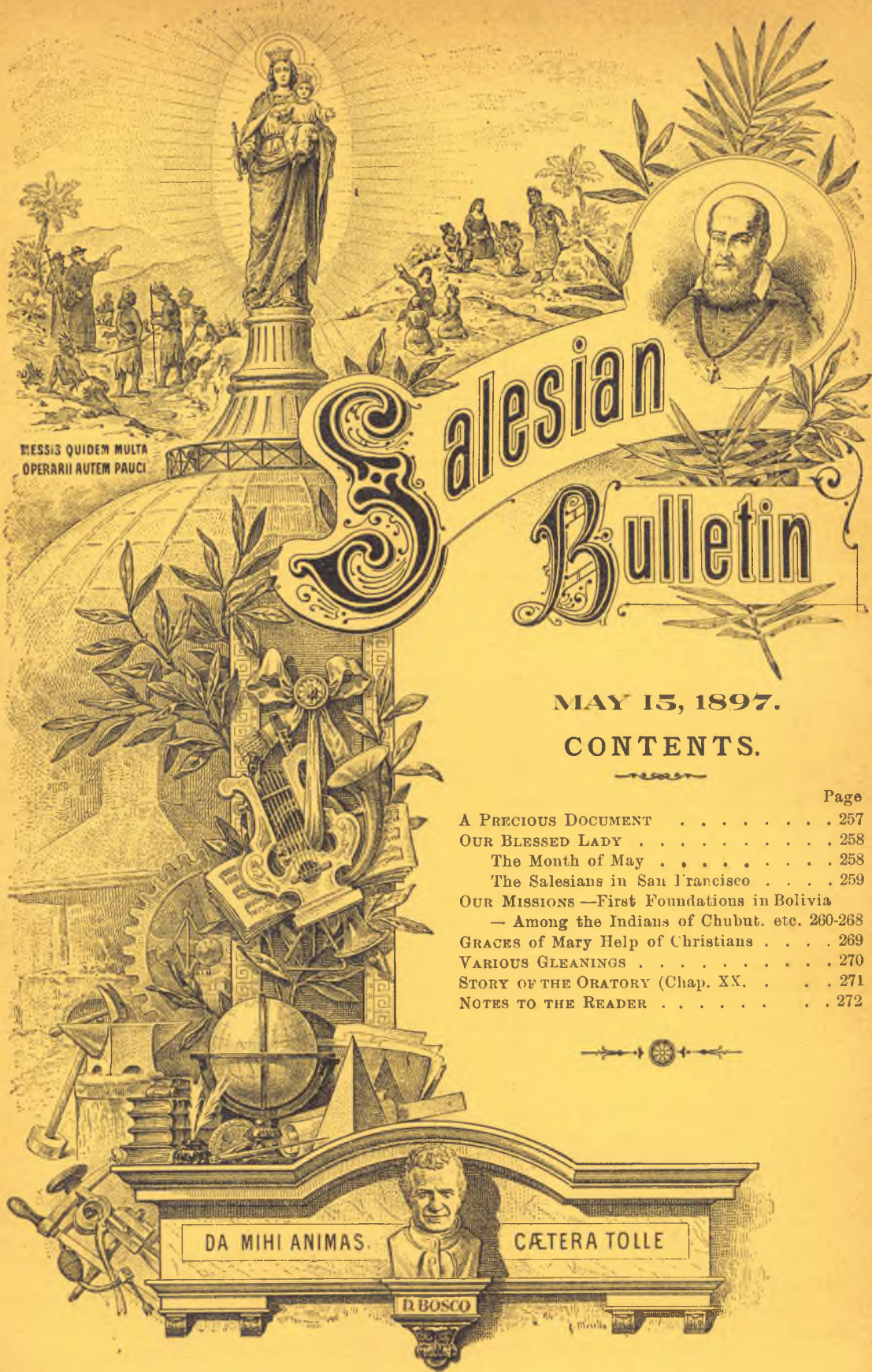


Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.



MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARII AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

MAY 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 Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.
- 9.—The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.
- 10.—There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome, the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, 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 concourse of the faithful.
Given at Rome, etc., June 27, 1888.

✠ L. M. PARROCHI, Card. Vic.

The Papal Blessing.

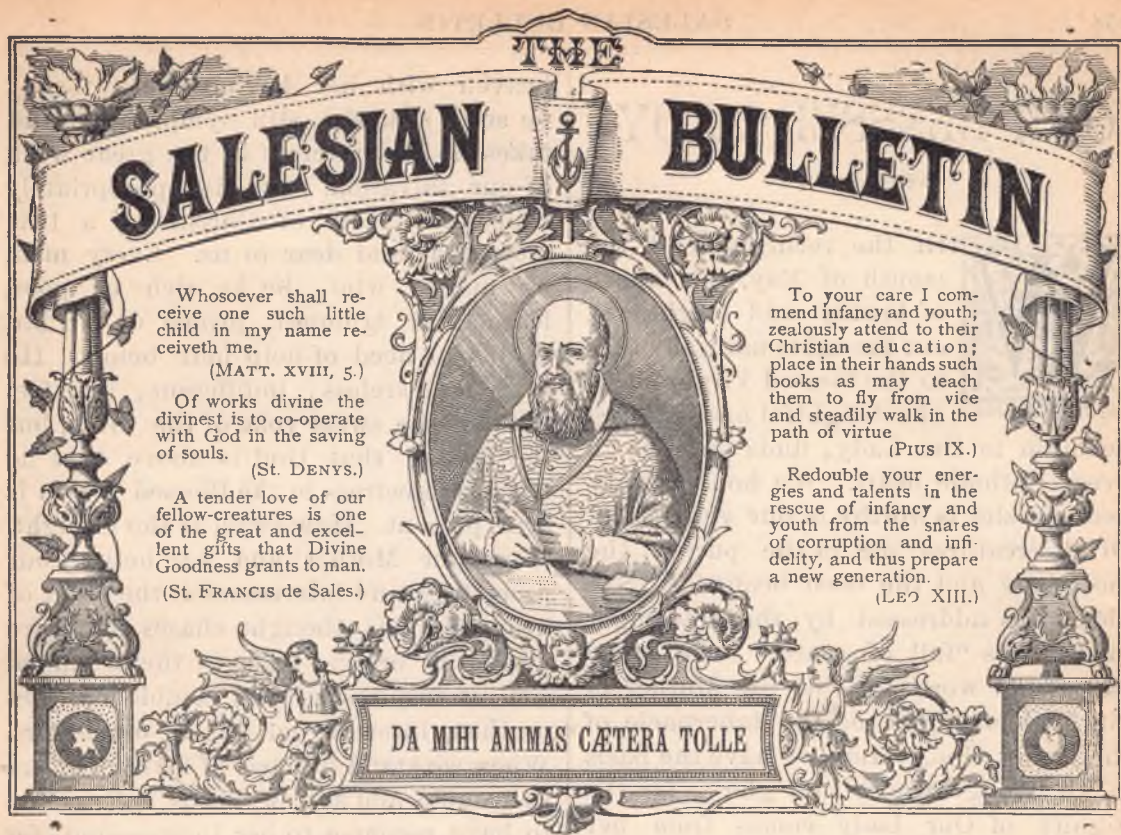
The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

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 CÆTERA TOLLE

Vol. II.—No. 55.

