

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

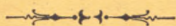


SALESIAN BULLETIN

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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 of 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. 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.


THE

SALESIAN BULLETIN

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

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LET US TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN have ever been the object of a singular love. In fact, no period of man's life appeals more powerfully to our sympathy than the tender age of childhood. It is enough not to have stifled the good sentiments of one's heart in order to feel oneself instinctively drawn towards that age of innocence and natural candour.

During His mortal career, Our Divine Saviour delighted to surround Himself with the little ones, to converse with

them, to caress and bless them. They form the object of His tender love. He proposes them to us as models to imitate; He threatens with the most terrible chastisements all who scandalize them, whilst whatever good we do for them is considered as done to Himself. In this way Jesus desires to show us how worthy of esteem and love the little ones are.

The dangers that surround childhood in our own time, are perhaps more numerous than in any other. Efforts are made on all sides to corrupt the young by imbuing them with false principles, making them walk in the path of vice and crime, wresting their faith from them, destroying them, in short, both in body and soul. But this is more especially the case with poor and outcast children.

O! that we, too, could distinguish in those upturned, appealing faces the same look that nearly two thousand years ago attracted the love of our gentle Saviour. His example and the evils to which numbers of abandoned children in every country are exposed, should stimulate us to take a practical interest in their moral and material welfare. Let us ever keep before our mind the words of Pius IX. of happy memory and of the present reigning Pontiff Leo XIII., words which explain the special aim we Salesian Co-operators and sons of Don Bosco should always have in view: "To your care," says Pius IX., "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." And His Holiness Leo XIII. says: "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."

Be assured, dear Co-operators, that if we are faithful to our trust, Our Divine Lord will certainly prepare for us a great reward, since whatever we do for the little ones He considers as done to Himself.



DON BOSCO
ON THE
WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER.



OUR beloved Father Don Bosco, describing the causes of the general weakness of character, says: "If children are badly reared, it is partly from ignorance, but also from selfishness and tenderness badly directed. Instead of being self-sacrificing and devoted to their children, parents often use them for their own pleasure; true, through sincere, but mistaken affection. A parade is made of precious talents in the little prodigy; his praises are even sounded in his presence without noticing the rapid

progress of growing vanity, which will soon become presumption, conceit, and pride. Parents delight and trust in natural affectionate demonstrations and contemplate the simple graces of their child, receive and provoke cajoleries as if from a puppy, and as if he were a dog chastise him angrily when he refuses to obey. They wish him to be loving, well-dressed, learned—that is all. What imprudence, and what a mistake! A precocious development of intellect is the fortunate privilege of children in whom grown persons interest themselves; but nature and mutual dependence of faculties should not be lost sight of for a moment. The child is unfortunate in whom only the faculties of knowledge and feeling are developed, which through a common and deplorable confusion are mistaken for love, and in whom the chief faculty is completely neglected—the will—the only source of true, pure love, of which sensibility is a deceitful representation. Sometimes foolish parents occupy themselves about this, but do not guide and strengthen it by repeated little acts of virtue, asked for through the child's affections, easily obtained from his good heart; but, on the contrary, endeavour, under pretext of conquering a rebellious nature, to subdue forcibly, and end by destroying instead of correcting the will. By this error, harmony which should exist in the parallel development of the powers of the soul, is injured, and the most delicate instruments are put out of tune. Intellect and sensibility, over-excited by this ultra-cultivation, absorb all the powers of mind and life, and soon acquire dangerous strength. The child understands quickly; his imagination becomes eager, his memory exact, and he retraces with scrupulous precision the least details; his sensitiveness enraptures all who meet him. But, deplorable want of balance, these brilliant qualities scarcely conceal disgraceful insufficiency, inconceivable weakness. The child—later, alas! the youth—carried away by the quickness of his understanding, cannot think or act consecutively; he is absolutely deficient in common sense, in tact, in prudence—in a word in a practical mind. Do not expect to find him methodical and orderly. He confuses everything, both in reason and conduct. He disconcerts by brusque and impetuous sallies of wit, by strange inconsistency. Yesterday he asserted a so-called virtue; to-day, with similar irresistible conviction, he upholds the contrary. His reason, obscured by a weak will, is devoid of serious

thought. He receives from others, or from outward circumstances, the judgment which he adopts, either because his imagination is misled or his sensibility flattered; the same levity causes him to give that up to follow other more brilliant theories which fascinate his weak intellect. Too disturbed to read his own mind clearly, he only knows the surface—that is, passing emotions. He resolutely wishes all of which he approves; incapable of resisting, he acts with haste. To do otherwise appears to him a want of candour; he wishes to appear outwardly as he is inwardly; if he subdues his passions he imagines it hypocrisy. So, supposing himself to wish that which he does not wish, he imagines he does not wish that which he wishes. Virtue attracts him, but is repugnant to the laxity of his nature; he mistakes this interior resistance for contrary will; a dupe of folly, he despairs of believing or wishing what he really believes or wishes. If he hesitates about an important act, instead of studying it in itself, examining the motives, circumstances, and object, he interrogates the oracle, his stupid sensitiveness. Self-willed in his impressions, he asks himself, 'what is my opinion?' According to his fancy he decides. This is his idea of reflection. If wrong, beware of reproaching him, as he thinks he has done right. 'I have been guided by conscience,' he asserts. Later, if in difficult circumstances, do not expect anything from him; though capable of generous impulse, his character is subject to strange weakness. Violence and obstinacy are the sole manifestations of a feeble will, and always used wrongly. Can qualities of the heart compensate for these faults, or cultivated sensitiveness make young hearts tender and affectionate? Alas! a similar vacuum and similar vacillation to that in the intellect exist. The youth is easily attracted, and quickly forgetful. His heart is, like his conscience, a surging sea agitated by contrary currents. Without being actually bad, he is led by caprice. He cannot preserve friends, as he never suppresses an unkind allusion at their expense, a scornful expression, a hurtful pun, an injurious, groundless suspicion, or an insolent whim! Is it strange that slighted friends withdraw? Poor, incomplete being! he complains of not being appreciated. Impulse and fickleness are the groundwork of his character. Parents who so educate their child, only succeed in producing an affectionate, perfected, intelligent animal."



THE Work of Daily Bread has lately been established in the city of Mexico in connection with the Salesian Orphan Asylum. Each member of this Association pledges himself to supply for one day in every year all the bread that is required for the use of the asylum. The Salesian College, asylum and workshops, where food and instruction are given to poor children are wholly dependent on the alms of the faithful, and it speaks well for the piety and generosity of the citizens of Mexico who take such a charitable interest in this Institute.

