora-

tory, but always assisted and watched over paternally.

A powerful means of keeping them together was the music class. Besides the singing lessons, Don Bosco also taught those who so desired, the piano and organ; some were even taught instrumental music, and this excited great enthusiasm.

For this end he saw that he would have to become a master in matters which, as he used to say, he had still need to be a pupil; but his good-will supplied for everything. Whilst he was organizing the band and waking up the boys, who were strumming on the piano, so as to get them ready to torture the organ later on, the vocal music was being perfected. When the choir was fairly prepared, and some of the better voices had sufficient practice, Don Bosco began to take them into the public Churches in Turin, during the Month of Mary, and to services that the boys could take part in. This attracted them and bound them still more to the Oratory, and did, besides, a great deal of good amongst the devout people. Up to that time men's voices had only been heard in choirs, so that the solos, duetts and choruses sung by the boys, awakened in the faithful the idea of the song of the angels; and it was no rare thing to see men and women weeping for consolation during the functions. For this reason Don Bosco's music was talked about everywhere, asked for and sought after for feasts and solemnities. The boys sang many times, not only in Turin in the Church of *Corpus Domini* and the Consolata, but they even went as far as Moncalieri, Rivoli, Chieri and other places round about. Father Luigi Nasi, a distinguished Canon in Turin, and Father Michelangelo Chiatellino of Carginano were nearly always the faithful accompanists of the rising philharmonic society. By their musical skill they prevented any risk of a fiasco, made the boys acquit themselves admirably and procured for them great praise.

Amongst other feasts, a beautiful one occurred that year in the neighbouring Sanctuary of the Consolata. The boys went there from the Oratory in procession. The singing on the way and the music in Church attracted a great number of people to the feet of Mary, Consoler of the Afflicted. Mass was celebrated and many went to Holy Communion. At the end Don Bosco made a short discourse on the sweetness of Mary, encouraging us to love her. "Mary,"

said he, amongst other things, "Mary is the most loved, and, at the same time, the most loving of all creatures. God the Father loves her, Jesus her Divine Son loves her, the Holy Spirit loves her, all the saints love her, all the Angels love her, and all well disposed hearts do the same. This very Sanctuary is a shining proof of how Mary has always been loved in this city. She loves us with the love of a Mother; and if she loves all Christians in general, she has a more tender love for the young. Mary acts as her Divine son Jesus, Who was so good to children that He would have liked them always to be near Him. If Jesus said to His disciples 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' Mary repeats in her turn:—'Let the little ones come to me:'—*Si quis est parvulus veniat ad me.* It is most especially by her sweet love that she shows herself the Consoler of the Afflicted:—*Consolatrix Afflictorum.* Let us offer her our thanks in exchange, let us love her, my dear children; and for her sake let us fly from sin. In memory of this devout visit let us leave our hearts here at the feet of Mary, and beg her to accept them and keep them always pure and immaculate; let us do this, so that we may live contented under the shelter of her mantle and die full of consolation."

(To be continued).

NOTES TO THE READER.

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

The Very Rev. MICHAEL RUA.

Salesian Oratory, — Turin, Italy.

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