May 15, 1897.

Registered for transmission abroad

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

A PRECIOUS DOCUMENT.

ON the 15th of February last, our venerable Superior-General, Don Rua, presented to the Holy Father a collection of works, printed and bound in the Salesian Establishments. A month later, his Holiness, LEO XIII., in his exquisite bounty, deigned to address a Brief to Don Rua, the translation of which is as follows:

LEO XIII., POPE.

BELOVED SON, GREETING AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

We have received with great pleasure the books you presented to Us in the name of the Society of which you are Superior. We regard this gift as a token of your homage and love, and We have furthermore had occasion thereby to admire the zeal that animates you in furthering the cause of faith and morals among youth by means of the typographical art. Whilst We thank you for the books, We cannot omit to bestow on you deserving praise for your admirable goodwill. Moreover, in order that God in His bounty may continue to favour your undertakings, and as a mark of Our special benevolence, We lovingly impart to you the Lord Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, by St. Peter's, on the 15th of March, 1897, in the twentieth year of Our Pontificate.

POPE LEO XIII.

OUR BLESSED LADY.



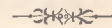
WITH the recurrence of the month of May, the month of beauty and brightness, our thoughts naturally turn to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The delightful and edifying devotion to Our Lady, finds an echo in every Catholic heart. We honour Mary because she is worthy of our veneration. Of all creatures she is the purest, the most holy and the most beautiful. She alone was addressed by the Messenger of God as "full of grace." She alone was found worthy to be the Mother of our Redeemer, to be the tabernacle of the living God. Here we have the basis of all her greatness and glory, for the dignity of Our Lady comes from her Divine Son. And Jesus Himself set us the example of devotion to her. He dearly loved and honoured His mother during His life time. Oh, who can conceive the depths of intimate affection and union that existed between the Son and the Mother! It was this affection that moved him not only to yield to her prayers and entreaties, but also to second her every wish. And on the Cross His dying thoughts were centred in His mother, whom he gave to us to love and honour. Do we love Jesus? Do we hope some day to see his face? Then we must be like him; we must imitate him. His example must be our law. Jesus loved and honoured Mary; we must love and honour her, too. How can we hope to love Jesus, if we do not love his Blessed Mother!

On earth she was closely allied with her Divine Son in the work of salvation. Her heart went out to poor sinners, whom Jesus had come to save, and her whole life was devoted to advance man's true happiness. And now that she is in

heaven with her Divine Son, we may be sure that she still sympathizes and takes no less interest in the great work of our salvation. She is appropriately called the Help of Christians, a title most near and dear to us. Every man, no matter who, be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, prince or beggar, stands in need of help here below. He may be careless, indifferent, and feel tired of the sweet yoke of the Cross, but the feeling that God is above, that he has a protectress in the Blessed Virgin is ever present. How sweet is the thought. Mary our Mother and our helper, our protectress and intercessor at the court of heaven! This thought chases dull care away, it brings balm to the wounded soul, it inspires us with confidence. Let us then interest her in all our affairs. When we stand in need of favours or are in trouble and sorrow, let us not disdain to have recourse to her intercession, for "Never yet was it known that anyone who fled to her protection, implored her help and sought her intercession was left unaided." Let us, in short ever cherish for her the tender love and filial regard due to a mother, and always have that confidence and assurance of sympathy a mother's love inspires.



THE MONTH OF MAY.



THE May devotions in honour of the Blessed Virgin took their rise, originally, in Italy, but nowhere have they cast so deep roots or become so widely popular as in France, says the *Sacred Heart Review*. Devotion to the Mother of God was always a conspicuous feature of French piety. The kingdom was consecrated to her. It was her kingdom and she was held to be its queen: *regnum Galliae, regnum Mariae*. As an expression of the fact, on the feast of the Assumption, in every city, town and village, a triumphal procession was formed,

and the image of Mary borne aloft, while the devout faithful followed and sang the praises of their great protectress. It was a sight equally edifying and delightful. But the celebration of the month of Mary offers something still more touching. May, with its bloom and brightness, seems especially fitted for honouring the Immaculate Virgin. It is looked forward to by pious souls as the happiest time of the year, and when it comes, it is the signal, every time, of the most touching manifestations of devotion



Our Lady Help of Christians.

and love. The fresh grown foliage and the early flowers are eagerly plucked by youthful hands and joyfully brought to adorn the shrines of Mary. Innumerable lights burn about her pictures and statues. When evening comes, crowds as numerous as on festive days, flock to the appointed place; all classes and ages meet together; the rosary is recited, the litanies sung. Hymns in honour of the Mother of God are heard in succession, the sodalities vieing with one another in the sweetness of their chants, and all joining with those more familiar ones to which children, rich and poor, are cradled

in Catholic countries. A sermon follows, generally on the privileges and examples of the Blessed Virgin, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closes the ceremony, to be taken up the day following and carried on with increasing fervour to the end of the month.

The fruits of this devout celebration are incalculable. Its brightness and popular character attract bigger crowds than the Lenten sermons. Such a lengthened series of addresses gives the preacher an opportunity of setting forth Christian doctrines and Christian duties with a fullness to which no other season of the year lends itself, and it is marked, frequently, not only by an increase of piety among those well disposed, but by many a signal conversion. And hence it has come to pass that while other devotions have gradually lost their hold on the faithful, each year seems to add to the popularity of the month of Mary.



THE SALESIANS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

IN the course of an interesting sketch on Don Bosco and his Work, the *Monitor* of San Francisco, speaking of the Salesian community in that city, says:—

The community in this city is the first House of the Society in the United States. The Superior, Father Piperni, came from Puebla, Mexico, and Father Cassini from Buenos Ayres. The former was Superior of a flourishing College in Puebla, which had an attendance of one hundred and twenty boys. He also founded several Houses of the Order in Palestine, the money for which he collected by subscriptions, principally raised in Mexico. Father Piperni has been a missionary for over twenty-five years, sixteen of which he spent in Mexico.

The Fathers are well pleased with the outlook of their mission in this city and are anxious to duplicate the success of their Congregation in other parts of the world. The Sunday School attached to SS. Peter and Paul's has an attendance of five hundred children, a fact which is a great consolation to the worthy Superior and his assistant. As time and opportunity permit, they hope to raise an institution similar to those conducted elsewhere by the Society, and that their presence here will result very beneficially to the Italian Catholics of this city, no one can doubt. The Fathers are at present conducting at their church a mission which opened at the nine o'clock Mass last Sunday, and which will continue for another week.