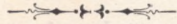
No doubt our readers have heard of the sad story of the Italian cruiser *Lombardia* which was obliged to undergo a long quarantine at Isola Grande near Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on account of the yellow fever prevailing amongst the crew.

Father Varchi of the Salesian College of Nictheroy, offered his services for the plague-stricken sailors and set out for the Lazaretto on Isola Grande, where he remained a whole month administering to the wants of the ill-fated crew, returning only when the terrible malady had disappeared.

It is with feelings of pleasure that we make known to our Co-operators a new token of the Holy Father's benevolence. By special Brief he has lately granted to our Superior-General, Don Rua, the faculty of extending to whatsoever diocese or parish, the Archconfraternity of Our Lady Help of Christians, which was canonically erected some years ago in the Sanctuary dedicated to her in Turin. Pastors desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity to establish in their Churches the Confraternity of Our Lady Help of Christians, are earnestly solicited to make their request known to Very Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

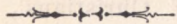
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FERRARI, Archbishop of Milan, deigned to honour the

Salesian College of Treviglio with a visit a few days ago. After celebrating Mass at the famous Sanctuary of Caravaggio, his Eminence set out for Treviglio. There the Clergy, the several Confraternities and Catholic Associations together with the city band and a numerous concourse of people, warmly welcomed him. The new band of the Festive Oratory hailed the arrival of his Eminence at the Salesian College. He was greeted, too, by loud cheers from the boys, and gave his blessing to all as he entered the House. He graciously called the sons of Don Bosco the cherished friends of his heart, and after listening to the entertainment given by the boys, and to a pleasing address by Father Viola, he promised to return in the Autumn to open the new House. He then departed much pleased with his visit and amidst the acclamations of the boys and people.



THE *seroterapia* in dealing with leprosy has been attended with beneficial results. The first to discover this mode of treating that frightful malady was Dr. Juan de Dios Carrasquilla of Columbia. Fifteen persons afflicted with leprosy were treated by Dr. Carrasquilla with his new discovery and at the expiration of six months were completely cured. Dr. Putnam and several other doctors of Bogota have also made several experiments with the *seroterapia* with great success. Father Crippa, the late Don Unia's successor, writing to us from the Leper Colony of Agua de Dios, tells us that the news of the *seroterapia* which has been introduced into the Lazaretto, has awakened the greatest enthusiasm among the lepers and filled them with bright hopes for the future.

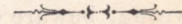
If the results obtained by Doctor Carrasquilla and others in the treatment of leprosy be confirmed by subsequent successes, his name will be immortalized and evoke the blessings of so many of his unhappy countrymen who until now have believed themselves afflicted by an incurable malady.



THE FEAST OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, the patron of youth, was kept with great solemnity by the Salesian Fathers at San Nicolas, Buenos Ayres, it being also the feast-day of the Superior, V. Rev. Father J. Louis Castiglia. "The religious ceremonies,"

writes one of our confrères, "were beautifully carried out, the panegyric of the Saint being preached by the Rev. Father Montaldo. Many of the Salesian Co-operators joined the Fathers at dinner, after which toasts were given by Father Canepa, Chaplain of the Hospital, Father Montaldo and several other gentlemen. The boys of the College, to show their esteem and love for their beloved Superior, presented him with a beautiful Chalice and a fine set of altar cruets. A splendid riding horse was the gift of Mr. W. Donnelly. Presents were also received from Messrs. J. Young, P. McDermott, T. O'Toole, J. Molloy, etc., etc., to all of whom Father Superior desires publicly to return his grateful thanks.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, the grand theatrical representation was opened by the singing of the National Hymn by the College choir. The play 'St. Aloysius Gonzaga' was vividly represented by the College students, giving evident satisfaction to over a thousand persons who were assembled for the occasion. Select pieces of poetry were also recited, while a pleasant and interesting farce ended the representation at 5:40 p. m.



THE 24th of June, feast of St. John the Baptist, is a general holiday at the Salesian Oratory, Turin. It is the feast-day of our beloved Father and founder Don Bosco. Every year on that day, his children vie with one another to honour his memory and testify their love and attachment to his worthy successor, Don Rua.

This feast was kept this year with the usual solemnity and splendour. The religious functions were very impressive. Soon after the Solemn Vespers and Benediction an academic meeting was held in the Aula Maxima, where superiors, boys and quite a numerous body of Co-operators and admirers of the Salesian Works assembled to honour Don Bosco and Don Rua. It is needless to say that the assembly was a worthy demonstration of filial affection.





TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

THE CANDELARA SETTLEMENT.

Rio Grande of Tierra del Fuego.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER RUA,

SINCE my last letter to Monsignor Fagnano, wherein I spoke of the visit of the three hundred and fifty Indians to the Missionary Settlement, we have never had so many visitors all at once. They still continue to frequent the House, but only in small batches. The reason of this is owing to the hatred that exists between the Indians of the North and those of the South. The latter stand in fear of their more warlike neighbours who have threatened to take up arms against them if they dare to show their faces in the neighbourhood again.

When Monsignor Fagnano visited us in August it was a grateful surprise for him to see the hundred and more natives at the Settlement, hear the little children who have already begun to lisp their prayers, and observe for himself the beneficial influence of our holy Religion on these poor savages.

A Horrible Tragedy.

Not long after Monsignor's departure a horrible tragedy occurred in the vicinity of our small colony which I will relate in detail.

On the 14th of August, a party of gold diggers and men in the service of the Argentine Republic came to our House. After partaking of our hospitality, they set out towards the south-east, saying that they were going to Cape St. Paul. We heard nothing of them until September 5th, on which day three men returned to the Settlement worn out by fatigue. When they had rested awhile and were able to tell their tale, the leader of the little party undertook the part of spokesman and related the following. On the morning of the preceding day, whilst sipping his *maté* (a kind of tea) at their encampment, he was startled by hearing a half-smothered groan. Instinctively turning round he was horrified to see an Indian

named Capelo with several others bending over Sanmartin their guide and two others of the small party and strike them several blows with large knives. At this scene of horror he sprang to his feet, just in time to elude the grasp of two powerful arms, and seeing that the only means of escaping the fate of his guide and companions lay in flight, he jumped on the back of the only horse they had. Spurring it on at full gallop he succeeded in rejoining the two men he had left some three miles distant with the other horses and the baggage. He told them to saddle at once and make for the Missionary Settlement as quickly as possible, where they arrived, after a hard ride, worn out and exhausted.

But who was Sanmartin, the one who was murdered?

A proof of the common saying 'that guilt cannot forever go unpunished'; he was a murderer!

"And, now, what are you going to do?" I asked the one who had told me this sad story.

"If you will give me four or five men with six or seven guns, with horses and provisions, we will go back and try to capture the murderers."

I could not grant him that; I lent them, however, two horses, and on the following morning I despatched one of our own people with an urgent letter to the Governor of St. Sebastian and the Vice-Governor of Paramo. Eight long days passed before the Governor-Commissary and a Justice of the Peace came with two soldiers and six volunteers all well armed.

I succeeded in excusing myself from accompanying them, according to their wish, in the expedition against the Indians; it would have alienated the minds of those who were at the house. I assured them that instead of the Indians they would probably only find some rags, ashes and the remains of charred bones, as in fact really was the case. They made a note of what they had seen, and four days after their departure they returned to the Settlement. When they went away, they left us in compensation for the services rendered them, well a few sacks of biscuit *less*, a hundred weight or two of preserved meat *less*, half a barrel of wine *consumed*, and a horse which they borrowed and which never came back.

Effects of a Secular Education.

In March there came to our house the Chief of the Police with five men in order

to receive our declaration of all we knew of the sad occurrence. He told us that the Indian Capelo had been to the house of an English gentleman, Mr. Bridget, on the Beagle Channel, and whilst he was in the very act of an attempted robbery, Mr. Bridget, who had been opportunely warned, surprised him and shot him dead with his revolver. It was known that it had been Capelo's intention, if he had succeeded in his attempt against Mr. Bridget, to serve our Mission in the same way.

This Indian Capelo, who seemed from his whole appearance to be something more than a Fuegian savage, had been a dandy at the capital, and been for some time with the Governor, Dr. Cornero. The latter took him to Buenos Ayres, but there Capelo betrayed the confidence placed in him, for which he was sent back to Tierra del Fuego. Here he became first a murderer, for which reason he was sought after by the police, and afterwards the leader of a band of assassins, so that he, too, expiated with his life, the fruits of a secular education, an education without any idea of Christian religion or morality.

Some Difficulties of the Missionary.

Passing on to give you other news of our Mission, I must say that we are on good terms with all the Indians of Tierra del Fuego; those of the North-west are continually at the Settlement; those of the South-east, also often visit us, but they only stay a short time, a fortnight or three weeks at the most. When they come, we treat them as well as we can, giving them bread, biscuit, blankets, clothes, etc., etc., and in the meantime we try to teach them a little

religion. It is a pity that their language is so difficult to learn, and that they have no less difficulty in understanding ours! How much good should we not be able to do to them if we understood each other better. What a loss it is for us not to have an interpreter! We were hoping that Aloysius Michael Calafate would have been of great service to us; but how bitterly were we deceived! It is a case of saying: *Nemo propheta in patria sua*. At first he said that he had forgotten the

language; then he began to exercise himself with his bow and arrow; finally he asked my permission to go and look for his brother who ought to have been at Useless Bay. After a fortnight he came back in a pitiable state.

We refreshed him and gave him a thorough change from head to foot, and were in hopes that the sufferings he had endured would make him wiser for the future. Vain hope!

A fortnight afterwards his savage instincts returned to him; he made a fresh escape, taking with him the key of his room. The last time Monsignor Fagnano came he had him sought out and induced him to go to Puntarenas. All these contradictions and difficulties, however, do not discourage us. We still hope to gain many souls to Our Divine Lord Jesus Christ and to ensure

thus the salvation of our own.

Some Gentle Treatment at the hands of Fuegian Doctors.

I should like to tell you now, as a thing worthy of mention, the way in which doctors cure these Fuegians when they are ill. When any person whatever, man or woman, great or small, old or young, feels one of the many evils that afflict poor humanity, he calls in



A Fuegian Boy.

the doctor. The first thing this personage does is to make the patient lie down at his feet, and go through a little *massage* treatment on the affected part; if it is the stomach for example, he jumps on it and, either with his feet or knees, bruises him as much as he can. Figure to yourself the sighs, the groans and the yells of the poor patient! but the doctor does not abandon his victim for all that, and beginning the *massage* treatment all over again, perseveres and with such effect that his victim's flesh becomes raw and drops of blood issue from the pores. When it is another part of the body that is affected, for example, the shoulders, the head, the arms or legs, besides the violent rubbing, blows are administered with the open hand or clenched fist, enough to exhaust anyone, except the poor sick man! It is true that instead of effecting a cure, the treatment often results in the death of the poor victim; but the system is not changed on that account. All these operations are accompanied with the most extraordinary sounds and gestures, with kicks, stamping on the ground, spitting and striking in the air, as though battling with some evil spirit whom they wish to drive to a distance. And to this sort of medical treatment they subject the sick every day and many times a day. What I tell you here, I saw with my own eyes, as I was very often able to surprise and stop them, or at least to shorten the fearful torture.

Manners and Moods.

These poor Indians prefer guanaco skin to the clothing which we give them. They never cover their heads, but they often shave them quite bare, leaving only a wide fringe of hair, like the Franciscans do. In winter alone, they wear a kind of sandals made of guanaco leather. They tie their hair with strips of skin from the same animal; the men add to this a three-cornered piece of leather, which forms a kind of ducal coronet. It is a custom of theirs to wrap up their dead in skins which are tightly bound with strings; and at the time of burial, they burn all that belonged to the deceased. Immediately afterwards they abandon the encampment. They love their children even to excess, and they will not altogether leave them with the Missionary. We have not been able, so far, to convince them that our object in seeking them out, is to do them good, that we do not want to take them from them, that they

can see them whenever they wish to, that we feed and clothe them well etc.; it is an almost useless waste of breath. This is one of the difficulties which retard the success of the labours of the poor Missionaries.

First Christian Burial among the Onas.

On the 27th of June last, the father of the Chief died of gastric fever and lung disease. I had baptised him two days before his death under the name of José Abuelo. He had scarcely breathed his last when one of his sons wished to cover him up and bury him. If I had not been there, he would have, perhaps, strangled him in order to shorten his agony. What a depth of filial tenderness! He was, however, tied up, *more solito*, bound hand and foot and put in a coffin; on the next day he was carried by his sons and four other persons, and accompanied by the priest, to the place destined as a cemetery. A rude cross marks his last resting-place. He is, perhaps, the first Ona, who has had the honour of a Christian burial.

A Barbarous Revenge. — Hopes for the Future.