BOLIVIA.

FIRST SALESIAN FOUNDATIONS IN THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

(Continued.)

THE WELCOME AT URURO.

THese joyful receptions caused us the most lively surprise; but our astonishment passed all bounds when, after traversing more immense flooded tracts of land, and skirting the lake of Poopo, we finally arrived at sunset at Oruro, the chief place in the province and the terminus of the railway. Our unwearied little engine had scarcely stopped when, mingled with the joyous strains of a military band, we heard the loud hurrahs of the people of Oruro, who had invaded the station and the neighbouring streets.

We were welcomed on the platform, with the most sincere joy, I had almost said extravagant, by M. Samuel Gonzalez-Portal, a lawyer and the Mayor of the town, by two representatives of the supreme Government of Sucre, all the clergy of Oruro, the secular and military authorities and the National Guard.

After the first compliments had been paid, the *cortège* broke up. Several vehicles, gaily decked out, awaited us; but the crowd prevented us from getting into them. The Mayor, after we had left the station, determined to accompany us to our abode. The project was difficult enough. A crowd of children, white and Indian, as if they had guessed that their friends had come, threw themselves upon us, and shouting in their enthusiasm, kissed the hands of the priests, and the pastoral ring and pectoral cross of the Bishop.

From time to time, a veritable shower of flowers blinded us, suffocated us, and threatened to bury us altogether. The joy of the good people of Oruro, seemed approaching delirium. At last, as night fell, we reached the Mayor's palace, where everything was

ready to receive the sons of Don Bosco, who are, Rev. Don Rua, also your own.

On the threshold of the palace we took our leave of the people, but the authorities, a great number of whom were there, were waiting for us on the monumental staircase and took part in the gala banquet which the Mayor offered to us. We were still at table when a telegram addressed to me arrived from Sucre, the capital of the Republic. I read it in public. This is what it said:—

To the Illustrious Salesian Bishop
Mgr. Costamagna.

In the person of Your Lordship, I salute most respectfully the worthy Congregation which is about to commence in Bolivia the intellectual progress and the moral perfection of our working class. The Supreme Government rejoices at this happy event, and as for myself, I am always at your disposal. Your affectionate servant

N. OCHOA,
Minister of Public Instruction
and Colonisation.

I sent back another without delay, thanking, in your name, the Supreme Government and assuring it that henceforth the Salesians would look upon Bolivia as their second country.

A little later I received many other telegrams, just as full of good-will towards us. They came from the Prefecture of La Paz, from his Grace the Archbishop, and from the Archiepiscopal Administration of Sucre. You may guess from this that the telegraphic network of Bolivia has been largely placed under contribution in honour of the Salesians.

As for ourselves, in the midst of all these demonstrations, we returned thanks to God and to the Blessed Virgin Help of Christians; more than once I heard some amongst us cry out:—"What happiness must our good Father Don Bosco enjoy in Heaven! It is most certainly he who has prepared for us these agreeable surprises.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

On the next morning, after Mass, whilst we were talking about the altitude of Oruro (about 10,000 feet), and the difficulty that we experienced in breathing, in consequence of this, a strange musical noise struck our ears. At once we went to the great windows of the palace which look out on the square in

front of the Prefecture, in order to see if these extraordinary strains had anything to do with our coming. We were right. A curious group of Indians came out of the crowd which had gathered in the square, and walked towards the Prefecture.

Playing upon their rustic flutes, made of reed, these good people were cruelly murdering the one phrase of a melody which was as monotonous as it was melancholy; there was a tambourine, too, which was played with terrible vigour. Without asking anyone's permission at all, the harmonious band went right into the palace and mounted the stairs, in order to reach the Bishop. Not finding him the poor musicians descended into the court-yard, and gathering in a ring, continued their dreadful concert, accompanied by the famous tambourine.

As I felt sure that they had made up their mind to see me and offer their respects, I went down into the large court-yard to tell them how grateful I was for their kind demonstrations; and whilst they were working their very hardest at their instrumental music, I placed round each one's neck, a beautiful scapular of the Sacred Heart, in red flannel. It is a gift which always makes them happy. I reserve the best for two of the chiefs who, thinking themselves forgotten, presented themselves before me:—"Nostros querer tambien escapulario"—said one of them—"yo ser el alcade viejo, y estre oto el joven".—"We want scapulars, too; I am the old Alcade, and he is the new one." I satisfied them at once and took my leave of the group blessing all who composed it. They began to play again, and went out into the square and passed the whole morning going round the town, wearing their scapulars without the slightest human respect; I should add, too, without ever tiring in treating the public to their unharmonious strains on the flutes and tambourines.

Poor Indians! with their happy dispositions, it is such a pity to see them give themselves up to drink! When they are drunk, as they frequently are, they cease to be themselves and become real brutes, —*quibus non est intellectus.*

A PIOUS REVOLUTION.

Before setting out for La Paz, I administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. That day, the Church presented an indescribable scene. In a Missionary country, as everybody knows, we are accustomed to confirm quite little children. On one occasion, they

brought me more than a thousand children really very small. As for the adults, they had determined to wait until my return. The excellent parish priest had arranged everything as best he could: but scarcely had I begun to give the Sacrament, when I saw the communion rail taken by assault. Each one wanted to be first. In the face of this pious revolution, I went to the back of the Altar, and gave orders to the priests, the Salesians, and two guards to make those who were to be confirmed come one by one to the foot of the altar. But in the twinkling of an eye, several of the latter climbed the balustrade and invaded the Sanctuary crowding around me in indescribable confusion. Indians of both sexes, soldiers and, above all, children, all took part in the crowd of besiegers. I continued for some time giving Confirmation, but very soon, I had to beat a retreat to the sacristy, surrounded by the clergy. I then ordered the guards not to admit more than four persons at a time. I thought I was saved: but I was quite deceived. The eagerness was such that several little children were taken ill. They have the manners of savages, you will say; well, go and teach the poor Indians what order and discipline are! I cannot tell you how much these scenes affected us; for my own part, I am still under the impression that I was in a real battle.

At length the day fixed for our departure from Oruro came round. But other people had taken all the places in the diligence, and so we had to stay three days more in the midst of the enthusiastic population. "This delay must be a disposition of Providence," said the worthy parish priest, pleased at being able to keep us near him. He was right. Without this mischance, we should have had to endure the inconvenience of passing a day and night in a miserable hut without food or fire, as the conveyance broke down on the way. It is needless to say that the travellers had much to suffer in consequence of this accident.

DEPARTURE FROM ORURO — THE PLEASURES OF THE ROAD!