You must know, Very Rev. Father, that near Bahia Porvenir and Bahia Gentegrande, the Indians have lately been stealing large quantities of cattle. Only a short time ago, they seized a good number and as they could not take all with them, they killed a great part and hamstringed the remainder, so as to render them unserviceable to the proprietors. The latter, however, surprized the savages and shot down as many as they could; and to revenge themselves on the rest they poisoned the wounded cattle that had been abandoned. The savages returned a few days afterwards and carried off their prey, but only to meet with a horrible death a few hours later, from the effects of the poisoned meat.

We were horrified to hear of this shocking occurrence, and deemed it our duty to reproach the *estancieros* with their cruel mode of dealing punishment. We succeeded in obtaining a promise from some of them that, provided the savages abstain from plundering, they will supply them with about twenty five sheep every month. May Heaven cause only gentle counsels to prevail and spare the further destruction of these poor savages!

Before finishing this letter, Very Rev.

Father, I must tell you that as a proof of my gratitude towards my Superiors who have given me so many tokens of their love and good-will, I have thought of a way of perpetuating their names by giving them to the Indians and their children who have just received the grace of Baptism. And my intention has not been altogether disinterested, but in acting thus, I intended to oblige them to pray for their godchildren and also for him who has been the instrument for them of this grace from God.

Bless us, dear Father, and kindly remember in your prayers this poor Mission, my confrères and in a special manner him who has the honour of being

Your affectionate son in Xto.,

JOSEPH M. BEAUVOIR,

Salesian Missionary.



BRAZIL.

THE TERESA CRISTINA COLONY.

FROM the late deeply-lamented Monsignor Lasagna's correspondence which appeared in the columns of the *Salesian Bulletin*, our readers have been able to gather that the Salesian Fathers on reaching Cuyabá, the capital of Matto Grosso, assumed the direction of a parish, opened a Festive Oratory, Schools and Workshops; and that later on they set out for the *Teresa Cristina* Colony to evangelize the Coroado savages.

With regard to this Mission, the *Gazeta Official* published the following Act of Administration of his Excellency Señor Manoel José Murinho, President of Matto Grosso:

"Art. 610.—His Excellency the President of the State seeing the advisability of entrusting to the Salesian Missionaries the task of civilizing and catechising the Indians of the *Teresa Cristina* Colony on the banks of the San Lorenzo, resolves to name as Governor of the Colony the Rev. Father John Balzola, and the Rev. Father Joseph Solari as Assistant-Governor. Both these Missionaries will discharge their duties in accordance with the rules of their Congregation and the instructions given them from the Presidency."

The *Matto Grosso*, a weekly paper of the State, after referring to this commendable

act of President Murinho, adds: "On several occasions we have endeavoured to show the necessity of the Salesians undertaking Missions in Matto Grosso. Now these Missionaries are here ready to begin their work of civilisation among the savages to render them useful members of Society. We have only words of encouragement for them, hoping, as we do, that their generous labours and efforts may be crowned with complete success. At the same time we cannot abstain from offering a word or two of well-deserved praise to his Excellency Señor Manoel Murinho, the President, who has done so much to introduce the Salesian Missionaries in Matto Grosso."

We join this periodical in eulogising the worthy President of the State of Matto Grosso, and we tender him our best thanks for the support and willing aid he has been pleased to offer, and still continues to offer, our confrères.

The following letter which was addressed to Monsignor Lasagna by Father Solari, a few weeks before the former's death will give our readers some idea of the work our Missionaries are engaged in among the Coroado Indians of Matto Grosso:

ON THE WAY TO TERESA CRISTINA COLONY.

Teresa Cristina Colony, June 17.

MY LORD BISHOP,

WE have at length arrived at Teresa Cristina Colony. On the 20th of last month in the company of Señor Alphonse Roche, we embarked on the steam-launch *Antonietta* at Cuyaba. It took us a little more than three days to descend the River Cuyaba, as we stopped here and there on the way to administer Baptisms and bless marriages. When we reached the San Lorenzo the navigation became much more difficult, not only because we were going against the current, but we were also travelling in unknown waters. We travelled by day only, for during the night there was danger of striking on a sand-bank or, what would have been much worse and entailed more serious consequences, of knocking against some of the numerous branches of trees which are dragged along by the stream. Not even during the day did we make continual progress as we had to stop now and then to cut wood in the forest for the engine; for wood is, as you know, the coal of this country. I took advantage of these occasions to accompany Señor Roche to the woods in order to catch birds. Señor Roche also taught me the art of stuffing them, so we shall be able to send something to our Colleges at Villa Colon and Turin.

We were the first to navigate formally the waters of the San Lorenzo; no one had ever

travelled up this river before, except in canoes. In general it is not so tortuous as the Cuyabá, and has a greater abundance of water. From its mouth right up to the Piguiry navigation is easy, but from thence to the Jarigara, which is a tributary of the San Lorenzo, the river is very shallow. This is doubtless owing to the waters which rush along this tributary with much force, leaving the San Lorenzo thereabouts almost dried up. Higher up the Jarigara navigation becomes better again; but it is, however, necessary to be always on the look out so as not to strike against stumps of trees submerged in the waters.

MEETING WITH THE INDIANS.

Before reaching the Jarigara we landed and made an excursion into the woods, where we came across some traces of man. Señor Roche and myself were taken aback a little at hearing the growl of a tiger, not far from us. Returning to the vessel we continued our journey and scarcely had we passed the Jarigara, when we saw at a short distance from the shore two Indians, who immediately disappeared into the forest on seeing us. We stopped the steamer and called out to them. After some time five Indians stepped out of the woods and after a little hesitation approached us; we gave to each of them a pair of trousers, and then went on. Soon we met a large number of savages belonging to the tribe of the *Bororas-Coroados* of the extinct Isabel Colony. We got in front of them and in a few hours reached the place where the Colony formerly stood.

There is an article in the Regulations on *Terras e Colonições* which says, that the land inhabited by the natives cannot be sold; and that when these natives have reached a state of civilisation, it is to be divided amongst them. According to this article the land belonging to the said Colony ought to have been set aside for the Indians. Some individuals, however, took care to make the Government believe that the natives no longer lived there, and thus contrived to become possessors of it. It is quite true that at the present day, the Indians are no longer to be found there, for they have been driven off by the new masters, robbed of their lands, and confined to a more limited territory. Early on the following morning we had the pleasure of seeing the savages arrive with their Cacique. The latter is still young, knows a little Portuguese and has been baptized. When a child, he was captured and taken into the city, where he went to school. Now he seems to have forgotten his former training and lives just like the savages. In the course of the conversation I had with him, I told him that a priest would soon be coming to remain with them, teach them the truths of our Holy Religion and the benefits to be derived from a civilized life. Shortly after, he approached Señor Roche and asked him if what I had told him was true, because in such a case he would order his men to build a small cottage for the priest. Señor Roche confirmed my words, since we were all

eager to advance the cause of these unfortunates. It is a truly sad thing to leave them abandoned. They are savages it is true, but they have a genial and docile disposition, much better than that of the Indians of Teresa Christina Colony. To bring them together is impossible, since they are at enmity with each other. It is necessary, then, to found there a second colony, where better fruit may, perhaps, be obtained than at Teresa Cristina. Señor Roche intends to apply to the Government, and let us hope that his appeal may be favourably heard. Here we baptized two adult Indians, who are living with a Christian family.

After many difficulties we finally arrived on June 5th at our destination. A military flourish hailed our arrival. The savages were awaiting us dressed in their different costumes. Some of them were only clothed with a *frak*—a long gown—and wore on their heads a kind of round tube. On the following day we distributed amongst them the clothing that we had brought with us. There were three hundred or so who already wore some kind of attire, but many could boast of no clothing at all.

A great quantity of blankets were in demand as the night-time here is now bitterly cold; we gave what we had, but were unable to provide all, as our supply was limited . . .

A VICTIM OF THE BAIRE.

The second day after our arrival we found in a cabin a poor Indian woman over whom the *Bacururù** had been sung on the previous night, as she was near death. The poor woman was lying on the bare ground in the midst of all kinds of filth, with a piece of wood covered with monkey-skin for a pillow. She was a mere skeleton, for she had eaten nothing for several days. Her face was painted with *urucù*, † with many streaks of black, and her head shoulders and body down to the waist were smeared all over with resin, *urucù*, grease and covered with feathers of the *arara*, a kind of parrot. Her legs were also in a horrible and disgusting state through this black resin with which they were covered. Such are the preparations for death amongst these unhappy creatures. She seemed to be unconscious; her eyes were wide open, but there was no spark of life in them. Her heavy breathing, too, showed that she was near death. At once, I took a little water and baptized her *sub conditione*. Señor Roche made her swallow some medicine, which he had with him, and we then went away. Two hours later we looked in again and found her much better. Señor Roche gave her another dose of his medicine, and went to arrange with the Sisters about her removal to a more comfortable place, where she might be cared for and defended from the wicked

* An incomprehensible chant, accompanied by music; it is sung over the dead and dying.

† A red pomade which the savages of Brazil anoint themselves with.

artifices of the *baire* or medicine-man. But we were not in time, for a short time afterwards, just as everything had been arranged for the removal, we were informed by a Cacique that she was dead. It seems that we had hardly left the hut, when the *baire* entered and at once set about his nefarious work. Covering the face of the poor woman with a piece of matting, he began to chant the *Bacururu*, the bystanders who had followed him, joining in; then placing his knee on his victim's bosom, he passed his hand under the veil and strangled her. The merciless wretch was afraid that our efforts would have saved the unfortunate woman, and thus belie his predictions. When we arrived we were almost deafened by the shrieks and the howls of the mourners. The husband of the deceased smashed all his bows and arrows and placed the pieces on the corpse. Then, taking the glass from which the poor victim had taken her medicine, he broke it and began hacking his legs most barbarously with the pieces. The body of the murdered woman meanwhile, enveloped in matting, was borne by four sturdy young Indians outside the cabin, where several *baire*s were beating their tom-toms and singing the *Bacururu*. The husband and relatives of the deceased surrounded the bier and continued to hack their bodies, until the ground and the corpse were covered with blood. Horrified and sickened at that frightful scene we were obliged to retire; not, however, before Father Balzola had tried his best to put a stop to the barbarity without success

LIFE AT THE COLONY.

We are now studying the language of these Indians which is not a very difficult matter. We have already managed to master some two hundred and fifty words, and I think that when we know as many more we shall be in full possession of their entire vocabulary. Next month I shall no doubt be sending your Lordship a copy of the dictionary we are compiling. The savages of the deserted Isabel Colony speak the same dialect, so that we shall already have gained an advantage when it is a question of undertaking that Mission. Our first lessons on the necessity of, and beneficial results to be derived from, labour have not been fruitless for the Indians of the Colony are now working a little. They are not so fierce as we were told, on the other hand they are rather mean and despicable. We visit them every day in their huts but find them too exacting; they always want something and are never satisfied.

The soldiers stationed here number twenty-five, and their way of giving good example to the savages is by nearly always being drunk!

This Mission presents many difficulties, and of a much more serious character than we had expected. The work, also, is so great that we cannot attend to everything. Besides our Missionary duties, we are the Governors, Vestry Officers, Justice of the Peace, etc., etc. We have

to attend to all the demands and entreaties of the Indians; . . . teach them how to handle their tools, till the soil, fell the trees, build more comfortable cabins, and so on. When Your Lordship comes to visit us, and we hope that the time is not far distant, you will be able to see for yourself the great need there is here of a more numerous personnel. Priests, workmen, clerics and lay brothers will all find plenty to do here. Señor Roche intends to buy a steamer and place it at the disposal of the Colony. He will do so as soon as possible in order to have the honour of bringing your Lordship when you intend to visit us. This gentleman is a generous friend, and an ardent admirer of Don Bosco and his Work.


I conclude by begging your Lordship to remember me to all our confrères. At Las Piedras I told them that I would send them news, but have had no time. If you, my Lord, should think it worth while, you might pass my letter on to them.

Bless me and pray for

Your devoted son in Jesus Christ


JOSEPH SOLARI,

Salesian Missionary.



PALESTINE.

THE ORPHANAGE OF THE INFANT JESUS.



FATHER Neple, one of our Missionaries at Nazareth in Palestine, has communicated to us the following account, addressed by him to a certain number of Don Bosco's friends who are specially devoted to the Salesian works in the Holy Land. We hasten to give to all our readers this news which, we have no doubt, will be read with pleasure:

A well-known English proverb says that "Time is money." In the East this aphorism seems a real paradox. If you want to do anything amongst the children of the East, arm yourself with a patience beyond every trial. Besides, we see, whenever we observe an Oriental sitting down smoking his long pipe, and spending hours in receiving interminable visits, that time has no value whatever in his eyes. He thinks so little of it that his principal occupation is to kill it. "Killing time" is certainly an expression that must have first seen the light on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

For several months I have experienced what I have just stated. I was sent to Nazareth by my Superiors to obtain the authorization for the titles of properties acquired by Father Belloni, and to

procure the firman permitting us to build a Salesian Orphanage on the same properties. I soon saw that to succeed, I had need of twofold strength:—a great deal of patience, and, what is more serious for poor Salesians, plenty of money.