At the moment of our departure, the excellent Mayor of the town, who had always watched over us with paternal solicitude, insisted on giving us a supply of provisions, and accompanying us to the office of the diligence. There, the kind magistrate energetically recommended our conductor to keep the carnival wisely, but not too well, at least

during our three days' journey, so as not to run the risk of endangering our lives. The Mayor after asking for my blessing, embraced us warmly, and the vehicle moved off.

eau of Oruro became more and more impracticable, on account of the mud caused by the heavy periodic rain. Then, instead of contemplating the fairy-like mirage with which we had been favoured before, the



BISHOP COSTAMAGNA AND COMPANIONS ON THE MARCH.

We had hardly got over a mile of the road, when we became aware of the negative qualities of the mules attached to our unfortunate diligence. When we had travelled about six miles, the poor beasts were scarcely as good as one poor horse. And the plat-

whole party had to get out and walk; some went in front of the vehicle, others pushed it on, whilst others still, urged on our apoplectic mule team.

For some time, we were amused a little at this event. But, as we were at a height

of considerably over 13,000 feet, the rarefaction of the air soon began to cause us distress; and so, one after another, we were compelled by exhaustion to get back again into the carriage. But our poor mules, who did not understand this arrangement, gathered up all their strength and... planted themselves firmly on their four legs, as if to protest against anybody attempting to make them move another step. The driver shouted, whistled, threatened; but all to purpose.

Then suddenly a kindly thought passed through his mind. He got down from his seat, and collected a beautiful pile of good-sized pebbles. Then, climbing quickly back again into his place, he took the reins in his left hand, and employed the right in showering down those stones on the poor unfortunate mules. They understood this language wonderfully, and found in its sweet simplicity the renewal of strength sufficient to enable them to rush despairingly on for a time. At last we were moving. But when the supply of projectiles became exhausted, the mules came to the conclusion that it was time to take breath. There was another halt. Quick as a flash, the driver handed the reins to the lay-brother Bonelli, and jumped down. He armed himself with a stick that had rings of iron round it, and laid it on those poor beasts with all his might.

At the first blow, I put my head out of the window and shouted to the fellow:—"Stop: what are you doing? Put that stick back; this one will do." The stick I meant was a fine alpenstock, a souvenir of one of our Co-operators in Italy.

"—And if I break it?" said the driver.

"—So much the worse! But, for pity's sake, do not kill the poor animals."

After half-an-hour's forced halt, we were at last able to make a fresh start.

[A LATE ARRIVAL.

Towards 8 o'clock that evening, we arrived at Caracollo, which means *barren hill*. The lay-brother Nicolas, who was following us with the luggage, did not reach us until after 10 o'clock that night, and he was in a very bad state, too: the poor man had been compelled to leave his little cart in the mud, and finish his journey on the back of a mule, without any saddle at all. The parish priest and the authorities of the country after coming on horseback a journey of three

miles to meet us, overwhelmed us with kindness.

The next day, after saying Mass in succession—as the parish possessed only one alb—we mounted the diligence again. This time the mules were fine animals, young, strong and full of fire, so that the heavy coach seemed to fly. About one o'clock, we arrived, without any mishap, at Sica-Sica, an important centre of Indian population, governed by a Prefect. In the principal square, thousands of people, a prey to the carnival-mania, were eating, drinking, dancing and shouting in the grossest manner. All the merry crowd wore clothes in which every colour of the rainbow was mingled:—green, scarlet, white, rose, yellow, blue, red and black, in fact all colours were blended together.

THE CARNIVAL MANIA.

The Mayor of Sica-Sica hastened to present himself to us, in order to persuade us to leave our things in the diligence, assuring us that no one would touch anything belonging to us. I am pleased to say this was really the case. This high functionary led us afterwards to the hotel and provided for our needs with the most delicate attention. Whilst we were taking some refreshment, a frightful storm which had followed us all the way without being able to overtake us, passed over Sica-Sica. Its object was, doubtless, to freshen up the rest of the way that remained for us to travel. A perfect deluge of rain and hail fell; but half an hour later when we resumed our journey, the sun again deigned to show himself, so that it remained quite dry to our journey's end, although we were right in the middle of the rainy season. And this favour, as also all the rest, we owe to the numerous and fervent prayers which our dear confrères, friends and Co-operators were offering up for us.

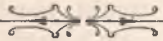
Between five and six o'clock in the evening, we had to pass through a long and narrow village, peopled by Indians, and called Pataca Amaya (*The Hundred Dead*). We looked for the little Church; it was shut up. At each step, we came across groups of Indians, who were dancing to the sound of the *Charango*, the drum or the flute, or reeling along, uttering savage cries. It was carnival season, and therefore the greater part of the inhabitants were helplessly drunk. And to think that these disgusting scenes, begun that very morning, would last for more than three days! Unfortunate

people! One would fall down in one place, another would writhe in the midst of terrible convulsions: perhaps many would wake up in eternity, without coming out of the terrible and besotted state in which their drunken habits had sunk them. The voice of conscience was disregarded; even the numerous tombs of their fathers—ranged in crowded rows in the cemetery on the little hill that overlooks the country—which cry out every instant that everything is passing away and that God awaits them at His tribunal very soon, does not trouble them: they see nothing of all this; it is Carnival, and that is enough. In carnival time one has something better to do than think of God or his soul: no more restraint over the senses! It is the reign of the devil, the hour of the powers of darkness.

✠ JAMES COSTAMAGNA, *Bishop of Colonia,*
and

Vic. Apos. of Mendez and Gualaquiza.

(To be continued.)




CENTRAL PATAGONIA.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF CHUBUT.

(Continued.)

At Walcaina—In Capitanejo Prané's Hut—The Low Moral Standard of these Indians.

N November 26, we arrived at Walcaina, a small Indian Village composed of a few huts, situated on the banks of the River Teca-Leufu. I entered the largest dwelling and found Capitanejo Prané, in a high state of intoxication, and making futile efforts to stand on his feet. On noticing me, he tried to excuse himself: "It is not my fault, Father; we have been celebrating the Governor's arrival... See, my people are in a worse state than I am." And in saying this he pointed to another part of the hut where a few Indians were laying in a heap, sleeping off the effects of a carouse.

Seeing that it would be "wasting breath on the desert air" to occupy myself with these, I turned my attention to several women who were spinning and weaving in a corner of the cabin, surrounded by a few children wearing shirts that were very dirty

and ragged. I opened the conversation by asking one of the women her name. "My name is Cecilia," she replied; "Father Milanesio baptized me at Chichinal near the Rio Negro. My sister Filtucar was not with me at the time, and is still a *paisana* (pagan)." Turning to the latter, I asked her if she wished to be instructed and become a Christian. "Yes, willingly," she answered."

Near Prané sat a woman who had certainly not washed herself for several months past. She seemed indifferent to all that was going on around her. Addressing her I asked her name, and if she were a Christian.