Our principal *fonctionnaires*—and I am really glad to be able to render them this tribute of praise—have broken with the traditions of venality so long in honour amongst the servants of the Sublime Porte. But the old machinery is there still; there are wheels within wheels, and a deal of oil and grease is necessary to keep the crazy old engine going! It is all in vain to try to impart to it a higher rate of speed by means of an energetic motor; the whole concern would go to pieces rather than change its method and give up the old groove.

But what man cannot do of himself, I have asked of our powerful Protector, the Head of the Holy Family, St. Joseph. I acknowledged to him my nothingness, and abandoned to his care the charge of bringing to a successful issue the work of the Carpenter of Nazareth. And St. Joseph has inspired me with the thought of how I may draw profit from the slowness, the delays and the obstacles that stand in our way. Enlightened by prayer, I consider all this as one of the trials which are the inseparable companions of the works that are willed by Divine Providence. But how was I to draw benefit from it? After a Novena of Masses in honour of St. Joseph, two facts were the result. I was offered a site, at a price that was relatively low, a house with two court-yards, a large garden and two terraces; the whole is enclosed by walls and is very suitable for an Orphanage; this was the first fact. Moreover, it is well known in the country that I am the representative of Father Belloni "the Father of Orphans," as he is called in Palestine; there came to me processions of poor abandoned children, either alone or accompanied by their father who was blind or lame or worn away with disease. Oftentimes these children were brought by a poor widow unable to provide food for a numerous family.

Whilst carefully setting aside those children who were not completely abandoned or in great distress, I was obliged on that day to provide for a hundred and fifty seven.

These two events which occurred almost at the same time, seemed to me to be an indication of Divine Providence; and as I was menaced with the fear of seeing this site fall into the hands of Protestants, I drew up the contract, reserving to myself the right of withdrawing within a month, subject to an indemnity, in the case that my Superiors did not give their approval.

It is not hard to find orphan children in any country; but to find a suitable place for our works is less easy, and to find funds to provide food and clothing for a number of children is much harder still.

Don Rua and Father Belloni, in grave difficulties themselves, could not help me. St. Joseph helped

me, though, and sent me, by means of one of our good benefactors in Belgium, a cheque for 5,000 francs.

Thanks to this Providential help I have been able to pay the money required; to make the necessary outlays, to buy tools for our two workshops, and some indispensable articles for our little Chapel, etc., etc. But there are many more things that I need:—A monstrance, thurible, Missal . . . our little Altar is made of white wood, poor and modest . . . but Jesus, Mary and Joseph were poor and we must imitate them.

Thanks to God, to the Holy Family and to our venerated Father Don Bosco, our Superiors have approved of the arrangements that we have made. I seem sometimes to see our holy Founder, Don Bosco, bending over us, and on that face, brilliant with Heavenly splendour, a smile which gives us strength and courage. Oh! what need we have of remembering that our Father is praying for us above, so that we may show ourselves less unworthy of the great privilege that God has given to us. We are to found a workshop which is to be, as it were, a remembrance and a continuation of the workshop where the Divine Artisan Himself laboured, in the very city where the eternal Type of a laborious and holy life lived, worked and prayed for love of us.

Our Orphanage, which is dedicated to the Infant Jesus, a title which has been approved by our Superior-General, has only a dozen children, divided into two workshops:—

1st. The workshop of St. Joseph, for our little artisans.

2nd. The workshop of St. Isidore, for our little agriculturists.

In two months, with our new buildings, we shall, I hope, be able to greatly increase the number.

The Schismatics and even the Mussulmans join with the Catholics in asking admission for poor little abandoned ones. A great deal of prudence is necessary in all this in order to enter fully into the view of Our Holy Father Leo XIII., and still more, so as not to raise against us fanatical hatred. We have great need, then, of the light of the Holy Spirit. Pray for us, that we may receive it in abundance, and that our infirmities, our miseries and our unworthiness, may not place any obstacle to the designs of Our Lord. Ask, also, Divine Providence to send us the temporal help of which we stand in need. I know well that the times are hard; but a small offering for the Orphanage of the Infant Jesus will most assuredly be changed into abundant blessings on those who give and on those who receive.





[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.]

“Salus infirmorum, ora pro nobis.”—One of my children being dangerously ill I had recourse to Mary Help of Christian. He immediately began to improve and is now completely cured. I desire to have this grace published to honour of Our Lady.

M. G. SIMANCAS, *Valencia (Venezuela)*.

* *

Faith Rewarded.—With all my heart I thank Our Lady Help of Christians for an extraordinary grace which she has obtained for me after a year's expectation. Let not those who are not heard as quickly as they would desire, be discouraged; Our Blessed Lady will not fail to come to their aid at the proper time.

FRANK BILLON, *Liege (Belgium)*.

* *

Thanksgiving.—Enclosed you will find a small offering which I beg you to accept for your wonderful work. It is in thanksgiving for the cure of a dearly loved child. May I be so bold as to recommend to your prayers and those of the Oratory children a grace which I have been asking from Our Lady and St. Anthony of Padua for some time?

N. P., *Andlau (Alsace)*.

* *

The Medal of Our Lady Help of Christians.—I beg of you to publish the following grace I received from Our Blessed Lady. A short time ago I was at the point of death, when some kind person placed a medal of Our Lady around my neck. From that moment I felt relieved and rapidly recovered from the dangerous malady that has afflicted me for fourteen years.

MARY LOUISA MENDOZA,
S. Antonio de Padua (Mexico).

* *

A Novena of Prayers.—We were close upon the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, when I asked you for a Novena of prayers to obtain my mother's cure. We now desire to express our gratitude to you. My mother is out of danger, and is daily gaining strength. I thank you, then, and your orphans for the prayers you were so kind as to offer up for our intention. As a testimony of our gratitude we send you a small offering, and next Saturday we intend to begin a Novena in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin.

M. Y. A., *Antwerp*.

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

Philip Rabino, Casale; Clara Mainardi, Vinovo; Rose Ardissino, Romano Canavese; Mary Biglino, Alba; C. R. N., Turin; Irene Catilini, Pinerolo; Dominic Laiolo, Vinchio; Baroness Bellini de Chaveau, Nice; Serafina Bugnone, Rivera; Ernesta Baldiali; William Donato, Castellinaldo; Irene Maranzano, Turin; Jerome Marchio, Caramagna; Very Rev. Canon B. A., Crema; Magdalen Campana, Bernezzo; A. Giuseppina, Mercenasco; A. Franceschina, S. Martino Canavese; Theresa Budoira, Turin; Margaret Curto, Ivrea; Anna Ferrero, Farigliano; Margaret Sopetto, Turin; Agnes Dellaferrera, Isolabella (Turin); Caroline Cravina, Envie; Michael Cauda, Cellerengo; Bartholomew Strupiana, Cellerengo; Ursula Zimara, Soazza; Theresa Sartori, Alpignano; N. Marchiandi, Pianezza; Philip Bario, Castiglione; Magdalen Ulbesi, Rimella Valsesia; Bartholomew Boagna, Princa; Magdalen Sconfienza, Mombercelli; John Galissio, Alba; Philip Manfrini, Simorio Zevio; Margaret Casalis, Carmagnola; Marian Bruna, Castelnuovo d'Asti; Josephine Roletti, Turin; Mary Prona, Chivasso; Valentine Gallino, Cisterna d'Asti; Rose Boccassino Zabert, Valfenera; Mrs. Ongari, Pelugoli; Rev. John De Jennis, Vasto Chieti; Bartholomew Graglia, Moriondo (Turin).



IVREA.

BLESSED TADDEUS MCCARTHY.

SPEAKING in our last issue of the Salesian College at Ivrea, we promised to give our readers some accounts of the life of Blessed Taddeus McCarthy, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. We have, therefore, much

pleasure in being able to place before them the following sketch :

The Blessed Taddeus Machar or McCarthy, was born in 1455, in the County of Cork, of a distinguished family, some members of which have figured as kings in the annals of Irish History. An ancestor of Taddeus, Cormac McCarthy Lejden, a zealous Catholic, built the famous Blarney Castle.

Little or nothing is known of the boyhood and youth of Taddeus. This is doubtless owing to the subsequent persecutions when manuscripts and writings were destroyed to satisfy the hatred of bigots and fanatics. It is not until the year 1482, when Taddeus was raised

proposed to Rome the election of another bishop. In this way a diocese sometimes had two and even more pastors. A misfortune of this kind fell to the lot of Blessed Taddeus. Elected Bishop of Ross, in 1842, by Pope Sixtus IV., he was confronted six years later by a certain Oddone, who claimed to be bishop of the same diocese.

Complaints and false accusations were forwarded to Rome against Taddeus by his enemies, in consequence of which he was declared a son of iniquity, an intruder, and excommunicated by Innocent VIII. The singular patience and spirit of meekness of Taddeus on this occasion have called forth



THE CITY OF IVREA WHERE BLESSED TADDEUS DIED.

to the episcopal dignity, that anything positive is known of him.

Our readers are doubtless aware that the condition of the Irish bishops in those times, owing to the intrigues and wiles of wicked men, was anything but enviable. The ascendancy of one faction over another, often exposed the bishops to the furious passions of a predominant party, which, if he were not of their mode of thinking and acting, was not unfrequently sent into exile. This, however, was not the only mischief done, but it often happened that when a faction had exiled a bishop, it spread without delay the false news of his death, and

the praises of his biographers. He submitted to his hard fate, and retired without a word. Shortly afterwards he undertook a journey to Rome to exculpate himself from the slanders that had been brought against him, showed the Pope the document of his election to the See of Ross, and submitted the whole affair to the prudence of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Pope Innocent VIII., being thus informed of the whole truth, consoled Taddeus and reinstated him in his former rights, declaring him the true and legitimate bishop of Ross. Two years later, Pope Innocent transferred him to the more important diocese of Cork and Cloyne.

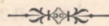
Although elected Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, Taddeus was unable to take possession of that See, for some of the nobility and gentry had unjustly appropriated to themselves the ecclesiastical tithes and were determined to oppose the entrance of Taddeus. He was thus forced to remain in exile some two years. During this time he passed the days in fasting and prayer, and, dressed in a pilgrim's garb, he made a pilgrimage to some of the most celebrated sanctuaries of northern Italy. The Pope hearing of the persecutions of Taddeus, dispatched, in July 1492, a letter severely reprimanding the conduct and insolence of those who had invaded the diocese of Cork and Cloyne. Taddeus, confident of the efficacious results of the papal letter, decided to return to his beloved country. For this purpose he took, without delay, the road that leads over St. Bernard's before that pass should be rendered impassible by the inclement weather. Arriving at Ivrea he asked for shelter at the *Ospedale de' viginti uno*,* a Hospice so-called, because its charitable founders had provided it with twenty-one beds for poor pilgrims. Taddeus who seemed utterly exhausted by his long journey, was hospitably received by the good monks, but in spite of their attentions, he died soon after his arrival on the 24th of October 1492, worn out by fatigue and by years of austere penance. At the moment of his death a marvellous light illuminated the whole house, revealing what manner of man the pilgrim was. On examining his baggage the monks found therein a pectoral cross and other episcopal insignia, and discovered the name of the holy Irish Bishop. The relics of the saint were carried in procession to the Cathedral, and by order of the Bishop of Ivrea, placed under the High Altar. Since that day the many miracles that have taken place give ample testimony to the sanctity of the pilgrim Bishop, and the uninterrupted devotion of the clergy and population of Ivrea towards Blessed Taddeus McCarthy, was sanctioned last year by the Holy See.

* This building now goes by the name of *Casinali di S. Antonio* and is situated just in front of the Salesian College.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.



CHAPTER XV. (Continued).

After Mass, Monsignor Franson invoked the Holy Spirit and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about three hundred boys. Before dismissing the newly confirmed, he said a few suitable words to them, suggested by the circumstance.

On this occasion an amusing incident occurred. According to the custom in other Churches, there had been erected in the Oratory Chapel near the Altar, a kind of Episcopal throne. It was nothing but a small raised platform covered with carpet. When he stood up thereon to speak, it did not occur to him at the time that the roof of the Chapel was not quite so high as that of his own Cathedral. He did not, therefore, bend his head, and the consequence was that he knocked the top of his mitre against the ceiling. At that moment a quiet smile escaped him, and he whispered *sotto voce*: "I must show respect to these boys, and preach to them with head uncovered;" and he did so.

Monsignor Franson never forgot this little incident; he used to like to tell it often, and when urging Don Bosco to build a larger Church for his boys, he would say graciously: "Do try to build it high enough, so that I may not have to take my mitre off again when going to preach."

Monsignor briefly reminded the newly confirmed of the meaning of the sacred ceremonies which had been performed; he exhorted them to show themselves bold against temptations, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ.—"Fight especially against human respect," he said to them; "never fail to do good, and never commit evil through vain fear of the foolish talk, the contempt, or the insults of bad people. What would you say of a soldier who was ashamed of his uniform and who blushed at the name of his king?" After giving some useful advice, he concluded by saying:—"In administering Confirmation I have just now begun the reign of peace in each one of you, with the words: *Pax tecum.*" Now I invoke this most sweet peace on you all, and say *Pax vobis.* Yes, be always at

peace, my dear children; at peace with God, at peace with yourselves, at peace with your neighbour. Be at peace with everybody, except the devil, sin and the maxims of the world. Against these three enemies wage an implacable war, consoling yourselves, however, with the thought that this war lasting till death will lead to victory; and this victory to an everlasting peace.