"I am a Christian," she said in correct Spanish, "and my name is Teresa. Capitanejo Prané is my brother. My husband is a white, and I have four children."

"Are your children baptized?"

"No, my husband will not let them be baptized."

"Where is he, I will obtain his permission."

"It would be useless, as he is far away. He is near Roca in the Rio Negro Territory looking after his flocks. He is a bad man; he has always treated me cruelly, and now he has abandoned me and the children. But with the help of my brother Pesco, I managed to get hold of a number of his cows. A few days ago, he sent word that he is coming back to take them from me. If he does so, how shall my children and I manage to live?"

"Do not despair, I will do my best to settle matters favourably for you and your children. However, think also of their spiritual welfare and have them baptized. I will take all responsibility on my own shoulders.

"Very well; you may baptize them."

In the meantime, an Indian woman entered and, without taking notice of anyone present, walked with a dignified step to a heap of skins. Seating herself thereon, she turned to me and bid me welcome. She then ordered Filtucar to prepare me some tea. Filtucar put a few leaves in a small gourd, poured some boiling water on them, and after having placed the neck of her primitive kind of tea pot to her dirty lips several times, she handed it to me. As the woman who had just entered did not understand Spanish, I asked Teresa who she might be.

"She is Prané's first wife," was her answer.

"Prané's first wife? Then he has another."

"Yes, Father; there she is."—And Teresa pointed me out an Indian woman about twenty-five years old. Around her neck and wrists she carried pieces of coral and other ornaments, and from her ears hung two heavy pieces of solid silver. The Capitanejo, who had been feigning sleep up to now, thought it prudent to excuse himself by saying:—*Yo no cristiano, yo paisano*—"I am not a Christian, but a pagan."

"It is false; for you are a Christian, and even though you were not, God made his

well with a *guasca*"—(a kind of whip made of hide).

"I understand; peace is restored by means of the lash. Poor unhappy creatures! How much the Christian woman has to thank Jesus Christ for! How greatly she should love him for having delivered her from such vile slavery!"

I then turned my attention to those who were willing to be instructed, and afterwards visited a hut close by that belongs to an Indian woman named Aurelia, who was baptized by Father Milanesio at Junin de los



The Salesian Institute at Assuncion, Paraguay.

laws for all men, and He forbids you to keep two wives" Seeing that he was in for a scolding, the astute Indian turned over on his side, and pretended to sleep soundly. It was useless to continue remonstrating with him, so as I was curious to know to what a degree domestic peace reigned in that household, I interrogated Theresa on the point. "Things are at a pretty pass, Father," she replied, "the two wives are continually fighting."

"And what does your brother do?"

"He laughs at them, or belabours them

Andes. She is a singular woman, has fair skin, is very tidy and courteous, but her face always wears a melancholy expression, because she has no children.

"Well, Aurelia, do you still remember the precepts and prayers, taught you by Father Milanesio," I asked her.

"Yes, Father, I think of them every day with pleasure. My husband would willingly learn them if you would be so kind as to instruct him."

I seized this opportunity with pleasure, and seated myself by them. As her husband

did not understand a word of Spanish, Aurelia acted as interpreter; in this way an occasion was also offered me of learning their tongue. An hour thus passed. When I was about to leave them, Aurelia said to me: "Father, we have no children; who will inherit our sheep and cows when one of us dies?"

"The survivor."

"But the government agent will come and seize them for the government."

"You can show him your *papel*, and he will not touch your goods."—(Among the Indians *papel* means a written document).

"But we have no *papel*."

"I will give you one on my return, and you will keep it by you until required. Now, go and present yourselves to the Judge that he may register you as husband and wife."

I then passed on to the hut of Theresa's mother. The four children of the former were there, a few dirty rags covered their naked limbs. Their features are regular, their hair and skin fair, their eyes dark; they are called *wincas* by the Indians, namely, whites. I hoped to do some good in that dwelling, but Theresa was indifferent and distracted, and was of very little service to me in explaining my words to my hearers, in fact, she absolutely refused to act as interpreter when I desired to instruct her mother and two sisters, who did not understand a word of Spanish.

I visited all the huts in turn, but everywhere I found someone the worse for liquor. However I was able to administer Baptism to ten Indians, confirm a still larger number, and bless a few marriages. The Governor kindly offered to stand as Godfather, and the other members of our little party also lent me their services.

On the following morning, just before we were setting out, Capitanejo Prané came to bid us adieu, and presented us with fresh milk, meat and other provisions, which we gratefully accepted.

BERNARD VACCHINA,

Salesian Missioner.

(To be continued).

PARAGUAY.

A NEW FIELD OF ACTION AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE CHACO.

Assuncion, 26th of Sept.

VERY REV. DON RUA,



WE have already been two months in the capital of Paraguay where we have been compelled to concentrate our forces, for the time being, owing to the smallness of our number. The good that we have been able to do here is already great, but I think that our good Mother, Mary Help of Christians, has obtained that we should pitch our tent here in this Republic, principally because she wishes to send us to a new and extensive field of action among the Indians of this district. It is of these people that I wish to speak to you now, very briefly.

Various Tribes of Indians— The Cacicque Manuel.

There are many tribes of Indians who inhabit Paraguay, but the principal are the *Lenguas*, the *Tobas*, the *Chanapaná*, and the *Guaná*, who inhabit Chaco, and the *Chamacocos*, on the confines of Bolivia. In the vast district between the rivers *Apa* and *Blanco* which belonged to Paraguay before the war of 1870, and which now forms part of Brazil, are the *Payaguá*, the *Cuayaquies*, the *Caygua*, the *Angaité* and the *Caduvios*. Our renowned Missionary, Don Angelo Savio, who died 17th of January 1893, in the vicinity of Guaranda in Ecuador, had already visited Chaco, Paraguay and Argentina in 1892, when he had communications principally with the *Tobas*, a tribe we have been able to approach and with whom we spent a few days. The Chaco, according to the accounts of our own Don Savio, is thickly populated with Indians, but no one has been able to give a correct estimate of their number. From information, however, gathered here and there, we are able to say that the *Tobas* alone, who occupy the territory of Paraguay, amount to 4000.

In making our excursion to Chaco we have profited by the arrival at Assuncion of a Cacicque named *Manuel*, who is called by the *Tobas*, *Cacicque Guazú* (the Great Chief).

From the beginning of our acquaintance with him, he did not seem to us any ordinary Indian, and we learnt, in fact, that he was formerly a Christian and a native of this capital. At the age of 8 years, in 1871, he was one day amusing himself gathering *picanallas*, a species of cane, in a field which belonged to his uncle at Chaco, when he was surprised by Indians. These, having slain his uncle, compelled him to accompany them in their wanderings. On account of his tender age, he soon became accustomed to their way of living, and after a time, as he knew Spanish and was able to speak their dialect, he became their interpreter. By this means he advanced so far in their esteem that the *Tobas* elected him their chief. He lived with them 25 years, and then, tired of their nomadic life and making use of an occasion when the *Tobas* were in the neighbourhood of the capital, he revealed to them that he was a Christian and that he did not wish to remain with them for the future.

But, whether from hope of gain or from a feeling of attachment, he did not abandon them altogether. Therefore they built a hut for him a few leagues from the coast, and there he determined to live, the *Tobas*, meanwhile, considering him as their chief and father. He undertakes all their business with the government, issues orders to the different tribes, arranges for the sale of their merchandise, buys the things they require, and gives advice to the poor *Tobas* in every affair of importance.

Meeting with the Indians.

Having arranged, then, with this chief, we prepared for our first excursion to the Chaco, and on the day appointed, with Father Querirolo and Brother Foglio, three friends and an Indian, we crossed the river Paraguay in a canoe.

We obtained horses from the military station which is established on the other side of the river; it is there to prevent the raids and thieving incursions of the Indians, and so we were able to lessen the distance between us and the hut of the Cacique *Manuel*.

We were told that several tribes of Indians had passed that way a few days before so that it was impossible to overtake them on our journey. We learnt also, that several families of Indians had come down the river Pilcomayo from Argentine territory

and were encamped at a little distance from us.

Therefore, before directing our way to the hut of *Manuel* we went to visit these few families. On our arrival at break of day, we found them gathered together round a great fire. There were two families only. You cannot imagine, dear Father, the compassion with which these poor Indians inspired us from the very beginning. At our approach, no one moved towards us.

As our journey was to be rather long, we had to make haste, for we wished to return to our boys in the evening. The brutalised faces of the Indians formed matter for a good meditation to the three of us. Those poor creatures, who guarded themselves with such suspicion and fear, huddled together and stretched upon the bare ground seemed more like beasts than human beings, and it made us thank Almighty God with our whole hearts for the great grace of having been born in a civilized and Catholic country. We placed round the neck of each one, a medal of Mary, Help of Christians, and although we could not make them understand us, as we did not know their language, it was encouraging to see them accept them so willingly. We tried to make them understand the signification of the medal by signs; perhaps they understood something. It did not seem so, however. They let us depart without troubling us, a few of them keeping us in sight for a long time.

AMBROSE TURRICCIA.

(To be continued.)



TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

THE MISSION OF ST. RAPHAEL ON DAWSON ISLAND.



OUR Co-operators know all that Mgr. Fagnano and our Missionaries have had to sacrifice, and their generous devotion in organizing the Mission on Dawson Island. For a long time we feared that their efforts would be unsuccessful, and a good Salesian, resigned to the will of God, wrote thus:—"If we cannot do the good that we desire, we shall think ourselves happy in

having been, by the Divine pleasure, the *useless servants* that Holy Scripture speaks of:—" *Servi inutiles sumus*".

But Divine Providence did not wish for this admirable self-denial, and very soon our confrères were able to speak of the happy results of their work. To-day the Mission of St. Raphael seems to have a second blossoming of the flowers of Christianity.

Only a few weeks ago, the Rev. Mother Catherine Daghero, Mother General of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, went to Tierra del Fuego to visit and encourage her children, who are devoting themselves in those inclement regions, to the salvation of the Fuegian women and children.

A visit such as this does not often happen at St. Raphael, and rarely is such a feast celebrated. The Rev. Mother only stayed five days on Dawson Island,—but those five days were certainly well employed:—distributions of provisions and clothes, numerous receptions, and a visitation to all the dwellings in the new village, recreations, religious ceremonies, conferences for the Nuns etc., etc.

Called elsewhere by duty, the Rev. Mother Daghero had to leave this Mission, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the children and mothers who would have liked to keep her longer; she had taken their hearts by storm.

During her stay, Mgr. Fagnano administered the Sacrament of Baptism to twenty-three women and to a little girl twelve years old. The Rev. Mother General, who consented to be God-mother to all the neophytes, fulfilled conscientiously all her duties. Her Daughters will continue her Apostolate, and in a short time this desolate land, we have not the least doubt, will become a centre of civilisation.

AFRICA.

THE SALESIAN INSTITUTE IN ALGERIA.



WITHIN a year the number of our orphans at La Marsa has doubled, and only the want of accommodation been able to stop the marvellous development, writes one of our Fathers.

The new Parish and Sunday Oratory are

now in full swing. This double foundation, which only counts two months of existence, is in want of everything, except its congregation and the children.

Nothing is so consoling as the admirable working of our Sunday Oratory. More than a hundred children attend regularly. Amongst them about sixty young men, close on thirty years of age, come every evening, when their day's work is over, to assist at Catechism, of which they had no previous knowledge.

I pass over in silence the hundreds of boys and girls who frequent the public school, and come to the Instructions in Catechism which are given every day in our chapel.

As for the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, they vie in devotion with the Salesians. The number of girls who attend their industrial schools has considerably increased, and it would be larger still but for the lack of resources.

Whilst waiting until their zeal finds a wider field of action, they are bringing back to the fold of the Church those poor emigrant families that have lost their way.

This is what has been done; but what is all this in comparison with what has still to be done?....

In Tunis the Salesians need a much larger Church, and with the Church everything to furnish it:—vestments, altar-cloths, sacred vessels, bells, etc. But to face all these difficulties we need a trifle of 80,000 francs or so.

The children of the Oratory are much crowded in their little play-ground; the necessity of enlarging it, will soon be seriously felt. We must open another Sunday Oratory for poor girls, who are exposed to so many dangers. We want,.... we want a number of other things as well, for the harvest is abundant. But where are the workmen?... How are we to get help?.... We depend for all this on the Father of the family. And whilst waiting, we have no other desire than to extend the kingdom of God more and more and to save many souls.





[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.]

Consolatrix Afflictorum.—I beg to return thanks to the Divine Infant and Our Lady Help of Christians for a grace received, which I promised to have published in the *Salesian Bulletin*. I have been suffering from neuralgia for years, but I made a Novena in honour of the Divine Infant and Our Lady Help of Christians and was perfectly cured.

MISS KATE HARTIGAN,
Croom (Ireland.)

Thanksgiving.—Mrs. M. Mistretta of Alcamo, Italy, returns lively thanks to Our Blessed Lady for having almost instantaneously and permanently cured her daughter, who had had a severe fall and fractured her arm.

Salus Infirmorum.—I had been suffering great pains from a malady in the throat and the doctors I consulted declared that they could give me no relief. My family was desolate on hearing this news. I was advised to go to Turin to the hospital there, but all to no use. But my journey was not in vain, for I paid a visit to her Sanctuary there, and recommended myself to her with confidence, and implored her to have compassion on myself and family by obtaining my cure. Our Lady heard my prayer. In a short time I felt somewhat relieved, and at the end of a month I was completely restored to health to the astonishment of the doctors who had treated my case. Blessed be thy Name, O true Help of Christians.