After leaving the Chapel the boys sat down to a bountiful repast, provided by the charity of the Archbishop himself. He wished to pay for their feast in this manner, and to show himself Pastor not only of their souls, but also of their bodies.

If the function in the Church was devout, no less delightful was the feast prepared outside, in which after a short rest, Monsignor Luigi Fransoni deigned to take part. It was his Feast-day, too; and, hence, taking advantage of the favourable occasion, the boys read him several compositions in poetry and in prose.

Amongst other things, the Bishop was much pleased with a graceful dialogue between two children carried on with surprising skill. After this reading, a short performance took place, and a comic piece, entitled the *Corporal of Napoleon*, was acted. It was nothing but a kind of farce in which a thousand witticisms, expressing delight in the solemnity, were uttered. It was, however, such a pleasant amusement for the illustrious Prelate, that he said he had never laughed so much before in his life.

When the entertainment was over, the Archbishop got up and made a really fine discourse. He began by declaring the great consolation that he had felt at the sight of the immense good done at the Oratory. He compared it to that of Missionaries, when they saw themselves amidst poverty in their Chapels, but surrounded by families of new Christians, rich in the gold of charity and zeal; he loudly praised all that they had done there, both ecclesiastics and laymen; and exalting the grandeur of this part of the Ministry, he spoke in words that seemed to spring from his heart full of zeal for the Church, for souls and especially for the young. He urged all to persevere in this charitable work, assuring them of his own special good-will. Then turning to the boys he exhorted them to go to the Oratory with assiduity and willingness. He pointed out to them the great advantages that they had drawn from it,—advantages spiritual and material; advantages for the present life

and for the life to come.—“Ah!” exclaimed he, in pathetic tones, “how many unfortunate beings there are this day groaning in the depths of some obscure prison, a burden to themselves, a disgrace to their families, and a dishonour to their Religion and their country. And why is this? Because in the springtime of their lives they had no kind friend, no angel on earth, to gather them together, at least on feast-days, from the streets and squares, and to keep them far from the dangers of immorality and bad companions, to teach them their duties as Christians and citizens, to show them how honourable is labour, and how disgraceful vice. It will not be so with you, I hope, my children. Come here as often as the circumstances of your life permit it. Let the instruction given to you here be a treasure to you. Make it the rule of your conduct through life, and I assure you, that in your manhood later on, you will bless the day in which you learnt the road which led to this home of knowledge and virtue. I cannot end without thanking you for the hearty welcome which you have given me. Yes, I thank you for the affectionate expressions, which in the name of all, the poets and prose-writers have used towards me; I thank the actors for their amusing performance; I thank the musicians who have sung so well; I thank those, too, who have worked so hard putting up pavilions and arches. Above all, I thank those who have worked with so much zeal in your education. And since you have called me *Pastor* and *Father* in your compositions, I assure you that I will be such, and consider you always as my lambs and dearest children.”

It was soon mid-day, and the Archbishop began to get ready to return to his Palace. Then a touching scene took place. And here we ought to say that Monsignor Fransoni had such a nice way and was so affable, that one only had to see him, hear him or speak to him for an instant, to take to him at once, to love him and have all the confidence of a son in him. Consequently the boys, when they saw him going, crowded round him so much as to actually block up his passage. Some wanted to kiss his hand, others to touch his clothes; many shouted out *grazie*, numbers *evviva*. It seemed as if Our Saviour was walking in the midst of the crowd. If the boys had been allowed, they would have made a throne of their arms, as men of old used to for their kings,

and would have carried him home in triumph. This outburst of feeling made Monsignor Franson say:—"I am more than ever convinced to day, that boys have good hearts and that we can do whatever we wish with them, when we go about it by the way of kindness."

Then the worthy Archbishop got into his carriage amidst a perfect storm of hurrahs and Don Bosco's expressions of reverence and gratitude, and drove off blessing the Oratory from the depths of his soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

Necessity of a Home—Meeting with Rogues—A Bad Beginning—The First Boarder—The 'Few Words' before Rest—Wise Precautions—A humble and obscure beginning—An Orphan's Tears.

Whilst the means were being organized to make religious and classical instruction flourish in the Sunday, evening and day schools, and to draw the boys of the Oratory gently to virtue by suitable practices of piety, another need began to make itself much felt. Daily experience had made it quite plain to Don Bosco that to give real, lasting help to some boys, the schools and festive gatherings were not enough, but that a charitable Home was needed. Besides, many of them, both boys from Turin and elsewhere, were quite ready to devote themselves to a trained and laborious life, but when they were asked to begin or to carry out their project, they would answer that they had neither bread, nor clothes, nor a house to go to. They were sometimes forced to lead so pinched a life and to dwell in places so dangerous, as to make them forget in a few minutes the good lessons of an entire week.

In view of this, Don Bosco in his longing to help boys in danger, began to get a place ready for the most abandoned of them. This place was a hay-loft close to the Oratory; there was straw there, some sheets and bed-coverings. But in the very beginning, Don Bosco's fatherly care was badly rewarded. This is the story:—

One evening in the April of 1847, Don Bosco had had to stay in the city with a sick person for a long time, and came home late. He passed through the fields, called then the fields of the citadel, now covered with

fine houses. When he reached the beginning of the Corso Valdocco, there was a group of about twenty lads of the lower class standing there. They knew nothing of Don Bosco and the Oratory at that time, and when they saw that a priest was coming close by them, they began to indulge in a few smart words not remarkable for their politeness:—"Priests are tight-fisted," said one.—"They are proud and overbearing", added another.—"Let us prove it with this one", said a third; and so on.

At these not very flattering remarks Don Bosco began to slacken his pace; he would have liked to avoid the group, but seeing that there was no longer time, he went straight up, and introduced himself courageously. Pretending not to have heard what they said:

—"Good evening, my friends," he said to them: "how are you?"

—"Very poorly, Father", answered the most impudent of them; "we are thirsty and we haven't a farthing; will you treat us to a glass of wine?"

(To be continued).

NOTES TO THE READER.

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Salesian Oratory, — Turin, Italy.

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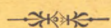
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This Magazine is sent gratis to Catholics who manifest a desire to become Members of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, and concur in helping our Society in any way whatsoever.

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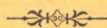
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