CAROLINE CRAVINO, *Acqui*.

Maria Casazza of Torriglia, Genova, returns her grateful thanks to Mary Help of Christians for the happy conclusion of a lawsuit which had lasted eleven years. A short time ago she prayed and had prayers said to Our Lady and very soon afterwards the lawsuit ended in her favour.


**

Thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians.—M. G. B. and F. of Tagagna, send a thank-offering in honour of Mary Auxiliatrice for having preserved their fields from the tempests. Besides, though the weather had not been very favourable, yet the abundance of the crops greatly surpassed their expectations.



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:—

Angela Benso, Carmagnola; Peter Gibello, Castelrosso; Maryanne Bogetto; Stanislaus Gravine, Canelli; David Meardi, Bastida de' Rossi; Catherine Martinengo, Vinovo; Margaret Boasso, Villanova d'Asti; Laurence Sola, Carmagnola; Bernard Becchio; Dominica Martini, Piobesi; Louis Bussi, Como; Dominic Trocato, Turin; Cesarina Peiretti, Vigone; Magdalene Bioglio, Carmagnola; Margaret Fascio, Castelrosso; Christopher Turchelli, Palestro; Louisa Franchini, Alpignano; Michael Faura, S. Secondo di Po; Joseph Bonino, Collegno; Louisa Mazzini, Semiana Lomellina; John Bagnati, Bellinzago Novarese; Bartholomew Marchisio, Caramagna; Dominica Guidetti, Castellamonte; Anthony Vota Rivarolo Canavese; Dominica Bragia, Castiglione The Sisters Turello, Turin; Vincent Stara, Pesaro; Rev. Evasius Delpiani, Torre Lombarda Isabel Vicini, Saluzzo; Rose Aliberti, Vinovo; Corinna Bezzi, Lavagna; Catherine Artino, Torrazza; Florinda Bozzi, Gorro; Veronica Martinetti, Montanaro; Mary Palacini, Vicoforte; Mathilda Graziani, Quinto al Mare; Lorenzo Testa, Calma; V. Rev. Anthony Mistro, Frivignano di Camp; Albini Ciancia, Milan; Rev. A. G., Seminary of St. Abbondio, Como; Clara Ferguglia, Sartirana; Francis Canna, Novara; Gaetano Righini, Longastrino (Ferrara); Rev. Louis Vancini, Bazzano (Bologna); Rose Bovini, Pieve Paggiaccia; B. R., Trent; M. M. E., Nizza Monferrat; John Tarditi, Novello; Corinna Amati, Milan; Rev. G. Balladore; Anacleto dal Pozzo, Faenza; Agnes Barbero, Guarene; Angela Gallo, Collesano Palermo; Scholastica Soffetti, Guarene; Peter Teppati, Ceres; Mary Comizzoli, Varallo Pombia; Nicholas De Carlo Diodato, Giuliano; Salvatore Raineri, Bordighera; Concetta Furia, Collesano Palermo; Emma Bernasconi, Mendrisio.


 VARIOUS GLEANINGS

WHAT DRINK HAS DONE.

THE homes intoxication has wrecked and destroyed are without number. Where once in holy prayer at eventide around the mother's knee sweet lips of innocent babies first learned to lisp the holy names of Jesus and Mary, where pretty children came to welcome their breadwinner—intoxicating drink has desolated the homestead and left the children on the world as waifs and outcasts. Sons and daughters have had their careers, seemingly so full of promise in the heyday of their youth, blighted and spoiled under its malevolent influence. The young man has sorrowfully to tell of talent wasted and opportunities thrown away, while the young woman has to lament the absence of that sweet and holy influence which, like a magnet, drew her Sunday after Sunday to the altar-rail, and which made it her boast to call herself a Child of Mary or a member of the Holy Family.—*C. T. A. News.*

THE SACRISTAN'S SACRIFICE.

A beautiful and affecting story is told of a Catholic priest and his sacristan who dwelt in the wildest part of Roumania. The priest was accompanied by his sacristan, a young man, and set out to carry the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man in a distant village. The night was cold and frosty and the wolves were out raging and hungry. The man, it was known, was on the point of death, and the sled, drawn by two swift horses, sped over the snow like the wind; but the wolves gained upon it. They sprang upon the horses and crowded on the sled.

The priest's only thought was of the dying man. "I must perish," he said, "and a Christian will, perhaps, die in mortal sin." Suddenly, when life seemed lost, the sacristan cried: "Absolution, Father!" and cast himself from the sled. The wolves left the horses and rushed upon him. The next day his body was found half devoured. He had given his life that another might be saved, for the priest reached the village in safety and in time to administer the last Sacraments of the Church to the dying man.—*Katholischer Jungenfreund.*

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE WITH THE SACRED HEART.

HAVE you ever fully realized the efficacy of a child's prayer with the heart of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Well, we

shall see from this narrative what a mere child obtained at the precious time of his first Communion.

In a certain city of South America there lived a wealthy family noted for hostile sentiments towards everything pertaining to religion. The father of the family, Mr. D..., hated everything Catholic and particularly Catholic education. This hatred was not concealed from his fellows. Still he wanted his little son Alphonse to receive a good education, and hearing that the Jesuit College was the best in the city, he sent him there.

As the boy was old enough to make his first Communion, the Fathers prepared him for it, and he made it that first year with a fervent endeavour to imitate St. Aloysius, praying most earnestly for the conversion of his parents and sisters. From that time he made rapid progress in study and his conduct was most edifying. His parents, pleased with his application, had no objection to make even when they heard of his advance in virtue, and of his frequent reception of the Sacraments.

Alphonse continued to pray most earnestly for his dear mother, and it was not long till she was induced to attend a sermon given to the Christian mothers. In this the preacher spoke in very strong terms of the responsibility of parents, and of their duty of giving their children a Christian education. His words produced a great impression on her, and touched by grace she resolved to place her daughters at school with the religious of the Sacred Heart—a resolution which she at once carried into effect, withdrawing them from the Protestant academy which they had attended.

This proceeding produced a most profound sensation in the city, and persons even went to the convent to inquire whether the rumour could possibly be true.

The girls were about fourteen and fifteen. Young as they were, they had seen a deal of the world, had attended fashionable balls and theatres, read the novels of the period, and heard the questions of the day discussed. They hated the prospect of a Catholic education, and could not endure the thought of a boarding-school, as they had always had their own way and knew nothing of submission. They knew nothing of religion, had never been to Confession, and would never have thought of going were they not at a Convent. The good nuns prayed most earnestly for them, reciting hundreds of times a day the aspiration: "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." Well, from the day of their entrance, their progress was noticed.

At first through politeness, then from real virtue, they overcame their repugnances and became model pupils of the school. They made their first Communion about four months after their entrance, having studied the catechism from beginning to end. From this time their virtue was marked, and they passed from one sodality to another till, at the end of the year, both were

aspirants to be Children of Mary. They were not to return to school, but when their father came to take them home they begged so hard to be allowed to spend another year at the convent for their Child of Mary's medal, that he consented. He yielded all the more willingly as he saw that the children, formerly haughty and self-willed, had become simple, docile, and had an air of genuine piety and gentleness that was charming.

They left school quite happy at the thought of returning, and, reunited to their family, were enjoying their vacation, when a revolution broke out, bringing a great sorrow to their home.

Their father was chief of the opposition party, and the Government officials were searching for him. Now discovery meant death. He was compelled to seek a hiding-place, and sent at once to ask the Superior of the convent to receive his three daughters, the two we have mentioned and a younger one aged ten; he knew they would be entirely safe under her care. The day after their arrival at the convent, the Government troops broke into their house, but their father had already taken flight, and they were safe in their convent home.

During the vacations how fervently these dear children prayed to the Sacred Heart for their father's safety, and how earnestly they thanked Our Lord for their own blessing in being pupils of the Sacred Heart! A month later a new grace from this divine Heart came to gladden theirs—their mother received Holy Communion at the Convent—the first time in many years—kneeling between her two daughters.

Their father had to pass through many perils and more than once narrowly escaped being caught. This caused his devoted children to redouble their prayers, and their confidence never let them doubt for a moment that he would be saved. Providence so arranged it that he spent the greater part of his time with a pious Catholic family, who did him much good in matters of religion. The sons of these good people were pupils of the Jesuits, and the daughters were at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and in this way Mr. D—, was able to keep up a correspondence with his wife and children.

Taking occasion of this, one of the religious induced him to promise to receive Holy Communion at the convent if he escaped, and this promise he fulfilled when the revolution was over. The happiness of his daughters was complete. And what shall we say of little Alphonse's joy when the great desire of his heart was realized, and all the favours asked on the day of his first Communion were granted.

Truly the prayers of a child's pure heart ascend to the throne of God, and win from the loving Heart of Jesus graces and blessings for all whom it loves.

Would that we could gain all souls to thy kingdom, O loving Heart of Jesus.—*The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XX. (*Continued*).

Holy Week, the week in which the Church reminds the faithful of the sorrows and sufferings of Our Divine Saviour, also furnished an occasion for inspiring the boys with piety. On Maunday Thursday they went in procession to visit the Sepulchres in the different Churches. They went from one Church to another, singing hymns, and other children of every age and condition, drawn by the music and the good example, overcame all human respect, and joined their ranks with transports of joy.

When they reached the place, after a few minutes spent in adoration, the best voices sang in a most touching manner the Passion or some appropriate mottet which Don Bosco had made them learn. At these sorrowful strains many could not restrain their tears, and followed the boys from one Church to another to weep anew at the tomb of Jesus.

In the evening they performed for the first time in the Chapel of the Oratory the function of the *Lavabo* or the Washing of the Feet, in the presence of a large number of boys. For this purpose twelve of them were chosen, representing the twelve Apostles. They were arranged in a circle in the Church, and the part of the Gospel prescribed was sung; afterwards, Don Bosco, girt with a towel, knelt before each one and washed his feet, as Our Divine Saviour did to His disciples at the Last Supper, drying them and kissing them with profound humility. Whilst the ceremony was going on, the cantors and others made the words of the holy rite resound:—*Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est*:—"Where charity and love reign, there is God." And these other words:—*Cessent jurgia maligna, cessent lites; et in medio nostri sit Christus Deus*; that is to say:—"Let evil disputes cease, and quarrels come to an end; and let Jesus Christ reign in our midst."

The discourse which he gave afterwards, explained the meaning and brought out the lesson to be learnt from the sacred ceremony, one of the best adapted to educate and

instruct the hearts of the young in the two principal virtues of Christianity, humility and charity.

After the function the young Apostles sat down to a frugal meal with Don Bosco, who served them with his own hands. Finally he gave them a little present, and sent them home full of joy. This sacred ceremony continues to be practised every year in the Oratory with great edification.

In order to prevent the boys from being absent on Sundays, Don Bosco and Fr. Borel made use of other means as well. Besides often distributing little presents, such as statues, medals, and sometimes fruit and sweets, to the boys who came most frequently to Catechism and were most devout, they began to give instructions or sermons in the evening under the form of dialogues. Father Borel mingled with the boys as a penitent or scholar, and was at times so amusing in making questions and giving answer, that he kept them attentive and made them laugh, whilst Don Bosco from the pulpit instructed or moralised according to need. This kind of instruction was always looked forward to by the boys, and it would have been enough to announce that there would be a dialogue on the following Sunday, to ensure the Chapel being crowded with little hearers. The custom of using the dialogue in the Festive Oratories during the Carnival dates from that time; it was of great service in keeping the children away from the dangers of the streets.

The feast of St. Aloysius was celebrated with singular pomp, and it seemed as if the times demanded it. In that year young men were often enough drawn to assist at festivals, or to speak more truly, at civil demonstrations which took place from time to time to celebrate the victories of Charles Albert, victories which were soon to be changed into defeats. Whilst the world was decking itself out in finery and attracting the attention of the people, it seemed useful, if not necessary, to counterpoise this with the grandeur of religious feasts, so as to win over to the Church the minds and hearts of the faithful, especially of the young who were so inexperienced.

The solemnity was announced a long time before; it was preceded by the usual six Sundays, with suitable practices of piety; they prepared the most exquisite music they could; invitations were sent to the benefactors of the Oratory, and their friends and

relations. On the evening of the vigil and the morning of the Feast, a volley of crackers announced the eventful day.

Don Bosco, and several priests, who were helping him, had enough to do. They had the consolation of seeing a very large number of boys approach to receive the Holy Sacraments. At twelve o'clock the Oratory contained a great crowd of boys of whom the chapel could only hold a part.

The procession, above all, was a thing worthy of special mention. The Via Cottolengo, which it traversed, is long; the first boys in the double column were already half-way when the last, carrying the statue of the saint, had scarcely got outside the precincts of the Oratory. In spite of the great number of people, everything was carried out with order and tranquillity. A body of policemen was there, more to do honour than to preserve order, and the band alternated its harmony with the singing of the boys.

(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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The Salesian Bulletin

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE
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Its Colleges and Industrial Schools are established in almost every country of Europe, in Algeria, Palestine, Mexico, and all over the vast Continent of South America.

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In connection with the Salesian Congregation is the

ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS,

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The conditions of Membership are very simple:

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- (b) Be inscribed on the Register of the Association, kept at the Salesian Oratory, Turin.
- (c) Recite daily a Patér and Ave in honour of St. Francis of Sales, for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff; and lead a practical Christian life.

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